
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

It breaks the connexion of the story, and whereas the reference in the verses on each side of it is unquestionably to actual bread, the word leaven in v.[15] is used as certainly in a figurative sense.' Is not this an instance of the rather unimaginative conclusion into which form-criticism may sometimes lead its exponents though there is so much in it that is illuminating? The whole point of the passage, v.[14-21], surely lies in the fact that leaven and bread are here being understood differently by Jesus and His disciples. How otherwise are we to appreciate the pathos of His closing words, 'Do ye not yet understand?'

Jesus has entered the boat in a state of deep sorrow and disappointment. The Pharisees tempting Him, have been asking for a sign from heaven. The disciples have witnessed it all. They have seen the disquiet of His spirit and heard His stern rebuke. Jesus might have expected that they would have some thought for His sorrow and some sympathy. Yet the only thing they are troubled about is that they have stupidly forgotten to replenish their stock of bread. Jesus, unconscious of this and with His thoughts only on the growing opposition to His Ministry and the evil influences at work against Him, utters His warning against the leaven of the Pharisees and the leaven of Herod. Careless of the spiritual crisis in their Master's ministry and concentrating only on their bodily needs, the disciples reason one with another, saying, 'It is because we have no bread.' Once again we see the loneliness of Jesus, when most He turns to men for support and understanding. So only, it seems to me, can we explain the severity and the sadness of the rebuke. Surely they might by now have learnt to trust in Him for their bodily needs, and might have had some thought for the Kingdom of God. Is it not easier to think that such an interpretation of the story is rendered possible rather by a recollection of words actually uttered by Christ, than by the blundering insertion by an editor of a reference to leaven suggested by other words about bread?

P. B. EMMET.

Nandyal, S. India.

Song of Moses (Exodus xv.).

Is not Mr. Gaster's comment on the opening words of the Song of Moses in Ex 15 only an instance of what is perhaps the chief weakness of modern scholarship?—an inability to appreciate the high poetic feeling, which is such a conspicuous feature of the Old Testament literature.

> 'My stronghold and protection is YAH,
> And he is become my salvation,'

is little more than ordinary prose. 'The Lord is my strength and song' is magnificent poetry.

C. S. S. ELLISON.

Hacketstown Rectory,
Co. Carlow.

Entre Nous.

'The Speaker's Bible.'

The latest volume of *The Speaker's Bible—Romans*, volume i., the twenty-seventh volume in the series, covers the first eleven chapters of Romans (Speaker's Bible Office, Aberdeen; 9s. 6d. net). It will be remembered that the aim of *The Speaker's Bible* is to preserve all that is most worth preserving of the modern interpretation of the Bible. Its object is to stimulate preaching and enrich the preacher's message. The thought is illustrated from many sources, including the latest publications. Principal Vincent Taylor has contributed the Introduction to the Romans volume, and perhaps we might also draw special attention to three full and suggestive studies by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Morrison on the great Pauline Doctrine of Justification by Faith; How shall a Man be Right with God?; The Mystery of God's Ways.

In his first paragraph Principal Vincent Taylor stresses the importance of the Epistle. 'The importance of the Epistle to the Romans can hardly be exaggerated in view of the part it has played in the life of the Christian Church and the strong influence it has exerted on the formation and deepening of personal religion. Few writings can have proved so deeply effective in the experience of

so many readers of all types and races. Its immediate influence can only be guessed, though it is indicated in part by echoes of its thought and language in 1 Peter, James, and Hebrews, and also in the works of some of the earliest Apostolic Fathers, notably in 1 Clement and the Epistle of Barnabas. Its influence upon the formation of Christian theology has been profound, especially during the Reformation period in the teaching of Luther and of Calvin, while to-day, in the hands of Karl Barth and other teachers, it is again manifesting its power as a source of vital religion.'

———

Arthur Burroughs.

The fault of many biographies is that they are over eulogistic and the reader finds himself unconsciously minimizing the biographer's statements. The candour of Mr. H. G. Mulliner in his life of the late Bishop of Ripon (Nisbet; 5s. net) conveys to us the greatness of Arthur Burroughs in a way that the other type of writing could never have succeeded in doing. How candid it is this quotation shows: 'Not a very congenial member of a College common room—perhaps; not altogether tactful as a junior member of a cathedral chapter—possibly; not an outstanding figure as a Dean—no doubt; not even a wholly effective diocesan—true; but at every stage of his difficult pilgrimage a surpassingly devoted friend to an enormous number of people to whose welfare he gave himself freely.'

This is a biography which should be read for edification and for the searching of a man's own soul. In writing of his personal religion, Mr. Mulliner, who was examining chaplain to the late Bishop of Ripon, speaks of Burroughs' inwardly disciplined life. Under the heading of discipline he did not despise small things, and amongst the rules that he put in writing were 'Cross the will daily; cultivate decisiveness.' The dangers of calling ambition duty and of becoming specialized were noted. 'Share in the troubles and battles of others. Be direct and aim high for "according to your faith . . ." Be humble and simple.' He noted down for prayer, daily or on a particular day of the week, all the business of his life. He added a list of causes for which he had a concern. There was a list also of the virtues which he felt he lacked, and of the sins which most beset him.

