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belief. But, so far as the present writer can discover, the impression is false. Chantepie de la Saussaye (*Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte*², 1897, vol. i. p. 16) is more guarded: 'If not the word' henotheism, 'yet the thought must be traced to Schelling, who assumed a relative monotheism as the principle of the original unity of the human race.' Two more sentences may be given from de la Saussaye, as they state Schelling's view clearly and well. 'This relative monotheism recognizes only one God; but this unity is accidental, not essential; hence a second god may easily be associated with the first; or, on the other hand, relative monotheism may purify itself into monotheism proper. Thus relative monotheism is the primary stage in religion, and the starting-point both of monotheistic and polytheistic developments.'

Schelling has (at least) two discussions of 'Mythology'—an older 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Mythology,' and a later 'Philosophy of Mythology.' The summary just quoted refers to Lecture VI. of the earlier discussion, the 'Introduction'—not, as loosely stated in Baldwin's *Dic. of Philos.*, art. 'Henotheism,' to the 'Philosophy of Mythology.' When the later lecturers resume the

subject, Schelling styles the relative monotheism of the primitive mind mere 'Theism.' He does not use the term 'Henotheism,' which would have been in its place here if anywhere. Can he have used it at all? Surely not.

Lastly, Max Müller claims the term as his own; cf. the quotation in *E.R.E.*, art. 'Monolatry and Henotheism.'

ROBERT MACKINTOSH.

Manchester.

Genesis iii. 22.

A FRIEND, of long ago, once wrote to me as follows:—

'Did I ever mention to you my idea as to how Gn 3²² might be cleared of a difficulty, by translating הָיָה *was* instead of *has become*? A few days back I met with the same view in a French writer of some note—Grandpierre. Man was created in the image of God, and *was as* the Creator with regard to knowing good and evil: but by his sin, he lost this likeness.'

It would be very interesting to learn whether Hebraists consider the suggested rendering to be in any way possible.

W. COLLINS.

Nunnington.

Entre Nous.

Adelaide Eden Phillpotts.

The gift of imagination has descended in the Eden Phillpotts family to the second generation. Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts is a poet. The finest poem in *Illyrion, and other Poems* (Palmer & Hayward; 1s. 6d. net) is the poem which gives the book its title, and it is very fine indeed. The delicately handled introduction is particularly pleasing. Dreams, moonbeams, shadows, dawn, morning, cloud, flower-fays, showers, rainbow-spirits, life, come and go with delightful lightness of touch, and lead us, well pleased, into the presence of Illyrion and his serious quest. Let us quote the passage which gives the conclusion of the whole matter:

Progress is like the inflowing tide, whose waves
Sweep forward, then recede a little way,
Only to advance again a little more
And cover the last imprint that they made.

Though the vast wave of progress should recede
In our brief generation, yet again
Will it flow forward after we are gone.
Less than a moment of eternity
Is this, thy little life. Fear not, oh, son,
And be not disappointed in thy kind,
Because they shame thy spirit for a while—
Humanity is yet but as a child,
And children must be fighting with their fists,
For their young minds have not th' experience
To solve each difference that will arise.
The days are not yet come when man shall claim
For motherland the kingdom of mankind;
But he has many a million years to live,
So fear not that in some far-distant age
All Earth will be to him as home; and race
Will be no longer as a barrier.
Look to the present now, and be thou brave,
Trust thy great mother, Nature, and go fight
For thy dear country and for Liberty.

Edith Anne Stewart.

Pilgrimage and Battle is an accurate title for the poems of Edith Anne Stewart (Headley; 3s. 6d. net). They are poems of life's experience, and the war has made the experiences of life more wonderful. There is boundless hope, because there is fathomless faith. But neither faith nor hope removes the mystery. What shall be done, for example, to the slayer of Edith Cavell?

Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord, I will repay—
*O mine enemy, somewhere God keepeth for thee
 Anguish more bitter than this thou hast poured
 on me,
 Payment more dreadful than I could devise to-day.*

Nay, saith the Lord, your way is not My Way,
 My Vengeance is not yours; who hath eyes
 to see

Lift them up to where Jesus hangs on a tree,
 This is the sum of My Vengeance, thus I repay.

And Hell, saith God, is the hour ye shall wake
 and know

What ye have done to Me. But now ye sleep:
 Hate hath nothing could move you, rage no blow
 Could stir those palsied souls to wake and weep.

But I have ordained that Love shall bid you rise
 From sleep to Hell, from Hell to Paradise.

F. W. Orde Ward.

The years of the War will have their mark on English literature. Three years of War poetry will be conspicuous for all time to come in the histories of the literature of the world. And one of the poets named will be Mr. Orde Ward. He has written little and he has written that little nearly in one metre. But it is true poetry. The title of the book is *The Last Crusade* (Kelly). This is an example:

THE MIRACULOUS ARMIES.

