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time of some great awakening, some manifestation of the sovereign power of God, some widespread mass movement, when religion becomes a people's first concern. The subconscious influences have done their work; silently they have been operative, we know not how, all through the years of weary toil. But one day the border line between the conscious and the subconscious becomes 'leaky,' the buried forces emerge, they 'explode' into the region of the conscious self—this happens in the case of the individual, and it happens in the case of the society. Then the Christian labourer with joy putteth forth the sickle because the harvest is come. But Revivals are no more sudden or instantaneous than are Conversions. There is 'first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' They have been prepared for by the sowing of the seed, and by the silent operation in the subconscious self of the Divine Spirit.

Such is the psychological interpretation of this little parable. We do not suggest that when Jesus uttered it He had in mind this interpretation. It is not to be supposed that He would teach psychology, or teach religion in a psychological way, to people who were quite ignorant of the science. And yet He has given us something which fits in with and anticipates the findings of modern psychology. To some extent He does speak here 'psychologically.' By the earth He means something psychic, by it He means the hearts and minds of men. By the seed He also means something psychic, by it He means the word, the thought, the truth. And should we be surprised to find in the teaching of Him Who is the Master of all Truth that behind the simple and obvious interpretation there is another and deeper meaning which only later generations of readers succeed in discovering?

Entre Nous.

MESSRS. T. & T. Clark have in the press, to be published shortly, an English translation from the German of Schleiermacher's great dogmatic work, *The Christian Faith*. First issued in 1831, this book, in the opinion of competent thinkers, is the most important work covering the whole field of doctrine to which Protestant theology can point, with the single exception of Calvin's *Institutes*. It is now rendered in English for the first time. Theological Colleges throughout the English-speaking world have contributed to the necessarily high costs of publication. The translation has been made by various well-known scholars, and is edited by the Rev. Professor H. R. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh, and the Rev. J. S. Stewart, of Aberdeen.

The Meaning of Christmas.

'Christmas would bring us more if it did not bring us so much. It brings thoughts and expectations and visions for which there can be no satisfaction upon earth. It awakens this poignancy of loneliness just because it makes more apparent the contrast between the reach of the soul and the attainments that are open to it here. There comes to everyone (except those who can be satisfied with plum-pudding) an indescribable feeling of regret.

It is because Christmastide affects us as music does, comforting us and yet making us aware of desires and longings for something, not as it now is, but as we feel it surely ought to be. . . .

'And this is just the abiding meaning of Christmas, that there is no room for a big soul in any of the caravanserais of earth and time. "There was no room for them in the inn." It is not a querulous complaint; it is a shout of triumph. Christmas is a call to us to breathe deeper of that out-of-doors atmosphere in which that first Christmas carol was sung. It reminds us that our religion should expand into the great things that were big enough to seem big, that night of the Saviour's birth, out on the broad free reaches of the Bethlehem uplands. . . .

'There is no adventure in the world to be compared with launching out into the deep at the call of Christ, and bringing the treasure home.

'This is the thought behind Father Tabb's quaint Christmas call:

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That sin has cast away.

O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

We offer this extract from a charming little Christmas booklet by the Rev. Hubert L. Simpson. Send *The Meaning of Christmas* (James Clarke; 1s. net) to your friends.

George H. Morrison.

We are safe in saying that no journalist knows the religious life of Scotland better than Mr. Alexander Gammie. So it was natural that Messrs. James Clarke & Co. should have chosen him to write the first volume in their 'Great Churchmen' Series. The subject is *Dr. George H. Morrison: The Man and his Work* (5s. net). The last paragraph in the book runs this way: 'The time has not yet come when the full story of Dr. Morrison's life and work can be written. He is still, happily, in the midst of his activities. When addressing his congregation at the celebration of his semi-jubilee in the ministry of Wellington Church in December, 1927, he concluded thus: "I hope for some years yet to be able to carry on the work I love. I do not want just yet a colleague or even an assistant. But some day I must bid farewell to the work of my life, and then, as you have grudged me nothing, I know you will not grudge me a few quiet years of rest before I go 'to see my Pilot face to face.'"' On the very day that we received this book from the publishers came the news of Dr. Morrison's death.

It may be that a fuller life will be written, but in this short one Mr. Gammie makes us see the subject of it in a very vivid way. The picture cannot be detailed, but it is alive and arresting and the emphasis is right.

