
A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

with his limited idea of God believe, that God had turned away from Him.

(*b*) And so we have started from the same idea. Of course *if* our Lord said 'forsaken' in the sense which the word has for us, then we have to accept and interpret, in the best way we can, the fact that God *had* forsaken him.

But ἐγκατέλιπες need not necessarily bear that sense, even if the Evangelists intended it so; while σαβαχθανι need not imply (as ἀζαβθανι would) a deliberate leaving to trouble and misery. In Dn 4^{22} and elsewhere it is merely colourless = 'leave.'

I cannot think, with Plummer, that 'for an awful moment . . . even the love of the Father seemed to have been withdrawn from Him.' Any seeming other than reality has a subtle touch of Docetism. Nor can I apply Plummer's quotation from the Testament of Joseph, that . . . 'God departeth for a little space, to try the inclination of the soul.' . . . God did not need to try Jesus Christ, He saw plainly enough.

My own belief is that in attaining the perfection which was God's eternal purpose for man, there must come a moment when the creature is so complete in fulness of life that its real existence could be independent of God (as presumably Satan's is) and that our Lord, being progressively made perfect through suffering even as He hung on the Cross, reached that point in the darkness, and cried out in realizing that He had, as man, to make the last supreme choice between self-existence apart from God, and self-existence resigned into the Creator-Father's hands.

This is, however, far past the initial textual point. Will any one explain how the Cry can be a quotation from Ps 22, when the main word is different? And has not the suggestion that it is a quotation brought a preconception into the discussion of this supremely important text from which it would be well to clear our minds?

J. M. BALLARD.

Christ Church, Falkirk.

Entre Nous.

A TEXT.

Matt. xxiii. 8.

'The operation is finished, and in the hardly lighted dormitory I watch for the sick man's awaking. Scarcely has he recovered consciousness when he stares about him and ejaculates again and again: "I've no more pain! I've no more pain!" . . . His hand feels for mine and will not let it go. Then I begin to tell him and the others who are in the room that it is the Lord Jesus who has told the doctor and his wife to come to the Ogowe, and that white people in Europe give them the money to live here and cure the sick negroes. Then I have to answer questions as to who these white people are, where they live, and how they know that the natives suffer so much from sickness. The African sun is shining through the coffee bushes into the dark shed, but we, black and white, sit side by side, and feel that we know by experience the meaning of the words: "And all ye are brethren" (Matt. xxiii. 8). Would that my generous friends in Europe could come out here and live through one such hour!'[1]

SOME TOPICS.

The Rising Generation.

'So far as the rising generation is concerned, probably the happiest effect of prohibition will be that no new drunkards will be manufactured. The children will grow up without acquiring the taste for alcoholic drinks. A few old topers of the present generation may be too far gone to mend their ways, and may, through indulgence in the deadly substitutes secretly sold by "bootleggers" in contravention of the law, get delirium tremens and die, but few young men are likely to acquire the liquor habit through drinking hair oil, or Jamaica Ginger, or Bay rum, or varnish or toilet water, or quinine tonic or any other of the sicken-

[1] A. Schweitzer, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*, p. 93.

ing concoctions resorted to by the men who have become "pickled in alcohol" and are willing to drink anything to satisfy their depraved craving.'[1]

Dives and Lazarus.

'I gave up my position of professor in the University of Strasbourg, my literary work, and my organ-playing in order to go as a doctor to Equatorial Africa. How did that come about?

'I had read about the physical miseries of the natives in the virgin forests; I had heard about them from missionaries, and the more I thought about it the stranger it seemed to me that we Europeans trouble ourselves so little about the great humanitarian task which offers itself to us in far-off lands. The parable of Dives and Lazarus seemed to me to have been spoken directly of us! We are Dives, for, through the advances of medical science, we now know a great deal about disease and pain, and have innumerable means of fighting them; yet we take as a matter of course the incalculable advantages which this new wealth gives us! Out there in the colonies, however, sits wretched Lazarus, the coloured folk, who suffers from illness and pain just as much as we do, nay, much more, and has absolutely no means of fighting them. And just as Dives sinned against the poor man at his gate because for want of thought he never put himself in his place and let his heart and conscience tell him what he ought to do, so do we sin against the poor man at our gate.'[2]

Muhammadanism.