Fools deem the age of miracles is dead,
 But we behold them
 Daily, and hear once more God's awful tread;
 He marcheth with us to the battle-line
 In power divine,
 He ranks our forces and His arms enfold them,
 His love their wine and sacramental bread.
 The greatest and the least,
 They each are summoned to the Bridegroom's feast.

What were the single purpose but His call,
 The Spirit's leading
 That lifts by many a broken heart and fall?
 The dry bones live again, the very tomb
 Becomes a womb
 Of soldiers who obey the country's pleading
 And form new resurrection's iron wall.
 Yea, out of quickened dust
 We see the rifle rise, the sword-blade's thrust.

Where once were only furze and stubborn thorn
 Or thwart stern thistle,
 Here peaceful flocks or there the huntsman's
 horn:

Rings out the bugle with its challenge grave
 Across the wave,
 The khaki grows like weeds, the bayonets bristle,
 From every silent bush a man is born.
 As though the labouring earth
 Were but a cradle for fresh empire's birth.

We hear the sharpening of the sword, the cry
 Of martial orders,
 And see proud forms that move as destiny;
 One mind, one mouth, one settled purpose runs
 Along the guns,
 The horse and foot that burst imprisoning
 borders

And raiseth hearts to deeds of chivalry.
 As if the flowing tide
 Had come to help its Queen, in subject pride.

Stirs the whole nation to the trumpet peal
 Beyond mere fashion,
 That sets on every brow a glorious seal;
 The slumbering giant from him rudely shakes
 Fetters, and wakes
 To discipline of calm and bridled passion,
 While all are brothers for the common weal.
 Onward the movement swings,
 For freedom, to the playing-ground of kings.

Arthur Shearly Cripps.

Mr. Cripps sends home from Lake Victoria Nyanza a volume of passionate poems, calling it *Pilgrim's Joy* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). They are passionate for the world of nature and the liberty of man. The scenes described are unfamiliar and yet familiar—it is the one human heart that sees them. The passion for liberty—even to the African—is sometimes scornful of tyranny.

RIZPAH IN S. AFRICA.

(A colonist mother keening for her child. See the old-world story in 2 Sam. 21.)

The thing that hath been, it shall be,
There is no new thing, no not one;
Would God that I had died for thee,
My son, my son!

Even as Aiah's child of old,
I breathe to yon blue smiling sky
My curse upon the Gibeonites
Who made him die.

Who hewed the logs, who drew at well,
More patient than the beasts they drave,
Whose patience asked those gifts of wrong
His father gave—

No one day's blood-writ crime to make
The sun o'er Gibeon stand aghast,
But breach on breach, and guile on guile
These long years past.

Therefore our boy so clean of sin
Lies here before the Lord so low,
And I, a stone beside a stone,
Watch out my woe.

Aldous Huxley.

The Burning Wheel (Blackwell; 2s. net) is one of the 'Adventures All' series, and it is an adventure. There is nothing that will stay, nothing that is meant to stay. Moods and impressions, cleverly caught and expressed in clever words, with just once or twice a deeper note—that is the little book. There is a deeper note in

DARKNESS.

My close-walled soul has never known
That innermost darkness, dazzling sight,
Like the blind point, whence the visions spring
In the core of the gazer's chrysolite . . .
The mystic darkness that laps God's throne
In a splendour beyond imagining,
So passing bright.

But the many twisted darknesses
That range the city to and fro,
In aimless subtlety pass and part
And ebb and glutinously flow;
Darkness of lust and avarice,
Of the crippled body and the crooked heart . . .
These darknesses I know.

John Oxenham.

Mr. Oxenham's new book is called *The King's High Way* (Methuen; 1s. net). It is after the manner of *Bees in Amber* and *All's Well*, and the manner is as attractive as ever. Perhaps it is a little more 'warlike'; perhaps it is also a little more 'religious,' for things grow more not less serious as the certainty of victory comes in sight. It contains also some hymns for the time of peace that is coming. We shall quote two of the more 'religious' poems.

ELDER BROTHER.

Now, God be thanked that our dear Lord became
Man, like us men!—
Subject to man's infirmities,
But without stain.

He suffered in our frail humanity
The Cross, the pain,—
To teach us that from earthly loss
Comes heavenly gain.

We could not look on Thy full glory, Lord,
Nor bear the light.
So Wisdom veiled the Light with Love,
To suit our sight.

Dear Elder Brother, to our succour sent,—
Light clothed in Love,—
For our souls' full enfranchisement
To joys above!

PETITION.

O Grant me this,—
In all my work,
Lord, of Thy best!—
High thought in true word drest,
To cheer, to lift,—
To comfort the depressed,—
To lighten darkness,—
To bring rest
To souls distrest.
In all my work, O manifest
Thy Will!
So shall the work be blest.