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to keep your course steady, *when you feel like it and when you don't,* thus taking Timothy's own inclination to be that by which the seasonableness or unseasonableness is determined. Most of us, I imagine, have taken St. Paul to mean, 'Whether your hearers feel like it or whether they don't.'

To all who have so understood the words it may be of interest to know that the Greek commentators understand St. Paul somewhat as Dr. Fosdick does. Thus St. Chrysostom says: 'What is "In season, out of season"?' It is this, do not have a fixed season; let it be always season to you; not only when in peace, in freedom from fear, nor only when seated in church, while in perils you draw back. Nay, even if you be in prison, if you be wearing a chain, if you are about to go forth to death, and at the very moment of death itself, convict men, do not shrink back from rebuking them.'

The authority of the Greek commentators is weighty, where the question is purely a question of Greek. And the adverb *εὐκαίρως* and its cognates constantly denote our own convenience or leisure rather than that of others. *Μὴ εὐκαιρεῖν* is 'to have no time,' 'to be too busy' (Plutarch, ii. 223 D). A person seeking an audience is told *οὐκ εὐκαίρως ἔχειν τὸν βασιλέα*, 'that the king is not at leisure,' 'that the king cannot conveniently see him' (Polyb. v. 26. 10). *Εὐκαίρως περιπατεῖν* is 'to take a walk when it suits us' (Plutarch, ii. 1071 D). And *ἀκαίρως* has to follow suit. *Εὐκαίρως*,

*ἀκαίρως* is simply 'whether convenient or not.' And Greek and common sense are at one in bidding us add 'to yourself.'

G. H. WHITAKER.

*Woughton, Bletchley.*

### Βάρος ἀπὸ Φορτίου.

GAL 6<sup>2-5</sup> reads: *ἀλλήλων τὰ βάρη βαστάζετε ἕκαστος γὰρ τὸ ἴδιον φορτίον βαστάσει.* It seems a pity that the A.V. and R.V. do not attempt to bring out (or rather, the A.V. does not, and the R.V. only quite inadequately by a marginal note) the difference between these two words. *βάρος*, I take it, is the crushing, unfair burden, the burden which ought not to be on the man's shoulders at all, but his own folly, or the selfishness of others, or his waywardness of life has placed it there. *φορτίον* is the load which may be heavy, even a bit irksome, but a man can bear it all right. It will tire him, probably, but it will not kill him; he and it are adapted to each other; it is, so to speak, his 'tare.' No one else can, or should, bear it for him; so long as he is healthy-spirited, he will not wish any one to do so.

I have no dignified suggestion for translating v.<sup>5</sup>, but, for a rough approximation to the meaning, suggest, 'Every one must pull his own weight.'

ARTHUR JONES.

*Bristol.*

## Entre Nous.

### TWO TEXTS.

Matt. v. 45.

"THAT ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." I have deliberately cut off and separated one clause of a sentence from the teaching of Jesus as the subject round which our thoughts shall gather. If it seems an arbitrary thing to do, a kind of literary vandalism, I can only plead that the clause might as fitly include other sentences from the Sermon on the Mount as the one which is before us.

'The truth it contains expresses the inner motive and spirit of the Christian life, and can by no means be bound down to any particular injunction or

command. It gives us a glimpse of the end in view in this high business of attempting to govern life by the laws of Christ; it therefore reveals the motive and driving power which lies behind every venture of Christian faith and service. This is the secret passion round which all the romance of Christian history is written, the heartfelt desire that, come what may in life, the spirit of man may bear the marks of kinship with his Creator and Redeemer.

'The Sermon on the Mount has been called the lawbook of Christ, and in a slightly different vein it has been regarded as a vivid picture of the Kingdom of God as that kingdom is mirrored in the portrait of a citizen. We see here the divine

society as society is seen in terms of personal living and its spirit. Christ's way of showing us the kingdom is, after all, the only way by which to estimate any society justly. You cannot reckon the stage that society has attained by passing in review its outward organization and wealth; society must be judged by the kind of man it produces and upon whom it rests. One of the shortest, as it is certainly one of the most satisfying, pictures of the new world which we are still talking about was that given by the prophet Isaiah centuries ago. "A king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment. And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is man and not a type of government which fills the old picture, and I can realize that society better than many which have been described to me through the complex details of a new social machinery.

'Now, the Sermon on the Mount is Christ's picture of what a man shall be in the new kingdom. Through it all, He is saying to us a man shall be this, and this, and this; and as He builds up the picture of the man, the vision of the kingdom grows before our eyes. My text forms part of that picture, and just as man is the heart of the kingdom, so the text takes us to the heart of the man. He lives with this supreme passion ruling his heart that he may be a child of his Father who is in heaven.

'I do not believe that you can see this man of the kingdom at all except through that dominant motive. Take the motive away and this spirit of forgiveness and forbearance and generosity, carried to limits that the world would reckon insane, becomes as unbelievable as the world holds it impracticable.'

