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on all the coins that come from the 'mystical' mint. She tries to arrange her symbols under three chief heads :

- (1) Those which express a personal attitude to God.
- (2) Those which express a contemplative attitude towards the Infinite.
- (3) Those which express trust in an inward experience.

She finds the first type to be mainly Catholic, the second mainly philosophic, the third characteristic of Quaker mysticism ; but in practice it is, of course, impossible to maintain these water-tight divisions between the soul's varying reactions to a Reality that is one, 'both inward and outward, near yet far.' Those who live by the Inner Light would be the first to emphasize the personal character of their devotion. The philosophic contemplations of St. Augustine are made incandescent by his passionate love. St. Catherine of Siena can contemplate the Sea Pacific of the Godhead and yet describe her most intense experience of the Divine as a 'mystical marriage' with the Bridegroom of the Soul. Ruysbroeck can move to and fro from the most abstract contemplation of Eternal Life to the homely symbols of food and nurture. St. John of the Cross, most intrepid of transcendentalists and most exact of all guides to the 'spiritual ascent,' cannot do without the exalted language of romantic love. The Absolute, the Personal, the Immanent—for the mystic, these three are one : and we shall not begin to understand the true significance of his symbolism until we realize how

spontaneous and poetic, how profound and yet how naïve, is his use of this device. Récéjac defined Mysticism as 'the tendency to approach the Absolute morally and by means of symbols.' Were the symbol merely a neat and appropriate image, this description would be among the most futile on record : whereas it is, on the contrary, among the most inclusive and exact. For a real symbol is the gathering point of a profound intuition. It is a sensible sign, having a certain sacramental quality, which first incarnates and then becomes an actual part of the spiritual experience itself, bridging the gap between the visible and invisible worlds, because charged with a significance which would otherwise remain unexpressed in terms on which the human psyche can lay hold. The 'fire of love,' the 'holy and living Bread,' the 'spiritual espousals,' the 'divine darkness,' and the 'Eternal light' are not merely well-chosen literary metaphors. They emerge with authority from those regions of the mind which lie between sensible expression and supra-sensible intuition ; and, partaking of the nature of both, minister to the soul the thing they signify. So, when Miss Ewer speaks of mystics 'wishing to use a biological symbol' to express the relation of their souls to God—as if the matching up of spiritual experience and symbolic description were the deliberate act of the selecting intellect—she shows misunderstanding of that deep creative process, so much nearer to art than to science, of which all genuine symbolic expression is born.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

London.

Entre Nous.

'A man who has never been a passenger.'

In *The Post Victorians*, that collection of forty-one short biographies just published by Messrs. Ivor Nicholson & Watson (8s. 6d. net), Miss F. Tennyson Jesse is responsible for Joseph Conrad—an excellent piece of work. Writing in 'Mirror of the Sea' of a steamer which has lost a propeller down South, and drifted away from the track of ships, Conrad asked, 'Does a passenger ever feel the life of a ship in which he is being carried like a sort of honoured bale of highly sensitive goods ? For a man who has never been a passenger it is impossible to say.' Miss Jesse applies the phrase

to Conrad himself. 'He had no bread save that which he had earned. His genius did not disdain the fireside and the frank and open domesticities of marriage. He risked his life again and again in the ordinary commonplace way of those who follow the sea. And with the care and reverence equal to that possessed by any of those others, he quarried his works into the finest form he could attain, spending hour after hour, perhaps, on a few strokes with the chisel.'

What secret lies behind the life of Scott of the Antarctic ? 'He took an iron grip of his faults,' wrote Sir James Barrie, 'and never let go his hold.'

As a sub-lieutenant he made his way up the Pacific coast to join his ship in British Columbia. Mr. R. C. Sherriff, to whom this biography has been entrusted, describes the journey :

'He had to travel on a ramshackle old tramp steamer, filled to bursting-point with Californians, with wives and children, hurrying off to a new mining camp in the North. They ran into a gale which lasted all the way to Victoria, and the ship became a shambles of sea-sick humanity and crying children. The few stewards on board were drunk or ill themselves—no meals were served, for the saloon (through lack of cabin accommodation) was filled with helpless, groaning women.

"With a small body of volunteers, Scott dressed the mothers, washed the children, fed the babies, swabbed down the floors, nursed the sick, and performed every imaginable service for all hands. On deck he settled the quarrels and established order by his personality, or, if necessary, by his fists."

So Scott journeyed to join his first ship.'

'Are you sure that they have no need of me?'

It will come as a surprise to many to know that hardly any notable sermon has been preached on the much-quoted Golden Rule, and that for the most part the homiletic literature on it is barren. But from general literature and from history Miss Jane Stoddart has got abundant material for *A Book of the Golden Rule* (Hodder & Stoughton; ros. 6d. net). It is a most attractive book, and one which cannot fail to be a power for good. The sections deal with the positive form of the Rule as given in the Sermon on the Mount; its place in the Early Church; the Rule at work in History; Servants of the Rule; the Rule in Sport, Society, and the Home; the Rule in International Affairs.

We quote one of the illustrations: 'After the Catholic victory at Dreux (December 1562), Francis of Guise showed the same chivalrous conduct towards his defeated rival the Prince of Condé; entertained him to dinner and slept by his side. We must remember, says Forneron, who is certainly no blind admirer of the Duke, that in this age victorious generals were cruel towards their prisoners, and often put to death those whom they regarded as personal enemies. The simple testimony of La Noue is sufficient. "He ate with the Prince and offered him his own bed." For the Duke himself, less than three months of life remained. He was fatally wounded by Poltrot de Méré on February 18, 1563, while he was riding

near Orleans and wearing, as his custom was, insufficient protective armour. On his death-bed the Duke sent this message to his brothers: "You see in what a state I am owing to the wound inflicted by a man who did not well know what he was doing. I beg you to make a very humble request to the Queen (Catherine de Medici) that for the honour of God and for love to me she should grant him a pardon." The injunction was not obeyed, for Poltrot suffered the penalty of his crime, but there is nothing in such a request inharmonious with the Duke's character. We are told that on one occasion, when his funds were low, the steward of his household advised the dismissal of a number of servants, on the plea that he had no need of them. "But are you sure," answered the Duke, "that they have no need of me?"'

Freedom.

'There is a story of a man who was paralysed, hopelessly crippled, an object of pity to all who met him. Some one once remarked to him sympathetically, "How your affliction must colour your life!" "Yes," he replied, "but I choose the colours."' ¹

The Significance of the Obscure.

'And He knew there was no one He could not use. That is just as daring a claim. The bulk of His friends were average people. The dullness of the disciples often saddened Him. One of the wonders of the Gospel is the patience of Christ. It looked sometimes as if the truth that has taxed the wits of all the scholars to explore its depths, would never get through to kindle a light in these sluggish brains. Yet He trusted them with it, and He was justified, for they became key-men in the Kingdom that has penetrated the world. It was not guns or strategy that broke Napoleon on the Moscow road; it was the might of the snowflakes. "During the century of expansion that followed the death of Paul," says Dr. E. F. Scott, "we do not hear of the name of one outstanding missionary. The real work was done by countless humble men and women who made it their first duty to spread the message among their own circle of friends and neighbours."' ²

¹ J. Reid, *The Springs of Life*, 21.

² *Ibid.* 26.