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thrill of those steadfast ranks, we come to feel that they and we have been destined, called, charged by the Power which knows and orders all. More exquisite still, we know that we have been trusted. God Himself has placed us at this post of danger, not only with the command to overcome, but with all that the bare imperative opens from the heart of

it to the eye of faith: creative moral power, and His belief in us that we will use that moral power and stand true to our duty. 'For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation — salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.'¹

¹ G. A. Smith, *The Forgiveness of Sins*, 54.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

A Great Orientalist.

DR. SAYCE'S reminiscences have been expected for some time. They are issued this month in a handsome octavo volume containing about five hundred pages. The title is simply *Reminiscences*, and the price 18s. net (Macmillan). The volume is hardly an autobiography, for it contains no detailed account of the important part Dr. Sayce has played in archæological research. Certainly Dr. Sayce speaks of his work, indeed it is all through the volume; but he always speaks of it as if he were talking to friends, to people who have a knowledge of Assyriology. But, indeed, Dr. Sayce thinks that a by no means out-of-the-way achievement, for his modesty is noticeable and very pleasant. Some one else will have to put on record for those who do not know it the value of Dr. Sayce's researches. This is what he says about the 'great mistake of my life.' 'But now came the great mistake of my life, of which I can never think without shame and confusion of face. The tomb was so utterly ruined that I concluded whatever had been contained in it would have been carried away centuries ago, and consequently when I returned to Athens I told Schliemann that it could not be worth excavating. Others had thought the same in the past. But the tomb was that of Vaphio, from which in 1889 the Archæological Society extracted the famous gold cups and other treasures of art which are among the most precious objects in the Archæological Museum of Athens.' What is perhaps his greatest achievement, the decipherment of the Vannic cuneiform inscriptions, has a small paragraph devoted to it which might almost be missed. 'My memoir on the Decipherment of the Vannic

cuneiform inscriptions of ancient Armenia, published in the July and October numbers of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, brought congratulations and fresh material from Stanislas Guyard in Paris, Patkanoff in St. Petersburg, and D. H. Müller in Vienna. The language, history, and geography of one of the great powers of oriental antiquity were at last cleared up and placed on a solid foundation. The enigma of the Vannic inscriptions had been solved.'

Dr. Sayce published his first book at twenty-seven. He is now a man of seventy-seven, still vigorous and able to do work of the greatest value. Hampered by ill-health though he has been during all his long life, he has been the most indefatigable of travellers, going to America and the Far East, and making Asia Minor and North Africa his own. In his travels and at home he has met and made friends with all the most interesting men and women of his time, and here in this volume he chats to us about them, and tells stories in an inimitable way. How he can have remembered everything with such accuracy we cannot imagine. In the preface he says: 'I have never kept a diary, and my memory is no longer what it was in younger years.' Most of us would be glad to have a memory one-half as good as Dr. Sayce's is now. Following this are some samples of his stories. Get the volume and you will be thoroughly well interested and entertained.

Dean Burgon.

'Tall, black-haired, and dark-featured like his Smyrniote mother, intensely narrow and full of sternly repressed emotion, he would have made an ideal Torquemada had there been a Spanish

Inquisition over which to preside. As the hour-long University sermons preceded the parochial service at St. Mary's, he mercifully allowed no more than five minutes for what he called his sermonettes, but into them he poured the essence and the vitriol of an extended discourse. Shortly after the institution of a School Board, Miss Smith, Professor Henry Smith's sister, was elected a member of it: this was particularly obnoxious to Burgon, who in his next sermon preached on the visit of the angels to Abraham. "And where was Sarah," asked the preacher, looking intently at Miss Smith, who sat just below him; "why, where she ought to have been—in the tent." Another object of his dislike, and not altogether undeservedly, was the new lectionary. When the first Sunday came on which its use was prescribed, he concluded the First Lesson with the words: "Here ends the First Lesson; though why it should end here I'm sure I can't tell."¹

An Irish Bull.

'In June [1876] Appleton and I went to Ireland in order to stay with Mahaffy in his pleasant country house at Sutton, near Howth. His hospitality was unbounded, and we were introduced to all the mysteries of Trinity College and his numberless Irish friends. Chief among them was Father Healy, celebrated for his wit, and one of the old type of Irish priests who had been educated abroad before English Liberalism had established and endowed the narrow semi-education of Maynooth. We dined one evening with Father Healy, and heard story after story, only one of which remains in my memory. It was by way of illustrating an Irish bull. Two Irishmen were walking together in the dark, when one of them fell into a pit. The other peered down it and cried in agony: "Och, Pat, tell me if you're kilt entirely?" "No," was the reply, "I'm not kilt, but I'm spacheless!"'²

Bazaars.

