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and the historian will, of course, invoke such intuition not to assume the facts and create an imaginative and unreal construction, but only to interpret the facts as previously established by critical evidence. But with this safeguard I repeat my conviction that the key to the life of Jesus is the understanding of His mind. Thus, even Goguel, the super-critic, can say that 'it is on psychology that, in the last analysis, must rely every attempt to understand the life of Jesus.' And he draws the supremely important inference that this demands a sympathetic and religious approach: 'To understand Jesus truly the historian must have in himself some likeness to Jesus' (*Vie de Jésus*, 197).

And so, secondly, it follows that the new approach must define more clearly the relationship between the two sides of the problem of Jesus, the historical and the religious. On the one hand, a serious defect in method in most past 'Lives' was a failure to distinguish between the science of history and the function of faith. They sought at the same time both to present the life of the historical Jesus and also by this presentation to satisfy the demands of faith. And even to-day it is probably true that much of the scepticism concerning the possibility of recovering the story of Jesus is due to a confusion of the historical with the religious problem, so that a demand has been made upon history for a greater degree of certainty than in its nature history can give—a degree of certainty which properly belongs only to religious intuition and to faith. Yet, on the other hand, admittedly the two problems are essentially related—the very title Jesus-Christ is proof of that—and it is the hardest thing in the world not to introduce for the solution of the one considerations which are really appropriate only for the other. No doubt logically the historical problem precedes the religious one, and consequently purely historical study demands that pre-judgments of value on the person and work of Jesus must not be allowed to intervene. And yet in practice, as we have seen, it is only the Christian soul which can hope for insight into that

Mind of Jesus which is the key to His Life. It is for this reason that I believe Dibelius is profoundly right, and that this is a hopeful sign of the times, when he says that 'it is characteristic of the new situation that the demand for historical knowledge based on a strictly methodical study of the sources and the demand for carefully formulated statements about the significance of Jesus are no longer felt to be mutually hostile interests' (*loc. cit.* 211). 'To state with clearness and sincerity both the demands of history and the claims of faith, in order to do justice to them at least in a personal, if not in a scientific, synthesis—that may be designated as the task continually imposed upon us by the problem of historical study in connexion with faith in Christ.' To-day, so far from having reached an *impasse* in the study of the life of Jesus, I believe that we are on the eve of a fresh movement which promises fair to satisfy both demands. There is a striking saying of Ignatius that 'he who truly possesses the word of Jesus can hearken unto his silence.' Modern historical criticism may guarantee to us the authenticity of only a strictly limited number of Jesus' words. But it is enough to enable Faith to fill in the silences.

And so faith should welcome as its ally the modern critical study of the Gospels. 'I venture to think,' writes Dr. Burkitt, 'that this study is not so "dangerous" and "unsettling" to the convinced Christian believer as is sometimes imagined, unless by "believer" is meant one who thinks he knows beforehand what must have happened' (*op. cit.* 3). We need never hope to have a complete and detailed life of Jesus; there is not a little truth in the saying of Lagrange that 'the Four Gospels are the only life of Jesus that can be written: our task is only to understand them'; but thanks to modern criticism we do understand them well enough to possess a picture of the Master, not as a Being unknown and unknowable, but as One so concrete and substantial, that henceforth it will be futile to attempt to base Christianity on anything else than His Person.

Entre Nous.

The Oppermanns.

Surely in Germany to-day is to be found an epitome of the woes and distractions of mankind. There a man has only to look over his shoulder to know that his own private security, his hold on the simplest decencies of life, is a house of cards.

And, seeing it to be so, can he any longer shelter himself, even in that gimcrack security, with honour? Should he not go out and do battle with the eternal folly of mankind, deep as the sea, even at the expense of life itself?

