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his wars, when he had subjugated more or less completely the Hittites, Syria and Asia Minor, then (again we quote M. Lenormant<sup>1</sup>) "captives were wanting for the works. Then man-hunting expeditions among the unfortunate negroes of Soudan were organized on a monstrous scale, unknown in former times. . . . Nearly every year grand *razzias* were made into Ethiopia, returning with thousands of captives of every age, and of both sexes, loaded with chains." Again, "all the foreign tribes of Semitic race, attracted by the policy of the predecessors of Rameses into the Delta to colonize the land reclaimed from the water (*i.e.*, from the marshes of the Delta), were subjected to the same oppression, to the same routine of forced labour, as the Hebrews. Even the indigenous rural population, Egyptian by birth, did not escape."

We may add, as a further and marked characteristic of the man, that he was exceedingly voluptuous. He had an enormous *harim*. "During the 67 years of his reign," says Lenormant,<sup>2</sup> "he had 170 children, 59 of them sons. Considering himself superior to all moral laws, he even went so far (if the monuments are to be taken literally) as to marry one of his own daughters, the princess Bent-Anat."

So then, in character, as in the circumstances and chronology of his reign, Rameses II. was the great oppressor of Israel, the Pharaoh "which knew not Joseph."

W. T. PILTER.

(*To be continued.*)



## ART. IV.—NATIONAL REPENTANCE.

### I. REPENTANCE AND THANKSGIVING.

**WHAT** an inestimable comfort it is, when any great and signal mercy befalls us, to be encouraged to believe that it has not happened by chance, but that the Eternal Being, on whom we depend for life and breath and all things, has permitted our ardent wishes to harmonize with His omnipotent and omnipresent providence. To Him, at such a time, our minds turn, as the hearts of children to their father, with a gratitude deeply tempered with reverence and awe, and with all our soul we thank Him for His great goodness.

The delight of London on the good news from South Africa on March 1st was unprecedented, and it was only the type of the transports of happiness which thrilled through the whole

<sup>1</sup> Lenormant's "Manual of the Ancient History of the East," vol. i., p. 257 of the English translation.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 256.

Empire all the world over, as every part simultaneously heard the happy message by the uniting agency of electricity. London and the rest went almost mad with joy, so that it would be impossible to find words to exaggerate the genuine spontaneousness of the rejoicing. And there is no reason to be surprised at this: for with a true instinct the great mass of the people measured their gratitude by what would have been the depth of their grief and humiliation if the garrisons had fallen. No matter if some of the expressions of the general enthusiasm were grotesque and rough: it was all natural, sincere and heartfelt. The national pæan that rang from the bells of St. Paul's crowned a day of sheer gladness for which the coolest and most sober must admit abundant reason.

The people of the British Empire had been patient and calm through four long months of humiliation and sorrow. The Queen's territories had, for whatever cause—and this is not the place to discuss that cause—been invaded by a powerful, determined, and long-prepared enemy. The army of defence, with all its food and stores, had to be carried at enormous cost over 7,000 miles of sea. Three garrisons were speedily invested, and two hastily evacuated. The nature of the country was created for occupation; every hill could be made an impregnable fortress. In spite of heroic efforts, there were many checks, repulses, and defeats. People began to think ominously of our reverses in the American War of Independence. Philosophic historians were beginning to ask whether it was the beginning of the end. Foreign critics all over Europe derided our efforts, and prophesied the rapid decay of the all too-prosperous Great Britain. To relieve Ladysmith seemed an almost impossible task. Attempt after attempt failed. The suspense and strain were cruel. Two thousand of our bravest troops were imprisoned in Pretoria, and 17,000 were shut up useless, and nearing the point of starvation in the three beleaguered garrisons. Was our cause indeed the cause of liberty, equality, and justice? Was it indeed pleasing to God?

