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charge the Evangelists with ignorance or historical inaccuracy of events they must have been familiar with.

It is noteworthy that the late Professor Delitzsch, in his Hebrew Version, translated the ἀρχιερεύς of Jn 11<sup>44</sup> by כהן הראש and He 4<sup>14</sup> by כהן ראש גדול, thus only differing from

Dr. Biesenthal in not using the article with the word ראש. One wonders why in 1813 he uses the Rabbinic and redundant אשר שמש בכהונה גדולה, 'who served in the high priesthood,' for exactly the same Greek word.

C. P. SHERMAN.

Hexham.

## Entre Nous.

### THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF PEACE.

To Dr. Hastings' series on 'The Great Christian Doctrines' has now been added a volume on *The Christian Doctrine of Peace* (T. & T. Clark; 8s. net). It has all the special features of the earlier volumes, which dealt with the doctrines of Prayer and Faith.

The subject of this latest volume is very prominent in men's minds at the present time, for to-day we are turning afresh to the ideal of universal peace. As Principal A. E. Garvie said recently, 'The Christian ideal of world-peace has to-day an authority and influence which it never had before.' Long before the Genoa and Copenhagen Conferences were held, Dr. Hastings had, as he stated in the November issue of *THE EXPOSITORY TIMES*, prepared this volume, the final proofs of which were passed shortly before his death. In the Introduction he outlined the scope of this work which he hoped would be used as the basis of discourse when peace was preached, as he saw it must be 'before everything else.' 'Peace is peace with God, peace with self, peace with other men. And peace with men includes peace with nations. Thus the doctrine of peace is the doctrine of war, and we have to consider from the Christian point of view the use of force, Christ's teaching on non-resistance, and the whole subject of the necessity of war, its advantages and disadvantages, and the prospect of its passing away for ever.'

The contents of the volume include the introduction and sixteen chapters. The subject-headings of some of these chapters are: 'The God of Peace,' 'The Peace of Christ,' 'Peace with God,' and 'Peace of Conscience.' The chapter on 'The Sermon on the Mount' is specially important. The subject is dealt with under three heads, 'Its

Hearers,' 'Its Method,' and 'Its Aim.' This is followed by chapters on 'The Use of Force,' 'War,' 'The Good of War,' 'The Evil of War,' 'The End of War,' concluding with 'What are We to Do?' Every chapter is prefaced by a very full list of literature.

Dr. Hastings' conclusion as to the prospect of war passing away for ever may be summed up in the verses of John Addington Symonds which he quotes.

These things shall be : a loftier race  
Than ere the world hath known shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

### SOME TOPICS.

#### Our Ambiguous Life.

'In a most pathetic passage in Plato we are told that in face of the great darkness and mysteriousness which are round about us in this world, there is nothing for a man to do except to take the best advice he can get as to how to live, and then take his chance—like a man crossing the lonely sea upon a raft; "unless," he concludes, "we can find some vessel more safe and solid, some word of God on which we may make this passage more securely."

It was into such a twilight and ambiguity that the Lord Jesus Christ came. And still there is no victory over this world, no light upon its final mysteriousness, no support for our apparent insignificance face to face with an overwhelming and regardless universe; no rock on which to plant our feet 'mid the ebb and flow of mood and feeling, of doubt and hope and doubt again, except by a humble and tenacious faith which we allow day by day to recall us and to sustain us, that the Eternal God is our Refuge and underneath are the Everlasting Arms.' This is from the first address in Dr. J. A. Hutton's latest volume, *Our Ambiguous Life* (James Clarke; 6s. net). It explains Dr. Hutton's title and gives the underlying thought of the short addresses. These are sure to be widely read, for Dr. Hutton is a preacher who makes a powerful appeal to the modern mind.

#### Politics in the Pulpit.

Miss Royden is too closely in touch with the mind of her congregation not to know that some annoyance might be felt, even if it were not expressed, at a political sermon. And so she told the members why she intended occasionally to treat political issues in the pulpit—the politics of the day, that is. For they would welcome a sermon, she knew, from the words of an Old Testament prophet, forgetting that to the people who heard them they seemed in their time tactlessly political. Nor is Miss Royden content to treat distant issues that are not likely to irritate. 'The other day,' she said, 'I was at a missionary meeting where the missionary told us about his work in India. He said, "These people, if you will believe it, many of them do not own a yard of land in the great country which belongs to them. They do not even own the house they live in. Many of them are in debt. They cannot get money. They cannot get on. They never seem to have a chance. So we set to work to try and alter these conditions." All the audience burst into a thunder of applause, and I held my head and thought to myself: "Is he describing India, or is he describing England?" There was extraordinarily little difference between his description of India and England, but because India is so far away, every one saw how right it was that the Church of Christ should be concerned with men's bodies as well as their souls and should care when people suffer, not only to bind up their

wounds, but to get rid of the cause of the trouble.'

