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A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_expository-times\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

ing.<sup>1</sup> The real explanation, I venture to suggest, is that Jesus was seeking with the most intense earnestness to know His Father's will, which had not yet been fully revealed to Him. To go forward 'in the night' would be not only to 'stumble,' it would be to 'tempt the Lord thy God'; and to fail in the effort would bring utter disaster and final ruin on all He had lived for.

The agitation of Jesus is represented as continuing until He reached the tomb. Then, the stone having been removed at His bidding, in spite of Martha's anxious protest, He '*lifted up his eyes*, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hearest me.' In answer to His agonizing prayer, the light had come to Him at last, and He saw clearly what He was to do. He called Lazarus from the tomb, and Lazarus came.

I think this story must be based on fact, because of the uninventible details it contains; and, with such reading between the lines as is here suggested, it seems possible to understand (more or less) what happened.<sup>2</sup> I do not myself suppose that Martha's fears about the opening of the tomb were justified. I do not take it that Lazarus was so completely 'dead' as to be beyond the possibility of resuscitation if the right methods could have

<sup>1</sup> Other instances of apparent misunderstanding of things recorded are in Jn 2<sup>21</sup>, 'He spake of the temple of his body,' and 12<sup>28</sup>, 'this he said, signifying by what manner of death he should die.' The presence of these apparent misapprehensions tells strongly against the romance theory of the book.

<sup>2</sup> For a similar view of the problem see *Cambridge Biblical Essays*, 'The Historical Value of the Fourth Gospel,' by A. E. Brooke, esp. pp. 312-316.

been employed. There are death-like trances which may last for many days; and I imagine the few cases in which Jesus is reported to have raised the dead to life were of this character. The patients were probably beyond the power of any medical skill or methods available in those days, and would, I suppose, soon have succumbed completely if Jesus had not intervened with a supernatural control of matter by spirit. These 'miracles' I take to have been simply an extension to persons apparently dead of His ordinary works of healing, and to have been wrought in the same way. The fewness of the reported cases suggests that He never attempted to restore the dead indiscriminately, and only did so when He had an inward intimation that it was the Divine will for Him to act.

The most satisfying view of the Fourth Gospel as a whole appears to be that its records are based on fact, but that the facts are idealized and interpreted in accordance with the deep spiritual purpose of the writer. Used with care, the religious purpose being always kept in mind, its records may be found to supplement and even usefully to correct the Synoptic account. It has often been pointed out, for instance, that there is a hiatus in the Synoptic story of the events leading up to the crucifixion: nothing is recorded by Mark which adequately accounts for the enthusiasm of the people at the triumphal entry into Jerusalem (Mk 11<sup>8-10</sup>). Such a mighty work as the raising of Lazarus, even if somewhat less 'mighty' than the fourth evangelist has made it appear, seems to fill the gap.

## In the Study.

### *Virginitus Puerisque.*

#### Upside Down.

'These that have turned the world upside down.'—Ac 17<sup>9</sup>.

THE other month Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who writes about all kinds of interesting things like golf and fishing, told a story of a magpie. It seems he has a brother who is fond of gardening: and one day he was planting out his geraniums, if I remember it aright—a whole heap of them, bed on bed. It's tiring work, and no doubt he grew hot and stiff:

but at last it was finished, and he rose up and straightened his sore cramped back, and looked at his work with pride and went indoors. A magpie had been watching, and now it hopped forward and looked at the neat beds, thought, evidently, there was something wrong, took each geranium and with a sharp tug pulled it out, planted it upside down, with its roots in the air and its leaves in the hole; and then, sitting with its head on one side, looked again at this new rearrangement of it all, as if it were saying to itself, 'Ah! now that's a good deal better!'

Yet it's usually a mistake to turn things upside down. The plants were really better when the other way. Nearly always it's a great mistake. The other day when you went into the sitting-room it was, most of us thought, quite neat and nice. But you and your brothers hadn't been there five minutes when it looked very different. The tablecloth was on the floor, the cushions were anywhere except upon the chairs, the chair backs (isn't that the proper name for them? you know the things with sewing that get all rumply whenever you sit down), well, you had rolled them into crumpled balls. It was rather a different room from what you found. You may have thought it nicer. Certainly it was all upside down. But when mother came in she just stood in the door and glared with a look that meant she would like to turn you upside down, and give you a good spanking. Ah! but that's a mistake too, usually, that kind of turning upside down. It nearly always is. Or the proper way is lessons first, and then games. You must get out in daylight of course. But, on the whole, and after that, lessons first, then games.

