

# 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

## Jesus Deluded?

THIS<sup>1</sup> was originally a pendant to the author's History of Investigation into the Lives of Jesus. After twenty years, it is now issued in a second edition. What Schweitzer had in mind was a curious cross-current of criticism which attributed the messianic consciousness of Jesus to a pious hallucination, or, as the term went, to religious paranoia. The leaders of this school belonged mainly to Holland, France, and Germany. They represented much the same type of thought as that which attributed the visions of the Old Testament prophets to delirium or physical excitement, finding religious ecstasy to be fundamentally a product of neurotic illusions. The value of Dr. Schweitzer's monograph was that he brought not only critical acumen but medical knowledge to the discussion. Criticism has long ago passed beyond the crude psychology of this school, but it is serviceable to have Schweitzer's patient, thorough treatment of its vagaries still accessible. In re-reading it, one is reminded of the situation twenty years ago, when the reaction against the idea of Jesus as an ordinary, though remarkable, figure started an emphasis upon his exceptional qualities. If He was neither the prototype of a Protestant pastor nor of a social agitator, was He an unbalanced enthusiast, carried away by some obsession of the first century in apocalyptic Judaism? The question was put, and it was answered in the affirmative by men like Binet-Sanglé, De Loosten, and William Hirsch. The significant features as well as the absurdities of their solution form the theme of Dr. Schweitzer's pages.

<sup>1</sup> *Die psychiatrische Beurteilung Jesu*, by Albert Schweitzer, Zweite, photomechanisch gedruckte Auflage (Mohr, Tübingen; M.1.50).

## Pauline Studies.

THIS reprint of Dr. Schweitzer's well-known survey<sup>2</sup> suggests a hope. Since 1911 the criticism of the Apostle Paul has passed through several important phases, both literary and historical. Tendencies which were noted in 1911 are now either being modified or being replaced by fresh appreciations. Evidently Dr. Schweitzer will never be free to complete his work—that is, to bring it up-to-date. It would be a real service if some younger scholar undertook to analyze critically the developments of thought upon Paulinism during the last twenty years, following the method of this book. To bring out the salient points, to recognize, for example, the alteration of focus produced by recent criticism in the problem of the connexion between Jesus and Paul, would not be an easy task, but it would be of value to any further advance of thought upon the personality of the great Apostle, whose significance is of such crucial importance to an estimate of primitive Christianity. 'It is astonishing,' Bowden once wrote to Newman, 'how few people can perceive or trace a *gradual* change, either in their own opinions or in those of the world around them.' But such a change is going on, in the estimate of Paulinism, due to the deeper appreciation of the first century. Schweitzer in this book had the wit to notice it and sum it up over twenty years ago. Shall he not have a successor?

JAMES MOFFATT.

New York.

<sup>2</sup> *Geschichte der Paulinischen Forschung*, by Albert Schweitzer, Zweite, photomechanisch gedruckte Auflage (Mohr, Tübingen; M.5).

## Entre Nous.

Theodore, Bishop of Winchester.

On the 27th of February 1932, Bishop Theodore Woods died at the early age of fifty-eight. There seems no doubt that his death was hastened through over-work. No Bishop could have had a more crowded life—there were daily journeyings, for he appeared not only in the Diocese, but everywhere up and down the country, preaching on special occasions. Then there was his international work, his work for Christian unity at home, and his constant efforts on behalf of social welfare.

We are touched to remember how willingly Bishop Woods accepted an invitation to contribute an article to this Magazine. We wrote to him in the summer of 1931 at a time when it now appears he was already overdone. But he accepted our invitation, for he never spared himself if he thought that anything he could do would tell for the Kingdom. On September 10th, 1931, he wrote: 'I could manage an article on some such subject as "The World Crisis and Religion" some time in the course of the later summer, if that would be

convenient, say, in July: possibly, if you thought fit, expanding it into two articles, one dealing with matters as affecting the world abroad, and the other as more definitely affecting our own country.' The articles were never written. In January of the next year there came a letter from Mr. Speak, his private secretary, 'When the Bishop does recover sufficiently to undertake work, he will naturally wish to devote himself to Diocesan duties, which he has had to neglect for so long as a result of his illness.' Soon after this there followed the sad news of the Bishop's death. His biography has just been written by his brother, Edward S. Woods, the Bishop of Croydon, and Frederick B. Macnutt, Archdeacon of Leicester. The publishers are the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (7s. 6d. net). It is a biography that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. While it is in no way overweighted, it is packed with facts, all of which serve to make the personality of this great Christian stand out more clearly and more appealingly.