At the end of February came the turn. First our gratitude was stirred by the relief of Kimberley. In the lowest part of my vast Archdeaconry the news was first published by an announcement in the window of a public-house. Gradually the street filled. Before long there were 20,000 of the poorest and most miserable people in London, people living in what might be called degraded and sordid conditions, in communication with that message. They formed a procession. Tears were running down their cheeks. They sang along the whole line the National Anthem, which is to the people the one symbol of all loyal sentiment. Do you think

that this was a demonstration on behalf of selfish capitalists? I think I know the people, and I say it was a spontaneous tribute by the least fortunate section of the inhabitants of London, on behalf of the grand and truly Christian cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Then we were thankful for the great victory of Paardeberg: and when this was followed closely by the relief of over 21,000 suffering and half-starved fellow-subjects at Ladysmith, there was good reason, I say, for any amount of exultation.

For our imagination did not surpass the reality. As Lord Dundonald and his bronzed and stalwart troopers rode down to the ford of the Klip River, the staff, the officers, the civilians, and the soldiers, all pale and emaciated, and on the verge of starvation, flocked forward to meet them. Women with children in their arms, their eyes streaming with tears, pressed forward to grasp the strong hands of their gallant deliverers. Sisters and brothers, friends and relatives, met once more. No wonder London rejoiced when she heard of it. Strong men at Ladysmith were moved to tears.

It was not hunger alone from which they had been suffering. For four long weary months their nerves had been tried and shattered by the bursting of bomb and shell all over the town by day and by night. Worse than all, as sickness advanced, the medical stores had failed, and when once a man was down he was lost. From the middle of January there have been 200 deaths from disease alone. During the whole siege 24 officers and 235 men have been killed or died of wounds; from disease, 6 officers and 340 men. Besides these, 70 officers and 520 men were wounded. No less than 8,000 fighting men out of 12,000 have passed through the hospital. Well might grown men and women dance on the London pavements when they knew that this disgrace and these horrors were at length wiped out of being.

You will remember that in January the united Bishops of England issued directions for constant prayer throughout this last year of the dying century. There were five groups of subjects, and one of them referred to the war. Amongst other points for intercession they suggested that we should pray that the gifts of wisdom and prudence might be granted to our leaders; for our soldiers, representatives and colonists, that they might maintain high character and honourable traditions; for the combatants, that no animosities might destroy mutual respect; and, finally, for a righteous and lasting peace. And the Bishops added that due prominence should be given to confession of sin in the matters which call for prayer, and thanksgiving for mercies already received. I think the petitions I have just mentioned are being filled

before our eyes ; and in calling your attention to repentance and thanksgiving I am obeying this call.

The wisdom and prudence of our leaders in the field we recognise with affection and admiration. We think of the cheerful alacrity with which the beloved Commander-in-Chief went out at his Sovereign's command at the very moment he had suffered the irreparable loss of his heroic only son. His consummate strategy, his genius for sympathy and encouragement in the messages he has sent to the Chief Magistrates of London, Sydney, and Toronto for their patriotic efforts, his courtesy to the fallen General, his kindness to the prisoners, his consideration to all, show us that we still have commanders equal to the most glorious of the long line of their illustrious predecessors.

The reliever of Ladysmith had a far more difficult task. Line after line there towered between him and his objective those awful hills, with their skilful entrenchments and impossible defiles. We thank him for his determination to throw no life away needlessly, his persistent courage in the face of temporary misinterpretation in crossing and recrossing the river again and again to find the right passage through the hills, his coolness and caution in going back when going forward would have been needlessly costly of life. And it is an interesting remembrance to many to know that all the years he resided in London he was a regular worshipper at the Sunday morning service at St. Paul's Cathedral. No face was better known amongst the congregation.

When we turn to the rank and file of the army, we have no less reason to be grateful. Their patience, courage, cheerfulness, self-denial, obedience and readiness in the face of entirely new and terrible conditions of warfare have been brilliantly notable. By many an act of heroism and self-denial, many a deed of kindness to wounded prisoners, the British soldier has earned the undying love of his country, and has gone far to pave the way for reconciliation and brotherhood between the rival races in South Africa.

Of the fine and soldierly qualities of our colonial brothers from over the seas we cannot be too proud. At an hour of great difficulty, when our army was insufficient to meet its duties, they came forward with enthusiastic emulation, and our Government found that they could have as many brave and strong hands as they might require. The splendid daring and skill of the Canadians who finally won the victory of Paardeberg will be an imperishable page in the history of our race.

