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idle boast; for this the eye of man hath not seen, nor hath his ear heard, nor can his mind conceive it.'

I do not remember having seen any reference made to this quotation, though the eagle eye of Dr. Rendel Harris will have surely seen it long ago.

On the other hand, the Bampton Lecturer for 1926 states confidently (p. 99) that, apart from 1 Co 15²⁰, 'St. Paul nowhere in his Epistles betrays any acquaintance with any work of Greek literature.'

D. JOHN.

Gowerton, S. Wales.

Entre Nous.

Friedrich von Hügel.

In July of last year a volume of *Selected Letters, 1896-1924*, and prefixed with a Memoir by Bernard Holland, was published by Messrs. Dent (21s. net). Already, in the beginning of 1928, a reprint has been necessary. So far as incident goes, von Hügel's life was uneventful and it is hardly necessary to recapitulate it. His father was an Austrian; at the time of Friedrich's birth he was minister at Florence at the court of the Grand Duke. His mother was a Scottish woman. When Friedrich was fifteen the family came to England, and after that he spent most of his time in this country, although he only became naturalized after the outbreak of war. All his life he was associated with the Modernist party in the Roman Catholic Church, Father Tyrrell being his greatest friend. The Church that he loved did not cast him out as it did Tyrrell, but ceaseless care was necessary. Dom Butler, writing in the *Tablet* after his death, said: 'The Authorities no doubt knew the religious influence he was wielding in circles outside the Catholic Church, and did not think it advisable that that influence should be weakened, or that work impeded, especially as the writings were of a kind little likely to be read by many beyond those for whom they were intended; and also the Authorities well knew the man himself. . . . Von Hügel was a quite extraordinary religious influence, bringing home persuasively to minds enmeshed in the theories of Pantheism, Monism, Idealism, Materialism, all the various philosophical mis-beliefs that hold captive such great tracts of the modern thinking mind, the great theistic truth of the transcendent, spiritual, personal God, and man's relation to Him. The range of his influence over religious philosophical thought in Great Britain, in America, and also in Germany, may be gauged by the sale of his books, phenomenal in the case of such very tough reading, calling for equally tough thinking.'

The influence which he exercised over the widest religious circles is the more remarkable when we remember how small was his literary output. He was almost sixty when his first important work appeared, 'The Mystical Element of Religion.' His third work was 'The German Soul,' and this was followed by two volumes of Essays and Addresses, the last published posthumously. His second work was 'Eternal Life.' The inception of this was due to Dr. Hastings, who commissioned him to write an article on the subject for the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. In September 21st, 1911, he says: 'I am now again hard at it—this time at a paper on "Eternal Life" for Hastings' *Encyclopædia*.' But the subject got hold of his mind to such an extent that when it came in it was hopelessly long. Even in a work which gave a most liberal allowance of space to important subjects, sixty double-column pages, which is what this article would have taken, was found impossible. A happy solution was the publication of 'Eternal Life' in book form by Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

Mr. Claude Montefiore, speaking of the Baron's writings on one occasion, said: 'But the books, great as they may be, are but a fraction of the man. The great scholar-saint was much more than any book, and a much greater evidence than any written words of the God in Whom he so passionately believed. In spite of all the appalling perplexities of evil, I find it harder still to think of von Hügel as a toss up. Somehow for such souls as his, one seems to need God to account for them.'

There is no space to go into von Hügel's teaching. Of religion he once said, it is not 'worth much unless it produces heroic acts.' He found seven great heroic virtues—courage, purity, compassion, humility, truthfulness, self-abandonment in the hands of God, and spiritual joy. The essence of religion lay for him not only in heroic virtue, but also in adoration. Speaking to Mrs. Cecil Chapman

on one occasion of the effort which it cost him to get his mind to work on his book, he got on to the subject of Parkman's long writing on Canadian history. He described how Parkman never spared himself. "And yet," said the Baron, "it wasn't Religion. There was no Religion in the hard work and sacrifice."

"What is Religion, then?" I asked.

"Religion is Adoration," answered the Baron.

"I have thought of it ever since."

Von Hügel was a man with a most winning personality and he had friends in all communions. But we are brought up short with a sense of dismay when we find that, sitting on the Committee in 1917 on the Army and Religion, although he could go a little further than Shylock and eat and drink with his fellow-members, he could not pray with them. "I have carefully noted how frequent, and how fairly prolonged is going to be joint prayer at the meeting. I am, of course, *most* glad and grateful that this is so. But it has occurred to me that you might be willing—that you might possibly even like—that I should say some words—give some explanation of, or interpretation to, my abstention, not from praying for our work, nor from praying at those special times for it, but from joining in the same room with all of you. I may not do that. But I think I could say some words that would combine loyalty to Rome with other things which you would all fully like and endorse."

Most charming of all his personal letters is a series to his niece, to whom he acted as spiritual guide. It is from one of these that we have quoted below.

The Stress of Dryness and Darkness.

