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his own. This new edition of his famous book makes students of the New Testament more emphatically his debtors than ever.

We are delighted to learn from his preface how much labour he has spent on the restoration of

friendly relations among the nations. And one can only think of this new edition of *Licht vom Osten* as bringing Christian scholars of every race and tongue to sit anew at his feet.

H. A. A. KENNEDY.

New College, Edinburgh.

In the Study.

An Evening Prayer.

O God, Bless now and always, we pray Thee, the services of Thy House, and wherever Christian people have this day raised their desires unto Thee, do Thou hearken unto them, O Lord. Spare in Thy great mercy all who have offended Thee this day. Have pity upon the children of darkness who misuse the night for their own evil purposes, and let them not continue in the folly of their ways. Grant that those who have quarrelled or complained this day may not let the sun go down upon their wrath or discontent. Do Thou guide aright the traveller on his way, and protect and provide for all the helpless. Heal the sick, if it be Thy holy will, and comfort all who mourn. For those who cannot sleep through suffering of mind or body, do Thou shorten the hours of darkness by Thy presence. Watch with loving care, we beseech Thee, over all our absent kindred and friends, guiding their steps in the ways of security, righteousness, pleasantness and peace. Guard Thou the aged and the little ones; and whether this night be like all the past ones to us, or to any of Thy people anywhere the last, grant that we may all alike be found safe in Thy gracious keeping, and so bring us, Heavenly Father, in Thine own time and way out of this world of darkness and change into Thine Eternal light and rest and peace, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Virginibus Puerisque.

An awfully Big Adventure.¹

'Keep cool, keep awake. Your enemy the devil prowls like a roaring lion, looking out for someone to devour.'—1 P 5⁸ (Moffatt's translation).

Do you ever feel that somehow you have been born at the wrong time altogether; that you are dreadfully unlucky to be here when things seem to be so deadly dull and stale and slow compared

¹ By the Rev. A. J. Gossip, M.A., Aberdeen.

with what they used to be in the old story-book days? You are deep in some exciting tale that won't let you sleep at night—about the French Revolution, or the Cavaliers, or the wars of Prince Charlie, and of how some lucky beggar of a boy, no bigger than you, got mixed up in the very centre of it all, and had such glorious adventures, and escapes so narrow that you breathe hard even when you read of them, and he went through it all! Or else it is some girl who, when everything seemed over and the enemy triumphant, outwitted them ever so cleverly, and they were baffled after all—all through a girl as young as you! And then you waken up, and, after that, real life, your life, seems drab and tame and unexciting, like a wet Saturday afternoon when you have played all the games, and read all the books, and still it pours, and there is nothing left to do except glue your nose flat to the window pane and wish that it were time for tea! Nothing really big and creepy ever happens to you. You know how the books open. 'A lonely and bespattered horseman was riding slowly through the fading light,' and before you turn the page he has ridden straight into all kinds of exciting things—that sudden scuffle in the dark when, from under the shadow of the great trees, they leap out on him, and he is down; that eerie inn out on the lonely moors where in the silence, when the very night seems listening, he hears a knife being sharpened in the next room, and then some one softly tries the handle of his door. And there are duels; and a mad leap for life, and the horse just does it; and heaps more adventures, all tumbled together! In these days it seems a boy couldn't stroll down a common street without running into dozens of them. But when you turn a corner there is never anything better than a dog chasing a cat, and you're lucky if you see even that!

Surely things have grown dreadfully old, and tired, and not nearly so interesting as they used to