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*Erlebnis, Erkenntnis und Glaube.* From the mention of Karl Barth, it is natural to pass to that of Karl Heim, whose influence on recent Protestant thought in Germany has been almost equally widespread, and whose most important work has recently been translated into English under the title of *God Transcendent*.

Three books may be mentioned as offering useful information with regard to these most recent directions of thought, Dr. Walter Lowrie's *Our Concern with the Theology of Crisis* (Boston, 1932), John Cullberg's *Das Du und die Wirklichkeit* (Upsala, 1933), and Ernst von Aster's *Die Philosophie der*

*Gegenwart* (Leyden, 1935). Yet our last word must be to repeat that the student who is not well grounded in the history and greater classics of his subject, is little likely to be able to keep his head among these excited contemporary discussions.

*Postscript.*—Since writing the above, two translations have been announced which must now be included in our list—Tillich's *The Interpretation of History* (which includes certain parts of *Religiöse Verwirklichung*) and Brunner's *Philosophy of Religion* from the same German series as Przywara's *Polarity*.

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## In the Study.

### Virginitibus Puerisque.

#### The Second Mile.

BY THE REVEREND DR. C. W. BUDDEN, M.A.,  
CROYDON.

'The measure you deal out to others will be dealt back to yourselves.'—Lk 6<sup>98</sup> (Moffatt).

ONLY this week I discovered a text I had never noticed before—a curious and interesting text in one of those books of the Bible we don't often read: the Book of Ezekiel.

Ezekiel tells in his book about a dream he had in which he saw his beloved city of Jerusalem with its Holy Temple under ideal conditions—a vision of what might be if everything were perfect. In his dream he is taken round the Temple, and all the details of its furnishing are described. So he comes to the altar where men are to lay their offerings and he gives the measurements of the altar. He doesn't say it is eight feet long and three feet high because these are English measurements—but he says it was so many cubits each way, and then adds this curious text: 'The cubit is a cubit and an hand-breadth.' Doesn't that seem strange? It is like saying: Our Holy Table is eight feet long. A foot is one foot and a quarter.

So I looked up this strange measurement in one of the books of my library to see what it meant. I knew what a cubit was. It was the distance from the elbow to the tip of the finger; and I knew what a hand's-breadth was: the width of the open hand. We still use measurements like these. I daresay

you have seen your mother measuring cloth by holding one corner to her nose and the other at the end of the outstretched hand, for that is almost exactly a yard. And we speak of horses being so many 'hands' high. You never hear of a 'six-foot' horse or a 'seven-foot' horse—but that he stands so many hands high. But what kind of a cubit was one which was a cubit and a hand's-breadth? Well, it was what the people in Babylon called a 'Royal' cubit. It was the measure which the king, and the king only, used. Suppose, for example, the king were to be supplied with some royal purple cloth and he had ordered his weavers to make it three cubits wide—then they would make it wider than for ordinary people, for they would measure by the 'Royal' cubit. Equally, were the king to be giving a present of cloth to a subject—as when King Ahasuerus gave Moredecai apparel of blue and white and a garment of fine linen and purple—it would be measured by the 'Royal' cubit, for the king's generosity should be greater than the generosity of his subjects.

Then I understood what Ezekiel meant when he spoke of the altar of God being measured with this particular kind of cubit. It was to be the measure of men's gifts to God, and the measure of His gifts to them. It was what our Lord meant when He said: 'If any one shall compel thee to go a mile—go with him twain,' that is, be ready to give, and to do just twice as much as you are asked. Do you remember our Lord saying that when we have done all that we have been told to do—we must say, 'We are unprofitable servants.' That is rather

remarkable, and a little unexpected, isn't it? We think it would be reasonable to say, 'I've done what I was told, and that's one up to me.' 'I've done my duty. I've done what I ought to have done.' The duty I ought to have done. It is interesting to note that the word 'ought' is the same as the word 'owe,' and the word 'duty' is the same as the word 'debt.' We say a man ought to pay his debts. We don't praise him for that. When father sends his cheque to the school for your education, and mother pays the grocer's bill for the weekly housekeeping—we don't make a song about it, and say that they have done something for which they ought to be highly praised. Our Lord says that doing our duty is only just right, and to be expected.

