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Entre Nous.

THREE TEXTS.

1 Tim. vi. 7.

We must learn yet to estimate men by the fortune they take with them, not by the fortune they leave behind.¹

2 Tim. i. 12.

The instance that the scientific man prizes most highly is that which places his hypothesis under the severest test: no instance can either prove or disprove, either effectively expose falsity or ratify truth, except the instance he calls 'crucial.' It is the crucial instance also that expands the application and deepens the significance of the hypothesis. And the same results follow in regard to religious faith. The words 'I know Whom I have believed,' when they are uttered by one who has walked hand in hand with his own pettiness and ill-doing, carry a strange convincing and relieving power.²

1 Thess. v. 21.

'Hold fast that which is good.' Lucas could not respect that which he did not prove. I think that is all. 'Prove *all* things, ALL THINGS. Hold fast that which is *good*.' He quoted the little poem about 'Audrey' so often that I at last copied it down and here it is:

Audrey knoweth naught of books,
Naught to captivate the wise,
But the soul of goodness looks
Through the quiet of her eyes.
She can bake and she can knit,
Cunningly she yields the broom,
All her pleasure is to sit
In a neatly ordered room.

Touchstone shaping a career
Shines at each exclusive house:
'Such a clever man, my dear,
Tied to just a country mouse.
Married ere he dreamed of us,
Ere he knew what gifts we had,
Strange that fate should yoke him thus
And very, very, very sad.'

¹ Sir Henry Jones, *A Faith that Enquires*, 11.

² *Ibid.* 12.

Touchstone, let them mark it well,
When the social round is trod;
Tired of dame and demoiselle,
Goes home softly, praising God.

I think it must have been published in the *Spectator*, and it pleased Lucas by its simplicity.³

SOME TOPICS.

The Feeding of the Five Thousand.

It is one of the most agreeable exercises of the unbeliever in miracle to explain the Feeding of the Five Thousand as a natural occurrence. The ways are many, and you cannot call one of them more incredible than another. The latest is Mr. Vivian MacMunn's:

'It used to be the fashion with rationalizing critics to explain the feedings of the four or five thousand by saying that our Lord had induced the disciples to share their provisions with fifty or a hundred outsiders. By the disciples the rationalists meant the twelve. Nothing could be flatter or more futile than the explanation as it was proposed; but if for the twelve we substitute the whole body of the Galilean followers, several hundreds in number, and by the multitudes we understand the crowds of pilgrims flocking to the great Healer from all parts of the land; and if we then go on to picture our Lord insisting that the first group should allow the second a share in the food provided for the common meals, we can see how the number of persons fed, though not miraculously, from time to time might amount in the aggregate to many thousands, and we can account for the tradition of the feeding as the crystallization of a practice into an episode.'

A Coincidence.

Undoubtedly one must allow for coincidences. This is a world in which queer things are wont to happen, in which remarkable coincidences occur. May I refer, by way of illustration, to an incident which recently came to my knowledge in this exceedingly, one is tempted to say excessively, regular portion of the universe? A young man calling one evening upon friends found them in

³ *George Lloyd Hodgkin*, 198.

much perturbation over the loss of a ticket to the Cambridge symphony concerts. It had been lent them by a neighbour for a single performance and must be returned promptly for the owner's use at the next concert, but it could not be found. Jokingly, the young man said, 'I'll tell you where it is, it's in the programme which you brought home from the last concert.' 'But,' was the reply, 'we don't know where that is, either.' 'Why,' said the visitor, 'it has fallen down behind the table in your front entry.' A member of the family ran into the front hall and returned in a moment with the programme in her hand. 'Well,' she said to the young man, 'you were right about that, the programme was where you said we should find it, but since you are so wise where in the programme is the ticket?' 'Opposite page six,' was the confident reply. The pamphlet was opened at once, and sure enough opposite the very page which he had designated the long sought ticket was found. Now the young man was not at the concert, had not visited the house for several weeks, did not see the programme behind the hall table when he entered, and as for the number of the page, that was a pure guess. Barring a general familiarity with the ways of concert goers, such as putting a ticket in a programme, throwing the latter upon a hall table on entering the house, 'etc., the whole business was sheer coincidence—but it would have made the reputation of a medium! It is beyond question that such coincidences have played a rôle in more serious situations and we must allow for them, but even so not all the well authenticated facts seem explicable in this way.¹

The Ideal.

'Though the ideal is not the deed, the deed that is not first an ideal known and valued and chosen cannot have any spiritual worth.'²

The Beyond.

'There seems to be in every least fact a baffling "beyond"; although, in truth, the "beyond" means *room to press forward*, and is an invitation to come still nearer the fact.'³

Religion and Life.

'I must confess that religion loses its value for

¹ W. W. Fenn, *Immortality and Theism*, p. 9.

² Sir Henry Jones, *A Faith that Enquires*, 14.

