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## Entre Nous.

### The Inward Vision.

It is a pleasant task to pass on the word that so great an authority as Miss Evelyn Underhill has found a new book worthy to be included in her very brief list of 'Modern Guides to the Spiritual Life.' This is not very new now—it was published last autumn—but is well worth getting and pondering. It is *The Inward Vision*, by R. H. J. Steuart, S.J. (Longmans; 5s.). Father Steuart has an original point of view and a very hopeful one; hope streams over the book like light. He is not always easy. Thus, we will quote a characteristic passage from the paper entitled 'The Mystery of His Will':

'The performance of His Will on my part consists essentially in my sincere *desire* to perform it, and that however conveniently (and so, within the bounds of my nature, on that account quite truly) I represent this will as some definite practical vocation which I must do my utmost to follow, I must yet always bear in mind that that vocation, as I represent it, is in itself no more than a formula. . . .

'I shall be strongly armed against the discouragement and the shadow of despair which dog the path of the idealist if I never allow myself to forget that the *substance* of my hopes must of necessity remain hidden from me till God has made the whole complete.

'God's will is done in me when my will is with constancy bent to His, whatever it may be; when all that I want—or want to want—is what He wants. For in God's eyes my success is not that in the end I have done what I tried to do, but that up to the end I have tried to do it.'

We commend to our readers also the meditation on the Power of God which contains this—he is speaking of the Presence of God every day all our lives long:

'I, who am self-forming, may build in this shape or in that; the pressure, always the same, adapts itself to each—the same law, the same light, the same love—not compelling my assent, indeed, yet following me with undiminished instance upon my furthest wanderings and moulding itself into my worst sins, pressing even these into the service of my sanctification.

'This it is which has given to many, on looking back over their past lives, a strange—almost uneasy—awareness of some hidden Power, which, in spite of all their consciousness of free election, has

seemed somehow to have been leading or driving them, without their knowledge, and has in the end made unison and harmony out of so much wilful incoherence and discord—suffering that has somehow come now to be understood as happiness, failure that is seen now to have been fulfilment, evil that has turned into good.'

We turned from this stimulating book to study a list of the other modern spiritual guides which we had, by the kindness of Miss Underhill herself, written down in a letter. Among them she would put Baron von Hügel's 'Letters' and 'Life of Prayer'; Maritain's 'Prayer and Intelligence'; Grandmaison's 'Personal Religion'; Dome Berse's 'Works on Mental Prayer'; Huvelin's 'Amour de Notre Seigneur' and 'Echoes'; and Dr. Benson's 'Spiritual Letters.' We shall all have our own list; but it is good to know hers. By the way, the reading of a quite new biography shows that that gallant young soldier Billy Congreve always carried in his coat a copy of 'The Practice of the Presence of God.'

C. MILES.

*Sherc.*

### Mark Guy Pearse.

The biography which has just been published by The Epworth Press of *Mark Guy Pearse, Preacher, Author, Artist* (3s. 6d. net), is a short one, but the reading of it repays one. It has been written by his daughter, Mrs. George Unwin, in collaboration with Mr. John Telford, B.A.

Mark Guy Pearse was born of Cornish parents in 1842. His people were amongst the first Wesleyan Methodists in Cornwall. One of his earliest memories is of how a dear old Cornish saint, 'Old Rosie,' would put her hands on his head and pray, 'God bless the little lad; bless him, Lord, and please, Lord, to make him a preacher, for Jesus Christ's sake.' He felt, he says later, that Rosie's words laid a spell on him that he could not break, for after a year or two as a medical student he gave it up and entered Didsbury College. He was ordained in 1869, while he was in the Bedford Circuit. From Bedford he went to London, then for a short time to a quiet country place, Launceston, and then Bristol. By this time he had decided he could do his best work if he were free to give most of his time to writing, and when asked to join Hugh Price Hughes in a mission in the West End of London he hesitated. Mrs. Hughes has described the interview that took

