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strictly impartial judgment of the author; but he proves by his exposition of the facts, fully attested in the notes, how closely the beginnings of the two religions, now polemically opposed, resemble one another as expressive of the common human consciousness in religion, and how, when there are differences, the Israelitish is an advance on the Aryan. With great minuteness and unflinching accuracy he compares the sociological aspect, the significance

of the cultus, and the mythological elements of these religions, including under the Aryan, Indian, Iranian, and Germanic. His general conclusion is that the different developments from similar beginnings are not due to physiological-psychical differences of race, but to history (p. 43). The value of this book must not be measured by its size.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

London.

Entre Nous.

Sadhu Sundar Singh.

Since the 13th of April 1929, when Sadhu Sundar Singh started on his last journey into Tibet, nothing has been heard of him, and his death has been officially presumed. A personal memoir of him has just been written by Mr. C. F. Andrews (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net)—confined to the early years when Andrews was in close touch with the Sadhu. For a number of years, up to 1911, Principal Rudra and his two sons and Andrews went to Bareri, above Kotgarh, every spring, and there they met the Sadhu, and all communed together on the things they had so deeply at heart. For it was from Kotgarh, as soon as the winter snows had melted, that the Sadhu started year by year on the first stage of his perilous journeys into the mountains of Tibet. The Memoir, though it is informal and from its nature cannot be exhaustive, is written at first hand and by one well fitted to interpret the Sadhu, and we welcome it warmly. There are two special points in it which we might touch on—the literalism of the Sadhu and his own conception of his vocation.

Sadhu Sundar Singh sought to follow literally in the footsteps of the Master. He was often too literal, Mr. Andrews says, but his devotion was so great that he could not go far astray. 'When Jesus said: "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," Sundar Singh took this at once as sanctioning the Sadhu life. When Jesus said: "Take neither purse nor scrip neither two coats," he obeyed to the very letter.' Much of his teaching was in the form of simple parables, and here, too, his object was to follow Christ literally. They were taken for the most part from what he had seen in the Himalayas, but some were inspired by his visit to Palestine—a visit which stirred his soul to its depths.

"In 1922," he writes, "when travelling in Palestine with a friend, I was greatly refreshed by drinking the sweet and soothing water of a famous well. An hour or two later I was again thirsty, and those words of our Lord came forcibly to my mind: 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

"I had just drunk of a well that men had dug and was again thirsty. In all humility and thankfulness I can say that since I gave my heart to Christ and drank of that water which He gave me, I have never been thirsty, because He is indeed the Fountain of Life."

Another parable points out 'how the Sea of Galilee which takes in the pure fresh water from the snows of Lebanon remains always fresh and sweet with the flowers of the field covering its rising banks, because it always passes on the water it receives. But the Dead Sea, which receives the same water that has flowed through the Sea of Galilee, turns the pure fresh water into salt water so full of brine that on its banks nothing can grow at all. It is a Dead Sea because it takes in but never gives out. So Christians who unselfishly pass on the good gifts which God gives to them remain pure and fresh in their spiritual life, while those who take in God's gifts and never give out unselfishly to others, become dead and lifeless.'

Turning now to vocation. The Sadhu, while his heart went out in sympathy to those who became members of special Orders, felt led himself to an individual and solitary course. 'The life in Christ which he had been called upon to follow, must be on the heights, like a rushing mountain stream.'

"The streams," he said, "in the Himalayan Mountains, as they rush forth from the pure white

snows, cut their own course. Each one has its own appointed path which it follows down the mountain-side. That rushing torrent of pure water from the heights is the true symbol of the Christian life as it comes direct from Christ Himself.

'But when the same waters reach the plains, they carry the mud along with them, and their tributaries are diverted into channels by artificial means, forming irrigation canals. These, too, have their uses, but they depend on the streams which flow from the mountain heights for their perennial supply of fresh and living water.'

'Even so, he would add, there may be the need of organizations formed by men to make the Christian life spread itself far and wide among the masses of mankind; but the pure rushing streams from the mountain heights must never be allowed to run dry.'

Forgiveness.

'The ordinary Divinity students [at the Theological College in Lahore] seemed to feel all the while that the Sadhu was setting up a new standard superior to their own, and that they were being silently condemned by his presence among them.

'Sundar did his utmost to avoid anything that might be regarded as censorious, and remained humbly waiting to win their goodwill and affection; but this did not appear for some time.

'One day, a student, who had been a ringleader in this resentful treatment, saw Sundar apart under a tree, sitting alone, and went up quite close to him without being noticed by him. To his great surprise, he found that Sundar was in tears, pouring out his heart to God in earnest supplication on behalf of this very student who had thus come near. He was praying that anything which he himself might have done amiss might be forgiven, and that true love might be established between them.