The first thing that impresses us is the consistency in Morrison's life; there are no parts which do not fit in, no untidy ends. When he was at the University he thought of entering the Church. But he had to be quite sure before he committed himself. It was while he was at Oxford working as assistant editor on the staff of the *New English Dictionary* that he finally decided. In 1889 he entered the Free Church Theological College at Glasgow, and he made his mark there. The 'year' was at once known as 'Morrison's year.' He was outstandingly able, but more conspicuous than his ability was his application. 'He had then, as he has had throughout all his career, the ability to make the best of himself.' 'Even then he had an ideal of work. Some one mentioned the five things that Drummond had done, such as *The Greatest Thing in the World*. "Yes," said George Morrison, "but you feel he just does them in passing. He doesn't settle down to them. They're extempore. But there's Stalker

now. Whatever you say of him you must say this, that he has done a good day's darg. He has worked at everything he has done." "A good day's darg"—that was what George Morrison himself aimed at in his student days. It is what he has aimed at all his life since then, and he has not missed his aim.' It was not only the self-discipline of work which moulded his character during his Divinity days. Even then there began 'the cruel fellowship of pain and sorrow' which gave him 'great thoughts of God and Christ, and deepened his sense of brotherhood. And they have left him humble for all his great intellect and fame.' Straight from Divinity G. H. Morrison went as assistant to Dr. Whyte, in St. George's, Edinburgh. A story which has been told before about this time, but which certainly bears repeating, is given by Mr. Gammie. 'In his characteristic way Dr. Whyte suddenly stopped in his walk, and turning to his assistant, said, "Sir, do you prepare your prayers?" When the assistant answered in the negative, Dr. Whyte simply said, "I do." That was all, but it was a lesson Dr. Morrison never forgot.' In a short account of Dr. Morrison it seems natural to pass straight to his time in Wellington, Glasgow, for his other pastorates were brief, and he was only thirty-six when he went to that church which he could never afterwards be induced to leave, great as some of the inducements held out were. The membership of Wellington is over two thousand. But the sermons which he delivered there were known all the world over, for Dr. Morrison's audiences have never been confined to Wellington. Mr. Gammie quotes one letter as a sample of many others which Dr. Morrison received. It is from a minister in Bulawayo, telling of many families in solitary wilds who looked on him as their only minister. Every Sunday they read one of Dr. Morrison's sermons.

A great preacher! And those who have never heard him will be able to picture the man, and those who knew him will see him again, as they read Mr. Gammie's words. 'Dr. Morrison makes his way to the pulpit, seemingly preoccupied, and as he threads his way through the throng he looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, but bears himself with the aspect of one "on some high purpose bent." The same absorption is apparent from the beginning to the end of the service. At the first words of the brief opening prayer, uttered in his soft, gentle voice, a hush falls on the congregation. And when the time comes for the sermon the great congregation has yielded itself to the potent spell of the preacher.

'Dr. Morrison is in almost every respect the

perfect antithesis of the popular pulpit orator of tradition. All through his sermon he gives the impression of an easy, effortless style. He does not strive nor cry, and his voice is never raised above the most natural conversational tone. . . . In their poetic insight and suggestiveness, their simple beauty of language, their lightness and sureness of touch, and, above all, in the richness of their spiritual teaching, Dr. Morrison's sermons are a delight on the printed page, but it is a still greater experience to hear them from his own lips. The cadence of his voice, the smile that lights up his features, the play of his personality, so gracious and so gentle, add immeasurably to their impressiveness and power. The artistry is there—and it can never be mistaken—but there is something more, the something more that makes great preaching.'

H. R. L. Sheppard.

One day there came a letter to H. R. L. Sheppard from a man he did not know—Mr. H. P. Marshall. He wrote: 'There is a vast generation of average young people, of whom I am one, whose most impressionable years were engulfed, in one way or another, by the war. . . . Our world was tortured, uncertain of itself, groping in a darkness through which we were unfitted to make our way. Questions had arisen which could not be satisfied by the old answers, and we needed, so desperately, some guidance on our journey.' There was a reference in Mr. Marshall's letter to Masefield's 'Invocation':

You sow the dusk with fiery grains
When the gold horseman rides,

and this gave Mr. Sheppard an idea.

'I know nothing about you, but I gather from your reference to John Masefield that you find that reading helps you—and it is probable that you read a good deal. If that happens to be so, how about our getting together some of the things in old and modern literature that seem to us what we need in those moments when we are baffled, disappointed, or red-hot on the scent of what are known as eternal values?' The result of the coming together of these two men is an anthology—*Fiery Grains* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net; also best edition at 7s. 6d. net). There are quotations for special occasions—'On sticking to it,' 'On telling a lie,' 'On feeling snobbish,' and many others. A number of the quotations are from Mr. Sheppard's own writings, and as we turned the pages over we were struck by these. Take 'The Operation': 'This is a curious, strange, haunting night. To-

morrow the surgeons will arrive, and I am for the theatre at what time most men will be breakfasting. I suppose I should not fear, but I do fear mightily. There is something uncanny in this night before an operation. I hardly like to say prayers. It seems so grovelling since I have not said them for years, and yet perhaps, if what they say is true, that He is as a father, He would welcome even this funk of mine if it should bring me back to where He is waiting to receive me. I remember something about the son who was out in a far country, and how when he was yet a great way off the father ran and kissed him.'

