

# Theology on the Web.org.uk

*Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible*

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

**PayPal**

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

---

A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_expository-times\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

tried and failed; theocracy means anarchy, monarchy means order.

The relevant passages of the Books of Exodus and Joshua are then interpreted in the light of this theocratic principle, which is contrasted with cognate ideas among other Semitic peoples. There are valuable discussions of the covenant idea, of יהוה, and יהוה צבאות, all of which go to confirm Buber's theocratic thesis. The book is the first of three whose general theme is the origin of the Messianic faith and whose ultimate interest is eschatological. The Messianic faith of Israel, in its central content, is defined as being directed to the fulfilment of the relation between God and the world in the perfect sovereignty of God as King.

JOHN E. MCFADYEN.

*Trinity College, Glasgow.*

---

### Reason and Revelation.

THIS account of the relation between reason and revelation<sup>1</sup> seems to have come into being to give foundation to a sincere and earnest criticism of the theology of crisis. In the first, historical section, the Barthians loom very large. In them we might have expected to find a proper appreciation of the disparateness and mutual exclusiveness of the two entities, for Barth and Brunner at least profess to set out from the *fons et origo* of the Word of God,

<sup>1</sup> *Vernunft und Offenbarung*, von Dr. Robert Jelke (Bertelsmann, Gütersloh. RM.4).

from the self-revelation of God. Here then, surely, is a really theocentric theology.

But Professor Jelke has cunningly shown that whatever may be true of the dialectical method, the content of their thinking is anything but theocentric, for the message of revelation is in every case unfolded according to the requirements of a very particular view of human existence, a view which is not due to revelation, but to human reason. Thus Barth's view that 'the knowledge of God is knowledge in contradiction' is from man, rather than from God. And in Bultmann the principle is laid down, that 'the theological explanation of the life of faith must be grounded on the philosophical analysis of existence.' Only so does it acquire the character of science, and cease to be merely sermonizing. In both, therefore, and in all their colleagues, the problem is posited, or at least formulated, by reason, and, as usual, the formulation predetermines the solution arrived at. Thus the 'Theology of the Word of God' is to a much larger degree than its devotees have been aware, a theology of the thought of man.

There follows a systematic section, where it is shown that the gulf between reason and revelation cannot be bridged, no matter from which end of it we set out. Thus, finally, we reach the justification of the standpoint of Martin Luther, lost afterwards when Melancthon and the later reformers desired to have logic on their side. Reason is the thought of man, revelation is the Word of God.

JOHN MONTEITH.

*Bridge of Weir.*

---

### Entre Nous.

#### THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, 1932-1933.

WE summarize below some of the features for 1932-33.

In addition to single expository articles—the one this month is by the Venerable Archdeacon A. E. J. Rawlinson, D.D.—there will be a series on 'The Message of the Epistles.' Professor C. H. Dodd, D.D., and the Reverend James Reid, M.A., will contribute early studies. A missionary series will discuss the Apologetic of Missions; Swaraj in the Mission Field; Missionary Method, with special

reference to Mass Movements; the Future of Educational Missions, with special reference to the Lindsay Report; Are Missions a Temporary Phenomenon?; 'Ad Interim' Ethics and the Results of Missions.

There will be articles on Early Church History, centring round prominent figures. Professor Moffatt will continue 'Letters to Women on the Christian Faith.' 'Present-Day Movements' will be continued. This month a first-hand and authoritative account of 'The Kingdom of God Movement in Japan' is given by Dr. William Axling, who has

spent thirty-one years in Japan and served as one of the executive secretaries of the movement.

'Why I am a Protestant' will be the basis of a discussion.

Some articles on 'Present-Day Ethical Problems' will find a place.

These special series are in addition to the usual features—Notes of Recent Exposition, Literature, In the Study, Entre Nous, Recent Foreign Theology, Contributions and Comments, and single articles on a wide variety of subjects, critical and otherwise.

#### 'A Man's Life.'

Under this title, Mr. Jack Lawson, Labour Member for Chester-le-Street, has written a notable story—sincere and vivid—the account of one 'average' mining working-class family. We must query the 'average.' It is not a set autobiography—his own story is told, he says, because he was a member of that family, and there is little mention of the years after 1919, when he was first returned to Parliament.

