
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

20. Father Enlil, master who causes the plants to grow, thou art; master who causes the grain to grow, thou art.
21. Enlil, thy splendour warms the fish of the sea.
22. It fills the hearts of the birds of heaven and the fish of the sea.
23. Father Enlil, with song grandly I come to thee; gifts in a basket I pour out to thee.
24. Oh lord of the land, ruler of the habitations, I come to thee; to offer a basket (of offerings).
25. Father Enlil, the pre-eminent, the rebellious head thou hast crushed.

The redaction copies lines 1–8 literally. For 9–14 it has two lines of different content, and not complete on the Berlin copy. Lines 15–21 are copied with slight and unimportant variants. Lines 22–25 are replaced by the following lines:—

The lord of the earth owns no guide.
Enlil of the earth owns no guide.
Oh lord, thy infancy was not.
Oh Enlil, thy infancy was not.
The lord, great priest-king, lord of the regions,[1] verily exists not.
Thy great . . . mighty scribe of high heaven,[1] verily exists not.
Thy great minister, Enlilzida,[1] verily exists not.

We have, here, an example of a redaction made not by joining two or more older sources together, but by altering an older source so as to conform to the ideas of a new school of theology. Both methods were permitted in all periods, and, in fact, compilations largely replaced original composition in the later periods.

[1] A title of one of the inferior gods.

In the Study.

Mr. Dan Crawford, F.R.G.S., the author of *Thinking Black*, is pretty sure of a reading whatever he now writes. He writes a volume of sermons. He writes it in three parts—Book i. Lord's Supper Reveries; Book ii. Apostolic Christianity; Book iii. Mission Studies. It is called *Thirsting after God, and other Bible Readings* (Morgan & Scott; 3s. 6d. net). There is no better way of opening up its treasures than by quoting one of the Readings:—

PRIVATELY.

A ONE-WORD BIBLE STUDY.

Mark vi. 32; Matt. xxiv. 3.

Glancing at the New Testament, we see this adverb in close and almost sole association with two significant nouns—'mountain' and 'desert.' There, on 'the high mountain apart,' or in 'the desert place,' He appoints the trysting-place with the saints. Surely here is a holy hint that God embraces the extremes of life. This double trysting-place of mountain and desert is His own royal rebuke to the old lie that 'The Lord is God of the hills, but He is not God of the valleys.'

I.

Watch Mark's first use of the word. The sent-ones have come back to the Sender. Where the word of the King had gone there had been power, and they who had seen much of man must now see much of the Master. So to the desert they must go—to Christ's retreat from the strife of tongues. That place of His Temptation is to be the place of their rest; where the Christ was with the wild beasts, even there He gathers the lambs of His flock for rest (Heb. iv. 9).

'God hath His deserts broad and brown—
A solitude—a sea of sand,
Where He doth let heaven's curtain down,
Unknit by His Almighty hand.'

To the desert, then, by ship they go; but as though to mock the idea of hermitic solitude, the crowd take the short cut by land, and lo, the desert is no longer desert!

What then? What, indeed, if not a feast, a table in the wilderness? He who was forty days and nights in the wilderness without bread, will not let them go hungry an hour. For this invitation to come apart shows that Christ had resolved to feast them bountifully in the desert. They, who had no 'leisure so much as to eat,' must come apart to rest, and the resting consists in the feasting and the giving others to feast. Here, then, the Master teaches them the double lesson, that while to be apart privately is the soul's deepest need, it is no easy thing in this desert of life to get apart with Him.

Moral: How many a short cut the world knows, by which to invade our calm of soul!

II.

But the Teacher must finish the lesson. He is the perfect Teacher, because He perfectly lives His own homily. Not even the apostles may break into His privacy. Disbanding the ranks of hundreds and ranks of fifties, He sends them away back again to the bustle of their towns, and even His own He constrains to depart in the ship to the other side. For He who so suffered this interruption of the desert-rest must needs show them how much to be prized above all life's prizes is aloneness with God. There, jutting up into the blue sky is God's mountain, and what the desert denied Him of solitude the mountain afforded. 'He went up into a mountain privately to pray.' Here, then, He teaches where this word 'privately' first leads us. Not to the united prayer of saints, but to life's holiest of all-lone prayer on the lone mountain.