'These little pieces of paper with their small, neat writing bear witness,' says Mr. Mulliner, 'not only to his friendships, his thoroughness and his discipline but also to a great energy of spirit. They are the outward signs of an inward life lived towards God. . . . God was more real to him than anything else in human experience.'

> Dear Master, in Whose life I see
> All that I long but fail to be,
> Let Thy clear light for ever shine
> To shame and guide this life of mine.

It is a biography to be read for relaxation also. People and situations come alive under Mr. Mulliner's touch, and the Bishop is very human and not without a sense of humour. He never wanted to be official. 'He once wrote to a lady whose best-frock tea party, at the end of a conference in Switzerland, he had attended in shorts: "Your tea party was a charming and characteristic finale, only marred by my inadequate costume, but to show you that I can be over-dressed on occasions, I will send you a picture of my episcopal robes with me inside them." The picture duly arrived and with it one of the Palace, with the announcement on the back: "Over-housed, alas! as well as over-dressed."'

Arthur Burroughs, Don, Canon of Peterborough, Dean of Bristol, and then for nine years Bishop of Ripon, was of the liberal tradition in theology and of the Protestant Evangelical in piety. From both father and mother he inherited the tradition of piety and also of outstanding ability. Of the latter his record at Harrow gives ample proof. His biographer notes, for example, that he gained the Uno Tenore Prize which is only awarded to a boy who is top of his form list every term of his school career. He gained this in 1900—the previous winner, eighteen years earlier, being F. C. Burkitt.

There was nothing new in his message he said. 'It was the old Gospel.' But when in 1915 he wrote a long letter to the *Times* appealing to the Nation to seek the eternal goal he gained an influence, perhaps especially over the minds of the educated and in particular of the Public School type, which he never subsequently lost. 'He was a man with a message for his time and in that sense can be called a prophet . . . he had not a priest's preoccupation with the daily parochial duties; nor had he the ecclesiastical statesman's dominant concern with the welfare of the institution; nor again was he a theologian whose primary interest lies in the intellectual sphere. His was the prophetic temperament which sees a vision of God and holds certain convictions with passionate intensity.'

And so it is not surprising that he became a Bishop against his own desire. It was definitely for him the harder way. Many ecclesiastical

matters seemed to him of slight importance. He attended meetings and was amazed at the trivial nature of the discussion when the things that really mattered were not touched on. He was held back, impeded by what he called 'passive churchmanship.' 'He was conscious of the dead weight of this passive churchmanship, whose simple creed was simply expressed by a worshipper who said, "It is so nice at our Church, for nothing ever changes."' He longed to see a more adventurous temper in his diocese.

It was at the early age of fifty-two that Arthur Burroughs died. It is with wonder and reverence that one closes the Memoir of this Bishop of England who never spared himself, whose concern for educational and international interests was outstanding, who lived a life of spiritual enterprise ('It is so hard to be a Christian and a Bishop'), and whose influence over others was surpassing. ('You relit a torch in my life,' one wrote to him.)

Gratitude.

'The deepest religious emotion for Burroughs was one of gratitude to this God who had done so much, who was ready to do so much, and whose love was with him for ever. "All down the years," he writes in the Epilogue to his book (*The Valley of Decision*) "there has been but one spring and motive of genuine Christian life. It has lain in the thought: 'He died for me, and I must live for Him.'" To know this God within, to obey His commands, to be helped by Him, that to Burroughs was religion, the breath and joy of his life.'[1]

'The Road Behind Me.'

Dr. G. Stanley Russell of Deer Park Church, Toronto, who has written his reminiscences (Macmillan; 15s. net), has two of the most important qualities for the good autobiographer—a gift of interesting and colourful writing (did not Sir William Robertson Nicoll urge him to take up religious journalism), and a taste for life. 'It has rolled under the tongue of my appreciation like old wine. Not one aroma or bouquet has been lost.' 'His,' he says, 'has been a singularly happy, interesting and satisfying pilgrimage.'

Born in Grimsby, Russell's parents moved to Aberdeen in 1894, 'when I was eleven years old.' Readers, failing to notice this phrase, might well give Dr. Russell another decade. He entered on his first pastorate at twenty-four, and the years since have been full.

The book abounds with sketches of interesting personalities. When he was a theological student studying for the Congregational ministry he met frequently R. J. Campbell, then minister of the City Temple. A short time ago when he was asked, 'What is the greatest preaching you ever heard?' Russell had no hesitation in answering, 'That of R. J. Campbell in the early nineteen hundreds.' He recalls that as early as 1911 R. J. Campbell began to realize that he did not belong to Nonconformity. When Russell was in his first charge—the Congregational church at Hopton, near Mirfield—R. J. Campbell was staying with him and was taken by him to the House of the Resurrection, Mirfield. On leaving, Campbell said, 'You know, Stanley, that's my atmosphere.'