You see Jesus takes it for granted that we will always do our duty, but He expects that we will go beyond our duty and do something more. We will measure with the royal measure—the cubit of duty and the hand's-breadth more! We will not be content to do what is commanded, and stop there; we will do our best, and always wish we could do better. Our dozen is to be a 'baker's dozen'—the twelve that are paid for, and one thrown in out of good-will. That is to measure with the royal measure. Is this a hard programme? Of course it is a hard programme. That makes it worth doing. Any one can do easy things.

In business we hear of people investing money and drawing dividends. But only the people draw the dividends who have invested their money. No one else gets anything, and what we take out is in proportion as we put in.

I take the other day of a lay preacher who went to tade duty at a little village chapel. 'As he went in, he saw in the porch a collecting-box. Thinking it was for the poor, he slipped half a crown into it, and went on into the vestry. After the service was over, one of the office-bearers came to him in the vestry, and after thanking him for the service, he said, "You will understand that we are poor folk and unable to pay anything by way of fee, but we have a box in the porch, so that any who have been helped by the service and feel grateful, may put something in, and whatever is found in it, we ask the preacher to accept towards his travelling expenses. I am delighted to be able to tell you that to-day we found *half a crown in it!* Will you accept that with our thanks?"

'He smiled, and took it and went his way. When he got home and was sitting at the table with his wife and children, he told them the story, and they had a good laugh together. When they had finished

laughing, the eldest boy remarked, "Well, you know, Dad, if you had put more in, you would have got more out!"' (*Mystery Tours*).

Let our resolve be to measure what we do for others with the 'Royal' cubit. And the happiness we shall get will prove the truth of the text: 'The measure you deal out to others will be dealt back to yourselves.'

#### The Whitewash Coach.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN WILDING, B.A., NEWBURY.

'Let a man examine himself . . .—I Co II<sup>28</sup>.

Boys, large or small, young or old, will agree that there is hardly a subject in the world more interesting than trains. Of course we have cricket and football, but you cannot enjoy cricket in the winter or football in the summer. Trains you can enjoy all the year round. And I think that they grow more interesting every year, for we seem to have newer and faster trains with more and more comforts for the traveller. The days when the train jogged and jolted along are gone for ever. We can now go swiftly and smoothly to our destination. The greatest improvements in rail travel in recent years are in the steady running of the coaches, and on the Great Western Railway, which is just one hundred years old, this is largely due to the running of the whitewash coach.

This must be the strangest coach that ever ran on any railway! In it there are jars of colour from which run pipes with an outlet under the coach. An engine with the whitewash coach attached sets out. The line is a bit uneven, and whenever there is a jolt a splash of colour is thrown on to the line. Actually the jolt throws an electric relay into action: this opens a valve, and through the little pipes beneath the coach comes the splash of colour. Behind the coach come the men whose task it is to look after the line. They see the splash and they know that the line is uneven. Owing to the speed of the train the splash is deposited about sixty feet farther on from the uneven place, so back they go to find the cause of the jolt and to correct it. In this way the track is regularly inspected and smooth running is increased.

The idea is one that can be applied to life. We all would like our life to run smoothly for ourselves and for other people. We none of us really enjoy those jars or jolts caused by our bad temper, our forgetfulness, our greed, or our laziness. Then why not run a whitewash coach? I mean, do what many great men and women have always done. When you go to bed each night try and remember

what has happened during the day. When you come to anything which gives you a jolt, something which makes you feel unhappy or ashamed, make a note of it and determine that *that* shall not happen again. Mark it, and correct the trouble on the next day's run. If you do this before you say your prayers, you might ask our Father in heaven to give you special help.

Father, lead me day by day,  
Ever in Thine own sweet way.

### The Christian Year.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

#### The Broken Vigil.

'What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'—Mt 26<sup>40</sup>. (R.V.).

While we must not ignore or even minimize the guilt of the offenders, if we are ever to gain true insight into this episode of Christ's Passion-tide, neither must we over-emphasize it. Generally speaking, those who fall into the error of such over-emphasis do so by attaching insufficient importance to two facts. Of these two facts, the first is Christ's own pronouncement that the cause of this disastrous and blameworthy sleep of the disciples was not sloth but exhaustion—'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' The implied mitigation of the disciples' offence should of itself be sufficient warning to us against passing too hasty a judgment upon this specific act of these men. The second circumstance ought, perhaps, to have as great weight with us in enabling us to avoid an over-censorious estimate of the disciples in this matter. The circumstance is nothing less than the existence of the narrative itself. It is simple truth that this event could never have been put on record at all except upon the information of those who had been guilty of the weakness which it reports. And in that confession there is no attempt to exculpate themselves.

