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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, under the title of 'The Disciple whom Jesus loved.' I have long felt the difficulty of accepting the Fourth Gospel as the work of a Galilean fisherman. Could Mr. Griffith go a little further with his exploration in this direction to see if there are any further indications that the Fourth Gospel was written by Lazarus?

But on the other side; he says: 'This disciple is known to the high priest . . . this cannot apply to John the Apostle. Why should he have this acquaintance which Peter had not?' Has Mr. Griffith considered the indications that the family of Zebedee was much better off than the family of Peter? I disagree that 'they belong to the same social class.' We are told that Zebedee not only had his sons to assist him in fishing, but also

'hired servants,' which seems to indicate a higher social position than the other fisherman-disciples. Moreover, the request of Zebedee's wife concerning her two sons is just what we might have expected from a loving mother who moved in a higher social sphere than did the families of the other disciples. There may be other indications that Zebedee's family was of a superior social standing to Peter's. Grant this, then why should not an important Galilean family have acquaintance with the high priest at Jerusalem?

I think Mr. Griffith should go on, this may prove to be one of the most important discoveries of the day, and go far in solving the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. H. MUDIE DRAPER.

Leicester.

Entre Nous.

'THE CHILDREN'S GREAT TEXTS.'

MESSRS. T. & T. Clark have now issued the last three volumes of *The Children's Great Texts of the Bible*. The last volume of all contains an Index of Subjects for the whole work. It runs from page 305 to page 319, and has been prepared with care. It will serve the preacher who prefers a topic to a text, or who, taking a text, is in search of an illustration or an idea.

The reception given to the Children's Great Texts is a very great gratification. Their originality, for they are entirely original, has been recognized, their lightness of touch also, the Biblical breadth of their teaching, and the aptness of their illustrations. These characteristics have all been noted by the reviewers and in private correspondence. In the near future the Children's sermon is likely to be an important factor in the recovery of the day when it will again be said, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.' But it has to be a children's sermon. If the children do not themselves listen to it, no pleasure on the part of their parents will make up for that. For if we do not win the children to a love of churchgoing we shall fail.

The price of the Children's Great Texts originally fixed has been found to be too low, the cost

of printing and publishing having risen considerably. But the publishers still offer the set of six volumes at the original price of 45s. net, and will do so up to June 30. Thereafter it will be 54s. net, and may have to be raised still higher.

SOME TOPICS.

Official.

'How many a sermon have we listened to on the familiar story of Jacob or Esau, and noted the clumsy efforts of the preacher to reconcile the favouritism of Jehovah for the crafty patriarch with ordinary standards of fairplay and rectitude. The best in this kind is the reported comment of a Highland minister in Arran. He had laboured through the story, endeavouring to draw the proper lessons from it, but plainly ill at ease about the divine sanction extended to such gross deception; and at last he was moved to say, ingeniously transferring his own dissatisfaction to those whom he was addressing: "You may think that this is a very strange way for the Lord to act in, but you must remember, my friends, that the Almighty may do many things in his *official* capacity which he would not do as a private individual."¹

¹ A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, *The Duty of Candour in Religious Teaching*, p. 29.

Democracy and War.

The photographs in Professor Ernest Scott's *Men and Thought in Modern History* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d. net) give the book an appearance of 'popularity.' But in no bad sense is it popular. Mr. Scott is Professor of History in the University of Melbourne, and a scholar. What he has done is to write the history of ideas in our time, associating each great idea with an outstanding exponent of it. Thus he has the advantage that biography brings, our interest in one another. His sketch of his 'men' is in every case clear and forceful. At the end he gives a few hints on literature, and then adds a page or two of pertinent quotation. Thus. At the end of 'Lincoln and Democracy' he quotes Sir John Harrington, John Stuart. Mill, Walt Whitman, David Hume, W. R. Inge, and others. We give the quotation from Dean Inge. At the end of 'Tolstoy and Pacifism' he quotes Woodrow Wilson, W. R. Inge, Lady Bessborough, H. G. Wells, Theodore Roosevelt, and ends with George Santayana. We give the quotation from Santayana.

'It is the deepest tragedy of modern history that every civilised nation seems compelled to choose one of two forms of government, both so bad that it is not easy to see which is the worse. On the one side is the Prussian system — efficient, economical and honest, which ends in putting the civilian under the heel of the soldier, with his brutal, blundering diplomacy and methods of frightfulness. . . . On the other side is a squalid anarchy of democracy—wasteful, inefficient and generally corrupt, with a government which quails before every agitation and pays blackmail to every conspiracy, and in which sooner or later those who pay taxes are systematically pillaged by those who impose them, until the economical structure of the state is destroyed.'

