

Theology on the *Web.org.uk*

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

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

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

Candour and Reticence.

About a year ago the executors of Mr. J. J. Cooper published a book by him, 'Some Worthies of Reading.' Now some extracts from his letters have been published—*Intimate Letters of a Quaker Magistrate* (Swarthmore Press; 3s. 6d. net). There is much kindness in the letters, much sound sense, and not a little humour.

'I think a good Quaker personifies the best combination that I know of Candour and Reticence.

'The finest character is that combining them, one who knows the time to speak and the time to refrain from speaking.

'Candour requires a fuller exercise of judgment and charity. Be candid in speaking *to*. Be reticent in speaking *of*.

'Reticence is sometimes both brave and considerate, sometimes moral cowardice.

'“A candid friend” is often a synonym for a caustic critic.

'Candour has probably done more good and probably more harm than reticence.

'Job's friends were more comforting to him during the days of reticence than when they afterwards spoke so candidly to him and about him.

'“Be to his virtues very kind” (and candid),

'“And to his faults a little blind” (and reticent).

'When candour means “speaking the truth in love,” it is altogether beautiful; and when reticence means “I will be silent lest I speak unadvisedly with my lips,” it is just as admirable.'

Popular Preaching.

Byways, by Canon T. A. Lacey (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), contains thirty-two essays, written in times of recreation. They are not, Canon Lacey says, walks along the high road—the Via Sacra—but rather saunterings in bypaths. 'It must certainly be a very terrible thing to be a popular preacher. The risk is immense; the temptations of the career are overwhelming. He who wins through to safety must be ready, one would think, for beatification. What further miracle can be needed? For consider, in the first place, that popularity has to be acquired. By what

means? Two courses are obvious. The preacher may flatter the prejudices of those present, or may trounce the faults of the absent; during the late war there were, both in England and in Germany, fine opportunities for these methods. A third course is more subtle, but not less promising. He may enlarge on the faults of his hearers, and hold them up to commiseration as victims of circumstances beyond their control. Yet a fourth way is open to him; he may prophesy smooth things in general, with a fine flow of language. Any preacher of ordinary ability may count on winning popularity by these means, and he may count with almost equal certainty on losing his own soul. One other opening there is which may be less dangerous; the method of blood and thunder, with much sound and fury, signifying—nothing.

'Yet, such is the paradox of the Gospel—a preacher ought to desire popularity. How else can he deliver himself in full measure? He has the best of precedents for wishing the common people to hear him gladly. But he will remember that, if he succeeds according to the precedent, his hold will be precarious, and that glad hearing may turn into clamour for his crucifixion. Here, also, there is a prospect of descent into hell, though not for permanent detention. The prospect should not daunt him, or induce him to scorn a temporary popularity. It may, however, check his eagerness to seek the danger.

'Indeed, we seem to have slipped here into an important distinction. To desire popularity is one thing; to seek it is another thing. It may seldom come, except to those who seek, but when it does come unsought the savour is different.'

The Sacrificial Life.

'“The sacrificial life,” Dr. Jowett said, “is life pooled for the public good.” “It is life with the emphasis placed upon our brother.” In this connection he used one of his most famous and memorable illustrations.

'“I was crossing (he said) the shoulder of one of the lower Alps, the Fürren Alp, whose bold rocky head looks down into the lovely valley of Engelberg. My guide-book told me that I should reach a place where the visible track would cease,

but it vouchsafed no further information. I reached the place, and with the place the end of the beaten road. For a time I wandered about uncertainly, guided only by the somewhat vague and capricious counsels of a compass. And then I caught sight of what seemed like a splash of blood upon a rock, and then at some little distance another similarly splashed, each one I came to bringing into view another farther away. And then I inferred that these were to be my dumb guides across the trackless waste. I was to follow the blood marks. By the red road I should reach my destination."

'The red road is the path of noblest influence, Jowett urged. The self-crucified man becomes identified—nay, incorporated—with the Lord Jesus Christ. "If the Church of the Living God were sacrificial, she would thrill the world."' ¹

A Test of Christianity.

'We need not begin (said Jowett) with prolonged investigation into the length and details of our theological creed. I have known men and women with a creed as long as your arm, but they had no more spirit of venture than a limpet. Their theology is like a mountain, but they have not the courage of a mouse. Our jealousy for orthodoxy is no proof at all of the value of our faith. What do we hazard for it? The measure of the hazard reveals the vitality of our faith, and nothing else reveals it. It is not revealed by our controversial ardour. It is not revealed by our stern guardianship of orthodox spoils. It is not revealed by the scrupulous regularity of our attendance at Church and worship. No, all these may mean nothing at all. What do we hazard for Christ? What have we staked on the venture? How much have we bet that He is alive and King? Twopence a week, or our life? That's the test.' ²

POETRY.

