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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

resurrection, and it was not until He had passed through death to life, and been "crowned with glory and honour," that Christ was in a position to make the benefits of His death *universally* applicable. If we keep this in view, the progress of thought in the verse is clear. "But we behold Him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, not stopping short of even the lowest humiliation, the humiliation of death, but on account of that very humiliation crowned with glory, in order that He might thus, in His risen and glorified state, apply the benefits of His death to every man." The emphasis in the last clause is evidently upon *ὑπὲρ πάντων*.

The verse thus becomes closely parallel with John xii. 32—"And I, if I be lifted up on high (*ὑψωθῶ*) out of (*ἐκ*) the earth, will draw all men unto Myself"—where our Lord evidently points not to His Crucifixion only, but to His Glorification reached through Crucifixion, as the condition of His drawing "all" men.

GEORGE MILLIGAN.

Edinburgh.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?"

HEB. ix. 7, xi. 6, xii. 14.

I.

"*Not without blood:*" none other way I see,
If sin still threatens us with death and woe;
The blood's the life, the soul must offered be,
To meet the wrath and let the sinner go.
How shall I praise Thee, Lord, that this is done
In Thine own blood, the blood of Thy dear Son!

Be this the shelter under which I rest,
That when Thou seest me there, the sword
pass by;
Through all my consciousness, at Thy behest,
Let the stream flow to purge the darken'd eye.
Try as I may, myself I cannot clear:
Sprinkled and cleansed by Thee, I'm ever near.

II.

"*Not without faith:*" this is the saving gift
The Prince of Life requires from all His own,
The willing spirit that will surely lift
Our souls from earth to rest on Christ alone,
The eager trust that clasps His unseen hand,
The ardent gaze that sees the better land.
Would that the chronicle of men of old—
The hallowed memory of their deeds of fame,
Wrought in this fearless faith—might make us bold
To throw the love-lit heart and tongue of flame
Into the Master's cause! O sovereign Lord,
Help us to hope in Thee, and trust Thy word!

III.

"*Not without holiness:*" the heavenly glow
That burns in fadeless purity and love,
And whitens with a lustre fair as snow
The robes of Him who sits as King above,
In our hearts too must be the altar fire,
That, fed by faith, shall our whole life inspire.
Lord, sanctify us wholly here below,
Cheer on the strong, keep all from sinking down:
Show Thou Thyself the path we ought to go,
To win the spotless name, and wear the crown.
O let no wavering one fail of the grace,
To serve Thee evermore, and see Thy face.
Arbroath. J. P. LILLEY.

Recent Literature in Biography.

THERE is no department of literature that demands sifting more imperatively than biography. So enormous is its production now that it is impossible that more than a fraction of it can be fit to live. At all times the easiest way of "becoming an author" has been to write a biography; but only the few, the very few, have made a lasting name in that way. Now, however, men and women seem to undertake the writing of biography without

even the ambition to be an author, or the thought of a literary reputation, simply because some lifetime's accumulation of letters has been thrust into their hands. However much we may deplore the yearly increase of aimless and ephemeral biography there is no remedy. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*: Your latest "Life" may be bad art and worse morality, but it is human, and therefore interesting. So, for our children's sake,

for the sake of our libraries, and our own sake also, we must needs sift and sift carefully, and nowhere more than among so-called religious biographies. The list that follows is a selection, chosen out of many, as likely to last. There are others besides these that may last, but these, at least, are placed here from the belief that they do really possess some permanent value.

VICTORIA R. I.

The life of Her Majesty, since a life of Her Majesty is found worthy of a place in this survey, must come first. Of all that appeared in the year of the Jubilee, and it is appalling to think of all that appeared in the way of biography that year, this volume by Dr. Macaulay, the editor of the *Leisure Hour*, and published by the Religious Tract Society (8vo, pp. 292. 10s. 6d.) is likely to live longest. It is not the most ambitious work that the Jubilee called forth, but it is very serviceable. It is carefully, even skilfully written, and fully illustrated. An excellent gift-book, which did not owe its value to the immediate occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee, and did not lose it when that was past.

ADAM SEDGWICK.

For many reasons the *Life and Letters of Sedgwick* will come next. (By J. W. Clark and T. M. Hughes. Cambridge. Two vols. 8vo, pp. 539, 640. 1890. 36s.) The two most essential things for a biography which shall endure, that the subject be great enough, and that pains enough be spent upon it, are both fulfilled. He who made so many friendships in his lifetime and kept them, drawing them ever closer as the years went on, will make many more by the means of these volumes since he has passed away. Being appointed Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge, when, as he said, he had never turned a stone, Sedgwick determined that thereafter he would leave no stone unturned. And he was as good as his word. And not in geology alone, but he gave himself to the pursuit of truth and the love of the God of truth with a whole-heartedness which proved him worthy of even such a memorial as this. The authors have done well, and the publishers have done well. By these two volumes, *cere perennius*, Cambridge has honoured one of her manliest sons.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

