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gained for Christ many souls; it is now time to claim for Him the world and its order. We have had a clear idea of the Christian life for the individual—now we need as clear perception of a Christian Society and Christian relationships, and of God's intention for the way of humanity as a whole. We need to work out the idea of the Kingdom of God in fact and practice and to reach one and the same conception of what it is, and to address our world with some plain sense of what it means to ourselves. To do this, we must learn to see it together: it must be the term of our fellowship, that in which we share, and the same to us all, because all of us see it with the same eyes.

Mr. Clutton-Brock tells us, and, I think, truly, that this means conversion, individual and social. What he does not tell us is the secret and power and method of conversion. How are we to be converted? In the past we have known conversion in one definite form—namely, as it comes about by contact with the overwhelming fact of Christ and His Cross—as it is illustrated in the typical conversions of a Paul, an Augustine, a Luther, a Wesley, a Chalmers, and in countless unnamed, uncelebrated examples, within our knowledge and in some measure within our experience. This conversion we know as adequate to revolutionize and to possess the entirety of the individual manhood—do we know any other which does so? We know that this conversion endues with spiritual capacity to appreciate all further spiritual truths—does any other conversion have this effect? We know that this conversion inspires and enables to social service and to success in such service, and in the past has stood behind the greatest social reformations—is there elsewhere evidence of

similar incentive to toil or daring or sacrifice? And we know the potentiality of this conversion to induce fellowship. Those who (in their own phrase) have seen the truth as it is in Jesus and have given up to Him, they the world over understand each other, and they have fellowship with one another, and their fellowship is also with Apostles and with the Father and with the Son. If one may know the tree by its fruits, theirs may be recognized as a fellowship in the truth. And the truth in which their fellowship subsists is that of human need and Divine sufficiency. Behind it stands the power of a supernatural religion, a Divine Christ, an unreduced faith; that, it appears from a large enough induction, is adequate (some may think, is alone adequate) to effect supernatural conversion of the whole self—the conversion which Mr. Clutton-Brock desiderates, but for which he does not indicate an efficient cause. He implies, I think, that religion which does not produce conversion is inefficient; and if conversions have become infrequent, it may be time for us to re-examine our religious data and to endeavour an evangelical vitalization of our religious thinking and doing. Fellowship in service may, on examination of the records of Christian experience, be found to rest on the power of the Cross to convert the soul: all revivals have taken their departure from individual conversions; but now, in view of that hovering nearness of the Kingdom of God, there must be more—there must be fellowship in the vision and apprehension of the Kingdom, and Christ be known as the Saviour of society as well as of the man; the aim must be social conversion—the conviction of the public conscience that Christ's way is the only way for the world of men.

## Entre Nous.

### THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

#### Preaching the Church.

IN his Bampton Lectures on the Doctrine of the Church, Dr. A. C. Headlam (remember who he is) warns us against much preaching of 'the Church.' He says: 'I would draw your attention to the methods of our Lord, and to the proportion observed in His teaching. It is only by com-

paratively slight indications, and to a large extent indirectly, that we learn that He intended to found a Church, or that a Church would be the natural outcome of His teaching. He only spoke of a Church twice. Clearly, if it is an essential part of His work it is a subordinate one. He preaches the Kingdom, not the Church. I believe that here also we may find a guide to ourselves. So far as my observation goes Christianity has always

failed when it has put teaching about the Church too prominently forward. We are told by those who addressed our soldiers in France, at a time when men were faced by the ultimate realities of life and death, that if a preacher began to talk about the Church, their interest at once flagged. There was no message there for those about to die. I cannot but think that this represents a profound truth. When people's thoughts are directed to the Ecclesiastical rather than the Spiritual—whatever form Ecclesiasticism may take, whether Romanism, or Catholicism, or Anglicanism, or Protestantism, devotion to Bishops or devotion to Presbyters, the Free Church movement or the Establishment—it is interesting to notice how little success there is, how little permanent result comes from the most unremitting efforts. I cannot but think that the continuous and pathetic failure of the Jesuit, who has for three centuries given up his life to an ideal which, in spite of his discipline, his sacrifice, and his intellectual ability, he never attains, has arisen from the fact that he has always put the Church first and the Gospel second. Our Lord founded the Church by preaching the Kingdom. We can only build up the Church by preaching the Gospel.'

