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in Simon's house. His name is nowhere mentioned in the story of the Lord's Passion. What is the explanation? Enraged by the impression which the miracle made, and the support it brought to Jesus, the High Priests plotted the death of Lazarus (Jn 10^{12, 11}), and it is probable that ere the final crisis he had been compelled to withdraw from the vicinity of Jerusalem.' If the above conjecture be correct, that stigma is removed

from the character of Lazarus. He did not leave Jesus, he did not forsake Him. He was with Him to the end, with Him at the trial, with Him at the Cross, and was early at the tomb. It is to his house that Mary goes, to his house that Peter, having denied his Lord, returns to be 'healed of his wounds,' and to be preserved for the Church and the Kingdom.

B. GREY GRIFFITH.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

New Words.

'If we wish to understand the spirit of the earliest Christian community at the time when the gospel message was still fresh from the lips of our Lord Himself and His apostles, we cannot do better than consider the new phraseology which appeared at their time. Men do not coin new words to express old ideas. A new religious dialect is the index of a new revelation. Of these new words, or old words re-minted with quite a new stamp, the most remarkable are the Greek nouns we translate love, humility, faith, and joy.

'The word for love is practically a new word. The new commandment needed a new and unspoilt name. The old wine-skins might have spoiled the taste of the new wine. The word for humility was old; the Church, however, stamped it with the Cross and changed it from a vice into a virtue. Faith and hope, too, were raised for the first time to moral virtues, and the content of both words was immeasurably enriched. The same is true of the word peace. Last, but not least, it is true of the word joy. Love, joy, peace, faith, hope, humility—these are characteristic Christian ideas. Whenever these words threaten to drop out of our vocabulary, or are used with an unrealised suspicion of unreality, cant or affectation, then we may be sure that we are losing the ethics of the Christian spirit, and are falling back into paganism. It is an absolutely sure and scientific test. If we do not want the words which Christianity has had to coin to express its new ideas, the reason must be that we have lost the ideas themselves.'

The speaker is Dean Inge. The quotation is made from a sermon preached in St. Paul's and reported in the 98th volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* (James Clarke; 7s. 6d. net). The volume is more representative than usual. Only two men are reported as often as five times—Dr. Horton and Dean Inge.

Newman's Style.

We have found great delight in a volume of essays by J. M. E. Crees, D.Lit., Headmaster of the Cathedral Grammar School, Hereford. It is a volume to be taken up with expectation, so broad is the page and so beautiful the paper—as much a rarity as Christian charity in these grey days. Much of it is occupied with Meredith, hence the title *Meredith Revisited, and other Essays* (Cobden-Sanderson; 12s. 6d. net). But the essays in which we have found most pleasure are those on the Greek and Latin classics—the essay on the *Odyssey*, the essay on Verres, the essay on two of the plays of Aristophanes; and most of all, even quite exquisitely, the essay on the *Medea*. How Keats (of whom we are all thinking at present) would have thrilled with joy in their ancient atmosphere.

There is an essay on 'An Eminent Victorian.' It is John Henry Newman. And that essay is chiefly on Newman's English style. Dr. Crees says: 'It is hard to characterise perfection, and it is difficult adequately to express one's admiration for Newman's style. Yet even a man so different as Henley, the apostle of the robust, felt its magic. Newman does not play the virtuoso like de Quincey, who swaggers up to the conductor's desk, and with

a *tumultuoso* as he raises his baton, tells us what tune the orchestra will play. Of style for style's own sake Newman thought nothing, yet so certain is his touch that he can adapt himself with unflinching ease to all the exigencies of his subject. No master knows better how to achieve the perfect synthesis of thought and expression; his noblest passages seem the final and perfect rendering of the idea that he has bodied forth in a consummate interfusion of intellect and emotion. The divine afflatus had been breathed upon *him* too, and none has more closely reproduced in words the actual glow of inspiration, or explained with clearer understanding a great writer's lavish fulness of phrase. "He is master of the two-fold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his composition or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an uncommunicable simplicity. He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyse his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination swells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much."

A TEXT.

Jude 3.

When Bishop Charles Gore answered Dr. Headlam's Bampton Lectures on the Early Ministry he addressed his answer, in an open letter, to the Bishop of Nassau. Why to him? Those who have come upon the sermon which the Bishop of Nassau preached at the Anniversary of the English Church Union last year will understand. The sermon was quoted in *The Church Times* for June 25.