'At Cairo I found the world of tourists once more back in Egypt, and very naïve and amusing some of them were. The new Sheppard's Hotel was not yet in existence, and the guests all dined

¹ A. H. Sayce, *Reminiscences*, 96.

² *Ibid.* 133.

together at a long table in the old dining-hall. One evening a young Englishman and his bride arrived, and I heard snatches of the conversation between the lady and my neighbour. They had come to Alexandria in a *Messageries* steamer and had met with bad weather. . . . In those days there was a rock at the entrance to the harbour of Alexandria which had not yet been removed, and vessels arriving after sunset were not allowed to enter the harbour until the following morning. Apropos of this, the next snatch of conversation I heard was the following: "It was so cruel of Mr. Cook," the lady was saying; "we were all so ill and so anxious to land, but Mr. Cook would not send out his boat, and, you know, until Mr. Cook sends his boat no one is allowed to land in Egypt." Then it was the husband's turn. "You will go to the bazaars," said my neighbour. "Oh no," was the reply, "we never go to bazaars; they always cheat you at them under charitable pretences."³

A Lie.

A story told by Dr. MacGregor—'Wee MacGregor' as he was usually termed—the well-known minister of St. Cuthberts at Edinburgh, was 'about a boy who when asked what is meant by a lie, wrote in answer: "A lie is an abominable sin, and a very pleasant help in time of trouble."⁴

Heroism and Immortality.

'Students of religion are surprised that the clearest declaration in Hebrew literature of the Resurrection, connected with a moral judgment, occurs in the Book of Daniel. That book represents the religious reaction upon Judaism of the tremendous Maccabean struggle. It is a book of heroisms. It represents in vivid examples the choices of men to whom moral interests were of transcendent worth. They did not count their lives dear to them when weighed against devotion to the law of Yahweh. The story of these loyal spirits begets the conviction that they are of worth to God; and instead of suffering them to slip into darkness or extinction, God will make them partakers of His own life and they will "shine as the stars for ever and ever."⁵

³ A. H. Sayce, *Reminiscences*, 256.

⁴ *Ibid.* 316.

⁵ G. E. Horr, *The Christian Faith and Eternal Life*, 18.

The Power of Prayer.

'On one of my journeys in a distant land, I found myself one day in a city which certainly reminded me of the phrase, "Satan's Seat," used in the last book of the Bible to characterize a certain other city. Satan was evidently on the throne and dictating terms. In the course of my visit and with the help of a local missionary I found in that city only three Christian young men, or rather boys. As I recall they all belonged to one college having in it nearly a thousand youths. Toward the end of my visit they asked me the question, "How many will it take to make a Young Men's Christian Association?" I replied, "Three, provided they are agreed and have an unselfish purpose." They said they had thought that probably it would be necessary to have as many as a hundred Christians as members, that they would need a building, and would require considerable financial resources. I insisted, however, that even three without building or money could constitute a successful Association. With some other words of encouragement I left them. Before that year was over they had acted on this simple suggestion, formed an Association, and led ten of their fellow-students and one professor to become real Christians. When I returned to that city later their number had grown to over forty. As a result of really sacrificial giving on the part of many, they had secured a home for their Association, and had become a recognized spiritual force in that wicked city. The secret of their spiritual power I learned on the Sunday I was with them. They woke me up that morning before daybreak and took me on a long walk to the top of a hill. It seemed to me like a mountain, for I arrived at the top panting. We reached there just as the sun was rising. They fell on their faces on the pine-needles under the trees for their customary Sunday morning prayer-meeting. I could not understand the language of the country, but I can tell when men are giving themselves to real intercession. Then I understood how it was that they were nerved with a power infinitely greater than their

own to go down into the city to face serious opposition and persecution.'¹

SOME TEXTS.

Ps. liii. 1.

'The Hebrew is a much less copious language than our own, and in translating we find gaps in the syntax which we are compelled to fill. In the Authorized Version such gaps are indicated by printing the interpolated words in italics. There are two such words in this passage, and if they be left out the sentence reads, "The fool hath said in his heart, No God."

