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A volume of translations of *Documents Illustrative of the History of the Church* (7s. 6d. net) has been added to that most enterprising and already indispensable series, the S.P.C.K. 'Translations of Christian Literature.' The first volume, edited by the Rev. B. J. Kidd, D.D., goes down to A.D. 313. Dr. Kidd has the subject well in hand. There are other selections which we do not doubt he consulted, but he has worked over the material himself, and his own judgment is well trained. For the translations he has relied upon the 'Ante-Nicene Christian Library,' and the other great collections. The volume is well printed and well bound, altogether as immediately attractive as it will be at all times instructive.

To the 'Christian Revolution Series,' issued from the Swarthmore Press, the Rev. John Coates, B.A., has contributed a volume on *The Christ of Revolution* (2s. 6d. net). The title is strictly accurate. And His revolution was not only individual (though it *was* individual) but also social. Repent and be baptized, every one of you, and then the Kingdom of Heaven. In short arresting

paragraphs Mr. Coates shows us Christ at work revolutionizing both individuals and society.

The idea of *The Remnant* comes to us from Isaiah. But Dr. Rufus M. Jones, in a book with that title (Swarthmore Press; 5s. net), shows that it is Greek as well as Hebrew, and Christian more than either Hebrew or Greek. A short chapter suffices for Plato's doctrine, and a short chapter is all that is given to Isaiah. For Dr. Jones' purpose is to trace the existence and worth of the Remnant down through the Christian ages. He finds the Remnant in the Montanists, in the Donatists, in the 'Religious' of Roman monachism, in the Spiritual Franciscans, in the Poor Men of Lyons, in the Friends of God, in the Reformers, and in the Quakers. And always he finds that they were the salt of the earth. But were they not schismatic? Dr. Jones reminds us that the most schismatic of all the Remnants were the earliest Christians. There have, no doubt, been two types—the rebel type and the type which aims at reform within the body. But there is no hiding the sympathy of Dr. Jones with the rebels.

The Disciplined Life: An Ideal of the Pastoral Epistles.

BY THE REVEREND J. M. E. ROSS, M.A., GOLDERS GREEN.

IN the Pastoral Letters as we have them there are many signs of what some one has called 'the old age of the primitive Church.' This perhaps, more than any mere differences in style or vocabulary, justifies the modern tendency to regard them as only partially Paul's. If we cut out the famous passage about the finished course and the crown of righteousness, and a few other verses which seem to have the authentic Pauline ring, and then read the rest with a mind sensitive to atmosphere, we feel we are in touch with a time when the great adventure of the early Church is over. The Church is settling down into an institution. Careful organization is taking the place of eager impulse. The immediate concern is orthodoxy more than evangelism. There is an emphasis upon the steady-going routine of morality which is closer

to the Christian literature of the second century than to the Pentecostal fervour in which morality is swallowed up by love. It looks as though the primitive glow and rapture were gone: Christianity is getting into its grooves.

It is characteristic of this atmosphere that there should occur in these letters with quite unusual frequency the words *quietness, sobriety, gravity*, with other words of kindred type. The moral ideal seems here to centre in such thoughts: there is scarcely a class in the Christian community to which the standard is not applied. The simplest way to gather the impression will be to run through the Epistles as they stand in our New Testament, and note the words as they come. Beginning then with the phrase in 1 Timothy which bids men pray for *a tranquil and quiet life in all godliness*

and gravity (2²), we come upon the counsel that women should adorn themselves *in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety* (2⁹), and should *learn in quietness* (2¹¹), *should be in quietness* (2¹²), and should continue in faith and love and sanctification *with sobriety* (2¹⁶). It is not only the women, however, who are bidden to be *grave, temperate, faithful* (3¹¹). The bishops have their turn. The bishop is to be *temperate, sober-minded, orderly* (3²): he is to *rule well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity* (3⁴). The deacons are counselled in similar terms: they too must be *grave . . . ruling their children and their own houses well* (3¹²). The same subdued note recurs in various minor or less direct ways, e.g. in the familiar reference to godliness *with contentment* (6⁶). But passing to 2 Timothy, we learn there about the spirit of power and love and *sobering* (1⁷), and we hear the counsel, *Be thou sober in all things* (4⁶). Titus once more draws us into the same atmosphere. An elder's children are not to be *accused of riot or unruly* (1⁶): he himself is to be *no brawler, no striker* (1⁷), but *a lover of good, sober-minded, temperate* (1⁸). Aged men, though one might have thought this counsel superfluous, are to be *temperate, grave, sober-minded* (2²): the aged women likewise are to be *reverent in demeanour* (2³). The younger women too are to be *sober-minded* (2⁴): it somehow seems a long way from the happy raptures of the Gospel of the Infancy,—

There was a little maiden
In blue and silver drest,
She sang to God in Heaven
And God within her breast.

