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Entre Nous.

The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Index Volume was published on the 26th of February (simultaneously here and in the U.S.A.). Besides the exhaustive Subject Index the volume contains indexes of Foreign Words and of Scripture Passages. There is also a complete List of Authors, with their contributions. In the Subject Index under general headings, such as 'Church History,' 'Ethics,' 'Philosophy,' 'Religion,' and 'Sects,' to name a few out of many, will be found grouped all related articles in their alphabetical order. This will enable those desirous of following out certain courses of study to find the material at a glance, and see their subject within the perspective of a vast yet minutely mapped field of research. The Index in this way will suggest lines of study as well as enormously increase the value of the Encyclopædia as a work of reference by making its contents easily accessible.

Dora Greenwell.

Dora Greenwell has always held her cherished place in the hearts of the elect. Among the ranks of her devoted admirers are such names as Whittier, the poet; Dr. John Brown, the genial author of 'Rab and his Friends'; Sir W. Robertson Nicoll; and Mr. Taylor Innes, the great ecclesiastical lawyer. But not even their eulogies have prevailed to maintain the number of her readers, and in consequence her books have gone out of print.

Is a resurrection possible? It is devoutly to be wished for, and would certainly be most timely. For the message of Dora Greenwell, and her whole attitude to life, are fitted to appeal to the present age more powerfully than to her own.

What was that attitude? It consisted essentially in her clear perception and intense realization of the eternal conflict between what Matthew Arnold called the Greek and the Hebrew spirit. She was at times tormented and torn asunder by the antagonism. 'She had two loves that pervaded her whole being; the one was Human Nature, and the other was the Cross of Christ.' On the one hand she was Greek to the core, and had infinite delight in all the beauties of Nature and of Art. In such a mood the Cross seemed stark and terrible. 'I know not,' she said, 'how to express clearly what I mean, but I do feel, sometimes painfully, a contradiction between the brokenness of Christ and the clear perfection of Art. . . . The very shape and outline of the Cross is suggestive of anguish, for, while it imitates the form of man, it contradicts his two strongest

instincts, the desire for action and the yearning for rest. There man stretches out his arms, but to meet no kind of reciprocating pressure; there his feet are made fast as in the stocks, and the iron enters into his soul.' Why should that repellent form be thrust upon us, and that awful cry of desolation ring through the merriment at life's feast? Yet, by some heavenly spell, the Cross fascinates and draws irresistibly. 'Through every writing of Dora Greenwell the ideal is held up of the human soul becoming attuned to the keynote of Heaven, and so finding itself out of harmony with the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer of this world.'

The solution of this antagonism which she reached was practical rather than speculative, and consisted in an attitude of utter loyalty to the Crucified. 'The death of the Saviour remains for me just what it is, a fact; the one great fact; in itself doubtless an enigma—Heaven's unexplained enigma—but the one which alone to my heart meets and touches all life's direst needs. It is more real than anything else in the world, or out of it; that which brings the pitying, sympathizing element into the whirl and awful chaos of creation; it makes of God a Being to be loved, because it proves that there is a necessity (of nature unknown to us) for the loss, anguish, and death that presses on the whole world, *and that God Himself has stooped to it.* How different from the old gods of Greece, careless and cruel in their continual serenity—a *God upon a Cross.* . . . I feel only that the Cross consoles, as Love itself consoles, by the mere presence of its sympathy. It is man's desolation met by the desolation of God. The words that were spoken from it, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me," echo but do not mock the cry exceeding loud, and bitter as was that of Esau, which earth sends up from its thousands of wrecked lives and sorrowful broken hearts.'

