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A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

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pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

This, with a charming sketch above it and below, may be found in a certain page of *St. Nicholas* (Fisher Unwin, ts.):—

In 'Ninety-Three.

"This is my birthday—I'm most a man;
Exactly eight.
I'm growing up, says my Uncle Van,
At an awful rate.
But I can't know everything quite clear—
Not quite, says he—
Before my birthday comes round next year,
In 'Ninety-Three."

The *Quiver* for July gives the first of what will be as useful a series of papers as they are certainly interesting, under the title of "My Experiences as a Sunday-school Teacher." And on a later page, Dr. Hugh Macmillan writes pleasantly and helpfully of "Deborah."

The pleasantest part of the *Sunday Magazine* is the editor's "Sunday Evenings with the Children." How clearly it comes out that only the lover of the children can really hold converse with them! We cry for children's sermons. These are the models to go by.

"Trinity College, Dublin," written by Dr. W. R. Scott, and illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton, is the article to be most enjoyed in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, this month.

The frontispiece to the *Magazine of Art* is a photogravure of Poetzelberger's picture, "The Old Spinnet." Opposite page 300 there is a fine engraving of Guido Reni's "Youthful Christ embracing St. John." The most instructive paper is Professor Herkomer's on "Scenic Art."

The *Baptist Magazine* for July contains a striking sermon by the editor, of which the subject is "Trial by the Word of God." The text is Ps. cv. 19: "The Word of the Lord tried him;" and the writer shows how Joseph's greatest trial was neither the pit nor the prison, but God's promise so long delayed and through such devious ways attained.

Part V. of Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary* in its reissue has appeared this month. Sevenpence a month is within the reach of most, and it will secure one of the very best commentaries.

Point and Illustration.

Sheep and Lambs.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Ballads and Lyrics (Kegan Paul).

ALL in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak and human cry.
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame,
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

Deuteronomy xxiii. 24.

The Ardrossan Herald.

REV. R. LAWSON of Maybole gives a fresh story of Robertson of Irvine. The two met in the grounds of the hospital mansion of Auchendrane. On Lady Coats remarking, "I don't know how it is, doctor, but when I go into a garden, I can't keep my hands to myself," Dr. Robertson looked up archly and said: "*That's an old failing of your sex, madam!*" As all laughed at this allusion to Eve, he proceeded to take off its edge by adding: "But I quite agree with Janet, an old friend with the same failing, who justified herself with her perfectly correct version of Deuteronomy xxiii. 24, which she quoted thus—'When ye gang into a neebor's yaird, ye can eat your fill, but pouch nane!'"

The Advantage of Disadvantage.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

The Methodist Times.

GREAT are the advantages of disadvantages. Are not the world's great men most often those who have had to overcome all kinds of disadvantages? It was the overcoming of the disadvantages that was the beginning of their greatness. It is a great deal better to be four feet six if because you are little you have to be full of energy and to be clever at finding out ways of overcoming difficulties, than it is to be six feet four and never have to take any trouble about anything. That having to take trouble is really the school in which genius is trained. This is the first lesson for us—the advantage of disadvantage. You who need it, take it right home to your-

selves. Zacchæus might have sat down in his doorway watching all that went by, and sighing: "Ah, look at that man, what a fine fellow he is; if I were only as tall as he is. And see those people there in the very front; ah, if I were only where they are." He might have fretted and sighed. But there was another thing he could do. He could say: "Because I am so little I must make up for it somehow," and he ran before and climbed up into the tree.

—

"In their Death they were not Divided."

BY REV. JAMES STALKER, D.D.

IN the American war between North and South there was a battle which raged all day, and the oncoming darkness parted the combatants before victory had declared decisively on either side. The losses of both armies had been heavy, and the fallen lay mingled together on the field. As the night wore on, the groans of the wounded rose on every quarter, and many a spirit took its flight to its account. But a strange thing happened. A voice rose from the ground—from one of the wounded—singing the words of a well-known hymn—

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

Another voice soon joined in, then another and another, till it swelled to a great chorus of the wounded, surprising the night with their song. Northern and Southern were united, because in the common faith of the gospel they had discovered something deeper and broader than their differences.

—

"The Beauty of Holiness."

BY DR. BROOK HERFORD.

I ONCE heard, among our Yorkshire hills, an anecdote of John Wesley which has always helped me to feel the fuller meaning of these words. Two rough village lads filled their pockets with stones, and crept up into the room where Wesley was to preach. They intended to help in breaking up the meeting. But when they looked on the old man's face as he stood preaching, that face lighted up with such a glow of goodness and piety and strong desire to win the souls of those before him, it seemed to those rough lads as if they had never seen any face like it. Probably they never had. And, as he spoke, the awe kept growing upon them until at last one of them whispered to the other: "He's not a man; he's not a man!" When the service was over they crowded down to where Wesley would pass out, and, as he went by, the same lad just felt at the sleeve of his gown, felt the arm there, and, said he, "He is a man!" and John Wesley felt the touch, and turned, and saw the boy's awed and wondering face, and just put his hand upon his head and said, "The Lord bless thee, my lad." I did not wonder to hear that that lad in after years became one of Wesley's band of preachers.

My Burden-Bearer.

BY PHILIP E. HOWARD.

UNDER the sun of an Eastern noon
I watched the flow'rets droop and swoon;
The rippling streams grew silent and dry,
While over all was the burning sky.

Out on the dusty caravan road,
A man, bowed down with a wearisome load
Wended his way up the stony hill,
And paused near me by the dying rill.

"Where is thy beast, O friend?" I cried,
"Thy burden is great, and in thy side
A grievous wound! Nor is it meet
That man should journey with piercèd feet."

Erect he stood with infinite grace;
A glad smile rested upon his face.
"My burden," he answered, "no beast can bear,
It matters not how the sun may glare.

"The Father deemeth it wise and best
On me the sins of the world shall rest.
Knowest thou not the blessed sign,—
This wound, and these piercèd feet of mine?"

"Master"! I cried, with outstretched hand,—
But alone I stood on the desert sand;
And my cry was caught by a mighty wind:
"Master, oh, would that I had not sinned!"

—

Earth-Bound.

The Rock.

"THIS morning I found that all the German stocks in my flower-bed were at last in bloom, but, alas! fully half of them were single. So I turned to my reserve in the pots. They had been transferred once to pots of a larger size, but in the press of cares further transfer was neglected. They had been faithfully watered, but I had given them no attention myself. So now I found a sad failure. Compared with the others, set out so long ago, they were mere pigmies. Soon exhausting all the soil, the little roots, searching round and round for food, found themselves thwarted at every turn by the hard walls of the earthen pot, and finally, after crowding it full of hungry fibres, they could do nothing but stand still. As I turned them carefully out of the pots, there was nothing to be seen save a thickly-matted mass of dingy white roots. The plants were alive, but not one of them in bloom or even in bud. They were, as the gardeners say, *pot-bound*." So, many a human life may be earth-bound, and, if it were prolonged, would put limitations on the soul's further growth.

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