Miss Royden's reason for occasionally preaching political sermons is that she believes that there is no question to which Christ's laws do not apply, and that there are times not only for the declaration of principles, but for their application to particular issues. 'How proud,' she says, 'those of us who belong to any Christian Church would be, if we could have claimed that it had always spoken for those who could not speak for themselves! If a Wilberforce, or a Lord Shaftesbury had not been left to fight his battle almost alone; if a Mrs. Josephine Butler had not been cast out by nearly all the people who called themselves respectable.'

Miss Royden knows that in every political question where a moral issue is involved good Christian people are found on both sides. They were found on both sides of the slavery struggle, but one side was wrong. She recognizes that she has a duty to inform her mind to the utmost of her ability, and then, not hindered by the fear of hurting people's feelings, to preach with directness the truth as she sees it.

What of the starving children of Austria? Should a preacher confine himself to appeals for money for them—a political question no doubt, but not involving disturbing criticism of foreign policy. 'What would you think?' asks Miss Royden, 'if year after year you pour your money into Vienna, and year after year I come to you with the same story, and say: "These children are still starving." And you will say at last: "Why, we have given all this money! Why are they still in the same state?" And I say, "Because the terms of the peace that was imposed on Austria have made it impossible for Austria to recover."

'Would not you have a right to say to me at last: "Why did you not say at the beginning all this?"'

Miss Royden has preached on our Irish policy, on Disarmament, on the Care of the Insane, and many other political topics—political in the broad sense of the word. These sermons have now been collected and published by Messrs. Putnams under the title *Political Christianity* (3s. 6d. net).

#### Divorce.

In Mt 5<sup>32</sup> Jesus faces the burning question of divorce, and here His word is unmistakably clear. It is possible that even the clause which has been

interpreted as conveying an exception should read 'notwithstanding the word' (in Dt 24<sup>1</sup>) 'about misconduct before marriage.' But it should be observed that He is here speaking of marriage between disciples; a large proportion of the marriages now 'solemnized'—to use what is perhaps an unhappy expression—in Christian Churches are not Christian in any recognizable sense of the word; it is exceedingly questionable whether we have any right to say in such cases, 'Whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder,' and we should not seek to impose a law meant to apply to Christian marriage in a contract in which the only power which can make the marriage permanent has never, so far as we can tell, had a place. The honest thing for the Church to do is, I believe, to refuse to be a party to marriages except between her members, or those at least who are prepared to make an open profession of faith, and then to insist that the contract so entered into is not dissoluble by the default of either party. By so doing we should lose much popularity, but we should gain in self-respect, and—what is more important—we should be in line with the teaching of Jesus in regard to this most difficult of all questions.<sup>1</sup>

#### Meekness.

The word 'meek' is specially difficult to render in modern speech, for it has a wealth of meaning. In the Old Testament it seems to mean 'humble'; in the New it is applied to Himself by Jesus in close connexion with another phrase translated in our versions 'lowly in heart,' but perhaps more adequately rendered 'of homely mind,' 'easy to get on with.' In the Bible, when two epithets are joined by 'and,' it will be found very often that each explains the other. 'Unassuming' or 'ready to make allowances' gives us one side of the meaning of the word, 'patiently persistent' the other. It should be noticed that they are 'to inherit the earth'; that is, to fall heirs to the lordship of human life. They are men, who, with great ends in view, are willing to give way and make allowances in matters of smaller moment; they have that rare faculty, the ability to distinguish trifles from what is of serious importance. All quarrelsome people justify themselves on the ground that the thing is a question of principle with them; the meek man knows by instinct where he must fight and where he can safely yield ground. It may be

<sup>1</sup> J. A. Findlay, *The Realism of Jesus*, 88.

claimed that 'meekness' in this sense of the word has proved the secret of such success as we have had as an imperial power, as it certainly helped the Roman Empire to hold the nations of the world together for so many centuries. Where we have known how to give way, as in South Africa, we have built up our Empire; where we have been unyielding, as in the war with our American colonies in the eighteenth century, and in so much of our dealings with Ireland in this, we have failed disastrously.<sup>2</sup>

#### The Ministry and Women.

The Rev. J. A. Craigie, the Vicar of Montacute, Somerset, has published a volume of topical sermons with the title *Our Heavenly Inheritance* (Skeffingtons; 5s. net). The range of subjects is wide—from 'Jesus Christ and Modernism,' which is the first sermon in the volume, to 'The Weather,' which is the last. In all his sermons Mr. Craigie aims, as he tells us in the Preface, at great plainness of speech. This is, perhaps, best seen in his discussion on the 'Ministry and Women.' His position, which we are not concerned to criticise, is that the ministry is no place for women. The reasoning, however, by which he arrives at his conclusion is interesting. Or did he perhaps start with the conclusion and find the reasons afterwards?

