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# THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

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## Notes of Recent Exposition.

FOR once the book of the month is a volume of sermons. Its title is *The Called of God* (T. & T. Clark, crown 8vo, pp. 336, with portraits, 6s.). Its author is the late Professor A. B. Davidson.

The title is well chosen. For each sermon deals with some person in the Old Testament or in the New, and nearly always with his call or spiritual crisis. They have been chosen by Professor Paterson. 'They undoubtedly form,' says Mr. Taylor Innes, 'the most striking series that could be constructed from the manuscripts, and they include those discourses that have been the most popular.'

The sermons are preceded by a biography. There was only one man fitted for writing Professor Davidson's biography, and he was willing to write it—Mr. Taylor Innes. He calls it a 'Biographical Introduction,' and towards the end speaks of it as 'this in every way imperfect chapter of biography.' But it is sufficient. No longer biography than this is needed. And we cannot lay our finger on a sentence that we wish had been omitted or expressed otherwise. Those who never knew Professor Davidson have said that neither his portraits nor anything that his friends have written enable them to understand his influence or conceive his personality. There

are two portraits here, each perfect of its kind; and we cannot think that when they are taken together and added to Mr. Taylor Innes' biography that feeling will longer remain.

Where has Mr. Innes found the biography? Partly in the sermons. This is the great surprise of the book. It is true that 'many went to hear his rare and occasional sermons, not merely because they struck upon their own hearts, but because they brought them nearer than anything else to the mind and heart of the speaker.' But did anyone know that he who among his friends was the most reserved and unautobiographical of men, found occasional relief in confiding aspects of his private life to a whole congregation, which he knew to be unable to recognize them?

'The day he came into the grammar school'—we quote Mr. Innes—'the boy had his first sight of a great city; and the peculiarly homeless feeling, which always mingles with the exultation of that experience, was increased by a curious accident. The mother had taken a little room for him, and the few things necessary to furnish it were sent in by the carrier. No part of them arrived, the whole being stolen on the road; and the lad spent his first night looking for a home in one lodging after another. Years after, the whole

thing seems to have come back to him, in one of those moods when life presses upon us like a dense atmosphere, and there is left not the light and warmth but the mere hope and promise of an Open Door.' And then comes the quotation from the sermon on the Open Door, of which this is one sentence: 'Sometimes, when one comes in youth from a distant home to a great city where he is unknown and alone, he walks through the streets beholding the lighted windows and hearing the sounds of music and joy within.'

It is not that the autobiography can always be lifted out like this. But it is always there. 'If we are to characterize in this respect the little pile of manuscript sermons which he has left behind, I can only say that they seem to me suffused and saturated with autobiography.' He did not count himself a preacher. So late as the early 'seventies, Mr. Taylor Innes learned that he had difficulty in admitting that the pulpit was even part of his vocation. Yet he was a most powerful preacher. And it was his preaching that brought us closest to himself; 'though each particular sermon was clear from the smallest speck of egotism, no intelligent auditor went away without feeling that at some point of it a window had been opened into the breast of the speaker.'

The sermons have no date, and they do not need it. Some of them were written very early, some of them were rewritten within the last few years. But there was little alteration. This is the amazing fact they reveal, that at the very outset of his life-work Professor Davidson chose his method, both of teaching and of preaching, and never swerved from it. 'He dreamt not of a perishable home who thus could build.'

As for their manner, 'To those who listened there was from the first the sense of power in reserve, and the expectation of much to come. That was first fulfilled, perhaps, in the use of some

fit and felicitous word—often a very common word, so placed and poised as to bear a new weight of thought and feeling. But frequently there was no one word or phrase or image that you could point to or recall; only, what in another would be a dull stream of verbal slag began now gradually to glow like furnace-metal, from a fire within the man. And this grew to a crisis and explosion of thought. . . . And the whole phenomena of emotional tension—repression, disruption, and explosion—were generally, though not always, connected with his sense of

"the burden of the mystery  
Of all this unintelligible world,"

and the conflict of good and evil there.'

The sermon on Saul is here, and the sermon on Thomas. What a revelation, what a searching of the springs of character, what a sense of the might of little things! For it is a world in which the eyes of the Lord go to and fro everywhere.

'There are characters incapable of being deeply religious. You have seen them many times. You have seen them even in your own families. Have you not felt, when you were striving to inculcate truth upon your child, that the boy's mind was strangely unimpressible; that there seemed no affinity between the religious truth and his heart; that it took no hold of a mind, keen and retentive of all other truth? He was not a bad child, not wild, not disobedient, a boy of fine feeling, high-minded, truthful, honourable; but to make him markedly religious seemed beyond you; and you were content, at last, to wait and to hope that there was some good thing in him toward God.

