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and without *a priori* presuppositions to decide which of the two reads the facts correctly. We may sympathize with Wiener's desire to maintain Mosaic authorship, but when he says that Wellhausen's view means deliberate fraud on the part of the Deuteronomist and post-Exilic writers, our answer must be that such a verdict is the result of looking at the question from a modern and western

point of view. We may wish that another mode of presentation had been used, but it is clear that the method adopted was one which *in that age* was regarded as perfectly legitimate. It was probably the only one which at that time could have secured the acceptance of the new legislation, and, if God Himself did not disdain to permit and bless it, who are we that we should condemn?

## Entre Nous.

### 'One trained soul can teach another.'

THAT one is dependent, absolutely dependent, in the development of the religious life on teaching by others was a basic belief of Baron von Hügel. As he put it colloquially to his niece, 'I never learnt anything myself by my own old nose.' 'The spiritual world is a great world of facts,' he said to her one time, 'and you must learn about it, as you would learn forestry from the forester. After five or six years among the trees you will know something about them. You are a goose if you cavil at that! I learnt all that I know from Huvelin. What I teach you is him, not me. I learnt it from him. What a great saint he was! and what he taught me! "One torch lights another torch" (Lucretius). One penitent soul awakens to the desire to teach other souls—in sufferings and dryness a more experienced soul can sustain the less. It is best to learn from others; it gives a touch of creatureliness.'

In a volume which has just been published by Messrs. Dent—*Letters from Baron Friedrich von Hügel to a Niece* (7s. 6d. net)—we have a proof of how faithfully he carried his belief into practice. During the six years before his death, he had regularly talked with his niece, Miss Gwendolen Greene. 'I want to prepare you, to organise you for life, for illness, crisis, and death.' And he wrote her a series of letters. They form the bulk of the present volume. They are prefaced by a valuable forty-five pages in which Miss Greene shows the most salient of her uncle's religious teachings, as they come back to her from the notes which she made of his talks.

Messrs. Dent have sent us a companion volume—*Readings from Friedrich von Hügel* (7s. 6d. net). There is an introductory essay by Algar Thorold. It is an illuminating and penetrating study of von

Hügel's teaching, and should be read alongside Miss Greene's introduction. For those who have not Baron von Hügel's three important works—'The Mystical Element of Religion,' 'Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion' (these two are published by Messrs. Dent), and 'Eternal Life' (published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark)—a volume of selections such as this is a necessity. The greatest religious thinker of the day, some have thought, certainly the greatest Roman Catholic thinker, Baron von Hügel had a picturesque and pungent way of putting things. Miss Greene has remembered and noted many characteristic phrases: 'Religion is like a cuckoo in some people's nest' (p. xxxi).

'God is not an idea. He is a fact' (p. xviii).

'I must wear my own top-hat, and also I must not kick any one else's top-hat' (p. xxx).

'Religion can't be clear if it is worth having' (p. xvii).

'Clever people never think' (p. xiii).

'Be silent about great things' (p. ix).

'I think we have got all our values wrong, and suffering is the crown of life' (p. xv).

### Christianity a Heroism.

'People seem sometimes to think it is a dear darling, not-to-be-grumpy, not-to-be-impatient, not-to-be-violent life; a sort of wishy-washy sentimental affair. Stuff and nonsense! Christianity is not that. Christianity is an immense warning; a tremendous heroism. Christ teaches a great austerity. He teaches renunciation: the life of the Cross. He was not comfy. He had not where to lay his head. He was no rigorist, yet he tells us to die to ourselves, to take up the Cross, to follow him. Is that all comfy? . . .

