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hitherto held. This being the situation, can we think it is desirable that Neo-Hinduism or Neo-Buddhism should be encouraged to exist alongside of the Christian Church into which the converts of missions are gathered, or must we press on to win these too for Christ?

(i.) What racial unity demands as the goal of the course of religious history is surely one common faith for all mankind. The day of particularism is past, the day of universalism has dawned. The world is becoming one in commerce, culture, civilization, science, even morals. Shall religion be the one exception? What can give so great a moral value or spiritual significance to the unifying of the world as a common faith? What can restrain the antagonisms and rivalries that this closer contact of nations and races must result in, except a common human ideal, inspired by a common divine reality, transcending all these differences.

(ii.) Scientific research is proving most conclusively what Christianity in its missionary endeavour assumes as self-evident—that these are not naturally inferior and superior races, but that all have a common human nature, which by a common mental, moral, and religious nurture can be raised to a common development in knowledge, morals, and religion. The notion that different races need,

because adapted to, different religions is a long-exploded fallacy.

(iii.) The one human race needs and waits for one religion. Is it to be the Christian, or, as some fondly dream, an amalgam or mosaic of many faiths? That Christianity as we present it to other peoples may need, and will undergo, modifications, in which the influence of other faiths will be felt, who can or would desire to doubt? India, China, Japan, and other lands will contribute something to the common world-faith in qualifying our European one-sidedness. For we must not forget that our Western Christianity has been affected by the genius and ethos of Greece and Rome. And let no Western prejudice or pride on our part hinder that process. But I do not believe that the gospel itself, as our modern scholarship is now enabling us to apprehend and appreciate it, purged of all accretions, needs either supplementing or correcting from other faiths; nor do I believe that there are needed such national or racial adaptations as would reproduce the sectarian differences of the past; but the one Christ, known as He is, will satisfy the one humanity. This is the task entrusted to us; are we as enthusiastic, generous, and faithful as its surpassing greatness may demand of us?

In the Study.

Literature for the Pulpit.

OFTEN have sermons been preached on the questions that were put to Christ by others, and again on the questions that were put to others by Christ. The Rev. H. W. Morrow, M.A., has preached both series, and has issued both in one volume entitled *Questions Asked and Answered by our Lord* (Allenson; 3s. 6d.). The book has already reached a second edition.

To his volume of sermons on *The Seriousness of Life* (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net), the Rev. J. S. Rutherford, M.A., has prefixed an essay on 'The Choice of Subjects for Sermons.' The essay is better than the sermons. To tell how to do it is often easier than to do it. Yet the sermons are good—clear, honest, practical—always

having the solemn words of our Lord ringing through them: 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.'

The Rev. James Burns, M.A., of Stoke Newington Presbyterian Church, London, has prepared *A Pulpit Manual*, containing forms of Prayers used in the Conduct of Public Worship; Suggestive Summaries; Orders of Service for Celebration of the Sacraments, Marriage, Admission to Communion, Church Festivals, and other Public Occasions (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net).

One day a happy thought came to the Rev. John Reid, M.A., of Inverness, and he proceeded forthwith to translate it into deed. What are sermons for? They are for conversion—that first and chiefly. Tell men to send a sermon which

they know has been the means of some one's conversion. He cast his net over all the Churches and gathered nineteen sermons. To each sermon he prefixed the story of its success, supplied by the preacher. And of the nineteen sermons and their stories he made a book, publishing it with the title of *Effectual Words* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net).

It is a book of marvellous strong interest. The sermons are great sermons, as one can easily believe—great in their directness, their variety, their effortless victory. The stories are well told and authentic. But perhaps the best thing is the editor's own introduction—a writing of quite exceptional homiletic and human value.

Our Spiritual Skies (Eaton & Mains; \$1 net) is probably a volume of sermons, the preacher being Charles Coke Woods. But it might be a volume of essays. For there is a literary tastefulness in the topics and titles as well as in the style which is not very suggestive of the pulpit. Like Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Woods has been attracted to the subject of Fear. The sermon on 'The Scarecrows of Life' is a strong encouragement to 'trust and not be afraid.' In the experience of Mr. Woods the three greatest fears in life are the fear of disease, the fear of disappointment, and the fear of death.