The book (published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net), one feels, gives an absolutely faithful picture of life as it was lived by that family of father and mother and five brothers and five sisters, first at Kells, then at Flimby, and lastly in Durham; and it is so excellently written that it may be read in an evening, at a sitting. It opens with a description of the sailor-miner-father, imaginative and gentle-tempered, and the mother—a 'great mother' she seems to him, and to the reader too before the book is finished. 'She was a tigress who punished at times almost to the point of cruelty, but if she struck her cubs with her claws now and then, she stood on duty at the lair with bared teeth and snarling lips ready to fight to the death for her own. She faced the world in her primitive way. . . . She had her rigid code of conduct, which she enforced on herself and others: fight your battles and no whining, tell the truth, pay your debts, and so conduct yourself that you need never be ashamed. . . . I am proud of that mother who said to me in her old age: "I punished you, I was rough, I was ignorant, but I brought you all through safely, and I never did a thing of which any of you might be ashamed."'

In spite of the herculean toil of father and mother, Sunday was the only day on which there was a good dinner. At twelve he went to the pit, but all his spare time was spent in reading. It gave his father great concern: 'My concentration alarmed

him, and he often warned me of the probable results of too much reading. He was really concerned for my mental condition.' At the coal-face he and Jack Woodward talked George Borrow and Ruskin. And it was Woodward who said to him, 'You know, you should go to Oxford.' 'Me go to Oxford, a place which was in the land of Never Never.' The account of how the eighteen months at Ruskin College became possible makes good reading; and at the end of the two years he was back at the pit again.

'In my pit days there was work for all miners. . . . We never lacked a day's work, or the pride and pleasure of putting our pay into the hand of wife or mother. And if you think there was no pride you know nothing about it. Then, the day's or week's work over, to put aside the pit things and relax to a little pleasure—sport, a book, the garden, or music. A man's work done, beholden to no one, genial to all. Hard, driving, dangerous work, giving little returns—but yet work, so that a man felt he had a place in the world. But now! Good men, bad men, indifferent men, it is all one, idle, drifting to moral death. Great is Progress, and mightily to be praised. But nowhere is there any hope; nowhere, I say. If there is, then I who hope when most men doubt, being so constituted, cannot see that hope. Desire, yes, but the will is wanting, for often we desire things for which we will not pay the price. There is no lack of charity, for the one consolation in this time is that kindness lies over the land like the gladdening, glistening morning dew on roses in June. But kindness will not do it, unless it marks the growth of the social sense that instinctively warns us of the danger, so that we are shocked into forcing our will to find a way out of it.'<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Lawson was, and continues to be, a member of the 'Society'—this, of course, means the Methodist Society. Here is his testimony as to what it has meant for him: 'Have not a host of the clever literary and philosophic writers exposed the "little Bethel" for what it was? True; and there were tendencies to narrowness and hypocrisy which sometimes needed rough handling. So do all institutions need it at times. But that does not make it any the less a fact that the most powerful force for the mental and moral elevation of the workers during the industrial era has been this contemptuously called "Little Bethel." . . . Fortunately there are historians and philosophers who know, and are not afraid to show, that if Britain holds a comparatively advanced position

<sup>1</sup> J. Lawson, *A Man's Life*, 275.

in her social movements to-day it is largely because the eighteenth-century Methodist Revival saturated the industrial masses with a passion for a better life, personal, moral, mental, and social.<sup>1</sup>

#### Kindness.

Not the least part of that divinity which shaped my ends was the exceeding fineness and kindness of a host of men and women whom I met on the road from childhood to manhood. There are those who are ever saying, 'Human nature being what it is,' as though human nature was very sordid and suspect. It is true there are sordid, selfish, mean people in the world, but human nature generally has been, in my experience, compellingly kind, and oft-times noble. And I owe more to the great heritage which such men and women have left and to those whom I met than I will ever be able to repay.<sup>2</sup>

#### Gambling.

I'm glad literature ended my gambling propensities, for it is a fever that burns one up, an irritating thing, that makes you want to win; dissatisfied when you do win, almost happy when you lose again; and will not let you be really quiet at any time. A misery-making thing is gambling, promising everything and giving nothing. But I learned much of men and their ways—and I was old before I was young in that respect.<sup>3</sup>

#### The Primitive Methodist and the Duke.

The first General Assembly or Conference of a United Methodist Church representing the great Wesleyan Methodist community, the Methodist Free Churches, and the Primitive Methodist Church, has just been held in London. It is not surprising under circumstances so remarkable and epoch-making that the last-named denomination has issued an historical record, fully illustrated, under the title *A Methodist Pageant*, compiled by Mr. B. Aquila Barber, the Connexional Editor (Holborn Publishing House; 5s. net). This is intended as 'a token of remembrance of the consecrated men and women of the Primitive Methodist Church who have sustained a distinctive ministry over a period of one hundred and twenty years.' There can be no doubt about the future influence of the men and women of this branch of the United

Methodist Church, with their noble traditions, upon its world-wide ministrations.

