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

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_expository-times\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

Giesebrecht: 'If the clause contain a question, the Hebrew is of the choicest, but the context does not render this view very probable. . . . If we fall back on the view that the clause is a relative one, we cannot acquit our poet of writing in a rather corrupt style' (*Z.A.T.W.* 1881, p. 284). He accordingly alters the Hebrew text.

It is well known, however, that in Hebrew an indirect question is of the same form as the direct, as in the example cited by Delitzsch above: 'I know not, whence are they?' A better example is Gn 8<sup>8</sup>, which runs literally: 'He sent forth a dove from him to see, Are the waters abated?' Moreover, the verb on which the indirect question depends may be omitted, as in Jer 6<sup>16</sup>: 'Ask for the old paths, where is the good way,' where the LXX have for the second clause *ἴδετε ποία ἐστὶν ἡ ὁδὸς ἀγαθῆς*. Similarly, in 1 S 21<sup>9</sup> (S) for the *oratio recta* of the Hebrew, 'and is there not here under thine hand spear or sword?' the Greek text has the indirect question, *Ἴδε εἰ ἐστὶν ἐνταῦθα . . . κ.τ.λ.*

The literal translation of Ps 121<sup>1</sup> is, therefore: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills *in order to see* from whence my help will come.' Indeed, the lifting up of the eyes to the hills is itself equivalent to looking about to see.

T. H. WEIR.

Glasgow University.

### Hebrews ii. 9.

IN gratitude for Dr. Garvie's papers may I suggest that his contention, that the words *δόξῃ καὶ τιμῇ ἐστεφανωμένον* must on grounds of grammar be taken as describing our Lord as *He approached the Cross*, is further borne out by the fact that both the tenor of the 8th Psalm and the force of the verb *עָרַךְ* point to equipment for a task rather than to reward, and that the vexed words *χάριτι Θεοῦ* are rendered intelligible by those which precede when taken to refer to our Saviour's preparation for His Passion.

It was the 'glory and honour' of the Vanquisher of sin stooping to take on Him the world's

burden, acknowledged at His Baptism and Transfiguration by the Father's voice, that gave to His tasting of death the virtue of a grace of God, a Divine boon, for every man. 'We see Jesus encompassed by the force and worth of His own victory over sin, that so He may with an outgoing of Divine love and efficacy taste death's bitterness, and destroy its sting on behalf of every man.'

G. H. WHITAKER.

Southern Rectory, Oxon.

### Thomas, *T'ōmah*, and *T'hōm*.

WITH reference to the articles in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for September and October on the character of St. Thomas, it may be worth noting that the real name of the Apostle is unknown. 'Thomas' was not then a personal name, as it has since become. It is simply Aramaic for 'twin,' like the Greek word Didymus, also applied to him. Who his twin brother or sister was, we do not know. But it has often been pointed out that even the name 'twin' is suggestive of his character. For there was a dual nature within him, believing and unbelieving. The conflict between them has been fancifully likened to the strife—pre-natal and post-natal—between Jacob and Esau. And the name suggests other thoughts too. In the *Onomastica Sacra*, the fourth-century list of Biblical names and their supposed derivation edited by Eusebius and St. Jerome, a curious origin is ascribed to the Apostle's name. Its Aramaic form *T'ōmah* is confused with the Hebrew *T'hōm*, which occurs in Gn 1<sup>2</sup> for the Deep, the Abyss. [That word is itself really a proper name, perhaps. It never has the definite article, and may be identical with *Tiāmat*, the Babylonian Spirit of the Deep.] The similarity of the two words is suggestive of what happened in the spiritual experience of St. Thomas. Over the darkness of his Abyss of Doubt the Spirit was brooding. God said, 'Let there be light! And there was light.'

H. F. B. COMPSTON.

King's and Queen's Colleges, London.

### Entre Nous.

Bishop Gore.

Mr. Leopold B. Hill is the publisher of a series of bijou books containing short selections from the writings of great authors. One of them has come into our hands. It contains *The Golden Sayings of the Right Rev. Bishop Gore* (6d. net). The Bishop of Oxford comes well out of the ordeal. Take this:

'Power; intelligence; love; power from God, intelligence of God and His purposes, love to God in Himself and in His creatures—these make up the content of spirituality.'

William K. Fleming.

Is there anything in this?

