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Because of His (4) anger against sin (He 12^{28, 29}, Lk 23⁴⁰).

(5) Kingship and Fatherhood (Mal 1⁶).

(6) forgiveness (Ps 130⁴).

God's attitude to those who fear Him—

(1) He delivers them from affliction (2 K 17³⁶⁻³⁹, Ps 34⁷ 145¹⁹, Ec 7¹⁸).

(2) He blesses them with prosperity (Ps 25¹³ 31¹⁹ 34⁹ 111⁵ 128, Pr 10²⁷ 22⁴).

(3) He saves them from sin (Ps 85⁹, Mal 4², Ac 13²⁶).

(4) He shows mercy towards them (Ps 103^{11, 13, 17}, Lk 1⁵⁰).

(5) He blesses them morally and spiritually (Ps 31¹⁹ 115¹³, Pr 14²⁷, Ec 8¹², Jer 32^{39, 40}, Rev 11¹⁸).

(6) He honours them (1 S 2³⁰, Ps 60⁴).

(7) He finds pleasure in them (Ps 147¹¹, Ac 10³⁵).

(8) He teaches them (Ps 25^{12, 14}).

(9) He makes them special objects of His care (Ps 33¹⁸).

Results, moral and spiritual, of fearing God—

(1) Lack of fear of God a sign of perversity (Pr 14²).

(2) Fear of God a sign of wisdom (Job 28²⁸, Ps 111¹⁰).

(3) Those who fear Him are careful of His honour (Lv 22³², Neh 5⁹).

(4) They serve Him (Dt 6¹³, 1 S 12²⁴, Jos 24¹⁴).

(5) They keep His commandments (Dt 5²⁹ 6² 10¹² 13⁴, Ec 12¹³, Jer 32⁴⁰, 2 Co 7¹, Eph 5²¹).

(6) They keep themselves from sin (Ex 20²⁰, Ps 4⁴ 19⁹, Pr 3⁷ 14^{16, 27} 16¹⁶).

(7) They are trustworthy (Ex 18²¹).

(8) They are hopeful and courageous (Pr 14²⁶, Is 50¹⁰).

Fear of God contrasted with fear of man (Mt 10²⁸ = Lk 12^{4, 5}), Ac 4¹⁹).

Worth of fear of God (Pr 15¹⁶).

W. WATSON.

Manse of Oyne, Aberdeenshire.

Entre Nous.

New Biography.

J. R. Miller.

Jesus and I are Friends (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d.)—this is the title which has been given by Mr. John T. Farris to his biography of the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., author of *Week-day Religion* and more than sixty other books of devotion. Dr. Miller was successful in the pastorate of first one and then another of the great Presbyterian churches of the United States. His success was due to the note of comfort in all his sermons, and to his pastoral work. 'He built up this church,' said one, 'by his wonderful pastoral work.' He was successful also as editor of the Westminster series of Sunday School publications. But he was most successful of all as a writer of books of devotion. Their note was simplicity—simplicity of thought and simplicity of language. A Philadelphian, returning home from a vacation trip, wrote—

'While stopping at an hotel on one of the islands in beautiful Casco Bay, the proprietress inquired

whether I was acquainted with Dr. Miller. I was surprised at her question, because I knew her to be a member of the Roman Catholic Church. "I always have one of Dr. Miller's books with me wherever I may happen to be," she explained. "His words have comforted me in my sorrow and helped me more than any others I have ever read; he seems almost to know my problems, and in his books I have found a way out of many difficulties." Then she added, "I was advised to get Dr. Miller's books by the priest in charge of my church."

George Borrow.

'The book has taken me ten years to write, and has been a labour of love.' That, or something like that, we have seen before, as an apology for a rambling ill-written volume. Here it is no apology; for the author of this biography is Mr. Clement King Shorter, at once an accomplished biographer and a master of the English language. There are four biographies of Borrow worth attending to—William I. Knapp's, in two volumes, published by John Murray in 1899, and containing nearly all

the materials in which other biographers have quarried; R. A. J. Walling's, a little book, published by Cassell, which has added to our knowledge of Borrow's Cornish relatives; Herbert Jenkins's larger book, published by John Murray, into which have been gathered new materials from Mr. John Murray's archives and from the Record Office Manuscripts; and Edward Thomas's, published by Chapman & Hall, the fine critical study of a book-lover. And now there is this fifth biography, published by Hodder & Stoughton, and excelling all the rest in interest, and likely to do more than all the rest to make enthusiastic Borrowians of its readers. The title is *George Borrow and his Circle* (7s. 6d. net).