It flooded me with pleasure,
It pierced me like a sword,
When this young maiden sang 'My soul
Doth magnify the Lord.'

The stars sing all together
And hear the angels sing,
But they said they had never heard
So beautiful a thing.

—to these grey damsels of the Pastorals beneath a sky as grey as themselves. It may be the consolation of the latter that they find mates to match them: the younger men are also to be *sober-minded* (2⁶), and are to be taught the lesson by a

Christian messenger who must himself set the example of *gravity and sound speech* (2⁸).

This is not like anything else in the New Testament. Cowper might have digested the substance of these letters before he wrote in *The Task* his memorable lines on Discipline:

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still and unimpaired.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity and love.
The occupation nearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blushed at its own praise; and press'd the youth
Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving vig'rous plant;
The mind was well informed, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice. . . .
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age; his voice unstrung
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than reverence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend, and Discipline at length,
O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and died.

The Pastorals must have been written before that tragedy happened; and Discipline, that faithful servant not only of learning but of goodness, must have stood at the writer's elbow to guide his pen. For the message here might perhaps better be summed up in the word *discipline* than in any other single word. A quiet life is the demand. Now public quiet can be secured only by private self-control: so the writer wants everybody—bishops, deacons, old people, young people—to be sober-minded.

But are these thoughts and phrases merely a reflexion of the old age of the primitive period and of the mood which that old age brought with it? or is there not something here which has a permanent value, especially in certain zones of experience, say after high excitements and in the reaction from great events? This is the deeper way to look at the matter, and when we see men and women, as here, setting themselves to a life of gravity and self-discipline, we see something that

is peculiarly sanitary and saving for human society. Two witnesses may speak for many observers. Lord Morley in his *Voltaire*, after speaking of the 'infinite vileness' of the system of the Church in the eighteenth century, adds these words :

'Is not every incentive and every concession to vagrant appetite a force that enwraps a man in gratification of self, and severs him from duty to others, and so a force of dissolution and dispersion? It might be necessary to pull down the Church, but the worst Church that has ever prostituted the name and the idea of religion cannot be so disastrous to society, as a Gospel that systematically relaxes self-control as being an unmeaning curtailment of happiness.'

These sober-faced and sober-dressed Christians, then, of the Pastorals were doing more than they knew to put coherence into the society of which they formed a part: they were, as their Master said, the salt of the earth, a preservative against dissolution and decay. Professor E. A. Ross of Nebraska University in his very able book, *Social Control* (Macmillan, 1912), is discussing the value to the social organism of the sense of fair-play.

'From the standpoint of peace and order, the race most hopeless is not the hard and aggressive race, but the race afflicted with seething explosive passions. Self-control, or the power to inhibit the passions, gives a man time to remember, to hear the other side, to discuss. Reflection favours that *thought-out* type of conduct which marks the fair-minded man. The problem of making a winning race is not, as some suppose, to blend closely certain egoistic with altruistic qualities,—as well mix oil with water!—but to unite the pushing, combative disposition with self-control and reflectiveness in such a way as to develop the *conscientious individualist*.

In an even deeper and more fruitful way than Political Economy allows for, the Conscientious Individualist is being here developed in the Pastorals before our eyes: and as he plods along in his modest, patient way he is the saving both of himself and of the social group to which he belongs.

