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'some of them' is more idiomatic. So Vulg. : *cum ceciderit unus quilibet in principio.*

2 SAMUEL 18¹³. 'Thou thyself wouldest have stood aloof' is not strong enough. All the versions have : 'taken the contrary part.'

2 SAMUEL 20⁸. Render : 'And Joab was girded with his military cloak as his clothing.'

2 SAMUEL 22⁴³. Render : 'I did grind them and stamp upon them as the mire of the streets.'

Entre Nous.

A TEXT.

Matt. iii. 17.

A 'voice from heaven,' called the 'daughter voice' (Bath Kōl), is often referred to in early Rabbinic literature, and was regarded as one of the vehicles of divine revelation, though later it fell into disrepute. A curious feature characteristic of the Bath Kōl is that its announcement is usually couched in the form of a citation from Scripture (so here). So the heavenly voice is heard at the Baptism, Transfiguration (Mt 17⁵ and parallels), and before the Passion (Jn 12²⁸); so elsewhere in the NT (see art. 'Voice' in Hastings' *DCG*, vol. ii.). Abrahams (*Studies*, §v.) has called attention to the fact that the Heavenly Voice is often represented as piping or chirping as a bird, and suggests that it is this 'association of the bird and the heavenly voice that may underlie the Gospel narrative of the baptism, and at once illustrates and authenticates the symbolism of the Synoptists' (p. 47 f.). However this may be, it seems clear that the source of the comparison of the Holy Spirit to a bird is Gn 1²: 'And the Spirit of God brooded (as a bird) upon the face of the waters'; and in one passage in the Talmud (Chagiga, 15a), Ben Zoma actually makes the comparison to a dove explicit ('the Spirit of God was brooding on the face of the waters like a dove which broods over her young but does not touch them'). Ben Zoma seems to be using a traditional symbolism. If so, the same ideas may underlie the narrative here (note the combination, dove and water).¹

SOME TOPICS.

The Gardener.

Some Living Masters of the Pulpit contains fifteen 'Studies in Religious Personality' (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d.). The studies are by Dr. Fort Newton.

¹ *St. Matthew* in the 'Century Bible,' 96.

On the whole they are very kindly, for Dr. Newton has learned 'to give thanks for what men can do, rejoicing in their gifts without dwelling on their limitations.' In the chapter on William A. Quayle, the Methodist Bishop, Dr. Newton quotes Quayle on John Burroughs.

'All told, as nature writers go, I think John Burroughs the best of all the sweet chorus. . . . But do you read Burroughs' books? What is the lack of them? I will tell you. He has missed the Gardener. Burroughs is apparently an agnostic. I have gone through all his books, seen him walk on his dirt, gone down among the water lilies with him, stopped on the Hudson banks with him, heard the water-brooks bubbling strangely intelligible speech with him, have been all wheres with him, but never saw a hint about the Gardener. If he only once had looked into the Gardener's face and said, "I bless thee, Gardener, that the garden is so sweet," Burroughs would have had no fellow in the earth as an interpreter of the out-of-doors. But in the garden he has missed the Gardener.'

Impropriety.

'One summer when business prevented Dr. Lindsay from coming to Florence, I [Mrs. Ross] went to stay with him in Glasgow. The climate was detestable, but his delightful talk in the cosy studio lined with books, made one forget the cold and wet of an August in Scotland. A solemn-looking man came one day, and seeing that he had something on his mind, I left the room. Afterwards Lindsay told me with some amusement that his visitor was troubled with the sense of impropriety he found early developed in children of tender years. He had been visiting St. Mary's school and began to ask questions in Bible history. "What did Daniel do in the lion's den?" he

enquired. A chubby faced boy of twelve promptly answered, "Please, Sir, he chased Susannah." "In vain," said Lindsay, "I tried to comfort him by saying that 'he chased Susannah' was simply a confused recollection of 'the chaste Susannah'; but he would not be comforted, and told me I was taking serious things too lightly." How we laughed!'¹

Followers.

'I have had a good deal of quiet amusement out of promiscuous ladies who called to enquire about Ellen. I told them how she dusted, how she waited at table, what her special virtues were, what her defects were. You would have laughed had you listened to the conversations and heard my housewifely answers. But we always came to one in which I could see that *my* views were not theirs. "Has she followers?" was a question always solemnly put. My answer was always the same. "I really do not know; but I hope that she has. It must be very dull work, never to see one's friends from one week to another. Surely better to have the opportunity to see them in a nice bright warm kitchen, with everything plain and above-board, than to have stolen interviews in dark—often wet streets." Then the lady bridling would say: "I do not approve of followers," and she would begin to argue the question. But there I was quite ruthless: "Well, well, that is your own look-out. You must make your own arrangements with her yourself." I do not know whether Ellen has gone to a place where followers are or are not allowed. My arrangement with Jessie is simple. "You and the housemaid can see your friends in the kitchen, and I leave it to your honour that everything is as seemly downstairs as upstairs. I do not see why I should have my friends and you should not have yours." I think it works well. It was my dear wife's.'²

NEW POETRY.