## IF ONLY . . .

He moved amid a world of little men,  
 Herods and Pilates, scribes, and fisherfolk ;  
 Some worshipped whatso'er He wrought or  
 spoke,  
 Others devised a devilry of pain,  
 And made Him of the greatest of earth's Slain.  
 But this we know not—why His dying woke  
 Life from the dead and myriads to His yoke :—  
 Save that some rumoured He had ris'n again—

Paul said so, keen of wit, though saturate  
 With vision—and we half believe in Paul . . .  
 But if, before His hurrying days were done,  
 Christ had but met some Plato, laureate  
 With deathless bays—Buddha, self-reft of all,—  
 Or a world-dominant Napoleon ! . . .

It is one of the sonnets in Mr. W. K. Fleming's  
*Dreams and Realities* (Macdonald ; 3s. 6d. net).  
 It is a good example of the satirical criticism of  
 modern life to which most of the sonnets are  
 dedicated. But here is another with more serious-  
 ness and more music in it :

## THE VOICE OF SIMPLE THINGS.

Oh ! well is thee, if thou hast never known  
 More knowledge than the hills hold secretly,  
 A subtler music than the brooding sea  
 Makes for the vocal folds, in undertone  
 Of love and sorrow. If thou live alone  
 For such pure scholarship, oh ! well is thee !—  
 Nay, but the world has sung her songs for me,  
 And round my feet her poisonous blossoms  
 sown.—

Ah ! then bethink thee of the path that climbs  
 From ledge to ledge of these green precipices ;  
 Child-faiths shall waken with the sheep-bells'  
 chimes,  
 Courage and ruth at the salt winds' caress :  
 Seek not enchantments as at other times,  
 But set thy face toward the wilderness !

**A Book of English Poetry.**

Mr. George Beaumont, M.A., has made a  
 selection of English poetry, beginning with John  
 Barbour and ending with Thomas Hardy. The  
 title is *A Book of English Poetry* (Jack ; 3s. 6d. net).

A few years ago there appeared a notable  
 collection of English poetry, Quiller-Couch's

*Oxford Book of English Verse*. It seemed  
 sufficient for the rest of a lifetime. But Mr.  
 Beaumont's book quite surpasses it in two direc-  
 tions. It is larger and it is cheaper. A quarto of  
 580 double-column pages, it is published at 3s. 6d.  
 net. The binding is rather tame, but the paper is  
 light and good.

Of course bigness is not necessarily either beauty  
 or worth. Yet it is one of the advantages of the  
 book. For its great size is due, not to the  
 inclusion of poems of doubtful merit, but to the  
 inclusion of poems of considerable length. Take  
 Milton as an example. Mr. Beaumont has been  
 able to include the Hymn on the Morning of  
 Christ's Nativity, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, part of  
 Comus, Lycidas, a considerable part of Paradise  
 Lost, some of Paradise Regained, and certain  
 sonnets.

We shall quote two of the later poems as  
 probably least familiar. The first is by J. Drink-  
 water, the second is by Ronald Ross.

## DOMINION.

I went beneath the sunny sky  
 When all things bowed to June's desire,  
 The pansy with its steadfast eye,  
 The blue shells on the lupin spire,

The swelling fruit along the boughs,  
 The grass grown heady in the rain,  
 Dark roses fitted for the brows  
 Of queens great kings have sung in vain ;

My little cat with tiger bars,  
 Bright claws all hidden in content ;  
 Swift birds that flashed like darkling stars  
 Across the cloudy continent ;

The wiry-coated fellow curled  
 Stump-tailed upon the sunny flags ;  
 The bees that sacked a coloured world  
 Of treasure for their honey-bags.

And all these things seemed very glad,  
 The sun, the flowers, the birds on wing,  
 The jolly beasts, the furry-clad  
 Fat bees, the fruit, and everything.

But gladder than them all was I,  
 Who, being man, might gather up  
 The joy of all beneath the sky,  
 And add their treasure to my cup,

And travel every shining way,  
 And laugh with God in God's delight,  
 Create a world for every day,  
 And store a dream for every night.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

Full fed with thoughts and knowledges sublime,  
 And thundering oracles of the gods, that make  
 Man's mind the flower of action and of time,  
 I was one day where beggars come to take  
 Doles ere they die. An Indian mother there,  
 Young, but so wretched that her staring eyes  
 Shone like the winter wolf's with ravening glare  
 Of hunger, struck me. For to much surprise  
 A three-year child well nourish'd at her breast,  
 Wither'd with famine, still she fed and press'd—  
 For she was dying. 'I am too poor,' she  
 said,  
 'To feed him otherwise'; and with a kiss  
 Fell back and died. And the soul answered,  
 'In spite of all the gods and prophets—this!'