One more cause of thankfulness to the Almighty I may be permitted to mention. We had at the head of affairs a wise

and tender-hearted woman, with sixty-three years of unparalleled knowledge and experience in government, to whom all turned with instinctive and unhesitating loyalty. She has a genius for sympathy, and, what is more, for expressing that sympathy at the right moment and in the most touching terms. Her warm woman's heart would, if unrestrained, have bled day by day at the lists of her slaughtered and wounded subjects. But she felt that the nation and empire depended on herself for its tone of cohesion and courage, and with truly royal nerve she braced herself, and refused to give way to her natural emotions, and has been able on every occasion to interpret in the most felicitous terms the ideal feelings of her people. Who shall say what is owing at this time of real crisis to that wise and true woman of over eighty years?

Good comes out of evil: it is an old saying. You see there are many great and wholesome things which this unhappy war has been doing for us, into which we were so reluctantly dragged. It has taught us how real is the unity which binds together the scattered territories of the British Crown. The sympathy and loyalty of Indian Princes and Indian private soldiers, of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the rest, in hastening forward to share the toils and labours of the peaceable old Mother-land, have done more to promote solidarity and federation than years of conferences or the wisest of laws. It has taught us how foolish, wrong, and, indeed, suicidal, it is to rest selfishly and idly on mere prestige and the supposed good-will of other countries, without a force sufficient for the defence of such territories as are open to attack. Depend upon it, the memory of the sorrows, humiliations and perils of the last five months will sink deep into the heart of the British nation; and the consideration of self-defence will in the future be one of the first duties of every citizen. It has shown us that, however outnumbered and overmatched by guns and rifles, the dogged courage and uncomplaining patience of the British soldier is as great as it was in the days of Agincourt, Crécy, Poitiers, Waterloo, or any other of our greatest victories, and that with happy unconcern they can take the part of heroes on the direst battlefield. It has shown us that our people at home, unspoiled by long commercial prosperity, in the face of difficulties and disasters to which they ought never to have been submitted, can remain tranquil, firm, determined, and trustful in God and in the right. It has discovered to us, in serious farewell services, in sincere responses to various calls to prayer, in many an office of heartfelt intercession, in the latent religious spirit brought out in our soldiers under roar of cannon and whiz of bullet, in the daily prayer meeting at Ladysmith, with its 1,000

attendants, how deeply the sense of the fear of God is planted in our people, notwithstanding our characteristic national appearance of coldness and indifference. It has shown us in a truly admirable manner how enthusiastic every section of society can be in bearing the burden of others, and so fulfilling the law of Christ, everyone contriving, with a universal emulation of kindness and self-denial, to provide for the sufferings and privations of all concerned in the war.

Comforts for the sick, support for orphans and widows, wives, children and others dependent; the equipment of troops, the provision of hospitals; prayers and intercession for those in such unusual circumstances—these things are worthy of all praise. Is there any other means of proving our sincerity when we cry to Almighty God for the continuation of His blessing on the land of our fathers?

Yes! For there is one thing more that the war has taught us, and that is, to look into our own conduct both as a people and as individuals, and to see what is amiss, with a sincere, honest, and resolute view to amendment. Such a result of this unhappy war, if it is taken in a serious spirit, and in no trifling, half-hearted, or temporizing manner, will be of incalculable value to the nation.

Such an inward question would be natural at any time after all that we have gone through since last October. Every face that week by week looks out at us so pathetically in the pages of the illustrated journals from amongst the ranks of the killed—faces bright and happy in resplendent youth, with the promise of life before them, faces that were all in all to those that loved them, faces that were the joy and pride of so many British homes, faces in which wife and mother and sister and sweet-heart found all their human happiness, faces that will never again be seen on earth, faces to be followed by as many others lying low in the soil of a strange and distant country, without identification or memorial, dear kindly brotherly faces that remind us of the far greater number of the rank and file who have fallen, dying, as they said, like soldiers, and with no murmur on their lips, too humble themselves for illustration, but who have left just as cruel a blank in their lowlier homes—all call us to search out our ways, and see where we have been unwise and wrong, and turn and repent before God. "Why were you so unprepared?" say those noble and pathetic faces with their mute eloquence. "Why were you so vain-glorious and heedless? Why were you so self-confident and careless? Why did you not fortify your African colonies? Why did you have no maps? Why did you pay no attention to the signs of the times?"