#### SOME TOPICS.

##### Progress.

'The ideal which, beyond all others, characterizes the present age of almost all the nations of the world is the ideal of progress. Hardly anyone has any clear notion what he means by progress, or could explicate the idea; but the sentiment is very strong, though the idea is very vague. This idea also was unknown to the leading thinkers of antiquity and is of recent growth; yet it is so almost universally accepted, and it so permeates the mental atmosphere in every direction, that it is hard for us to realize how new a thing in the history of the world is the existence, and still more the effective dominance, of the idea.'

That being so (it is Mr. McDougall that tells us so), we shall expect that the Dean of St. Paul's will have no belief in it. And our expectation is more than fulfilled by the reading of Dr. Inge's Romanes Lecture for 1920 on *The Idea of Progress* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; 2s. net). It is assuredly good reading. But progress? It is a 'superstition'; it has 'prejudicially affected the

religious beliefs of our time': 'in fact, the superstition which is the subject of this lecture has distorted Christianity almost beyond recognition.' For individuals, however, 'the path of progress is always open; but, as Hesiod told us long before the Sermon on the Mount, it is a narrow path, steep and difficult, especially at first. There will never be a crowd gathered round this gate; "few there be that find it." For this reason, we must cut down our hopes for our nation, for Europe, and for humanity at large, to a very modest and humble aspiration.'

##### Inge-iana.

They are taken from *The Idea of Progress*.

'The Dark Ages knew that they were dark, and we hear little talk about progress during those seven centuries which, as far as we can see, might have been cut out of history without any great loss to posterity.'

'Civilization is a disease which is almost invariably fatal, unless its course is checked in time.'

'Democracy—the magic ballot-box—has few worshippers any longer except in America, where men will still shout for about two hours—and indeed much longer—that she is "great."'

'The progressive species have in many cases flourished for a while and then paid the supreme penalty. The living dreadnoughts of the Saurian age have left us their bones, but no progeny. But the microbes, one of which had the honour of killing Alexander the Great at the age of thirty-two, and so changing the whole course of history, survive and flourish. The microbe illustrates the wisdom of the maxim *λάθε βιώρας*. It took thousands of years to find him out. Our own species, being rather poorly provided by nature for offence and defence, had to live by its wits, and so came to the top. It developed many new needs, and set itself many insoluble problems. Physiologists like Metchnikoff have shown how very ill-adapted our bodies are to the tasks which we impose upon them; and in spite of the Spencerian identification of complexity with progress, our surgeons try to simplify our structure by forcibly removing various organs which they assure us that we do not need.'

##### Andrew Lang.

Or is it Henry James? For what can be done, what can *any* reviewer do, with *The Letters of Henry James* (Macmillan; 2 vols., 36s. net) except

quote—except quote a letter in toto, or at least a significant (we do not say characteristic, for what is Henry James is Henry James alone) part of a letter? We have decided to quote from a letter to Edmund Gosse, in the second volume, an appreciation (or something) of Andrew Lang.

Gosse had sent him a copy of his *Literary Portraits*. After other references, 'Beautiful too,' he says, 'the Bailey, the Horne and the Creighton—this last very rich and fine and touching. I envy you your having known so well so genial a creature as Creighton, with such largeness of endowment. You have done him very handsomely and tenderly; and poor little Shorthouse not to the last point of tenderness perhaps, but no doubt as handsomely, none the less, as was conceivably possible.'