The dismissal of the question of blame is not, of course, to be identified with the dismissal of the consideration of the fault. We are bound to give our attention to the fault as a means of adding to our enlightenment concerning the Atonement. It is beyond all doubt true that the broken vigil of the disciples added something to the burden of Christ, and intensified in some measure the exquisite suffering entailed by Calvary.

These words, 'What, could ye not watch with me one hour?' constitute a real comment on the humanity of Christ in their note of bitter disappointment. We may say that the condition in which Christ found His followers upon His first coming to them from His solitary agonizing was by Him totally unexpected, and must have been borne in upon Him with the force of a blow. He had gone to His Agony, confident in their sympathetic presence. Even as He had journeyed with them to the hallowed spot of His communion with God, He knew that these men loved Him. On that brief walk from the supper-room to Gethsemane their love had ministered to Him by its sustaining influence upon His heart. Having tasted of that loving sympathy, He had made a fresh call upon its resources, in the wistful request, 'Tarry ye here and watch, while I go and pray yonder.' So with a confidence in their loving nearness to Him, Jesus left His disciples and betook Himself to the lonely spot of His Agony. On His return, He found that His faith in them had proved illusory, that His confidence had been misplaced. In spirit these men were not near Him. Such was the origin of the disappointment which Christ voiced in His first reproach to them. We need merely note, as a further light upon the pain it brought to Jesus, the emphasis which He put upon the smallness of the request He had made, 'Could ye not watch with me one hour?'

The disappointment which Christ experienced upon discovering His followers asleep must have presented Him with an acutely dangerous temptation, which may be regarded as the first effect upon Him of their inopportune slumber. Direct from His agonizing over His imminent ordeal, and with His physical vitality perilously low in consequence, He came upon these followers of His. The shock to His entire moral being, contingent upon His discovery of their failure to watch, must have been, at least momentarily, devastating in its effects upon Him, draining His heart of its high courage, and tempting Him seriously to doubt the value of His divine enterprise.

We may assume that our Lord's recovery from this wholly unexpected and disquieting attack upon His spiritual poise was immediate, and that His mastery over the temptation to despair, to which it subjected Him, was at once overwhelmingly complete. This conclusion is justified, not only by the subsequent events of the Passion and Crucifixion, but also by the strong yet tender solicitude which He displayed immediately on behalf of those who had failed Him in His hour of need.

The relevance of this solicitude to the final exercise of Christ's self-sacrifice should not be overlooked. The very immediacy and completeness of His recovery from the blow He had received were productive of another effect upon Him, which must be considered in relation to His death on Calvary. We may, perhaps, grasp the true import of this new effect upon Christ in the following manner. It is certain that any radical adjustment of the entire moral nature may never be attained without the payment of a heavy price in physical vitality. Macbeth, for instance, in his resolve to pursue an evil course which was repugnant to his moral being, found it necessary to

bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Not less do the physical powers become involved in the determination to *resist* evil; and the more immediately such a resolution is taken, and the more speedily it is acted upon, the greater is the drain upon the bodily strength. In the case before us, the strenuous and victorious resistance of Christ, alike to shock and to temptation, could scarcely do other than leave Him terribly shaken.

Another consequence of the disciples' tragic failure may be seen in the radical difference between our Lord's spiritual outlook on His first leaving them and that of His second departure. His confidence in these men was an integral part of His spiritual condition, as He first set His face towards the spot of His Agony. As He departed from them the second time, that confidence had given place to the bitter knowledge that He was now bereft of all real human support in His anguish. The presence of this element of disillusionment would be still further increased by the repetition of His discovery of the torpor of His followers. The words, 'Sleep on now, and take your rest,' uttered at His third coming, and immediately before the arrest, imply the failure of Christ's hope that, after His solemn warning, these friends of His would redeem the time.