The Bishop of Nassau was present at the Lambeth Conference. On that occasion the

Church Times said: 'The Right Rev. Roscow Shedden, D.D., is one of the youngest bishops in the Anglican communion, being still under forty years of age. Educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, he was for ten years curate of All Saints', Margaret-street, and was consecrated Bishop of Nassau on St. John Baptist Day last year. Gifted both physically and intellectually above the common, he has already made a great mark in his island diocese, and, notwithstanding his youth, he will probably be listened to with attention and respect at the Lambeth Conference. He combines force and clearness in the presentation of his own ideas, together with a capacity for sympathy with and understanding his opponents. Lately he has made a thorough study of all the problems of Home Reunion, both as they affect the Church of England and the American Church.'

The text which Dr. Shedden chose for the anniversary sermon was the third verse of the Epistle of Jude: 'The faith which was once delivered unto the saints.' He began far enough away to arouse curiosity. 'A characteristic feature of many early codes of law was the right of sanctuary. An institution deriving both from Mosaic and pagan forces, it became widely popularized under mediæval Christianity. The value of the right of sanctuary belonged to days anterior to the recognition of the majesty of law; it secured men against the injustices of short shrift and lynch-law; it was intended to afford a shelter for the innocent, the weak, and the misunderstood, in order that they might have a breathing space and a reprieve, during which the blind passion of the pursuer might perhaps spend its force. Sanctuary was not designed to offer a means of final escape, but to be a temporary expedient for staying execution; often if the fugitive refused to quit his sanctuary he would have to risk dying of starvation. Sooner or later he was compelled either to vanish, or, as we say nowadays, "to face the music."'

Then he came to his text: 'One cannot help becoming conscious of a widely-spread tendency amongst our friends to treat certain texts of Holy Scripture as sanctuary against the adversary, and there are few texts which are harder worked in this respect than the one which I have chosen this morning. I know many people really think that to shelter themselves in any controversy behind this sonorous phrase—"The faith once

delivered unto the saints"—is the end of the whole matter.

'But sanctuaries were not always of equal value. The fugitive from Westminster, charged with some crime, who took refuge in the City beyond Temple Bar had a large and roomy sanctuary where he could maintain resistance for any length of time; but the fugitive who rushed for shelter to some little wayside shrine could not hope to hold out for many days. Similarly, these sheltering texts, to which we are inclined to run for sanctuary, will sometimes afford us the security of a city, sometimes only that of a wayside shrine; sometimes it would be folly to disregard them, sometimes it would be wiser to pass them by. But in either case, when the pursuer is at our heels they ought never to be regarded as more than a temporary resting-place. We may choose our time, but a time we must choose, to come out into the open and face our adversaries; the breathing-space must be used to equip ourselves for the fight.

'Now this is where I believe the Catholic party generally is failing. Useful as sanctuaries may frequently have been in history, there were times when it would have been well for the social life of England if they had been wholly abolished. I am not certain that it would not be a great benefit to the Catholic Revival if we all agreed for the next ten years at least to put ourselves under a self-denying ordinance against the use of this particular text. I should desire this, not because it disconcerts and irritates our opponents, but because so long as we cling to its shelter we are as much the prisoners of a blockade as was the German High Seas Fleet behind the lock-gates of the Kiel Canal. It is true that our adversaries cannot touch us, but neither can we touch them: the world of religious thought goes on without us, and sooner or later we shall die of inanition.

'Probably it will be sooner, because in the vast majority of cases the sanctuary proves to be very narrow and very inadequate. For what most people mean when they appeal to "the faith once delivered to the saints," is simply what they conceive that once-delivered faith to have been, and any suggestion that their conception should be submitted to the tests of modern scholarship and research is resented as disloyalty to the faith. So the meaning of "the faith once delivered to the saints" comes actually to be "the faith as interpreted by myself and my friends." But it is

precisely this latter which is the object of challenge, and by assuming the complete identification of the two we are begging the question and evading the real issue.