'This was precisely the character of Saul. He was, in the highest sense, what we term a man of honour. All the qualities that go to make up a chivalrous character were united in him. He was gallant, brave, liberal, right royal. He was a goodly man in his person, and his qualities of mind and heart corresponded to his outward appearance. Consider his modesty when destined

to the throne, how on his return he told his relative about finding the asses; but said not a word about the kingdom; and, when the day of election came, he hid himself away, and could not be found. Consider his soldierly courage and chivalry, and how, even on the field of Gilboa, his last act of self-destruction was done at the bidding of a fastidious honour, lest the unclean hands of the uncircumcized Philistines should abuse him. Consider his almost immaculate moral life, so singular in an Oriental ruler, and in such contrast with the life even of his successor; and yet so ruthlessly did fate pursue him, and so sure is any breach, even the least, of the law of God and nature to avenge itself, that the one concubine whom he had, became on his death the centre of a most tragic history.'

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The first, and we must add the most important, article in the new number of the *Journal of Theological Studies* is a criticism of *Contentio Veritatis* by Professor Sanday.

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*Contentio Veritatis*, it will be remembered, is a volume of seven essays contributed by six Oxford tutors and published by Mr. Murray. We called it the new 'Lux Mundi' when it came. For it was evident to us that as 'Lux Mundi' was the manifesto of a party—the young High Church party in the Church of England,—this also was intended as a manifesto, and was not to be taken as a representation of the teaching universally prevalent in Oxford. Professor Sanday agrees. 'It is a happy feature of the Oxford teaching,' he says, 'that differences are not extreme and not bitter, and that there are many intermediate gradations between the two ends of the scale.' But yet this volume does, on the whole, represent 'the liberal wing' of Oxford theology. And the outside observer should not go away with the impression that all or even the greater part of the Oxford teaching of theology is exactly of the same colour as that of the 'Six Tutors.'

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Now, that being so, a very striking thing comes

to light in *Contentio Veritatis*. Go as far back as 'Essays and Reviews,' go only as far back as 'Lux Mundi,' and compare the tone, the temper, of this book with those. They are all manifestoes of a young liberal party. But how moderate and self-restrained are the six Oxford tutors. They say what Dr. Sanday for one cannot always agree with. But they say it never offensively or arrogantly. Indeed, the impression made on Dr. Sanday's mind is on the one hand that they are perfectly outspoken, and yet on the other hand that they themselves have no joy in destruction, but are sensible, in all that they have to say, of gain rather than of loss, and look forward without fear to the future of theology and the Church.

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Three essays stand apart from the rest. One is by Dr. Hastings Rashdall on the Ultimate Basis of Theism; the other two are by Mr. Inge (pronounce his name as if without the *e*) on the Person of Christ and the Sacraments.

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Mr. Inge's essays 'have a distinction of style which is an index of real distinction of mind.' 'I wish,' says Dr. Sanday, 'that I could do justice to Mr. Inge's two essays, if only as some return for the genuine pleasure they have given me. To read them is like reading poetry of fine quality. The thought not only moves in high regions, but it is also constantly touched by generous emotion.' Who would not welcome criticism after words like those? And Dr. Sanday criticizes Mr. Inge also. But first he deals with Dr. Rashdall.

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There are things in Dr. Rashdall's essay with which Dr. Sanday does not agree; and there are things on which he desires a fuller treatment. Of the former the most prominent is the Miraculous. In noticing the book when it appeared we pointed out that every one of the writers found the miracles of the Bible more or less in their way, and seemed to resent it. Why should the progress of thought on so great a science be hindered by so vulgar a thing as a miracle? But the miracles are there. Neither impatience nor contempt (of which none of

