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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 question remains as to why the disciple is in John called Nathanael, if his name was Jacob, or James. Surely it is to distinguish him from others of that name, no less than four of whom have been distinguished in the Gospels. There is James the brother of John, son of Zebedee; there are James the son of Alphæus; James the Lord's brother; James the son of Mary, and perhaps James the brother or father of Jude.

The possession of two names was, as we know, not uncommon. We have Simon Peter, Matthew or Levi, Saul called Paul, and others. What is more likely than that the later prominence of James the Lord's brother so overshadowed this earlier disciple, that by the time the Fourth Gospel was written, he had become more familiarly known by his other name, Nathanael? R. B. Y. SCOTT.

Toronto.

Entre Nous.

Christ of the Indian Road.

In his preface to *The Christ of the Indian Road*, Dr. Stanley Jones says that the book is not 'An Indian Interpretation of Christ,' it is, rather, an attempt to describe how Christ is becoming naturalized upon the Indian Road. The book is not an Indian interpretation of Christ, partly because that is not its author's purpose, but partly because there is at present no Indian interpretation to give an account of. The Indian Christian has made no real contribution to Christian Theology because he has been trying to think through Western forms. But Dr. Jones believes that in the future, and perhaps in the near future, Indian Christianity will find its own forms, and the religious genius of India pour itself through Christian moulds. And not the least interesting part of this book is the forecast of the form which this Indian interpretation will take. There will be three notes in it, Dr. Jones believes. First, the followers of the Christ of the Indian Road 'will show us the real meaning of a *spiritual* life. They will sit lightly to earthly things and abandon themselves to the spirit.'

Along with that will come 'the sense of the unity and harmony running through things. "Don't you think atonement would mean attunement?" said a Hindu to me one day. He felt his life was "like sweet bells jangled out of tune" by sin and evil, and to his mind, craving inward peace and harmony, atonement would bring attunement to the nature of God—music instead of a discord. No wonder peace has been the great thought and craving of India. Anything like losing one's temper is thought to be utterly incompatible with the truly religious life. "I know I haven't salvation yet," said a villager to

me one day, "for while I have conquered everything else anger still remains, I haven't got it yet." The followers of the Christ of the Indian Road will be harmonized and peaceful.' And the third note will be renunciation. 'The followers of the Christ of the Indian Road will know the meaning of the cross, for India stands for the cost of being religious. Renunciation will be a reality, for India instinctively grasps the meaning of Jesus when he says that the way to realize life is to renounce it—to lose it is to find it. In the footprints of many of his followers as they walk along the Indian Road will be blood-stains, for they will be Apostles of the Bleeding Feet.'

But we have diverged from Dr. Jones' main purpose, which is to describe how Christ is being naturalized upon the Indian Road. He believes that to-day there is a great movement towards Christ—a movement not only of the outcastes but of the intelligentsia. They are ready for Christ in spite of some stumbling-blocks. A Hindu teacher told him on one occasion that he wanted to become a Christian, "but I do so in spite of the lives of the Europeans I have seen here. They seem to have two loathings, one is religion and the other is water." And he did not mean it for bathing, but for drinking purposes.' A great stumbling-block is race prejudice. On more than one occasion Dr. Jones had to make his own position clear with regard to the colour question before he could continue with his message, and on this point he makes a very piercing hit when he says, speaking of the planter in the Malay States, that his 'race prejudices do not extend as far as his lusts.'

But what India is ready for, Dr. Jones says, is

Christ, not Christianity, if by that is meant the system that has been built up in the West. And the work of the missionary is to 'introduce' Christ. 'I spoke to a Hindu student one night in the after-meeting of a series and asked him if he didn't want to know Christ. "Yes," he said, eagerly, "but I do not know how to go to him." I suggested that I should love to introduce him to my Master. I saw quite vaguely then what is clear to me now: my chief business and chief joy is to introduce men to this Christ of the Indian Road.

'If I do that, I must know him myself, and that means much.'

'A friend of mine was talking to a Brahman gentleman, when the Brahman turned to him and said, "I don't like the Christ of your creeds and the Christ of your churches." My friend quietly replied, "Then how would you like the Christ of the Indian Road?" The Brahman thought a moment, mentally picturing the Christ of the Indian Road—he saw him dressed in Sadhus' garments, seated by the wayside with the crowds about him, healing blind men who felt their way to him, putting his hands upon the heads of poor, unclean lepers who fell at his feet, announcing the good tidings of the Kingdom to stricken folks, staggering up a lone hill with a broken heart and dying upon a wayside cross for men, but rising triumphantly and walking on that road again. He suddenly turned to the friend and earnestly said, "I could love and follow the Christ of the Indian Road."

'How differs this Christ of the Indian Road from the Christ of the Galilæan Road? Not at all.'

The *Christ of the Indian Road* has already passed through six editions in America, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have now published the first English edition (3s. 6d. net). It cannot fail to be read with the greatest interest and profit. The author—Dr. Stanley Jones—is a missionary to India and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Christ or—nothing.