In the early years of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England, as in the far later years of the Free Church of Scotland, sites for new chapels or churches were difficult to get from the local land-owner. Here is what happened in the case of a zealous Primitive Methodist in search of a site and the Duke of Cleveland of the day:

'Some four or five miles from Middleton-on-Teesdale, on the high road to Alston, is the village of Bowlees, in which we have a neat and attractive chapel. The tale which is told about the securing of the site on which that building stands will illustrate the romance of our earlier history in this respect. For a long time fruitless efforts had been made to obtain a suitable plot of land. The agent of the great proprietor of the district—the Duke of Cleveland—had been often memorialized, but without success. But there was one man, at any rate, in the little society, whose faith was not to be daunted by any difficulty. "Willie" Wilkinson, a sturdy dalesman, racy of the soil, after a course of earnest prayer, resolved to present his plea personally to the great landlord. The Duke and a distinguished shooting-party were staying just then at the High Force Inn, a short distance farther up the dale; and Willie, accompanied, it is said, by the "travelling preacher," made his way thither. On asking permission to see his Grace, he was of course refused, but brushing past the man in buttons, Willie, closely followed by his companion, halted not until he reached the ducal presence. Without hesitation he walked up to his Grace and, grasping him by the hand, exclaimed: "How aire ye, Mister Deuk, an' hoo's Missis Deuk?"

The Duke instantly saw that he had a "character" before him, and adapting himself with great adroitness to the situation, asked Willie what he wished.

"Ah want a bit o' grund, Mister Deuk, to beeld a Primitive Methodist cheppel on. An' Mister Deuk, it's nut the furst teyme we've axed for't nowther. A've seygned pepper after pepper mysel'; an' we've nivver heerd nowt about it at aw."

The Duke turned to his agent, who was present, and asked if this was so. The agent confessed that Willie's statement was true, but said he had never considered the matter of sufficient importance to present to his Grace.

"Ah always thowt," burst out Willie, "that was t' way on't. Ah've nivver spoken to ye in my

<sup>1</sup> J. Lawson, *A Man's Life*, 109.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 182.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 80.

life, but ah was sure ye were a decent soart o' man. Ah always thowt it was them nasty bodies about ye. An', Mister Deuk, if we get som o't poachers about here convarted i' the cheppel we want to beeld, ye'll mebbe be obleeged to us."

"You shall have a piece of land, most certainly, my good man," said his Grace.

"Thank ye, Mister Deuk." <sup>1</sup>

### MYSTICAL POETRY.

Dean Inge has written a fifteen-page introduction to *Lyra Mystica*, an excellent anthology of mystical verse arranged chronologically, which has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (7s. 6d. net). The Editor is Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson, an American minister.

'What is Mysticism?' Dean Inge first asks; and after a number of definitions he finds that 'There are several paths up the hill of the Lord. They meet at the top, in the beatific vision, but the tracks start from different sides. . . . Some of the poems in this volume express the symbolism of the nature-mystics; others the raptures of contemplative devotion.'

He next surveys the history of mysticism. In writing the introduction he puts his imprimatur on the anthology. It is significant that the last English poet whom he mentions is Tennyson, and the only poet noticed after Lowell on the other side is Sidney Lanier.

On page 71 is quoted Herbert's beautiful 'Love Bade Me Welcome,' so often heard in Communion addresses in the Scottish Church:

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,  
Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
If I lacked anything.

'A Guest,' I answered, 'worthy to be here.'  
Love said: 'You shall be he.'

'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
I cannot look on Thee.'

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
'Who made the eyes, but I?'

'Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my  
shame

Go where it doth deserve.'

<sup>1</sup> B. A. Barber, *A Methodist Pageant*, 96.

'And know you not,' saith Love, 'who bore the  
blame?'

'My dear, then I will serve.'

'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste My  
meat.'

So I did sit and eat.

On page 75 is the German seventeenth-century poem of Johann Scheffler, the first verse of which we must quote again:

Though Christ a thousand times

In Bethlehem be born,

If He's not born in thee

Thy soul is still forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha

Will never save thy soul,

The cross in thine own heart

Alone can make thee whole.

And now we turn to an English contemporary. The first two poems have the authentic note—has this?

HE IS THE LONELY GREATNESS OF THE WORLD.

He is the lonely Greatness of the World—

(His eyes are dim),

His power it is holds up the Cross

That holds up Him.

He takes the sorrow of the threefold hour—

(His eyelids close),

Round Him and round, the wind—His Spirit—  
where

It listeth blows.

And so the wounded Greatness of the World

In silence lies—

And death is shattered by the light from out  
Those darkened eyes.

MADELEINE CARON ROCK.

---

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,  
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,  
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.