It is usually a handicap, and often a serious one, to a biographer that he is not first in the field. To Mr. Shorter it has been an advantage. He has been under no obligation to satisfy relatives and friends; he has had no necessity laid upon him to print masses of correspondence. Mr. Shorter has written the biography to please himself. When he says that it has been a labour of love to him he has said all that he is called upon to say about it. But he might never have taken the book in hand if he had not been fortunate enough to become possessed of a great quantity of unused and most important material. The biography owes its existence to that find, as well as some of its value. Its intense interest it owes to the enthusiasm and literary ability of its author.

Silvester Horne.

Ten years ago the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., M.P., left Kensington to start and superintend an institutional church in Tottenham Court Road. Now he tells the story of those ten years in a book to which he has given the title of *Pulpit, Platform, Parliament* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s.). The labour involved in bringing an institutional church into being, and keeping it in vigorous health throughout all its activities, is enough to occupy the energies of the most energetic among men. But Mr. Silvester Horne has been defeated as a London County Councillor, he has twice won a Parliamentary election, he has done his duty as a member of Parliament, and he has been ready to work and speak on behalf of every social and religious movement of these years. Hence the title of the book and the stirring pages that compose it. There are many interests touched in it,

the most insistent being the claim that politics should not be excluded from the pulpit. Mr. Horne would band the Churches together on behalf of political action. 'They should agree to carve out, as it were, of the general body of political questions certain problems as to whose social and moral character there can be no dispute, and frankly claim and freely exercise the right and the duty to deal with these questions in the light of Christian ethics.' Among the minor interests are the visits which Mr. Horne has paid to other countries and the men he has seen. He has talked with President Wilson for one. And he says: 'President Wilson told me the excellent story of old Dr. McCosh of Princeton, to whom a measure of co-operation was once suggested on the basis of the Apostles' Creed. "No, no!" said he defiantly, "I will not 'descend into Hell' with the Episcopalians!"'

Thomas Bowman Stephenson.

This is *The Life of the Reverend Thomas Bowman Stephenson, B.A., LL.D., D.D., Founder of the Children's Home and of the Wesley Deaconess Institute*, by William Bradfield, Warden of the Wesley Deaconess Institute (Charles H. Kelly; 5s. net). Mr. Bradfield has written the biography; he has not merely edited letters and diaries. The temptation to offer a jumble of old letters and patch together shreds from more or less private diaries did not come to him, for neither letters nor diaries of any worth were to be found. The Doctor, as they called him in the Home, was too busy all his life. So the book reads as a book should read—easily, steadily, consistently; and the picture of the man, drawn by one competent sympathetic hand, is vivid enough to remain with us.

It is a history of 'the Home' quite as much as a biography of the man. We have eighty pages of introduction, in which we find a young Wesleyan eager to become all things to all men if by any means he may save some. He is the first to preach in a theatre, and the first to preach in a moustache, the latter being the more daring innovation. He carried politics into the pulpit, and he carried the Bible there. For up to these days of startling innovation Wesleyan preachers preached from the pulpit, but read the lessons from a lower desk. Stephenson could not see the children when he stood at that lower desk, so one day he lifted the Bible and walked up to the pulpit with

it. From that day he had his eye on the children. And it was both penetrating and sympathetic. They swarmed, not into the Church, but into the streets of Lambeth, and at last he could stand their homelessness no longer and founded the Children's Home. And out of the Home, by ordinary evolution, there came the Wesley Deaconess Institute.

After this the story is of the Home and the Institute. There are encouragements for the preacher of the Gospel and illustrations. Here is the well-told story of a great temptation.