Theodore Woods came of sound Quaker stock. On his mother's side he traced his descent to David Barclay of Ury. His great-grandmother was Elizabeth Fry. It is told that an old lady hearing him preach in a village church in Nottinghamshire, said to him, 'I once had the privilege of hearing your great-grandmother, Mrs. Fry, preach. and if I had shut my eyes while you were speaking I could almost have believed that it was her voice I was listening to again.' His father was Vicar of All Saints', Hereford. Of his parents he says: 'They were as saintly a pair as ever children were blessed with.'

It was while he was at Trinity College, Cambridge, that Woods took what he called a further step forward, making an 'absolute surrender to God's will.' After his time at Ridley Hall and curacies at Eastbourne and Huddersfield, he became incumbent successively of St. Judes, Herne Hill; Kersal, near Manchester; Bishop Auckland, and Bradford.

Here are some pictures of the parish priest which will serve to show how many-sided he was, and how wide was his appeal. When he was at Kersal he took part in the Mission to holiday-makers on the sands at Blackpool. A contemporary paper describes the services: 'The platform was occupied by one man, who kept the people intent by his splendid conducting and rendering of hymns, by his vigorous and sympathetic reading of St. Paul's description of the Christian panoply, and by a series of forceful addresses. He continued for

about an hour. As an exploit it was magnificent, but, better still, there was nothing cheap or wordy about it, and all were deeply impressed.'

His spiritual influence was widely felt by his colleagues. Was a Retreat to be held, the man whom the whole Deanery wished was F. T. Woods. 'The question was raised as to who should conduct it. F. T. W. suggested some names, but it soon became clear that the conductor they wanted was their own Rural Dean . . . the Retreat that followed was an event never to be forgotten.'

In his pastoral work also he never spared himself. A Bradford parishioner wrote after his death: 'He received me as if I were the only person with whom he was concerned that day, and sent me away with a sense of having met with Christ.'

He was ever the humblest of men, and it was a great surprise to him when, in 1916, he was offered the Bishopric of Peterborough. He was one of the leading members of the Liberal Evangelical School, and he took it as a generous recognition of the younger school. Bishop Lang, the Suffragan Bishop, writes: 'He was the man for the moment. . . . Undoubtedly it was his broad human sympathy and his claim for God's Rule in all the common life of men that gave him his hold upon the mass of men and women in his Diocese. And behind it all lay the driving power of his personality, and the gusto, almost passion, with which he delivered his message, and which made men of all shades of opinion say, "This man believed what he said with utter sincerity, whether we agree with him or not."'

In the summer of 1917 he began the series of pilgrimages which gave him the title of 'The Walking Bishop.' He walked in pilgrim garb—with purple cassock and pilgrim's staff—from village to village, holding services in the churches and in the open air. Many felt, as one woman did, who said: 'Why, it's like the dear Lord Himself walking through the country.' There came a touching letter after his death to Dean Falle:

'DEAR SIR,

I send you stamps 1s. 6d. for the *Good Bishop's* memorial. I can see him now walking along the road with his staff and you by his side, sir. I was standing by the hedge and he gave me a kind smile and waved his hand to me. I shall never forget that, and I liked him for it, and when I think of him a lump comes to my throat. Bishops are nothing to me, but he was different, and I took to him, and I say God bless Him though I'm not

religious. You won't get another quite like him. From a working chap.'

We cannot do better than end the brief account with his brother's words. The Bishop of Croydon writes: 'To my certain knowledge he, like, I suppose, all fine Christian characters and strong Christian leaders, had severe inward battles to fight. He fought hard, and through his contact with the ever-present Living Christ he won. Amid the temptations to religious unreality which beset all parsons, and not least those who hold high office in the Church, he did succeed in remaining a holy and humble man of God, convincing others of the truth of spiritual things by the sheer reality of his own faith and life.'

