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## Entre Nous.

### What say they?

We must be exceedingly practical and forestall criticism by ourselves 'scrapping' whatever has ceased to be useful. There is a certain amount of estranged phraseology, which must go. There is some amount of fossilized belief, which must go. There is a large amount of denominational cult, which must go.<sup>1</sup>

Jesus deals very tenderly with the outcasts of every sphere; but He deals with them truthfully. The tax-gatherer is forgiven but he is not white-washed, the harlot is forgiven but her past life is neither ignored nor extenuated, the thief enters Paradise, but he enters not as an honest man but as a repentant thief.<sup>2</sup>

The bluestocking is as old as mankind. Her original was Eve, the first dabbler in moral philosophy.<sup>3</sup>

The belief in Original Sin—that was itself Man's original sin.<sup>3</sup>

The candid incline to surmise of late  
That the Christian faith proves false, I find;  
For our Essays-and-Reviews' debate  
Begins to tell on the public mind,  
And Colenso's words have weight:

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,  
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:  
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart  
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,  
The Corruption of Man's Heart.<sup>4</sup>

### The Castigation of the Churches.

The Rev. Nicholai Velimirovic, D.D., whose book on *The Agony of the Church* has been commended by Principal Whyte, says that what the Churches need most sorely (and they all need it) is self-castigation. 'The Christian monks of old used to castigate themselves when a great plague came over the world. They used to consider themselves as the real cause of the plague, and did not accuse anybody else. Well, this extreme

method ought to be used now by the Churches, for the good of mankind and for their own good. It would be quite enough to bring the dawning of a new day for Christianity if this self-castigation of the Churches were only a self-criticism.

'If, for instance, the Eastern Church would say: Although I have preserved faithfully and unchangingly the most ancient traditions of Christianity, still I have many faults and insufficiencies. I have much to learn from the Roman Church, how to bring all my sections, all my national and provincial branches into closer touch; and from Anglicanism I have to learn the wonderful spirit of piety, expressed not only in old times, but even in quite modern times through new prayers, new hymns, new psalms, added to the old ones; and from Protestantism I have to learn the courage to look every day to the very heart of religion in its simplest and most common expressions.

Or, if the Roman Church would use this self-criticism, saying: My concentration is my strength and my weakness. Perhaps, after all, my Pope is more a Cæsaristic than a Christian Institution, making more for worldly Imperialism than for the Spirituality of the world. I have to learn from the Christian East more humility, and from Anglicanism more respect for human freedom and social democracy, and from Protestantism a more just appreciation of human efforts and results in science and civilization generally.

'Or, if the Anglican Church would use self-criticism like this, and say, I am, of course, an Apostolic Church, but I am not the only Church. I have to learn from the Eastern Church something, and from the Church of Rome something, but, above all, I have to learn that they are the Apostolic Churches as well as I, and that I am, without them, too small an island, and unable to resist alone the flood of patriotic and imperialistic tendencies. And from the Protestants I have to learn to put the living Christ above all doctrinal statements and liturgical mysteries.

'Or, if the Protestants of all classes would abandon their contemptuous attitude towards so-called ecclesiasticism and ritualism, and criticise themselves, saying: We have had too much confidence in human reason and human words. Our worship is bare of every thing but the poor human

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Arthur Jones in *Problems of To-morrow*.

<sup>2</sup> Professor J. F. McFadyen in *Jesus and Life*, 92.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Moore in *We Moderns*.

<sup>4</sup> Browning, 'Gold Hair.'

tongue. We have excluded nature from our worship, though nature is purer, more innocent and worthier to come before the face of God than men. We have been frightened by candles and incense, and vestments, and signs, and symbols, and sacraments, but now we see that the mystery of life and of our religion is too deep to be spoken out clearly in words only. And we have been frightened by the episcopal administration of the Church, but now we see that the episcopal system is a golden midway between the papal and our extremes. Besides, we have gone too far in our criticism of the Church tradition and of the Holy Scriptures. We have to learn to abstain from calling the Eastern Church idolatrous and the Roman Church tyrannical, and the Episcopal Church inconsistent. We have our own idolatries (our idols are: individualism, human reason, and the human word); and we have our own tyranny (the tyranny of criticism and pride); and we have—thank God—our own inconsistencies.