Lord Brassey.

Earl Brassey, like many other men of action, has been a great reader, and he has all his life been in the habit of marking or writing out passages that appealed to him most powerfully. Of these passages he has made and published a selection under the title of *Faith and Work* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). The volume ought to obtain a large circulation, for its contents are good and it is printed on fine paper and is altogether quite attractive. We obtain an interesting insight into Lord Brassey's reading. His favourite authors have been Stopford Brooke, Phillips Brooks, Carlyle, Jowett, Newman, and Tennyson. There are only three quotations from Browning against nine from Tennyson, which shows that Earl Brassey belongs to the older generation; the proportion would be reversed by Earl Brassey's son. Let us give the solitary quotation from Mrs. Browning. It illustrates the text about God being the giver of every good and perfect gift:

How sure it is  
 That if we say a true word, instantly  
 We feel 'tis God's—not ours.

And let us give another. It is one of five from Christina Rossetti, and illustrates the words, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

Day that hath no tinge of night,  
 Night that hath no tinge of day,  
 These at last will come to sight  
 Not to fade away.

This is twilight that we know,  
 Scarcely night and scarcely day;  
 This hath been from long ago  
 Shed around man's way:

Step by step to utter night,  
 Step by step to perfect day,  
 To the left hand or the right  
 Leading all away.

This is twilight: be it so;  
 Suited to our strength our day:  
 Let us follow on to know  
 Patient by the way.

A. Stodart Walker.

Dr. Walker is the author of *Verses of Consolation*, written in war time (Maclehose; 1s. 6d. net). The first is the best, but the following is most characteristic:

IN A SLUM.

I never heard him speak a kindly word,  
 My tears were answered with a savage oath;  
 He drank what we could very ill afford;  
 He was a bully and a drunkard both.

He broke my body as he broke my soul,  
 I shivered when I heard his stumbling feet;  
 At times the very household 'sticks' he stole,  
 To pawn and pay for women in the street.

I stitched and laboured for his children's bread,  
 Fourpence a shirt the sweated wage I earned,  
 Save when the doctor forced me to my bed,  
 Where thrice a mother's travail I had learned.

The day he left me for the barrack square,  
 He swore we women were no earthly use  
 For anything but filling men with care;  
 His parting words were words of foul abuse.

And now they tell me of a hero's death,  
 How one to twelve he held the Huns at bay,  
 And won the Cross, yet with his passing breath  
 He bade the chaplain 'take his face away.'

Inside the pubs the neighbours speak his praise,  
The man who brought the world about our slum,  
Or by the open door they stand and gaze,  
And wonder why his slattern wife is dumb.

The preacher dwells the ways of God upon,  
Surpassing man's design and woman's wit;  
Oh God, I can't be sorry he is gone,  
But going I am glad he did his bit.

#### Mu'tamid.

There must be a market for 'The Wisdom of the East,' for Mr. Murray sends out volume after volume, and is undeterred even by the cruelties of the War, cruel to literature as to men. The new volume contains *The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville*, rendered into English verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith (1s. net). This short poem on Counsel will give some notion of the quality of Mu'tamid's muse and the accomplishment of his translator.

#### COUNSEL.

Friend, I would have you with a sharper wit  
Be censor of the world, and if there be  
One gift, of all wherewith she makes so free,  
That shall endure, I fain would know of it.

Neglect her proffered hand; and if her eye  
Be set against you, then, indifferent still,  
Take leave of her and wander as you will  
Under the clean stars and the unsecret sky.

#### Poems of To-day.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have published for the English Association a small anthology of *Poems of To-day*. 'The book has been compiled in order that boys and girls, already perhaps familiar with the great classics of the English speech, may also know something of the newer poetry of their own day. Most of the writers are living, and the rest are still vivid memories among us, while one of the youngest, almost as these words are written, has gone singing to lay down his life for his country's cause.'