From Hopton, Russell went to St. Anne's, then came fourteen years at Grafton Square, London. From there he went to Toronto. More interesting than these external moves, however, has been the tracing of inner development. The beginning of the Great War, for example, found him delivering his soul on 'Curse ye, Meroz,' the end of it discovered him 'securely established in the conviction regarding all war which Lincoln expressed about slavery, "If this is not wrong, nothing is wrong."'

In view of the present emphasis on union it is interesting to note how preoccupied Dr. Russell also is with this thought. The one serious purpose he has had in writing his reminiscences, he says, is the creation of closer feeling between Canada and the Motherland—'how easy and natural such a union of hearts is.' After visiting the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, he wonders 'Why we find it so difficult to be friends with those with whom our chief concern should surely be our major agreements, rather than our minor differences.' As regards his attitude to union it is interesting to find that Dr. Russell believes it would have been better if Canada had started with a federated church. 'A federated church—at first, at any rate—would have begun with its elements both united and more numerous, and would have been able to secure further adhesions as time went on.'

A Hundred Forms of Christianity.

The Bishop of Croydon, in his pamphlet *Towards Unity*, writes: 'It is little wonder that those engaged in propagating the world mission of Christianity feel that the dimensions of the task are so vast, and the difficulties so baffling, that nothing short of a complete unification of all the Christian Churches—in strategy, in prayer, and in sacrificial endeavour—will meet the situation.'

[1] *Arthur Burroughs*, 64.

And he refers to Palestine where there are one hundred forms of Christianity among 92,000 Christians.

Another who makes the same point this month is Mrs. Pearl Buck in her novel *Fighting Angel*. Here the background—as of so many of Mrs. Buck's novels—is China, where her father was a missionary. 'One of the astounding imperialisms of the West has been the domination over the Chinese of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and what not, to the number of well over a hundred different types of the Protestant Christian religion alone. This has been, in China, more than a spiritual imperialism—it has been physical as well. There has been much talk of political spheres of influence, of Japan and Germany and England and France, dividing China into areas for trade and power. But the missionaries divided China, too. Certain provinces, certain areas, were allotted to certain denominations for propaganda, and there was supposed to be no overstepping.

'Andrew (the central figure of the book—a missionary full of enthusiasm, but with no forbearance, and no humour) was, of course, a born overstepper, because he always did as he pleased. He went where he pleased to preach. . . . A bogey of our childhood was a certain one-eyed Baptist missionary, who, I know now, was a harmless, good man, not more obstinate in his ways than others, but who throughout my childhood I felt was a spirit of darkness. I gathered that impression from Andrew, because the man believed in and taught immersion as the one true baptism, while Andrew, being Presbyterian, only sprinkled the heads of his converts. But the one-eyed Baptist, went about in Andrew's territory telling everybody sprinkling was wrong. It was a nice situation, humorous only to the impartial observer. For the ignorant people, believing that if a little water was a good thing for the soul, more was better, too often followed the one-eyed man, to Andrew's intense fury.'

Christ in the Modern Scene.

Eighteen short chapters form *Christ in the Modern Scene*, by the Rev. F. Townley Lord, D.D. (Epworth Press; 2s. 6d. net). The chapter headings, all in the present tense, immediately arouse interest—He Gives Us a Song; He Takes Us Inside Religion; He Shows Us Life Creative; He Makes Us Historians; and so on, until we come to the last two—He Saves; He Abides.

'He Takes Us Inside Religion.' Dr. Lord finds a sentence of Evelyn Underhill suggestive. 'It is no good to have tins without tin-openers, bottles of which the contents have evaporated, labels written in an unknown language, or mysterious packages of which we do not know the use.'

Dr. Lord thinks 'this is very terrestrial language with which to express celestial truth, and we can hardly imagine a mystic, like, say, Meister Eckhart, using tins and bottles as aids to the understanding of spiritual truth! Yet this quotation serves to bring an important point before us, namely, that if you are going to describe religion as like something in a tin, it is necessary to open the tin and sample the contents; in the psalmist's words, to taste and see.

'So we are back again at the contention, made over and over again in recent years, that we cannot appreciate the meaning and value of religion until we get inside it. Here experience, and experience alone, is the primary need.'

Service.

In his Rectorial Address, delivered on 3rd March to Aberdeen University, Admiral Sir Edward R. G. R. Evans—'Evans of the *Broke*'—said: 'Well, example is better than precept, and I will give you just one of my duty conceptions.

'Ever since the Armistice I have given an hour a day to the cause of those of my time who answered duty's call.

'I have tried to preach, in my own small way, self-help and sacrifice, without being too sloppy, and without considering politics, and I have done what I can to help the returned soldier and the stranded naval man.

'The result has meant finding employment for one man a week, or nearly that, since Britannia sheathed the sword in November, 1918.

'It doesn't sound much, until you find that it works out to nearly nine hundred situations found for ex-officers and men. For the last eight years I have been helped in this by a fine little Australian naval writer. I call him "Fifty horse-power in a dinghy!"

'This has been my self-imposed duty. It has been a labour of love, and whilst I am given health and strength I shall continue to the end.'

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.