A volume on *The Twelve*, by the Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury, is sure of a good reception (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net). Its own exceeding suggestiveness will carry it farther than even its author's reputation. Among the many courses of sermons on the Apostles which have been published, this will hold up its head as the most thoroughgoing application of the psychological method of study.

The Rev. Herbert S. Seekings has published four courses of sermons on *The Men of the Pauline Circle* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net). The first course of eleven sermons deals with 'the Distinguished,' beginning with Paul himself and ending with Philemon; the second, of nine sermons, with 'the Obscure,' from Ananias to Demetrius; the third course, 'the Official,' describing 'Gallio the Honourable,' 'Lysias the Prosaic,' 'Felix the Enslaved,' 'Festus the Impulsive,' and 'Agrippa the Superficial.' The last group contains 'the Unknown.' They are dealt with in a single sermon.

The epithets given to the men recall George Matheson, but the sermons are Mr. Seekings' own.

The demand made upon the modern preacher that he should be comforting—that and nothing else—is responded to by the Rev. William E. Sellers. He has published a volume of his 'Comfortable Words' from the Psalms, under the title of *Morning Joy* (Kelly; 1s. 6d. net).

An exposition of a book of the New Testament by a son of Bishop Westcott is not likely to escape notice. The author is the Ven. Frederick Brooke Westcott, D.D.; the book is the Epistle to the Colossians. Dr. Westcott offers a paraphrase and brief exposition of that Epistle under the title of *A Letter to Asia* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). It is not at all in the manner of his father's work. Probably Dr. Westcott has discovered that the old verbal commentary is no longer serviceable. But it has all the scholarship, reverence, and freedom which gave the Bishop's work its power. Even with the paraphrase, the most difficult of all kinds of commenting, Dr. Westcott has been successful. Here he recalls Bishop Lightfoot, but again his manner is his own.

What are the outward and ordinary means of grace? The outward and ordinary means of grace are—those who know their Shorter Catechism can finish the answer. The Rev. F. S. Webster has another answer to give. He says there are many, very many, means of grace. He mentions four: a well-pitched song, a well-cleansed heart, a well-read Bible, and a well-kept tryst. What is a well-kept tryst? 'Meet your Master at regular intervals, at your regularly appointed times of prayer.' This and much more on grace will be found in one of the sermons of his new volume *Trusting and Triumphant* (R.T.S.; 2s. net).

The 30th verse of the first chapter of 1 Corinthians is a statement of the whole Gospel. So the Rev. Arthur J. Tait, D.D., Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, has expounded it in a series of sermons, first delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, and now issued under the title of *Christus Redemptor* (Robert Scott; 1s. 6d. net).

'Sunday Studies in Week-day Religion' is the sub-title of a volume of sermons which the Rev.

J. Warschauer, M.A., D.Phil., has published (Robert Scott; 3s. 6d. net). The title itself is not so informing—*Challenge and Cheer*—but it gives us the right attitude to the book. Dr. Warschauer is without doubt a great preacher, one of our greatest, and his greatness consists in the challenge of his own strong personality together with the cheer of his vivid gospel. He is more 'secular' than we are accustomed to, but 'secular' in his hands invariably becomes 'sacred.' And how much finer is that than the secularizing of things sacred.

Virginitus Puerisque.

BY THE REV. HENRY S. CURR, B.D., B.LITT.(OXON.).

I.

The Gilded Halfpenny.

'For if a man thinketh himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.'—Gal 6³.

A great man called George Wyndham once said that a gilded halfpenny remains a halfpenny and is unfit for circulation. I wonder what he meant? Let us think over it and we shall find that his words are easily understood. Nobody will deny that a halfpenny which has been gilded is not worth much more than a halfpenny. It does not become a sovereign. It is still a halfpenny. The second part of the saying means that you cannot buy anything with it. It is useless, despite its gilding. Our text teaches the same lesson. Paul advises the Galatians in effect to beware of being gilded halfpennies. In other words, do not think yourselves to be more than you are, and do not pretend it. Let me try to explain why you should avoid this habit. One good reason is that, if you do so, other people will dislike you. The Dublin printer, George Faulkner, once called upon the great Dean Swift, the author of *Gulliver's Travels*. He had just returned from a visit to London where he had bought a new coat which was richly embroidered with gold brocade after the fashion of the time. He presented himself in this guise to the surly Dean, who could not bear gilded halfpennies. Faulkner was hugely delighted with himself, and when he saluted Swift with the affectionate familiarity of an old friend he was surprised to find that the Dean confronted him with a stony stare. In vain he expostulated with him and

declared himself to be George Faulkner, his old friend, but in vain. At last Swift cried out that he was a cheat, and ordered him to leave the room. Faulkner saw his mistake. He had been playing the gilded halfpenny. Donning his ordinary clothes, he went back to the Dean, who welcomed him with his usual cordiality. 'Ah, George,' he cried, 'how delighted I am to see you. There was an impudent coxcomb here a few hours ago who was masquerading in velvet and gold, and pretending to be my old friend Faulkner, whom I always knew to be a plain and honest man.'

