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Entre Nous.

Award of Prizes for the best Illustration of any Text of the Bible.

1. Rev. G. W. Thorn, 77 Wimpole Road, Colchester.
2. Rev. Sylvester Thomas, Principal of the Baptist Mission Training Institute, Delhi.
3. Rev. John Reid, M.A., Inverness.
4. Rev. H. F. Bran, Retford.
5. Rev. Archibald Alexander, M.A., Ayr.
6. Rev. P. Fisher, Davidson, Sask., Canada.
7. Rev. R. Whyte, M.A., Portobello.
8. Rev. E. Charles, Malvern Link.

Further Offer of Prizes.

Eight prizes are offered as follows:—

For the best anecdote illustrating any text of Scripture—

1. From Biography.
2. From History.
3. From Personal Experience.

For the best illustration, not an anecdote, of any text of Scripture—

4. From Nature or Science.
5. From Art or Industry.
6. From Human Life.
7. From Literature.
8. For the best illustration in verse of any text of Scripture.

In every case the source of the illustration must be stated fully (author, vol., page) and the quotation must be made exactly.

These eight prizes will be awarded in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for June 1911, for illustrations received by the 10th of April.

The prizes offered are—

Any volume of the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, together with the right to purchase the rest of the volumes at a quarter less than the published price, namely, 21s. instead of 28s. net.

Or—

Any four volumes of the *Great Texts of the Bible*.

Or—

Either volume of the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*.

Or—

The single-volume *Dictionary of the Bible*.

Or—

Any four volumes of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series.

Or—

Any two volumes of the 'International Theological Library' or of the 'International Critical Commentary.'

Those who send illustrations should say which offer they prefer if successful. Those who send more than one illustration should name more than one volume or set of volumes in case they should be awarded more than one prize.

Initials only, or *nom de plume*, will be given in the report if that is preferred.

The Bible Society.

What a book the Bible is! If the remark is not original it is none the worse on that account. For this is the beauty of the Bible, that, as it can be read over and over again and be fresher and more charming than ever, so the remark about the wonder of it can be made ever so often, and have all the force of originality. What the Bible has done for men! What one single text has done! Here is a hint for a hunter. Gather together all the accessible results that have been wrought by the reading of Jn 3¹⁶. Even Gn 1¹ has had its conquests. Bishop Ingham, in his recollections of his journey *From Japan to Jerusalem*, one of the books of the month, tells us that he visited the Doshisha University in Kyoto. 'I had been particularly anxious to see it, because of the romantic story of its founder, Neesima, the Japanese Christian patriot, who in 1858, when only fifteen years old, found his way into the light from reading in a book in the Chinese language, borrowed from a friend, these words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."'

From the Bible to the Bible Society. The whole story of the Bible Society has been told by William Canton in five immense volumes, and the volumes have been published by Mr. Murray with the title: *A History of the British and Foreign Bible Society* (42s. net). The story has been written fully and with literary skill, and the volumes have been enriched with portraits and other illustrations, the portraits being as fine as the best photogravure artists can make them. The men are often well

known, and some of them, like George Borrow, have a literary immortality. This is one of the charms of the book. You come upon men whom you know, and you come upon something about them which you did not know. George Borrow? In the third volume there are two notes side by side:

'In 1881 a deputation from the Committee presented Lord Shaftesbury with a copy of the Bible on his eightieth birthday.'

'In the same year died George Borrow, once the Society's agent in Russia and Spain.' And then there is this footnote:

'In 1904, Mrs. M'Oubrey, Southtown, Suffolk, left the Society £100, "in remembrance of the great interest my dear father, George Henry Borrow, took in the success of the great work."'

The Bible Society has had to do two things—translate the Bible and circulate it. And there have been difficulties in abundance with both parts of the work. But of course the circulation is the most interesting part to write about. How can a historian tell what it cost the Rev. J. F. Laughton to sit day after day and confer with the natives in order to get the Gospel according to St. Mark translated into Carib? But when it is translated, how pleasant to tell the story of its circulation: 'Señor Castell's set out on a tour of 1000 miles—225 on foot, 150 by train, 200 by steamer, 370 in canoe and sailing-boat, 100 on horseback—to make it known among the Carib settlements. At the sound of the native sea-shell and the cry of 'Uganu binditi!' ('The good news!') the people flocked together. They listened and bought readily, and their visitor soon "came to be known as the Good-news Man."