place. 'For two hours,' she said, 'my husband talked without stopping, setting forth his ideas and plans. Mr. Pearse never uttered one word. Can you imagine him silent for two hours?' "Well, will you come?" asked Mr. Hughes at length. "Yes, I will," said Mark Guy Pearse, and with that he bolted, and so rapidly that Mr. Hughes had not even time to ask him for his London address.' As Mrs. Unwin says, it was a momentous decision. Mark Guy Pearse's part was to preach every Sunday morning and every Friday, and to assist in any other way he chose, but he was to be free from the cares of organization. From the beginning Mark Guy Pearse had been a pioneer in the Methodist pulpit. 'He set his face against contentment with a personal salvation. The key-note of his message was: "God save us from the selfishness of our salvation! 'He who saves his soul shall lose it' is a tremendous truth. The only way to save our souls is to give ourselves away in love. This is the truth we want declared with the deepest conviction and the greatest force we can put into it. The religion that fails to save a man out of selfishness into love will never save a man out of hell into heaven." . . . "Mark Guy Pearse's religion," wrote one, "is that which makes husbands come home early to tea and to their waiting families; which makes working-men give the lion's share of their wages to the wife; which makes everybody tender to little children, compassionate to prodigals, lovingly ministrant to the aged, the sick, and the dying." He had great gifts and he made use of them all in his preaching. There was his power of imagination. With his Celtic temperament truth came to him by flashes of insight rather than by reasoning and research, and there was a vein of mysticism in his nature. In 'Daniel Quorm,' he says, 'An' mind not to forget the windows. Be sure o' that. Every sermon ought to be builded like the Lord told Noah to build the ark—a window shalt thou make in the ark. Put in a story or one o' the blessed Master's likes, and it'll be a window for to let the light in through.' He could not be dull himself, nor did he easily suffer dullness in others, and one day, the biography says, as he sat on the platform beside Mrs. Hughes, listening to a learned but somewhat lengthy divine 'proving' Christianity, he whispered, 'If he goes on another five minutes I shall become an atheist!'

Towards the end of his life he sent Mr. Telford a private letter in which he described his methods. 'It has been laid upon my mind, in looking over my long ministerial life, that whatever success may have attended it I ascribe mostly to the fact that

I could never get a room big enough to hold the prayer-meeting. From a vestry where I found half a dozen I had a schoolroom with 250. I made that the "Big Wheel of the Church." I am writing this privately, because I should not like to publish what seems like proclaiming my self-importance. But to you I may say that the success of the prayer-meeting lay first in the fact that I always took it myself and could work out my own methods: that is *essential*. But, much more than that, I always prepared myself by an hour of quiet communion, and went with "the fire in my hand," as Abraham went up the mount. And in that hour of communion I generally got a little message for the prayer-meeting—often a message that I found later was exactly adapted to some condition or circumstance of somebody present. I got the principal men in the Church to come, and I told them they must take part, and they came. The most wonderful week was that in which I asked for slips from those who desired prayer for unconverted relatives or friends—of course, without names. The next week was our praise-meeting, when slips were sent up for special answers to prayer. I do not think it ever happened without having sometimes wonderful—it ought not to be wonderful—cases of conversion. . . . As I write I recall the days at Clifton and Portland, and elsewhere, when I have seen many sitting outside the schoolroom door, unable to get in, and remember how people came sometimes a distance because they heard that folks got converted there.'

The most popular of his books has always been 'Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions,' but he himself liked 'Praise' best. Many of the last generation were nourished on his books—books in which religious truth is presented so attractively, with so much imagination and pictorial power and so much humour and kindness. A number of his collections are still to be had from the Epworth Press—'Daniel Quorm,' 'Good Will,' 'Cornish Stories,' 'Short Talks for the Times,' 'Christ's Cure for Care,' 'A Village down West,' 'The Ship where Christ was Captain,' and his last book, 'He must Reign.'

