

2<sup>12</sup>-3<sup>21</sup>; thus the purpose of Jesus to go into Galilee is not recorded as fulfilled, but leads straight up to 3<sup>22</sup>, 'After these things came Jesus and His disciples into the land of Judæa.'

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### Romans xii. 16; 1 Corinthians xiii. 7.

Ro 12<sup>16</sup>: μὴ τὰ ὑψηλὰ φρονούντες, ἀλλὰ τοῖς ταπεινοῖς συναπαγόμενοι. The last three words have been variously rendered—'condescend to men of low estate' (A.V.); 'condescend to things that are lowly' (R.V.); 'carried along with humble tasks' (Sanday-Headlam). Elsewhere (Gal 2<sup>18</sup>, 2 P 3<sup>17</sup>) the verb means 'carried away by' some (wrong) influence, and since this is quite inappropriate here, and the other meanings forced upon it by the translators have no authority, it is only reasonable

to suppose that the form has suffered corruption. Mr. R. M. Gwynn has suggested *συναγαπόμενοι*, but I should prefer *συνυπαγόμενοι*, 'subjecting yourselves.' As regards the gender of *τοῖς ταπεινοῖς*, I would follow A.V. in taking it as masculine rather than neuter, because the word is regularly used of persons in the N.T., so that the meaning of the three words will be 'sharing the subjection (or lowly estate) of the humble.'

1 Co 13<sup>7</sup>: πάντα στέγει . . . πάντα ὑπομένει. 'Bearth all things . . . endureth all things' (A.V. and R.V., with 'covereth' in R.Vm.). This tautology is scarcely tolerable. Moreover, in 1 Co 9<sup>12</sup> 'beareth' seems an inadequate rendering of *στέγω* which elsewhere (1 Th 3<sup>1-5</sup>) is rendered (in A.V. and R.V.) 'forbear.' I suggest, therefore, that we should read *στέργει*, 'is content with,' 'acquiesces in' (as opposed to a grasping, grumbling spirit).

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## Entre Nous.

### A. E. Whitham.

There was to have appeared in this month's EXPOSITORY TIMES an article on worship by Mr. A. E. Whitham. Just before he became seriously ill he had started on it and it must surely have been the last literary work he tried to do. And now, so soon, we have a memorial volume, compiled from his writings—*The Discipline and Culture of the Spiritual Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). In reading it we feel afresh what we have lost by his passing. The extracts, each making a chapter, have been excellently chosen to show the scope of his work. They are arranged under large subject headings—'The God We Worship,' 'True Religion,' 'The Church and the Creeds,' 'Our Manifold Temptations,' 'Our Responsibilities as Christians,' 'The Devotional Life,' 'At Special Seasons,' and 'The Victory of Faith'—so that we have a feeling of continuity and completeness in reading. There is a charming Introduction, 'My Father,' by his daughter, Fiona Mary Whitham. In a few deft, tender touches she paints such a picture that we feel we see and know him. 'Saint Augustine said: "Love God, and then do what you like." If it were possible in one phrase to sum up my father's attitude to life it would be this, which he himself used frequently. He loved God, and in the strength of that love lived gloriously.

'At an early age we, his daughters, were thrilled by his joyous interest in everything. . . .

'He was truly a master in the art of living, and it was exhilarating to see him give himself fully and vigorously to that art. His poise was remarkable: his catholicity of mind, his genius for friendship, his patience in his dealings with folk who tried him sorely, his unforgettable humour.

'His desire for us when we were young was that we should be reasonable. I can hear him now saying to us: "Be reasonable, my dears, be reasonable," and our laughter as he worked himself into a quite unreasonable fervour about it. . . .