There are many children like that. They are always strutting and pretending. They forget that fine feathers do not make fine birds, with the result that nobody likes them. There is a Persian legend of a caliph who was always accompanied by a camel which carried a large wooden chest. He was greatly hated by the friends of the king. They thought that this box contained treasonable letters which the caliph was unwilling to allow out of his sight, for he knew that if they were discovered they would spell death. They accordingly persuaded the king to have the chest burst open. He therefore summoned the caliph to his palace. The latter repaired thither in due course, accompanied as usual by the camel and the mysterious chest. The king ordered him in sharp tones to open the chest. To the surprise of all present he calmly unlocked it without a word of protest. The courtiers crowded round to see what it contained, but instead of letters or sabres it contained only a shabby cloak similar to that worn by shepherds. The king's curiosity was aroused, and he asked Hadrad (for that was the caliph's name) why he always carried this ridiculous object with him. The caliph calmly replied that he had begun life as a shepherd and he still kept his old cloak to remind him of the fact. He was afraid that he might think he was a nobleman when he was only a clever shepherd. He was no gilded halfpenny. He knew that the best way to gain the love of all who knew him was to be what he was and not to strut and ape. His belief proved correct. The king made him ruler over two additional provinces.

There is a similar tale of William Carey. At the table of the Viceroy an officer so far forgot himself as to say in Carey's hearing, 'I understand Carey was once a shoemaker.' 'No,' snapped out Carey, 'only a cobbler.' He knew well that if he pretended to be anything else than what he was

nobody would be deceived. There is a Roman fable of a donkey who found a lion's hide. He managed to struggle into it and trotted towards a neighbouring village thinking that he was a lion. People were at first frightened, and the donkey was delighted as he saw them running in all directions. Then he thought that he would enhance the effect by beginning to roar. No sooner did he open his mouth than he was found to be a gilded halfpenny, and he was soundly flogged for his pains. That is always the fate of children who pretend. They are found out and everybody laughs at them. There is one way in which it is dangerous to be a gilded halfpenny. It is usually amusing except in one case. Jesus told a story about two men who went to the Temple to pray. One was a Pharisee and the other a publican. The Pharisee was a gilded halfpenny and he showed it in his prayer, for he thanked God that he was better than his neighbours. The publican was a man who was like an honest halfpenny, which has no gilding. His prayer was very different. He simply told God what he was, by crying 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Jesus tells us that God was angry with the Pharisee and pleased with the publican. Let us then beware above all things of being gilded halfpennies as we draw near to God, but let us rather say, in the words of the hymn—

Just as I am, without one plea,
O Lamb of God, I come.

II.

Love's Mantle.

'Love covereth a multitude of sins.'—I P 4th (R.V.).

Have you heard the little story which tells how Sir Walter Raleigh attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth? Raleigh afterwards became a great soldier and writer and explorer, and the way in which he began his career was this. While he was still a young man he was standing in the midst of a great crowd which was awaiting the queen's arrival as she was about to disembark from her barge at Greenwich. When she landed, she walked up the long lane which was quickly formed by the cheering crowds until she came opposite to the place where young Raleigh was standing, and there she paused, for there was a large and muddy pool in her way, and she did not know how to cross it. Raleigh took in the situation at a glance.

Quick as thought, he unslung the new cloak of rich red velvet which hung on his shoulder, and spread it over the dirty pool, with the result that the queen passed over dry-shod. She was so pleased that she attached Raleigh to her train, and that was the beginning of his great career. Peter was thinking of something which is very like Raleigh's beautiful act when he bade his readers to love each other, for so they would cover a multitude of sins. There are a great many muddy places in the lives of those whom we know, and King Jesus is more pleased than Queen Elizabeth was when we cover these with the red mantle of charity.

