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very antithesis of morality. Shall our fellow-men judge us? But how can they, since they know nothing of the inner secrets of other lives, and they themselves are imperfect? If morality is to have any meaning at all it must involve a judgment by a perfect standard, which is at once authentically human and Divine. And who other than Jesus Christ can be that standard? All save a handful of degenerates salute in Him the Highest. Then by that admission He must be their judge. We are back at the soul of Christianity, which we can never escape when we are true to the nature of things.

Life, then, is 'being,' and true being: the total response of our nature to the claim of the Universe upon us. And it is God's Universe, existing for His ends. There can be no morality which does not recognize these ends and pursue them. To speak of utility and the giving of pleasure to others as morality is a begging of the entire question, and a limitation of great things to mean preserves. Morality, then, is either each man his own law—(a thing socially unthinkable), or one group enforcing their ideas upon others (which is tyranny), or it is eternally based in the order of the Universe and wholly above man in its demands. It is quite false to say, with Saleeby, that 'ethics is purely an individual matter,' since this is the negation of all social ideas. It is fallacious to say that morality is only a human evolution established at last because of its social utility, since the highest morality the world has known contradicts the idea of utility when it sacrifices itself, unless by utility is meant what Christianity means by sacrificial love offering itself at cost to the giver in the higher interests of others. In this case utility is an inadequate and even misleading word to employ.

Before the deepest needs of life and its greatest demands, conventional morality is helpless. It cannot rise to love. And before self-interest, whether of individuals or of peoples, conventional morality falls to pieces. When selfishness asserts itself, the word of honour is held lightly, and the animal gets the better of the man. The world is not likely to forget that a solemn pledge made by a moral nation became a mere 'scrap of paper' at the bidding of self-interest: 'dire necessity' it was called.

There is only one secure foundation for a complete human morality. It is the eternal law of love, revealed by and in Jesus Christ. In the presence of Him, each man can only cry—*Peccavi!*

And the only force for promoting morality is the Spirit of that Christ at work in our own spirits. That spirit becomes ours, not by an external imitation of His acts, but an interior surrender to His Lordship.

I have named the late Professor Huxley. He who pleaded so powerfully on behalf of morality, had to confess that his own inner life was an arena of bitter conflict, and he uttered the famous sentence of which Professor Henry Drummond made such great use: 'I protest that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer.' And Huxley spoke for every man and woman who, paying full homage to morality, knows well that the power to accomplish it in a high and worthy way, lies not within themselves but otherwhere. And the Christian gospel affirms that the gospel is the power (δύναμις) of God unto Salvation—the health of the whole life.

Recent Foreign Theology.

Early Greek Commentators.

DESPITE the rich apparatus for the understanding of the Pauline Epistles that has been put in our hands by our increasing knowledge of the Græco-Roman world and of contemporary Rabbinism, we cannot afford to neglect the contributions to their exegesis furnished by the early Greek commentators. For these men knew more or less intimately the economic, social, political, and religious conditions of the world for and within which Paul wrote, and they knew the language he wrote as we can never know it, for it was their own. It is therefore a service of first-rate importance that Professor Karl Staab has rendered to the interpretation of Paul and the exegesis of the Epistles by his publication of the carefully collected remains of some of his Greek-speaking com-

mentators.[1] The writers whose comments are here gathered together are Didymus of Alexandria, Eusebius of Emesa, Akazius of Cæsarea, Apollinaris of Laodicea, Diodor of Tarsus, Theodore of Mopsuestia, Severian of Gabala, Gennadius of Constantinople, Oekumenius of Trikka, Photius of Constantinople, and Arethas of Cæsarea. All the Pauline Epistles (and the Epistle to the Hebrews) are commented on, the basis of the comment being sometimes the single verse, sometimes a longer or shorter section. The comments which, being entirely in Greek, will appeal chiefly to scholars, would make a much wider appeal to students of the New Testament and of the history of exegesis, if they could also be issued in translation. This collection, which is the result of many years of laborious research, is a very definite and valuable enrichment of the material available for the study of the mind of Paul.

JOHN E. MCFADYEN.

Trinity College, Glasgow.

[1] *Pauluskommentare aus der griechischen Kirche*, von Dr. Karl Staab (Aschendorffsche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Münster, Westfalen; Mk.31.85).

Entre Nous.

Guidance.

The autobiography of Dr. Albert Schweitzer—the man whose friends say of him, 'In Africa he saves old niggers, in Europe old organs'—has just been translated into English by Mr. C. T. Campion, and published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (10s. 6d. net)—it came out in Germany in 1931. It is long since Dr. Schweitzer captured our imagination, and the facts of his life are familiar. Perhaps on the factual side not much fresh will be got from the autobiography, but it will be read for all that. We will go away with a heightened vision—marvelling again at the intellectual strength, sincerity, and singleness of aim of this man. The crucial date in his life was an evening in the autumn of 1904, though it was not until later that he made his decision known. When he was in Paris in 1905 studying theology and music, Schweitzer wrote to his parents telling them that he was going to enter himself as a medical student in order to go to the Congo as a doctor. This idea that he must spend some part of his life for others was not a new one. When he was at the University at Strassburg he had decided that he would consider himself justified in living for science and art until he was thirty 'in order to devote myself from that time forward to the direct service of humanity.' Various attempts were made by him to find the right work. He offered his help in looking after neglected children; spent time on the care of tramps and discharged prisoners. But the longing for a sphere of activity, in which he would be not a part of an organization but wholly free, persisted.

'Many a time already had I tried to settle what meaning lay hidden for me in the saying of Jesus, "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it."'

One autumn evening in 1904 his eye caught the title of an article in the magazine of a Paris missionary society, 'Les besoins de la mission du Congo.' 'The writer expressed his hope that his appeal would bring some of those "on whom the Master's eyes already rested" to a decision to offer themselves for this urgent work. The conclusion ran: "Men and women who can reply simply to the Master's call, 'Lord, I am coming,' those are the people whom the Church needs." The article finished, I quietly began my work, my search was over.'

Gn xxii. 12.

'When I first went to Africa I prepared to make three sacrifices: to abandon the organ, to renounce the academic teaching activities, to which I had given my heart, and to lose my financial independence, relying for the rest of my life on the help of friends.

'These three sacrifices I had begun to make, and only my intimate friends knew what they cost me.

'But now there happened to me, what happened to Abraham when he prepared to sacrifice his son. I, like him, was spared the sacrifice. The piano with pedal attachment, built for the Tropics, which the Paris Bach Society had presented to me, and the triumph of my own health over the tropical climate had allowed me to keep up my skill on the organ.

'During the many quiet hours which I was able to spend with Bach during my four and a half