'One of his last words to me—though we did not know it then—was: "He has the hammer that can strike my bell." It was to have been the subject of his last sermon on Christmas morning, but he was not well enough to give it. But that was the thought which shone in his mind at the last, and I know of no more fitting note on which to close: *He has the hammer that can strike my bell.*'

This is a volume that can be read straight through, for Mr. Whitham had the great gift of easy, flexible writing. But it is a volume to be read again, chapter by chapter, for it is full of hard, sustained thought. It is a book for to-day for Mr. Whitham could say, 'I am deeply contented with my faith, more deeply as the years pass and I see the waxing and waning of all other ingenious and pathetically strained substitutes. In the midst of the questions

that plague the mind, I have a joy that intensifies with the years.'

#### A Miracle in the Usual.

'The adventure is in our own street, the romance at the door, the colour at our feet, the wonder in the common-place—"for there is no such thing as an uninteresting subject, only an uninterested person." There is a miracle in the usual, a sublimity in simple loyalties, and a stage for divine drama, though the stage be as narrow as Palestine and as cramped as a cross. Christ was tempted to the unusual when the suggestion came to turn stones into bread. He was tempted to the astonishing with the thought of casting Himself down from a pinnacle of the temple. He was tempted to the revolutionary romantic when, for a nod to Satan, kingdoms and powers might be won, and He turned from these enticements to read a lesson in the synagogue, to bear with men like Peter, Judas, and Thomas, to be the confidant of such women as the woman of Samaria, to play the guest to Zaccheus and the host to fishermen, to wash the feet of men, and die on a cross, not as a hero even to His own friends, but as an outcast and criminal.'<sup>1</sup>

#### Human Brotherhood.

'We think we know certain things until some one asks us about them, and then we find we don't know. . . . So with regard to our beliefs. We think we understand Christianity. We take it for granted that we believe in Christian things. The Bishop of Manchester, in his little book written for Lenten meditation, gives an incident from the War. An officer at mess was saying, "What does this fellow Wilson want to butt in for with his beastly League of Nations?" Here in his excitement the officer knocked over a glass. "Oh, damn! Sorry, padre. What I mean is I cannot stick all this blether about human brotherhood." The Chaplain, as officially representing the Church of God, was supposed to feel shocked at hearing the word "damn," and was entitled to an apology, but it was not thought that he would expect an apology for blasphemy against the very heart of the Gospel he was commissioned to preach. Doubtless that young officer thought he knew something about Christianity, and might have felt insulted if you had called him a heathen, yet he did not know the ABC of it.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A. E. Whitham, *The Discipline and Culture of the Spiritual Life*, 73.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 59.

#### Cure of Souls.

It is time to think of holiday reading and here is just the book to take with us. It is *Thirty-Five to Fifty*—a collection that Dr. Albert Peel has made from his own writings. Whatever subject Dr. Peel writes on—and there is a great variety here—he is interesting. There are chapters on 'Statesmen and Scholars,' 'Pastor and People,' 'Men and Books,' 'Work and Play,' and his favourite recreation, 'Cricket.' The volume is published by the Independent Press at 5s. Perhaps we might say, too, that the whole appearance of the volume is most attractive. Writing on 'The Cure of Souls,' Dr. Peel stirs us to anxious thought. Here are a couple of paragraphs.

'One day the Master of a Poor Law Institution wrote to tell me of the funeral of one of the inmates, an old man nearly eighty. He thought I should like to know because "the deceased had left in writing that you were his nearest and best friend." How those words hurt! The old man came to worship on Sunday mornings, I had spoken to him perhaps a dozen times—and I was "his nearest and best friend!" God forgive me because I had not learnt more about him, and helped him more. A deacon and I went to his funeral. We were the only mourners: the old man was buried in a public grave, in a mound with many others several feet above the surrounding ground—one whom time had left derelict and friendless, loved by the Great Shepherd of the sheep if under-shepherds failed.

'Looking back on a ministry in a large and busy church, I am convinced that, as at present organized, such churches cannot but fail in "the cure of souls." It was a man wise in the things of the Kingdom who said centuries ago that "A soul is diocese enough for any one man." What are the limits of a congregation which can be a true church, in which the members can know and help each other, and the minister have time for "the cure of souls"?' I should say, at the very outside, a hundred families, and if the work of shepherding is to be effectively done, probably forty or fifty is nearer the mark.'