'Wherever the negro population has turned Mahommedan there is no progress, either socially or economically.'[3]

Blessing and Cursing.

'"It is not all as it should be, even to-day," said to me an employee of a big trading firm, who was returning for a third period of work to his post in Africa. "We bring the negroes strong drink and diseases which were previously unknown among them. Do the blessings we bring the natives really outweigh the evils that go with them?"'[4]

The Blessing.

'As we mounted the hill through the rows of neat bamboo huts belonging to the negroes, the chapel doors opened after service. We were introduced to some of the congregation and had a dozen black hands to shake. What a contrast between these clean and decently clothed people and the blacks that we had seen in the seaports, the only kind of native we had met up to now! Even the faces are not the same. These had a free and yet modest look in them that cleared from my mind the haunting vision of sullen and unwilling subjection, mixed with insolence, which had hitherto looked at me out of the eyes of so many negroes.'[5]

The Curse.

'Now the voyage continues. On the banks are the ruins of abandoned huts. "When I came out here fifteen years ago," said a trader who stood near me, "these places were all flourishing villages." "And why are they so no longer?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders and said in a low voice, "L'alcohol. . . ."'[6]

Polygamy.

'The more developed the economic condition of a people becomes, the easier becomes the contest with polygamy. When men begin to live in permanent houses, and to practise the rearing of cattle, and agriculture, it disappears of itself because it is no longer demanded by their circumstances, and is no longer even consistent with them. Among the Israelites, as their civilization advanced, monogamy peacefully drove out polygamy. During the prophetic period they were both practised side by side; the teaching of Jesus does not even hint at the existence of the latter.'[7]

What Christianity Means.

'Christianity is for him the light that shines amid the darkness of his fears; it assures him that

[1] St. Nihal Singh, '*Dry*' *America*, p. 102.
[2] A. Schweitzer, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*, p. 1 f.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 15.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 18.
[5] *Ibid.* p. 21.
[6] *Ibid.* p. 25.
[7] *Ibid.* p. 127.

he is not in the power of nature-spirits, ancestral spirits, or fetishes, and that no human being has any sinister power over another, since the will of God really controls everything that goes on in the world.

"I lay in cruel bondage,
Thou cam'st and mad'st me free!"

These words from Paul Gerhardt's Advent hymn express better than any others what Christianity means for primitive man. That is again and again the thought that fills my mind when I take part in a service on a mission station.'[1]

The Book of Job.

The Rev. Buchanan Blake, D.D., has said his say on *The Meaning of Suffering in Human Life* (Paisley: Gardner; 6s.). So much has been said on it since the War began that novelty is out of the question. Yet Dr. Blake is an independent thinker, and after much that is familiar he does give us a note on the Book of Job that is fresh. He has said in his volume that there are five ways of interpreting the existence of pain in human life. These five ways he finds in Job.

'This Book has the following distinct divisions, each with its own explanation of suffering in the world.

These are (1) The Prologue in prose.
(2) The Cycle of Speeches.
(3) The Voice out of the Storm.
(4) The Contention of Elihu.
(5) The Epilogue in prose.

And the following are the suggested explanations in order:

(1) In the Speeches of the Friends that all suffering is penal, and thus a punishment for wrong-doing.

(2) In the Epilogue that suffering is for a time, and that it ends in the restoration of the righteous sufferer.

(3) In the Voice out of the Storm suffering is declared to be a mystery which man can never understand.

(4) In the Prologue the contention of the writer is that suffering in the case of the innocent is a supreme Divine test.

(5) In the Contention of Elihu that suffering is a method of Divine discipline, and therefore remedial.'

[1] A. Schweitzer, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*, p. 154.

The Joy of Venture.