'I am sure that if we are really to advance our cause we have to bring our case out into the open, to meet our adversaries on their own ground, to try to answer their arguments. We have got a small handful of really strong apologists, but I am afraid that it is not very many Catholic clergymen who are willing to leave the shelter of their intellectual sanctuary. I know that their lives are so occupied, and so well occupied, that they have little time for reading or thought, but we cannot be altogether surprised that our influence upon the thinking world is so very slight.

'I wish we could all realize the importance of at least making a serious effort to understand what the opinions of our opponents really are and why they hold them. The same thing is quite as true of them in regard to us, and we might give them a useful lead. But unless we are to go on with the rather unsatisfying and unprofitable task of knocking down men of straw, we must read what we can of one another's books and try to give the fullest weight to their arguments. We may all occasionally learn something which we did not know before and which happens to be true.

'If we are to continue as a living force we must be eager to keep abreast of every movement in the thought of our age. It is not sufficient to shelter behind what Dr. Liddon said, or what Dr. Pusey would have said, or our own interpretation of this overworked text of St. Jude. Besides following the beaten track of theologians belonging to our own school of thought, we have got to make excursions into the difficult country where Mr. Streeter and Dean Inge and Dr. Headlam would take us. Without some effort on our part to estimate fairly the value of their evidence and the cogency of their arguments, we cannot hope to find the right line on which they may be met and perhaps refuted. In the most important question which is before the Church of England to-day, our relations with Separatist bodies, we shall do our own cause infinite harm if it becomes apparent that our *non possumus* attitude springs not out of learning and principle but out of ignorance and prejudice.

'In our affection for Tradition, let us not be afraid of Truth.'

NEW POETRY.

Helen Gray Cone.

The fame of Helen Gray Cone is great in her own American land. It is not less in this land of ours; for she is the author of the 'Chant of Love for England.' The new volume will increase her reputation in both countries. It is a collection of three series: 'Sonnets of the Great Peace,' 'Moods of War,' and 'The Quiet Days.' The title is taken from the first poem, a striking allegory—*The Coat without a Seam* (Dent; 4s. 6d. net). There are poems in the book which will hold their own with any that the war has given us yet. There is especially a fine recognition of the soldier who died before he had the opportunity of striking a blow:

Hang his bright arms undinted on the wall.

In all brave colours whereto his dreams
aspired

Blazon his blank shield as his heart desired,
And write above: '*The readiness is all.*'

And there is this:

THE IMPERATIVE.

Whether we lose the light
Of love or of the sun,
With body and blood and mind and might
Must this sole thing be done:

The world is a broken ball,
Stained red because it fell
Out of bounds, in a game of kings,
Over the wall of hell:

And now must the spirit of man
Arise and adventure all—
Leap the wall sheer down into hell
And bring up the broken ball.

Worth well, to lose the light
Of love or of the sun,
Worth endless fire or endless night,
So this sole thing were done:

Austin Clarke.

Mr. Austin Clarke is an Irish poet whose advent with 'The Vengeance of Fionn' was hailed enthusiastically by AE and other good poets and discerners of good poetry. His new volume is a blank verse epic, its theme the death of Moses. He represents Moses, 'as a prophet, foreseeing the things that were to come to pass in after ages, as he gazed upon that goodly land he was not allowed to enter. Among the rest he foresees the conflict with Baal. Hence the title *The Fires of Baäl* (Maunsel & Roberts; 3s. 6d. net). This description of what met the eye of the patriarch immediately will give some idea of Mr. Clarke's manner:

Anguished, he gazed

Across the measureless plains where they
recede

Like calm blue seas into the gentle hills
Of Gilead, the purple fading verge
Of the blue sky; for there are little valleys
Odorous with balsam boughs and fair
As the rugged ravines beneath the lonely
pines,

And wild Caucasian cliffs of star-blue ice,
Where the cliffs of rhododendron seem
For ever sunset—milder those and sweet
With olive waters and the silver chime
Of anklets, while the Gentile maidens dance
Rosily through the almond-blossom trees
By starlight, to the lutes of sombre lemans,
Or sadly chant among hushed nightingales
Strange lullabies their mothers sleepily crooned
In ancient tongues of mighty Tubal Cain,
Him that first wrought in smelted iron, brass
And golden ore, and of his mightier brother,
Jubal; he first had strung the ivoried harp
And wandered, musical, by the flaming walls
Of Paradise at eveningtide.

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