J. S. H.

Two small volumes of devotional meditations have been published by one of our Indian missionaries. He does not give his name, but signs the foreword J. S. H. The titles of the books are *The Fourfold Sacrament* and *The Sacrament of Common*

Life (Heffer; 2s. 6d. net each). They are the result of his own daily practice of the presence of God. It was his custom—first, to fix his mind on some aspect of the Divine Fatherhood; second, to bring the day's tasks before God; third, to express thankfulness to God; and fourth, to remain in joyful communion with God. We quote from the *Sacrament of Common Life*:

THE SACRAMENT OF SONSHIP (Fourth Week).

Bábar,
Emperor of Hindustan,
Being caught, with his army,
By a destroying blizzard on the Hindu Kush,
Came at last with his men to a little cave,
But would not himself be safe therein,
Because there was in it no space for his men;
Rather he chose to abide without, in the storm
and the frost,
With those whom he counted his brothers and
friends.

So also,
O Master divine,
Thou dwellest not far and at ease in a lazy heaven:
But endurest with us, whom Thou countest Thy
friends,
The brunt of the storm,
Bearing all that we bear,
Sharing the toil and the strife,
Steeling our hearts to be strong
By the joy of Thy presence.

THE SACRAMENT OF SONSHIP (Twenty-Ninth Week).

No sadness is there, nor care,
For those that love Him:
Suffer they may, die they must,
Yet trusting and holding Him,
They are content.

For His love is stronger than death,
More patient than pain:
When my soul shall escape from the final shattering
agony,
Then, ah then, shall He put forth His might,
And make me His own for ever.

¹ Arthur Torritt, *J. H. Jowett, C.H., D.D.*, 224.

² *Ibid.* 206.

Must I wait till that day?
 Nay, one thing alone do I need,
 That, a little child,
 Here and now I may put forth my hand in the
 darkness,
 And be grasped by His love—

Grasped, did I say?
 Nay, my soul shall be stormed,
 Mastered with strength resistless,
 Garrisoned fast by the armies of God,
 By immortal and heavenly joy in His love.

Studdert Kennedy.

A new and revised edition of some poems, by the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, has been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (6s. net). The title—*The Sorrows of God*—is taken from the first poem. Many of them bear a message from the war, and we select two of these:

IF YE FORGET.

Let me forget—Let me forget,
 I am weary of remembrance,
 And my brow is ever wet,
 With tears of my remembrance,
 With the tears and bloody sweat—
 Let me forget.

If ye forget—If ye forget,
 Then your children must remember,
 And their brow be ever wet,
 With the tears of their remembrance,
 With the tears and bloody sweat—
 If ye forget.

WASTE.

Waste of Muscle, waste of Brain,
 Waste of Patience, waste of Pain,
 Waste of Manhood, waste of Health,
 Waste of Beauty, waste of Wealth,

Waste of Blood, and waste of Tears,
 Waste of Youth's most precious years,
 Waste of ways the Saints have trod,
 Waste of Glory, waste of God,—
 War!

A TEXT.

Ps. xviii. 19.

'These words came into my mind some weeks ago when I was sailing up the Thames. It was to me an unfamiliar stretch of waters. Everything was strangely beautiful. The trees that lined the river banks; the frequent glimpses into the recesses of dark woods; the occasional breaking of the lines, and the surprising vistas of open country; the play of the waterfowl; little children paddling here and there, and their shouts of joy; in quieter places the songs of birds! It was very beautiful. And then we left it all and were shut up in a lock. We were imprisoned within stone walls and iron gates. Not a green thing could be seen. Not a bird could be heard. But in our imprisonment we began to rise. Shut in, we began to be lifted up; until, when we reached the appointed height, the forward gate swung open and we continued our journey on a higher level. And all this became the parable of common experiences in human life. Who does not know God's locks along the river?'

This is from *Springs in the Desert* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net)—devotional studies in the Psalms by the late Dr. J. H. Jowett. These meditations have been collected so that nothing of his may be lost, for Dr. Jowett had a place of his own, and we shall not soon see his like again.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
 and published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
 Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.