'Young people seem absorbed nowadays in

getting their own way. Matthew Arnold says you can get so absorbed in heroism that *that* becomes your own way. But you can't have growth, if you do what you like as we ordinarily mean it, until we come again to live for duty and not for rights, to be busy with contrition for sin and not with comforts. God is in duty. The notion of being comfortable! How vulgar it is! God never makes our lives comfortable. Even in heaven I believe there will be an equivalent of suffering—not as it stands here—but the equivalent, suffering beatified. I feel sure of this.<sup>1</sup>

#### Dr. George Reith.

No biographer could have been found more fitted to write the biography of Dr. George Reith than Dr. Clow. Dr. Clow had not only known Dr. Reith intimately for many years, but the whole of the background of his life was familiar to him. Indeed, it was his own background. For Dr. Clow is Principal Emeritus of the United Free Church College in Glasgow, and it was in the most influential church in Glasgow—the College Church—that Dr. Reith spent his long ministry of fifty years. But more important still, Dr. Clow was in close mental and spiritual sympathy with Dr. Reith. The biography is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton—the title is *Dr. George Reith: A Scottish Ministry* (7s. 6d. net). It is a dignified biography, slow moving perhaps, but that is because Dr. Clow knows the value of a background. 'George Reith was born in the city of Aberdeen on 9th July 1842, ten months before that Disruption which rent the Church of Scotland in twain. As he was wont to say, he was not free-born, but he was carried in his mother's arms into the Free Church of Scotland.' With Dr. Clow's help one feels the strong evangelical atmosphere of the time. It would be difficult to find a better picture of Scottish character and environment than we have here.

The facts of Dr. Reith's life are simple and are quickly told. Educated at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, he went on to the University, and then, in 1861, graduated with such honours that he was offered a cadetship in the Indian Army. Of this time he himself wrote later: 'My parents had dedicated me to the ministry at the Disruption, and I was never allowed to forget it. When I had finished with the University, and several tempting offers were made to me, I hesitated for a little, much to my father's alarm. One day I found on

my table the Life of David Sandeman—laid there on purpose by him. That rebuked, and settled me, and without delay I began to study for the ministry. Thank God for His goodness in permitting me to serve Him in that ministry for so many years.' At the early age of twenty-four he began his ministry in Glasgow. He closed it fifty years later with a sermon on the text, 'Come and see'—'Come and see Jesus Christ in His fullness of grace and truth.' Principal Denney was a worshipper in the College Church, and he bore witness in the General Assembly that Dr. Reith 'was one who made his ministry great, in that he found the task of preaching so absorbing and so sublime, that it left no room for any rival interest than to lead men into the secret of the Lord, that they might be conformed to his likeness.' It is told that a Highland elder, attending the Assembly for the first time, leaned forward at the conclusion of the prayer of intercession and asked of one seated before him, 'Who is that?' 'Dr. George Reith of Glasgow,' was the reply. 'There came the quiet comment, "He is a man of God."'

Entirely without self-seeking and entirely fearless Dr. Reith again and again took an unpopular course. In every one of the historical heresy hunts, says Dr. Clow, Dr. Reith was 'a stalwart apologist of the accused. His personal affection for Dr. Marcus Dods and for Professor A. B. Bruce drew him into the front line of their defence. His championship of Professor Robertson Smith was more expressed and unflinching than some thought it required to be.' In the closing words of his defence of Professor Robertson Smith he said: 'Yet, meanwhile, I am more concerned for my Church than for Professor Robertson Smith, much as I esteem him and love him. It is not to clear him of this charge, so much as to vindicate for the Church of my Lord the right of being the leader of reverent thought on the Bible and its message. I am jealous for her, that while believing and maintaining the old faith, she may prove not only unafraid of fresh light, but be also the source, through her sons—men of gifts and character—of enriching blessing to the world. I esteem and I honour my friend, but I esteem and I honour my Church much more. I am jealous for her right to be regarded as the representative Church of the land, holding with a firm hand the truth which is her hereditary privilege and her sacred possession—even her divine trust—while she allows her official teachers the liberty which the fearless love of truth demands, and to have it ever freshened so as to be a living guide and not a dead thing of the past.'