'The student, when he heard this prayer, was so overcome, that he discovered himself to Sundar on the spot and asked his forgiveness, and they became close friends.'¹

Guidance.

In *God does Guide Us*, Mr. Sangster makes his purpose and method plain from the beginning. 'The aim of this book,' he says, 'is to explain and defend the "Group" view of guidance.' He does this to a considerable extent through illustrations, and these are drawn 'from beyond the borders of the Movement.'

¹ C. F. Andrews, *Sadhu Sundar Singh*, 92.

Here is one of the illustrations given in full. 'Think of F. W. Robertson, the prophetic preacher of Brighton. He wanted to be a soldier, as his father and grandfather had been, and as his three brothers were. He says: "I was rocked and cradled to the roar of artillery and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. . . . I cannot see a regiment manœuvre, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation."

'But the commission, for which he had applied, was long delayed, and finally, though with great reluctance, he took his father's advice, and the advice of a friend, and matriculated at Brazenose as a preparation for taking orders. Five days later the commission came. Robertson's feelings can be imagined, but he accepted his father's judgment that God had directed the circumstances, and the commission was declined. He was long perplexed by it, the part his friend had played and the trivialities on which the decision seemed to turn. Among his papers, this relic of his perplexity was found: "If I had not met a certain person, I should not have changed my profession; if I had not known a certain lady, I should not probably have met this person; if that lady had not had a delicate daughter who was disturbed by the barking of my dog, if my dog had not barked that night, I should now have been in the dragoons or fertilising the soil of India. Who can say that these things were not ordered?"'

But does this enable us to say anything more than that in looking back we can see that God had a plan for us. Is it not before the event that we require guidance, and to be satisfying must it not carry some sense of assurance with it? To bring out the certainty of guidance and at the same time the need of discipline, Mr. Sangster quotes from Mrs. Herman's 'Creative Prayer.' 'The alert and courageous soul making its first venture upon the spiritual life is like a wireless operator on his trial trip in the Pacific. At the mercy of a myriad electrical whispers, the novice at the receiver does not know what to think. How fascinating they are, these ghostly pipings and mutterings, delicate scratchings and thin murmurs—and how confusing!

'Now he catches the plaintive mutterings of a P. & O. liner trying to reach a French steamer, now the silvery tinkle from a Japanese gunboat seeking its shore station. There are aimless but curiously insistent noises, like grains of sand tumbling across tar paper: these are the so-called "static" noises of the atmosphere adjusting itself to a state of electrical balance. . . . Now he thinks

he has got his message, but it is only the murmured greetings of ships that pass in the night. And then, just as his ear has begun to get adjusted to the weird babel of crossing sounds, there comes a remote and thrilling whisper that plucks at his taut nerves and makes him forget all his newly-acquired knowledge. It is the singing of the spheres, the electrical turmoil of stars beyond the reach of the telescope, the birth-cry and death-wail of worlds. And when he is steeped soul-deep in the spell of this song of songs, there comes a squeaking, nervous spark, sharp as the squeal of a frightened rat. He decides to ignore it, and then suddenly realizes that it is calling the name of his own boat. It is the expected message, and he nearly missed it!

'So the soul that waits in silence must learn to disentangle the voice of God from the net of other voices—the ghostly whisperings of the subconscious self, the luring voices of the world, the hindering voices of misguided friendship, the clamour of personal ambition and vanity, the murmur of self-will, the song of unbridled imagination, the thrilling note of religious romance.'

What are we to say to those who honestly feel that the possibility cannot be ruled out that all the seeming instances of guidance are after all only the result of coincidence or imagination? Mr. Sangster answers: 'Pure coincidences almost always have an "odd" character. They happen—but it would be difficult to discover even a freakish "purpose" in them, nor does one strange coincidence have any kind of relation to another. But in the company of those who wait on God for guidance one story finds many parallels and, when all the experience has been pooled, one cannot resist the conclusion that a purposeful mind is moving behind it to a definite end. Professor Bernard Bosanquet in *The Essentials of Logic* tells of the doubt he felt in the judgment of his antiquarian friends when they showed him a few misshapen pieces of flint and declared that they were primitive tools. A casual glance at two or three examples gave no justification for the theory. The suggestion seemed fantastic. But when Bosanquet saw the fine collection of flints in the Blackmore Museum—the same features repeated again and again in a hundred different specimens—his doubts disappeared. Clearly they were man-made with a purposeful mind behind them.'

The publishers of *God does Guide Us* are Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, and the price 3s. 6d. net. It is a closely reasoned and persuasive survey

of a problem that no one can afford to put aside.

No Personal Experience.

