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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

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

The twelfth verse seems to show traces of Greek influence, and it almost suggests that part of the fear even of an evil conscience is unreasonable. Or does the writer only mean to suggest that an evil conscience so disturbs the reason that the man starts and trembles at quite ordinary sights and sounds. 'Whether it were a whistling wind or a melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of water running violently, or a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a running that could not be seen of skipping beasts, or a roaring voice of most savage wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains, these things made them to swoon with fear.'

But the fear born of an evil conscience not merely unnerves a man in this life, it throws its shadow also

on the thought of what may be beyond this life. Plato has a striking passage in which he says that no man ever passed through a long life and faced the thought of what might come after death without haunting spiritual fears. And so Hamlet :

To die : to sleep :
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause.

Lucretius tried to dispel this fear by the 'succours which reason offereth,' but the heart and conscience need a warmer comfort. Nothing is more remarkable in the New Testament than its gospel of peace—peace for and from the evil conscience.

Entre Nous.

Emily Kinnaird.

The *Reminiscences* of the Hon. Emily Kinnaird (Murray ; 5s. net) are a great delight, for in reading them you are brought into close contact with many outstanding workers in the cause of righteousness, the various activities of the Evangelical Movement of the last generation, and all through you have the excellent company of Miss Kinnaird herself, with her sanity, her sense of humour, and her enthusiasm. She seems to be one of those rare people who benefit by 'warnings.' Here are two which she gives : 'My cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Noel, said to me, "Emily, do not become a worker with a capital W," and Sir Andrew Clark, "Always read a book that you cannot easily understand : it will stretch your mind."' A foreword to the *Reminiscences* is by Mr. Edwyn Bevan. 'The group of families,' he says, 'to which Emily Kinnaird's and mine belonged formed in the 'sixties of the last century a powerful Evangelical connexion.' Her father was the youngest son of Charles, Lord Kinnaird, and succeeded him on the death of his two elder brothers. He was a great Christian worker and an able business man. Her mother was Mary Jane Hoare, who 'set—along with Mary Roberts—the stream of work and prayer flowing in England' which resulted in the Y.W.C.A. And in the Y.W.C.A. Miss Kinnaird found her vocation. She has held almost all the positions in it

which it is possible to hold. 'The initials stand,' she says, 'for the four things I believe in : the importance of youth in the formation of character, the value of womanhood and its contribution to the world of public opinion, the supreme importance of Christian faith and practice, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of mankind in fellowship and association.' Dealing with the supreme importance of Christian faith, Miss Kinnaird has a chapter on Vision where she speaks of the spiritual ministries which have influenced her. The ordinary ministration of the Church is not forgotten. She thinks vision is 'often granted.' She goes on then to say, 'Another religious ministry in my life has been the annual visit during my tours as District Referee in Forfarshire and Kincardineshire to that man of God, James Hastings, editor of the Bible and other Dictionaries, in his roadside manse, the rooms of which were lined with books. . . . He taught me what it meant to be "alive unto God," and it was in his quiet study in the little manse on the hill that he gained this influence.'

As one would expect, there is much in this book about women's work. Although much has been gained, we cannot help thinking that Miss Kinnaird is a little over-optimistic. 'I remember,' she says, 'the horror with which the claim for the equality of men and women was hailed.' Is the claim not

hailed with something like horror by certain types of mind still? Miss Kinnaird looks back over three generations and she sees many changes, and it is characteristic of her 'that she feels things to-day are better.' The passing away of the strained conversation and the Evangelical vocabulary of her earlier days, she thinks of no consequence, but what is of consequence is that the young people of to-day should 'serve their age as well as the earlier generation served theirs, that they pass on the vitalising power of the truth to preserve which our forefathers suffered very real persecution.' The reading of this book should be a great stimulus to conscience.

'Thou shalt love.'

If we objected to some of our parents' friends 'as uninteresting and dull, we were simply told it was our duty to receive and entertain them; and if we further objected by saying we could not like them, my mother's answer was: "I did not ask you to like them, for you cannot like people at will, but you can love them." We violently protested, for my mother always allowed us to contradict her. Nevertheless the lesson has helped me through life, for you can find something to love in almost everybody. Love interprets, and you can, by loving, often find something which enables you to overcome antipathy. All life thus interpreted becomes much more interesting and more beautiful.'¹

The Colour Question.

'I well remember those early times when I was six years old and the black ex-slave, Bishop Crowther, came to stay with us and preached in our field as the Parish Church would not admit him. We had visitors also from Madagascar and Liberia, for it was a delight to my parents to receive missionaries and converts in their house.'

Writing of her visit to India in 1921, Miss Kinnaird says: 'I shall never forget my visit to Bolepur, to which I was taken by Tagore's son-in-law, Professor Ganguli. . . . I was glad I went and stayed alone in the guest house. Evening and morning when I met the poet I spent two interesting hours in his company. His last words ring in my ears: "Miss Kinnaird, would you like to be a member of a subject race?"'²

¹ E. Kinnaird, *Reminiscences*, 18.

² *Ibid.* 54, 175 ff.

Don't Worry.

'From time to time, going about with him, amusing circumstances would arise, as, for instance, when we went to Aske, Lord Zetland's Yorkshire seat. It was the first time I had been there, and while dressing for dinner I heard a knock on my door, and my father came in to say that his knee-breeches and apron had not been packed, and he wondered what to do. There was a large house party, and it was a little worrying to find oneself without the proper kit. I asked him what we could do, and he said the silk stockings were there and he thought if we folded the trousers tightly round his legs and pulled these over, letting the trousers hang a little over the knees, it might pass; so we attempted this in the midst of great merriment, for I laughed till I cried helping him; and still there was the apron to devise. For this we cut off part of the silk cassock and folded it round him. Fortunately at dinner we were some distance away from each other and in the drawing-room afterwards, for it would never have done to look at one another. I do not think many men would have been found with whom such difficulties were only a matter for amusement, for there was no trace of annoyance on his part.'³

Talks to Women.