The first difficulty about the admission of women to the priesthood is a practical one. No bishops could be found ready to ordain women. 'If they did so they would quickly be deprived of their sees, and the women whom they had ordained could not be recognised by the Catholic Church as holding any ministerial office. And, again, the matter is not one to be settled by a handful of bishops, however right they might seem in their own eyes. The matter is one which would have to be settled by the authority of the whole Catholic Church, or at any rate by a universal or œcumenical council of that branch of the Catholic Church in which the question might arise.'

Mr. Craigie's second difficulty is that the mere suggestion that women should be admitted to take upon themselves the duties and functions of the priesthood wakes within men 'an instinctive horror and revulsion.' He admits that many other things which are now looked upon as quite suitable for women to-day at first appeared shocking, but he adds

<sup>2</sup> J. A. Findlay, *The Realism of Jesus*, 671.

that 'the priesthood is not to be mentioned or classed with these in any way. It is beyond all comparison.'

His final argument for the exclusion of women, not only from the priesthood but also from the position of deaconess, is that the silence of Christ with regard to it points to the fact that the ordination of women is contrary to His will. This is how Mr. Craigie sums it up himself. 'I think we cannot but be right when all is said and done, if we adhere to the distinction of sex which has ever obtained in the Church of Christ in regard to its ministry. The old way here, the beaten track, the old paths, seem to have been laid down by Christ once for all, and they are not open to innovations. We must reverently hesitate to tamper with anything which He left seemingly complete and unalterable.' What would Mr. Craigie's attitude have been towards slavery? 'With the cleverest arguments in the world,' Mr. Craigie goes on, 'we are still without His direct sanction to make a change. Let it suffice to go on in the old way; and if we desire the ministrations of women in the Church (as indeed we do), let them be in that direction in which there can be no possible doubt or question. Then no harm can come or outrage be perpetrated.'

#### Two Things Religion does.

'In the first place, the religion I am thinking of brings all our perplexities to a focus; lifts them up on high; concentrates them on two or three burning points, and shows us with a clearness that admits of no mistaking what a tremendous mystery we are up against in life.

That is the first thing that a true religion does. But if it did that only, it would do us no good but harm, for it would overwhelm us. So it does the second. While, on the one hand, it reveals to us, as I have said, the deep and amazing mystery of our existence, on the other it reveals something yet deeper and more amazing in ourselves, something divine in every one of us, which is more than a match for what it has to face. A true religion does both things, does them together, in the same moment, in the same act.'<sup>1</sup>

#### NEW POETRY.

John Drinkwater.

Mr. Drinkwater goes on from strength to strength. In *Preludes, 1921-1922* (Sidgwick; 3s. 6d. net),

<sup>1</sup> W. L. P. Jacks, *Religious Perplexities*.

he has given us the finest work he has yet done.

The subject of the book is love:

What love is; how I love; how builders' clay  
By love is lit into a golden spending;  
How love calls beautiful ghosts back to the day;  
How life because of love shall have no ending—  
These with the dawn I have begun to sing . . .

And Mr. Drinkwater presents his subject in four of its many aspects.

First he retells the story of David and Jonathan, the love of perfect sympathy and understanding between man and man. Then he takes another familiar Bible narrative. 'The Maid of Naaman's Wife,' and shows the love that has its ground in pity. This is half the book and, for us, the most convincing part and the most valuable. Take this descriptive passage. Look at the colour of the picture of the stripling David facing the Philistine. Listen to the music of the lines:

And David stepped out of the emerald light  
That played up from the grass floor of the tent,  
Into the full flood of the April noon,  
And walked a little way, and those two stood  
Parted a hundred paces, the man of terror,  
Hewn massy and with shock of builded limbs,  
And David moulded like a sea boy risen  
From caves of music where the water spins  
Wet sand into the shapes of flowing flowers;  
David with limbs all bright with the sun's tones,  
And ruddy locks curling with youth and light,  
His body all alert on steady loins,  
Clean spun of flesh that knew the winter snows,  
And mellow pools of summer, and the dews  
Dropping among the crocuses of dawn.  
His sandal-straps bound ankles as a girl's,  
And fluttering to his knees the sheepskin hung,  
Cloaking one shoulder, while the other gleamed.  
And there he paused, the sling in his right hand,  
His left hand fingering the pouch of pebbles,  
While Israel fearing murmured, and the hosts  
Of Philistine derision rocked the noon.  
Then did Goliath cry, 'Am I a dog,  
For a boy's whipping? Have you not a man,  
That you would send a cleaner up of crumbs  
From the queen's table? Come then, and be  
broken,  
For birds to find you and the dogs at night.'  
And Jonathan heard Philistia shout again,

And David, like a flame unwinded, stood  
 Quivering at the cry, and laid a stone  
 In the sling's fold, and cast his staff, and ran,  
 Fleet as the king bird gliding under leaves,  
 Towards Goliath. And a giant spear  
 Swung from the Philistine hand, and forty paces  
 Sang in the air and brushed the flying sheepskin,  
 And sudden David's feet were planted firm,  
 Locked on the earth, and circling in the sun  
 The tight thong flashed and loosened, and the stone  
 Smote the Philistine wrath above the eyes,  
 And the day was clouded from him, and he fell.

In the second half of the book Mr. Drinkwater turns from the Bible narratives to give us the story of two modern lovers. A Sussex farmer, Lake Winter, falls in love with his neighbour's wife, Zell Dane. The attraction is, at the outset, an intellectual one, but the physical element asserts itself, and their story ends in tragedy. Finally in the poem 'Burning Bush' we have nature, love, and human love blended and mutually interpretative. These blank verse poems form the bulk of the volume, but there are, in addition, several delightful lyrics.

#### Bernard Raymund.

The Yale University Press are issuing a series of small volumes of poetry with the name of 'The Yale Series.' The object of the series is to bring to the notice of the public the work of the younger American men and women who have not yet secured recognition. The most recent volume in the series is *Hidden Waters*, by Bernard Raymund (Milford: Oxford University Press; 6s. 6d. net). Mr. Raymund's poems are not equal, but there is a delicate charm about most of them. 'The Dark Pool' is a good example of his descriptive work:

I know a pool where laughter never was,  
 No bird spread dripping feathers to the sun,  
 And no flower stood on tiptoe in the grass  
 To wonder at itself. The minnows run  
 From stone to stone, unbodied, shadowless;  
 And water-striders thread their secret way  
 Under gnarled, ancient roots and tangled cress.  
 I know a pool that on the windiest day  
 From bank to bank will not a ruffle show,  
 And never a willow leaf put out its sail  
 To find if all the wonders could be so  
 It gathered from the old tree's misty tale.  
 But all tired waters pause in that cool deep  
 To dream of other, farther pools and sleep.

The second poem of Mr. Raymund's which we quote is hardly characteristic, but it is good for our purpose. It is on prayer and growth, and he calls it 'Homiletic':

If it were so  
 That things pray as they grow,  
 It seems to me  
 In the wild rye that overtops the wheat  
 There were more piety.  
 And yellow clover growing in a ditch  
 God's nose must find  
 More to its liking than the red-top's rich  
 Smug acreage. I'm of that mind  
 Myself, and sure I do not know  
 That I should think it strange—if it were so!

#### Oxford Poetry.

*Oxford Poetry, 1922* (Oxford: Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net), contains examples of the verse of twenty Oxford men. Some of the names we already know. But we have no poem from Mr. Blackwell himself this year, and we miss it. Mr. Force Stead's verse runs smoothly, and we quote his 'Oblivion'—a poem which he addresses to Alan Porter. Mr. Porter has one poem in the collection.

As if the dead had sought to reach  
 Us through the names they used to know,  
 They carved these rain-bleared stones to teach  
 What men were they, laid here a-row:  
 But now hath time twice marred their speech,  
 The stones are dumb as they below.

Yet I surmise they rose at break  
 Of dawn, and trudged afield, and then  
 Laboured with ox and ass to take  
 Bread for the hungry world of men,  
 Sweating at plough and spade and rake  
 Till dusk, for threescore years and ten.

Ever they rose at brink of day,  
 Yet drank they once the joy of morn?—  
 Life from them turned its mind away,  
 They were not even thought forlorn:

Falstaff can never die,—but they,  
 Nay, tell me,—were they ever born?