'That suggests a very different state of mind. It is that of the man who does not want God. He is hindered not so much by intellectual difficulty as by emotional repugnance. There have always been men to whom a moral governor of the universe would seem to be a calamity. Imagine a state of society which could be truly described as the Psalmist describes that which he has in mind :

"Every one of them has gone back, they are altogether become filthy, there is none that doeth good, no, not one."

'Men who could live in that state would be apt to say, "No God, No God."'

The exposition of this text is taken from 'The Folly of Denial,' one of the sermons in Dr. Norwood's new volume, *The Moods of the Soul* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). Some books will have to be forgone this season, but this is one which certainly must have a place on our shelves. There are sixteen sermons in the volume, and very varied they are. There is a group of three on Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension, with the titles, 'Do We Care that Christ Died?', 'Clairvoyance and Clairaudience,' and 'The Ascension.' There are sermons on the Holy Spirit, on Prayer, and one with the title, 'When Three Civilizations Met,' a plea for a definitely Christian point of view in world-politics. The sermons are original in thought and expression; they deal with the difficulties of to-day and not of yesterday, but they deal with them in

¹ J. R. Mott, *Confronting Young Men with the Living Christ*, 22 ff.

no ephemeral way. They show all the sincerity, force, and imagination we expect from the minister of the City Temple. To see what the sermons are, turn to 'The Christian Year' in this number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Nu. xxiv. 2-4.

'Sixteen miles west of Tell el-Hesy is Gaza. In those days Gaza lay outside the limits of the tourist's route, and it heard and knew little about Europe. I was the guest of a well-to-do Mohammedan family, and counted as one of themselves. While I was with them the *zikr* or commemoration of the grandfather of Mohammed, whom the populace maintained had been buried in the chief mosque, was celebrated, and I was naturally taken to it as one of my host's family. On that particular night of the year we were allowed to wear our shoes, and smoke if we wished to do so. It was a moonless night, but the brilliancy of the starry heavens more than made up for the want of moonshine, and the great court of the mosque was lighted with numberless lamps. The court was filled with people; the whole population of Gaza appeared to be there, and as I stood in the dense crowd I could not help reflecting how easily a fanatic might put me out of this world and leave no trace of the deed behind him. Presently the spirit of ecstasy came upon some of the assemblage as it came upon Saul among the prophets, and men and boys formed circles, and to the chaunt of "*Allah! Allah-hu!*" swayed backward and forward till they fell to the ground through giddiness and exhaustion. It was curious to look into their eyes; they were wide open, but, like Balaam's, they saw nothing. I understood then what it meant when we are told that "the spirit of God came upon him. . . . The man which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open" (Nu 24²⁻⁴). After a while some of them were carried still further in their religious frenzy and began to slash and pierce themselves with knives and skewers. I saw the slashes on the flesh, and skewers thrust through the muscles and withdrawn; and I also saw the wounds closing up immediately and no blood

flowing from them. It must be remembered that I was crowded up against the devotees, actually touching some of them, and that the devotees themselves were not professional dervishes like the jugglers I have since seen in Algeria and Tunisia, but the ordinary townspeople and boys, and that there were no directors or music. What chaunt there was, was uttered by the devotees themselves.

'Of course I do not expect the citizens of a civilized country in the unimaginative West to believe my story. Once I was mentioning it to Sir Richard Burton: "Ah yes," he said, "I know it is true, for I have seen the same; but you wouldn't get the British public to believe that it isn't a traveller's lie."'¹

Matt. xxi. 33-39.

'It is difficult for the ordinary Westerner to realize how fundamentally the mind of even the Westernized Oriental, with its long-inherited past of culture and tradition, differs from his own. Even his conception of justice is not the same, for while the Saxonized Englishman starts with the axiom that justice is primarily the concern of the individual, for the Oriental its starting-point is the community; that, and not the individual, is responsible for right and wrong. One winter I had to dismiss some of my Egyptian crew when coming down the Nile and take sailors from Assiût in their place. When their wages were paid at the end of the voyage I gave a larger *bakshish* to the men who had been with me all the season than to the Siûtis whom I had employed only for a month. The Siûtis complained that they had not received as much *bakshish* as the rest of the crew; that I could understand; but what astonished me was that the other sailors took the same view, and considered that I had treated their comrades unjustly. The incident threw light on the parable of the husbandmen in the Gospel.'²

¹ A. H. Sayce, *Reminiscences*, 195.

² *Ibid.* 287.