

# Theology on the Web.org.uk

*Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible*

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

**PayPal**

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

---

A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_expository-times\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

## Entre Nous.

1927.

In addition to a number of articles on important subjects, contributed by experts, we have arranged for a series on 'The Faiths of To-day.' These will be dealt with from the inside, and the articles, besides stating the present-day position, will give the particular contribution to religious life which the individual forms of faith have made. We are to have also a short series on 'The Holy Spirit,' a subject which is specially in our minds at the present time. The articles will cover the Holy Spirit in the Bible, the Holy Spirit in the doctrine of the Church, and the Holy Spirit in the individual.

### The Speaker's Bible.

It is many months now since we have drawn attention to *The Speaker's Bible*. In the interval three new volumes have been published, a volume on James, and two on St. Luke's Gospel. (St. Luke, Vol. III., and St. Luke, Vol. IV.). St. Luke, Vol. IV., completes the Gospel, covering the last five chapters with its great themes of Immortality, the Eucharist, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. In this volume will be found extended treatment of topics such as 'The Permanent in Christ's Words,' 'Influence,' and 'Cross-bearing.' It contains many character studies also, and sermons on such subjects as the Poverty of Riches, the Easter Message, and the Difficulties of Unbelief. The Studies are illustrated from many fields of thought and from the most recent literature. The volume is quarto size and contains 260 double column pages, and the price is 9s. 6d. net. A specimen and prospectus may be had from 'The Speaker's Bible' Office, Aberdeen.

### The Uplands of God.

A second collection, and, we regret, the last, of Mrs. Herman's devotional studies has just been published. The title is *The Touch of God* (James Clarke; 6s. net). Here are some of Mrs. Herman's thoughts on the Divine Uplifting. She tells the story of an Indian woman who sat at a desk in a mission school learning to write. 'She had been cruelly beaten by her relatives for going to school, but she persisted because she had a vision for her one-year-old boy. She wanted him

to be a teacher, and determined that his own mother should help him with his lessons when he grew up. So she toiled patiently, filling sheet after sheet with cramped, clumsy, scrawling letters. "See!" said the enthusiastic missionary, showing the sheets to a friend. "See the lift at the end of each sentence—the way the words slant upwards! That's a symbol of the lift, the eternal mother-lift, which has raised us all out of the dust."'

It is the lift that makes the life. Does our religion lift us up? is the great test question.

It is unfortunately true, Mrs. Herman says, that we have learned to count melancholy, depression, brokenness of spirit, among the common-places of Christian life; and we 'tend to look upon them, not as grievous faults, but rather as the minor chords in the music of grace, the inevitable defects that accompany deep humility and contrition of heart. . . . But true contrition of heart has nothing in common with gnawing depression, and repentance is the dawn of deathless hope. Our initiation into the life of the Spirit is always an uplift. We are brought up out of a horrible pit and set upon the rock, and from that time onward our life-story is meant to be a song of ascents. There is an ascent that is evil, for the enemy of souls knows well how to counterfeit the ways of God in taking us up into a high mountain. But to stay in the valley because the Divine uplifting may be simulated is to yield to a more deadly temptation than any that can threaten us on the heights. To live on the flat is to sit down under the depressing shadow of self, a prey to a thousand deceptions. No soul can truly look on God without being raised to the uplands of life; and it belongs to the manliness of true humility to walk with face uplifted to heaven. Over the whole of our Christian life, and not merely over its beginnings, it should be written: "Jesus lifted him up, and he arose."

'The Divine uplifting spells *safety*. Our feet cannot slip on the uplands of God. Job speaks of God as one who exalts to safety those that mourn. The thought is somewhat startling. We should rather have described God as folding mourners in the arms of Divine consolation and leading them to springs of healing. That those who mourn are in danger, and therefore in special need of safety,

is an unfamiliar conception. Yet it is profoundly true to life. Sorrow often carries within it the possibility of deterioration. It surrounds the unwatchful soul with a relaxing, valetudinarian atmosphere. It is assumed that the sorrowing and the bereaved must sit apart, the passive recipients of sympathetic attentions. Out of such soft seclusion the miseries of self-importance and self-commiseration are born. The sorrow that should brace and purify becomes the raw material of self-deception. Prayer degenerates into the sterile pleading of self-pity. Temptations to sentimentality, exaggeration, eccentricity, peevishness, inconsiderateness spring up like mushrooms in the moist and misty air of the chamber of mourning. "Lift Thou me up to safety," must be the wise mourner's prayer.