There used to live a man called the Prince Consort. He was the father of King Edward VII. and he was famous among other things for his love in covering other people's mistakes. Let me give you an example of it. On one occasion a poor but worthy man who had helped him in early life paid him a visit. He was invited to join the royal family at table, which he gladly did. When the meal was served, the good man began in his simple way to eat with his knife, which, as all children know, is very bad manners. A titter ran round among the children as they noticed how their father's poor friend was eating. The Prince Consort immediately gave them a stern glance which silenced their merriment. You may then imagine the children's surprise when their father began to eat with his knife. They finished the meal in silent wonder, and when the guest had departed they asked their father very respectfully the reason for his strange conduct. Whereupon he told them that, although he knew well that it was bad manners to eat in that way, his old friend had never known anything else, and he was more anxious that he should enjoy his dinner than that he should observe the rules of good manners. The Prince Consort thus covered the other man's mistake. He laid upon the muddy place the mantle of love. Have we not all been guilty of sly smiles when we see another boy making a fool of himself? It may seem to be clever, but it is really cruel. We need only think for a moment how miserable we should feel if somebody smiled at our mistakes, to stop such nasty conduct at once.

There is an Arabian tale of a poor Bedouin who found in the desert a spring of sparkling water. He was so pleased with the clear and cold water that he made up his mind to fill a small skin with it and carry it as a present to the caliph, as the king of that land

was called. After a long journey, he reached the palace where the caliph stayed, and gaining an audience, he presented the skin full of water. The caliph drank some of it, and praised it in a way which made the poor Arab's heart bound with joy. When the courtiers who were standing by heard what the king said they pled with their royal master to be allowed to taste it. To their surprise the caliph sternly forbade them to touch it. When the Arab was gone they asked their master why he had not allowed them to taste the water. His answer shows us again what the mantle of love is. 'The water was really brackish, because it had been so long in the skin, but I praised it because it was an act of kindness. If you had touched it you might have made wry faces and the poor man would have been grieved.' Learn from these tales to cover other boys' mistakes. When your mother gives strict orders that when you are finished with your lessons you must stack your books in a neat pile, then do not run and tell her because your brother runs off without doing it. Stack his books yourself and cover his mistake with the mantle of love.

A French soldier once fell asleep during the time when he was required to march sentry. As you may know, this is a very serious offence. It is punished with death. When he awoke and saw the mistake which he had made he was terrified, but as he rubbed his eyes and gazed through the grey light of the morning he saw a little man wearing a soldier's cloak and a field-marshal's hat standing with his rifle. Then the truth flashed upon him. It was Napoleon. He had found the sentry asleep, and instead of rousing the guard and causing him to be made a prisoner and finally shot, he had covered his mistake with the mantle of love. That is another splendid example for us. If you want to speak about mistakes tell everybody whom you meet about your own blunders, but cover the mistakes of others. Let me add in a sentence another reason why you should do this. Do you know why Jesus died? I will tell you the reason. He loved us so much that He covered our mistakes. Let us go and do the same.

The Rev. Granville Sharp, M.A., is the author of *The Climbing Way, and Other Addresses to Children* (Memorial Hall; 1s. net). Here is one of the addresses—

The Land of Never-Begun.

'Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord.'—Col 3²³.

There is a proverb which says, 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.' But there are some people who seem as though they would like to change the proverb to, 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.' Johnnie was like that. Such a kind-hearted boy, Johnnie was: he would always promise to do anything that anybody wanted. But somehow the things he promised never got done: it seemed as though Johnnie could not make up his mind to begin them. He was always going to do them; but that was as far as he got. His little sister Nellie was in sad trouble one day because her favourite doll had had a terrible accident, and had an arm and a leg broken. 'Never mind, Nell,' said Johnnie; 'I'll soon mend that for you.' And Nellie dried her tears and went off happily to school. But the day went on, and dollie still lay a helpless cripple, and Nellie's sweet little face looked longingly for the brother who was to repair the damage, but who never came. Next day mother wanted some flowers planted out in the garden; and Johnnie promised that he really would do that. Mother had to go to town; and when she returned the flowers were drooping on the garden-path, and Johnnie was nowhere to be found. 'Johnnie,' said father at night, 'just oil the wheelbarrow for me in the morning, will you?' 'All right, father,' said Johnnie; but the wheel squeaked just as badly till father oiled it himself. One day Johnnie found something that he said he would just like to do! It was just the kind of job he would enjoy! There was a place in the garden where the fowls got through the hedge, and scratched up the soil and did ever so much mischief. 'I'll just build a nice wooden fence there,' said Johnnie; 'that will keep them out.' But all the same the fowls came in, and the fence did not put in an appearance. Now, shall I tell you how Johnnie got cured of this very bad habit of his? He had a dream one night: he dreamt that he was walking through a wood, when suddenly he found himself in a very queer sort of country. It was a dim and shadowy kind of place, where you could only just make out the things that were around you. All over the ground there were strange objects that at first looked like nothing