It is remarkable that we have had no biography of our most picturesque Englishman to which we can turn with satisfaction. Truly biographies of Sir Walter Raleigh are plentiful enough. But bulk, or dulness, or some deeper fault, has hindered their taking hold. It cannot be said that either brevity or sprightliness is an immediate and unmistakable characteristic of Mr. William Stebbing's book (Oxford. 8vo, pp. 413. 1891. 10s. 6d.), yet it is likely to be widely recognised, and to remain the most satisfactory work on the subject. The author has striven to give a complete as well as an unbiassed picture of the man. He has not been carried away by one aspect of him, nor, so far as can be seen, by any prejudice regarding him. There is the secret of his success. It is true that others have laboured, and he has entered into their labours. But being mounted upon his predecessors' shoulders, he sees with his own eyes, and reaches his own conclusions.

WILLIAM DENNY.

William Denny, Shipbuilder, Dumbarton. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8vo, pp. 479. 1889. 12s.) Opposite the title-page you have the portrait, and at once you apply his own words about another: "a fine, manly, sensible face." Singularly strong, he was earnest in work and in religion—shall we not say simply "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord?" The end? It deepens the pathos, perhaps, but it takes no jot away from the manliness. We would most gladly have had it otherwise; but should that have made Dr. Bruce shrink from recording the life, or us from giving it an abiding place in our esteem? No dabbler or *dilettante*; though his sympathies were broad, his convictions were intense. "Possessed by the great idea, service of others the great law of life, henceforth he will be found proclaiming it with the fervour of a Hebrew prophet in every possible connexion."

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

Messrs. Blackwood have published a new edition of Mrs. Oliphant's *Memoir of Principal Tulloch*, scarcely a whit inferior to the other, and at a most reasonable price (8vo, pp. 502. 7s. 6d.). Not every memoir reaches a new edition, or deserves to reach it. Mrs. Oliphant has certainly done

better work than this, even in biography. Her *Edward Irving* has attained unto the rank of the very noblest, and this has fallen short of that. But it is a well-written and most sympathetic story of a life that was worth the writing.

EDWARD THRING.

"Who's that?" "Teddy, you little fool." It was Mr. Skrine's first introduction to the headmaster of Uppingham School in the Fives Court. "Yes, it was Teddy, just Teddy with his coat off. But braces or no braces, what play! Short of reach, a bit stiff and jerky in movement, but dancing about the court as if he were the shadow of the ball, always behind it at the true moment, ducking to evade, jumping to reach it, fetching it out of impossible corners, stopping smart volleys into the buttress, and returning them as hot as they came; then, when the loose ball came, clapping it into the pepper-box dead; or (oh, rare!) pinning a helpless opponent with it against the wall." For Edward Thring was master everywhere, out of doors as well as in. A personality without doubt, interesting as a true man is always, the story of his life as seen by one of his pupils is told in this volume (*A Memory of Edward Thring*. By John Huntley Skrine. Macmillan. Crown 8vo, pp. 280. 1890. 7s. 6d.) with a rush of enthusiasm which sweeps you irresistibly into the circle of Thring's devoted admirers. It is a healthy book. It may seem audacious to place it alongside *Tom Brown's School-days*. But the only advantage *Tom Brown* had was the novelty of the situations. It was the lifting to most readers of a thick curtain, and behold what a life it revealed! This is less exciting than *Tom Brown*, but it is healthier. "To be a *life* has long been my prayer," he said: Mr. Skrine has written a commentary on that text of "the Master," and has not departed from it.

GEORGE ELWES CORRIE.

Dean Burgon wrote of "Twelve Good Men," but there seem to have been thirteen. The thirteenth has a noble memorial in this fine volume (*Memorials of the Life of George Elwes Corrie, D.D.* Edited by M. Holroyd. Cambridge. 8vo, pp. 365. 12s.). He certainly deserved it. To a young man who airily said he intended going in for "Holy Orders," the late Cardinal Manning replied: "Then see, my son, that you get them." Dr. Corrie was not less fond of horses than of

theology all his life, and yet, having gone in for "Holy Orders," every sentence of this biography shows that he got them. Though he was Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and Master of Jesus College, it is religion not theology you find in his letters, an always present, always practical, and exceedingly winning religious life.

SIR WILLIAM M'ARTHUR.

A Christian, a Wesleyan, a merchant, a patriot—these and in that order. It would have been more natural to have said "politician" for "patriot"; but the word has got defiled in these days, there is the touch of intrigue upon it, whereby you even find it solemnly argued that for a politician the lie serves better at certain seasons than the truth. Thus it will not fit Sir William M'Arthur. "He was especially strong in moral qualities, in guilelessness, in purity, in unselfishness, in benevolence, in magnanimity"—in other words, "his patriotism was Christian patriotism." So instead of placing "Christian" first as a separate substantive, let us make an adjective of it to accompany the others (if it is not redundancy to say "Christian Wesleyan"), and we shall have most suitably described him. His history is told by Mr. M'Cullagh in a straightforward solid style, which sometimes becomes a trifle heavy, but is always true to its mark. (Hodder & Stoughton. Post 8vo, pp. 398. 1891. 7s. 6d.)