'Such a self-criticism would mean really a painful self-castigation, because it would mean a reaction from a policy of criticism and self-sufficiency which has lasted a thousand years, ever since the 16th July 1054—the very fatal date when the Pope's delegates put an Excommunication Bull on the altar of St. Sophia's in Constantinople. The primitive monks, who practised self-castigation because of the world-evil, experienced a wonderful purification of soul, a new vision of God, and an extraordinary sense of unity with all men, living and dead. Well, that is just what the Church needs at present; a purification, a new vision of God, and a sense of unity.'

#### Originality.

Viscount Morley tells us in his autobiography that one of the three things which led him to unbelief in Christ and Christianity was the discovery that the sayings of Christ were not original. What would he say to that now if he were to read the words of a learned and loyal Jew, Mr. Claude G. Montefiore? The passage will be found in *Liberal Judaism and Hellenism*, p. 93. The words are:

'It seems to be held by many Jewish writers that if a certain saying in the New Testament can be paralleled by a saying of the same sort in the Old Testament or the Rabbinical Literature, that

the saying may forthwith be neglected. It is no longer original. We have, however, already seen that the greatness and inspiration of a New Testament passage do not depend upon its being wholly unparalleled. They depend upon its position of importance, upon its stress, upon its form and passion, upon its relation to, and its place in, the teaching as a whole, upon its ultimate effect upon the world. Thus the New Testament would not lose in greatness, in importance, or in inspiration, if splitting it atomistically into sentences, you could find for every good sentence a Rabbinic parallel, or if you could prove (which you *very* rarely can) that, in each separate instance, the Rabbinic parallel was earlier than the New Testament sentence. As a matter of fact, so far as the Rabbinic parallels are concerned, they are usually a good deal later. But even if you fish up earlier parallels from the Testaments of the Patriarchs, or if you infer the existence of earlier parallels from the Didascalia, originality in date does not settle the question. Over and above originality in date is originality as regards the world, or the originality of fulness and centrality as against the originality of casual utterance and periphery. You may fish up a few sentences from the Testaments or from Philo, and we shall honour the authors and admire the sentences, but the question remains whether the thought of the sentences has entered into the world's spiritual consciousness through the Testaments or through the Gospels, through Philo or through Paul. And the question remains whether the thought is central and burning in the New Testament, and only incidental and exceptional in the parallels. Luther keeps his place, though he had his precursors; Darwin maintains his position, though there were many adumbrations and anticipations of his theories.'

There is one originality in Jesus which is worth much. It is an originality which should make some appeal to Viscount Morley. Let us hear Mr. Montefiore again: 'As regards the Israelite enemy there is no command in the Old Testament that he is to be hated. But is there any command that he is to be loved? No, there is not. And I am far from approving those criticisms of modern Jewish writers who, instead of admiring the command, "Thou shalt love thine enemy," positively depreciate and condemn it. I think that Matthew 5<sup>44-48</sup> and Luke 6<sup>27. 28</sup> are among the noblest specimens of human ethics, among

the finest of human ideals and commands. I still think this, though, when I remember the nationality of the commentators who have most exhausted their vocabulary in exaltation of these Gospel passages and in depreciation of Old Testament teaching, I have painful twinges of hesitation and of doubt. But what *is* the love of enemies? How is it to be shown? I do not suppose that Jesus meant that we are to feel for our enemies the same kind of feeling that we feel for our wives, our children, and our friends. The Jewish critics are doubtless right when they say that to ask for such a feeling would be absurd and undesirable. But, as so often when critics of one religion attack the injunctions and ideals of another, the Jewish critics set up a ninepin in order to knock it down. It is an easy and delightful entertainment, but of dubious utility. Jesus, I am sure, was thinking of something which *is* practicable. And the explanation of the "love" demanded is best given in the simple words: "Do good to them that hate you." And so far as feelings are concerned, we *can* avoid the desire of revenge, we *can* avoid delight when the enemy falls into misfortune.'

#### But to be paid for it!

Miss Jex-Blake was asked to take the post of mathematical tutor at Queen's College. The suggestion gave her great pleasure, and she broached the subject to her parents when she next went home. Though startled, they were on the whole pleased at the honour done her, but things assumed a different aspect when her father realized the conditions on which the tutorship was to be held.

'Dearest, I have only this moment heard that you contemplate being *paid* for the tutorship. It would be quite beneath you, darling, and I *cannot* consent to it. Take the post as one of honour and usefulness, and I shall be glad, and *you will be no loser*, be quite sure. But to be *paid* for the work would be to alter the thing *completely*, and would lower you sadly in the eyes of almost everybody. Do not think about it, dearest, and you will rejoice greatly by and bye with all who love you best.'