Or, again, take 'The Naughty Bishop'—Mr. Sheppard in lighter vein: 'It is strange what little things will choke a youngster off religion. As an undergraduate I lost for a time what little faith I had because I saw a Bishop unable to take a beating at tennis like a gentleman. A poor faith mine, you say. Yes, undoubtedly, but if Christianity does not prevent one of its leading exponents from behaving like a cad when he loses a game, it is a bad look-out for the rest of us.'

Wot'cher!

'What I say is, life ain't all you want, but it's all you 'ave; so 'ave it; stick a geranium in yer 'at, an' be 'appy.'¹

The Cup of Life.

Away with funeral music, set
The pipe to powerful lips—
The cup of life's for him who drinks
And not for him who sips.²

NEW POETRY.

The Pilgrim.

Some little time ago we called attention to a small volume of religious poetry, 'In the House of my Pilgrimage.' The author, who still wishes to remain anonymous, has now published a companion volume—*The Pilgrim* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net), and from it we quote a seasonal poem and the short epilogue:

THE OCTAVE OF EPIPHANY.

THE CRIB IS TAKEN AWAY.

Now the stable-vigil ends,
Jesus hath found many friends,
Many a stiff door is undone
And opened wide for Mary's Son.
Mary, my heart's door is one!

¹ W. L. George, in *Fiery Grains*, No. 18.

² R. L. Stevenson, *ibid.*, No. 20.

Shepherds and Wise Men have gone,
 Gifts all given, homage done.
 Hearts not half so good as theirs,
 Not so wise nor rich in prayers,
 Have prepared a lovely shrine
 Where may dwell the Child Divine.
Mary, such a heart is mine!

EPILOGUE.

They who travel fast,
 They who travel far,
 Seeking but His Will,
 Are most still.

Aye, and when His Will
 Sayeth, 'Stand ye still,'
 They who find this sweet
 Are most fleet.

W. E. Lutyens.

A collection of poems by the Rev. W. E. Lutyens, Priest of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, has been published by Messrs. Fowler Wright Ltd. The title is *The Servant, and Other Poems* (5s. net). We quote the lyric 'Charity.' It is a good example of the lyrics in the volume, which contains, in addition, a number of longer poems—Poetic Sketches, The Joyful Mysteries, The Sorrowful Mysteries, The Glorious Mysteries, and Ballad Poems.

Ah! Charity, had I to tell
 All that thou art,
 I needs must move my tent and dwell
 Within God's heart.

The angel tongue, the ready pen
 Thy splendours miss,
 The charity beloved of men
 Thy shadow is.

For words to tell how great thou art
 I am at loss,
 But I can read thy tender heart
 In Jesu's Cross.

One thing for thee in Life and Death
 Was staff and rod,
 And more than food, drink, raiment, breath,
 Thy choice for God.

R. T. Gribble.

To Mr. Gribble we owe a translation of a number of Indian lyrics, and to Messrs. Allen & Unwin their

publication (5s. net). *Mystic Lyrics from the Indian Middle Ages*—the very name is a powerful attraction. The first which we quote is a Vishnu lyric attributed to Tulsi-Das—'considered the greatest poet of the Indian Middle Ages.' He was a Brahmin, born at Rajapur in Bonda in 1532. Farid, born 1173, was a Muhammadan who lived as a hermit, and who visited Mecca and Medina and saw Muhammad in a vision. His songs, however, are usually attributed to Farid II., a descendant in the tenth generation.

I.

Look on me, Lord, though naught am I
 Unless I turn to Thee, my God,
 The face of my troubled soul.

Too oft from Thee I turned my gaze
 Towards a world of sparkling toys;
 But turn not Thou Thy countenance from me.

Faith had not yet my vision cleared,
 Nor had I turned to Thee; and failed
 To see the shining glory of Thy face.

Flung at Thy feet an offering lies,
 Can from this mirror's reflection rise
 A cry to one on high, reflecting and reflected?

Behold Thyself in me, my Lord,
 Regard Thy mercy and Thy power.
 Then, if Thou wilt, in me behold Thy meanest slave.

Thy royal name is refuge sure,
 And he is safe who shelters nigh
 And spends his life within its shade.
 Tulsi-Das is Thine alone.
 Thou God of mercy do with him
 According to Thy mighty will.

II.

Farid, if one should beat thee,
 Beat him not again.

Kiss his feet:—
 And both these things
 Forgetting,
 Turn thee home.

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