<sup>1</sup> *Letters from Baron Friedrich von Hügel to a Niece*, six ff.

As revealing as anything in the biography are Dr. Reith's letters to his youngest son. One of these is quoted below.

**Christ is there.**

'What do I think heaven is like? And how much am I looking forward to it?

'To take the second question first—I am trying to fix my thoughts daily on the end which cannot be very far away at my time of life. This means the effort to imagine myself in the Presence of my Judge, with all the vanity of this world and its make-believe stripped away, and nothing left but reality. We so often and so largely "walk in a vain show" here. But there—at the judgment-seat of Christ we shall be manifested as we are. "If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?" Under a sense of my sin and unworthiness I hide myself beneath the righteousness of my Saviour. "Nothing in my hands I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling." "Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Beneath the shadow of Thy wings." This is how I look forward to eternity, and I do so every day and almost every hour I live.

'The second question is, What do I think of heaven? Heaven to me is just the Presence of Jesus Christ. I can hardly ever get beyond that. It is good to think of the white-robed multitudes; of all the dear ones who have gone on their way before us; of all the inexpressible joys and glory that must await the redeemed, and among which the mind gets lost. But I always come back to the main thing—the vision of the Lamb in the midst of the throne—that marvellous union of God and man: and my mind rests there. Heaven is Christ. And then, too, is it not said that we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is? That is heaven to the Redeemed.

'God bless you, and may you and I be counted worthy to enter through the gates into the city. There is but one way—as you know.'<sup>1</sup>

**Conversion.**

Those who have forgotten that interesting biography of Laurence Oliphant written by Mrs. Oliphant should refresh their memory. A book which has just come in made us get it out of the shelves again. What a strange, brilliant man he was, whose sacrifices seemed to him the simplest necessity. Not only his own renunciation but that of his wife was almost unparalleled. The account of their lives with the Harris community at Brocton, and then later at Haifa in Palestine,

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Dr. George Reith to his youngest son.

made interesting reading again. About a year before his own death his wife Alice died, but her death only seemed to bring them nearer. He goes on with the writing of his 'Sympneumata,' and developing ideas in me of which I had no conception. It is therefore as interesting to write as a novel, for I never know what is coming next.' In the same year—1888—we find that he is writing to his friends about his projected second marriage: 'She realises Alice most intensely, and brings her closer to me than I ever felt her.'

*My Perilous Life in Palestine* (Allen & Unwin; 12s. 6d. net) is the autobiography of Laurence Oliphant's second wife. She was Rosamond Dale Owen, a daughter of Robert Dale Owen, and a granddaughter of Robert Owen, the founder of the New Harmony Community. She is a very old woman now—almost eighty in fact. She starts the autobiography with an account of Laurence Oliphant and their marriage, and his death so soon after. And then she gives the story of the first forty-five years of her life before she met her husband.

On page 150 she tells of her conversion—'One Sunday morning my cousin asked me to go to church with her. "My dear Isabel," I said, "you know I don't care to go to church, long ceremonies do not appeal to me." "Well, then, come in order to be polite," she said. . . .

'My cousin had scarcely resumed her seat when my whole being was roused and thrilled by the sight which I saw. On the Altar stood the most glorious Figure I had ever looked on, so glorious that no imagination of mine could have painted it, for its splendour was beyond my range of conception. I had never dreamt that such power and such sweetness could exist; and yet it was a man, with the familiar lineaments I was daily accustomed to seeing. Heaven and earth were joined. For a moment His wonderful eyes looked down at the Communicants, and then He turned and stretched out His arms to me. I ran headlong to the Altar, and knelt with the others, hiding my face because I could not bear His splendour. When I looked up, the Form was gone. . . . Strong He was as an Archangel, and yet gentle as the meekest creature that breathes. It was this union of force and exquisitely yielding sweetness which astounded me; for in all the pictures of Christ which I have seen, the gentleness borders almost on weakness, and there is no trace of the all-searching mentality, the overpowering virility, which I perceived in this perfect God-man.'