'God hath His mountains bleak and bare,
Where He doth bid us rest awhile;
Crags where we breathe a purer air,
Lone peaks that catch the day's first smile.'

Moral: By every legitimate human contrivance we have to 'set bounds about' this holy mount of ours, that the people draw not nigh.

III.

The next 'privately' is still the mountain; yea, a high mountain, and Christ on it with only three, and not twelve, of His own. He does not go where they may not come, and He would thus lead them into His own way of living life. They must know Him on the mountain as they could never know Him in the desert. 'He bringeth them up into a high mountain' privately, and was transfigured before, alas, not them all, only three, and so suggestively three too! Here is Divine irony indeed. For in all ages, not even in the ratio of three in twelve, has Christ been a transfigured Christ to His own.

Moral: How few Robert M'Cheynes and George Müllers there are!

IV.

Pursuing the track of this adverb, we see unity of design, and find ourselves among the same apostles who come 'privately' to their Lord with the powerless query: 'Why could we not cast him out?' 'We' is emphatic; for who are these, if not those who come back rejoicing that even the devils are subject to them? 'We, oh, we! Where is our old-time power?' What a private affair this is! How often we publicly lament our impotence when the remedy is all in our private life. The question they ask in secret is, however, answered by Christ on the housetops for the Church in all ages to hear: 'Because of your unbelief.' Ah, no wonder the power is lost! Power means publicity as to its exercise, and as night wars with day, so publicity wars with privacy.

Moral: How common the swing of the pendulum from power to poverty!

V.

And granted the power bestowed, what so necessary as the last use of our adverb? There are about to be left on this earth the chosen custodians of Christ's truth. From their lips and pens will come anon the Divine 'form of sound words,' and they, in turn, will transmit the same as a Divine unit to faithful men who will be able also to teach others. How necessary then for them, as for all of us, to spurn human creeds, and approach Christ privately on the matter of His own teaching. 'The disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us when these things shall be.' Not to particularize prophecy (though well we might), how little, indeed, is Christ permitted to preach His own truth privately to His own! Nay, He is not spicy enough for itching ears, and the public ministry of the Word often supersedes such private Divine tuition as He loves to give. Yet as now, so in all ages, the greatest need is to be in private audience of our God, that the good Word of promise may be fulfilled in us: 'They shall be taught of God.'

It was only Paul for the desert and the desert for Paul that saved the Faith from black havoc while yet in its infancy. There in the desert, far from the madding crowd, not only of sinners but of saints, God needs Paul as Paul needs God. Yes, and the saints of the madding crowd need Paul too. Even in this holy matter of getting alone with God, he must supply their lack of service. Paul was allured into Arabia with the promise: 'They shall be all taught of God.' Did he regret going? See him emerging from it all

with a shining face and listen to his shout: 'Who teacheth like Thee!'

Moral: It is written: 'They shall be all taught of God.'

Virginibus Puerisque.

The Rev. H. W. Shrewsbury is one of the few truly gifted preachers to children. There is not an address in his new volume, *The Golden Snuffers* (Kelly; 1s. 6d. net), which misses the mark. One of them is called

'Stubs and Reeds.'

'I feared the people, and obeyed their voice' (1 S 15^{24}).
'We ought to obey God rather than men' (Ac 5^{29}).

'I don't know,' said a mother, 'what to do with my lad. He is as stubborn as any donkey.' I wonder, my young friends, whether your fathers and mothers have ever said the same thing of any of you. Ah, you smile! So some of you have a little bit of the donkey in you. Well, take courage. Stubbornness is often a very bad thing, but it is also often a very good thing. In itself it is a very fine quality, and those of you who possess it may thank God for it, if you know how to use it. It is bad when a donkey refuses to move through mere stupidity. But it was splendid stubbornness when Balaam's ass stood stock-still, because it saw better than its master an angel in the way with a drawn sword. The two texts I have chosen for you are each of them the words of a stubborn man, but Saul was stubborn in doing wrong because he was afraid of the people, and Peter was stubborn in doing right because he feared only God. Read the two chapters, 1 Samuel 15 and Acts 5, carefully, and notice how Saul was obstinate, in spite of repeated warnings, in disobeying God, and how Peter was obstinate, in spite of repeated threatenings, in obeying God, and you will understand what I mean when I say that stubbornness is either a bad thing or a good thing according to the use we make of it.