If there had been a belated fulfilment of this hope Jesus would not only have had the comforting assurance that, by a timely penitence, His disciples were once more in spirit by His side, but the realization of that hope would have removed from Him all anxiety for their spiritual well-being.

If we are to understand the central importance of Christ's warning to His disciples, we must look on it as addressed to them on their behalf and for their benefit. It is the voicing of His anxiety for their souls. As Pascal well says: 'Jesus, in the midst

of this universal abandonment and of His friends chosen to watch with Him, finding them sleeping, is perturbed by reason of the danger to which they are exposing not Him but themselves.'

The arrest of Jesus may justly be regarded as constituting for the disciples a challenge to their loyalty towards Him. The manner in which they met this challenge provides all too ample evidence concerning how deeply their souls had been affected by the evil inherent in their insidious and ill-advised sleep.

In that moment, panic-stricken terror laid hold of their hearts, and those safeguards which, had they but watched with Christ, would have secured both their spiritual integrity and their self-respect, were swept away by its action upon them. Of these men it came to be written, 'They all forsook him and fled.'

One thought more may bring to a not unfitting conclusion our contemplation of this Garden scene of the Passion-tide. We have dealt with the effects of this sad event upon Him as if these were easily separated entities. Nevertheless, they were not so separated in the consciousness of Jesus Christ. For Him, they were fused into one experience, the supreme importance of which, in relation to the final Atonement, lies in its indivisible wholeness.

We cannot begin to conceive of the force of this evil influence, nor can we ever hope to come within distance of understanding it. We may but acknowledge its existence as a factor which increased the final constraint of Christ's self-sacrifice, and rejoice in its annihilation through His victory on Calvary. In shamed silence we contemplate anew this Man, betrayed, deserted, denied, and burdened with anxiety for those who had treated Him thus.

In holy awe, we behold Him, as He moved forward with indomitable will overcoming these subtle manifestations of evil, to the accomplishment of that purpose of redemption which proclaims Him the only-begotten Son of God, 'full of grace and reality.' And standing thus, amid the Garden of His pain, enraptured by His presence, we find our hearts the captives of His glory, and rest in His dying yet undying love.<sup>1</sup>

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Faith.

'Looking unto Jesus.'—Heb 12<sup>2</sup>.

In the New Testament there are two main positions taken up concerning Jesus Christ.

<sup>1</sup> A. G. Paisley, *Fine Linen for Purple*, 35.

The first is that He is the disclosure of God. 'The Word became flesh and dwelt among us; and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father.' God 'hath shined into our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' 'God . . . hath spoken to us in a Son . . . the effulgence of his glory and the very image of his substance.'

The second is that He is the anticipation of the human future. We are 'foreordained to be conformed to the image of His Son that we might be the first-born among many brethren.' We may be 'transformed into the same image from glory to glory.' We are to 'attain unto a full-grown man of the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.' 'If he shall be manifested, we shall be like him.'

1. Not very long ago in the *Yale Review* there was an article written by a woman, who was discussing the question of the clue to the meaning of the world. 'There is,' she says, 'a beauty, rarely but positively perceptible, which silences Job himself. Not the much touted beauty of Nature or the only less touted beauty of art; for they are accidental and sensuous. The æsthetic sense is the way out, probably; but the æsthetic sense turned upon purely human and, I mean, personal values. . . . No better phrase for this single saving thing can be found than "the beauty of holiness." . . . The least deceiving thing this side the flaming ramparts of this world is a human personality. There can be no higher delight than in contemplating perfection; and while perfection we admit is not of this world . . . there can be visible approaches to it, superiorities, at all events, so great that they quite transcend our mean categories. It is, I believe, a human character so subtly purged, so fine, so incorruptible, that it seriously deceives nowhere that can give the highest form of æsthetic satisfaction. It is only to some human being we can say: "The whole sad earth you justify."'