³ *Ibid.* 17.

me if its presence and power are not made good everywhere in man's daily behaviour, in the social powers which play within him and around him, and even in the natural world which is also bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. It must not merely be present, as one thing amongst many: it must be their truest meaning and highest worth. This religious faith, or view, or hypothesis, is, I believe, that in the light of which alone the universe is left a cosmos and not a chaos, and man's life therein a growing splendour and not a farce too tragical for tears.'⁴

Spiritualism.

'One might easily prefer to become extinct than to live on as an immortal fool.'⁵

Communion with God.

'When religious men speak of communion with God as of the familiar intercourse of friend with friend, of son with father, and plead the incredibility that such intercourse can be terminated by death, I would not for a moment question their testimony or controvert their argument; only to such an experience as they relate I, personally, am still a stranger.'⁶

Death's Die-ableness.

'All along father has been showing us the live-ableness of life; now he is showing us the die-ableness of death.'⁷

An Old English Marriage Benediction.

'The God of Heaven so join you now that you may rejoice and be glad of one another all your life; and when He who doth now join you shall separate you again, may He stablish you with the assurance that He hath but borrowed one of you for a time to make both more perfect in the life everlasting.'⁸

The Little Things.

'Someone said here last week: "It is the little things that take the most courage." I wonder if I agree?'⁹

⁴ *Ibid.* 41.

⁵ W. W. Fenn, *Immortality and Theism*, p. 17.

⁶ *Ibid.* 33.

⁷ *George Lloyd Hodgkin*, 43.

⁸ (Quoted in *ibid.* 44.)

⁹ *Ibid.* 131.

For Doubts.

This is from John Allen's Diary, date Feb. 7, 1830—'After Chapel [in Cambridge—they were undergraduates together] Thackeray came up. He expressed some doubts of Christ being God; we read over St. Matthew together, and he was convinced. Went to bed very late, but I hope the day was not spent in vain.'¹

The Chief of Sinners.

Why did not Jesus call Himself the chief of sinners? The saint always does. John Allen of Cambridge was the wonder of his friends for uprightness of life, yet he enters in his Diary: 'Determined by God's help to reform my life. "O my God, cure me of my extreme indolence. Teach me to know myself; cure my vanity." Surely there never was one so wicked as I.'²

A Sturdy Beggar.

'One nobleman had promised a subscription towards the building of a church, but when the time came for its payment the money was not forthcoming. The Archdeacon wrote for it; receiving no reply, he wrote again and again with no effect. He then called, and, after being kept waiting, was admitted to an interview. On the man's refusing to pay his subscription, Allen said, "As I hold your promise, I shall put your lordship into the county court." A cheque for the amount was then written. The Archdeacon took it, and, saying solemnly, "God loves a cheerful giver. He has no regard for offerings extorted by fear," tore it up, threw it into the fire, left the room and went from the house. The money was afterwards sent to him with an apology and was then gratefully accepted.'³

Speaking Good.

Lord Grimthorpe was a frequent visitor at Prees, Archdeacon Allen's country parish. He writes: 'Allen was very good company when I was walking with him among his cottages and in his house. He was a lover and sayer of humorous things, which owed some of their force to his peculiar voice between a laugh and a lamentation. While we were walking I once asked him, "What does that young Hill do?" He stopped and struck his

stick on the ground as his manner was, and said, "Well, he kills rats."⁴

Vergilian Mottoes.

In his *Sortes Vergilianae* Professor Slater quotes some of the mottoes of great schools and great institutions which have been found in Vergil's half-lines—'those tiny "jets" of incomparable speech in which, ever and anon, he gives utterance to the great thoughts, the "eternal verities" with which we tend to associate his work.' 'Apart from the "Lest we forget" of Liverpool's "Deus nobis haec otia fecit," there is the motto of Harrow, "Stet Fortuna Domus!" The prosperity of the House—may it always be our bulwark! The motto of the Clan Macmillan, "Miseris succurrere disco," My task—the succour of the oppressed. The motto of the old Bath College, "Possunt, quia posse videntur," They can,—because they think they can. The motto of Clifton College, Earl Haig's old school—"Spiritus intus alit," "the soul of the place—the life-blood of us all." The creative word—the master phrase—the soul of a community.'⁵

NEW POETRY.**Katherine Moher.**

There are many war poems in *Remembering*, by Katherine Moher (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). And it is mostly the bitterness of loss, the mother's loss; for there is little hope of reunion.

THE QUESTION.

Is there no life beyond this golden air,
No light beyond this shine on flower and tree;
And is earth's beauty but a phantasy
Woven by men to keep them from despair?
As ivy hides impenetrable stone
We hide with dreams our walls, and vainly trust
That a transcendence gilds our mortal dust,
That songs transcendent rise beyond our moan.
We close our eyes with dreams, and fondly feign
A gate through Beauty to Eternity;
O piteous dream, our mortal walls stand fast,
The mirage of Eternity is vain,
The phosphorescence of mortality
Our only light, and truth, and end at last.
Does that satisfy? Apparently not.

¹ *John Allen and his Friends*, 3.² *Ibid.* 6.³ *Ibid.* 137.⁴ *Ibid.* 203.⁵ P. 8.

TIME AND SPACE.