With a view to rousing ourselves as a people to self-exami-

nation and prayer, I thankfully joined with Lord Halifax, Lord Nelson, and many others of every shade of Christian thought in this country, in urging the people to make use of Ash Wednesday for humbly considering God's call to repentance. He is always calling us, but sometimes He lets His voice be heard more plainly. His voice is just as real in the soft breath of summer woods; but it comes to us with a more rousing and awful impressiveness in the rattle and roar of the thunder-storm. "In the midst of all the trouble and anxiety around us," we said, "many hear the call of the Lord to repentance. . . . The voice of the Lord, by the lonely seer of Patmos, seems to come down through the ages to us to-day, saying: 'I know thy works'; 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent'; 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock'; 'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches.' But whether on Ash Wednesday, or all through Lent, or at a time of national crisis, or at any other time, the call to self-scrutiny and heartfelt prayer, and the firm resolve for the better course, is always wholesome and helpful. 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent.'"

First, as a nation, we have certainly to repent of our vain-gloriousness. Would that my words could be read by all British subjects! For years we have been living in a fools' paradise, arrogantly satisfied with our prosperity, forgetful of the duties and burdens which that prosperity entailed, and blind to the jealousies it aroused. We have thought nothing was too good, nothing even good enough, for the British race; and if the private estimates of each individual as to what share in the good things of this world he ought to receive were added together, the whole wide world itself would not be large enough to settle the demands. We have thought too little of the legitimate aspirations of other peoples, and have been too determinately set upon our own. We have lectured other nations on their shortcomings, with a calm and self-satisfied arrogance that has driven them to cries of rage, fury and hatred. We have thought ourselves so good and immaculate that we need but stir our little finger, and a benignant and favourable Providence would be sure to bless our effort. This temper has been admirably sketched by a delightful ecclesiastical poet, the late Archbishop Trench of Dublin, probably when we were aroused out of the same absurd frame of mind by the Crimean War:

Yes, let us own it in confession free,  
That, when we girt ourselves to quell the wrong,  
We deemed it not so giant-like and strong,  
But it with our slight effort thought to see



Pushed from its base :—yea, almost deemed that we,  
Champions of right, might be excused the price  
Of pain, and loss, and large self-sacrifice,  
Set ever on high things by Heaven's decree.  
What if this work's great hardness was concealed  
From us, until so far upon our way  
That no escape remained us, no retreat—  
Lest, being at an earlier hour revealed,  
We might have shrunk too weakly from the heat,  
And shunned the burden of this fiery day ?

Next, we can hardly help being aware that as a people we are extravagantly fond of money. The lust for money has taken hold of almost every class. For rich people we are ready to do anything ; we surround them with servile honours. Riches are a great blessing from God when they are used for good ; and the honest endeavour to improve your condition and to provide for your children none could blame. But none the less the love of them is poisonous to the soul. Not in vain does God warn us against it in His Word : “ With what difficulty,” said our Lord, “ shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven ! ” “ They that will be rich,” said St. Paul to Timothy, “ fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts. For the love of money is the root of all evil ; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.” The belief that money can buy happiness is a most pernicious fallacy current among us. Money is the enemy of love, it prevents many a happy marriage, it degrades the mind, it materializes life, it brings multitudes of temptations, it leads to pride and selfishness. We, humbling ourselves this day for this popular worship of the golden calf, are bound to do all that lies in our power to destroy the idol, and to alter and raise the national ideal.

A third point closely connected with the last is the fact that the thirst for gold leads so many into rash and unreasonable speculation. Of course there must be a certain element of venture in all trade and commerce ; but when the demon of speculation has seized man or woman, they become reckless and dishonest. The desire for rapid gains takes full possession of their minds, and they take advantage of the ignorance of others. The history of speculation is dark with failure, dishonesty, distress and despair.