The writer rescues for us a forgotten truth. The highest æsthetic value and the highest moral value are one and the same. Supreme goodness and supreme beauty are the same thing. The writer calls this quality 'the beauty of holiness.' And she is right. But there is a better word for it—the word 'grace,' when it is specified, as it is in the New Testament, as 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' What the writer of the passage omitted to say is that the perfection which she desires to see did once appear in this world; and it was known as Jesus of

Nazareth. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews after quoting the Psalmist's saying that God has crowned man 'with glory and honour,' goes on to say that this had not come to pass, 'We do not see man crowned with glory and honour.' But he proceeds, even though man is not crowned with glory and honour, '*we see Jesus* because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour.' In Him we see the ultimate goal and the new beginning of the human race. When Mr. Walpole's *Rogue Herries* had at the end of his long tumultuous life found peace in the perfect love which for long tormented years he had sought, he said, 'Life has a meaning. At last, at last, it has a meaning. One fine hour is enough.' And that one fine hour on the Cross is enough. It is to Jesus Crucified we say: 'The whole sad earth you justify.'

2. But because Jesus is the disclosure of the divine nature, He is also the disclosure of the divine intention. He is no accident, no anomaly—no chance personality that has wandered 'out of the everywhere into here.' Our destiny is to become men and women like Jesus Christ. How can that be?

'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.' *Looking unto Jesus*, we keep to the course. On most golf courses there is a blind hole or two. One stands on the tee, but cannot see the green. But in order that we may know the direction, a pole is put up at a convenient point on a straight line between the tee and the green. Life can be likened to playing a game of golf as well as to running a race. For in life, as in golf, there are fairways and rough, bunkers and hazards, ups and downs; and in life, as in golf, we may miss or fizzle our drives, slice our shots or pull them, come short of the green or overshoot it. But whether in life or in golf, the first thing is to know which way to go. Jesus is our direction. He is the sign that shows us the way. Here are we, put down here in this world: and there is a 'go' in our bones. We know we are meant to go somewhere. We are creatures of destiny: but our journey's end is not in sight. How then are we to know the way? Sometimes life has been likened to a pilgrimage, and the classic story of that pilgrimage is Bunyan's. The description of Christian when we first meet him is: 'I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run, yet he stood still because I perceived he could not tell which way to go.' So Evangelist says to him: 'See yonder wicket gate,' and bids him make for it. In life we are like golfers playing a blind hole; and Jesus is the sign that gives us direction. We

are like pilgrims lost in a wilderness ; and Jesus is our wicket gate.

But why Jesus ? First, because He is, as we have seen, the disclosure of God who is our goal. 'He that seeth me,' said Jesus, 'seeth the Father.' 'No one cometh unto the Father but by me.' We are like men with defective sight. We take off our glasses and see people before us as a sort of general blur ; but when we replace our spectacles we see before us a number of faces. The lenses have brought them within our range. And so in Jesus, God has come within our range : and to make for Jesus is to make for God.

Second, we would say this : Call to mind the great and good men and women whom we would choose to be like—St. Francis, Father Damien, Elizabeth Fry, Jane Addams—any one of the great figures of light and love and character in the last two thousand years ; and we find that together we have assembled a very notable company : and we would also find that they had this in common—that they had run the race, looking unto Jesus. H. W. Massingham, towards the end of his life, went back to the life of Jesus, and there, he said, he found 'elemental stuff,' and that 'out of it was made all the goodness that I have ever come in contact with.' When we run the race, looking to Jesus, we are in the best company in the world ; and unless our moral sense is all out of plumb, we know deep down in our souls, past doubt, past argument, that the way that great company is travelling is the way for us.

Then, looking unto Jesus, we shall also stay the course. For we shall find that He is not a stationary landmark, a fixed sign-post. He is the beckoning, encouraging friend. The one word which every soul that looks intelligently at Jesus finds written all over Him is the word *Come*. Sometimes He finds us men and women cold and stubborn ; and His face is clouded over ; and He says, 'Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.' But He still goes on bidding us come. Sometimes He says, 'Come after me, and I will make you fishers of men,' calling us to the honour of partnership with Him ; and when He sees that the going is hard for us, and that we are bowed beneath the burden and heat of the day, He calls out to us still, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' If there be within hail a soul dead in trespasses and sins, He cries out as once He cried to a dead man, 'Lazarus, come forth !' And He speaks with authority. At His word, dead souls come to life ; sick souls take up their beds and walk ; tired pilgrims take the road again ; and spent runners

get their second breath. We shall stay the course, if we run 'looking unto Jesus.'

