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like the stern lights of a ship, it illuminates only the path over which we have travelled, and it gives no enlightenment or guidance for conduct in the future.' We say, 'Experience teaches fools'; but it teaches them too late, when the teaching is of no value. It is not at the end of life, nor even in the middle, when wisdom is the most desirable thing, but in youth (see *Prov. passim*). And wisdom is there at the beginning, present and accessible to youth. 'Those that seek her early shall find her.' She is not only present and accessible—she is

urgent with her claims. She cries out on the street, asking acceptance. The wisdom of God stands at the door and knocks. The Spirit of God seeks an entrance. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask,' and go on asking, for the hour to receive her is never too late, and never too early. Wisdom is eternally present. She comes down from above, and is as keen to enter the heart as the heart is to receive her. The wisdom of God, which is the wisdom of man, besets our very life.

Entre Nous.

The Mount of Vision.

Miss Adeline Cashmore has selected and arranged a Book of English Mystic Verse, and it has been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall under the title of *The Mount of Vision*. What is *mystic* verse? Well, it is simply religious. So says Alice Meynell quite frankly in the pleasant Introduction which she writes for the volume. The value of the book, therefore, depends on the genius of the editor. And the mark is visible. But for us it is easier to judge by example than by precept. So here is one of the lyrics: it deserves quotation because of the Introduction to the book.

I AM THE WAY.

Thou art the way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
The way that goes, my feet that stir.
Access, approach,
Art Thou, time, way and wayfarer.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Across the Years.

This is another volume of poetry—lyrics and sonnets chiefly. They are not a selection from

other poets' work, they are all the work of Fanny Elizabeth Sidebottom. The title is *Across the Years* (Madgwick; 1s. 6d. net). Often there is the echo of some older poet, as in this song of sorrow.

A SONG OF SORROW.

We do not sing because our hearts are glad,
But when the strain
Of bitter pain
Becomes so great that we should else go mad!
And then we tell the world that we are sad.

Joy cannot reach man's deepest self-like woe.
Our happiness
Would scarcely bless
The sad heart of humanity to know;—
Our song of sorrow sanctifies some blow.

And thus our sharp distress hath work to do,
And its wild cry
Will never die—
Wrung from our tortured lives it echoes true,
And when God hears He pities us anew.

Dulce Domum.

Dr. George Moberly, who was headmaster of Winchester College from 1835 to 1866, and Bishop of Salisbury from 1869 to 1885, has had his home life described by his daughter. The volume is called *Dulce Domum* (Murray; 10s. 6d. net). Is there any other country in the world where such a home could be found, where such a book could be written? It is not at all the gush of family

worship we might have had in some languages. There is freedom, criticism, head enough as well as warm heart. And there were neighbours in Keble and Miss Yonge.

Bishop Moberly was a great man, and knew it not. When he died, Dean Church sent this letter:

'MY DEAR GEORGE,—Thank you for writing to me. Yes, the shock is greater than I expected, now it is come. He has been so long a part, and a large part, of my world that the world seems different without him. No one knows, no one knew, not even he, how much all that I am, and can do, and can hope for, I owe to him. You know something; but he was the person who opened my dull eyes, and put a high reality of character and purpose before them, and made me feel the difference between narrowness and manliness, between the mere shell and letter of religion and its living truth.

'You will give my love, and all our loves, to your mother. Of course I hope to be at Salisbury on Friday.'

There are diaries and letters, with much in them or with little. The little is often greater than the much. There is this in a letter from Bishop Moberly to Bishop Patteson: 'And now our minds are all full of the loss we have recently sustained by the death of dear Mr. Keble. . . . Mrs. Keble, for many weeks, has seemed to be at the point of death. He was reading prayers by her bedside when he grew faint. . . . From that time his strength gradually failed, and in a week he quietly sank. His wandering words were, of course, wild and inconsecutive; but "the upper room" and "full of lilies" were the most intelligible expressions of his last hours.'

The world was a small one certainly. But what *is* small, and what is great? There was progress, for was it not resented? Thus: 'Many changes have been taking place here. The glee club now comes into chapel in surplices; it produces a splendid body of sound, and the hymns are grand. My father chanted this evening, and as it was the first time his voice had been heard anywhere this half-year, all the boys looked up with interest. Another change is that, instead of calling names at the end of the service, the prefects go down the rows marking off those boys who are absent. It only takes two minutes, and is much more orderly, but being a change we think it proper to resent it.'

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustrations this month have been found by the Rev. S. J. Martin, Laura, S. Australia, and by the Rev. B. F. Relton, Chelsea.

Illustrations for the Great Text for June must be received by the 1st of May. The text is Ps 51¹⁷.

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.

The Great Text for September is Ps 103^{1, 2}:

'Bless the Lord, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his
holy name.'

A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts of the Bible,' or of Scott's *The Kingdom and the Messiah*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for October is Ps 118²⁴:

'This is the day which the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.'

A copy of Emmet's *The Eschatological Question in the Gospels*, or of Scott's *The Kingdom and the Messiah*, or of any volume 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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