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## Entre Nous.

### TWO TEXTS.

Heb. xi. 13.

We say of a man in praise of him that 'he is as good as his word.' And a fine thing it is to have earned such praise. But what the Bible says of God is that 'He is better than His word.' You may break your word, that is, if you break it in order to do something better. You must not go *back* on your word.<sup>1</sup>

2 Co 3<sup>18</sup>.—'But we all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory.'

In these words the temporary reflection of the Shekinah in Moses' face is contrasted with the permanent and complete illumination of the Spirit. They form the climax of a passage which, full of mystery and splendour, leads us up to those things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard—to that beatific Vision prepared for God's unfeigned lovers, who shall shine with His own likeness because and when they 'see Him as He is.'

St. Paul's inspired and inspiring words bring back to mind the swift upward movement of Dante's *Paradiso*, where the spirit mounts from sphere to sphere, from glory to glory, impelled and wafted by the sheer force of Love, till at last, in face of the Triune blessedness, it is plunged into an ineffable joy and wonder—ineffable because, as he says, 'as it draweth nigh to its ideal, the object of its longing, our intellect sinketh so deep that memory cannot go back upon the track.'<sup>2</sup>

### SOME TOPICS.

#### The Book of Ruth.

Few are the men whose sermons will stand the test of publishing now. One of the few is Dr. John A. Hutton. He gets all his sermons published—the publishers apparently running after him for them. This season's first volume is called *The Victory over Victory* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). The meaning and application of that title you may think about and settle. It is enough here to refer to one sermon and one illustration in

<sup>1</sup> J. A. Hutton, *The Victory over Victory*, 41.

<sup>2</sup> L. Ragg, *Dante Alighieri*, 1.

it. The sermon is on the Book of Ruth. No, it is not. It began to be but ended without being. And is so much rarer on that account. But this is the illustration:

'I remember, away back in my boyhood, sitting in church one summer morning. It was a scene typical of those days. A well-filled house, the people hushed and docile, taking part in matters which in the nature of things were for the most part beyond them, as indeed they are for the most part beyond us all. The preacher, a grave figure, well on in years, speaking with authority and sobriety—I do not know of what. But everything was as it should be, for even after all those years I recall it as a good and serious hour. But what distinguishes that day from all others in my recollection is this, that suddenly a great cream-coloured butterfly began to play about the old man's head. It did not trouble him, as men of our nervous and self-conscious time would have been troubled. For why, indeed, should it trouble him? There were few organs in those days; there was none there, and the butterfly took the place of the Anthem and the Gloria, supporting the old man's thesis, I have no doubt, as I should have known had I been old enough to know anything.

'The Book of Ruth is a butterfly blown in from the Garden of the Lord. There it darts and flickers amid the solemnities of the context, heedless of the thunders of Sinai and the rise and fall of Judges and Kings, singing the Lord's Song in a strange land, disposing us to forget the disheartening things that are obvious; and all this, not idly, but honourably, by falling back upon other things which will be here when we are gone, and when the Irish question has been settled, and when Russia has forgotten the horrors of her late delirium, and battleships will be seen only in drawings and models in museums of antiquities. "If you would have your songs endure, build on the human heart." "Ruth" is built plumb on the human heart.'

#### That Sixpence.

'The extraordinary idea, originated and maintained by Cockney comic papers and Cockney music-halls, that the Scot is a mean fellow to whom the spending of a sixpence is pain, is about as wide of the truth as it is possible for a popular fallacy

to reach. In my experience, which is considerable, the Scot, in the matter of generosity, is distinctly ahead of either the English, the Welsh, or the Irish; but he is a hater of waste and loves driving a hard bargain. In no section of the British Isles, outside of Scotland, have I come across men of the humbler classes who will do one laborious service without any expectation of reward. I have met that spirit in Western America and Western Canada, but nowhere in the British Isles except in Scotland. The outstanding generosity of the Scot is always in full evidence on the occasion of any national subscription for charitable or patriotic purposes. On such occasions Glasgow's contribution is invariably ahead of that of any other town in the kingdom.