And as we keep and stay the course, a miracle goes on. We grow like Him. And that is no fairy-tale. It has happened to a company that no man can number ; and that same wonder may happen to us to-day.<sup>1</sup>

### THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

#### The Humiliations of Life.

'In Damascus the governor under Aretas the king kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me : and through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hands.'—2 Co II 32f.

It is distasteful for a man to speak about himself, but sometimes it becomes his duty. The Apostle was being taunted at Corinth by some who insisted that their religious credentials were better than his. They sought to discredit his gospel by undermining his reputation, and in self-defence he felt obliged to state his record.

I have been often at the point of death ; five times flogged by the Jews, three times beaten with a lictor's rod, once pelted with stones, three times shipwrecked, adrift at sea for a whole night and day, in danger from rivers and robbers, and so on. If I've anything to be proud of, he remarks, with a touch of humble passion, it is these experiences of helplessness and hazard through which God brought me, as I sought to discharge my vocation. And then suddenly he flings his mind back to the incident of our text—something that happened at the very opening of his Christian career.

It comes in abruptly. We ask, What made him recollect this particular episode ? Memory no doubt has its own ways of working. Still, this mention of the escape from Damascus sets us wondering why he put it in, at the close of adventures so much more exciting and serious. Had some of his critics recalled it, sneering. 'This was how your fine Apostle began his career—by running away from the post of danger ?' Perhaps so. But we believe there is a most profound explanation. He recalled it because it gave him his first experience of the humiliations of life. He had travelled north to Damascus in the panoply of ecclesiastical authority, as a brilliant young leader of the Pharisaic party, one to whom every local Jew was bound to show deference. Even after he had joined the Christians, he had expected to have his services instantly accepted ; he had imagined that he would be able

<sup>1</sup> R. Roberts, *For the Kingdom of God*, 62.

to transfer his gift of leadership to the new cause, and be gratefully welcomed. And a week later he was flying for his life, smuggled out of the city ignominiously during the night.

St. Paul remembered that, just as John Knox remembered the nineteen months of slavery on the French galleys after he had accepted his vocation from God at St. Andrews; it came so soon and so unexpectedly after his wonderful experience of a vocation from Jesus Christ.

What are the humiliations of life? Well, it is humiliating to be disgraced by the misconduct of some member of our own family, or of our church, or of our nation, by scandal or blundering on the part of incompetent persons in our group, or by misdemeanours that sully the fair shield of a cause to which we are devoted. It humiliates us to have any slur thus cast upon what is dear to us. The high-minded man resents any discredit brought upon his profession or society by an unworthy adherent. St. Paul knew that bitter taste of humiliation; there are some men, he once wrote, speaking of shameless, self-indulgent Christians, there are some men *of whom I have told you often, and now tell you with tears, that they are enemies to the cross of Christ.*

It is humiliating also to fail ourselves, humiliating to be exposed for some error we may have made in act or statement. Years later, we may recall the very time and place, and as the memory of some reproof flashes upon us, we are hotly ashamed of ourselves for having lost our temper, or for having been silly and careless. Only, we know we have deserved the humiliation, and if our nature is sound we are to-day the better for it morally.

Even when some humiliation is only partly deserved, this is true. Thus, when St. Paul did reach Jerusalem, he was surprised and vexed to find that his profession of Christianity was not at once credited. He tried to join the little society of Christians, but *they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple.* Although their attitude of distrust was in a sense unfair, he could not but feel in cooler moments that he had brought it upon himself. It is always humiliating to have a past which we must live down, even though we may be honestly trying to live it down.

Stuart Wood, in his book, *Strange Triumph*, tells us of his feelings when he saw the posters announcing his lecture—Come and Hear the Ex-convict. His vanity was hurt so deeply at being made a public exhibition that he contemplated deserting. "So," I said to myself bitterly, "this is how it's always going to be! Here am I nicely clothed and in my

right mind, a Brotherhood Badge parked in my buttonhole, and the author of two books. Was ever a friend so treated before! I won't go. If this is religion, I'm better without it! I'm going home!" But I didn't. To be quite honest, the central issue for me has boiled down to this: Am I willing to face that sort of poster wherever I go?

