
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

if the (so-called) Monarchian collection could be really assigned to the pontificate of Zephyrinus, we should have incontestable evidence for the primitive dating of the earlier set. I do not doubt that de Bruyne and Harnack are right in their early date for the Anti-Marcionite Prologues; but there is no single piece of evidence that is as convincing as would be the Zephyrinic dating of the Monarchian set.

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At the Feast of Booths.

With regard to Rev. Thomas Cottam's alternative to my placing of Jn 8^{12-20} suggested in The Expository Times, October 1936, p. 45, the following points should be noted:

(i) He states that my remarks on 8^{12-20} fit his scheme of putting it after 9 just as well as my own of locating it after 9, 10^{19-21}. But the *οὖν* in 8^{12}, if original, requires that others than Jesus should be last speaking. Some such intervening conversation as that contained in 10^{19-21} seems to be necessary before 8^{12-20}.

(ii) 9^{35-41} with its accusation of open-eyed, sinful refusal to believe—'They are guilty of "sin against the Holy Ghost" which for ever "remains" unforgivable; cf. 8^{21}, 20^{23}' (Macgregor)—does account for 10^{19-21} as well as, if not better than, 8^{12-20}, the concluding words of which appear to indicate the end of this particular dispute and to make against the idea of an immediate resumption in 10^{19-21}.

(iii) 8^{20} with its *διδάσκων*, the tense of which implies continuance of the action, suggests that the teaching was carried on for at least some little time. $7^{25.26}$ can therefore follow 8^{12-20} in spite of the fact that the Pharisees say something to Jesus in 8^{13}.

C. Clare Oke.

Sundridge, Ontario.

Entre Nous.

Frank Lenwood.

There is something which stirs the imagination in the life and death of Frank Lenwood. His biographer, Mr. Roger C. Wilson, says: 'His was a living essay in Christian Adventure.' The Memoir is published by the Student Christian Movement, with whose work Lenwood was so long identified (3s. 6d. net). We may say at once that this is a good biography—Lenwood has come alive with all his fine qualities, but with his weaknesses too—his limited sense of humour, for example.

When he was just a month short of sixty, Lenwood met his death in Switzerland when climbing the Aiguille D'Argentières. He had always been a keen mountaineer, loving the sport and the physical danger. But the mountains meant more to him than that. They brought to him a curious exaltation and feeling of nearness to God. 'It's wonderfully impressive to be in the midst of those great snows—it all speaks to you in a curious soaking irresistible way of the greatness and the purity of God . . . and as if there one knew that some day human society would reflect God's clearness and holiness as those snows do to-day.'

For there, on the white mysterious mountains,
God's presence walks, and His Spirit is known,
With a keen and piercing assurance, in wonder
and awe and a trembling joy,
That are strangers to him who only may walk in
the valleys,
In the warm, safe, bountiful valley.

Lenwood's heritage was a fine one. Son of a Congregational minister, he early showed intellectual ability. In the Oxford Locals he came out top of all England; won a scholarship to Rugby; in 1893 he got an open classical scholarship to Corpus Christi College, and when at Oxford he gained two firsts. And, although he remained within his own Congregational circle, attended Mansfield College, taught in a Mission Sunday School, held views on militarism, on teetotalism, on gambling that were the reverse of popular, he was elected President of the Union. 'He was one of the few speakers who could really turn votes, and he more than held his own in debate with Hilaire Belloc, John Simon, and F. E. Smith. Perhaps one of the hardest things that he did at Oxford was to speak at open-air evangelical services.

After training for the Congregational ministry at Mansfield College, he was offered a Tutorship in N.T. Greek, and stayed on for some years in Oxford. During these years his association with the S.C.M. began. He was Chairman of the Easter 1919 Conference at Matlock, where the other speakers were William Temple, T. Tatlow, Malcolm Spencer, Kenneth Maclellan, and H. G. Wood. In summing up the message of the Conference he said: 'We are involved in the Church's action and inaction. . . . We have agreed with the opinion of the market-place that in practice the teachings of our Master are too lofty for application. We have refused to accept His standards of value, and we have redefined in our practice the content of the word "disciple," till discipleship has become insipid and complaisant. In the spirit of our workaday lives we have all of us denied Christ's lordship. In a word, *we are the Social Problem.*'

Foreign Missions were always near Lenwood's heart. He spent several years under the L.M.S. at Benares. Following a bad attack of typhoid he had to leave India, and was then appointed Foreign Secretary of the L.M.S. He was not always easy to work with, Mr. Wilson says. 'Perhaps a certain priggishness still remained from the early years. Routine never came very easily to him and he admonishes himself to keep Christian in the midst of office routine.' But no one working with him could fail to see the high ideals that lay behind all his mission work, and to feel that his great interest through it all was *people*. He 'desired to see them doing the will of God.'

