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Entre Nous.

TWO TEXTS.

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

‘WHAT is the meaning of the familiar phrase of St. Paul, “the communion (or the fellowship) of the Holy Ghost”? Does it mean a fellowship with the Spirit of God, or does it mean a fellowship among men produced by the Spirit of God? And the only possible answer, if we are true to the thought of St. Paul as well as to the thought of the whole New Testament, is that it means both, that it means one because it means the other. There is no fellowship with the Holy Spirit of God except as that fellowship is realized in the life of the children of God. And there is no final basis for a fellowship among men except the basis of a common fellowship with the Spirit of God. If a man truly seek God he must find his fellows, and if he would truly find his fellows he must find God.’¹

Matt. xvi. 25.

‘In many places “life” in our version represents not ζωή but ψυχή, which means the individual life—the nearest equivalent of “the Ego.” Our translators have not dared to translate “he that wishes to save his *soul* shall lose it”; they have thus weakened one of the great texts of the Gospel, which means a real surrender of the Ego, not a mere willingness to face death. The soul has to die as Soul in order to live as Spirit.’²

SOME TOPICS.

The Details of the Resurrection.

Is it possible to conceive the circumstances which attended the rising of our Lord from the dead? And if it is possible, is it advisable? The Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker answered both questions in the affirmative. ‘Hawker of Morwenstow’ is still a name in the West Country—‘a lover of animals and birds, a firm believer in ghosts and witchcraft, a champion of the Church, and a doughty antagonist of Dissenters.’ Out of his Notebooks E. R. Appleton has gathered extracts

¹ E. S. Drown, *The Creative Christ*, 32.

² Dean Inge, *Outspoken Essays*, 42.

and published them under the title of *Stories Broken from the Rocks* (Oxford: Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). This is the note on the Resurrection:

‘All the pictures of Our Lord’s Resurrection disappoint me very much. They represent Him as flying out as a Bird; as soaring away from the Earth on which He tarried so long. My own conception of the Scene is this. Day glimmered in the East and the awful Shade of Jesus came back to the Sepulchre and glided in. It stood awhile beside the corpse and considered a little space its cold and helpless form: then that Spirit dissolved upon that form and mingled with it and gradually pervaded all its parts. Blood miraculous began to flow. The Heart slowly throbbed into life. Jesus began to awake. He lay a little to recall by slow degrees the scene. Then remembered He the Cross, the separate journey of His Soul, the return. Slowly, gravely, solemnly He sat up, with peaceful composure He took off the handkerchief from His brow and laid it aside. Then He stood upright and removed with gradual hand the vesture of death and shook off the spices of the grave. At this moment there was an earthquake; angels cast aside the doorstone and entered in. They had brought Him raiment such as they wear in Heaven, woven by angelic hands from the texture and hues of summer skies. They robed Him, and with slow and majestic footsteps came Jesus forth. The angels stayed. The Arisen walked to and fro beneath the trees of that Garden, and in the light of gathering day, and in a moment, the twinkling of an eye, was changed. He put on immortality then and there. Then returned He to the grave, and there at this time the Magdalene wept. She rushed towards Him with impatient haste. But He forbade her. A sensation repulsive of mortal contact thrilled His glorified form. “Touch Me not,” He said.’

The Sheltered Life.

‘To rear a boy under what parents call the “sheltered life system” is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and may,

possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportions of things.

'Let a puppy eat the soap in the bathroom or chew a newly-blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dogs' ears. Being young, he remembers and goes abroad, at six months, a well-mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots, and soap, and big dogs till he came to the trinity full-grown and with developed teeth, consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be! Apply that notion to the "sheltered life," and see how it works. It does not sound pretty but it is the better of two evils.'

Can you place this quotation? Of course you can. It is Kipling; and the story from which it is taken is called 'Thrown Away.' But suppose you have forgotten. How are you to find it? Well, there is no need to search laboriously through volume after volume of your edition of Kipling. Look for it first in *A Kipling Anthology: Prose* (Macmillan; 6s. net).

The Great Victorians.

'It was a good rule of Thomas Carlyle to set a portrait of the man whom he was describing in front of him on his writing-table. It is a practice which would greatly diminish the output of literary impertinence. Let those who are disposed to follow the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians make a collection of their heads in photographs or engravings, and compare them with those of their own favourites. Let them set up in a row good portraits of Tennyson, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord Lawrence, Burne Jones, and, if they like, a dozen lesser luminaries, and ask themselves candidly whether men of this stature are any longer among us. I will not speculate on the causes which from time to time throw up a large number of great men in a single generation. I will only ask you to agree with me that since the golden age of Greece (assuming that we can trust the portrait busts of the famous Greeks) no age can boast so many magnificent types of the human countenance as the reign of Queen Victoria. . . . Let us have the

decency to uncover before the great men of the last century; and if we cannot appreciate them, let us reflect that the fault may possibly be in ourselves.'¹

The Mystics.

'The mystics, like other people, form these images, but they reject them one after another as unworthy. "God is not like this," they declare, as soon as any concrete image of Him has formed itself in their minds. Their method has been compared to peeling an onion; they have been said to grasp at the absolute, and to seize only zero. They do not think so themselves; and surely we are in far more danger from the heavy-handed dogmatist who wishes to arrest and stereotype the image-making faculty at a very crude stage, and to fix it in the same state for all, without regard to the great differences in temperament and education which divide human beings.'²

St. John and St. Paul.

'The Johannine writings . . . carry the theology of St. Paul to its logical conclusions. The Pauline churches needed a *Gospel*, partly because they were threatened with a "Gnostic" theosophy which encouraged mysticism without morality and virtually cut Christianity loose from the historical ministry of Christ, and partly because the existing gospels (our Synoptics and others) taught an *apotheosis*-Christology, whereas the Pauline churches had learnt an *incarnation*-Christology. So the unknown Fourth Evangelist stepped into the breach, and gave us a Gospel according to Paul, but enriched by a sublimely idealised—which does not at all mean an untrue—portrait of the Divine Founder.'³

Misquotation.

