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## Entre Nous.

### TWO TEXTS.

#### 2 Cor. v. 1.

'We left Nakhl at 7.30 this morning with our new escort. It is always confusing to make a fresh start, for the baggage has to be distributed among the camels, and the cameleers have to be instructed. But it was an entertaining delay. The whole population, women excepted, turned out to stare and squatted close beside us, as the "house of our tabernacle was dissolved." Do you know that those words mean literally "the dwelling of this tent is undone or unfastened," and do you remember that St. Paul was a tentmaker?'<sup>1</sup>

#### Matt. v. 8.

'You need the key to everything. We make our own world by the heart we carry through it. A man with a guilty conscience finds the light of a stern judgment in the dawn that guides a happy traveller upon his way. You have got to be in the right attitude, says Jesus, if you are going to see God. It is like looking at a stained-glass window. If you would see its beauty and read its message you have to be within. Outside it is only a dark blur. But stand within, where the light falls through it, and the dull glass blazes into a message and a picture. So it is with God. Find the right standpoint. See life with His light shining through it. For every bit of its texture has some imprisoned message which His light can set free, if only you have the eyes to see it. And *this* is the right spirit, the true attitude—to be pure in heart.'<sup>2</sup>

### SOME TOPICS.

#### The Christian Life.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are issuing a series of small books with the appropriate title 'Little Books on the Christian Life' (3s. 6d. net each). If we mistake not, the series was projected by the late Rev. J. M. E. Ross, and to our mind it has still in some intangible way the stamp of his personality. 'The Christian Life,' the preface says, 'is a many-sided thing, as many-sided as life itself, since all life is meant to be Christian. It includes belief

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Times of Alexander Robertson MacEwen, D.D.*, 154.

<sup>2</sup> J. Reid, *The Key to the Kingdom*, 159.

and conduct; experience and hope; prayer and service; church and home and daily task; the joy of a divine revelation, and the upward climb of the loftiest ethic the world has ever known!' Six volumes of the series have now been issued, and they are many-sided and wide in their scope. One we have spoken of in these columns already—*As at the First*, by the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D., a devotional account in Dr. Hutton's own characteristic way of the early Church as seen in the Book of Acts. The latest volume to reach us is one with the enigmatic title *In the Form of a Servant*, by the Rev. Frank H. Ballard, M.A. It is a beautiful commentary on the life of Jesus in some of its aspects. The topics are such as these: The Early Days in Nazareth, The Home, The School, The Carpenter's Shop, The Teacher of Teachers, The Critic (Jesus' judgment on Pharisaism), The Catholic Mind, the Man of Sorrows. No one could read this little book without knowing Jesus better and at the same time gaining a fresh impulse towards discipleship.

The Rev. James Reid, M.A., of Eastbourne, deals with the Beatitudes. *The Key to the Kingdom* he calls the volume. Do the Beatitudes seem far removed from the world and the man in the street? Mr. Reid brings them home to him. Hear him on Christian socialism. 'We sometimes speak of the need of goodwill to reach a settlement. But what we often mean by goodwill is just good temper and a kindly spirit which hates a dispute. Yet to try to bring peace to our social and industrial life simply by kindly sentiment is like trying to kill the poison of a swamp by planting flowers which will disguise the odour, instead of draining the soil. Goodwill, in the meaning of Jesus, is no mere sentiment. It is *good will*—the will set on what is right. It is the spirit that wills good—and that the good of all—not merely selfish personal advantage. It is the spirit which can tolerate no wrong with an easy mind.' The Lord's Prayer—*Our Father*—is dealt with by the Rev. Anthony C. Deane, M.A., Vicar of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens. It is interesting to note that the dedication in this volume is 'In Grateful Memory of W. R. N. and J. M. E. R.' Mr. Deane's way of approach is by textual criticism, and a very fruitful way it turns out to be in his hands. One out of the many instances may be

given. He takes the words 'Give us to-day our daily bread' and, interpreting them as most modern scholars do, 'Give us to-day our to-morrow's bread,' finds that the old thought, though still retained in its fullness, has become subsidiary to the new. 'In its chief significance the prayer becomes one less for food than for peace of mind. The reason of our asking for the food is that we may be freed from anxiety. "Give us—not accumulated wealth, not heaped-up stores for all the days to come—we do not ask for that—but give us sufficient simple provender in hand that our lives may not be marred by over-anxiety about the morrow. Give us to-day to-morrow's bread." ' The two remaining volumes are *The Guests of God*, by Dr. George Jackson, a volume of very suggestive studies for the Communion season; and *The Christian Optimist*, by the Rev. James Colville, M.A. Its divisions are: The Belief of the Christian Optimist, The Triumph of the Christian Optimist, and The Service of the Christian Optimist. The treatment in all these volumes is devotional, but there is much knowledge behind it, and the reflections are illuminated by many illustrations from life and literature.