'And he died in the same gallant Christian fashion in which he had lived. In those last hours, as we watched beside him, he, conscious almost to the end, was quite aware that his Summons had come, and as Death drew near, his dauntless faith and sincerity and courage made that last enemy, that great Intruder, look curiously small and wonderfully impotent. Some of us feel now that we *know*, as we never knew before, that for the Christian death can be, and should always be, swallowed up in victory.'

#### Quaker Ways.

'Reginald Hine, in his "Mirror for the Society of Friends," describes them (the Quakers) as: "wise and inflexible, calm and uneager, sedate and grave, covered all over with what Mary Howitt, herself a Friend, termed, 'utmost solemnity and shut-up-ness.'" Nevertheless they had very frequently a quiet twinkling humour often shown in very unexpected ways: for instance, it is recorded that after a minister on one occasion had given a learned and difficult discourse far above the heads of the assembled Friends, an old lady got up and in a high quavering voice said: "Christ said, 'Feed my lambs,' He never said, 'Feed my giraffes.'"'<sup>1</sup>

#### ANTHOLOGY.

##### Goethe.

New Year is the season for anthology. For we are in the mood to choose a book to company with through the year that is ahead. And this January there are a number to choose from. *The Practical Wisdom of Goethe* is an anthology chosen by Emil Ludwig. If this is to our mind we may safely leave the choice of quotations to Emil Ludwig. He is steeped in Goethe, for he has been his biographer,

<sup>1</sup> A. Ruth Fry, *Quaker Ways*, 233.

and for the sake of this anthology, he tells us, he searched through his books (Goethe published one hundred and fifty volumes), letters, and records of talk. The anthology, which first appeared in Germany in 1931, has now been translated by F. Melian Stawell and Nora Purtscher-Wydenbruck. The publishers are Messrs. Allen & Unwin, and the price is 6s. net. We have picked out two of the poetical selections for quotation:

Unless our eyes had something of the sun  
How could we ever look upon the light?  
Unless there lived within us God's own might  
How could the Godlike give us ecstasy?

*Gentle Reminders*, 3.

One pulse throughout the infinite  
Ceaselessly ebbs and flows,  
The myriad lines of the mighty heavens  
One another enclose.

From all things, giant star and star-dust,  
Streams out the joy of life,  
And the peace of God the Lord is lying  
At the heart of all the strife.

*Gentle Reminders*, 6.

##### Dickens.

An anthology for Dickens lovers, by Mr. H. Newton Wethered and Mr. Charles Turley, has been published by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co. (7s. 6d. net) with the title *Dickens All the Year Round*. We are inclined to agree with the claim on the cover: 'This book comprises the Best of Dickens.' There is a stimulating introduction by Mr. Bernard Darwin. The anthology is arranged for daily reading. Here is the portion for January 30th:

'Jany. 30.—DAVID'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS. Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and *is* seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but *she* pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and *he* makes faces at me. I look

at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that, if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then? I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and, from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.—*David Copperfield*.'

#### James Moffatt.

And now we come to our anthology *par excellence*—the anthology of James Moffatt. It is not an anthology from his own writings, though this might be prepared without difficulty, but one chosen by him according to his own catholic likings and from the widest range of reading in history, biography, and literature.

*He and She: A Book of Them*, he calls it (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. 6d.). What does he mean by this use of Donne's words? Let the reader of this notice get the book the better to satisfy his curiosity. He will not be disappointed, for this is a book to take one's ease with through the year, enjoying the company of 'some who are as engaging still as when they first stepped into our human company, with some dint of real character, some hearty utterance, or even some impassioned accent, that makes such men and women in a sense our own.' This is an anthology for all moods and all tastes, but from which we cull a few of the soberer quotations which would serve to point some needed lessons:

'When Charles Wesley graduated from Oxford in 1730, he received this note from the rector of Epworth: "You are now launched fairly, Charles; hold up your head, and swim like a man; and when

you cuff the wave beneath you, say to it, much as another hero did,

*Carolum vehis, et Caroli fortunam.*

But always keep your eye fixed above the pole star, and so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life, which is the hearty prayer of your loving father.''