Civilization gains by the circulation of the Bible, and that gain is appreciable to everybody. Take Korea:

'In the midst of the social and material changes with which commerce, financial enterprises, and high politics were transforming the Empire of the Morning Calm, we may note two that were derived from another influence than these. Twice a year at Sorai, the villages were wont to make special offerings at the heathen shrine under the trees, and pray to the spirit of the place: "O give us life and blessing and riches; keep us from loss by fire and flood, and pestilence, and officials, and robbers, and tigers. Be it even so!" And year by year over £60 was wrung from their poverty and spent in sacrifices; but Sorai was ever as poor and squalid

as any village in Hwangai province—its men drunken and dissolute; its women and children hungry and cold. To-day it is the wonder of the countryside. There is a pretty chapel among the trees in place of the shrine. On an eastern slope stands a handsome church, built and endowed by the people, and a school and library. All is neat and clean. Glass has taken the place of paper in the windows. Every homestead seems to have its sleek ox. American ploughs are in the furrows. "No," says Elder So to the agent, who has made Sorai his headquarters for a month, "you owe us nothing; you are the guests of the Church. We cannot yet support a foreign missionary, but we entertain any missionary who is good enough to visit us."

'There is great rejoicing in Seoul—waving flags, the lights of coloured lanterns, crowds listening to patriotic speeches. It is the Emperor's birthday. "Through all the five centuries of our royal dynasty," says one orator, "who ever heard of a patriotic meeting, with prayers and speeches and singing and praise of our native land? What has taught us to love our country and to learn the meaning of patriotism? It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Chesterton.

Is there any author, dead or alive, who can be 'anthologized' to such good purpose as Mr. Chesterton? The new *Chesterton Calendar* (Kegan Paul; 5s. net) is a revelation of the possibilities of quotation-making. And the book is a great charm, daring, original in its very printing. Here are two of the quotations, two of the shortest—'Life is a thing too glorious to be enjoyed.' 'A man's good work is effected by doing what he does: a woman's by being what she is.'

Goldwin Smith.

Messrs. Macmillan have published Goldwin Smith's *Reminiscences* (10s. net). A great scholar, Goldwin Smith was accused of too little ambition, and he admits the truth of the accusation. So the value of the autobiography is not in any record of personal achievement. Goldwin Smith had some share in almost all the great events of the last half of the nineteenth century. But he was, or affects to have been, a spectator rather than a partaker. And so he is free to speak his mind concerning them. Shrewd enough his comments are, un-

touched by emotion. There is certainly no desire to belittle any man or movement; but wonderful is the calmness with which he can contemplate a *coup d'état* or the confidence with which he can sit in a great statesman's presence. We cannot but feel grateful to Goldwin Smith for making his recollections so good to read without one touch of baseness and without one thought of uncleanness. He tells good stories; but even that he makes no account of. How indifferent he is about his own reputation, even as the clever talker, compared, for example, with Grant Duff.

Speaking of Roundell Palmer, afterwards Earl of Selborne, he says: 'His power of work was wonderful. When he was Attorney-General, about the hardest place then in the world, I called one Wednesday afternoon at his chambers. His clerk said at first that he would see me, then added, 'I think you had better not go in.' 'Why not?' 'Sir Roundell has not been in bed this week.'

The Oxford Movement moved Goldwin Smith little. He says: 'Oxford, with her medieval Colleges and her clerical and celibate Fellows, was the natural centre of a movement which pointed to a revival of the Middle Ages.' He never heard Newman preach, but 'I heard him read the service, which he did in a mechanical monotone, that he might seem to be the mere mouthpiece of the Church. His face, I always thought, betokened refinement and acuteness much more than strength. He was always in quest, not of the truth, but of the best system, presenting a sharp contrast to his brother Francis, whom also I knew well, and who through all his changes of opinion sought the truth with singleness of heart. The Grammar of Assent is an apparatus for making yourself believe or fancy that you believe things which are good for you but of which there is no proof.'

'Pusey I used to see going about with sorrowful visage and downcast eyes, and looking like the embodiment of his favourite doctrine, the irremissibility of post-baptismal sin.'

