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

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

makes us pray that we may not repeat the mistake of those of old who were watching for the opening heavens so eagerly that they missed the Saviour in their midst.

PERCY BOYNTON.

Ripon, Yorks.

1 John i. 9.

YOUR contributor, Mr. J. E. Thornton-Duesbery, in the January number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, draws attention to Westcott's interpretation of *ὁμολογεῖν* in the above passage as meaning 'openly confess in the face of men.' It seems far from convincing, however, that this is the correct interpretation. The meaning of the word in the New Testament is simply 'to acknowledge,' and in itself has no connotation of 'public confession.' In no case of its use in the New Testament can the word in itself apart from its context be given this meaning. It is absurd to argue that because *ὁμολογεῖν* is used of confession of God, that therefore it means 'public confession' in every case of its use. Even if the word has this meaning in every case where it is used of confessing God, you cannot logically maintain that it retains this meaning in every context. To do so is to commit the fallacy of universalizing the predicate of a universal proposition. Our English word 'confess' seems to fit its meaning exactly. I may confess to my friend that I have done him some wrong; to my sweetheart, if I have one, that I love

her; to God, that I am a sinner; to men, that I accept Jesus as my Saviour. If my conscience directs me I make public confession of these matters, or I can make private confession of them. With the New Testament word *ὁμολογεῖν* there are the same alternatives.

In the second place, if Mr. Thornton-Duesbery is right in his contention that the essential character of confession extends to specific definite acts which must be confessed openly in the face of men, then no forgiveness is granted by God unless they fulfil this condition. 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins' is narrowed down to this: 'If we confess our sins to God openly and in detail in the presence of men, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' Does the original mean this? Does your contributor contend that, in the light of his interpretation of this and similar passages, the devout Roman Catholic who has confessed his sins to the priest has not received forgiveness from God? Or that I, who have confessed many sins to God alone, have not received forgiveness from Him, since my confession was not openly done 'in the face of men'? I can't believe this. If we accept Mr. Thornton-Duesbery's interpretation, then the Group Movement is in equal error with the Roman Catholic and myself, since it teaches that a man should publicly confess his sins only if *guided to do so*.

LAWRENCE M. ROGERS.

Christchurch, New Zealand.

Entre Nous.

Indian Saints.

When Mr. Gandhi was in prison at Poona in 1930 he translated a number of Indian lyrics into English. These have been worked over by Mr. John S. Hoyland, and are now published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin under the title *Songs from Prison* (cloth 5s. net; paper 3s. 6d. net). Among the poets who appear frequently are Tulsidas (c. A.D. 1532) and Tukaram (c. A.D. 1608), and we quote a poem from each. First, Tulsidas with his deep sense of sin:

No soul on earth, O God,
Is low, corrupt and filthy,
Vice-rotted, anguish-racked,
As is this soul of mine:

For I have left thee, God most merciful,
Most generous Lover of the poor and weak:

Lord, I have sinned,
Most heartlessly, most heinously,
Lord, I have sinned:

All goodly gifts thou hast bestowed on me,
Yet have I spurned in insolence thy love:

Hard-hearted, base, and treacherous,
Lord, I have spurned thy princely love:

Yet here I come to thee again,
For mercy and for love:
Break, Lord, I pray, my chains.

Both Tulsidas and Tukaram are *Bhakti* poets following the faith-love cult of personal devotion to God. Tulsidas taught that there is but one Supreme Being, and that man is by nature sinful and unworthy of salvation. Nevertheless the Supreme, in His infinite mercy, became incarnate in the person of Rāmachandra to relieve the world from sin.

It is excellent that Tukaram is so freely quoted—the greatest poet of the Marathi-speaking people and 'one of the greatest saints of India,' as N. V.

Tilak says, 'and as such he has influenced, and is still influencing, the devotional trend of his own people. In the case of us Christians he is one of the most powerful of sidelights. Only a few weeks ago he threw me into the very arms of my Lord.' Tukaram spent almost the whole of his life as a pilgrim :

My God,
Wheresoever I go
Thou art my Comrade :
Lonely I fare through the world,
Yet never alone,
For thou art my Friend :
Thou ledest me on,
Thy hand set fast in mine :
Thou liftest the burden from my shoulder,
Thou bearest it thyself :
Foolish words I speak,
Yet thou, Lord, settest all right :
Thou hast taken away my fear,
Thou hast made me strong-hearted :
Thou hast taught me to see in all men my friends,
My guardians, my kindred :
Thou hast given me, O thou most bountiful,
The peace of thy presence, within and without.

Jesus as Nature-Lover.

'So strong is the instinctive feeling of the Japanese for nature,' writes Kagawa in *Christ and Japan* (S.C.M. ; 2s.), 'that if Christ had not been a nature-lover I question whether they would have found it possible to give Him their heart's fullest and finest devotion.'

'Paul and Peter impress the Japanese as being over-important. Christ pointed to the lily of the field. He lifted His eyes to the birds of the air. He called our attention to the evening glow, the soil by the road-side, the wheat, the tares, the fig-tree, and the lamb. For this reason the Japanese leap to an understanding of Christ.'

'The Poor.'

'Drab Street is a condition of affairs. It has its joys. All its days are not grey : all its nights are not sorrowful. But it is a challenge despite its spasmodic gaieties, and judged by the divine estimates of "The Man" it is an outrage on the Incarnation and a challenge to the Resurrection.

'To know Drab Street, one must live in it ; and if not of its people, "go native." The estimates and opinions of those who come from outside but never come inside are interesting, chiefly because

of the things that are not seen and the emotions that are not shared.

'And this I say : The supreme glories I have known I knew first and most enduringly in Drab Street, and its splendours shine still like stars in a bewildered and bothered world.

'It fascinated the Galilean : and it fascinates still.'¹

Father and Son.

C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*—whose biography has just been written by Mr. J. L. Hammond—was brought up in a religious atmosphere ; his father was a Unitarian, inflexible but affectionate. In a typical letter he wrote to his son that he did not mind what his views were provided they were fairly arrived at, and 'that no fear of the world's opinion or even of the world's scorn, no deference to a majority, no shadow of influence from considerations of what may be the most conducive to your own interest, your own advancement, and even to your opportunities of being useful, has, consciously or unconsciously, determined them.' It is a case of like father, like son, for C. P. Scott said in his later life that 'you could not say of a man anything worse than that he had yielded to circumstances.' On his retirement in 1929 the Archbishop of York said of him, he had made 'righteousness a standard of action and conscience the arbiter of policy.' Mr. Baldwin, in speaking to a company of journalists (in 1926) on the conduct of a newspaper, said, "'Fundamentally it implies honesty, cleanness, courage, fairness, a sense of duty to the reader and the community. . . . Its primary office is the gathering of News. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give . . . must the unclouded face of Truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. The voice of opponents, no less than that of friends, has a right to be heard. . . . It is well to be frank ; it is even better to be fair.'" Those are noble words, and it is a counsel possibly of perfection, but in them is the ideal of the higher type of English journalism. . . . They are the words of Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*.'

¹ J. A. R. Cairns, Foreword to *Drab Street Glory*, 21.

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