'I was at one time, for a year or two, a regular attendant at the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Pont Street. When it so happened that Dr. M'Leod was called upon to make a charitable appeal from the pulpit, the response was such as absolutely to stagger one who was only accustomed to the miserly silver and copper offerings with which the pious besprinkle the plates in English churches. It was rare at St. Columba's to see anything less than gold, while five-pound notes and cheques rose in such disorderly profusion from the plate that, in the end, the substratum of gold was completely hidden. Think of that, you comic-paper artists, who think twice before putting sixpence in the plate!' <sup>1</sup>

#### Sin and Conservatism.

'The one department of human activity in which there has been no progress is sin. There are only ten commandments, and having broken them there is nothing to do but to break them again. In all other directions the race has improved; for we have railways instead of horses, typewriters instead of quills, steam radiators for open fires, not to mention washing-machines, telephones, matches, democracies, soda-water, rubber heels, and hatpins. But men are getting drunk nowadays on Clark Street, Chicago, and in the lobster palaces of Broadway, New York, and along the Boulevard Poissonnière, in Paris, just about as Noah did when he stepped from the ark and found the bottle. The painted ladies of our day have hardly improved upon Thais, Lais & Company. The modern murderer goes about his work very much after the manner of

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ernest Hamilton, *Forty Years On*, 144.

Cain; the latest domestic scandals in Kansas City or Pittsburgh follow the lines of David or the wife of Marcus Aurelius; and the liars and thieves of Chicago and St. Louis have advanced none beyond Ananias and Judas.

'Hell is objectionable principally because it is such a bore. People go there in droves, each because the other goes. When a man starts for heaven he has to break away and fight, and consequently amounts to something. The longer I live the more I am amazed at the limited intelligence that can keep interested in wickedness, and the more I marvel at the sheer creative genius and resourcefulness needed in just being good.'

That short essay is taken from Dr. Frank Crane's new volume. It is a fair example. The reference to 'getting drunk' seems to be out of date, but that does not affect the essay. The variety of topic in the volume, of which the title is *Human Confessions* (John Lane; 6s. net), is very great. And although Dr. Crane is a Doctor of Divinity they are not treated theologically. Nor are they always ethical. The best of them all are the long addresses to boys. These addresses have in them the making of many children's sermons.

#### Fuller's Soap.

'When Mr. Peck came to Whale River, he endeavoured to institute a reform along the lines of a well-known proverb. He conceived the heroic project of inducing the Eskimos to wash, a thing they had never thought of doing in their lives. With this end in view, he gathered some of the men in his own little room, initiated them into the mysteries of the art, and then left them alone for a while. On his return he was unable to discover a single "shining face" among them, yet, strange to say, scarcely a vestige of the large piece of soap remained. By dint of cross-examination he found out that this had been divided amongst them and eaten!' <sup>2</sup>

#### Marrying, yes, but giving in Marriage?

'The trip had been a very trying one in every way, and my fiancée had suffered greatly. When we were walking up to the fort one of Mrs. Spencer's little girls rushed into the house to her mother, and

<sup>2</sup> J. Lofthouse, *A Thousand Miles from a Post Office*, 14.

said, "Oh, mother, what a narrow wife," meaning how very thin and poorly my future wife looked. In talking over affairs that night, a peculiar dilemma arose. Very briefly it was this. Mr. Winter, who we had also expected was coming out by the ship, had not arrived; his wife had been ill and his furlough had been extended. Who was to marry us? I was the only minister in the whole of that north country. The young lady was very naturally greatly troubled at this state of affairs after a journey of 3000 miles in a small whaler. She asked me if there was not, at least, a Methodist minister within reach who could tie the knot. I told her there certainly was, but unfortunately he was quite 700 miles away, a six weeks' journey without any possibility of returning for, at least, a year. To this she replied, if that was the case, the only possible course was for her to return to England as she had come. This plan I most emphatically vetoed. "Here you are," I said, "and here you will remain; if there is no other way out I shall perform the ceremony myself." This I knew had been done before in the north, and I was quite willing to test the legality of the question if there was no other way out of the difficulty.<sup>1</sup>

### NEW POETRY.

#### F. Crawford Burkitt.

Did you know that Professor Burkitt was a poet? Of poetry, of his own he may have a drawerful. Meantime he has rendered *Ecclesiastes* into English verse (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. cloth, 6d. paper). Take the Prologue for example (Ec 1<sup>2-11</sup>), noticing that he prefers 'bubble' to 'vanity,' and gives good reasons in the Preface for his preference.