That's the right side up, and the other way is a mistake. You get interested in the cricket or the football and forget how time is flying; stay out far longer than you meant. 'Is it really?' you say to the boy with the watch, 'and I promised to be home an hour and a half ago,' and off you sprint. But you're hot and sticky and uncomfy: must have a wash up, and that takes time; and change your collar, and your stud tumbles down your back and you have half to undress to get it, and that takes more time: and in the end you have to scamper through your lessons just to be able to say you did learn them. But there's trouble next day at school. The geraniums really were better the right end up. It should be lessons on Friday night and then the whole week-end to yourself. Make it the other way and it spoils things, knowing you always have them there still to be done, and you're so apt to forget about them far too long.

All decent boys and girls ought to get sleepy about half-past seven or eight, and waken about half-past seven eager for anything, with no sleep in their eyes or heads. But turn it upside down, coax and wheedle mother to let you sit on. It seems fine—but next morning they waken you before you seem to have slept at all: and all the buttons are too big for the button-holes, and you get cross, and the quicker you try to be, the slower you become.

You're late for breakfast, there's trouble over that: and late for school, trouble again; and your books were just here; 'Mother, where are they?' and when all the house has searched you remember you put them elsewhere. And you know you left your cap upon this peg; 'Mother, where is it?' And by and by it's found behind the door where you kicked it when you were playing footer with it. And it's all horrid and upset, just because you turned things upside down. Sleepy at 7.30, and awake at 7.30 in the morning: that's the right way of it. It's seldom wise to turn things upside down.

But there are some things that must be turned upside down. The world, for instance. Paul looked out at it and saw that every one was thinking of fame and riches and little of kindness and unselfishness. That's wrong way up, he thought; we must transpose it, make it think first of kindness and unselfishness and little of fame and riches. There was once a Wesleyan preacher whose sermon had three parts: (1) The world is wrong side up; (2) the world must be put right side up; (3) we are the men to do it. So thought Paul, and set about it.

And there's another thing, and that's your life. It's wrong end up. You think first of yourself and only then of other people. It ought to be the other way. If only one can go, you want to go. That's living upside down, like the geranium with its roots in the air. You ought to think first about other folk, what the wee ones would like, not always what yourself would like; what mother would want you to do, not always just what you would choose. Turn it right round and upside down and it will be far better. I think the magpie had a good idea, though it didn't work it out too cleverly or at a proper time. It's usually a mistake to turn things upside down, but sometimes you must do it.

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#### Light.

'For thou wilt light my candle' (R.V. 'lamp').—Ps 18<sup>28</sup>.

There is a wonderful meaning in a little light, dear children, if we look at it not only with our eyes but with our minds open. It does not matter what it is. It may be of oil, or of wax, or gas, or electricity; it may be a torch, or a lamp, or a candle, or just a little taper. That does not matter. All depends upon how we look at it.

What does light stand for in the Bible?

1. It stands for rejoicing; you recollect what

happened when Haman's plans for crushing the Jews were overthrown, and Mordecai and Esther saved their people from destruction, how they celebrated their deliverance? The Jews, says the Bible, had light, and joy, and gladness, and honour. Light and gladness always go together among us. And you recall, of course, what we do after some great victory, or on Coronation Day, or the King's Birthday. There is always a grand illumination after dark, and all the chief streets and buildings, and many of the little ones too, blaze out in light; for night means rejoicing.

2. Then, again, light stands for welcome. If you have a friend or relation coming to see you, you light up an extra candle or two or an extra jet of gas, to show that you are glad to have them with you again. It is more cheery and encouraging; one feels that instinctively.

I have read of a poor old widow whose son once left his home in a fit of anger and ill-temper. But the mother, who had already forgiven him—as is the way of mothers—before he had well crossed the threshold, but who never knew where he had gone to, always expected him back again. Not knowing whether it might not be night when he returned, always before she went to sleep o' nights she put a lighted lamp in the window, so that should he perchance return in the dark he might know the old cottage again, and read in that steadily burning light that threw its rays out into the dark night a sign that he was welcome and expected.

Do you remember what Christina Rossetti makes the Prodigal Son say?—

Does that lamp still burn in my father's house

Which he kindled the night I came away?

I turned once beneath the cedar boughs,

And marked it gleam with a golden ray—

Did he think to light me home some day?

3. And then, again, light stands for guidance and caution. All round our coast, and especially in the more dangerous parts, there are beacons dotted about; and each has its own way of signalling, which the mariners understand, and as the ships pass to and fro in the dark, the seamen can tell exactly where they are, and keep far away, especially in stormy weather, from the rocks or sand-banks on which otherwise they might founder. Those lights never fail to warn them and to direct them aright, and the same thing of course applies to railway signals.