'The Duchesse de Nemours (says Saint-Simon in his *Memoires*, for 1707) had an extremely bad temper, and could not forgive. When some one asked her if she ever said the Lord's Prayer, she answered that she did, but that she silently passed over the clause about one's enemies.'

'It is at all times easier to be a Piagnone, a Puritan, a member of a party, than it is to love God and deny one's self.'

Mrs. Oliphant, *Makers of Florence* (ch. xii.).

'In his *Autobiography* Benjamin Franklin reports the effect of George Whitfield's preaching at Philadelphia on behalf of an orphanage. "I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.'"

#### NEW POETRY.

##### Lauchlan MacLean Watt.

Dr. Lauchlan MacLean Watt, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, has found time amongst all his ministerial and administrative work to write both prose and verse. The list of volumes which he has published makes a goodly show. But it is through some of the poems, published under the title *The Tryst*, that he is most widely known and has most endeared himself. It will be remembered that the late F. B. Meyer during his last hours found the greatest comfort in what is probably the best known of the poems—'The Long Last Mile,' with its opening lines:

Carry me over the long last mile,  
Man of Nazareth, Christ for me!

The poems, which first appeared in 1907, have been out of print for many years. A new edition (Allenson; 3s. 6d. net) has now come out. This contains several hitherto unpublished poems. We have no copy of the first edition at hand, but, unless our memory fails us, the verses which we quote below are new:

#### GOING ON AFTER GOD.

Stay, if you choose,  
In the track where the crowds have trod,  
Gaining what still they lose,  
Following the star in its flight,  
On through the gloom of the night,  
Through the deep valleys, and over the  
height  
I am going on, after God!

Stay, if you choose,  
Where the clatter and sin never cease,  
Seeking what still they refuse.  
Far past life's passionate crying,  
The selling of Fame and the buying,  
Where the great silences softly are lying,  
I seek for the palace of peace.

Stay, if you choose:  
Yet Love and Life wait in the way,—  
Alack, what beauty ye lose!  
Peace, where before ye knew pain,  
And Faith, where believing was vain,  
And Hope that was dying, is quickened again,  
As we pass to the joy of God's day.

Stay, if you choose;  
Yet alack! low and chill as the sod  
Is the life ye must use.  
Ah, walk where the weary have need,  
Bringing love where the crucified bleed:  
To wake the dumb yearning to utterance  
and deed,  
I am going on after God.

G. F. Bradby and J. W. Hunkin.

This month is rich in anthology. We have already drawn attention to three, and now we have a volume of poems arranged to follow the order of the Sundays and Saints' Days in the Book of Common Prayer. *Through the Christian Year* is the title given to the collection (S.C.M.; 3s. net). The poems are old and new, but we are most concerned with the latter. There is a considerable number of these; they are all worthy of a place in the anthology, and they are all the work of

the two scholars who have selected and arranged the verses. The poem which we quote for the New Year is by Mr. Bradby—formerly Headmaster of Haileybury College. His co-editor is the Ven. Archdeacon Hunkin. He is the author of the selection for the Second Sunday after the Epiphany—four lines only, but they remain in the memory.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

Seed-time and harvest, sun and showers,  
The winds of March, the wealth of May,  
The songs of birds, and scent of flowers,  
They came, and were not for a day;  
Another year, with knell and chime,  
Has passed into the gulf of Time.

The world grows old, the past grows dim,  
The shadow creeps along the wall:  
But there is neither Time with Him,  
Nor change, whose love has fashion'd all;  
What He has hallow'd cannot die,  
But lives in Him eternally.

All that was blest in vanish'd years,  
The hopes we shared, the love we gave,  
The joy, the beauty, and the tears,  
Are harvested beyond the grave,  
For some new life, where doubt is still'd,  
All faith confirmed, all love fulfill'd.

Let the years die! Love never dies,  
For He is Love: and at the last,  
Whatever in the future lies  
Is one with the eternal past.  
His Love, our Faith, shall banish fear,  
And Hope ring in the new-born year.

#### THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

'Give us for wine the wine of youth,' men say,  
'Drawn in the shining morning of our day.'  
But they who have the Master as their guest  
Drink at the last the best.

#### Errata.

An error in the spelling of Jung's name in the 'Notes of Recent Exposition' last month was detected too late for alteration, and is regretted.

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.