And then Andrew Lang—'I won't deny to you that it was to your Andrew Lang I turned most immediately and with most suspense—and with most of an effect of drawing a long breath when it was over. It is very prettily and artfully brought off—but you would of course have invited me to feel with you how little you felt you were doing it as we should, so to speak, have "really liked." Of course there were the difficulties, and of course you had to defer in a manner to some of them; but your paper is of value just in proportion as you more or less overrode them. His recent extinction, the facts of long acquaintance and camaraderie, let alone the wonder of several of his gifts and the mass of his achievement, couldn't, and still can't, in his case, not be complicating, clogging and qualifying circumstances; but what a pity, with them all, that a figure so lending itself to a certain amount of interesting *real* truth-telling, should, honestly speaking, enjoy such impunity, as regards some of its idiosyncrasies, should get off so scot-free ("Scot"-free is exactly the word!) on the ground of its greatest hollowness, so much of its most "successful" puerility and perversity. Where I can't but feel that he *should* be brought to justice is in the matter of his whole "give-away" of the value of the wonderful chances he so continually enjoyed (enjoyed thanks to certain of his very gifts, I admit!)—give-away, I mean, by his *cultivation*, absolutely, of the puerile imagination and the fourth-rate opinion, the coming round to that of the old apple-woman at the corner as after all the good and the right as to any of the mysteries of mind or of art. His mixture of endowments and vacant holes, and "the making of the part" of each,

would by themselves be matter for a really edifying critical study—for which, however, I quite recognise that the day and the occasion have already hurried heedlessly away. And I perhaps throw a disproportionate weight on the whole question—merely by reason of a late accident or two; such as my having recently read his (in two or three respects so able) Joan of Arc, or Maid of France, and turned over his just-published (I think posthumous) compendium of "English Literature," which lies on my table downstairs. The extraordinary inexpensiveness and childishness and impertinence of this latter gave to my sense the measure of a whole side of Lang, and yet which was one of the sides of his greatest flourishing. His extraordinary *voulu* Scotch provincialism crowns it and rounds it off; really making one at moments ask with what kind of an innermost intelligence such inanities and follies were compatible. The Joan of Arc is another matter, of course; but even there, with all the accomplishment, all the possession of detail, the sense of reality, the vision of the truths and processes of life, the light of experience and the finer sense of history, seem to me so wanting, that in spite of the thing's being written so intensely at Anatole France, and in spite of some of A. F.'s own (and so different!) perversities, one "kind of" feels and believes Andrew again and again bristlingly yet *bêtement* wrong, and Anatole sinuously, yet oh so wisely, right!

#### Whistle better.

The Rev. James Learmount has published another volume of his *Fifty-two Talks to Young Folk* (Allenson; 5s. net). This is the seventh in succession. And the treasury is not exhausted. Mr. Learmount believes in quoting poetry—probably he can quote it. He is willing to tell a tale against himself.

'A minister was going whistling down a street, when a boy stopped him, and said, "Why, I could whistle better than that myself."

"Could you?" said the minister. "Let me hear you."

'The boy started, and when he was done, said, "There, can you beat that?"

"I'll try," said the minister.

'He did so, and beat the boy easily. When he was done, the boy said, "That's not so bad. Why don't you whistle like that always?"

'That boy had the right idea. We ought always to aim at the best.'

#### The Ephesian Twelve.

The Rev. C. H. K. Boughton, B.D., Vicar of Calverley and formerly Principal of Ripon Clergy College, has written an able, intelligible and acceptable book on *The Meaning of Holy Baptism* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). He finds that in the Apostolic Church 'Baptism was an outward rite administered by the Church to those in whose hearts the Holy Spirit had already done His regenerating work.' Two passages, however, present a difficulty, one in Acts 8 about the Samaritans, the other in Acts 19 about the twelve men at Ephesus. This is his solution: In Acts 8 'we have the story how Philip the deacon went down to a city of Samaria and preached Christ unto its people. The power of his preaching and the wonderfulness of his miracles of healing convinced them of the truth of his message; they received it and were filled with joy, and thereupon "they were baptized, both men and women." Some time afterwards the apostolic body at Jerusalem heard what Philip had done. Their action may best be stated in the words of the Bible: "They sent unto them Peter and John: who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet He was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." If this passage and the one in chap. xix. about the twelve men stood alone, we should certainly conclude from them that the Holy Spirit was not given at Baptism, but only at the ceremony which later on came to be called Confirmation. But in the light of our Lord's personal history, and in deference to the weight of the evidence showing the normal activity of the Spirit before Baptism, we are driven by consistency to interpret the phrases used in the stories of the Samaritans and the Ephesians to mean that the Holy Spirit was indeed present in the hearts of these people in regenerating power before their Baptism, but that there were certain other spiritual gifts which were bestowed upon them in answer to further prayer at the time of the laying on of apostolic hands. The regeneration of the Ephesian men before Baptism may even be considered as implied in the fact that they "heard" Paul.'

