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are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under Thy table."

And even though we have received the pledges of God's love, the note of personal emptiness and self-depreciation is still the same: "Although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto Thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech Thee to accept this our bounden duty and service; not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences."

Holy Communion is not a mystic rite for the initiated few; it is the great and constant means of grace for all needy and sin-stricken believers. Our Lord once for all described the attitude of our Heavenly Father towards even the most sinful of His sons, when they turn again to Him, in the inestimably precious parable of the Prodigal Son. "He arose and came to his Father. But when he was yet a great way off—when he was yet a great way off—his father saw him, and had compassion, and *ran*, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' But before he could get out all the words he had prepared, the father was calling aloud to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him! Kill the fatted calf, and let us have such a feast and banquet as we never had before; let us eat and be merry! for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!'"

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

ERRATUM.—Page 639, "Massiglio, the author of the '*Defensa Paris*,'" should read "Massiglio, the author of the '*Defensor Pacis*.'"

SWITZERLAND ONCE MORE.

August 19, 1899.

ONCE more I hear these mountain streams
 Down-rushing from their icy throne,
 The snow-drift thundering from the height,
 The waterfall's enchanted moan;
 Into the secret of the hills
 I mark the glaciers wind their way,
 Or pause to watch some fold of cloud
 Flushed with the rose of dying day.

O splendours of this Alpine land,
Rejoicing tired heart and brain,
How oft have I, mid hours of toil,
Longed for your soothing peace again!
Far rambles over open fields,
The long bright walks among the pines,
The morning plunge in some blue lake,
The evening stroll beside the vines!

How sweet to feel, at day's cool prime,
The shy lights slowly gathering force,
Till all the spears of distant crags
Seem dipt in Morn's immortal source!
To wander on mid darkling glades,
And taste the savour of the Dawn,
Ere, one by one, from alp and dale
The shadows of the Night are drawn.

Far-famed, yon solitary peaks,
Like steadfast beacons raised to guard
These pastures dreaming many a mile
Beneath their stern unbending ward,
Rise diademed with peerless snows
That gaze for ever in God's face,
Rock-ribbed, ice-walled, and heaped about
With stones of ruin at their base.

Again I tread these scented paths
With silent lips and thoughtful mien,
While tinklings from the vagrant herds
Cross and recross the cloven ravine;
Here gather sweet forget-me-nots,
There press thro' spaces hung with dew,
Here pluck the gentian from his bed
And marvel at his lustrous hue.

With many a merry scuffle, white
With foam of onset, ever flash
The torrents, brawling as they go,
And down the wave-worn gullies dash:
Like steeds unbroken to the rein
At every check they madly rear,
Yet all day long within the clefts
Make ceaseless music in the ear.

Perchance my steps may lead me forth
To where, retired amid the glen,
Some gray moraine its length uprears
Beyond the scattered haunts of men;

Where icy balms of heaven are born
 Mid silent caverns, blue and deep,
 Poised o'er the shining battlements
 That clasp the mountains' cloudy feet.

At times, when manhood's pulses stir
 With quickened zeal and vital glow,
 I yearn to touch those crystal tracks
 Lying unseen in upper snow.
 Ah! fair to scan, long leagues beneath,
 Each valley hushed in mystic trance,
 The glory of the awakening hills,
 The calm too great for utterance.

And when at last Night casts her veil
 Of awful beauty o'er the world,
 How phantom-strange the ridges gleam!
 The cloud-wreaths on their summits curled
 How solemn in their sleep! Each spire
 Bathed in the moonlight coldly shines,
 In hoary grandeur glimmering faint
 Far o'er the shadow-stricken pines.

E. H. BLAKENEY.

Review.

Ecclesiastes: An Introduction to the Book; an Exegetical Analysis; and a Translation with Notes. By THOMAS TYLER, M.A. D. Nutt. Price 6s. A new edition.

THE large majority of commentaries, either on the Sacred Scriptures or the secular classics, are mere compilations, written to serve a passing need. Not so this most able and conscientious edition of Kohêleth. Mr. Tyler has evidently spared no pains to render his commentary valuable to the serious student; every page of it bears the impress of careful thought. Difficulties are not evaded, but met and faced; and there is an impression of original work about this book which is most refreshing.

Mr. Tyler published the first edition of his "Ecclesiastes" in 1874, and though the framework has not been disturbed, he has thoroughly revised and amended his work for this second edition. Briefly, the chief—and really notable—contribution which Mr. Tyler brings to the interpretation of Ecclesiastes is the consideration of the peculiar relations of Ecclesiastes to the post-Aristotelian philosophy. Admitting to the full the editor's ingenuity, I have been unable to accept his assertion of the direct influences either of Stoicism or Epicureanism upon the Hebrew writer. Mr. Tyler's "proofs" seem ineffectual; and I am glad to see that this view is supported by the writer of the article "Ecclesiastes" in