#### We must Begin.

'A story of the Prince of Wales—probably familiar by this time, and certainly good enough to be true—relates that on his American trip his medical adviser became anxious about his jaded appearance. Knowing that the Prince was unlikely to accede to a request that he should retire from a dance, the doctor spoke to the orchestra, and said, "I want to get the Prince to bed early to-night.

At midnight will you please play the National Anthem?" The orchestra did as requested, and when the last strains of "God Save the King" died away, the Prince jumped on a chair and said, "Now we've put father to bed, we'll begin!"

'Now, we have no wish to "put father to bed," but *we must begin*. We do not despise the accumulated wisdom of the past, but we must build on it; we must employ it in business, not live on it as capital.'<sup>1</sup>

#### This God a Fascist.

In his volume of reminiscences, *How I Found My Faith*, just published by Messrs. Cassell, Dr. Rhondda Williams of Brighton has something worthwhile to say on a misleading theory of Guidance. 'The function of religion is not to lighten the intellectual or the moral burden, but to enable us to carry them. The God in this theory is a Fascist. He does not want us to think for ourselves, but only to ask Him for our orders, and give them blind obedience. I do not believe in such a God. I believe the God who gave us our faculties meant us to use them.

'It is not to mental bankrupts the God of Christianity reveals Himself. And the soft talk about abstaining from "criticism," which really means not merely from carping criticism which we always knew to be bad, and not merely from analytic discussion which we know cannot fully measure reality, but from sober thought and discriminating judgment without which one cannot live a wise life, is unworthy of our creation as rational beings. Whatever comes to us as from the Spirit of God must be submitted as best we can to moral tests.

'Otherwise we are simply subjects in a Fascist State in which moral development is arrested, and intellectual sincerity made impossible. I want a God who will help me to think, not a God who does my thinking for me. If we honestly think that acting upon an impulse will be for good, let us act upon it. We shall thus be doing our best. We cannot be infallible for the simple reason that God made us fallible. In doing our best we may make mistakes, but an honest mind and a clean heart will carry us through all our mistakes into a wiser and safer life.'

#### Better Dead.

The *St. Martin's Review* is giving a page every month during 1938 to quotations from Dr. H. R. L.

<sup>1</sup> Albert Peel, *Thirty-Five to Fifty*, 15.

Sheppard's writings. This is part of the May extract:

'Our Lord promised a great reward to those who receive a prophet in the name of a prophet. Most of us have no hesitation in receiving a prophet, always provided that he is dead. A prophet living is an uncomfortable being; he makes no allowance for people who want a quiet life; besides, he has an uncompromising way with him, and no reverence for expediency. But, being dead, he can be honoured safely; no fresh word or challenge can come from him; he can be hailed as a prophet, and his tomb can be reared. It is easier to build the tombs of the martyrs, than to share the flames with them. But the counsel to receive a prophet in the name of a prophet—for the prophet that he is—can only apply to the treatment of *the prophet alive*. Our Lord set no store by sentimental dreamings; it was in a living and active faith He took delight. . . . To receive a living prophet in the name of a prophet means—obedience to his message. And it is there that we hang back. Now we shall not be judged in the end of things by our attitude towards ancient choices, or dead prophets. It is here and now that we must take sides not in old forgotten battle-scenes or in abandoned trenches, not under captains no longer in the field, but under captains with a challenge for living men. There or nowhere shall we win our souls.'

#### The Scottish Sabbath.

The *British Weekly* reports that the King and Queen have lent for the historical display in the Scottish Pavilion at the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow a unique clock which was the wedding gift from the citizens of Glasgow to their Majesties in 1923.

The clock was made in 1804 by a clockmaker in Pittenweem, and is regarded as one of the most remarkable ever produced in this country. There is a carillon of sixteen bells, and from beneath one of its three dials comes a Royal procession and a troop of Horse Guards. But the mechanism of the clock is so geared that there is no march or procession on Sundays, in keeping with the tradition of the old Scottish Sabbath.

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