'The Divine uplifting means *power*. For one man who is deliberately wicked, ten are tragically weak. Such weakness may be constitutional; but far more often it is merely the result of a drooping and dejected habit. The man who fixes his eyes upon the dust sees nothing but the drab, feeble, crawling things of life, and gradually grows into the likeness of what he sees.

'Nor is this state of infirmity confined to the unspiritual. There are many genuinely Christian folk, destined for far better things, whose eyes ever seek the ground, and who spend their days in running the small dust of life through their fingers.

'We are accustomed to speak of bending to God's will, when we should rather speak of raising ourselves up towards it!

'Thy wonderful, grand will, O Lord,  
*Triumphantly* I make it mine.

When that Royal Will becomes ours, there is an accession of power. Lifting up our eyes, we see Jesus only, and are made strong.

'The Divine uplifting brings *victory*. "He shall set me up upon a rock," exults the Psalmist, "and now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me." There are two methods of spiritual warfare. We can stand on the battlefield and grapple with the enemy, or we can ascend to impregnable heights where no foe can reach us. But while each of the two methods is valuable in its own place, it is on the heights that our most triumphant conquests are won. We do bravely when we meet the foe on the field of danger; but

how often there would have been no foe to fight, had we lived above the dust of battle!

W. R. N.

*The Seen and the Unseen*: From the Religious Writings of W. Robertson Nicoll. So happy is the choice of extracts in this anthology that W. R. N. speaks to us in his most characteristic moods. As we read we almost hear that low, carrying whisper of his bringing out from rich stores thoughts on Work and Workers, Preachers and Preaching, Influence, Mystics and Mysticism, Comfort and Hope. Just before his passing he said, 'I believe everything that I have written about immortality,' and here one of the most suggestive sections is on Bereavement, Death, and the New Country. An attractive book is this anthology 'made by wife and daughter' (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

The Help of Saints.

'I always picture Christ standing between us and holding with His right hand so many of His believers and with His left hand so many. He merges us with them. They are in the full light, and we are in the twilight. But we both hold the hand of Christ, and constantly from the left hand to the right hand new souls are passing.'<sup>1</sup>

What is possible.

'It is by saving ourselves that we save others, and only so. Work out your own salvation: that is our first business. It is indeed the one business of life which is ours, our own. Nor could anything be shallower than the notion that this is selfish work.

'To be filled with the Holy Spirit is to be filled with power. It is to be uplifted, relieved, vitalised, so that all life and every word becomes an effectual ministry of the Gospel. We all know it.'<sup>2</sup>

The Faith of Robertson Smith.

'Professor Robertson Smith added in Aberdeen the accomplishment of preaching to his many other accomplishments. It was he who, addressing an evangelical meeting in the North Church, gave out for his text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and began: "He who spoke these words is present at our meeting to-night."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Seen and the Unseen*, 186.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 261.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 48.

## NEW POETRY.

## Kipling.

We have here another volume of Kipling's stories after a lapse of eight years. The publication of the volume—the title is *Debits and Credits* (7s. 6d. net)—by Messrs. Macmillan marks quite an event in the publishing year. There are fourteen stories in all, very varied in theme, but worked out in the way which this master of his craft so well knows how to do. Where all is good it were invidious to pick out any. But the delicate humour in Mr. Kipling's account of the secret society of the admirers of Jane Austen—The Janeites—is very delightful. That reminds us that there is an amusing slip in the verses on Jane's marriage:

Jane went to Paradise:  
That was only fair.  
Good Sir Walter met her first,  
And led her up the stair.

But Jane Austen predeceased Sir Walter Scott by fifteen years. The volume contains not only stories, but also poetry. If you turn to 'We and They' you will find a more open-minded Kipling—not so sure of just those things of which he was very sure in earlier years.

Father, Mother, and Me,  
Sister and Auntie say  
All the people like us are We,  
And every one else is They.  
And They live over the sea,  
While We live over the way,  
But—would you believe it?—They look  
upon We  
As only a sort of They!

But we select for quotation the poem on Concealment. It follows 'The Gardener,' the best story in the volume, with its unusual element of surprise. It is the history of a woman who had a son born out of wedlock. She concealed it, he passing for her nephew. When he was killed in the Great War she made a pilgrimage to see his grave, and One whom she took to be the Gardener said, 'Come with me, and I will show you where your son lies.'

One grief on me is laid  
Each day of every year,  
Wherein no soul can aid,  
Whereof no soul can hear:

Whereto no end is seen  
Except to grieve again—  
Ah, Mary Magdalene,  
Where is there greater pain?