Bubble of bubbles! All things are a Bubble!  
What is the use of all Man's toil and trouble?

Year after year the Crop comes up and dies,  
The Earth remains, Mankind is only Stubble.

The rising Sun will set and rise once more;  
The Wind goes roving round from Shore to  
Shore,

From North to South it goes, and round and  
round,

And back again to where it was before.

<sup>1</sup> J. Lofthouse, *A Thousand Miles from a Post Office*, 50 f.

All rivers run into the Sea we know,  
And yet the Sea doth never overflow;  
Back to the place from whence their Waters  
came

By unknown Channels must the Rivers go.

The weary Round continues as begun,  
The Eye sees naught effective to be done.

Nor does the Ear hear aught to satisfy—  
There's nothing, nothing New under the Sun.

Something (they tell us) really New at Last!

Why, surely, it was known in Ages past;

The Memory has faded, that is all,

And all our Lore will vanish just as fast.

#### Anita Moor.

*Sonnets*, by Anita Moor (Constable; 5s.). Arnold Bennett declares: 'It is impossible to put music into words.' But that is what Mrs. Moor has done; and more than that, into sonnets. Some of the sonnets are descriptions of her husband's works, she tells us, some of them are 'only the passing pictures they awakened in one listener's mind.' Well, we have not the music here, but we have the words. We have the poetry—as this on the

#### STABAT MATER.

Beside the foot of Christ's most lonely Cross,  
Her weeping soul pierced by the sword of grief,  
The Mother stands, afflicted in her loss,  
Helpless to give her dying Son relief.  
O tender Mother, see we bring our tears!  
We lift our voice with many a fervent sigh!  
Tormented, torn, and mocked by scoffs and  
jeers,

Forsaken in His grief she sees Him die.  
Great Virgin, fount of Love! By Jesus' death  
Give us of burning love and grief our share.  
O Jesus! grant that after our last breath  
The palms of victory in our hand we bear.  
Saved from the flame of wrath that never dies,  
Grant us the glory of Thy Paradise!

#### Marian Hockliffe.

Five poets—F. S. Robinson, Emily Upcott, Lewis E. Upcott, Marian Hockliffe, and E. Hockliffe—have together formed *A Rhymer's Ring* (Blackwell; 6s. net.). The volume is artistically bound and deserves the art and interest spent on

it. Pleasant would it be to quote one poem from each of the five poets, but this, and a short one it is, must be taken as taste of the feast awaiting those who read the volume :

IN THE FEN COUNTRY.

There in the wide, far-spreading fields it lies,  
A pool of water ; neither tree nor reed  
Is near to lend its beauty, but its face,  
Turned smiling upward, gathers from the skies  
Their daily splendour, and in very deed  
Brings down God's Heaven to earth. So by His  
    grace  
Eyes that gaze upward win a deeper hue,  
Refluence of glory hidden 'neath the blue.

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, the author of *Rough Rhymes of a Padre* and other books of the kind, has now published *Songs of Faith and Doubt* (Hodder & Stoughton ; 2s. net.), which, in spite of its title, is also somewhat of the same kind. Especially so, the Bolshevik's Speech :

Be kind, contented, honest citizens ;  
Come into church and hear the parson preach,  
And do as you are told, then when you die  
You shall sit on a golden throne and play  
An angel's harp. Just think of that when cold  
And hungry you creep off to bed at night.  
Such thoughts will surely keep you warm and  
    feed  
Your kids.

And much more. There is then the Christian answer :

    He knows the weekly wage  
That will not buy them bread, the empty grate  
Whereon no kettle sings. He understands  
Love's bitterness, and even thro' fierce hate  
Can hear Love call, and see its helpless hands  
Held up in prayer. God was a man. He knows.  
And lo ! the answer comes, the spirit moves  
Upon the waters of the world. Love grows  
To grace, and growing breaks the ancient grooves  
Thro' which it ran to waste. A larger hope,  
A wider vision dawns upon man's thought.  
I see a million hands held out to grope  
Their way into the light, the light that fought  
The powers of darkness when the living Word  
Took human flesh.