Such is the problem which this great novelist,

Lion Feuchtwanger, presents in *The Oppermanns* (Secker; 7s. 6d. net) with that noble mingling of passion and justice and pity which his fathers the prophets poured out upon an earlier world. This is not a book to be missed. Feuchtwanger's integrity and disinterestedness are beyond question, and give the volume a permanent historic value. And for us, now, to remain ignorant of the sufferings and heroism on the one hand, and the pathological bestiality on the other, of fellow-beings so near to us in time and space and culture, is to be guilty of a kind of spiritual suicide. In this book many a reader will find that what were hitherto mere dead words, passing newspaper items, have become actual living facts, things seen and felt, wounding blows.

On the title-page are printed the words of Goethe: 'There is nothing that the rabble fears more than intelligence. If they understood what is fearful, it would be stupidity that they should fear.' These words are at once the despair and the hope-motif of the book: despair, because Germany to-day banks on stupidity; hope, because this eternal folly of mankind meets, in Reason, eternal defeat. But Reason, meanwhile, in Germany, is being prostituted by those in power to 'speculate in the stupidity of the masses with frightful certainty.' 'It needs intelligence and will-power to proceed as consistently as these fellows do. The gentlemen understand their customers, as every good business man does. Their goods are shoddy but saleable. And their propaganda is first class, let me tell you. Don't underestimate their Leader.'

Germany is, to-day, to the point of lunacy, a fear-ridden race. And this novel is, among other things, a series of portrait studies on the effects of this morbid fear on groups and individuals. Gutwetter, the popular essayist, protects himself in an assumed innocence of the political world, and from that fastness proceeds to place his rather rococo literary talent at the disposal of the Nationalists. Berthold, the seventeen-year-old Jewish schoolboy, scorns, though in mental anguish, to protect himself by any compromise with the truth as he sees it, but, urged by all his friends and relatives to compromise, ends his own life in despair. Sybil, a Bright Young Thing with no background, protects herself as weathercocks do, but with infinitely more grace. Edgar Oppermann, a world-famous medical scientist, coldly and serenely relies on the armour of his own sincerity and honour, up to the very moment when, because he is a Jew, he is ejected from his hospital by the mercenary army. Then, afraid only for the hindrance of his medical and scientific work, he leaves his beloved

Germany, and goes to Paris. His clever daughter Ruth seeks refuge from German nationalism in Jewish nationalism, and settles in Palestine. There is a terrible portrait of a nationalist schoolmaster, and a very humorous one of the school Rector, a timid, elegant, affectionate soul, who forbade 'My Struggle' to be read in the school because of its dreadful style.

Each of these portraits is masterly, but one stands out above all the rest, that of Gustav Oppermann. And the most moving and exciting thing in the book is the progress of this contemplative mind towards martyrdom; the whole situation, moreover, is only heightened and made more beautiful by the consciousness of the reader that Feuchtwanger himself does not quite approve of his hero. He throws in the word stupid now and then a little impatiently to protect himself, apostle of reason, from his own admiration of this childlike soul. A little fear in the right place is surely good, his creator would asseverate. It may save a man to serve his country longer, may give him time to find out the truth and destroy the foe: and because Gustav had not this prudent fear, he died. It is true, compromise, even cunning, may also be involved. Does Reason advise these courses? The same profound and subtle thinker who has created this infinitely moving and noble portrait of Gustav Oppermann would sadly answer yes.

'Was my uncle Gustav a useless person?' Heinrich asked. Frischlin after some reflection rejoined: 'He was ready to speak the truth under extremely perilous conditions. The only thing was that, unfortunately, he did not know the truth. He ran a Marathon race in order to deliver a despatch. But unfortunately there was no news in the despatch.' Heinrich took a good look at Klaus Frischlin. The man had given his opinion of that expiring spirit, Gustav Oppermann, in a resolute and really very noble way. It was a good and useful opinion. The words sank deep into Heinrich's mind. If the day should ever come for him to be entrusted with a despatch he would be ready to run a Marathon race. But first he would examine the despatch, and not until he had examined it would he say 'O.K.'

Vital Control.