From the time of her conversion Rosamond Dale Owen never felt that she was left undirected. She had a Voice which gave her commands about the most minute actions. 'The next morning, Monday, the Voice began my education as a Christian, and my first command was: "Put your bureau drawers in better order, for were God as disorderly as you are, the Cosmos would return to chaos."' It may be that the reader will think that there is a lack of this same order in the autobiography.

Rosamond Dale Owen has published several works—and in addition to these she has worked for many years on what she intends to be a complete statement of her philosophy; a good deal of it has crept into the autobiography.

#### Engines must Condense.

We have sampled many a time, and with profit, the talks on religion and life of the Rev. Archibald Alexander. Now, in *Sparrows in the Organ* (3s. 6d. net), we find that Dr. Alexander has the gift—how uncommon it is—of speaking to children also. He finds certain desiderata in every children's sermon. 'First of all, be interesting not merely to the parents but to the children.' The talk 'must be very short with, as a rule, not more than one idea in it.' It 'must not be too solemn.' And in this case practice follows theory.

'At King's Cross Station on the Underground, by the side of a tunnel which is used both by steam trains and electric ones, you will see this notice printed in big letters, "Engines must condense."

'What does that mean? It means that engines are not to go into that tunnel puffing steam and smoke hard out of the funnel, because that would make the air choky and unpleasant for the people in the electric trains passing through it all day. So the steam engines that work there are fitted with a condenser which turns their steam into water. They are required to consume their own steam, to bottle it up, and not let it out with a snort. The order on entering that tunnel is, "Engines must condense."

'Imagine an engine coming along at a great pace, bursting with keenness, and saying, "Watch me take these old waggons along!" getting its eye on the notice as it came to the tunnel—and all at once simmering down, swallowing very hard, and saying, "Oh, all right! I'll go quietly. I'll not make a row in the tunnel. Look, all my steam is now going into the condenser, and there's none coming out of my funnel at all!"

"Engines must condense" is a good motto—for engines that work in a tunnel.

'On a certain nursery wall I once saw a notice not unlike that. It said, "Count Ten." That was all. Just "Count Ten." It was a reminder to the little people in that nursery who were inclined to lose their temper or go off in a pet or be disagreeable to count ten first; and the idea was that, if they did that, the fit of temper, or whatever it was, would pass. . . .

"Count Ten" is a good motto, but it is not the best.

'The best I know hangs on the wall of a house I used to visit. It said, "Jesus Christ is the Head of this house, the unseen Guest at every meal, the silent Listener to every conversation."

'If Jesus is our Friend—and He wants to be—and we desire always to please Him, if we remember that He is with us all day and every day, then, for His sake, and because it is His Will, we'll keep back the angry word, restrain the quick temper and speak gently.

"Engines must condense" is a fine motto—for engines; and people who are still in nurseries may get help from counting ten; but, for you and me, the surest way to act rightly is to remember Jesus, and to try to follow Him.'

Another talk begins: 'There is a very large and most useful book, in twelve large volumes, which some ministers are lucky enough to possess, whose full name is too long and hard to trouble you with but whose nickname among its friends is the "E.R.E."' It might be too hard a task to guess which article gave Dr. Alexander his inspiration here, so we will reveal the fact that it is the one on Yawning. But how does this illustrate the text, 'Renew a right spirit within me'?

The publisher of Dr. Alexander's volume is Mr. H. R. Allenson. From this firm also comes *Sunday Morning Stories* (5s. net), by the Rev. William J. May. Mr. May has another, but also an effective, way of speaking to children. He has made the telling of stories particularly his own. Here there are two types, Nature parables and stories from the Bible itself 'dressed up in bright colours.' From these volumes parents might find the material for Sunday afternoon talks with the children.

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