In his later life Lenwood came to hold unorthodox views on the Person of Christ. He stated his position in *Jesus—Lord or Leader?* Feeling that his views might be harmful to the L.M.S. he resigned from the Secretaryship. Provided the Church and its teachers kept before themselves an unwearying determination to bring men to God, Lenwood did not believe that there was anything of religious value which would be destroyed by a belief that Jesus was human. In *Jesus—Lord or Leader?* he wrote: 'Instead of a doctrine of Incarnation raising problems to perplex the inquiring mind, we have, on the one hand, a human figure who trod the path we tread and helped His fellows to see what God was like—there is something wonderful to preach in that—and on the other hand, God the Father, more perfect and more tender to His children than even Jesus could be.'

Finding men of like views in the little Congregational Church at Plaistow—Greengate—he became their minister and put in eight years of self-sacrificing work, showing a growing discipleship and an ever more burning zeal. 'The Incarnate Lord became the Beloved Leader, but his religion remained the same.'

Lenwood's life was full of good fellowship—he and Mrs. Lenwood kept open house—'the finest example of Christian living that many of their friends had known.' 'I've had the life of a millionaire,' he said to a friend. His life was joyous, and his death was joyous. Godfrey Phillips who went to Argentières to be at his funeral wrote: 'Those of us who know the Lenwoods would all expect that Mrs. Lenwood would show immense courage and that there would be no mourning or depression. But I have never seen death so put in its place as I saw it at Argentières.'

Emmanuel.

Mr. R. A. Bosshardt of the China Inland Mission has now written an account of his own and Mr. Hayman's time of captivity. The title is *The Restraining Hand.* The volume has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It contains almost three hundred pages and is attractively bound, and the price is only 2s. 6d. net.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bosshardt and Mr. Hayman were captured in October 1934 by the Red Armies in Kweichow. They endured great privations, and all the early efforts to negotiate for their release were unsuccessful. In November of the next year the Communists agreed to a much smaller ransom than they had at first demanded, and Mr. Hermann Becker succeeded in getting the money handed over. Then he heard that the Communists had broken their promise, one missionary only had been released and one detained. Mr. Becker writes the last chapter of the book and this is what he says: 'On the 20th, I left after breakfast on muleback to meet the missionary, not knowing which one I would see. About four miles out I saw Mr. Hayman coming and the empty chair. It was very hard for me to see him alone, and he himself could not restrain his tears. His first words to me were: "Bosshardt is a saint."'

Mr. Hayman had been over a year in captivity. Another six months were to pass before Mr. Bosshardt was released. Mr. Hayman tells how they spent Christmas, 1934. 'It was also during this period of rigorous confinement that Christmas morning dawned. Judging from outward circumstances there could not have been a more dismal day. The weather was cold, there was no fire and our sole pastime was—sitting on the floor. The only

thing to relieve the monotony was our three meals of rice and vegetable which were brought to us and which were eaten in silence. Truly, as seen by the outward eye, the day was dreary, gloomy and cheerless. But our Lord sent a message to me in one word which made a world of difference—"Emmanuel—God with us." I longed to pass it on to Mr. Hayman. The idea came to form the letters with pieces of straw. And so, unbeknownst to the guard, it became a message of cheer to my companion also. The whole scene was changed into one of joy. "If God be for us who can be against us?" And so, knowing we should be imprisoned no longer than He would allow, we rejoiced in tribulation.'

Disappointment.

The Methodist Publishing House have an excellent small monthly magazine for lay preachers and class leaders—*The Preachers' and Class-Leaders' Magazine* (4d.). The Rev. W. J. Tunbridge is contributing every month a study in biography, and in the November number he writes in an interesting way on 'The Christian as a Barrister—Marshall Hall.' This is a shortened account of his study.

'From time to time I have heard him in the courts, and he impressed me with his humanity and masterliness. It was an education in advocacy to sit at his feet. . . . There my knowledge ceased, but the story of his life, as told by Marjoribanks, has made me feel that I have met one who was not only more brilliant but more courageous and kindly than most of us. Behind the barrister was the man, whose life was a tragedy, whose body was rarely without pain and whose disappointments were unending. . . .

'He married early in life, was much in love, but soon after the marriage his wife left him. He endured in silence many unjust and cruel criticisms, and whenever he spoke of his wife to some one who had known her it was always with pity and tenderness. . . . How truly Marjoribanks writes: "It is hard to see reason or justice in such a catastrophe as befell Marshall Hall at the very threshold of his career; yet it can at any rate be said that it is doubtful whether, without this heart-rending experience, he could have had that vivid power of compassion which made other men's tragedies his own." . . .

'The second catastrophe in his life was one for which he must be held partly responsible. He had a case against the Harmsworth Press, and although he won in the lower court, the victory was purchased at a high price. All the money and influence of the Harmsworth circle was now against him, and an unwise attack on the judge made other judges his enemies. When the case was heard in the Court of Appeal, Hall was dealt with very severely—some say unjustly—and his practice, which had had a remarkable growth, suffered very considerably, so that his income nearly vanished. He had hardly recovered from this when he lost his seat at Southport, which closed his chance of preferment by reason of Parliamentary services to his party, so in mid-life it looked as if life was a failure. . . . His courage was a wonderful thing. He faced the future with cheerful confidence and steadily recovered much that was lost, till he became one of our most noted advocates. . . . "He was one of those rare men who have the courage to fight their own secret conviction that they are failures and prove it to be utterly false." . . .