'Mrs. Besant announces a coming World Teacher. She puts forth Krishnamurti, a Brahman youth who is to be the incarnation of Christ. (Even here she naïvely acknowledges the supremacy of Jesus, for it is to be an incarnation of *Christ*.) He has given forth his first instalment of world teaching, and has received divine honours in India and in the West. I had a long interview with him, found him of average intelligence, of rather lovable disposition,

of mediocre spiritual intuitions, and heard him swear in good, round English! I came away feeling that if he is all we, as a race, have to look to in order to get out of the muddle we are in, then God pity us.

'There is literally no one else on the field and nothing else on the horizon. It is Christ or—nothing.'¹

Necessities.

Week by week Dr. G. H. Morrison contributes a short homiletic or devotional study to 'The British Weekly.' These eagerly looked-for addresses have now been collected and published in book form, with the title *Highways of the Heart* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). The subject of one striking address is the unescapable elements of life 'approving ourselves . . . in necessities' (2 Co 6⁴). Necessities in the idiom of the Greek does not connote necessary things. 'It means experiences from which is no escape. It is in such experiences Paul wants to be approved.' What, Dr. Morrison asks, are these unescapable elements of life? 'One thinks first of certain bitter things that reach men in the realm of mind or body.' 'There is blindness; there is lameness; there is deafness; there is congenital deformity of body. There are brains that never can be brilliant, and faces that never can be beautiful. There are thorns in the flesh, messengers of Satan, hindering influence and power and service, that are going to be present to the end.'

'Then one's thoughts go winging to temptation, for temptation is one of the "necessities" of life. Separate from each other in a thousand ways, we are all united in temptation. A man may escape the gnawing tooth of poverty, or the anguish and the languor of disease. He may escape imprisonments and stripes, and the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." But no man, be he wise or simple, rich as Cræsus or poor as Bartimæus, ever escapes the onset of temptation.'

'Another of the "necessities" of life is what our Saviour calls the cross. Just as in every lot there is a crook, so in every life there is a cross. You remember how our Lord declared this—"If *any man* will come after Me, let him take up his cross"—not certain men in strange peculiar circumstances, but *any man*, right to the end of time. From which we gather that in the eyes of Christ the cross was universal in experience, one of the things that

¹ E. Stanley Jones, *The Christ of the Indian Road*, 62.

nobody escapes. The cross is anything very hard to carry—anything that takes liberty from living—anything that robs the foot of fleetness, or silences the music of the heart. And men may be brave, and hide the cross away, and wreath it with flowers so that none suspects it, but, says Jesus, it is always there. There are only two things men can do with crosses—they can take them up or they can kick against them. They can merge them in God's plan of life for them, or they can stumble over them towards the glen of weeping. And what could be finer, in the whole range of life, than just to determine, as the apostle did, to be divinely approved in the cross?'

The Riches of Poverty (Lk 21⁴).

'The words, "of her penury," carry a deeper suggestion than the mere fact of our poverty can convey. It was a gift out of penury that lit up the eyes of the Lord of Life when all else about Him spoke of darkness. It was a gift out of penury that made the handsome contributions of plutocracy to dwindle into the merest trifle. "For she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had."

Nowhere does this sense of the unworthiness of what we have to give seize us with such paralysing effect as in the realm of prayer. We know what response we ought to make to the liberality of God's unshackled love. But we are poverty-stricken. And so we begin to wonder if prayers so thin and halting as ours are not an affront to both the majesty and the love of God.

'There is only one answer to such bleak misgiving. If such prayers are "all our living," if they represent the honest sum total of the best our soul has to give, then, in pouring them into the Lord's treasury, we bring joy to the Heart that loved us unto death. Prayer is not to be measured by calories of emotional heat; its value is not commensurate with its ease and fluency. As a cold climate produces a strong race, so coldness in prayer often preserves the soul from enervating self-deception, and forces it to strike deep roots into the eternal Rock. The loneliness and emptiness of soul that we often experience in the very act of prayer may be the hand of God, dilating the heart by hope deferred and unfulfilled desire, until it can receive the Presence it longs for. For most souls, prayer, if taken seriously, is a business demanding high courage. Napoleon used to say that he admired the man who possessed "two-o'clock-

in-the-morning courage"—the courage that enabled him to face a long, rough march in cold and stormy dawns. With some souls it is always "two o'clock in the morning." For them, prayer means facing bleak winds of discouragement and being numbed with the chill breath of spiritual winter-time. But if their "living" consist of the two mites of courage and generosity, their "all" will surely yield high usury in the exchequer of the Kingdom.'¹

Countee Cullen.

SIMON THE CYRENIAN SPEAKS.

He never spoke a word to me,
And yet He called my name;
He never gave a sign to me,
And yet I knew and came.

At first I said, 'I will not bear
His cross upon my back;
He only seeks to place it there
Because my skin is black.'

But He was dying for a dream,
And He was very meek,
And in His eyes there shone a gleam
Men journey far to seek.

It was Himself my pity bought;
I did for Christ alone
What all of Rome could not have wrought
With bruise of lash or stone.

Do you know the author of this poem—Mr. Countee Cullen? Possibly not, for Mr. Cullen is still young. He was born in May 1903, and this poem is taken from his first published volume. Mr. Cullen calls his book *Color* (Harper Brothers; 6s.).

Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

¹ E. Herman, *The Touch of God*, 89.