The selection is done by one who knows modern poetry well. No fewer than forty-seven poets are represented; and scarcely ever is a mistake made in selecting from them. Of course we all have favourites which are not here; but these are the best for boys and girls. Let us be content with one, and let it be by Patrick R. Chalmers:

#### ROUNABOUTS AND SWINGS.

It was early last September nigh to Framlin'am  
on-Sea,

An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an' the time  
was after tea,

An' I met a painted caravan adown a dusty lane,  
A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt an'  
creak an' strain;

A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and  
wrinkled up,

An' beside him on the splashboard sat a  
brindled tarrier pup,

An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as  
fiddle-strings

Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts  
and swings.

'Goo'-day,' said 'e; 'Goo'-day,' said I; 'an' 'ow  
d'you find things go,

An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs  
a travellin' show?'

'I find,' said 'e, 'things very much as 'ow I've  
always found,

For mostly they goes up and down or else goes  
round and round.'

Said 'e, 'The job's the very spit o' what it  
always were,

It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't  
catch a 'are;

But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no  
merchant king's,

What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up  
on the swings!'

'Goo' luck,' said 'e; 'Goo' luck,' said I; 'you've  
put it past a doubt;

An' keep that lurcher on the road, the game-  
keepers is out';

'E thumped upon the footboard an' 'e lumbered  
on again

To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light  
in the lane;

An' the moon she climbed the 'azels, while a  
nightjar seemed to spin

That Pharaoh's wisdom o'er again, 'is sooth of  
lose-and-win;

For 'up an' down an' round,' said 'e, 'goes all  
appointed things,

An' losses on the roundabouts means profits on  
the swings!'

**Bruce Malaher.**

There is no effort at fine effect whether of idea or of expression in the poetry of Mr. Malaher. All is on the level of universal human experience. And so all finds response at once. Here, out of *A Legend from Wicklow* (Stoneham; 2s. 6d. net), is a poem on the Cuckoo, as sweet and fitting as words can accomplish.

## THE CUCKOO.

Haunting, haunting melody  
Coming o'er the hills to me,  
Wafted on the evening breeze  
Voices calling in the trees  
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

Sweeter music never could  
Echo through the leafy wood  
Than that singing, low and clear  
Calling distant, calling near,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

How I love to hear you sing,  
Little harbinger of Spring,  
Memories are stirred again  
By your friendly soft refrain  
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

**Anatole France.**

Mr. John Lane has issued another volume of his attractive edition of the works of Anatole France in English. Its title is *Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet, and other Profitable Tales* (6s.). Its excellent translation has been made by Winifred Stephens. One of the 'profitable tales' is called 'The Ocean Christ.' Are we able to profit by it? This is the tale.

## THE OCEAN CHRIST.

That year many of the fishers of Saint-Valéry had been drowned at sea. Their bodies were found on the beach cast up by the waves with the wreckage of their boats; and for nine days, up the steep road leading to the church were to be seen coffins borne by hand and followed by widows, who were weeping beneath their great black-hooded cloaks, like women in the Bible.

Thus were the skipper Jean Lenoël and his son Désiré laid in the great nave, beneath the vaulted roof from which they had once hung a ship in full rigging as an offering to Our Lady. They were righteous men and God-fearing. Monsieur Guillaume Truphème, priest of Saint-Valéry, having pronounced the Absolution, said in a tearful voice:

'Never were laid in consecrated ground there to await the judgment of God better men and better Christians than Jean Lenoël and his son Désiré.'

And while barques and their skippers perished near the coast, in the high seas great vessels foundered. Not a day passed that the ocean did not bring in some flotsam of wreck. Now one morning some children who were steering a boat saw a figure lying on the sea. It was a figure of Jesus Christ, life-size, carved in wood, painted in natural colouring, and looking as if it were very old. The Good Lord was floating upon the sea with arms outstretched. The children towed the figure ashore and brought it up into Saint-Valéry. The head was encircled with a crown of thorns. The feet and hands were pierced. But the nails were missing as well as the cross. The arms were still outstretched ready for sacrifice and blessing, just as He appeared to Joseph of Arimathea and the holy women when they were burying Him.

The children gave it to Monsieur le Curé Truphème, who said to them:

'This image of the Saviour is of ancient workmanship. He who made it must have died long ago. Although to-day in the shops of Amiens and Paris excellent statues are sold for a hundred francs and more, we must admit that the earlier sculptors were not without merit. But what delights me most is the thought that if Jesus Christ be thus come with open arms to Saint-Valéry, it is in order to bless the parish, which has been so cruelly tried, and in order to announce that He has compassion on the poor folk who go a-fishing at the risk of their lives. He is the God who walked upon the sea and blessed the nets of Cephas.'