'Travelling in Angola many years ago, a friend of mine went off the path to where a peculiar clicking and laughing noise was in progress. Looking over the steep bank of the Zambesi River, he saw a great crocodile with its body half out of the water looking eagerly up, with his mouth wide open, while at the end of the overhanging branch of a tree was a monkey who was playfully swinging down to the crocodile. Each time he reached the croc, snap went the great jaws, and back swung the monkey with screeches of laughter and chuckles of delight.'[2]

A Lion in the House.

'One night I had gone off to sleep and my cook and houseboy were sleeping by the fire in the middle of my room, when at 2 a.m. I was roused by an unearthly noise at the other end of the house, and my boys shouting: "A lion, Bwana, a lion in the house." I awoke and jumped out of bed, lit a candle, and the boys blew up the fire at which we sat crouching. The noises in the other room made us nervy. There were intervals of quiet, then the tramp and noise was resumed. It was pitch dark, the village was some distance away, and the brute could have climbed over the partition wall. I felt jumpy, and decided that the time for action had come, so grabbing my rifle I said to the cook, "I'll open the door and cover you with my rifle while you run to the village and call the men." I did so successfully, but the noise was renewed, so I decided to have a shot at the brute myself. "Goi," I said to my houseboy, "hold the lantern over my head and I will go out and shoot the lion myself." "Right, sir," he replied, so I opened the door and moved cautiously in the direction of the lion. I got there with nerves highly strung, and was ready to shoot the first thing that showed. To my surprise and

[2] D. Campbell, *In the Heart of Bantuland*, p. 290.

amusement the lion turned out to be a puppy-dog that had got its head inside an empty 4 lb. sugar tin, and couldn't get it out!'[1]

NEW POETRY.

Beatrice Reed.

Beatrice Reed's *Pepper and Salt* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) is like, outwardly, to Rabindranath Tagore's poetry. Inwardly it is not so. There is more virility (if that can be attributed to a woman) and there is more rebelliousness. But we shall quote two very short paragraphs which are rather *obiter dicta* than direct message.

'Breeding is the capacity for perfect ease and naturalness under circumstances partly or wholly artificial. But it is born, not acquired.'

'Bitterness changed to sweetness, the rancour of human experience into gentleness, ingratitude into benefits, insults into pardon. My aim in life, just that. But the change must seem spontaneous and seek no credit.'

Leslie Hinchliff Winn.

If there is not a finer poem in *Quietude* (Cecil Palmer; 2s. 6d. net) by Leslie Hinchliff Winn than the prelude, there are other poems that are beautiful in thought and very melodious. 'The Jewel' is one, a sonnet on the wonder of an infant:

A treasure to behold and to embrace;
A charm that can away all sorrow chase.
A little babe, and all the world made sweet.

But the prelude is richer in religious feeling:

THE DARKNESS UNVEILS THEE.

Lord of my life! I find with inward eye
In vault above, and imaged in the sea,
Thy face. The wind is living breath from Thee;
Thy voice, the thunder and the deep wood's sigh;
The clouds that with their beauty lace the sky
Are fringes of Thy trailing garmentry.
But they are veils; it is the mystery
Of night's uncurtained hours that brings Thee nigh.

Thou art the God of love. My flesh may fear
When night dissolves what day has wrought between,
So that I at Thy very throne appear,
My soul all seeing what no eye hath seen.
But though flesh tremble with Thy presence near—
Lord of my life! on Thee my soul shall lean.

G. F. Bradby.

Mr. G. F. Bradby, unlike most versifiers, estimates his verses aright. 'I am aware,' he says, 'that what I have written has little, if any, literary merit.' But then the author of 'Hudibras' could have said that. And we should have been sorry if we had lost either 'Hudibras' or *The Way* (Milford; 1s. 6d. net). Here is one of the shortest of the pieces. They all touch on incidents in the Gospels:

'DO THIS.'

I give My body for your sake;
If needs must be,
Your bodies also you must break
In memory of Me.

I give My blood, in pain and bitter loss
You, too, must spill
Your life-blood, if I call you from the Cross
To do My Father's will.

[1] D. Campbell, *In the Heart of Bantuland*, p. 288 f.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.