'How few knew that the man whose physical appearance was so attractive, was handicapped with sickness. . . .

'The honour of judgeship comes to men who prove themselves great as barristers; Hall expected such reward. Again and again he hoped, but when appointments were made he was passed by. Some who had been his juniors and who were less gifted than himself received promotion, but for some reason such recognition was not for him. He felt it very keenly. . . .

'It would be easy to criticize the way in which he sought in Spiritualism some strong proof of the life beyond, and one could dwell upon the conscious and unconscious influence of his saintly mother. Was it without meaning that they found amongst his papers an early letter from her in which she quotes the hymn, "O Jesus, I have promised"? We can close with the thought that is given in a letter of a friend sent to Hall on his last Christmas Eve. "You've grasped some of the things that aren't worth having, and missed others; but, of the things you can't buy, you've got your full share."'

'Courage.'

Sir Harry Preston, in *Leaves from my Unwritten Diary*, tells a story of Barrie.

'We all went back in a cab afterwards to Sir James's apartment overlooking the river on Adelphi Terrace. It is a beautiful home that Barrie has. He took us from room to room, switching the electric light on as we entered and off as we passed out. There was one room like a ship's cabin, from the windows of which we looked out on the nocturnal river. We wound up a very happy evening, I

remember, playing billiards, and talking mightily of men and things.

'On a side table in the river-view room stood a casket. In the casket reposed the manuscript of the last diary that Captain Scott, the Arctic explorer, wrote. He wrote it in his tent as he lay in his sleeping-bag beyond human succour facing death from cold and starvation. "Courage," he traced with his dying hand. It was the last word he ever wrote, and the letters drop away as his hand fell, so that that final word straggles down the page. In due course the diary came back to England, and so to Sir James Barrie, Scott's friend, and the godfather of his son.

'Now, Barrie's right hand had become disabled. He could not write with it. And he could not, like Conrad, when his rheumatic hands failed him, dictate. He was about to give up. Never again would that magic right hand pen the enchanted words which have moved millions of human hearts to tears and laughter.

'But at that crisis in his life Barrie took Scott's diary out of the casket. He saw that last struggling, drooping word written by a dying man years ago in a terrible desert of ice around the Pole . . . "Courage . . ."

'And he said to himself: "If Scott had the courage to go on writing his imperishable message as he lay dying there, I ought to have the fortitude to teach myself to write with my left hand."

'And with infinite labour and patience he did teach himself to write with his left hand.

'He regained the use of his right hand later, but he still keeps his left in practice. "I will not discard my good friend, who stood by me so well in adversity," he said.'

Edwardian Poetry.

Messrs. Richards have just begun a series of selections from Edwardian poetry. Each volume (paper covers) costs one shilling. And the first poets chosen are Anna Wickham, M. P. Shiel, and E. H. Visiak. We confess we have some difficulty with Mr. Shiel. From Mr. Visiak's poems we quote 'The Sower,' and from Anna Wickham 'The Happy Mathematician.'

THE SOWER.

Rest, weary heart. Your work is done.
The sown seed ripens in the sun.
The toil you gave, the care, the pain,
Have won to light the imprisoned grain;
And many labourers are come
Unto the festal harvest home.

But will the singing reapers know
The price you paid, the debt they owe?
And will they give you thanks and praise
To cheer your solitary days?

They shall not need. It matters not.
For, in the harvest fields of love,
Wherein the holy reapers move,
Your fame shall never be forgot.
Your soul hath won through bar and clod
Unto the dazzling fields of God.

THE HAPPY MATHEMATICIAN.

When he was nine, he thought he knew
All about two times two.
He sang his tables out aloud,
And he was very glad and proud.
He thought: 'I'll not be weak or poor,
Because twice two are always four;
I know this now, and I'll get knowledge
Even more fine, when I'm at college.'

When he was ninety-nine or more,
Wise Death came knocking at his door.
Death said: 'As you get nearer Heaven,
Twice two are five or six or seven;
And at the centre of God's heart,
The whole is as the smallest part.'
The old man laughed: 'That interests me.
Teach me your tables, Death,' said he.

Religion in Soviet Russia

The Russian Church Aid Fund is hampered by an impression that some change in the Soviet policy towards religion has made its work no longer necessary. The President is anxious to have this impression corrected. The number of churches allowed to remain open is diminishing month by month. Help is much required to preserve the centre in Paris for the study of Russian Orthodox Theology (President, Russian Church Aid Fund, 2–3 Duke Street, London, S.W.1).

Erratum.

The word 'sixth' on p. 102, column 1, line 24, of Professor Moffatt's article on *The Ninth Commandment* in the December number should, of course, have been 'eighth.' A proof reader apologizes.

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