What do I ask of time?
 One magic hour to roam
 In the pale splendour not of Earth
 Where dreams are all at home.

What do I ask of space?
 A druid solitude—
 The slow flow of a dreaming stream
 Deep in a haunted wood.

What do I ask of life?
 O hear thy captive's plea
 One window—open to the East
 That dreams may come to me.

What do I ask of Death?
 Death who has all to give—
 My dreams—transformed to energies
 Wherein my soul may live.

John Bolus.

It is the rarest of achievements for a poet to be at once poetical and scientific. This combined art of Mr. Bolus's *Shires and Spires* (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d.) is up to date scientifically, that is to say, psychologically, and yet it is true art both in form and in substance.

POSSIBILITIES.

As one who perilously o'er the brink
 Of highest precipice looks down afraid
 To depth on depth, where vision seems to fade
 And lose itself, and instinct bids him shrink
 From death's dark offer, lest he come to think
 The call too forceful to be disobeyed,
 Lest resolution fail of wonted aid,
 And reason at the fount of madness drink;
 E'en thus an everyday philosopher,
 Probing the deeper chasms of his mind,
 Discovers unimagined powers astir,
 Amidst a territory undefined:
 Faint growths, untaught to ripen earlier
 Than in the eternity which lurks behind.

It is with his sonnets that Mr. Bolus is most successful. There is an equally poetical and more religious sonnet on the famous picture 'The Light of the World.'

C. D. Locock.

Thirty-two Passages from the Iliad have been rendered in English rhymed verse by C. D. Locock (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net). It is a Homeric Anthology, and must be so encouraged that the *Odyssey* shall follow. What example may we offer? This is the arming of Achilles—at least that part which describes the armour. Has any one suggested that St. Paul had read it?

So the great gifts formed by the tireless art
 Of the lame God he took; and first around
 His legs the greaves of pliant tin he bound,
 Fitted with silver ankle-plates, and hung
 Upon his breast the breastplate. Next he slung
 Around his giant shoulders the great blade
 Studded with gleaming silver. Thus arrayed
 He took Hephæstus' glorious shield, and bright
 The far-flung radiance from that orb of light
 Shone like the moon's. And as when o'er the
 sea

The fisherman, bore on unwillingly
 By stormy winds, far from his home, descries
 The watch-fire burning on the hill where lies
 Some lonely farm,—so to the high heaven
 shone

Achilles' graven shield. Last he set on
 The crested helmet with the fine-wrought hair
 Woven by Hephæstus of pure gold; and fair,
 Even as a star, it gleamed about the crest,
 Fluttering i' the wind. Then he essayed to test
 The fitting of the armour, for he deemed
 His limbs might be impeded; but it seemed
 As wings to him, and lightly bore along
 The Shepherd of the people. Last the strong
 Great lance of Peleus, that no man on earth
 Save he alone might brandish, he drew forth
 From out its socket—the famed ashen spear
 By Cheiron given to his father dear,
 Grown on some Pelian mountain-top to be
 The death of many warriors.

Tukaram.

How little done, how much to do! Was that what Rhodes said? How little learnt, how much to learn! That is what every one says who touches the religion of India. Here is a large handsome volume on Tukaram alone. And you say, who was Tukaram? Besides, there is the wealth of thought, suggestive fructive thought in Tukaram; and the wealth of real religious life. How overwhelming it is as new matter for memory, but how wonderful it is as revelation of God. The authors of this book on *The Life and Teaching of Tukaram* (Madras Christian Literature Society for India) are Mr. J. Nelson Fraser, M.A., formerly of the Indian Education Department, and Mr. J. F. Edwards, who wrote the article on Tukaram for the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*.

Upon Tukaram's philosophy of life or his religious experience it is impossible even to enter. We must rest satisfied with the quotation of one of his hymns:

WITHIN MY HEART.¹

I know no way by which
My faith thy feet can reach
Nor e'er depart.
How, how can I attain
That thou, O Lord, shalt reign
Within my heart?

Lord, I beseech thee, hear
And grant to faith sincere,
My heart within,
Thy gracious face to see,
Driving afar from me
Deceit and sin.

¹ Translated from Tukaram, *P.M.S.*, p. 62.

O come, I, Tukā, pray,
And ever with me stay,
Mine, mine to be.
Thy mighty hand outstretch
And save a fallen wretch,
Yea, even me.

Mary E. Boyle.

Daisies and Apple Trees is the title (Stirling: Mackay; 2s. 6d.).

The little book is illustrated by Mildred R. Lamb. And the problem is, whether is better, the poetry or the pictures? We cannot show the pictures. But we can sample the poetry.

MUMMY'S ROOM.

Oh! Mummy's room smells lovely sweet,
A refuge sort of place,
Peep into cupboards for a treat
You'll find clothes trimmed with lace.

When Daddy is away at sea,
We each take turns to sleep
In mummy's room, at early tea
Into her bed we creep.

It's very safe in Mummy's room.
She lets us hold her hands
When we see monsters in the gloom
'Cos Mummy understands.

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