"Let me give you three images, all of which have helped me on along "many a flinty furlong." At 18 I learnt from Father Raymond Hocking, that grandly interior-minded Dominican, that I certainly could, with God's grace, give myself to Him, and strive to live my life along with Him and for Him. But that this would mean winning and practising much desolation—that I would be climbing a mountain where, off and on, I might be enveloped in mist for days on end, unable to see a foot before me. Had I noticed how mountaineers climb mountains? How they have a quiet, regular short step—on the level it looks petty; but then this step they keep up, on and on as they ascend, whilst the inexperienced townsman hurries along, and soon has to stop, dead beat with the climb. That such an expert mountaineer, when the thick mists come, halts and camps out

under some slight cover brought with him, quietly smoking his pipe, and moving on only when the mist has cleared away.

"Then in my thirties I utilised another image, learnt in my Jesuit Retreats. How I was taking a long journey on board ship with great storms pretty sure ahead of me; and how I must now select, and fix in my little cabin, some few but entirely appropriate things—a small trunk fixed up at one end, a chair that would keep its position, tumbler and glass that would do ditto: all this, simple, strong, and selected throughout in view of stormy weather. So would my spirituality have to be chosen and cultivated, especially in view of "dirty" weather.

"And lastly, in my forties another image helped me—they all three are in pretty frequent use still!—I am travelling on a camel across a huge desert. Windless days occur and then all is well. But hurricanes of wind will come, unforeseen, tremendous. What to do then? It is very simple, but it takes much practice to do well at all. Dismount from the camel, fall prostrate face downwards on the sand, covering your head with your cloak. And lie thus, an hour, three hours, half a day; the sand storm will go, and you will arise, and continue your journey as if nothing had happened. The old Uncle has had many, many such sand storms. How immensely useful they are!"¹

"Blessed are they that mourn."

"Some of your personal troubles are altogether mysterious. They have come upon you, so far as you honestly know, through no fault or transgression of your own. But, quite frankly, I know in my own case, that it is not so with the bulk of them. I can look back quite clearly to foolish things I did, neglectful things, ungenerous, mad, simply bad things, from which my abiding cares derive. At the time I did them, and afterwards, my impulse was to slur it over, to make as light of it as I could, to repress it, to push it out of mind and out of conscience. And this became a habit with me, it grew with practice. Why not?—it was the easier way, the world's way. The world said to me, "That's the sensible way; the thing's done, and there's an end on't; don't worry about it; let the dead past bury its dead!" But the world is all wrong. A voice within my heart cries out against that worldly wisdom as an accursed thing. I don't require any of the "new psychol-

¹ Baron Friedrich von Hügel, *Selected Letters*, 1806-1924, 304.

ogies " to tell me what a disease a repressed " complex," as they call it, can become. I know it. I know whenever I descend below the threshold of my heart that the great bulk of my fretfulness and wistfulness of spirit, the dispeace that eats at my mind in wakeful watches of the night, is all due to what I have described, is due to the fact that when I did that foolish, mad, or bad thing, *I did not mourn*. If only when I did the thing, in that hot fit or in that secret and graceless hour, I had faced it and gripped it by the throat and wrestled with it, and had it out in my naked conscience, and spread it out in all its ugliness before the face of God, and baptized it with the tears of my heart, and repented of it, and set about making reparations where reparations were possible, and made vows to God, and took God as my help—do I not know, as surely as I am a living soul, that I had been comforted to-day instead of being the fretted and haunted spirit that I am ?'

This quotation is from a volume of 'The Scottish Layman's Library,' two other volumes of which have been reviewed this month. The title is *The Heraldry of His Disciples*, and the author, the Rev. A. Boyd Scott, M.C., D.D. It is a fair sample of Dr. Boyd Scott's suggestive treatment, and will probably make many readers turn to the little book in which he makes an effort to restore the everyday use of the fighting value of the Heraldry of His disciples. 'He would have His disciples evince in these modern days, as practically as the first disciples showed in Galilee, the signs He designed for His knightly order, when He created it. Still He calls them the Uplifted Lamp, the City Ouverte, the Crucifer, the Ready Sickle, the Sheep Sequent, and the like.' The price is only 5s. net, and the publishers are Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

Egbert Sandford.

LISTENING TO THE WIND.

God is at the Organ !
I can hear
A mighty music
Echoing, far and near.

God is at the Organ !
And its keys
Are rolling waters, storm-strewn moorlands,
Trees.

God is at the Organ !
I can hear
A mighty music
Echoing, far and near.

In a comparatively recent American Anthology, 'Listening to the Wind' was attributed to Joyce Kilmer, and we are glad to have this opportunity of pointing out that it is Mr. Sandford's work. Mr. Sandford is a careful workman who gets his effects with the minimum of words. Here are delightful little cameos. Some of the poems are faintly reminiscent of James Stephens. Many are eminently quotable. Take 'Sheep and Shepherd':

The Shepherd's work was done.
The sheep were safe
Within the fold—
Ninety-and-nine, and one.

But, he had paid the cost
Of climbing step—
Of daring flood and frost.

The sheep were safe
Within the fold ;
The Shepherd ? . . . He was lost.

We have quoted enough to show what Mr. Sandford's work is. No ; we must quote still another :

THE HILL : CALLED NORBURY.

I seldom pass
This wind-torn tree ;
Or walk this hill ;
Or tread this grass.

But, I do see
Another Tree—
Another Hill—
Another Grass . . .

The title of the volume is *Poems*, and the publishers Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne (5s. net).

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