SIR GEORGE BURNS.

Mr. Edwin Hodder, the author of *The Life of Sir George Burns* (Hodder & Stoughton. Crown 8vo, pp. 394. 1892. 5s.), is an old hand at biography. His greatest subject has perhaps been the Earl of Shaftesbury. Sir George Burns is not so copious or so exalted as that. But he is a good subject, for he lived a manifold life, was energetic, enterprising, and abundantly successful; and, beyond all these things, never failed to carry a genuine religious principle into all his plans and all his progresses. The book abounds in anecdote, some of which is so good that it has gone the rounds and got its surfaces nearly worn flat already. It is a *readable* work. And the things that are so easily read are for the most part well worth reading.

LADY HYMN-WRITERS.

Less strictly a biography than the others in the present survey, this beautiful book (Nelson. Crown

8vo, pp. 369. 5s.) deserves a place because of the conscientious care with which Mrs. Pitman has selected and grouped her facts for the different lives she touches. Its title is the only part of it which the most fastidious taste can criticise. When shall we find the word which neither praises nor blames, but simply names, as the word "man" does? "Woman, behold thy son;" and we repeat immediately, "Woman"? Yet "Lady" would never do. Perhaps our nobler women will yet make "woman" noble, and we wish that Mrs. Pitman had lent her aid by boldly using it.

ROBERTSON OF IRVINE.

1. *Life of William B. Robertson, D.D., Irvine.* By James Brown, D.D. (Maclehose. Crown 8vo, pp. 479. 1889. 7s. 6d.)

2. *Robertson of Irvine: Poet-Preacher.* By Arthur Guthrie. (Ardrossan: Arthur Guthrie. Crown 8vo, pp. 384. 1889. 5s.)

"Poet-Preacher" they call him: for the Greek in him was more than the Hebrew; Sophocles stronger than Jeremiah; he felt the beauty more than the burden. Says Dr. Ker: "His heart was always young within him, and his choice delight was to surround himself with a company of the young; to seek to form their taste in art and music and literature, and to solve the difficulties that press on the present generation in the field of religious truth." "Not oratory but poetry," is the verdict of a competent hearer of one of his characteristic discourses from the text, "And the four living creatures said, Amen," or such like. "Not oratory but poetry," yet it was preaching. And from the outskirts of the Christian province, even from its half-sceptical highways and hedges, men and women were drawn to listen to the gospel clothed in language that was always imaginative and sometimes elaborately artistic.

Though Robertson of Irvine owed much to his "setting,"—though there are innumerable bearers of that name now,—yet he was more, much more, than his surroundings; and no one will grudge him the honour of even two biographies by different authors. It is almost fitting that he who found the Gospels in their variety and unity so congenial, should be himself, in a lower degree, like the Master, in that two distinct, yet uncontradictory, Memoirs have been written of him. They are both needed, for the one fills up what was lacking in the other.

WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON.

They have called Robertson of Irvine the "poet-preacher." Here is another preacher, and ought we not to give him the title of the "pastor-preacher"? He was a preacher beyond doubt, but Dr. Stevenson will be blessed most abundantly by those who rise up and bless him for his pastoral work among them. The pastor does not, however, attain to the dignity of a biography always, and it may be that the charm of this book, which is written by Mrs. Stevenson (Nelson. Crown 8vo, pp. 284. 3s. 6d.), is due to other things that are added to that. It is due partly to Dr. Stevenson's skill in letter-writing, but also to his hearty evangelical Christianity, and finally to the loving care of the biographer.

ION KEITH-FALCONER.

This book has passed through many editions. This, which is the sixth, is popular and cheap (Deighton, Bell, & Co. Crown 8vo, pp. 248. 1890. 2s. 6d.). It scarcely needs more than to be placed here, its place in our esteem and in our libraries having been found already. As a boy's book, Dr. Sinker deserves thanks for keeping it within moderate dimensions.

MARY LOUISA WHATELY.

Let this be the girl's book on our list. It is the story of a devoted woman, who found her life's work on the banks of the Nile, and gave herself unreservedly to it. It was God's work, and she did not grudge either the isolation or the hardness of it. Her sister tells the story. The volume is prettily bound, and cheaply published by the Religious Tract Society (Crown 8vo, 2s.).

ROBERT BROWNING.

So far as we have been able to judge, this, the briefest of all the lives of Browning, is also the best (*Life of Robert Browning.* By William Sharp. Walter Scott. 1890. 1s.). It is one of Mr. Walter Scott's series of "Great Writers," a series which we are glad of the opportunity of commending heartily. They are nearly all works of permanent value, and only the more so that they are so cheap. This is one of the best, however. And as for the "religion of Browning," so much tossed about within these months, the book was written before that controversy began, and neither unduly presses Browning within the lines of church and creed, nor drives him out beyond their pale.