#### The Prayer Meeting.

I try to make my prayer-meeting as full of life and humour and common sense as possible—I

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 67.

took to it a Hebrew MS. one night, and a set of phylacteries another—any poor Christian will tell you what they are—and the people were much pleased.<sup>2</sup>

#### 'After these things.'

Some Christian Hindu women, among them Ponnamal, whose story is told by Amy Wilson-Carmichael, gave up the wearing of jewels and had much to bear in consequence. Afterwards, the women who had braved the storm had made a new discovery: they were no more thereafter mere biscuits in a biscuit-box, cut to correct pattern, fitted in rows, each the duplicate of the other; they had found a new thing, even their individuality; and in finding it they had gained in courage and in character. Things impossible before were now undertaken without a thought; they were free from a thousand trammels that before had entangled their feet with invisible threads. And going deeper, those who for love of the Crucified had counted all things loss and vanity, loved Him now with a new love, rejoiced with a new joy. Is there any limit to what God is prepared to do for the one who loves His Son well enough to meet His lightest wish? "After these things"—renunciation of temporal gain—the word of the Lord came unto Abraham in a vision, saying, "Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." After these things—not dissimilar—the word was the same.'

#### Note the Date.

In one of his letters home, Captain Ball, V.C., wrote (he was then in camp at Bishop Stortford, and aged 18½ years): 'I am going to work hard. I will stop smoking from to-night. Note the date. I do not intend these for idle words, but at times I shall fail. Then, dear dad, I shall want your advice. God will help and He has done.'

#### The Church's Task.

It is not often that the politician says something that is good for instruction in righteousness. It is not often enough. But the Prime Minister has accomplished it. He attended the Annual Flower Service of the Welsh Baptist Church at Castle Street, Oxford Street, London, on the 23rd of June, and sat with the minister in the pulpit. After the service there was a discussion, as is the

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.*, 97.

way in that Welsh Church. The discussion was on 'The Church and the Future.' Mr. Lloyd George made his contribution. It is reported in *The Times* of the 24th. It deserves preservation. Note the points: (1) Reconstruction to be safe must be in the hands of the Church; (2) there must be preparation; (3) there must be justice for everybody; (4) the spirit must be the spirit of the Book.

'I am very glad to think that the mind of the Churches, of the young people of the Churches, has been devoted to these problems, because I feel that the great problem of the reconstruction of the world is safer if the Churches begin to take charge of it.

'We have suffered in the war, perhaps, through lack of preparation before we entered it. Do not let us make the same mistake in peace. The mistakes we might make through entering on peace without preparation would be even more disastrous than the mistakes you might make by entering into war without preparation. The things that you will do will be more permanent. You will give direction and shape to things, and as the world will be very molten at that moment, it will cool down very quickly, and that shape will remain.

'Whatever you do you must be just, just to everybody. The world has got to be everybody's world. It is not going to be a world of any one class. We have all got to live in it after the war, and it must be fit for everybody to live in. Out of this agony of the world let us see that no deformity is born. Militarism? No. Mammonism? No; nor anarchy either. You have only got to look at what has happened in other lands. The only land to which a form of peace has come is a land which was not ready for the problems of peace. We do not want that here; so let us think of these things, and let us think of them in the atmosphere of Christianity, which means the atmosphere of brotherhood.

'Before this war I fought hard to see fair play for the people from whom I have sprung. Such as I got I only got through fighting. I am going to try another way this time. I believe that hearts have been softened. There is a greater sense of community. People have gone through the fiery furnace together. You all know of the three men who went through the fiery furnace, and if they had to settle accounts when they came out I do not believe that there was any quarrel. They did

it round the same table, they shared fairly, and if they quarrelled, it was long years afterwards. We have all been in the fiery furnace, all classes, the middle classes and the lower classes, if there is such a thing.