If you look in your dictionary you will find that stubbornness comes from a good old English word, not much used now, stub, meaning the stump of a tree. The branches have long since been broken off by the wind, and the trunk has been cut down to within a few feet of the ground, but how stiff and sturdy that stub stands! The fiercest gales cannot shake it. There it remains year after year, and defies the worst weather. And as you think of these sturdy stubs you will perhaps call to mind another stubborn man mentioned by Jesus. He spoke in words of the highest praise about him, and said to the people, 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?' They went out into the wilderness to see John the Baptist, and they found that, instead of being like a reed swayed in any direction by the breezes of men's blame or praise, he was a stub. Yes, but John was a reed when the breath of God's Spirit touched him. And this is just the difference between men like Saul and men like John and Peter. Saul was a reed when the people spoke, and a stub when God spoke. 'I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord,' he says, 'because I feared the people and obeyed their voice.' John and Peter were stubs when the people spoke, and reeds when God spoke. 'Did we not straitly command you,' said the high priest to Peter and the Apostles, 'that ye should not teach in this name?' And Peter replied, 'We ought to obey God rather than men.' So they got a good beating. And what then? Why, they showed themselves to be real stubs, for directly they were set at liberty, 'they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.' This is what I want you to get firmly fixed in your minds. If you are obstinate like Saul in doing what you like, your stubbornness will be your ruin as it was his. If you are obstinate in doing what God wills, your stubbornness, like Peter's, will have splendid results.

So let me add a few words about this sanctified stubbornness. I would have you, my young friends, stubborn in two ways, stubborn in going right ahead when God points out the way, however many difficulties you have to face; and stubborn in refusing to move or to turn aside however many temptations lure you, when God puts up His danger signal. Let your word be ON, and when you are tempted to turn aside, read the word the other way about and say NO. Perhaps these lines will help you to remember:

That lad is bound to reach the top,
His progress no rebuffs can stop,
Who makes his motto ON:
Who, when besought to turn astray,
Just reads his motto backward way,
And turns his ON to NO:
This lad, though poor as some church mouse,
May some day dwell in his own house,
And drive his car also.

And that reminds me of a cheering sight I saw one day. A large crowd had gathered in front of a new church for the opening ceremony, when a gentleman drove up in a fine turn-out—a beautiful dog-cart, a lovely, well-groomed, high-mettled horse, and harness of the best. 'That's a splendid animal you've got,' I said. 'Yes,' he replied, 'there isn't a better horse on the road. I call him Temperance.' 'Temperance!' I said; 'that's a curious name for a horse.' 'Well,' he said, 'it's this way. I used to be a hard drinker. I never could say No to a glass. [He was a reed then, swayed by false friends.] But I was always passionately fond of horses, and I always longed to have one of my own. Well, I got converted. Then I gave up the drink. It was a hard struggle at first, but I stuck to it. [He was becoming a stub, you see.] Soon my health and my prospects improved. I made money, and saved money, until at last I was able to buy this turn-out, and so I called the horse Temperance, because I owed everything to the Temperance cause.' That was the outcome of sanctified stubbornness.

And you will need this stubbornness in your daily work. Success in life depends largely upon doing the same tasks over and over again, without wearying, until practice makes perfect. I was shown once the report of a governess upon a child's work. The marks were not high in some subjects, but at the bottom of the report was the phrase, 'Stickability good.' There was a great deal wrapped up in that word 'stickability.' It meant stubbornness in tackling early difficulties, and in later years that stubbornness won many successes. Think of the wonderful stubbornness of those tireless little creatures, the bees. It has been calculated that to collect one pound of honey from clover, 3,750,000 visits must be made to 62,000 heads of clover. There, indeed, is a splendid example for you of 'stickability.' If you do your daily work after that fashion success is certain.

To finish, I will tell you of two splendidly stubborn girls.