these writers is guilty) is sufficient to meet them. Let us first of all, says Dr. Sanday, acknowledge that they are there. 'That our Lord and some of His disciples—notably St. Paul—performed what were commonly thought to be miracles, I consider absolutely certain.' And he gives the proof of his assertion. 'When St. Paul speaks of "signs and wonders" as the marks of an apostle and as the characteristics of his own ministry (2 Co 12<sup>12</sup>, Ro 15<sup>19</sup>); and when he speaks again of such signs and wonders as prevalent in the Church (1 Co 12<sup>9, 10, 29, 30</sup>, Gal 3<sup>5</sup>), it seems to me that we must absolutely take him at his word.' Nor is the evidence, when it is all summed up, less decisive in respect of the miracles of our Lord. Dr. Sanday counts the story of the Temptation alone sufficient to prove that. For it turns on the power to work miracles, and none of His contemporaries had insight enough to invent that story if it had not come from Himself. So the miracles are there—that is to say, what were then considered to be miracles. And what Dr. Sanday complains of, both in Dr. Rashdall's essay and all through the book, is that that fact is not faced. When that fact is faced, then it becomes our duty to compare the miracles of the New Testament with that which would be miracles to us. For the real problem is not, whether miracles happened, but what is a miracle and how our conception of miracles is to be adjusted to that which was current in the apostolic age.

Of the things in Dr. Rashdall's essay, of which Dr. Sanday craves fuller discussion, by far the most conspicuous and the most important is the relation of our spirits to the Spirit of God. Dr. Sanday calls it the question of questions at the present moment. Dr. Rashdall and Mr. Inge both touch it, and on the whole he counts Mr. Inge's analysis the more subtle and delicate of the two. He quotes this sentence in which Mr. Inge sums up his thought of it: 'The ideal goal which we contemplate and hope for is a state in which our nature and will shall be perfect instruments of the Divine nature and will, but in which they shall

remain in a condition of free subordination to the Divine—not abolished or absorbed, so as to lose all possibility of *communion*, nor yet so separate as to admit only of an ethical harmony.'

It is 'the question of questions' at the present moment, because just here it is sought by reverent writers and by irreverent to break down the uniqueness, the essential divinity, of the Lord Jesus Christ. Dr. Sanday is doubtful of Dr. Rashdall, and quotes this statement among others: 'The divine Logos, present in all souls to some extent and in some degree, was pre-eminently present in the human soul of Christ.' Mr. Inge's language is very carefully guarded; he is not sure that Dr. Rashdall's is guarded so carefully.

The criticism which Dr. Sanday makes of Mr. Inge himself is of a different kind. Practically it amounts to a defence of the historical method in theology. No one who had read Mr. Inge's Bampton Lecture on Mysticism was surprised to find him lay all emphasis on Christian experience. Dr. Sanday thinks he does so too exclusively. Yet he is very gentle with him. He does not say he is wrong. He says only that he does not make sufficient allowance for minds of other build than his own. The Christ, says Mr. Inge, with whom historical criticism has had to do, who has been placed in the dock as it were, cross-examined, and acquitted, is a dead Christ, who could only preside over a dead Church. Not so, replies Dr. Sanday. He may be a Christ in whom the human side is strongly developed, and it may be through the human side that the imagination seeks to climb up to the Divine; but at least He is a Christ who *has lived*, lived a real true human moving life; He is not a docetic phantasm.

It is gentle criticism, but it reaches the centre. It may be that 'the majority of Christians to-day are Christians because they have found Christ, or rather because Christ has found them'; it may be that the historical method, mercilessly and exclusively employed, deserves the contemptuous

title of 'Old Bailey' theology; yet Dr. Sanday is right. The moment arrives to many minds, let us be bold and say to the most candid minds, when the origins of the Faith must be inquired into. It is not that the apostles are 'tried on a charge of perjury and acquitted'; it is that the present living Christ, who has found us, has found us because once in the past He loved us and gave Himself for us. And it is a mistake to say that we never can prove that past. As Dr. Sanday puts it, there may be no single argument that we can lean upon alone, but there is 'a multitude of historical particulars, finely graduated perhaps in regard to degrees of proof, but with certain fixed points as centres, and all convergent in their ultimate effect and rendering each other mutual support. In a picture constructed by such a method, the little facts, the lowly features come by their due—"the violet by the mossy stone half hidden from the eye," no less than the great leading ideas.' When the picture is formed we know whom we have believed and are persuaded. Mr. Inge says it is a broken reed, which will pierce one's hands as soon as we really lean upon it. Rather it is a stake driven quite securely into the soil beneath, on which we can build with confidence our houses of Christian experience, and dwell therein as in a home.

Dr. Rashdall's and Mr. Inge's essays give *Contentio Veritatis* its distinction. For Dr. Sanday they are the book. With the remaining essays he is not so well pleased. He considers how such a volume is likely to come into existence. 'The idea occurs to two or three personal friends or colleagues that a volume surveying some particular field, and stating the position of research in regard to that field, is desirable. But then they have to look round to make up their number. And whereas in their own case, perhaps, their materials are ready and the time for their publication is what they would naturally choose, the same cannot be said of the supplemental essays. The writers of these have their subjects chosen for them, and they are often pressed into

publishing before they are really ready, before their materials are fully digested, or their own opinions matured.'