There will be a ready welcome for a book of 'Thirty Addresses for Mothers' Meetings' which Mrs. Coulson Kernahan has written with the title *Talks to Women* (Epworth Press; 2s. 6d. net). 'Neighbours,' 'Washing Day,' 'The Way to Face Troubles,' 'Putting Off,' 'Lending a Hand,' 'Answers,' 'Other People's Business'—such are some of the titles of these brief, practical, and distinctly helpful addresses. And here are two stories from the book, each with its lesson. We give the former and leave you to supply the latter:

'Once a little boy, whose father was a minister, and who had been reading a story to him, said, "Father is it *true*, or are you only *preaching*?"'

'An Irishman who was accused of being afraid of work, exclaimed indignantly, "Sure, and I'm not afraid of work! I could lie down and slape beside it!"'

³ H. D. A. Major, *The Life and Letters of W. B. Carpenter*, 298.

'Disgrace.'

As I see it (Hodder & Stoughton ; 3s. 6d. net) is 'Philemon's' second volume to the Broadcast Library, edited by Mr. J. C. W. Reith. His talks are short essays touching on a variety of topics and, if occasionally somewhat slight, make on the whole good and suggestive reading. From his chapter on 'Words' we take the following :

'It must be many years now since the word first surprised me, but I startle even yet when I recall to mind that the Italian "disgrazia" (obviously our own word "disgrace") means an accident. . . .

The word "disgrace" means to be out of favour with somebody. With whom? Well, in the old days when the word was first minted, men deemed it important to keep on the right side of the gods, because all kinds of awkward things might happen. A man (let us say) is walking down a grassy lane between trees, when, suddenly, a branch falls and fells him to the ground, half killing him—a nasty accident indeed! But why did it happen to him? We should say unfortunate coincidence, mischance, bad luck; but in those days there were gods. There was a god of that tree; and for some reason or other the man was out of favour there; so an accident happened to him! The accident was a sign of his being out of favour, and the direct result of this: it was a "disgrace."

'We have changed our gods since then. . . . We have a "One and Only God" about Whom we talk and argue sometimes, rendering service to Him with the lip and the knee, but not often with the heart also. But in addition we have minor deities, little gods whom we worship much more punctiliously, for it is of them that we are really afraid. And when we are out of the favour of these little gods, we still say that we are "in disgrace." A child falls into disgrace in the nursery, a boy in school, a man among his fellows, having lost favour with the little gods—with standards of behaviour, codes of honour, public opinion, and the like, of which most of us are so afraid that we would not, if we could help it, neglect one jot or tittle of our obedience to them.'

Use and Wont.

When Mr. Neil Munro was editor of 'The Glasgow Evening News' he offered the hospitality of the paper to Dr. Lauchlan MacLean Watt for a weekly talk on any religious or ethical subject. These talks have now been issued in book form with the title *Life and Religion* (James Clarke; 3s. 6d. net).

Dr. MacLean Watt has the gift of finding attractive subjects, and of writing popularly on them. But we must sample them. There is a word for New Year week with the title 'Use and Wont.' 'We are well into our new house, and have already reached one of its landings. A strange place, with

three hundred and sixty-five steps and fifty-two landings in the stair that leads to its twelve rooms. And nobody has ever yet put a foot on these stairs or moved through those waiting chambers! It was a dusty enough house we vacated just a week ago; and we left much behind us in it; but we did not mind, for nobody will ever live there again. Yet, as we grow older and we begin to hear the far call of the great tide that waits our final embarkation into the vast Unknown, we shall often speak of the old houses we have lived in, and the shadowy memories that lingered there.

'We have brought little enough forward with us into the new.' Again: 'I have not yet looked deeply into my own bundle, but I was annoyed to find a friend of mine treasuring among what he had carried from every house of the years, deliberately laid on top of the dusty relics of the past, as his pet fetish, what he called "Use and Wont." It has obtruded its shadow with tragic frequency between him and the stars. It has paralysed the stretching of his arm, often, against annoying evils. It has put silence on his lips when he wanted to speak out, in Time's necessity. It has kept him skulking in mean backgrounds when God and humanity were calling for volunteers.'

1926.

Among the features of the magazine in the coming year will be a series of articles on Recent Thought on the Great Christian Doctrines. 'Recent Thought on the Person of Christ' will be dealt with by the Rev. Sidney Cave, D.D.; 'Recent Thought on Immortality,' by Professor W. R. Matthews; 'Recent Thought on the Doctrine of God,' by Professor C. C. J. Webb; 'Recent Thought on the Doctrine of Sin,' by Professor H. Wheeler Robinson.

A short series of studies on the Parables have also been arranged, and a few articles on 'Substitutes for Christianity.'

In the January and February numbers we hope to publish articles by Dean Inge; Professor J. E. McFadyen, 'Poverty in the Old Testament'; the Rev. A. J. Gossip, 'How Christ Won Through'; Professor W. Manson, 'New Testament Criticism and the Christian Religion'; the Rev. F. J. Rae, 'Changes in Religious Thought in the Last Fifty Years'; and Professor A. C. Welch, 'Some Misunderstood Psalms.'

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