Nevertheless, there are personal humiliations which are not deserved. We may argue that even our Lord was sensitive on this point. When the armed troops came to arrest Him in Gethsemane, He protested, 'Have you come out as against a robber with swords and clubs?' He felt the indignity of being treated as a common criminal, as a pest to society; just as the punishment of death on the Cross with its disgrace was part of the shame He had to bear. So with St. Paul. Here, as elsewhere, we feel how such charges hurt him to the quick. But there is a moral grandeur in bearing all this. We cannot help seeing a nobility and a real heroism in people who hold to their course through good report and ill report; though their personal honour may be assailed and their word doubted, they refuse to allow such insults to cling to their minds or to abate their activities.

St. Paul's case was specially trying. He seemed to live it over again in memory. *Let down—in a basket!* He had meant to do so much at Damascus for the cause. And it all came to this—to a stealthy, unheroic escape from the post of danger, because not only was his own life in peril, but his very presence in the city endangered the safety of his friends and compromised their position!

I remember, he says, fourteen years ago being caught up to the third heaven in a rapture of spirit. Ah, but I remember, too, says the Apostle, something farther back still in my life; I remember over twenty years ago being lowered—being *let down, lowered in a basket!* I recall how God forced me to undergo that indignity, how against my will He stripped me of my pride. I remember the first time I was made to realize that I did not count for so much as I thought.

Such experiences of humiliation may be petty, but it is the petty things that often sting and wound us, especially when they come on the back of some great and happy experience. Very few things try our mettle and test our quality better than the sudden consciousness that we—we!—are at the mercy of other people or of Nature, and that we must submit for the time being to be managed or to be misunderstood. Such reverses of fortune are a crucial discipline. We mean to lead. We are to head the venture. And the first

slavery they felt sure he would die, and they would never see his face again. But God is always bringing good out of evil. The ruling idea of the story is expressed in the words, 'Ye intended evil against me, but God intended it for good.' The intention to do evil must not be lightly glossed over. God is determined that all anger, envy, malice, hatred, all that Jesus called a breach of the sixth commandment, must be for ever banished and driven out of human life and relationships; and to this end He brings those things into the exposure of the light, so that they may be seen for what they are.

So we may take this as axiomatic. We cannot hope to come to God if there is in our hearts any stubborn or unloving refusal to have our brother with us. No loveless soul can ever see His face. 'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.' He is a centre of death rather than of life, of darkness rather than of light. He is the very opposite of what God is. He is shut out of all knowledge and vision of God. 'He that loveth not, knoweth not God.' 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' The suggestion is that if one is pure in heart he cannot be unloving. That is the literal truth. To harbour resentment, to have a bitter or an uncharitable thought is to be guilty of impurity. It seems an alarming interpretation to put on the Beatitude, but it is Christ's own. It is full of startling and far-reaching possibilities. Purity means more than being free from gross or unclean thoughts, more than having morally clean thoughts. It means having loving and generous thoughts, gracious thoughts, thoughts of peace. No one can have peace either in his heart or in his home unless he has purity. There is no heart so unsettled as the impure heart. 'The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' We shall never find domestic peace where there are wrong relationships, and the root of all wrong relationships is impurity. 'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable.' Purity is the condition of all right and harmonious relationships. Any failure in harmony is a failure in purity, the condition of seeing God's face. Any remnant of resentment, hatred, or grudge blocks God out effectively.

So let us think of these words spoken not by Joseph but by God Himself. 'Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you.' Many do act as if they could go on with their worship and be religious without reference to their ordinary relationships. They seem to imagine that religion is

altogether a question of divine relationship, that so long as they have a purely spiritual relationship with God, they need not worry much as to whether or not they are in right relationship with their fellow-men. But there is no such thing as a purely spiritual relationship. We cannot detach ourselves from the world in which we live and from the relationships we have one towards another. These have everything to do with our relation to God—in fact, their importance is primary, not secondary. They are the determining things in our relation to God. 'For if a man love not the brother whom he sees, how can he love God whom he does not see?' There is no practical way of showing our love to God except through our love to our brother. If we have a wrong relationship with him, we are out of relationship with God.