'Let us settle every account in the spirit of The Book. Let us try it, and if we fail, if any man stands in the way, then we will have to fight with him. We have not forgotten how to fight, but I do not believe it will be necessary. You cannot have the world as it was. It was a libel on Jesus Christ. It was a shame upon His name. Millions of men have not fought for a world of that kind, and let us, all those who are fortunate, those who have special gifts, those who have the gift of turning things into gold—some men have got it in their finger-tips; it does not matter what they touch, it is gold—all who have these lucky gifts, let us remember that there are other people less fortunate, and deal gently and tenderly, as men who are grateful, that God has been good to us, in paying our debt of gratitude by sharing with our brothers. That is the spirit in which we should try to start the new world—as men who have come out of the fiery furnace.'

Sadie.

Sadie's poems remained dear to her throughout life: she knew many of them by heart and repeated them almost on her death-bed; and her copy is worn even more 'threadbare' than are her volumes of Robertson's Sermons. One can imagine the feelings with which, after a keen exciting day's work, she went home to her lonely lodgings, with no 'Alice' looking out for her, to write her report to Dr. Sewall or Miss Du Pre, and to copy in her diary—as she did—the lines:

Up the way that is narrow, the path that is steep,

With no guide for my footsteps, no help for my fear:

Only this—that He knoweth the way that I tread,

And His banner of crimson is over my head.<sup>1</sup>

Walter de la Mare.

'Motley,' which gives the title to Mr. de la Mare's new volume, *Motley, and Other Poems*

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 230.

(Constable; 3s. 6d. net), is found in the middle. It is the Fool's wonder at the War:

They're all at war!—  
Yes, yes, their bodies go  
'Neath burning sun and icy star  
To chaunted songs of woe,  
Dragging cold cannon through a mire  
Of rain and blood and spouting fire,  
The new moon glinting hard on eyes  
Wide with insanities!

But it is not a volume of war poems. The poet sees before and after. Much as the present has of advantage, being so present and of such a variety, he struggles with the instinct, 'Let us eat and drink'; for there is another instinct, which with encouragement is the stronger of the two, and in any case lasts the longer. It is the instinct that greets the future with a cheer:

What needest thou?—a few brief hours of rest  
Wherein to seek thyself in thine own breast;  
A transient silence wherein truth could say  
Such was thy constant hope, and this thy way?—  
O burden of life that is  
A livelong tangle of perplexities.

What seekest thou?—a truce from that thou art;  
Some steadfast refuge from a fickle heart;  
Still to be thou, and yet no thing of scorn,  
To find no stay here, and yet not forlorn?—  
O riddle of life that is  
An endless war 'twixt contrarities.

Leave this vain questioning. Is not sweet the rose?  
Sings not the wild bird ere to rest he goes?  
Hath not in miracle brave June returned?  
Burns not her beauty as of old it burned?  
O foolish one to roam  
So far in thine own mind away from home!

Where blooms the flower when her petals fade,  
Where sleepeth echo by earth's music made,  
Where all things transient to the changeless win,  
There waits the peace thy spirit dwelleth in.

#### Ford Madox Hueffer.

It is very good form at present for poets not to take themselves seriously. But does not Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer go just a little beyond the form? His prefaces are defiances, with a yawn all through them. We are not offended. We know that there is something in him and even in his poetry though he will not himself believe it. But when he describes his heaven and tells us that it is a

materialist's heaven, and 'we shall be all the happier if it is a materialist's heaven'; and when we discover that it is simply Islamic, a harem, though of one:

The thirst, and the long, slow ache,  
And to interlace  
Lash with lash, lip with lip, limb with limb, and  
the fingers of the hand with the hand  
And . . .

—We are quite sure that it is time for the poet to stifle his yawn and be the man he is.

No doubt it is realistic. It is none the better for that. No doubt

God is a very clever mechanician; . . .  
Nor does God need to be a very great magician  
To give to each man after his heart,  
Who knows very well what each man has in his  
heart:  
To let you pass your life in a night club where  
they dance,

If that is your idea of heaven; if you will, in the  
South of France;

If you will, on the turbulent sea; if you will, in  
the peace of the night;

Where you will; how you will;  
Or in the long death of a kiss, that may never  
pall;

He would be a very little God if He could not  
do all this,

And He is still

The great God of all.

But that is not the signature of greatness.

The volume is called *On Heaven, and Poems written on Active Service* (John Lane; 3s. 6d. net). The poems written on active service are, realistic also, very realistic. And realism is right there. We had better discover what war is and does, whatever the discovery cost us. The whole world had better understand, for the time will come for forgetting, and this one thing must never be forgotten—the naked beastliness of it all. We are learning it. Many poets have helped. One of the most helpful is Ford Madox Hueffer.

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