Johnnie had ever seen before. But after a while he began to make out what they were. There along the path in front of him was what looked like a doll, trying to walk, and all the while falling down; then trying to get up, and falling sideways, because one of its arms would keep doubling up. Then there went rolling by a thing like a ghost of a wheelbarrow, if you can imagine what that would be; and all the while it went along it set up a most dismal noise, something between a whistle and a howl and a scream and a shriek! In the twilight by the roadside Johnnie could make out flowers and plants, trying to stand upright, but drooping down again to the ground; and they were sobbing and crying bitterly because they could not stand and grow to lovely blossoms, as flowers should do. And away in the distance were what seemed to be bits of broken wood that were always rearing themselves up, seeming to be growing into a garden-fence, but always tumbling down again into a heap. Presently it seemed as if these queer things caught sight of Johnnie; for he heard a squeaky voice—he felt sure it was the wheelbarrow—say: ‘Here comes one of these Never-Beginners: let’s pay him out: tell him what he has done: let him know where he is, and what he will have to do now.’ And then it seemed to Johnnie that they all crowded round him; and they began to chant, in a weird, sad, weary kind of voice, the wheelbarrow’s squeak sounding above all the rest:

‘This is the land of Never-Begun; and we are
the things that were never begun;
Never begun, never begun, never-be-gun, never-
be-gun:

Oho, aha, oho, oho!’

Then, pointing long thin hands towards him, they all went on:

‘And you are a Never-Beginner!’

Johnnie began to feel very frightened; and presently he was more frightened still; for he heard a voice—not the squeaking wheelbarrow this time, but a stern, great voice—which said: ‘What of the things that were never begun? What of the little sad heart in your father’s home, because she loved the doll that was maimed, and you never mended it? What of the flowers you cheated of their life? What of the wheel that was

never oiled, but made discord where there should have been quiet working? What of the fence that could never be a fence?’ ‘Oh, let me go back home!’ cried Johnnie; ‘I will go and do the things I promised right away: indeed I will!’ ‘Nay,’ said the voice, ‘that may not be: first you must repair the broken lives that you see around you: until you have done that you must dwell in the land of Never-Begun.’ And so Johnnie found that he had to try to make right these things he had never begun; but alas! he could not do it: he found that there was something he had forgotten. He had forgotten *how to begin!* He had always been putting off beginning—and now he had forgotten the way to begin. So he must always dwell in the land of Never-Begun! Johnnie never felt so glad in his life as when all at once he woke up, and found himself in bed, and knew it had all been a dream. But he jumped straight out of bed, hurried up with his dressing, and before breakfast dollie’s arm and leg were all right again! And when Johnnie saw the gladness in little Nellie’s eyes, as she kissed him and sweetly thanked him, he began to think that the happiest thing, after all, was to begin right away and do the things that came along.

I wonder whether any of you are Never-Beginners. The land of Never-Begun is a dismal land, boys and girls: don’t go and live there. Here is a motto for you, ‘Do the next thing.’ That is the best way, the way to be really happy. If the next thing is only mending a doll, or oiling a wheelbarrow, or posting a letter for father, or dusting a room for mother, never mind; it is the next thing for you, and that is just what God has given you to do now. ‘Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord.’ Remember that all the things we ought to do—all kind deeds, all things that help, all that is our duty—all this is what God has given us to do. Then you will not want to put off beginning, but will try to do the ‘next thing’ as perfectly and beautifully as you possibly can, that He may see your work is heartily and lovingly done. Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well; and you know, ‘Well begun is half done.’ The thing that seems hard to do will prove ever so much easier when once it is begun; and just to go on, doing one by one the tasks God gives us, will make life a happy thing for us every one.