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

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expositor-series-1.php

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

II.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL (*continued*).

ix. 23. "Remember the rebuke which I once got from old Mr. Dempster of Denny, after preaching to his people: 'I was highly pleased with your discourse, but in prayer it struck me that you thought God *unwilling to give.*' Remember Daniel: 'At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth'" (McCheyne to Bonar).

ix. 23 f. See Keble's lines on "Thursday before Easter."

ix. 24. "Not long after Phryne's religious performance at Eleusis came the last days, too, of the national life of the Jews, under the successors of Alexander. The religious conceptions of the Jews of those days are well given by the book of Daniel. How popular and prevalent these conceptions were, is proved by their vitality and power some two centuries later at the Christian era, and by the large place which they fill in the New Testament. We are all familiar with them; with their turbid and austere visions of the Ancient of Days on his throne, and the Son of Man coming with the clouds of heaven to give the kingdom to the saints of the Most High and to bring in everlasting righteousness. Here, then, is the last word of the religion of the Hebrews, when their national life is drawing to an end, when their career has been, for the most part, run; when their religion has had nearly all the development which, within the limits of their national life, belonged to it. This, we say, is its last word: *To bring in everlasting righteousness*" (Matthew Arnold). See, further, *Literature and Dogma*, ch. iii. *ad init.*

x. 1 f. *Even a great warfare.*

"Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a

music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. . . . Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms ; hurrying to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives ; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces” (De Quincey : *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*).

x. 8. *So I was left alone, and saw this great vision.*

“Thin, thin the pleasant human noises grow,
 And faint the city gleams ;
 Rare the lone pastoral huts—marvel not thou !
 The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
 But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams ;
 Alone the sun arises, and alone
 Spring the great streams.” (M. Arnold.)

“ It takes solitude to get yourself saturated by any thought, and to the great majority of men even solitude will not effect it, but only lower their thinking power to the congealing point. Nevertheless, as Mr. Darwin saw in relation to the growth and decay of species, the very condition which kills out a weak thinking power, feeds and elevates to the glowing point a strong thinking power. . . . Till the life of a thought become identical with the life of an emotion, it will never really dominate the minds of

men. And so far as I can judge by history, this result is never attained for thought, without long, solitary brooding over it" (R. H. Hutton).

x. 11. *O Daniel, thou man greatly beloved.*

"And as I walked towards the jail, the word of the Lord came to me saying, 'My love was always to thee, and thou art in my love.' And I was ravished with the sense of the love of God, and greatly strengthened in my inward man. But when I came into the jail, where the prisoners were, a great power of darkness struck at me, and I sat still, having my spirit gathered into the love of God" (Fox's *Journal*, 1649).

x. 12. "It is strange to say, but it is a truth which our own observation and experience will confirm, that when a man discerns in himself most sin and humbles himself most, when his comeliness seems to him to vanish away and all his graces to wither, when he feels disgust at himself, and revolts at the thought of himself—seems to himself all dust and ashes, all foulness and odiousness, then it is that he is really rising in the kingdom of God, as it is said of Daniel, 'From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words'" (Newman). See Dora Greenwell's *Covenant of Life*, pp. 134 f.

xi. 32a. "Crows pick out the eyes of the dead, when the dead no longer need their eyes. But flatterers destroy the souls of the living, and blind their eyes" (Epictetus). Cf. the Flatterer in the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

xi. 32b. *The people that know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.* "The course of this man's life had been very simple, and yet crowded with events and with manifold activity. The element of his energy was an indestructible faith in God, and in an assistance flowing immediately from him" (Goethe, upon Jung Stilling).

"But best befriended of the God
 He who, in evil times,
 Warned by an inward voice,
 Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
 Biding by his rule and choice,
 Feeling only the fiery thread
 Leading over heroic ground,
 Walled with mortal terror round,
 To the aim which him allures,
 And the sweet heaven his deed secures . . .
 Stainless soldier on the walls,
 Knowing this—and knows no more—
 Whoever fights, whoever falls,
 Justice conquers evermore,
 Justice after as before—
 And he who battles on her side,
 God, though he were ten times slain,
 Crowns him victor glorified,
 Victor over death and pain;
 For ever; but his erring foe,
 Self-assured that he prevails,
 Looks from his victim lying low,
 And sees aloft the red right arm
 Redress the eternal scales.
 He, the poor foe, whom angels foil,
 Blind with pride and fooled by hate,
 Writhes within the dragon coil,
 Reserved to a speechless fate." (Emerson.)

xi. 32b.

"He found his work, but far behind
 Lay something that he could not find—
 Deep springs of passion that can make
 A life sublime for others' sake,
 And lend to work the living glow
 That saints and bards and heroes know.
 The power lay there—unfolded power—
 A bud that never bloomed a flower;
 For half-beliefs and jaded moods
 Of worldlings, cynics, critics, prudes,
 Lay round his path and dimmed and chilled."
 (W. E. H. Lecky.)

JAMES MOFFATT.

(To be continued.)