#### NEW POETRY.

Edmond Holmes.

Mr. Edmond Holmes has reached the age when men write their autobiography. He has accordingly written *In Quest of an Ideal: An Autobiography* (Cobden-Sanderson; 6s. net). It is not a large book and few of the facts of his life are recorded in it—clear evidence that Mr. Holmes is not so old as he thinks he is. The few facts are these. He was born in Ireland, of the aristocracy, and as he grew up he 'duly repeated at regular intervals' Mrs. Alexander's lines:

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

In early youth he came with his family to England, went to school, to Oxford, was appointed an Inspector of Schools, wrote poetry and some prose, was at last made Chief Inspector of elementary schools for the whole of England (though he had not yet discovered the meaning of education), and all the while was out in search of an ideal—'an ideal which would give a meaning and purpose to my life'—which he has not yet found. He has not found his ideal, but he has found a creed and he is content. This is the creed:

'They say that our cause is broken. I see  
with the eyes of death,  
Whose mists are stealing around to hide me  
away from pain.  
I shall sleep as a little child on the bosom  
of one deep faith,  
That never a wound was wasted and never a  
blow was vain.'

We have placed Mr. Holmes among the poets. He is a prose writer undoubtedly, one of the clearest and most emotional. But he is also a poet—or has been at intervals—he says he is not one now. This is one of the latest sonnets. Its title is

#### THE TRUE REWARD.

What do I seek? What does my soul desire?  
To give desire a fuller, freer scope:  
To make intenser its intensest fire:  
To pass beyond the horizon of its hope.  
What vision lures me on? What dream  
sustains?

No prize of victory. No garnered fruit.  
 I reap my harvest in my wounds, my pains,  
 The stress of strife, the ardour of pursuit.  
 Why do I strive? That I may strive the more.  
 Why do I toil? Not for life's daily bread.  
 Why do I climb? That I may learn to soar.  
 Success, achievement is the doom I dread.  
 Have I succeeded? One reward I claim—  
 A task beyond my compass and my aim.

#### John Bunker.

Mr. John Bunker is one of the American poets whom the able editors of American periodicals welcome gladly and pay handsomely. His volume *Shining Fields and Dark Towers* is published in New York by the John Lane Company, and in London by Mr. John Lane of the Bodley Head (6s. net). The most striking poem in it is a long one written in memory of Francis Thompson and called 'Quest and Haven.' It is almost as wonderful in its rich imagery and command of language as the Hound of Heaven itself, though we do not say that it will be as immortal. We quote—

#### THE GREAT REFUSAL.

To casual seeing he was just the same  
 That he had always been; he dressed the same  
 And walked and talked as he had always done,  
 And when he laughed the old familiar chuckle  
 Came in just pat as it was used to do;  
 So that it was no wonder bland outsiders  
 Thought him the man that they had always  
 known.  
 But though he made no sign and walked  
 securely  
 The usual round of every-day affairs,  
 He was no more the man that he had been  
 Than I am Julius Cæsar. For when sounded  
 For his behoof that strange imperious call  
 Which, name it fate or duty, each man hears  
 Lifting above the noises of the world  
 Once with authentic summons in his soul,—  
 Because it spoke to him in too stern fashion  
 Bidding him go the difficult way of pain  
 And stress and starry loneliness that leads  
 To the fair summit of one austere glory,  
 He turned aside, and therewith pulled about him  
 His house of life forever. A difference slight  
 It might have seemed, and common: he but  
 chose