This quotation is from a sermon by the Rev. Sidney M. Berry, M.A., which is published in the last half-yearly volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* (Clarke & Co.; 7s. 6d. net). This is the one hundred and twenty-second volume of *The Christian World Pulpit*, and it makes as good reading as any of its predecessors. It contains about one hundred and fifty sermons, representing almost as many preachers.

1 Chron. xxii. 7, 8.

'Among Lord Aberdeen's papers at this time [after his failure to avert the Crimean War] is

found a text which, his son says, was written by him more than once and at different times on various scraps of paper. The words stand alone, and seem placed to meet the eye constantly.

"And David said to Solomon, My son, as for me, it was in my mind to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God: but the word of the Lord came to me, saying, Thou hast shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars: thou shalt not build an house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in my sight" (1 Chron. xxii. 7, 8).

'Lord Aberdeen, in the long tenure of his estates, had built many new churches, manses, and schools, and had great pleasure in these estate improvements. The manse of Methlick was about this time rebuilt on a new site and in a better manner. The parish church was old and dilapidated. "I leave that for George," said his father, when his attention was drawn to the bad condition of the church. This was very unusual conduct on his part, and the reason was never suspected, even by those who knew him best, till after his death, when his papers disclosed his belief that he was debarred from his privileges as a heritor and a churchman "because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in my sight."'<sup>1</sup>

## SOME TOPICS.

### Intelligence.

Psychology is the preoccupation of many minds at present, and there is no subject which is so prolific of literature. There is a considerable amount of confusion in the science owing to the number of different schools and the variety of meaning attached to familiar terms. It may almost be said that psychology is in its pioneer stage, and new theories multiply with the increase of hardy explorers. Among these must be numbered Dr. J. Varendonck, the writer of *The Evolution of the Conscious Faculties* (Allen & Unwin; 12s. 6d. net). The author of a treatise on 'The Psychology of Day-dreams,' which was very favourably received, Dr. Varendonck has in this new volume pursued the suggestions of his former studies, and gives his account of the whole content and activity of the mind. He captivates us by his candour and earnestness, and by his constant references to concrete experiences; but his book is not an easy

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of George, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen*, ii. 299.

one to read. He is so full of matter that he often stumbles over his own digressions. But if this book needs careful and meditative reading, it is an able, serious, and important contribution to its subject.

It is difficult to compress a long and detailed argument into a few lines. But, briefly, its main points are these. 'Intelligence' is the term used for the whole of the mental processes, conscious and unconscious. Intelligence and consciousness are not synonymous terms. The former is far wider than the latter. That is one point. Then, further, the fundamental factor of the mind, the basis that supports the whole structure, is memory. Memory is the key to everything. In one of its forms, *e.g.*, it is the condition of perception. There are two forms of memory. There is reduplicative memory, which simply registers events. And there is synthetic memory, which organizes experiences and associates like with like. It is when the mind does this that it perceives. 'A synthesis of images,' as Ribot says, 'is necessary to get beyond the stage of feeling and arrive at perception.' But what of the inner process itself, the thought, idea, conception? That is simply the adaptation of revived memories to a present situation under the influence of 'affect' or will. And consciousness? That is always the result of choice. A mind is conscious because it chooses. Consciousness is not a mere cognitive function. It is rather the reaction of the mind to the outer world. In the writer's own words: 'It is that part of intelligence which is organized for the reaction against the outer world, for the adaptation to the non-ego.'

Such is a bare description of some of the findings of this ingenious mind, in an essay which will doubtless receive the careful consideration of psychologists. Dr. Varendonck is throughout indebted to Freud; but he has a very fresh and independent mind, and his theory will have to be taken into account.

### Sin.

The pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church in New York, Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin, has published a volume of sermons to which he gives the title, *The Meaning of Life* (Doran; \$1.50 net). Dr. Keigwin deals with the questions, 'What is Life?' 'What is Spirit?' 'What is Sin?' 'What is Democracy?' 'What is Death?' and 'What is Resurrection?' in successive sermons.

Here is his own synopsis of the chapter on sin. 'The natural history of sin. Tracing the morbid phenomenon to its source. Isolating the germ of the sin-disease. Finding the antitoxin. Symptomatic remedies not effective so long as there is "the lost sense of God."' The text of the sermon is the fourth verse of the fifty-fourth Psalm, and the sermon is better for British readers than the synopsis suggests. To the question, 'What is Sin?' Dr. Keigwin answers that sin is more than its symptoms—more than murder or thieving or debauchery. 'Sin is something back of any particular manifestation. What is this something?'

'David's snapshot is the answer. Here sin is visualized with the fidelity of a camera. "Against thee, thee only have I sinned." *Sin is impaired spiritual circulation*—the interrupted flow of the Divine will—an embolism of a soul's arterial relation with the mind, the heart, the very life of God.