There is perhaps no text in the Bible so persistently misquoted as the ninth verse of the second chapter of 1st Corinthians. And, curiously enough, it is invariably misquoted in the same way. The latest offender is Dean Inge in his *Outspoken Essays*, where it is given thus: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things that God hath prepared for

¹ Dean Inge, *Outspoken Essays*, 199.

² *Ibid.* 55.

³ *Ibid.* 40.

them that love Him.' There is nothing in the text about conceiving unseen realities. St. Paul says: 'neither hath entered into the heart of man.' His point is that the natural 'heart' of man does not grasp present spiritual truth. It does not see God or His gifts. Only the spiritual sense, or the Spirit-taught mind, is capable of perceiving spiritual truth. The *natural* man does not see these things, 'but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit.'

NEW POETRY.

M. D. H.

In an introduction to a little book of selected poems entitled *St. Hilda's Hall Verse* (Chaundy & Cox; 2s. 6d. net), John Drinkwater says: 'My preferences will not be everybody's, and I am not going to say which they are. There are at least half-a-dozen of the poems in your book that seem to have a clear and positive beauty of their own.' Is this, perhaps, one of them?

THE SHADOW.

The grey-yellow wheat
 These hot days of harvest
 Stands stiff in the heat
 Up in the high field.

With glorious mirth
 The great sun, beaming
 Down on the earth
 In blazing beneficence,

Deepens and warms
 The splendid colour
 In men's curved arms
 As we gather the wheatsheaves.

On the hill crest
 The sun-bright cornfield
 For a moment's rest
 Dims its intensity.

Her slow sky-way
 The cloud climbs lazily;
 The edge of the grey
 Creeps down, caresses us.

Up from the sod
 We, the sun-worshippers,
 Lift to our God
 Praise for the shadow.

E. M. Martin.

Mr. Martin, who will be remembered by two delightful books of Essays, *Wayside Wisdom* and *The Happy Fields*, has published a volume of verse. The title is *Apollo to Christ* (Chapman & Hall; 3s. 6d. net). Something of the delicate, pensive charm of Lamb was in Mr. Martin's earlier work. There were grey tints, but the sky was not all grey. But turn the pages of this book and you will not be reminded of Lamb. We shall quote:

HOME-COMINGS.

When I came home from London
 What plans we used to make!
 The world should be our football,
 And crumbling empires shake.
 But castles that I built you
 Of dreams, and hopes, and fears,
 The years have turned to ruin
 And drowned them with our tears.

When I came home from London
 I always met your smile,
 If I brought disappointment
 'Twas 'only for a while.'
 You knew that I should 'triumph,
 All would be well at last.'
 Your faith set mine a-glowing
 Despite the warning past.

When I came home from London
 A grey and tired man,
 You gave the same old welcome
 As only tried love can.
 I brought you nought, save failure
 No fancy could beguile,
 I came, the strong man broken,
 And yet—you kept your smile.

L. D'O. Walters.

Poems, by L. D'O. Walters (Daniel ; 3s. 6d. net). The poems are all short—practically a poem to a page ; and there are ninety-six pages. There are perhaps no great heights attained, but the poems are simple, natural, musical, and their author has a real command of many metres. Here is our preference among the shorter ones :

THE TIRED BODY.

A long dream of dreams,
A long sleep to sleep,
Where the weight of the world lies deep and deep,
Or the tides of the seas move slow and slow,
With no morning to dawn, no night to go.
O there shall I rest,
O there shall I sleep,
With all life behind me, and peace to reap.

Robin Flower.

First the poet and then the anthologist. We have the anthologist now. His name, the name of the arch-anthologist, is J. E. Wetherell, B.A. And his most recent anthology is of *Later English Poems* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart). The word later covers the years 1901 to 1922. The choice is very careful. One feature worth noting is the recovery of good quotable passages out of long poems. There is such a passage rescued from the Poet Laureate's 'Britannia Victrix,' another from Hardy's 'The Dynasts,' and another from Newbolt's 'The Service.'

Sixty-nine poets are presented to us. 'In selecting the sixty or seventy who were adequately to represent in this anthology the poetry of the first two decades of the century, the editor had no difficulty with the first thirty names. Thereafter came industrious search, the constant exercise of individual taste and preference, and a careful consideration of the opinions of other anthologists.' For his encouragement we shall say that the last forty have given us more pleasure than the first thirty. Out of their number we choose one, Robin Flower, and his only poem :

TIR NA N-OG.

I heard the summer calling across great breadths
of sea
In the landwind and the seawind and the wind of
gramarie ;
For the seawind speaks in thunder and the land-
wind whispers low,
But the little wind of faery you scarce can hear it
blow.

But listen, listen, listen, and you shall hear afar
A low and lovely murmur like the singing of a star ;
But listen, listen, listen, till all things fade and fall
And the lone and luring music is master over all.

And you shall hear it chanting in one triumphant
chime
Of the life that lives for ever and the fugitives of
time,

Beyond the green land's border and the washing
wastes of sea

In the world beyond the world's end, where nothing
is but glee.

The magic waters gird it, and skies of laughing
blue

Keep always faith with summer, and summer still
is true ;

There is no end of dancing and sweet unceasing
song,

And eyes to eyes make answer, and love with love
grows strong.

But close your ears and silence the crying of your
heart

Lest in the world of mortals you walk a man apart ;
For O ! I heard the music and answered to the
call,

And the landwind mocks my longing and the sea-
wind saddens all.

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