One path instead of another, merely took  
 What seemed the way of facile treading; yet  
 By the fine irony of the unforeseen  
 The path he chose became for him indeed  
 The difficult way of pain and loneliness  
 That leads to God knows whither. So he passed  
 With his strict doom upon him down the days,  
 Dogged to the end by diligent regret.  
 And though he spoke no word and walked  
 securely

The usual round of every-day affairs,  
 Within his eyes I caught the look of one  
 Who bears a secret trouble at his heart;  
 And now I never see him but I think  
 Of the heroic path he might have trod  
 And those dim peaks of his refused greatness.

#### Auriol Hay.

The most striking poems in *Images* by Auriol Hay (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) are in the end and in French. There is in the English poems an occasional coinage of doubtful felicity. As—

In the gardens of Aranjuez,  
 Night and Day,  
 Fountains play,  
 In silver pools do mermaids laze.

This is the author's somewhat comfortless creed:

I lie upon my couch and dream about  
 The mystery of Earth.  
 The flowers, the stars, the beauty of a night,  
 And all the truths removed from mortal sight;  
 Our miraculous birth  
 From nothing into something,  
 Then once again to nothing.  
 What matter, if we have that peace within  
 Our soul, that inward calm and ardent faith,  
 That, nought in life is vain or purposeless.  
 Although our very being be a wraith  
 And, we but pilgrims in this vale of tears.  
 One little moment in a thousand years,  
 Then, we are dust; and infinitely less.  
 Oh! happy those, who in their hearts do know  
 That passing out, our spirits freed but go  
 Into the Great Beyond this earthly night;  
 As one who steps from darkness into light.

#### W. H. Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton's volume *Gauldry, and other Verses* (Cupar: Innes; 1s. 6d. net) is good reading, best

of all for the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Fife. The poems in Scots have the advantage. 'The Consolations of Religion'—the complaint of the bawbee that it was useless now except as an offering in Church—should give the little book a circulation.

**William Force Stead.**

William Force Stead has given his poems the title of *Verd Antique* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). If there were but this one poem in the book it would be bought:

PILGRIMAGE.

My way lay east and north,  
The road seemed hard to me;  
From Eden driven forth,  
I toiled toward Calvary.

The night hung deep around,  
There was no moon or star;  
A short way some have found,  
I found the journey far.

Yet there at last I came,  
And saw Christ on the tree:  
His wounds were rosy flame,  
And His eyes were kind to me.

I thought to rest me there,  
And yet my hope was vain:  
Another night I dare,  
And journey on again.

Yea, I must onward still,  
So far the goal I seek;  
And when I climb the hill,  
Behold, a mountain peak:

But in the night, afar  
Two beacons lighten me:  
Ahead, the Morning Star,  
Behind me, Calvary.

It is the simplicity of the metre that makes the charm, thrusting forward the sublimity of the thought. What other fact on earth could move men so, or be able to endure this simpleness?

**John Oxenham.**

John Oxenham has reached the height of his ambition. He has written a *Life of Jesus* in verse.

Boldly enough, he gives it the title of '*Gentlemen—The King!*' (Methuen; 2s. net). The great events are retold in blank verse, and interspersed throughout are songs or choruses in rhyme. It is a supremely difficult thing to do: only one here and there has ever even attempted it. But John Oxenham has at least some of the gifts. He has simplicity of thought, a sense of fitting words, and a mind taken captive by the mind of Christ.

This is how he handles the great scene of Christ's last departure for Jerusalem—'He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem':

So, thitherward he boldly set his face,  
Prepared to meet whatever might befall,  
And thither, with reluctant feet, his friends  
Accompanied him, close companied themselves  
By doubts and fears. For they had counted on  
A triumph worthy of his mighty works,  
And for their zeal a fitting recompence.  
But now—he spoke of tribulations sore,  
And even of death as his reward and theirs.

