

great wide area, of taking the whole of the of the higher criticism and saying this verse is from this time and that verse is from another time, and so on. We have seen how it works out that way in the book of Isaiah and it logically breaks up not only the first but the second book and so on, so that soon you only a few verses from one time, and a few from another time and of course instead of having a book that has a unity, a book in which God has given us his ideas and it is up to us to try to see what the ideals are and what God has laid out there for us to assimilate. Instead of that we are breaking it up and saying this comes from this period and this comes from this period and saying this is God's Word to you. It is one of these pictures that are all cut up and you try to figure out what to fit together and you take it all out of context and when you get through it is your idea which are interesting but you have no authoritative Scripture which is God's Word to you and the natural result of this method of approach of course is the position which you nicely find expressed in Phiffer--right after the section I assigned you. Don't be misled that D. is still called the Servant of the Lord--he is still discussing the date of Isaiah from ch. 4-66. You may question if altogether if that belongs all under that heading or not. But in the next section which he calls the Style of Isaiah from 40-55 he tells something about the interpretation and it is very interesting. Consequently the dilemma posed by critics, the work or unity of anthology of separate poems is meaningless. Now that is a strong statement is it not. We have been discussing all this time whether or not Isaiah is a unit. He is now discussing <sup>55</sup>40-~~66~~ and he is saying whether it is a unit or not doesn't matter--well, why does it not. In his rushing flow of words, in his passionate outburst a few identical great thoughts and words reappear constantly without rational order. they are like stars that shine intermittently through the clouds that shine blown by the wind. Isa. 40-55 is neither a literary unit like the book of Job nor an anthology like Lamentations --it is a passive and incoherent rhapsody in which emotional moods and the dominant thoughts and the prevalent style furnish the only bond uniting the disconnected poems into a whole, just as rocks and earth are joined together in an avalanche precipitating down an alpine slope, like the momentum which would throw the materials of an avalanche into ~~xxxxx~~ chaotic confusion so the enthusiasm prevents a logical and orderly presentation of ideas, although there is occasionally an appeal to reason by means of dialectic argument. He quotes from --a deluge of declarations is poured out.