To dream on dear disgrace  
Each hour of every day—  
To bring no honest face  
To aught I do or say:  
To lie from morn till e'en—  
To know my lies are vain—  
Ah, Mary Magdalene,  
Where can be greater pain?

To watch my steadfast fear  
Attend my every way  
Each day of every year—  
Each hour of every day:  
To burn, and chill between—  
To quake and rage again—  
Ah, Mary Magdalene,  
Where shall be greater pain?

*One grave to me was given—  
To guard till Judgment Day—  
But God looked down from Heaven  
And rolled the Stone away!  
One day of all my years—  
One hour of that one day—  
His Angel saw my tears  
And rolled the Stone away!*

## Lord Gorell.

Lord Gorell is already known, not only as a novelist but as a poet. A new collection of his poems, with the title *Many Mansions*, has just been published by Mr. John Murray (5s. net). The most important poem is a long one, giving a presentation of the life of our Lord as seen through the eyes of the Virgin Mary. It is wholly reverent and quietly effective. We quote one of the cantos:

## DAYBREAK.

What joy, what peace he breathed into the world!  
I cannot now remember, save I seem  
To think myself a little child again—  
A thought too difficult for my recapture—  
How I pieced out the mystery of life  
Before his coming: was it possible  
That for so many ages men drew breath  
So doubtfully, with dread of vengeance weighed,  
A God of retribution overshadowing  
Their timid paths of reverence? God is love:

For evermore that truth's simplicity  
 Makes music in the heart of all mankind.  
 O ecstasy of knowledge ! Slowly, slowly  
 Its blessing flowered in us. Death's triumph died  
 Eternally : how strange it is to think  
 That it was ever for a moment's space  
 A darkness ! But he understands the longing  
 That made us fear to know. Darkness and Death—  
 Shadows of ignorance ! Self-created ghosts !

#### Eva Gore-Booth.

Evelyn Underhill has written a short introduction to *The House of Three Windows* (Longmans ; 3s. 6d. net)—a collection of Eva Gore-Booth's later poems—and in it she gives us a formula so that we may approach the lofty Christian mysticism of the poetry with understanding. The formula is 'Love.' 'This Love, for her, is "absolute sole Lord" : not a "nice quality," but the essential character of reality, the hidden fact that is revealed in beauty. Only in its triumph can human life as she sees it become completely real.' With this in mind let us read 'The Disciple' and take too, for it is Christmas time, 'An Illuminated Missal' :

#### THE DISCIPLE.

To stand at his side on the grass,  
 To take from his hand the broken bread  
 Of Beauty, and give it to all who come,  
 Crying out to the folk that pass,  
 ' Here are the hills and the seas,  
 The fair flowers and the tall trees :  
 Take the Bread that all dreamers crave,  
 Waste not one delicate crumb,  
 Let not a rose-petal fall '—  
 Nay, better to say, ' In his name  
 I give you the spirit of all these things,  
 Here is love that is flowers, love that is wings,  
 Life like a dancing flame,  
 Life like a singing wave,  
 Truth strong-rooted as hills and trees,  
 All these are love, all these,  
 God over all, and in all.'

#### AN ILLUMINATED MISSAL.

Here all men come to the centre of things,  
 Angels, and shepherds, and travel-worn kings.

Such a bright procession never was seen,  
 Amongst the Kings there's a crownèd Queen.

Long hair falling on a brown dress,  
 In the midst of the shepherds a shepherdess.

Breathless and joyful in rapturous awe  
 All the grand people kneel down in the straw.

Ivory sceptres and robes of pride,  
 Humbly the kings have cast them aside

To journey o'er miles of desert sand  
 Into the heart of the Beautiful Land.

By the light of a star they found their way  
 From what far country no man can say.

But the shepherds were humbler, light shone on  
 them,  
 For they pastured their flocks near Bethlehem.

And the Ox and the Ass were the humblest of all,  
 So Christ himself has come to their stall.

Dumbly they gaze with round eyes undismayed  
 At the Radiant Love in their manger laid.

Whilst Mary smiles in her robe of blue  
 And whispers, ' The Lord has need of you.'

Round the border, primroses blossom sweet  
 And a grasshopper lies at the Virgin's feet.

There are bees and roses and berries red,  
 All crowding into the little grey shed,

Where under the Light of the New Star  
 The Child smiles Peace on All Things That Are.

#### Erratum.

In a recent review a printer's error escaped correction. Kindly note that the title of the Rev. Frank Cox's volume should be *The Mastership of Jesus*. It is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

---

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,  
 and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,  
 Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary com-  
 munications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings  
 Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.