Nearly akin to this is that spirit of gambling which is a mongrel compound of passion for excitement and eagerness for money quickly and lightly obtained. Oh, the pitiful stories our gaols could tell of lives that began honestly, led astray by this fatal fever to risk more than they possessed on far-off sports of which they knew nothing, with the usual result, not

less sad because it is so common, of robbing the employer in the false and delusive hope of paying him back! This is an evil which has come down to the very gutter of the street. We who are humbling ourselves before God this day must never cease our efforts, singly and in combination, to check and discourage by every possible means the spirit of speculation and the twin spirit of gambling.

There is another national sin for which we need repentance, from which we need to turn away. It is a want of candour and truthfulness. The habit of exact truthfulness is difficult, because we have to see things accurately as they are before we can express them in words; but at any rate we ought to aim always at saying the thing that is, and not the thing that is not. Now, when want of candour is known and tolerated amongst us we are morally in a dangerous condition. Every example of want of straightforwardness is dangerous; it encourages the same habit in those who observe it. And for other reasons there is always a strong temptation in all phases of society to untruthfulness, which needs no additional incitement. Truth is frequently difficult, and sometimes unpleasant. But there can be no sound life, public or private, without it.

I think all Christians should give their assistance and sympathy to some form of associated effort for the discouragement of profligacy, either that for the Promotion of Public Morality, or that for the Suppression of Vice, or the White Cross Society, or that for the Protection of Women, or the Rescue of the Fallen. I do not know that society is worse in that respect now than it usually is. It is an evil that is always with us. But an evil that is always with us is one that is ever tending to increase if it is not checked. It is more, perhaps, the acquiescence in evil that Christian people have to watch against than actual self-indulgence. As soon as it is understood that evil is notorious and receives no remonstrance from those who are trying to live as the servants of Christ, then the public moral declension is very rapid indeed. Look at the pernicious influence of the reign of Charles II., so soon after the high standard of the Puritan era, an influence which lasted on till the revival of religion by Wesley and William Wilberforce. Those who are genuine members of the kingdom of Christ can always do much to improve public opinion by union for that which is good. And meantime, especially among those who are still in the earlier half of life, there is always the temptation to what St. Paul calls "inordinate (or irregular) affection," foolish sentimentalities straying beyond the circle of home life, and, though not necessarily leading to actual evil, still unwise and morbid, and disturbing to the moral equilibrium. There is constant need to seek earnestly

the guidance of Almighty God, who alone can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men. "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent."

The source of much of the tendencies about which I have been speaking is unbelief, and disregard of God's law revealed in His Holy Word. Unbelief in one form or another has always surrounded the Christian Church, and although it is now more openly avowed than formerly, and has taken more hold of the literary and scientific classes, there certainly is not more of it than in previous ages. Rather, I should say that there is more genuine religion about amongst us than for many an era. But unbelief is a weakness to any people; what we have to do is to make our belief reasonable, to study the grounds we have for it, to be able to speak about it wisely, firmly and humbly to those who doubt, and, above all things, to recommend our own creed by our consistent practice and holy life.

I propose to follow up the subject of national repentance in two more papers. In the meantime we should remind ourselves that, however great our reasons may be for returning thanks at this time to the Almighty Ruler and Governor of all things, there is still supreme need for watchfulness and prayer. The wonderful thing about prayer is that the more serious and consistent our own lives are, so much the surer will be the answer to our genuine heartfelt petitions. God grant that the issue of this present season of distress and trouble, may be a moral and religious regeneration for the English people, a thorough and penetrating revival of religious principle in our own hearts and lives!

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

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#### NOTE.

IN THE *CHURCHMAN* for January last, on page 196 ("Polychrome Isaiah"), Mr. Flecker says: "It would have been interesting if he had given some reasons," etc.; throughout the article he assumes that the work under review stands alone. But on page 209 he might have read these words:

"A full statement of the evidence for this view of the origin of the Book of Isaiah, with indications of the points which are obscure or doubtful, has been given in an 'Introduction to the Book of Isaiah' by the present writer (London, 1895)."

He might also have read, on page 5, "The translation is based throughout on the new, critical edition of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, published under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore." That this edition is in progress, and that Isaiah has appeared in it, most English Hebrew scholars hardly need to be reminded.

T. K. CHEYNE.