A young people's service was being held in a large town Sunday school on Children's Day. The hymn 'Stand up for Jesus' was given out. The speaker asked the young people to remain seated, and appealed to those who were prepared to take their stand for Christ to rise in their places whilst the hymn was being sung. At the close no one had risen. A teacher stepped up to the speaker. 'Brother,' he said, 'give the last verse out again, and repeat the invitation. I am sure some of them want to decide, but they are afraid to stand up.' The invitation was given again. Whilst the verse was being sung, a girl of sixteen, we will call her Hannah, tried to rise. Her companions on either side seized her dress and tried to hold her down. But Hannah was gloriously obstinate. She wrenched herself free, and stood up. Immediately another girl followed her example, then others, boys and girls, until fifty young people, senior scholars and teachers, were standing up, and the result of that afternoon's service was a complete change for the better in the character of that school, and a life-long blessing to those young people. And it was just Hannah's splendid stubbornness that broke through the ice, and led on to those results.

At an anniversary gathering several of the Sunday scholars had prepared recitations. Presently it was Mary's turn. She was only a young girl, and the room was crowded. She had taken such pains over her recitation, and repeated it to herself many a time. But when she felt that the eyes of all those people were turned upon her, her brain seemed to reel, and after the first two lines she could not recall another word. With flushed cheek and tears in her eyes she went back to her place. In a few minutes the lines all came back to her. Meanwhile other children had been called to the front, and Mary's chance seemed to have gone. But she was a plucky girl. Shyly she edged her way round to the superintendent. 'Please, sir,' she said, 'I've remembered my piece. May I try again?' So at the first opportunity Mary was recalled. In the audience sat a man who was a sad drunkard. Often he had promised to reform, but always in vain. But when he saw Mary come back to attempt her recitation again, tears came into his eyes. 'Eh! but she's a brave lassie,' he said to himself, 'and if she succeeds, I'll have one more try.' He fixed his gaze intently upon her. Mary gave a great gulp. For one moment everything seemed to swim before her eyes, and she thought the lines had gone from her again. Then by a great effort she recovered herself. As she proceeded, the man followed her with keenest attention. 'If she breaks down, I'm done for,' he told himself. But Mary did not break down. The splendid stubbornness of her obstinate dis-

position came to her help, and she went through her recitation perfectly. The drunkard went straight from the meeting and signed the pledge. It was a hard struggle to keep it, but he remembered Mary's pluck and persevered. Weeks later, when he had gained the mastery over himself, he visited the school. He told the children what Mary's example had done for him, and he presented to her a beautiful book as a memento.

So now, my young friends, if any of you should happen to be obstinate as donkeys, don't let that fact in itself trouble you. But if, like Saul, you have been obstinate in doing wrong, turn your obstinacy in another direction, and become, like Peter, stubborn servants of Jesus Christ, and great will be your reward.

The Snowdrop.

By the Rev. F. C. Hoggarth, B.A., Girvan.

Mr. Ruskin rather strangely put the snowdrop last in order of his liking, in his list of flowers. He thought it had an unfair advantage, like a boy who secures a long start in a race.

In setting it last, however, he gave the other flowers an unfair advantage, for no matter when the snowdrop bloomed it would be a favourite. We must not refuse honour to whom honour is due.

There are one or two reasons why this 'wee' flower deserves special honour.

I. First of all it is so *thoughtful.*

Most flowers live from hand to mouth. They have to wait each year until they have gathered enough material before they flower. The bulb flowers, however, such as the snowdrop, crocus, and Wordsworth's favourite 'lesser Celandine,' store up their material from year to year. They are little 'capitalists.' It is as if they saw ahead the long stretch of dark days when Nature is all cold and dead. And so instead of coming when all the flowers appear, they prepare to come just when we are in most need.

Such thoughtfulness is very precious, for *when* we do things is nearly as important in life as *what* we do.

'A word in season how good it is.' And how good it is to be ready with some warm token of love when the frosts are about and the days are dark.

II. The snowdrop is also *hopeful.*

In olden days before there were post or telegraph offices, heralds were employed and were held in great honour. Often it was possible to know the nature of the message by the colour of their dress. If a herald was in black, men expected sad news; if in white, then the news was sure to be good.

These flowers are 'angels of hope' with good news. Like the angel that Pandora found in her box when all the little troubles had flown, these also tell of better days. The frosts may yet linger and the days remain dark, but *Spring*—with its flowers and its songs—is coming.

To the old especially is their message sweet. It is the promise of yet another spring, after the dreary threatenings of winter, and one aged friend of mine buys each year the first bunch of snowdrops he sees.