'One year on Covenant Sunday, the first Sunday in January, everybody had gone to the evening service, but a boy who was being trained as an engineer was left behind to look after the taps, which were in danger of being frozen. One of the Sisters, whose room looked out over some leads, had left a fire burning brightly and the blind up. When she returned she found the window open, the dressing-table overturned, the looking-glass on the floor, and some other marks of disturbance; but some small change she had left on the chest of drawers still remained there untouched, and her watch and chain were also in their place. She at once called the Governor's attention to the state of her room. He went outside the window, and found on the frozen snow on the leads the print of boot-nails, which he promptly copied. Then going to the house to which the boy in question belonged, he asked to see his boots, and, as he anticipated, found that the nails corresponded with the prints in the snow. He went up to the bedroom and asked the boy what he had been doing, and on his attempting to stammer out some excuse, forbade him to speak, but told him to get up at once and come and see him at the office. When the lad came, he begged him not to tell-lies, but to confess what had really taken place. Breaking quite down, the boy told him with sobs that he had passed that window on his way to examine the taps, and saw the money lying on the drawers inside. He had got in through the window, and was about to put his hand on it, when something said to him, "If you touch that money you are a thief," and he had turned round suddenly, sprung on to the dressing-table, kicking it over in his haste, looking-glass and all, and fled as for his life. It was his victory, and the beginning for him of an honourable Christian career.'

Mary Rebie Hazledine.

There is very little in the biography of Mary Rebie Hazledine, which is published under the title of *A White Flower* (Marshall Brothers; 1s. 6d. net), to catch the attention of the book-buyer. But the little there is is very fragrant. The daughter of the Vicar of St. Luke's, Ramsgate, she was born in Oxford, a twin, with the frequent weakness of twins, and died in her nineteenth year. She did nothing, she was everything. The story is told simply and gracefully.

New Poetry.

THE poets have not all been musical, for music and poetry, like Cowper's knowledge and wisdom, 'far from being one, have oftentimes no connexion.' Nor have all the musical poets written of music or musicians. Those who have will be found in the introduction and index to Mr. George Hyde Wollaston's *The Poet's Symphony* (Arrowsmith; 5s. net). And in the book itself will be found their poems. They are arranged musically—Prelude, Intermezzo I°, Adagio, Intermezzo II°, Pastorale, Scherzo, Intermezzo III°, Finale. Who are the poets that have written most on music? They are Browning, Herrick, Moore, and Shelley.

The volume is quite distinct from the ordinary anthology. And the publisher has maintained the distinction in the printing and binding of it.

Father Tom.

The poetry of the Rev. Thomas B. Pollock of St. Alban's, Birmingham, known as Father Tom, has been edited by Isa. J. Postgate, and issued in Birmingham by Messrs. Cornish Brothers, under the title of *The Story of the Nativity* (3s. 6d. net). It is not all religious. Father Tom used to enliven the annual social gathering of St. Alban's Mission with a 'Tea-Party Prologue.' One of the Prologues was given in the Memoir, another will be found in this volume.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Messrs. Gay & Hancock have published a selection of the *Poems* of James Whitcomb Riley, the author of 'There, little girl, don't cry' (1s. net). They are religious or domestic or both. The selection should be rearranged so as to bring the three on the Baby together. Here is one—

THE HEREAFTER.

Hereafter! O we need not waste
 Our smiles or tears whate'er befall:
 No happiness but holds a taste
 Of something sweeter, after all;—
 No depth of agony but feels
 Some fragment of abiding trust,—
 Whatever Death unlocks or seals,
 The mute beyond is just.

Ford Madox Hueffer.

After publishing four or five volumes of poetry and finding no encouragement—the highest number bought of any volume was fourteen copies—Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is amazed, for 'then comes the publisher—a real publisher, though I imagine a mad one, who offers me money—yes, real money—for the right to publish a Collected Edition!' Here is the edition—*Collected Poems*, by Ford Madox Hueffer (Max Goschen; 5s. net)—a handsome book, with all the poems in it—and a preface. And you never read such a preface. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer does not know whether he can write poetry or not, and it seems that nobody can tell him; anybody could tell him that he can write prose. The preface is all about poetry, what poetry ought to be and sometimes is. Of all things it ought to be real. 'I would give almost anything to have written almost any modern German lyric or some of the ballads of my friend Levin Schücking. These fellows you know. They sit at their high windows in German lodgings; they lean out; it is raining steadily. Opposite them is a shop where herring salad, onions, and oranges are sold. A woman with a red petticoat and a black and grey check shawl goes into the shop and buys three onions, four oranges, and half a kilo of herring salad. And there is a poem! Hang it all! There is a poem.' Poetry must be real; it may be vulgar, but it must not be affected. 'I remember seeing in a house in Hertford an American cartoon representing a dog pursuing a cat out of the door of a particularly hideous tenement house, and beneath this picture was inscribed the words: "This is life—one damn thing after another." Now I think it would be better to be able to put that sentiment into lyric verse than to remake a ballad of the sorrows of Cuchullain or to paraphrase the Book of Job. I do not mean to say that Job is not picturesque; I do not mean to say that it is

