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of God too small for thee? and the word that dealeth gently with thee?' the Sept. reads 'thou hast been scourged for a few of thy sins, thou hast spoken with great arrogance.' In 15²³ the R.V. reads 'He wandereth around for bread, saying, Where is it?' the Sept. reads 'He has been appointed as a prey to the vulture, and he knows in himself that it waits for his corpse.' In 19¹⁷ R.V. reads 'in my mother's womb,' the Sept. 'concubine.' In 19^{25f.} the R.V. reads 'But I know that my redeemer (margin, 'or vindicator,' Heb. *goel*) liveth, and that he shall stand up at the last day upon the earth, and after my skin has been thus destroyed, yet from my flesh I shall see God,' the Sept. reads 'For I know that He is eternal who is about to deliver me, and to raise up on the earth my skin, having endured such things, for those things have been accomplished to me of the Lord.' The M.T. suggests the appearance of God as the vindicator, by releasing him from his present affliction, but v.²⁷ suggests the larger hope, that the complete vindication will take place after death, in a future life. In 20¹⁷ the R.V. reads 'Let him not look on the rivers,' the Sept. 'Let him not see the milking of the nomad flocks.' In 22¹² the R.V. reads 'and behold the height of the stars how high they are,' the Sept. reads 'and humbled those carried away by insolence.' In 24¹¹ the R.V. reads 'they make oil

within the walls of these men, they tread their wine-presses, and suffer thirst,' the Sept. reads 'they have wickedly laid snares in a narrow place, they know not the righteous way.' In 33²⁴ the Sept. alters a well-known and much quoted passage. The R.V. reads, 'deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom,' the Sept. reads 'He will hold him that he fall not into death, he will revive his body as plaster on the wall, and will fill his bones with marrow.' In 38³⁰ the Sept. inserts an interesting addition: the R.V. reads 'who hath put wisdom in the inner parts,' the Sept. adds 'wisdom in spinning to women, and knowledge of embroidery.' Here is another very curious variant reading. In 41⁷ the M.T. as given in R.V. reads 'Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons, or his head with fish spears?' the Sept. reads 'and everything navigable coming together would not carry the skin of his tail and his head in fishing ships.' There is also a discrepancy between the age of Job. The M.T. gives it as one hundred and forty years, after the restoration of his fortunes (42¹⁶), and the Sept. one hundred and seventy years, and gives the full age as two hundred and forty years (42¹⁶).

Enough has been adduced to indicate how valuable a study of the Septuagint is to the student of the Old Testament.

Recent Foreign Theology.

The Swiss Group.

WE may usefully take Professor Brunner's two books¹ together, for the second is a particular application of the principles stated and argued for in the first. Professor Brunner holds a chair of theology in Zürich, and is probably the ablest of the Swiss group, including Kutter, Barth, and Gogarten, whose provocative work is arousing so much interest on the Continent. It may well be that we are witnessing the first beginnings of a new

movement, the counterpart, and in a sense the antipodes, of the Ritschlian school, dating from fifty years since. The antagonism, however, can only be partial; there are stronger ties of agreement, for example, between Brunner and Herrmann than the former seems willing to recognize.

According to the *Erlebnis*, subjectivism in theology is the enemy. No mistake can be so grave as to keep our eye on the soul (even the Christian soul) in its ups and downs, instead of God and His sovereign grace. Writers like Troeltsch and Heiler, the writer complains, are really more interested in the history of the conception of God than in God Himself. Theology has come to centre in human experiences, in romantic psychology; but faith is no mere inner

¹ *Erlebnis, Erkenntnis, und Glaube*, by Emil Brunner (Tübingen: Mohr, 1923; pp. viii, 132, 4.50 Swiss francs); *Die Mystik und Das Wort*, by Emil Brunner (Tübingen: Mohr, 1924; pp. iv, 396, 12.50 Swiss francs).

process of the soul, it is our response to the transcendent creative Word of God. 'Life' is a term much on the lips of our contemporaries; but life is subordinate to truth, which calls life into being, and when Luther fought the good fight on behalf of justification by faith alone he was in effect protesting that we must be done with subjectivities and cast ourselves upon the God who confronts us in the majesty of the Gospel rather than dwells inarticulately within the arcanum of the soul. The value-judgments of Ritschl are scarcely less objectionable than the psychologism of other men; values and interests are terms that keep the mind moving always within itself. Let us be thoroughgoing enough to throw off both mysticism and intellectualism, and take our stand simply on faith. The former relativize God in feeling or cognition and never do justice to the reverence that bows the soul in awe before a revealed but infinite God; faith alone places us at the angle at which we can understand words like obligation, guilt, and forgiveness. The malady of present-day theological work is that it starts with man and turns God into an inference from our experience, because it is much keener on harmonizing with culture than in listening obediently to the Divine Word. But faith *begins* with God, by whom we have been apprehended. He has addressed men, not through the mere historical succession of events which the scientific historian may claim to fix and interpret, but through His prophets, and specifically through His Son, the Word made flesh. Faith is insight, not proving God, but pointing to Him in grateful witness.