'There are panegyrist of war who say that without a periodical bleeding a race decays and loses its manhood. Experience is directly opposed to this shameless assertion. It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by adventurers, and leave the puny, deformed and unmanly to breed the next generation. Internecine war, foreign and civil, brought about the greatest set-back which the Life of Reason has ever suffered; it exterminated the Greek and Italian aristocracies. Instead of being

descended from heroes, modern nations are descended from slaves; and it is not their bodies only that show it. . . . To call war the soil of courage and virtue is like calling debauchery the soil of love.'

NEW POETRY.

George Barlow.

In an introductory note to this volume of *Selected Poems* by George Barlow (Glaisher; 7s. 6d. net) we are told why and on what principles the selection has been made. 'This selection of George Barlow's poems has been made under a clause in his will, and its first appeal will naturally be to those who knew him personally. Probably each of these will regret various omissions or inclusions, but the compiler has made it his business to work with the sole intention of giving what was artistically best in the very large amount of verse which George Barlow wrote and published. The only exception to this rule has been the inclusion—for the sake of association or in deference to the wish of his literary executor or his own recorded preference—of two or three of the longer poems.'

A considerable number are sonnets, and the sonnets are the best. There may not be a Blanco White among them, but there are one or two which might be included in the next great collection of English sonnets. As striking as anything in the book is the elegy on Charles Kingsley. We shall quote, however—

THE DEAD CHILD.

But yesterday she played with childish things,
With toys and painted fruit.
To-day she may be speeding on bright wings
Beyond the stars! We ask. The stars are
mute.

But yesterday her doll was all in all;
She laughed and was content.
To-day she will not answer, if we call:
She dropped no toys to show the road she
went.

But yesterday she smiled and ranged with art
Her playthings on the bed.
To-day and yesterday are leagues apart!
She will not smile to-day, for she is dead.

Charles Allan.

The Rev. Charles Allan, M.A., does not properly belong here, as America would say, for he is no poet nor pretends to be. But in his volume of Sermons entitled *The New World* (Greenock: M'Kelvie; 6s. net) there is a poem quoted which we mean to quote after him, and the poem will be at home in this place. As for the sermons, they are quite new. Their manner is quite new and their matter—for the War has come between them and all the sermons ever preached before. They touch things made urgent by the War—such things as the life beyond.

'I have been ranging these last days through the literature of this subject, reading whatever I could find on the difficulties of belief in the here-after, and the exercise has not in the least depressed me. It has left me simply "prancing" with faith. For there is not an argument that really touches the essential point, not one. Not the argument from the relation of mental activities to physical structure. For everything that can be said about that is equally compatible with the theory that the brain does not create the mind but is only the instrument on which for a time the mind is playing. Not the argument from appearances which for most men is the greatest difficulty. It looks so like an end. But "things are not what they seem." To the uninstructed, modern theories of the nature of matter sound more impossible than the most grotesque of fairy tales. To reduce this seeming gross and palpable substance to "something of the tenuity of thought itself"; to tell me that what I call solid is made so by incredible velocity of movement! that seems to mock my common sense. Yet the fact is even so. Modern science has marched to all its victories with this strange device emblazoned on its banners: "By faith we *dis*believe the evidence of our senses." To judge by the testimony of the senses is to negative every important advance that science has made. Of physical science no less than of spiritual is it true that a man must walk, not by sight, but by insight. It is by correction of sense impressions, by intelligence, that we win all our knowledge.'

It is at the end of this sermon that the poem comes. It is signed D. D. B., 'a friend of my own whose son gave his young life for the world's saving in Flanders' field.' It is offered

TO ANY FATHER.

Say not the boy is dead, but rather say
He's but a little farther on the way,
Impatient sooner to behold the view—
At the next turning you may see it too.
Say he's a child again, early to bed,
On night's soft pillow fain to lay his head.

Say he is off to track the mountain stream,
And linger by the side in boyish dream.
Say by immortal waters now at rest,
He clasps a thousand memories to his breast.
Say to his wondering quests wise angels, smiling,
Tell the true story of the world's beguiling.
Say on heroic task his soul is thrilling,
Where noble dream hath noble deeds fulfilling.
Say that he feasts with comrades tried and true,
But in his heart the banquet waits for you.
Say in the Presence, at a gentle word
He shows the wound-marks to his wounded Lord.
*Say never he is dead, but rather say,
He's but a little farther on the way.*

Bertram Lloyd.

An Anthology of Humanitarian Poetry has been made by Mr. Bertram Lloyd, who gives it the title of *The Great Kinship* (Allen & Unwin; 8s. 6d. net). Mr. Lloyd's paradise on earth is the fellowship of birds and beasts, and that is the Paradise he looks forward to in heaven. Think then of his disgust when he finds 'one thirteenth-century Christian mystic, the poetess Mechthild of Magdeburg, going so far as to exclude animals and birds from her Earthly Paradise, on the ground that God has reserved it for mankind alone, so that he may dwell there undisturbed. A strange sort of Paradise, truly!' His introduction is delightful reading, and as religious as delightful—for what is there on earth that gives itself more readily to good reading than the love of all living things, both great and small?