not a good thing to have the Book of the Seven Sorrows of whom you will in the background of your mind or even colouring your outlook. But it is better to see life in the terms of one damn thing after another, vulgar as is the phraseology or even the attitude, than to render it in terms of withering gourds and other poetic paraphernalia. It is, in fact, better to be vulgar than affected, at any rate if you practise poetry.'

Of the poetry take this—

ON THE HILLS.

Keep your brooding sorrows for dewy-misty hollows.

Here's blue sky and lark song, drink the air.

The joy that follows

Drafts of wine o' west wind, o' north wind, o' summer breeze,

Never grape's hath equalled from the wine hills by the summer seas.

Whilst the breezes live, joy shall contrive,
 Still to tear asunder, and to scatter near and far

Those nets small and thin

That spider sorrows spin

In the brooding hollows where no breezes are.

James Moffatt.

Dr. James Moffatt is not the author of this volume of poetry, but it is good enough to give him a place among the poets. Spurgeon used to say that even at family worship he could not help taking note of such and such a verse as good for the text of a sermon. Dr. Moffatt has been accustomed, as he read Shakespeare and Browning and many more, to take note of such and such a passage as good for text illustration. And now these passages have all been copied out, placed under their proper text, and published in a handsome volume with the title of *The Expositor's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). Let us quote two illustrations to show the range of the selection—

JOB xxx. 12.

'Upon my right hand rise the rabble.'

Nor might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes.—SHAKESPEARE.

JOB xxx. 26.

'When I looked for good, then evil came; and
when I waited for light, there came darkness.'

I craved for flash of eye and sword,
I dreamt of love and glory,
And Fate—who sends dreams their award—
Unfolds like changeless coils of cord
Life's long, slow, sordid story.

I. ZANGWILL, *Blind Children* (p. 89).

Margaret L. Woods.

The Collected Poems of Mrs. Margaret L. Woods have been published by Mr. John Lane in a volume which is nearly as attractive without as it is to lovers of poetry attractive within (5s. net). There is also a photogravure, which the author's many friends will be right glad to look upon. Let it be understood that *Collected Poems* means collected everything. The volume includes the London Poems, the Peasant Poems, the Oxford Poems, the Child Poems, the Ballads and Lyrics, the Songs and the Plays. The Child Poems are not all poems for children, though Mrs. Woods can write for children; they are sometimes poems about them, as this—

THE EARTH ANGEL.

Beloved spirit, whom the angels miss
While those heaven-wandering wings thou foldest
here,
Love musing on thee, Love whose shadow is
fear,
Divines thee born of fairer worlds than this,
And fain ere long to re-assume their bliss.
Stay, wingèd soul! For earth, this human
sphere,
Claims thee her own, her light that storms
swept clear,
Her Righteousness that Love, not Peace, shall kiss.
Twas out of Time thou camest to be ours,
And dead men made thee in the darkling years,
Thy tenderness they bought for thee with tears,
Pity with pain that nothing could requite,
And all thy sweetness springs like later flow'rs
Thick on the field of some forgotten fight.

Susan L. Mitchell.

A new edition of *The Living Chalice* (Maunsel; 2s. 6d. net) has had new poems added to it. And these also are poetical, as are the poems of so many Irish women in our day. Take this—

THE TRYST.

I come to you, blind, hunted creeping things,
I come your way;
Though I had chosen sun-sweet air and wings
And the blue day,
Now through the clinging darkness I must creep,
Dim citizens, with you my tryst to keep.
I've had my soaring time, my long, light day.
Shall I complain
If for a space I go a heavier way
In bonds and pain?
The lords of life know neither high nor low,
The heart of man by many a road must go.