Miss Constance L. Maynard, who has already edited two volumes of Dora Greenwell's poems, has added to her good work by the issue of two more volumes. The first is a new edition of *Two Friends* (Allenson; 3s. 6d. net), with an introduction which will greatly aid the reader in making his way through that exceeding rich, but somewhat tangled, wilderness of religious discussion. He who makes the venture will gather rare fruit. The second volume is a new biography, *Dora Greenwell* (Allenson; 7s. 6d. net). Into it Miss Maynard has gathered a considerable amount of new material

from unpublished letters and her own assiduous research. She has added, what is undoubtedly the most valuable half of the book, an exposition and critical estimate of the teaching of Dora Greenwell. If these books meet with the reception they deserve, Miss Maynard will have rendered a notable service to the Christian Church.

Humility.

There came a time in the ministry of the late Rev. J. P. Struthers when he decided to read his sermons instead of preaching extempore. 'I thought it would do both me and my people good.' The sermons, which have been published with the title *Windows in Heaven* (James Clarke; 5s. net), all belong to this period, and are given exactly as they were written and delivered. Those who love Struthers of Greenock will be glad to have the volume. The sainthood of the man speaks here as elsewhere, though in his humility we can imagine how he would have spurned the term. Perhaps humility was a grace which flourished more in the last generation. This is what he says when addressing a minister at an induction service. 'I have more need to give a charge to myself than to give one to you. Let me tell you a few of the mistakes I have committed since I entered on the ministry.

'The first visitor who came to my manse was a drunk man. My first feeling, as he sat down and proceeded on what seemed his aimless talk, was one of annoyance. As he went on, his words and manner became somewhat alarming, and my great anxiety was to get rid of him. I advised him to go home to his wife and children, quite willing that they should bear for many hours, for I suppose the hundredth time, a burden from touching which with my little finger I shrank. I tried and, as I thought, succeeded cleverly in getting him out of my room. . . . "I am an old man," said he, "and you are a young man; and I have one advice to give you—Don't in future be quite so ready to show people to the door."'

Another experience he gives is of a young man, barely twenty. 'He was one of my people, but he neither attended Bible Class nor Prayer Meeting, nor was he always in church on the Sabbath Day; and I thought he did not care for me. But he sent for me when he was dying. . . . After he was dead, when I was trying to comfort his mother—and I bless God that she is still my friend, but I marvel at the grace—she said words to me that I trust no mother will ever say to you: "I sometimes thought that if you had taken a little more notice of Jamie, things might have been different."'

SOME TEXTS.

Heb 7²⁵.

'There is a bonnie story, I suppose a legend, that when in the first days of the struggle the British troops were landing in France and swinging through the streets cheering and shouting "Hip, hurrah!" the children, to whose ears tales of disaster and retreat were blowing from the Front, bravely translated the coming of their allies and their alien shout into a very comfortable promise, "*Il pourra!* he is able! he will manage! he will pull it off!" they cried about the streets, and laughed at fear. That is the very spirit of the Testament. "He is able," they keep saying happily, is surely able to meet every call upon us, and went on to meet them unafraid.'¹

Ps 103¹⁸.

'Years ago as a boy I heard George Adam Smith preaching in Edinburgh. The sermon has all flown, save this one illustration. He told us how a trawler had put out from Aberdeen, and in wild weather a tremendous sea swept away the skipper's laddie from before his very eyes. And in that dreadful moment, when for an agonizing second he saw his boy's arms stretched out appealingly to him who could do nothing, ere the white snarl of boiling waters dragged him down, I understood, he said, for the first time the meaning of a verse that I had known from childhood, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."²

Luke 16¹⁰.

'Some people find in this request an indication of some good in the rich man; I fail to see it. All I can see in this is the utter depravity of the rich man's nature. He who failed to relieve the hunger and suffering of his fellow-creatures, when he could have done it with the greatest of ease, now asks this man to go back into life, which was so unkind to him, that he might save his brothers from the just reward due to them if they were living such a life as he had lived.'³

¹ A. J. Gossip, *The Galilean Accent*, 217.

² *Ibid.*, 142.

³ N. Levison, *The Parables: Their Background and Local Setting*, 177.