Moreover, he does not think that the 'Oxford essay' has a high reputation with *those who know*. For there have been Oxford essays before. Canon T. S. Evans of Durham used to say of Stanley's *Corinthians*: 'And every twenty pages or so you come to an elegant Oxford essay—all wrong.' Dr. Sanday does not mean to say that these new Oxford essays are 'all wrong.' He thinks they decidedly tend to be right. But he thinks that with them also the ease and grace of the outward form is not in proportion to the thoroughness and well-considered grounding of the subject-matter.

This criticism seems severe. Yet it is the criticism which every honest worker will welcome, and welcome it heartily from Dr. Sanday. For he is the good divine that follows his own instructions. It is indeed an incalculably precious thing that the Oxford tutors are able to lay their work at the feet of a critic like this. For, as Dr. Sanday himself says, they are the backbone of the university system, as the non-commissioned officers are said to be the backbone of the British army. They are in closest and most continuous touch with the undergraduates, they have most to do with the direct moulding of character. The only thing that we have to fear for the Bible or Christ is dishonest dealing. If the tutors are taught to deal honestly, there is nothing left to fear.

What is the difference between a Christian and a man of the world? The readiest answer is that the Christian walks by faith, the man of the world by sight. But Dr. Illingworth says that answer will not do.

Dr. Illingworth (who is perhaps our foremost writer on apologetic at present) has written another book. He calls it *Reason and Revelation* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). It is another volume of

apologetic. And the very heart of the apology for Christianity it contains is this, that God is love and may be counted on.

The man of the world is a man of faith. Without faith he could not take a step in the dark, he could not move a hand into the future. His faith is in the order of the world. It is a cosmos, this world of ours, not a chaos. Things lie in order around. And if we have to put out our hand into the future, or take a step into the dark, we do so in trust that we shall find things lying in order still, just as we find them in the present or in the light. And that is faith. It is the faith of the man of the world.

But the faith of the Christian is more than that. He puts out his hand into the dark and touches another hand. He sees a Person in the future to whom he can go. His world is not merely a cosmos, orderly and arranged; it is a home. He has found that the order of this world is due to God, and God is love.

Now this difference between the Christian and the man of the world is a difference too great to be exaggerated. Is it not also too great to be true? How can the Christian look around this world and say that God is love—this world of sin and suffering?

It is the great problem of modern apologetic. It is most easily felt, it is most passionately urged, it is most difficult to resolve. Dr. Illingworth gives his last chapter to it, and the whole of his candour and strength.

He begins by clearing the way. Sin and suffering, you said? We have only to deal with sin. Suffering is a consequence of sin or else its corrective. It is sin and sin alone that makes the problem.

Then he refuses to be driven into a corner or pinned on the horns of a dilemma. There

is only one legitimate way of stating the problem. It is this: Why did God create man capable of sinning? And to that the answer is that we cannot conceive how freewill could otherwise have been created. Freewill is the source of all morality, of all that has worth or value in the world. Without it there would be no heroism, no idealism, no beauty of holiness, no self-sacrificing love; man would have remained an animal, and history moved forward to no goal. Therefore, without the possibility of sin, human life—with all that it stands for—could not have come into being.

But was not then the creation of man a mistake? It depends upon the end. For a moment Dr. Illingworth seems ready to admit that it was, *if he is held to a belief in everlasting punishment*. If there is such a thing as final impenitence, if there are sinful wills that continue forever sinful, then he cannot see that it is possible to prove that God is love.

So he turns and asks, What must we believe regarding the future of the impenitent? And he finds that, broadly speaking, three views are prevalent, and we may make our choice. The first view is that they are everlastingly punished; the second is that at once or by and by they are annihilated; the third is that finally they are all brought back to God. We may make our choice, he says. For Scripture is not clear and the Church has fixed no dogma.

But just when we suppose that Dr. Illingworth means to choose the third and jump the difficulty with his head down, we find we are mistaken. He chooses the first. He says that even on the belief that man is punished everlastingly, God may be shown to be a God of love.