Heine's*Atta Troll.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are the publishers of a very clever translation of Heine's *Atta Troll*, which has been made by Herman Scheffauer (3s. 6d. net). Besides the cleverness of the translation—really more like genius than cleverness—the little volume has some pen-and-ink sketches that are also very clever, and an introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy.

Katherine Tynan.

Katherine Tynan's new volume of *Irish Poems* (Sidgwick & Jackson; 3s. 6d. net) is dedicated to 'the First Gentleman in Ireland and the Most Gracious.' Its contents are as its title, Irish. There is the glow of home-love, shot through with the dash of adventure, which makes Irish poetry so irresistible; and all is interpreted by an imperious imagination creating poetry that will never be lost. There are just one or two poems that are not Irish, and one of them shall be quoted—

THE LEPER.

Not white and shining like an ardent flame,
Not like Thy Mother and the Saints in bliss,
But white from head to foot I bear my blame,
White as the leper is.
Unclean! unclean! But Thou canst make me
clean;
Yet if Thou cleanse me, Lord, see that I be
Like that one grateful leper of the ten
Who ran back praising Thee.
But if I must forget, take back Thy word;
Be I unclean again but not ingrate.
Before I shall forget Thee, keep me, Lord,
A sick man at Thy gate.

Magazines New and Old.

Take first the two that are old. *The Young Man* and *The Young Woman* (Horace Marshall; each 3d. monthly) have entered upon the New Year with new features and a new and vigorous life. The frontispiece of the one gives us the picture of the ideal young man; the frontispiece of the other of the ideal young woman. Both pictures are worth studying; both are worth believing in. The contents are miscellaneous in the *Young Man*, too miscellaneous perhaps for its evident high object of encouraging a manly Christian life. The *Young Woman* is consistently womanly. Where will women find in greater attractiveness the things which interest and uplift life?

Ancient Egypt.

Ancient Egypt is the title which Professor Flinders Petrie has given to his new magazine. A journal on Ancient Egypt, he says, has long been needed for the five thousand readers of Egyptian history, and several times in the last twenty years it has been proposed to supply this want. Now we fear that there are to be two journals; but the only one to appear yet is *Ancient Egypt* (University College, London; 2s. net).

It is a small folio of 48 pages, most handsomely printed and illustrated. The frontispiece is a plate in gold and colours illustrating the jewellery of the XIIth and XVIIIth Dynasties. This plate is alone worth the money charged for the magazine. But the same is true of at least one of the articles. If Professor Flinders Petrie's Drew Lecture on 'Egyptian Beliefs in a Future Life' had been published as a book or pamphlet, it would certainly have cost the price of the whole journal. That is the principal article in this number, but there are at least five more which cannot be passed over. The editor's idea is to make his journal a quarterly record of Egyptology. It is very likely that by it alone we shall be kept abreast of all that is done by spade or pen.

The Unpopular Review.

This is a daring title, but not inaccurate. Most artistic and arresting without, it is within—but we must try again. The publishers are Messrs. Henry Holt of New York (75 cents).

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. W. C. Jackson, Manchester.

Illustrations of the Great Text for March must be received by the 20th of January. The text is He 2¹⁸.

The Great Text for April is Ro 13¹ along with 1 P 2^{13, 15}—'Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers: for there is no power but of God; and the powers that be are ordained of God.' 'Be subject yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. For so is the will of God, that by well-doing ye should put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.' A copy of Allen and Grensted's *Introduction to the New Testament*, or Walker's *Christ the Creative Ideal*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for May is Ph 1⁶—'Being confident of this very thing, that he which began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ.' A copy of Charles's *Studies in the Apocalypse*, or of Allen's *Introduction to the New Testament*, or of Sayce's *Religion of Ancient Egypt*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for June is Ro 1¹⁸—'For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold down the truth in unrighteousness.' A copy of any volume of the *Great Texts of the Bible*, or of Winstanley's *Jesus and the Future*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for July is Ac 21¹³—'Then Paul answered, What do ye, weeping and breaking my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.' A volume of the *Greater Men and Women of the Bible*, or three volumes of the 'Short Course' Series, will be given for the best illustration sent.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful. More than one illustration may be sent by one person for the same text. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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