And Monsieur le Curé Truphème, having had the Christ placed in the church on the cloth of the high altar, went off to order from the carpenter Lemerre a beautiful cross in heart of oak.

When it was made, the Saviour was nailed to it with brand new nails, and it was erected in the nave above the churchwarden's pew.

Then it was noticed that His eyes were filled with mercy and seemed to glisten with tears of heavenly pity.

One of the churchwardens, who was present at the putting up of the crucifix, fancied he saw tears streaming down the divine face. The next morning when Monsieur le Curé with a choir-boy entered the church to say his mass, he was astonished to

find the cross above the churchwarden's pew empty and the Christ lying upon the altar.

As soon as he had celebrated the Divine Sacrifice he had the carpenter called and asked him why he had taken the Christ down from His cross. But the carpenter replied that he had not touched it. Then, after having questioned the beadle and the sidesmen, Monsieur Truphème made certain that no one had entered the church since the crucifix had been placed over the churchwarden's pew.

Thereupon he felt that these things were miraculous, and he meditated upon them discreetly. The following Sunday in his exhortation he spoke of them to his parishioners, and he called upon them to contribute by their gifts to the erection of a new cross more beautiful than the first and more worthy to bear the Redeemer of the world.

The poor fishers of Saint-Valéry gave as much money as they could and the widows brought their wedding-rings. Wherefore Monsieur Truphème was able to go at once to Abbeville and to order a cross of ebony, highly polished and surmounted by a scroll with the inscription I.N.R.I. in letters of gold. Two months later it was erected in the place of the former, and the Christ was nailed to it between the lance and the sponge.

But Jesus left this cross as He had left the other; and as soon as night fell He went and stretched Himself upon the altar.

Monsieur le Curé, when he found Him there in the morning, fell on his knees and prayed for a long while. The fame of this miracle spread throughout the neighbourhood, and the ladies of Amiens made a collection for the Christ of Saint-Valéry. Monsieur Truphème received money and jewels from Paris, and the wife of the Minister of Marine, Madame Hyde de Neuville, sent him a heart of diamonds. Of all these treasures, in the space of two years, a goldsmith of La Rue St. Sulpice, fashioned a cross of gold and precious stones which was set up with great pomp in the church of Saint-Valéry on the second Sunday after Easter in the year 18—. But He who had not refused the cross of sorrow, fled from this cross of gold and again stretched Himself upon the white linen of the altar.

For fear of offending Him, He was left there this time; and He had lain upon the altar for more than two years, when Pierre, son of Pierre Caillou, came to tell Monsieur le Curé Truphème that he had found the true cross of Our Lord on the beach.

Pierre was an innocent; and, because he had not sense enough to earn a livelihood, people gave him bread out of charity, he was liked because he never did any harm. But he wandered in his talk and no one listened to him.

Nevertheless Monsieur Truphème, who had never ceased meditating on the Ocean Christ, was struck by what the poor imbecile had just said. With the beadle and two sidesmen he went to the spot, where the child said he had seen the cross, and there he found two planks studded with nails, which had long been washed by the sea and which did indeed form a cross.

They were the remains of some old shipwreck. On one of these boards could still be read two letters painted in black, a J and an L; and there was no doubt that this was a fragment of Jean Lenoël's barque, he who with his son Désiré had been lost at sea five years before.

At the sight of this, the beadle and the sidesmen began to laugh at the innocent who had taken the broken planks of a boat for the cross of Jesus Christ. But Monsieur le Curé Truphème checked their merriment. He had meditated much and prayed long since the Ocean Christ had arrived among the fisherfolk, and the mystery of infinite charity began to dawn upon him. He knelt down upon the sand, repeated the prayer for the faithful departed, and then told the beadle and the sidesmen to carry the flotsam on their shoulders and to place it in the church. When this had been done he raised the Christ from the altar, placed it on the planks of the boat and himself nailed it to them, with the nails that the ocean had corroded.

By the priest's command, the very next day this cross took the place of the cross of gold and precious stones over the churchwarden's pew. The Ocean Christ has never left it. He has chosen to remain nailed to the planks on which men died invoking His name and that of His Mother. There, with parted lips, august and afflicted He seems to say:

'My cross is made of all men's woes, for I am in truth the God of the poor and the heavy-laden.'

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Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.