Mary E. Boyle.

The first volume which has been sent to us by the Chelsea Publishing Company is a dramatic poem by Mary E. Boyle. The title of it is *Herodias Inconsolable* (3s.).

¹ *Letters of Principal T. M. Lindsay to Janet Ross*, ix.

² *Ibid.*

We note that the head of the firm is a woman, Miss E. Place, and also that she encourages writers to submit MSS. of works on social reform, essays, poetry, and fiction.

Herodias Inconsolable is based on Herod's account of the death of Salome as given in the Syriac Apocrypha. 'For as my daughter, who was dear to me, was playing on a deep pond of water which was frozen over, the ice broke under her, and her whole body went down, and her head was cut off, and remained on the surface of the ice. And lo! Herodias is sitting inconsolable with the head in her lap.'

We quote some lines towards the end of the poem when Herod's remorse finds vent in a wild outpouring to Herodias of the fancies which torment him:

Ah! let me lay my head upon your knees,
A living head, which gazing upward sees
All his heart's country in your downcast face.
Speak to me for my senses play strange tricks.
By day and night I hear the jumbled cries
Of people loud reciting all their sins,
And they who praise God being cleansed of
them.
And folk who argue, muttering angry doubts,
Women who weep, not knowing why their
tears,
Children who wail at having lost their friends.
And over all John's voice proclaiming One
Who should come after, and whose latched shoe,
He—John—would be unworthy to unloose.
Speak to me . . . tell me are you haunted too
By past scenes, chances lost, or are you strong,
So strong you scorn to feel the least remorse?

Rita Francis Mosscockle.

The work of Mrs. Rita Francis Mosscockle has just been re-issued under the title *Collected Poems* (Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 7s. 6d.). The most ambitious pieces in the book are 'The Golden Quest,' a poem of one hundred and twenty-five stanzas, modelled in style and metre on Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall,' and 'Follow Me,' a dramatic poem based on the words in Lk 9²³.

All the poems are not of equal merit, and there

are weak stanzas even in 'The Golden Quest.' We should take as an example the thirty-sixth :

Mind doth never touch the body toucheth not at any point ;

Yet the motive power supplieth, fills with oil the empty joint.

But the blemishes are minor. Mrs. Mosscockle is an accomplished versifier, and her poems breathe a sweet and pure devotional spirit.

We quote 'The Sacred Heart' :

O Heart to which my heart doth turn
Prostrate with love divine ;
In me the sacred fires burn,
O'er me the glories shine.
Hail Sacred Heart which bled that we
May be united unto Thee.

O Heart of hearts what tongue can tell
The wonders Thou hast wrought
In saving us from pains of hell,
By what Thy blood hath bought.
Hail Sacred Heart which bled that we
May be united unto Thee.

O Heart by which I forward reach
To all that speaks of heaven ;
Each drop that Thou hast shed doth preach
Of love and sins forgiven.
Hail Sacred Heart which bled that we
May be united unto Thee.

O Heart Divine draw all to see
The beauties of Thy grace ;
Till Thy belov'd ones nearer draw
To see Thee face to face.
Hail Sacred Heart which bled that we
May be united unto Thee.

Robert Nicholas Tinkler.

Mr. Basil Blackwell has published *Domine, Quo Vadis?* by Mr. Robert Nicholas Tinkler, M.A.,—'the prize poem on a sacred subject in the University of Oxford, 1923.'

There is considerable vigour in this poem, and

we foresee that we shall hear more of Mr. Tinkler. We quote his lines on those who scan Christ 'with cold material gaze,' dwarfing the God, and leaving in His place an exalted but powerless Man.

But Theologians, flotsam of dead schools,
Cocksure philosophers on three-legged stools,
Weigh up the Godhead in their chemic scales
Till grain or scruple over Christ prevails ;

For, scanning Christ with cold material gaze,
They dwarf the God, the Man exalt and praise,
And, reconstructing thus the Fathers' Faith,
Idolaters confessed, adore a wraith ;
Oppose to pipings of prepotent Pan,
To Aphrodite's arts, this powerless Man,
And agelong hopes in litany and laud
Proclaim a cruel and colossal fraud.
Wiser than these, though witless in the dark,
Deluded pundits of the Germ and Spark
Recruit the credulous and rapt believe
What spirit-mongers, chartered to deceive,
Profanely mutter, necromancers deep
That conjure voices in theatric sleep
And, foisting earth on Heaven, profoundly link
The New Jerusalem, Cigars, and Drink.

And now let us quote the vigorous ending of the poem :

Take heart, take heart, O Doubting and Dis-
mayed !
The Master's Voice is near : Be not afraid !
Be not afraid, but, like adventurers bold,
Crowd sail for ingots of celestial gold !
Lo, Christ your Commodore the Red Cross flies ;
Crowd sail, ye Captains ! Splendid is the prize !
Fear not the tempest (fear the wind that fails !),
Nor moan the wreckage of a thousand gales !
Who goes to battle with an Ichabod ?
Crowd sail, ye Captains ! Pipe all hands for God !

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