It would greatly cheer the old if children would carry to them some of these white messengers of Hope.

III. Then these first flowers are very *brave.*

The oak tree in the forest defies the storm and so does the frail flower. Before the buds on the trees dare to peep out of their little brown coats, the snowdrop comes right out of doors and stands and grows in the teeth of the wind and the cold. We ought to take off our caps to him for his courage. For that reason alone he must not have the last place in our list of flowers.

There was a show some years ago on the Continent at which there were blooms of almost every variety, large and rich and fragrant, cultured with infinite care. Yet the flowers that were most prized were not these 'children of fortune,' but the tiny storm flowers that had grown high up on the Alps where Nature is very fierce. The little delicate Edelweiss was crowned the queen of the flowers, for she stays and conquers and beautifies the places from which all others have fled; and so does the snowdrop.

'Children,' say the Arabs, 'are the flowers of the world,' and we might pray to be like one of these little ones—thoughtful and hopeful and brave.

Cura Curarum.

By the Rev. A. F. Taylor, M.A., St. Cyrus.

'The bulk of sermons in a parish church must necessarily be of the nature of instruction and exposition; people get sick of exhortations and appeals, and long for facts. There are indeed

churches where large and admiring congregations are kept together by other means—by showy music and the like, but it is not a sight to gladden the heart. This is not Christianity.'—MASON'S *Ministry of Conversion*.

'The beginning of the sermon should instruct those who listen; the latter part should move their hearts.'—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

'That preacher knows enough who does not try to appear to know more than he really knows. If we are unable to speak feelingly of the mystery of the Trinity, it is better not to attempt it. If we are not sufficiently learned to explain St. John's, "In the beginning was the Word," let us leave it alone. There are many other practical points to be taken, and we need not attempt everything.'—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

'There are truths we must say to all, and truths we should say to some, and there are truths which we can only tell to those who ask.'—FORSYTH'S *Positive Preaching*.

'I should like to say that in my humble judgment the demand for short sermons on the part of Christian people is one of the most fatal influences at work to destroy preaching in the true sense of the word.'—FORSYTH'S *Positive Preaching*.

'All sermons are better short than long.'—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

'It is not shorter sermons men want so much as better sermons. That the preacher should grip his hearers and carry them with him, *that* is the essential thing. Within reasonable limits the longer he can do so the better, but when he has ceased to do so the sooner he stops the better.'—ANONYMOUS.

'St. Francis generally approved of short sermons, saying that length is the greatest fault of preachers in our day. Believe me, he would say, I speak from long experience. The more you say, the less people will remember, and the less you say, the more they will profit. Those who load their hearers' memory destroy it. . . . When a discourse is too long, the end makes one forget the middle, and the middle puts out the beginning. Indifferent preachers are bearable if they are brief, but even good preachers become intolerable when they are lengthy. Depend upon it there is no more detestable quality a preacher can possess than tediousness. A little well said and earnestly inculcated is the most effective kind of preaching. Never heed those fastidious judges who are annoyed by the repetition of great truths. He who would work iron must hammer it over and over again. Francis used to say that the painter is never weary of touching up his canvas.'—BISHOP OF BELLAY.

'The art of preaching is to say but little, and that well and with confidence. You must thoroughly love what you teach and believe what you say. The sovereign art is to be artless. Our sermons should be kindled not with vehement gesticulations or an excited voice, but with inward devotion. They should come from the heart rather than the lips. Say what men will it is the heart which speaks to hearts, whereas the tongue reaches no further than men's ears.'—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

The Early Development of Mohammedanism.[1]

BY ALPHONSE MINGANA, D.D., CAMBRIDGE.

THE Laudian Professor of Arabic, in the University of Oxford, is continuing the series of his compositions on the widely spread Islamic beliefs, habits, and historical traditions. The book, adorned with the above title, follows two similar books: *Mohammedanism*, and *Mohammed and the Rise of Islam*. We earnestly hope that this instructive and substantial triad is not the last that we are to receive from the prolific pen of the author.

The new book is formed of a course of eight lectures that Professor Margoliouth delivered, in May and June 1913, in the University of London,

[1] Professor D. S. Margoliouth, *The Early Development of Mohammedanism* (Williams & Norgate, London. 6s. net).