In the volume of Forest Essays on life and letters just published by the Abingdon Press we travel happily with Professor Lynn Harold Hough not only along broad main roads but down some little known bypaths. The title *Vital Control* (\$2.00)

gives the unity underlying all the varied subjects, showing as it does the real concern of the writer. All the essays turn on the question, What is the relation between art and religion? 'At last it comes to us,' Professor Hough says on the final page, 'and this is one of the supreme insights regarding life—that it is the very nature of the material to be mastered by the spiritual. This, in essence, was the deep insight of Plato. It has lived in the glory of the Platonic tradition. This is the centre of the sacramental view of life. It has profound kinship with that other insight that it is the very goal of society to be mastered by the principles and the spirit expressed in the personality of Jesus Christ. If the material was made to express the spiritual, then surely we may say that art is the lovely daughter of the voice of God.'

The range of the essays is wide—Babbitt; Bradford; Humanism; Church History; Contemporary Books; The Mind of Lawrence Hyde, etc. Gamaliel Bradford is described as a magnificent and meticulous dilettante, and the change which took place from his early idealistic days to the materialism and cynicism of his last years is traced. 'When I was twenty and was engaged to be married,' Bradford wrote in *Life and I*, 'my love and I came to see the world for the time something as Saint Francis saw it. We too felt that we should give up luxury and wanting, should discard the comforting equipment of material life to which we were accustomed, but of which so many millions were destitute, and adopt voluntary poverty for the good of the world and our own souls.' He wanted to build 'a little house somewhere, perfectly plain and poor, and live there in every way just as peasants would live.' But 'our parents and relatives and friends ridiculed us and scolded us and reasoned with us, and in the end forced us to let our ideals go—for better, for worse? I wonder.' This is the man who later wrote 'Exit God':

The followers of William James
Still let the Lord exist,
And call him by imposing names,
A venerable list.

But nerve and muscle only count,
Grey matter of the brain,
And an astonishing amount
Of inconvenient pain.

I sometimes wish that God were back
In this dark world and wide.
For though some virtues he might lack,
He had his pleasant side.

But Gamaliel Bradford never lost the power to see the strange loveliness of some of the lives which find their way into self-forgetfulness. 'There is just,' he says, 'an endless doing of little, tawdry, insignificant, unregarded, hateful things that others may live more comfortably, others who have often no appreciation and no gratitude.' And he illustrates this by the following tale: 'Once a week Irene has an old woman out to the house to do the washing. Drab-lookin' creature. Pathetic. . . . The old one was waitin' on the table. She looked as tired as me. . . . I went over, took the old lady by the arm. "Looka' here," I said, "you come on over a' sit down at this table. I'm going to wait on you for a change." "Nobody ever waited on me in my life," she said; "I've waited on them."'

The Little Churches.

'Revaluations of church values are now taking place which cannot be grasped by former church standards. It is possible that the big, strong flourishing churches may, in the process of such a revaluation, be "found wanting," while the "churches under the Cross," those negligible "poor relations," may have to be called to the head of the table. There are churches, wonderfully organized, permeated with a holy or unholy missionary zeal and a consciousness of spiritual power that is ready to challenge state and society. These churches are rich in capable preachers and have forces which are well trained and anxious to help. But are they of the world or of the Spirit? I must admit that oftentimes when I sat in magnificent buildings with their stained-glass windows and carved organs, I was less conscious of being in the church of Christ than when, for instance, I was in one of those Ukrainian peasant rooms crowded with men and women who had come barefoot from afar to hear the Word of God. These poor little congregations, and the churches widely scattered in the diaspora, in the hills of Jugoslavia, in the lonely villages of Wolhynia and Poland, in the coal-mining districts of Belgium, in the taverns and barns of Czecho-Slovakia—these churches truly humble us, because they show us again and again the poverty and the riches of Christ in a way that is impossible in the securely established, self-sufficient, and proud Church.'¹

¹ A. Keller, *Karl Barth and Christian Unity*, 11.