4. And once more, light stands for hope and promise. When Columbus set out on his voyage to discover a new world, in which he believed, though neither he nor any man in Europe had ever seen it, he had to pass through a terrible time of discouragement. He had been beating about for many weeks upon the Atlantic; and his crew were getting mutinous, and they wanted to force him to return. He was thinking of the jeers and jests with which he would be received if he came back with his task unfinished. Then one night as he was peering over the bows of the vessel he saw what appeared to him a tiny speck of light; his heart beat high, he could hardly trust his eyes. He called his companions to give their opinion, and they too thought they saw the light. And though it soon disappeared the brave mariner kept on his course through the unknown seas, and when morning broke they found they were really drawing near to land. That light—perhaps from some humble fisherman's hut—was the first gleam of the New World. To it, and the promise it gave and the hope it kindled, we owe, in a certain sense, the discovery of America—a discovery that has done more than anything else during the last 400 years for the progress of the whole human race. So the light is what is called a symbol of hope and promise.

5. Light also stands for safety. In olden times when the street had no lamps, and of course no electric light, people who were out at night carried lanterns with them to secure them against attacks. When they had lights they felt safe. Some little children, however, are very foolish to be afraid of the dark. Their mothers and fathers are watching over them, they never need be afraid. Mother and father go to sleep too. But then there is God. He is always awake; He never sleeps. He puts His watch-lights in the sky, the moon and stars, just as by day He sends the sunshine. Why, the sun is always shining somewhere! Sometimes here, sometimes in Australia, but it never goes out. So all the world is safe, because there is light everywhere.

Can you quote Whittier's lines?—

A tender child of summers three,

Seeking her little bed at night,

Paused on the dark stair timidly:

'O, Mother, take my hand,' said she,

'And then the dark will all be light.'

We older children, grope our way  
 From dark behind to dark before;  
 And only when our hand we lay,  
 Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
 And there is darkness nevermore.

6. And light is a symbol of something more. Those of you who have learned English history, and have got as far as the reign of Queen Mary, will remember how people were in those days burnt because there was some little difference between their religious belief and that of those who held power for the time being. Of course, nowadays, we should be ashamed to hurt other people because they don't believe as we do. But it was different then. Now when two good men, Bishops Latimer and Ridley, were led to the stake at Oxford, Latimer greeted the other with the words: 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as (I trust) shall never be put out.' So the light stands as a memorial of martyrs, of good and great men who gave up their lives for what they believed true, and thus have left to succeeding ages the bright light of their noble example that will never, never be extinguished.

### The Christian Year.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

God's Anxiety.

'Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.'—  
 1 P 57.

These words of the Apostle are very familiar to all of us. They are often quoted by us to our friends, and we do so with the hope that they will be of comfort and strength to them. Yet again and again when they occur to us in our own necessities they do not seem to have the same effect upon us that we hope they have upon others. Part of the reason no doubt lies in the fact that as we have them before us, they do not suggest just the same close and intimate meaning which the writer intended, and this result is due to a certain imperfection or limitation in the translation. It may be that when the translation was made the English words had a somewhat different meaning for the minds of the readers from what they have now, but if we follow the Greek closely and give the corresponding meaning which the

words now would have they undoubtedly gain in strength and have a stronger appeal in them. If we were to read them somewhat as follows we would see the difference. 'Throwing all your anxieties upon Him; for He is anxious about you' or 'for you.'

We do not think of God in this way. We never think of Him as having that deep, personal and individual interest in our lives which is put before us when we think of those closest to us as worrying about us, or having us on their minds, or being anxious for us because they see we are troubled and distressed either in mind or in body. Yet this is just what the writer had in mind, and this is the way he thought of God and why there is that sense of intimate and real affection and concern in His mind for His children who have so many troubles and disappointments, anxieties and worries which wear down the strength and take away the swift and glad consciousness of the greatness of living.

In Luther's *Table Talk*, a book which tells us more of the inner spirit of a man than any other book which was ever written, he says: 'I expect more goodness from Kate my wife, from Philip Melancthon, and from other friends than from my sweet and blessed Saviour Christ Jesus; and yet I know for certain, that neither she nor any other person on earth, will or can suffer that for me which He has suffered; why then should I be afraid of Him? This, my foolish weakness, grieves me very much.' It is not often we hear any one speak so frankly, and yet he tells only what perhaps most of us are as sure of as he. Our words do not have behind them that actuality which comes from a deep and personal experience or consciousness. So it is also with God.

1. Most of us do not think of God in this tender, familiar way that Peter did. We never think of Him as worrying about us or caring really enough to worry about us. To us He is something mysterious, awful, unimaginable, and remote. There is nothing *near* about Him; that is, near in a personal and spiritual sense. We think of Him as a great, living, energizing power which overshadows and overwhelms the whole of life. He is behind and before, but He is not after all near to us in the same way even that Jesus Christ is. He, we feel quite sure, was deeply familiar with the actual experiences, the poor human foibles and weaknesses, the sins and failures, the disappointments and despairs, the hard trials and the silent sorrows,