'I somehow got a false reputation for sharpness as a reviewer. A work like Froude's Henry VIII., not only artfully palliating the detestable crimes of a despot, but artfully blackening the memories of his victims, such as More, Fisher, and Pole, surely calls for reprobation. I have always thought that Macaulay was inhuman in insisting on the republication of his review of poor Satan Montgomery's poems. It is a pity he did not live to read Fitz-

James Stephen's examination of his *Life of Warren Hastings*. It might have taught him mercy.'

The Blackfeet.

Somewhere in the nineties, Mr. Walter M'Clintock, being on a Government forestry expedition, fell in with a member of the Blackfeet Indians, named Siksikakoan, and agreed to accompany him to the camp of the Blackfeet. He further resolved to remain in the camp. For he observed that they still retained certain social customs and religious ceremonies which were likely soon to disappear, and he resolved to become, if not the historian, at least the ethnographer, of the tribe. He was adopted by the great chief Mad Wolf, and initiated into all the mysteries. And thereafter he wrote *The Old North Trail; or, Life, Legends, and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians* (Macmillan; 15s. net).

The life, legends, and religion of the Blackfeet Indians are described in the form of a narrative of the author's personal experiences—the religious ceremonies he witnessed, the legends he listened to, the life he shared. And this method gives the book the greatest interest as well as the greatest value. We learn to know the Blackfeet by name, at least the most noble among them, together with the name and character of their numerous wives. We learn to appreciate their comparative cleanliness, even their comparative beauty, and we learn to respect their ability to 'hold their tongue.'

We understand something also of the force of habit, of the solemnity that belongs to a ceremonial which looks like a child's nursery game, of the power of endurance possessed by these children of the prairie, of their pride of birth. We feel something of the glamour of the wide plains, the sunsets and the sunrises, the far-wandering streams, the overwhelming forests. And we conceive a considerable admiration for Mr. Walter M'Clintock, who feared neither Nature nor man, neither dog nor dirt.

The publishers have done finely. The illustrations are good and numerous. The coloured illustrations are glaring and grand. For the Indians love to have it so. The book is a notable one in many respects. It adds something to our knowledge of savage religion.

More Poetry.

Right on the back of Sir George Douglas's *Book of Scottish Poetry* comes Professor W. Mac-

neile Dixon's *Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse* (Meiklejohn & Holden; 7s. 6d. net). Nearly identical in size and in ornamentation, it is nevertheless a different book and in some respects a better book. For one thing, there is a fuller representation of the most recent Scottish poetry. The last division is entitled 'Contemporary.' It begins with Andrew Lang, and contains poems by J. Logie Robertson, Will H. Ogilvie, Douglas Ainslie, Katherine Mann, Agnes Lindsay Carnegie, Neil Munro, Donald A. Mackenzie, Herbert J. C. Grierson, Rachel Annand Taylor, Charles Murray, Ronald Campbell Macfie. This is far beyond the other book. And the choice is as severe as it is representative. There is scarcely a weak verse in these last poems.

It must not be imagined that all the poems in this Book of Scottish Verse are in Scots. A Scotsman does not need to wear the kilt. There is a Scottish genius in poetry that is independent of dialect. And this genius may be recognized in all the poetry which the book contains, even though the editor, by his title 'Scottish Verse,' simply means verse of men and women who are of Scottish birth. Burns is Scottish, and writes with freedom only in the Scottish tongue; but Scott wrote his poetry in English.

The Englishman will be almost as well pleased as the Irishman to receive an edition of the *Poems of James Clarence Mangan* which is at last satisfactory (Dublin: Gill & Son). The editing has been done by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, Librarian of University College, Dublin. And in such a case as this editing means something. Mr. O'Donoghue has searched all the periodicals of a hundred years ago to which Mangan was a contributor, and they were very many. He has discovered over eight hundred poems by Mangan in them. But he has left some of them where he found them. This is enough. Let us taste the quality by a single very brief poem in the manner of half translation, half not, which Mangan so constantly and so curiously affected:

TO SULTAN MURAD II.

Earth sees in thee
Her Destiny:

Thou standest as the Pole—and she
Resembles

The Needle, for she turns to thee,
And trembles.