All this is put with much vigour and with an arresting earnestness of spirit. In a large degree it will be welcomed by all who have grown weary of the psychological virtuoso who has disported himself so freely of late, urging methods upon us as if they were revelations, and all but suggesting that we can tell how the souls of Isaiah and Jeremiah worked and therefore know precisely how much value to put on their convictions. Brunner is no doubt one-sided in his turn. He would deny that faith can in any sense or degree be made intelligible to the outsider; but why, then, do we preach, and why did the prophets deliver a message which they believed would carry conviction to the hearers? He is compelled to admit that trust in a friend is at least *symbolic* of trust in God, and that surrender, the vital heart of religion, is found elsewhere in life. One cannot see why attention to such pre-

paratives for faith need blind us to the creative and supernaturally *sui generis* character of faith when it comes. But his exaggerations are immensely fruitful and stimulating. He ought to be read by all who have time to read him. No one can miss the sheer religious power of his argument, which is hardly the less telling that it often takes a form which is superfluously paradoxical.

His second book, *Die Mystik und Das Wort*, is a frontal attack upon Schleiermacher's influence in theology. Brunner believes him to be the father of all that subjectivism which drags its slow length along the story of nineteenth-century interpretation. With the consciousness of being out on a crusade, he has composed what is unquestionably the most serious indictment of Schleiermacher's thought that has been written for long. The charge is pressed at every point. Schleiermacher as a thinker, it is held, is much more mystic than Christian. He is constantly being put out of his stride by the intrusion of the fact of Christ, but as constantly he recovers himself and will not be diverted. The idea of religion which he brought with him to Dogmatic from his earlier and more philosophical works never permitted him to listen with an unprejudiced mind to what the New Testament and the Reformers were saying. Piety for him is not converse with the sovereign God of redemption, but a process of impersonal forces within the soul, a passive reception of the infinite Causality. As we read him, we are forced to make the protest that Mysticism is not at all the same thing as reception of the gospel, nor is God as Nature identical with God as Spirit. His Christ differs radically from the Christ of history and of faith. The Redeemer acts upon us only as the first source of that stream of Christian life in which we now live and move, at a distance of centuries from Jesus. Sin is atavistic lack of development, not personal guilt. Forgiveness he makes an inference from scrutiny of our own inward state; we are sure of it because we have reflected carefully on the infusion of grace which has changed the balance of forces within our experience—the very opposite pole of truth to the message of the Reformation. Schleiermacher is an evolutionary optimist, with the inevitable result that he naturalizes Spirit and will persist in turning personality in God and man into impersonal tendencies. Significantly enough, he puts the philosophy of history in place of genuine eschatology. Redemption is tuned down

to civilization. Continuity is the watchword throughout ; the crises of saving grace are ignored. He has eliminated the conception of moral law and replaced it by the laws of Nature. He speaks of forces where a Christian thinker must speak of the Holy Spirit and of human motives. In truth, he never quite escaped from the shadow of that earlier thought, put with so much startling emphasis in his *Addresses*, that the idea of God, the knowledge of what God is and wills, is no essential element in religion.

Again, a one-sided picture ; but the emphatic colours will catch the eye ; and in a few years the residuum of truth, which is by no means negligible, will have been carefully ascertained and registered. It may be that Brunner felt he could only get

a hearing for certain truths by uttering them at the top of his voice. Subjectivism is by no means the whole of Schleiermacher, for feeling never was for him a *mere* state of the soul, as pleasure is ; it was in everything but name a mode of trans-subjective apprehension. But few will deny that theologians have as much need to sift out the truth from him as philosophers have from Kant, and in this exceptionally difficult task we need all the aid that Brunner can afford. By this absorbing and formidable book he has made a deep mark in a discussion that has lasted a hundred years and is far from dying down.

H. R. MACKINTOSH.

Edinburgh.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Hide and Seek.¹

'Was lost, and is found.'—Lk 15²².

WELL! that was a real scare, wasn't it? No wonder you are drawing a huge deep breath of relief. For you bigger boys and girls are quite sure you have more than enough already of Ovid, and Cicero (although I loved Cicero), and Livy, especially Livy, so dry and stale and stodgy. And some silly ass, poking about in an old library, thought he had come on heaps more of him, dozens and dozens of fresh books by him. You were in for it, if the thing had really been horribly true. For in all the exams for years and years all the unseens would have been taken from these new and unknown books, and you would never have had a chance of getting a bit you had seen before. It was too bad. But, do you know, the scholars thought that it was splendid, and got as excited and thrilly over it as you did at that football match, when your back just got that fast 'three' upon the very line. They had been hoping all their lives that these books might turn up, and here they really were! Were they? They could hardly believe it; they thought it too good to be true. And so, luckily for you, it was. For the whole thing was nothing but a stupid fake, and you've escaped, and they are disappointed.

¹ By the Reverend A. J. Gossip, M.A., Aberdeen.

But whatever you think about Livy, isn't it hard lines that heaps and heaps of such glorious things get lost, and they never turn up again? We had them, and now they are gone ; and we can never get them back now, never any more. You yourself keep losing such splendid things. Why, there's your holiday, all over now and gone. And sometimes you feel quite cross with yourself. For, jolly though it was, you see now how much better even than it was it could have been. There were such lots of things you always meant to do, and yet you never did them ; such splendid runs you were to take, and yet you never took them ; there was that hill too you were always going to climb, and somehow you didn't ; and that ninth hole that you were always going to do in three, and once the ball just stopped at the hole's edge. In? No! a four again! Yet you feel you could do it now. Ah! but it is too late ; the holiday is over, and you can't get it back ; that's lost.

And you lose bigger things than that. Once on a day you were the cleanest and the straightest of little lads, straight as an arrow—but now? Haven't you grown just a wee bit shuffling when you get into a hole, not quite, quite true. Did you really go up to bed the other night at the time that you promised mother? Or was the book so exciting that you read on to the chapter's end, and then looked into the next one, not to read it, just to see how things were to get on, and found it so terribly