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gathers up the data which, in his opinion, differentiate Paul from the constructions proposed by Reitzenstein and Bousset.

Then follows the nexus between Jesus and Paul. Jesus died an atoning death in order to open the Kingdom to the elect of God. Paul shares this belief in the predestined Community; indeed, he preached to the Gentiles because the defection of many Jews had left a number of vacancies in the Realm. What his mysticism means is that the pre-existent and elect Church is brought into being by the members becoming incorporated with the Messiah who had died and risen. Hence arise the problems of suffering, the Law, ethics in general, and the Sacraments, all of which are handled with lucid, logical fervour. One of his radical results is that 'justification by faith' ceases to be of central significance. It is merely 'a special formulation of the primitive Christian conception of repentance made possible by the death of Jesus' (p. 215); it is, in fact, an incomplete fragment, which does not belong to the central mystical theology of the Apostle.

Where Dr. Schweitzer's pages fail to convince the reader is at two points. One is that they presuppose a logical mysticism, which is too much of a programme to be real. It is quite a fair point to make, to urge that the doctrine of justification is not the last word of the Apostle upon the problem of redemption; but on the other hand the same objection might be tabled against eschatological mysticism being elevated into the standard for judging all the complex ideas of the Apostle. The

other point which rouses hesitation is the scepticism about Hellenistic influence. It is not easy to avoid the thought that the development of the Apostle's mysticism owed something more to its contemporary environment in the Greek world than Dr. Schweitzer will allow. He supplies some trenchant ammunition against Reitzenstein and Bousset, and it should be counted to him for righteousness that he has not troubled to discuss the Mandaean myth. But the solution of the problem of Paul's mysticism surely requires a less logical attitude than we find in these pages. That Paul was much more indebted to his Jewish inheritance than to any other, is becoming more widely recognized to-day; but that Jewish inheritance contained for him more elements than Dr. Schweitzer's analysis seems to allow.

The conviction that Paul interpreted the mind of Jesus is a welcome sign of the times. I am far from sure that the proofs for this view, as Dr. Schweitzer states them, are tenable, but the judgment is right; that Paul knew the teaching of the Lord, that he did not introduce some irrelevant ideas about redemption, and that he carried on the Christian movement which had been started by Jesus, these are sound positions. It is the perception of such facts that makes Dr. Schweitzer's new book a living record of what he believes to have been a living religion.

One hopes that this notable contribution will be translated into English before long, and adequately translated.

JAMES MOFFATT.

New York.

Entre Nous.

The Symphony of Life.

The Vicar of Buxton, Canon Charles E. Scott-Moncrieff, D.D., has lately, through Messrs. Basil Blackwell, given us a serious philosophical poem, eighteen pages long, for the price of a shilling. It is called *The Symphony of Life*, and is, as the title suggests, the product of a mind which functions at its highest in the sphere of music. Therein, indeed, lie the charm and freshness of this fragment. For the realm of music has been too seldom explored as an aid to metaphysical or philosophic thought.

There is no truer truth obtainable
By man than comes of music,

as Robert Browning, the musician's poet, sings.

The 'plot' of Canon Scott-Moncrieff's poem is of

the simplest. A curate named Transome, who had overworked himself in the city, has taken a rural parish in order to recover his soul. But he finds himself lost amid a scant flock of dull-souled, bucolic worshippers. His only way of escape is by means of a grand piano which a friend has left him. Into the realm of music he escapes, and finds himself at last construing life in terms of music. Another friend thinks he is wasting his life. 'What is life?' he asks, and the friend answers that the cynic thought it was a jest. 'May there be eternal death for me if that be life,' he replies. 'Then what answer have you found?' The poem is the answer to that question.

It begins by quoting from James—your life is a vapour appearing now, and then vanishing away.

Yet man dreams it is something vaster, more abiding. Starting from the Berkleyan philosophy, that nothing is real but what is perceived, he asks, What, then, about the flower in the desert? or the star whose rays have not yet reached the earth? Are they not real? Or the electrons that go to the making of the atom? Do not the infinitely great and small need man to make them wholly real? Otherwise they are but potentialities awaiting cognizance to make them real. Yet intelligence only alights upon things awaiting it:

neither mind, nor all

That mind discovers by itself is real,
But only mind with what it searches out.
The mind perceiving, and the thing perceived,
Together make reality.

Still, the great stars swung into space through millions of years without the mind of man to perceive them. There must therefore be an Eternal Being:

A Mind embracing all immensities
Of suns ablaze, . . .
A Mind which pierces to the inmost core
Of atoms, and observes the electrons dance,
And penetrating all things, makes all real.

But if intelligence without its object is unreal, then which came first, mind or vibrating chaos out of which mind makes light and sound?

Philosophy answers that the human mind can create. It grasps a vision and so establishes its own reality. Then it works out its vision in stone or canvas or sound for other minds to see that which was first contained within mind. So it is with the universe. It was first conceived as a Purpose within the Divine Mind, then it was uttered into existence. Supposing this universe to be only one of numberless systems, and with created superhuman minds—they too must learn reality from the Supreme Mind.

Reality is that which God designs
Within Himself.

We only learn fragments of this reality by help of time and space, which are forms of thought with which God has provided our minds, a kind of alphabet by which we learn the language of reality.

Our minds are created things and we can study them as we study other things. But intellect alone cannot grasp the reality of love. A heart of stone can analyse love into altruistic and acquisitive aspects and yet

Be wholly ignorant of what love is,
The laughing-stock of any pair of lovers!

So much for psychology's power to grasp reality. So it is with biology. Biology describes how out of atoms, cells, environment, changing into ever higher forms, 'emerges consciousness,' ranging from brute intelligence to the mind of man. Philosophy maintains that in this 'emergent evolution,' advocated by Lloyd Morgan, Mind presided all along, and as each stage matured added a gift 'to lift the creature to a higher plane.' Emergent evolution does not explain the fact, only indicates what meets the eye. 'Receptive progress' would express the fact better.

It is like music, movement on movement rendered perfectly by an orchestra, yet far more glorious within the composer's brain held altogether and complete:

Creative Mind controlled it through and through,
And only when you reached the close, you saw
How every phase contributed its share
To the fulfilment of the perfect whole.
In that half-hour of music you passed through
A microcosm of life's mystery.
And hold it timeless in your memory.

Even so 'God's being is a timeless symphony'—the theme, self-forgetting love. The created world is His orchestra, and the choicest of His instruments the human frame:

Eternally the human note has place,
Blending its tones in the great symphony
Which is the loving life of God Himself.

Yet man introduced discord. The danger point was reached when the Eternal Will

Demanding freedom, with glad self-surrender—
Not otherwise can love be love indeed—
Must venture, or the orchestra be dumb.

And man's spirit caught 'a shrill note of self-sufficiency.' Man heard the music, but the din of world-wide conflict prevailed against the awe-struck reverence with which he listened to the voice of God. Perhaps higher intelligences than man, perhaps one high created intelligence lured man to this. And so, alas, the orchestra

Must be refashioned, and retuned to sound
In perfect tones the glorious symphony,
The true expression of the Life of God.

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