A singularly attractive volume is *A Book of Verse by Living Women* (3s. 6d. net), and with singular attractiveness have the publishers, Messrs. Herbert & Daniel, produced it. Lady Margaret Sackville, who writes the Introduction, selects for special approval the work of Alice Meynell. 'Of women-poets considered individually, Mrs. Meynell, of course, is the recognized head.' 'Here is an art so disciplined, so obedient, that whatever it expresses can be said in that way and no other.'

Take an example, then, of Mrs. Meynell's work:

AT NIGHT.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep;
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dove-cote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest
light

Of all these homing birds?
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?
Your words to me, your words!

Next to the poetry of Alice Meynell, Lady Sackville places 'the full-blooded opulent verse' of Michael Field. 'It moves in royal aloofness in a world of its own choosing, disdainful of common praise, through lonely beautiful ways unvisited by the multitude, and it fails chiefly at those points when from its very richness it becomes obscure.' One of the shortest of Michael Field's short poems is 'Cyclamens.'

CYCLAMENS.

They are terribly white:

There is snow on the ground,
And a moon on the snow at night;
The sky is cut by the winter light;

Yet I, who have all these things in ken,
Am struck to the heart by the chiselled white
Of this handful of cyclamen.

After Michael Field comes, in the same judgment, Anna Bunston and Rosalind Travers. But the volume contains examples of the work of no fewer than twenty-five women poets. It is arranged in the alphabetical order of the poets' names, from Jane Barlow to Margaret L. Woods.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel are the publishers of another exceptionally good collection of modern poems, which appears under the title of *Eyes of*

Youth (3s. 6d. net)—a title taken from the *Merry Wives*: 'He has eyes of youth, he writes verses.' Mr. Chesterton contributes the Introduction, and characterizes in his own way some of the poets represented in the book. He speaks of Mr. Padraic Colum's 'stern and simple rendering of the bitter old Irish verses:

O, woman, shapely as the swan,
On your account I shall not die.'

Also of 'the luxuriant humility' of Francis Thompson, by whom four poems are published here for the first time. There are poems by Shane Leslie, Viola Meynell, Hugh Austin, the Hon. Mrs. Lytton, Olivia Meynell, Maurice Healy, Monica Saleeby, Francis Meynell, and there is this poem by Ruth Temple Lindsay:

THE HUNTERS.

'The Devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour.'

The Lion, he prowleth far and near,
Nor swerves for pain or rue;
He heedeth nought of sloth nor fear,
He prowleth—prowleth through
The silent glade and the weary street,
In the empty dark and the full noon heat;
And a little Lamb with aching Feet—
He prowleth too.

The Lion croucheth alert, apart—
With patience doth he woo;
He waiteth long by the shuttered heart,
And the Lamb—He waiteth too.
Up the lurid passes of dreams that kill,
Through the twisting maze of the great Un-
true,

The Lion followeth the fainting will—
And the Lamb—He followeth too.

From the thickets dim of the hidden way
Where the debts of Hell accrue,
The Lion leapeth upon his prey:
But the Lamb—He leapeth too.
Ah! loose the leash of the sins that damn,
Mark Devil and God as goals,
In the panting love of a famished Lamb,
Gone mad with the need of souls.

The Lion, he strayeth near and far;
What heights hath he left untrod?
He crawlleth nigh to the purest star,
On the trail of the saints of God.

And throughout the darkness of things unclean,
In the depths where the singhous brood,
There prowleth ever with yearning mien—
A Lamb as white as Blood!

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Herbert J. Bran, Retford.

Illustrations for the Great Text for April must be received by the 1st of March. The text is Ps 23¹.

The Great Text for May is Ps 37⁷:

'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.'
A copy of Canon Cooke's *Progress of Revelation*, or of Dr. Richard's *New Testament of Higher Buddhism*, or of Dr. Homes Dudden's *Christ and Christ's Religion*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for June is Ps 51¹⁷:

'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

A copy of Skinner's *Genesis*, or Richard's *New Testament of Higher Buddhism*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for July is Ps 68¹⁸:

'Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led thy captivity captive;
Thou hast received gifts among men,
Yea, among the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell with them.'

A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts of the Bible,' or of the 'International Theological Library,' will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for August is Ps 90¹²:

'So teach us to number our days,
That we may get us an heart of wisdom.'

A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts of the Bible' or of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series will be given for the best illustration.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, St. Cyrus, Montrose, Scotland.

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