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

His notes, too, are full of the information which only a long-lived lover of animals can possess. The quotations are wholly poetical. We shall quote one of them. The author is V. H. Friedlaender.

TO A BLUE TIT.

Day after day you who are free as air
(And how much freer, then, than I!)
Venture your birthright, dare
That heavenly liberty, to fly
And feed upon my hand: I marvel why.
No other bird of your bright company
Commits a folly so divine!
Their chatter bids you be
Wary of guile—of some design
That you alone are conscious is not mine,
And even I, with less to lose than you,
I, wingless prisoner of the dust,
Would shun risks you renew
Each morning, not because you must,
But in a sweet wild miracle of trust.

Bird, as you call me to the window-ledge
 With flashes and blue flutterings,
 It seems the grey world's edge;
 And, with the thrill your light touch brings,
 I am your kin and know the lift of wings!

A.E.

The literature most likely to live is coming from Ireland, the poetical literature without doubt. And of the poets of Ireland the surest of immortality, if a contemporary can ever judge, is Mr. George Russell, the man who writes as A.E.

The book before us is in prose. It is the second edition of *Imaginations and Reveries* (Maunsel & Roberts; 10s. 6d. net), a volume of prose essays. This edition contains four new essays, and we have placed it here because one of them ends with a poem which we mean to quote.

The new essays are all concerned with the Irish question. A.E. has the state of Ireland at heart as truly as any Irishman that ever gave his life for his country. And he pleads in this book for a settlement. He pleads for it, and he states the terms of it. For if he is a poet, he is also a most forcible writer on practical politics.

In the essay entitled, 'The New Nation,' A.E. reminds loyalist and nationalist that they are both Irishmen, and must co-operate to build the nation that is to be. He entreats the loyalist to regard the nationalist as of the same race as himself, and the nationalist the loyalist. 'There is scarce an Ulsterman, whether he regards his ancestors as settlers or not, who is not allied through marriage by his forbears to the ancient race. There is in his veins the blood of the people who existed before Patrick, and he can look backward through time to the legends of the Red Branch, the Fianna, and the gods as the legends of his people. It would be as difficult to find even on the Western Coast a family which has not lost in the same way its Celtic purity of race. The character of all is fed from many streams which have mingled in them and have given them a new distinctiveness. And then he turns to their sacrifices. Did Irishmen fall in 'the astonishing enterprise of Easter Week'? Irishmen fell also in the Great War. He can commemorate both.

Their dream had left me numb and cold,
 But yet my spirit rose in pride,
 Refashioning in burnished gold
 The images of those who died,
 Or were shut in the penal cell.
 Here's to you, Pearse, your dream not mine,
 But yet the thought, for this you fell,
 Has turned life's water into wine.

*You who have died on Eastern hills
 Or fields of France as undismayed,
 Who lit with interlinked wills
 The long heroic barricade,
 You, too, in all the dreams you had,
 Thought of some thing for Ireland done.
 Was it not so, Oh, shining lad,
 What lured you, Alan Anderson?*

I listened to high talk from you,
 Thomas McDonagh, and it seemed
 The words were idle, but they grew
 To nobleness by death redeemed.
 Life cannot utter words more great
 Than life may meet by sacrifice,
 High words were equalled by high fate,
 You paid the price. You paid the price.

*You who have fought on fields afar,
 That other Ireland did you wrong
 Who said you shadowed Ireland's star,
 Nor gave you laurel wreath nor song.
 You proved by death as true as they,
 In mightier conflicts played your part,
 Equal your sacrifice may weigh,
 Dear Kettle, of the generous heart.*

The hope lives on age after age,
 Earth with its beauty might be won
 For labour as a heritage,
 For this has Ireland lost a son.
 This hope unto a flame to fan
 Men have put life by with a smile,
 Here's to you, Connolly, my man,
 Who cast the last torch on the pile.

*You too, had Ireland in your care,
 Who watched o'er pits of blood and mire,
 From iron roots leap up in air
 Wild forests, magical, of fire;
 Yet while the Nuts of Death were shed
 Your memory would ever stray
 To your own isle. Oh, gallant dead—
 This wreath, Will Redmond, on your clay.*

Here's to you, men I never met,
 Yet hope to meet behind the veil,
 Thronged on some starry parapet,
 That looks down upon Innisfail,
 And sees the confluence of dreams
 That clashed together in our night,
 One river, born from many streams,
 Roll in one blaze of blinding light.