For punishment is not torment. There is a punishment of which we can conceive, which is everlasting, and yet agrees with our sense of the

everlasting love of God. We have an analogy in human life. 'Take the case of a man who has been a culpable spendthrift in his youth, and so reduced himself to penury for the remainder of his life. His poverty is his punishment, and as long as he resents it he is in misery. But no sooner does he recognize its justice than he can bear it with cheerful acquiescence as God's will. Yet the punishment remains; he has all the incapacities of poverty, and he

can never now do the good that he might have done with his wealth.'

Can we not conceive a similar process in the life to come? May not men awaken there to recognize that, by their earthly conduct, they have brought themselves for ever to a lower state than might have been, and are they not to that extent everlastingly punished, even though they accept their position as divinely just and be at peace?

## The Logos in the Chaldaean Story of the Creation.

By PROFESSOR FRITZ HOMMEL, PH.D., MUNICH.

IN THE EXPOSITORY TIMES of May 1900 (pp. 341-345) I have already dealt with the Chaldaean list of the patriarchs, as reported by Berosus and as underlying the duplicate accounts in Gn 4 and 5. My reason for returning to the subject is that I am now in a position to prove that in the *Adapa* [fuller form *Adapad*, Berosus *Alaparos*], which stands second in the Chaldaean list, we have an intermediate form betwixt God and man, which signified originally 'Word of the Father.'

In the first place, I would once more remind my readers that, in the list of ten patriarchs (Berosus and Gn 5), before 'man' proper (called in Gn 5 'ēnōsh, not 'ādām) there are two divine forms, namely, 'ādām = Alorus (= Bab. *Arūru*, the consort of the creator god Ea, who, like Ea, kneaded man from clay and blood), and 𐎠𐎶 = Alaparus (Bab. *Adapada*). It is only then that we encounter the first man, who is called in Gn 5 'Ēnōsh, but in Gn 4 *hā-'ādām*, 'the man' (Berosus *Amelon*, i.e. *amēlu*, 'man'). Now follow in Gn 5 the first seven descendants of Enosh-Adam, who, together with 'Ādām, *Shēth*, and *Ēnōsh*, make up the so-called ten primeval kings. A comparison with Gn 4 exhibits the following arrangement:—

Gn 5.	Gn 4.
Kēnān.	Kain.
Mahalal'el.	Enoch.
Jared (יָרֵד).	'Irad (עֵרָד).
Enoch.	Mēhūja'el.
Methū-shalah.	Methū-sha'el.
Lamekh.	Lamekh.
Nōah.	[Nōah].

In Berosus these last seven are called—

'Αμμένων, Ammenon,	cf. Gn 5 Kēnān.
Μεγάλαρος, Amegalarus, <sup>1</sup>	,, ,, Mahalal'el.
Δάωνος, Davonus,	,, ,, Jared.
Ἐδεδώραχος, Edoranchus,	,, ,, Enoch.
'Αμέμψινος, Amempsinus,	,, ,, Methū-shalah.
'Ωπάρτης, Opartes, <sup>2</sup>	,, ,, Lamekh.
Ξισουθρος, Xisuthrus,	,, ,, Nōah.

As long ago as March 1893 (*P.S.B.A.* 'The Ten Patriarchs of Berosus') I pointed out that the *Ammenon* of Berosus must be based upon a cuneiform *ummiānu*, 'artificer,' 'master-workman' (exactly the same meaning as 𐎠𐎶 has in Arabic), and also that the original name of the son of this Ummanu-Kain was Amil-Arūru. This furnished the key to the understanding of the whole, and Professor Zimmern afterwards discovered also the original Babylonian form of the patriarch who answers to the biblical Enoch, namely, *En-me-dur-an-ki*, king of Sippar (this last place appearing in Berosus as *Ἰαυρι-βύβλα*, i.e. *Putū-Sippar* or Agadi-Akkad, west of the Euphrates, in Chaldaea). That 'Αμήλων = *amēlu*, 'man,' and 'Αμέμψινος = Amil-Sin, was suggested by Friedrich Delitzsch (*Wo lag das Paradies?*, p. 149), but the latter of these identifications is still very questionable.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These forms must go back to an original 'Αμηλ-ἀλαρος (cf. No 1 'Αλωπος = Bab. *Arūru*), i.e. Bab. *Amil-Arūru*.

<sup>2</sup> So corrected by Lenormant, instead of the meaningless *Otiartes* ('Ωτιάρτης); the name is preserved in Babylonian in the Deluge story as *Ubara-tutu*. The by-form 'Αρδάτης will go back to a Bab. variant *Arad-tutu*.

<sup>3</sup> It is more likely that AMEMIICINOC was written by mistake for AMELNICINOC (= 'man of Nisin').