#### Father and Son.

'I can't tell you how truly I love you, and I want you to be told I do before you know all about your prizes. I think you have done very well in your whole Academy course which is now so near its end. You may not get all you hoped for this last year. I know you miss the English Medal, but if you had got it, you might have been led to think more of yourself than was right. Don't grudge it then to the boy who has got it. Many others will be disappointed too, and you get tokens enough without it of your success and distinction as a scholar. I had sometimes a sore heart, too, at prize time. Keep this aim before you always, to grow in qualities that are good whether they are rewarded at the time or not. Their fruit always comes at last. You have given me almost no trouble hitherto as your trainer. As for me, I had nobody to talk with and cling to as a man when I was a child, and I have suffered for it in many ways. You know I have tried to be to you what I yearned for in my boyhood. So, my dear boy, let nothing ever keep you from trusting me. Ask me anything. Tell me of any scrape or temptation you may meet as you grow older, and be sure that you will get good in this way, which nothing else can possibly

give you. Yes, there is something else better still, and that is learning to trust a better Father. Don't give up His Book, a verse or two of it morning and night, and prayer, not too long, but real and earnest. Now I'll not write you often like this; perhaps never again. It is likely you will be living long after I am dead, and be the only near friend your sisters will have, and I would so like you to be to them and every one such a man that others would say, "The father of Alexander would be a happy man if he could see what his son has become," and, perhaps, I shall see it, too.'<sup>1</sup>

#### NEW POETRY.

##### Godfrey Elton.

The proportion of verse to poetry is high, and so we welcome all the more greatly Mr. Godfrey Elton's *Years of Peace* (Allen & Unwin; 3s. 6d. net). The poems in this volume reflect the varying moods of a man who fought in the Great War and from whose mind the thought of the comrades who did not return is never far absent although he is himself enjoying the tender years of early married life. Very typical of one phase of his thought is 'The War Memorial':

'The very thing we want' (said Brown),  
 'To make memorial for the dead,  
 Is something Useful for the Town.  
 Some cosy reading-room?' (Brown said).  
 Jones seconded, obese and wise;  
 Slow-wagging forefinger, slow-blinking eyes.  
 He coughed, empurpled; hoiked at phlegm.  
 Ladies in furs and pink old boys  
 All made an acquiescent noise. . . .  
 Tears filled my eyes, all scalding. I'd seen *them*,  
 Fair, doomed, unheeding . . . David . . . yellow  
 broom. . . .  
 And suddenly I shouldered out of the room,  
 Left them all gaping.

The best poem is probably 'Pity the Wise,' but unfortunately it is too long to quote, so we give instead 'Passers By,' which also shows the author in typical mood—impatient of the coldness and reserve of the day:

I have loved people who did not love me.  
 Why was it I never said,  
 'Time is illusion, surely here and now  
 We can create eternity, you and I'?

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Dr. MacEwen to his son, A. R. MacEwen, in 1866.

Oh, why ?  
 Instead,  
 'The *Times*,' said I, 'is very dull to-day.'  
 And they agreed politely and went their way.  
 People have loved me whom I did not love.  
 And did they ever say,  
 'Maybe you will not pass again this way,  
 Oh, be with us a season ere you go,  
 For in a little while we shall be dead' ?  
 Oh, no.  
 They said,  
 'Isn't it shocking weather for July ?'  
 I answered, 'Yes, indeed,' and passed them by.

—  
**Fred Merrifield.**

There are two things essential to a good anthology, arrangement and selection. Mr. Merrifield in his anthology of *Modern Religious Verse and Prose* (Scribners ; \$3.50) has studied both. He has grouped his poems under such general headings as 'The Divine Possibilities of Man,' 'Service and World Brotherhood,' 'Co-operation with God,' and 'The Spirit of True Worship.' On each division there is a note showing the development of thought. The selection also is good, for while many of the poems are familiar, there is a considerable proportion by younger American authors whose work will be found fresh. The first poem quoted is by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, and the second by Mr. Charles M. Sheldon :

HOW MUCH OF GODHOOD.

How much of Godhood did it take—  
 What purging epochs had to pass,  
 Ere I was fit for leaf and lake  
 And worthy of the patient grass ?  
 What mighty travails must have been,  
 What ages must have moulded me,  
 Ere I was raised and made akin  
 To dawn, the daisy and the sea.  
 In what great struggles was I felled,  
 In what old lives I labored long,  
 Ere I was given a world that held  
 A meadow, butterflies, and song ?  
 But oh, what cleansings and what fears,  
 What countless raisings from the dead,  
 Ere I could see Her, touched with tears,  
 Pillow the little weary head.

JESUS THE CARPENTER.

If I could hold within my hand  
 The hammer Jesus swung,  
 Not all the gold in all the land,  
 Nor jewels countless as the sand,  
 All in the balance flung,  
 Could weigh the value of that thing  
 Round which his fingers once did cling.  
 If I could have the table he  
 Once made in Nazareth,  
 Not all the pearls in all the sea,  
 Nor crowns of kings, or kings to be,  
 As long as men have breath,  
 Could buy that thing of wood he made—  
 The Lord of Lords who learned a trade.  
 Yes, but his hammer still is shown  
 By honest hands that toil,  
 And round his table men sit down,  
 And all are equals, with a crown  
 No gold nor pearls can soil.  
 The shop at Nazareth was bare,  
 But Brotherhood was builded there.

—  
**Studdert-Kennedy.**

Get a copy of 'Some Less Rough Rhymes of a Padre.' It is Mr. Studdert-Kennedy's latest little volume, to which he gives the title *Lighten Our Darkness* (Hodder & Stoughton ; 2s. net) :

HE WAS A GAMBLER TOO . . .

And, sitting down, they watched Him there,  
 The soldiers did ;  
 There, while they played with dice,  
 He made His Sacrifice,  
 And died upon the Cross to rid  
 God's world of sin.  
 He was a gambler too, my Christ,  
 He took His life and threw  
 It for a world redeemed.  
 And ere His agony was done,  
 Before the westering sun went down,  
 Crowning that day with its crimson crown,  
 He knew that He had won.