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It is the verb used by Luke of the Good Samaritan setting the injured man, who was utterly helpless, on his own beast (Lk 10³⁴). It is also the verb used by Luke of setting Paul on a beast that he might be brought to Felix (Ac 23²⁴).

What is noticeable in these two instances is that the injured man and Paul would not be acting on their own. They were in the hands of others, who acted as they thought proper. The injured man was in the power of the Good Samaritan; Paul was in the power of the centurion's horsemen. Consistency in the use of the verb on the part of Luke would, therefore, seem to justify the inference that Jesus on the occasion of riding into Jerusalem was in the hands of the multitude. On this ground He would have been compelled to ride the colt. Are we to look for the explanation of the incident in this possibility? Details, such as Jesus sending for the colt, and the understanding between Him and the owner, would perhaps militate against this, but they would not appear to be insurmountable. Would it not be possible that Jesus was tired, as at the well, and that His need of the colt was purely physical, on account of the tedious ascent from Jericho? It would be easy to infer this from the Synoptics alone (cf. Bruce *in loco*).

But the important query would be, Why should Luke use this verb of Jesus being put on the colt? Is it possible that Luke's record is the nearest

to the original? Canon Streeter remarks, 'The mention of the Mount of Olives, a note of place with other details not found in Mark, in Lk 19³⁷⁻⁴⁰, suggests that Proto-Luke may have contained a version of the Triumphal Entry of which these verses are a fragment' (*The Four Gospels*, p. 215, and note). And Proto-Luke is to-day made out to be the earliest Gospel.

Does the explanation lie in the possibility that Jesus, different from the occasion of Jn 6¹⁵, was forced by the multitude to declare Himself King, and that He was put on the colt against His will?

Could we be certain of this, the main difficulty connected with the incident would vanish, and Jesus would emerge from the situation without our being obliged to think that He had lowered or sacrificed His own conception of a Suffering Messiah in favour of the popular idea.

The 'weeping' also as He came in sight of Jerusalem, recorded only by Luke, would be a more expected sequence. Why should Jesus have wept on this occasion only in approaching the city? Do the tears point to intense disappointment consequent upon having been compelled to do what of Himself He would never have done? If He was forced into what must, apparently, have been to Him an unseemly entry into the capital, no wonder He wept!

T. LLYNFI DAVIES.

Swansea.

Entre Nous.

John William Hoyland.

We have no hesitation in saying that one of the books that should be taken away for quiet holiday reading this August is the biography of *John William Hoyland of Kingsmead* (1855-1927), which has just been written by H. G. Wood of Woodbrooke, and published by the S.P.C.K. (7s. 6d. net). J. W. Hoyland had 'a quiet way of doing things,' and H. G. Wood has caught Hoyland's own spirit in the biography. He has the advantage also of writing with the inside knowledge of a colleague.

Nothing could have been finer than J. W. Hoyland's inheritance—on both his father's and mother's side there was a Quaker ancestry. The biography begins with William Hoyland and Barbara Wheeler—his great-grandparents. At marriage, Barbara

Wheeler was a member of the Church of England, but the views of the Friends appealed to her, and she applied for membership. This is her own account of her experience at the first meeting she attended: 'I felt all that I had ever conceived of perfect resignation: and a lively remembrance of the early part of my life presented itself, when the mind, in some degree untainted, sought acceptance with God. The pure desire of praying to Him, as I ought, once more returned, though I had indeed been long estranged from it, by the wanderings of Folly, Error, and Insensibility. The tears flowed from my eyes and dropped upon my hands. I could have kneeled down; but there was no occasion: the heart was already prostrate, and in this prostration the soul worshipp'd its Creator.' One of her

last utterances was, 'Oh, if Friends could but get hold of the seamless garment of humility! That is what we want, this robe of the Saviour.' It is because her great-grandson wore this garment of humility that he was able to achieve so much. Two main interests absorbed Hoyland, 'the development of evangelical Quakerism, and the unique experiment in interdenominational co-operation now in progress at Selly Oak.' It was in 1904 that Hoyland was appointed Superintendent of Kingsmead—the early part of his life was spent in business. Kingsmead, of course, is the Friend's Missionary College. From his post in it he was to see, and indeed was to be largely instrumental in bringing about, the successive establishment of a number of other colleges within the group. These were—Westhill for Sunday-school teachers; Fircroft for working-men; Carey Hall for women candidates of the Baptist Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, and the Missionary Association of the Presbyterian Church of England. And lastly, he was to rejoice at the co-operation of the Church of England by the establishment of the College of the Ascension for the training of women missionaries of the S.P.G.

The biography ends with an extract from a letter written by a Swiss girl who had been a student at Kingsmead, and afterwards proceeded to the mission field. 'Oh, Mr. Hoyland, life is something extraordinary, and God's ways are so dim for us. So many "Why's," are always on my lips, instead of trusting God peacefully. Here again, I must thank you, for the trust and the peace you let grow in my soul. When I first went to Kingsmead I was a poor little Christian, and my faith was scant and uncertain, but now—I have really met Jesus personally, and I hope I shall be stronger in the future! That is Kingsmead's gift to me—is it not a beautiful one?'

War.

We regard war as the negation of God, and Force no remedy for the world's ills. The message of Christ and of the Cross is opposed entirely to the spirit which has governed the nations of the world in their intercourse with one another in the past.¹

The Object of Life.

There is a fine credo contained in the pages of Sir Bernard Pares' recent book *Russian Memories*. We quote it:

¹ H. G. Wood, *John William Hoyland of Kingsmead*, 157.

'The object of life, I came to think' (he is describing his intellectual struggles as a young man), 'was not to know, but to be; to fill that place which had fallen to one in the development of human life and thought, and in this sense to serve one's generation before one fell asleep. There was no all-satisfying formula. Life, because it was life, was altogether too big to be contained in one. Life was always growing and developing, and each of us was no more than a link in the chain. Effort, so far from being discouraged by this view, was infinitely stimulated by it; it was the effort of heart and mind continually to draw closer to the unseen—to the "lights half seen across a murky lea"—and the effort must and would be its own reward.'

Another passage that must live in the reader's mind after laying down this great record is that about Sir Bernard's father. He, to his son, appeared and still appears as 'a great fountain of life.' Mr. Pares fell early under the influence of Maurice and Kingsley, and gave his whole life to doing quietly, but in the most practical ways possible, all that he could do for others. Young he was to the end, and chivalrous and very buoyant. 'I do not think,' says his son, 'that his heart had ever passed the age of twenty-five.'

An Arrant Christian.

'For Christians there comes a time when, rightly or wrongly, Christ is like the universe itself, that is, something about which the question is, not whether or not you shall accept it, but how you shall explain it. When a person like myself, who believes that the Word was made flesh, learns anything new about the flesh (biology or psychology), or about its environment (any of the other sciences), he conceives himself to have learned something more about the Word. I remember, when I was an undergraduate, to have heard a contemporary described by a smart epigrammatist as "an arrant Christian." I must confess that it was not said of me, but it might be now. That is what I am, and I see no prospect of escape from a condition which I find profoundly "humiliating," and at the same time intensely exhilarating and happy.'²

² S. C. Carpenter, in *God and the Universe*, 69.

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