After he gave up public service his pen was busy. In everything he saw the love of God, and he had a firm belief that the world was getting better. He held it was a sin to take gloomy views. 'Whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things' was one of his prescriptions, and to the very end his sense of humour never failed. On one of his last days as he lay apparently asleep on the sofa he opened his eyes and said to his son, 'The

partridges will be saying their prayers to-day," and shut them again. We thought he was dreaming for a minute, until some one said, "Of course, it's the first of September to-morrow!"

#### Total Abstinence.

'In 1882, when speaking at a big temperance meeting at the Colston Hall, Bristol, he [Mark Guy Pearse] said: "It took me nearly twenty years to see my way to thorough out-and-out total abstinence, and I am but three years old as an abstainer. . . . If circumstances can hedge the moderate drinker about with safety, if the amount one takes, and the place and the company in which it is taken determine the rightness or wrongness of moderate drinking, then I claim that no conditions can be found more favourable to utter and complete harmlessness than those in which I have moved. Now, what has been my experience? Bit by bit I have been driven in, by the sheer force of terrible and appalling facts, from my position to total abstinence as the *only* right and safe standpoint for any Christian man."

'He went on to describe the steps by which he came to make this decision. The first was the discovery—illustrated by stories—that total abstinence was a capital thing *for the working class*. Later, he found terrible havoc wrought by drink in a beautiful home where he had many times sat at the table taking wine, and lending the sanction of his position as a minister of Christ. It was too late to undo this harm, and, much perturbed in spirit, he resolved never to take anything except in his own house. The occasion that at last led him to sign the pledge may be told in his own words.

"I had gone to the house of a troublesome teetotaler, who had that day buried his only son. . . . 'I do wish you'd join us,' he had said earnestly. I shook my head, and congratulated myself on my good company in Cana of Galilee. I went home, but that night I could not sleep. My thoughts and heart went out to this father in his grief. I said half aloud, 'I would do anything to comfort him'; at once it occurred to me, 'Sign the pledge and join him in temperance work; that would comfort him.' 'But why should I give up so much for him?' I asked myself. Then came words spoken, I thought, and still think, by the Master Himself. 'Thou talkest of My company at Cana of Galilee. What did I give up to comfort thee?' And once again I saw, not Cana, but Calvary. There hung my Lord in His great grief and agony

and dreadful shame. For me He had laid down His life! Should I dare any more to quote His example? Yes, indeed I could, but for quite another purpose. 'We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.' I sought my Lord's forgiveness for my blind selfishness."'<sup>1</sup>

#### Matthew xv. 26.

'Mr. Pearse kept his eyes and ears open everywhere. When he was in Greece he said to the Greek pilot, who understood English perfectly, "How many words have you in Greek for *dog*?" "Two," said the man. "There is the word meaning the nasty wild dog in the street, who is a pest and a devil"; and his face expressed the disgust he felt. "But the other word"—and his tone and countenance changed pleasantly—"is for the *little dog* that every one loves, that is like one of the family." He found in this an illustration for the story of the Canaanitish woman. To her Jesus used a word found nowhere else in the Bible—*lap-dogs*—"It is not meet to take away the bread from the children, and to give it to the little dogs." Instantly her eyes flashed triumphantly. She felt that the case was won. "Of course not, Lord, because the little dogs pick up the crumbs that fall from their master's table."'<sup>2</sup>

#### 'My Father made them all.'

'I remember, as long ago as I can remember anything, hearing Dr. Burns Thomson, of the Cowgate Mission, opening a flower-show in his native town and mine. And I see and hear him at this moment as he waves his hands over the stacks of flowers, and says: "My Father made them all." And I never to this day see a summer-garden, or a flower-show, or a bouquet of beautiful flowers, that I do not hear a voice in my heart saying often, "My Father made them all." Such Divine wisdom is there in a word of faith and love fitly spoken in the open ear of a little child.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. George Unwin, *Mark Guy Pearse*, 59.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 103.

<sup>3</sup> A. Whyte, *The Nature of Angels*, 206.