'Nothing is so enveloped in a mist of divergent theories as the nature of disease. Yet ask almost any physician of standing what is the primal cause lying back of all physical disorders, and he will answer, "Impaired circulation." Although discovered scarcely more than three centuries ago, the circulation of the blood has been, from the making of man, the determining factor in the health of the race. Since this discovery immense progress has been made in every branch of therapeutics. And greater progress will be made in moral therapeutics when it is more generally realized that as circulating life is the basic principle throughout the universe, so it is in the soul and in society.

'The story of spiritual circulation is as simple as it is wonderful. Gushing forth from springs in the heart of the Infinite, a rich red river winds its tortuous way through a veritable *terra incognita* of human impulse, desire and will, distributing the Spirit and Will of God whithersoever it goeth, at the same time gathering up all impurities, yea even deposits of evil, and carrying them back to God's heart of love, where man's contaminated spiritual energies are purified and sent forth afresh. Whatever clogs or otherwise impairs the circulation is sin; which is but another way of putting the time-honoured definition, "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God." By law the Westminster divines meant not so much God's organized law as His organic law—His law of life.'

## NEW POETRY.

Norman Ault.

*The Poets' Life of Christ* (Oxford University Press; 7s. 6d. net) is an anthology compiled by Mr. Norman Ault which cannot fail to be a useful addition to the minister's 'work' books. The poems in the collection range in point of date from the middle of the fourteenth century to the present day, but the spelling and punctuation of the older poems have been wisely modernized. Well-known poems found in hymnaries have been deliberately excluded.

As the title of the volume indicates, the poems are not arranged in their chronological order, but in such a way as to tell the story of Christ's life from the Annunciation to the Ascension. This handsome little book, which is decorated by the compiler, should prove to be a mine rich in illustrative material.

One or two extracts will show the plan of the work.

## THE BOY JESUS.

Once, measuring his height, he stood  
Beneath a cypress tree,  
And, leaning back against the wood,  
Stretched wide his arms for me;  
Whereat a brooding mother-dove  
Fled fluttering from her nest above.

At evening he loved to walk  
Among the shadowy hills, and talk  
Of Bethlehem;  
But if perchance there passed us by  
The paschal lambs, he'd look at them  
In silence, long and tenderly;  
And when again he'd try to speak,  
I've seen the tears upon his cheek.

## THE SYRO-PHŒNICIAN WOMAN.

*'It is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it unto the dogs.'*  
*'Yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.'*

Had Christ rebuffed me as he did that mother,  
I had been mortified so bitterly,  
My smarting pride, all further speech to smother,  
Had filled my heart with such black ecstasy  
The miracle had ended differently—  
The fiend had left my child, but entered me.

Yet if I'm human, was she so much better?  
Or saw she something which the books omit—  
Christ's eyes a-twinkle, as he spoke, that set her  
Though whelmed in trouble, catching at her wit?  
Did he not laugh, who owned her 'saying' fit?  
And if he then blessed humour—cherish it.

'EARLY, WHILE IT WAS YET DARK.'

All night had shout of men and cry  
Of woeful women filled his way;  
Until that noon of sombre sky  
On Friday, clamour and display  
Smote him; no solitude had he,  
No silence, since Gethsemane.  
Public was death; but power, but might,  
But life again, but victory,  
Were hushed within the dead of night,  
The shuttered dark, the secrecy.  
And all alone, alone, alone  
He rose again behind the stone.

## Hugh I'Anson Fausset.

*The Condemned and the Mercy of God* (Selwyn & Blount; 6s. net), by Mr. Hugh I'Anson Fausset, is a bonnie book beautifully printed on fine paper, and Mr. Fausset's work is almost worthy of it. Everywhere there is a rush of movement, and often fine sonorous lines, and many a vivid metaphor that grips and haunts, aptly sketched and applied. But in character drawing he has not the knack of winning his reader's sympathy. 'The Condemned' is the musing of a murderer the night before his execution. His had been a bare life till a woman came into it, the wife of another man, whom he regards as utterly unworthy of her. He gives her a clean worship—so he says—yet, when at the pinch she shrinks back from him to the other, he murders the husband; but, his love soured to hate, he thinks with passionate disgust of the woman who, he holds, has failed through lack of character. The impression left on the mind is that of a poor sniveller who has dared and lost the game, and whines. True, he rallies at the end and meets his fate with decency, but too late to win one's respect. It worries him that the world will believe him actuated by mere jealousy.

And not one friend in all this earth remain  
To start up boldly and call out, You lie!

But the reader agrees with the world, and acquiesces in its verdict.

'The Mercy of God' is a somewhat luridly told tale of a nun, condemned by her brother to matrimony to restore the family fortunes, who, in her agony on hearing of the fate in store, appeals to God, and in answer finds to her awed delight the mark of plague upon her hand—a fine theme; but again one has but little interest in either the brother or his bloodless sister. Mr. Fausset can do better than this, and he will.

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