It will be with us as it was with the poor millionaire, and he *was* poor, who, when he was a child, used to pray for a white pony. 'O Lord, send me a white pony.' He continued that prayer all his life till he was an old man, though he had enough money to buy thousands of white ponies. It simply meant that he was vaguely conscious of some big unrealized wish, the biggest wish in his life. He had lived for himself, struck himself free from all human relationships, in so far as that is possible, and set himself the task of making money, of getting on, no matter who had to get off in the process. He succeeded only too well in what he set out to do, but it was not the biggest wish of his life, after all. The white pony stood for that, and it was not something that he could buy with money. It was like happiness, something that must come to him; that is why it was the prayer of his life, a prayer that could never be answered, not unless he was willing to let go all his possessions, and make amends for all the wrongs he had ever done to others.

If we have done any one a wrong, if we have sold him into Egypt, sold him so completely that it may be impossible for us to redeem him again—he may be beyond our power—we must just do the best by the brother that remains. It was because of the wrong the brethren had done to Joseph that their little brother had to be left behind. It is a parable of how the disabling effects of our wrongdoing work out on others. Joseph knew that in leaving the little brother behind they were showing a consideration not only for Benjamin but also for the old man, their father, that was quite unusual. Yet he must see if these men are in any real way different from what they were. So he puts them to the test. He knew that the old man, their father, would never let Benjamin

out of his sight, unless on the condition that the brothers, one or all of them, went surety for his life. This is what actually happened. Judah, who was the best of them, went surety for his brother's life. And that is about the only atonement we may be able to make for the wrong done to a brother who is beyond our power to help, who may be dead and gone—just by giving our life in surety for the brother that remains.

Some years ago C. F. Andrews, friend of Gandhi, told a company of ministers that, though he was a priest of the Anglican Church, he could no longer worship with any freedom or joy in the Church of his baptism, could have no real communion there, unless he could bring with him his brown Indian brother to the altar. There were those who heard him who could not understand why he took the matter so deeply to heart. It surely could not be so serious a matter as all that. But it is.

'Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you.' If there is any inhibitory motive

in our worship with regard to our brother, or if we feel that we have been wronged by him and owe him a grudge, it is no use going on with the service or act of worship. We must put things right with our brother first; or, at all events, we must be ready to put them right the moment an opportunity occurs, if we would behold the glory of our Father's face.

It is not simply a question of doing a kind turn or a good deed to one in need; it is a question of doing something Christ-like and redemptive. It is when we go all out in real love to those in need and see Christ in the least likely and least likeable, when we are not ashamed to call even the outcast our brother, and in Christ's name claim for him a place at His feet, bringing him with us to the church we worship in, or to the altar we kneel at, or to the home we live in, that we see the face of God and realize why it is so often hid from our sight.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> E. Macmillan, *Seeking and Finding*, 93.

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## The Teaching of Theology.

### III.

BY THE REVEREND ARTHUR DAKIN, B.D., D.THEOL., PRINCIPAL OF THE BAPTIST COLLEGE, BRISTOL.

IN following Canon Raven and Dr. Garvie in this series I must begin by making clear that I have in mind the theological seminary, which consists of a very small body of students and has its eye fixed upon the ministry of the particular denomination to which it belongs. It comes to us from the past bringing with it a tradition and an ethos. In late years, however, the tradition has been modified and the method and curriculum changed accordingly.

Of necessity in an earlier day it incorporated that idea of the sharp distinction between the sacred and the secular which Canon Raven rightly repudiates. Consequently the students for the ministry were segregated, they lived a shielded life almost like monks, and gave themselves to intensive study with little contact with the world of men and things. This inevitably led to a narrowing of both mind and interest, and tended to exalt the training for the ministry as against the development of personality towards a general culture. Then, as specialization became more and more

necessary, the breach between ministerial training and general culture was further widened. The same thing happened also in other professions. A medical or an engineering course gives no guarantee of culture. A man may be well primed in one branch of knowledge and yet be quite ignorant of others. That seems to be the price we are paying for the tremendous accumulation of knowledge which characterizes our age. Only in the ministry this lack of general culture is the more serious because the minister must touch so many lives in his calling, and his very subject, namely, religion, has to do with the sum-total of life and experience. A relatively ignorant specialist is not unknown in the ministry. But, on the other hand, neither is the jack-of-all-trades, who can talk on all subjects and is an authority on none. How to overcome this difficulty—in my judgment the cardinal difficulty of ministerial training—is not easy to say. Canon Raven would have many more subjects added to the curriculum, and others would supply