'To those who have no experience of this guidance, denial will seem easy. But it is perilous to deny anything on that ground alone. One is reminded of the little girl who thought that she had exhausted mathematics when she had learned the twelve-times table, and when her grandfather said, with a twinkle in his eye, "What's thirteen times thirteen?" she turned on him with undisguised scorn and said, "Don't be silly, Grandpa: there's no such thing."'¹

Moral Control lags behind Science.

'We meet in a year which has to some extent seen science arraigned before the bar of public opinion; there are many who attribute most of our present national woes—including unemployment in industry and the danger of war—to the recent rapid advance in scientific knowledge. . . . We cannot ignore the tragic fact that . . . science has given man control over Nature before he has gained control over himself. . . . This is only one chapter of a long story—human nature changes very slowly, and so for ever lags behind human knowledge, which accumulates very rapidly. The plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles still thrill us with their vital human interest, but the scientific writings of Aristarchus and Ptolemy are dead—mere historical curiosities which leave us cold. Scientific knowledge is transmitted from one generation to another, while acquired characteristics are not. Thus, in respect of knowledge, each generation stands on the shoulders of its predecessor, but in respect of human nature, both stand on the same ground.'²

Goodness with a Plus.

'If Christ came merely to tell men to be good there was nothing new about His message. Men knew that long before. But He did come to bring men Godliness—that is, goodness with a plus. In words that are not unfamiliar in this place where I am speaking, Christianity does not consist in abstaining from doing things that no gentleman would think of doing, but in doing things that are unlikely to occur to any one who is not in touch with the spirit of Christ.'³

¹ W. E. Sangster, *God does Guide Us*, 35.

² Sir James H. Jeans in his presidential address to the British Association, Aberdeen, 5th Sept. 1934.

³ C. H. Ritchie in *St. Martin's Review*.

The Christian Message.

In the records of French Protestant missions occurs the account of his conversion given by a chief of the Mohegan Indians. 'There came to us a preacher who wanted to teach us and who began by proving to us that there was a God. But we said, "Do you think we don't know that? You can go back where you came from." Another time there was a preacher who wanted us to learn that we must not steal or get drunk or tell lies. We said to him, "Fool that you are, do you think we don't know that? Learn it yourself and teach your own people, for who steal and get drunk and lie more than your own brothers?" And we sent him back. Some time after came Christian-Henri who came into my hut and sat down by me. "I come to you," he said, "from the Lord of heaven and earth. He lets you know that He desires to make you happy and to snatch you from the misery in which you are living." And he told the work of Christ and His sufferings. Then he lay down in my hut on a plank and went to sleep, for he was weary after his journey. Now I thought, "What is this man who sleeps there so peacefully? I could kill him, throw him into the forest, and nobody would know; and there he is without anxiety." But I could not forget his words, they came back to me even in my sleep as I dreamt of the blood which Christ had poured out for us. Then I thought, "Here is something new," and I passed on to other Indians the words which Christian-Henri kept on telling us.'¹

The God of Peace.

A Nigerian missionary arrived at a Communion service in which four towns were uniting, and heard an African addressing the crowded church in a preparatory meeting as follows: 'I cannot tell you the gladness that is in my heart to-day. As I walked along the path with the other members from my town, I saw that each man held in his hand his Testament and his hymn-book. No man carried a cutlass or a gun. No man walked with fear, every man with faith in you. And yet it is but four years ago that no man from my town would have walked through your town without a cutlass

¹ C. P. Groves, *Jesus Christ and Primitive Need*, 196.

in his hand, and even then he would not have walked alone. Nor would any man from your town have come unarmed through ours. What is the reason of this difference? At that time we worshipped the same gods as you did. To-day we worship the same God as you do. But the God we worship to-day is a God of peace. We have learned that He is our Father, and that we are brothers. He has called us to-day to eat this meal together with Him. And when people eat together they are friends, not enemies. So let us thank the Lord Jesus Christ who has turned our enemies into friends, and taken away the fear of each other from our hearts.'²

War.

'If war is inevitable,' said Mr. Frank Roscoe, Secretary of the Royal Society of Teachers, in a vacation course lecture in London, 'let us arrange that in the next war the minimum age for enlistment is fifty. Let us appoint as chaplains some of the Bishops who are so fond of talking of war from time to time.'

'While we over fifty advance on the foe the young men can stay at home and make speeches of this kind: "I have already lost a father-in-law and two uncles. I am prepared to sacrifice another uncle rather than see the hated enemy triumph." These aged gentlemen would then totter into battle. The first issue of lumbago belts to the troops on the first cold winter's night in the trenches, when their grandmothers would be sending them hot-water bottles, would bring the armistice. The merit of that kind of war is that instead of killing off the flower of the generation, the old men would bear the brunt, and people like myself will not have to go through the rest of their lives thinking sadly of the promising lads they taught who were no more with them.'

² *Ibid.* 216.

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