So different this from all their early hopes,  
Eye questioned eye with puzzled wonderment  
And found no consolation,—only dread  
Of what the future held for him and them.

But he pressed boldly on, with steadfast face,  
To that last struggle with the evil powers.  
'Perchance if One should die for them!—  
Perchance!'

Rang in his heart and filled him with new  
fire,—

'Perchance if One should die for them!—  
Perchance!'

And that brave figure pressing on in front  
Gave fleeting courage to his followers;—  
But they were doubtful, and their feet were  
slow.

Was ever such a contest?—One brave soul  
Aglow with loving zeal against a world  
Sunk deep in sin and all content therewith!  
One soul against the world! But such a soul!—  
The world's creator pleading with the world  
That he had made—and pleading all in vain.  
He, the All-Powerful, yet powerless  
To save his wandering world against its will.

Love only could retrieve it and redeem,  
And Love it held in lightest of esteem.

See now this marvel of unchanging grace,  
This crowning proof of Love Omnipotent!—  
One touch upon the intricate machine  
And Earth had vanished like a wind-blown  
spark ;

One rending crash—and chaos—and an end,—  
A flaming streak athwart a midnight sky,  
And dwellers on the other spheres might say,—  
'Another star has vanished into space ;  
Was it, perchance, inhabited like ours?'

But, with desire, he had desired man's good,  
And, short of ending him, he could but strive  
To win his heart and wean him from his sin.  
And, for the love he bore him, he bore too  
The burden of his sin and wilfulness.

Godfrey Elton.

*A Queen's College Miscellany* is a courageous venture. The Provost, Mr. Edward Armstrong, defends it: 'The spirit of College life naturally expresses itself in common rather than individual action. This has hitherto been more obvious on the physical than on the intellectual side. In athletics team-work is triumphant; in literature the development has been less pronounced; essay societies there are indeed in every College, and from time to time more private coteries, such as that of which Walter Pater was the product. Our MISCELLANY is intended to carry the process a step further, to prove that team-work—the harmonious development of varying styles and individuals—is possible in prose and poetry. It must

be all to the good that our College should vie with others, in things of the spirit as in those of the flesh, and within the College that literary talent should share the distinction which has hitherto been reserved for the athlete. The seed of the solitary worker is too often sown upon the wayside, or not sown at all. Common action will prepare the ground, fence it round, will stimulate growth, or check superfluous luxuriance, and above all, harvest the refined produce. It may be objected that no College could continually provide a literary team whose output would be worth publishing. This is true enough; talent may pass from one College to another. Yet whether the leaves of our MISCELLANY fall prematurely or in due course, there is the consoling thought that deciduous trees are not the least fruitful.'

The periodical is to be published at the Queen's College, Oxford, at 3s. 6d. net.

We make no pretence of reviewing so miscellaneous a collection of prose and poetry—it is enough to say that we have read it from cover to cover. The poem we quote we quote simply for shortness. Its author is Mr. Godfrey Elton:

#### THE SURVIVOR.

I found him in department C.O. 10—  
Four rows of ribbons, D.S.O., C.B.,  
Brown, handsome, fearless; born to handle men;  
Brushed, buttoned, spurred. Whom did I want  
to see?

'Men you can't send for, General,' I said,  
'How great soever your expense of ink;  
Men you've forgotten; the unribboned dead  
Who fell because you were too brave to think.'

## The Huntington Palimpsest.

BY THE REVEREND P. A. GORDON CLARK, PERTH.

IN a lecture delivered at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1914, the Rev. E. S. Buchanan told how he had become associated with the late Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury, the famous Vulgate scholar, who encouraged him in his devotion to research work on the Latin Text of

the N.T. Mr. Buchanan is now well known as the editor of the Four Gospels from the Codex Corbeiensis (*a*) and from the Codex Veronensis (*b*), and other sacred Latin Texts. The Latin Text, stereotyped by Jerome (c. A.D. 382), was called into existence owing to the variety of Latin Texts used