1. Such a development of the conscientious

and disciplined type is sorely needed in a nation at such a stage of its history as ours has now reached, in the backwash of the Great War. Ecstasies are over, alike of sorrow and of triumph: for national solvency, for future prosperity, our hope is in the steady people, the quietly efficient workers, whether they be Cabinet Ministers and public functionaries, or merely miners and bricklayers, the people who are not heady and high-minded, not passionate and changeful, but humble, serious, self-controlled. There would be an economic value in these Pastoral Epistles if we could bind them up with our national programmes; or rather there is a political and economic value in the Christian character, not least when it is seen from the angle at which these Letters view it. Oliver Wendell Holmes says there are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life—brain and blood and breath—and he quotes a French physiologist who calls these three things 'the tripod of life.' The statement is almost as true of a nation as of a human body. We have been spending blood and breath these recent years—rightly, but furiously and rapidly. It is time for brain to take control for a while, and plan out a reasoned and disciplined progress, lest we spend more blood and breath in foolish strife amongst ourselves. The tripod of life is breath and blood and brain. Might we not put it as it is put here—*power and love and sober-mindedness*? That will keep a nation's life going in the ordinary days when the tumult and the shouting die, and all the flags are laid away.

2. If the Church needed this disciplined type of character then, she needs it not less in any period when there seems no Pentecost in the calendar. Tongues of fire, rushing mighty winds, signs and wonders sometimes come. There are occasional leaders like Paul, half-man, half-seraph, who rush round the world like tornadoes, and whose prophetic word is like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. These things are glorious while they last: they lift the Church out of the ruts: they open new vistas of possibility. Yet they pass,—and nobody is to blame. They pass in the nature of things, which has always something tidal, something rhythmic in it, subject to ebb and flow. And then the Church has to settle down to such seemingly commonplace matters as these Epistles describe,—the appointing of presbyters and deacons, the organizing of charities, the maintenance of a quiet and steady standard of sound

doctrine and sound living. Believing men will always have the sails trimmed to catch the breezes of the supernatural, and they will never cease asking God to blow with His Breath: yet even when the winds do not rush there is work to be done, and the labour of the 'dull mechanic oar' helps to keep the ship of the Kingdom moving on. Indeed, it is difficult to say how credit should be divided between the great Apostles of the first Christian generation and the quiet folk who succeeded them and carried on their work. In one sense Christianity owed everything, under the great Master Himself, to a man like Paul who opened the untrodden ways. Yet there would not have been much future for the faith without the quiet generations following, who had not perhaps much originality but were content simply to maintain and transmit what they had received. They were sober people working in a sober way, yet they had their share in the credit of the age-long task. And in many another uneventful period the quieter servants of the Kingdom of God have played their own part,—if not in creation then in continuity: and these somewhat subdued Epistles might be the charter of their sober devotion.

3. On the individual scale, we have here the New Testament parallel to that anti-climax of the prophet, which is after all a most splendid climax: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary: *they shall walk, and not faint.*' In these Epistles we can see them doing it, after the ecstasies and excitements of the first days are over, 'giving a patient God their patient hearts' and walking with Him in the way of discipline and duty. It is worth while, then or now, to be among them. 'For the grace of God hath appeared,' as we are here told in a sentence not yet quoted, 'bringing salvation to all men, instructing us to the intent that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live *soberly and righteously and godly* in this present world, looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.' This programme for Puritans, unpretentious though it be, is launched with great expectations. For it is one of the most blessed elements in the Blessed Hope that, in the hour of final recompense, God's quietest servants shall be acknowledged and even His common soldiers shall be crowned.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Birthdays of Good Men and Women.

'Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people . . . and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.'—I Ch 19¹³.

THERE was a children's party one summer day at a beautiful house in Devonshire. If you had been there you would have seen a boy of six being held out at arm's length by a servant; he was dripping wet just like a half-drowned puppy. The beautiful house was the boy's own home, and he had been showing his companions how cleverly he could jump a stream that ran through the garden. He was born in June 1868, so more than likely this was his birthday party.

His name was Robert Falcon Scott, but at home and by his friends he was known as 'Con.' He was a venturesome little chap, very fond of fun,

and he just loved pretending things. A pond near at hand was the ocean. A battleship lay moored there, which ship was simply a plank of wood; Con was an Admiral. But the ship belonged to the enemy and was damaging trade in his country; no wonder that he walked about gazing at it with a very determined look upon his face thinking what could be done to get rid of a thing that was becoming a terror to Devonshire. His sisters and his brother kept trotting by his side, watching his face all the time; they were his crew. Con decided to blow the hateful thing up with home-made gunpowder. When, after several attempts, he succeeded, how his crew cheered.

He was a regular brick. Some one had given him a knife in a present, and he wanted very much to use it on a tempting twig that he saw. His father happened to be with him at the time. 'If you hurt yourself,' he said to Con, 'don't expect any sympathy from me.' He did cut himself,