NEW POETRY.

Arthur Melville Clark.

Is Mr. Arthur Melville Clark, M.A., a poet? He is a critic of poets. He has written a book on *The Realistic Revolt in Modern Poetry* (Blackwell ; 2s. 6d. net). His charges are two. First the realistic poets are contemptuous of tradition. This charge he illustrates from Mr. Orrick Johns :

This is the song of youth,  
This is the cause of myself ;  
I knew my father well and he was a fool,  
Therefore will I have my own foot in the path  
    before I take a step ;  
I will only go into new lands,  
And I will walk on no plank-walks,  
The horses of my family are wind-broken,  
And the dogs are old,  
And the guns rusty ;  
I will make me a new bow from an ash-tree,  
And cut up the homestead into arrows.

The other charge is that the realism of the modern poet is not poetry. Mr. Clark insists that poetry must lift up. Some modern realistic poets deliberately drag down, while some leave us where we were. The illustration here is from Mr. Sandburg. It is part of a long description of an American 'city' :

    a spot on the map  
And the passenger trains stop there  
And the factory smokestacks smoke  
And the grocery stores are open Saturday  
    nights  
And the streets are free for citizens who vote  
And inhabitants counted in the census.  
Saturday night is the big night.  
Main street runs through the middle of the  
    town,  
And there is a dirty post office  
And a dirty city hall  
And a dirty railroad station.

H. Lang Jones.

Mr. Lang Jones in *The Outer Courts* (Blackwell ; 4s. 6d.) is much interested in those primary sources of poetry which we call the senses. He

sees, he hears, and especially is he thankful that he smells.

Life wouldn't be life without all these;

And, Sir, when it comes to a *rose*—  
Why, it makes you want to go down on your knees,  
And thank God for your nose!

So whatever he is he is original. He sees for himself, hears, touches, tastes, smells for himself. And yet it is he that writes this:

#### PLAGIARISM.

These thoughts I seek to clothe in rhyme—  
Are they my own?  
To none have they occurred in time  
Save me alone?  
Do I but copy patterns wrought  
By hands more deft?  
Will men detect in this my thought  
Unwitting theft?

Thus musing on a summer eve  
Beneath the sky,  
Comforting answer I receive  
From moon on high:  
'Am I less lovely in your sight,'  
I think she says,  
'Because I shed on you the light  
Of borrowed rays?'

J. H. Corby.

Although Mr. Corby is a philosopher—see his poem on 'The Passion of Life':

The nightingale, whose voice doth start  
Across the dark so full and sweet,  
She hath no passion in her heart,  
But happiness complete.  
'Tis in the listening poet's breast there stirs  
The breath of passion, and he calls it hers.

Though he is a philosopher, we say, he writes easily and simply. Thus:

#### THREE KINDS OF MORTAL MAN.

Three kinds of mortal man there be,  
Children of heaven, earth, and hell.  
The fortune-favoured do not see,  
But those in trouble know them well.

One kind sees you, his fellow-man,  
Thigh-deep in sorrow or in sin,  
And runs as quickly as he can  
To shove you down and tread you in.

The next, more mercifully made  
(And most of all the race are these),  
In office hours will give you aid—  
Chiefly advice—for proper fees.

But real, though rare, is kind the third,  
Who—may God's mercy keep him whole!—  
By inward impulse queerly stirred  
Will leave his lunch to save your soul.

The title of the book is *Out of the Forest* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net).

#### Amy Key Clarke.

A true poet undoubtedly is Miss Clarke. The title is *Poems* (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net) and the book deserves that proud title. Take this:

#### SECOND THOUGHTS.

'All men are poets,' though their lips  
Are schooled to shame of poetry,  
As, bound to shore, the seagull dips  
No plume above the rolling sea.

'All men are lovers.' Though askance  
They gaze on heavenly love of old,  
His quenchless fire and laughter dance  
Behind their crooked eyes and cold.

'All men are dreamers'—though the dream  
Is shorn of wings, attired and shod,  
And on the highway dares not seem  
To have beheld the face of God.

The poet, lover, Christ in man  
A thousand times condemned to die,  
Declares it true since time began—  
'All men are what they crucify.'