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WILLIAM TYNDALE.

THE MAN AND HIS ACHIEVEMENT.

By Rev. Charles Flinn Arrowood, Ph. D., Professor of Religious Education, Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.

We are this year celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of William Tyndale and the far-reaching influences of his work. Ministers and laymen who are planning addresses on Tyndale will find Dr. Arrowood's article of great value and suggestiveness.—Editor.

William Tyndale, translator of the New Testament into English, was born in the West of England about the year in which Columbus first sighted the shores of the New World. He lived in a stirring time. The national spirit, intellectual interests, and religious insight of Europeans were quickened and deepened during the hundred years following his birth as they have been during few other periods in history. Many factors were making for an awakening, for a broadening of

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ment partly at least because of the prominence of their sons. How different the song of the one from the statement of the other that his son shall "comfort us in our work and in the toil of our hands."

Such are some of the pictures which we believe this little poem gives us of the times. It is the hope of the writer that a further study of this poem in itself and in its immediate connection and general relation to the plan of the book will show that he has not only not gone astray in the general idea of the poem, but that he has only just begun to suggest the teaching of the passage.

THE MINISTER'S TEST AND INSPIRATION.*

(2 Timothy 2:3-4.)

BY REV. W. TALLAFERRO THOMPSON, D. D.,
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Youth is often impatient with age; and sometimes age deserves such impatience. But when an old man, who has reached the utmost heights and who retains all of his great powers, speaks to those just beginning the climb, it behooves youth to listen— and youth will listen!

Paul, the aged, from the vantage point of a matchless ministry, speaks to Timothy, his son in the faith, who is just beginning to get a glimpse of the summit. Timothy listens with wide-open mind; and we do well to hearken.

I. *He summons him to a complete dedication of his life to the ministry.*

"No man that warreth entangleth himself." Nothing else must compete for the soldier's interest or his time. Pleasure, business, possessions, friends, family—all must take a subor-

*Opening address delivered in Watts Chapel at the beginning of the session of 1925-1926, September 23, 1925.

dinate place, or move out of the life altogether. This is true while he is at the training camp, it is more decidedly true when he stands at the front. He cannot have a divided mind, he cannot be disturbed by a second master. He is at war—the tremendous stakes of the battle, the fierceness of the conflict, demand his full powers.

The ignorance, the hate, the cruelty, the vice, the fears of the world can be conquered only by the Gospel of Christ. The issues of this war are momentous, the struggle is terrible in its intensity. Can a man enlisting for such a service give only a fraction of himself, a fragment of his interest to it? Last summer Dr. Speer, speaking at Blue Ridge, gripped us with this story. One of the ablest men who had been overseas with our troops, a man who had gone at the beginning and had just returned, in talking to a group of friends at the Yale Club in New York, painted so black a picture of Europe that they were appalled. When he had finished talking one of the men said, "Colonel, that is the darkest picture I have ever looked at. Have you no word of hope for us?"

"If you had asked me that a year ago," he replied, "I should have said 'No.' When I went overseas I had not read a word of the Bible. During my leisure time there I read the Gospels over and over again. If we follow Him He can save us and only He can. If Jesus does not save, the darkest word He spoke in His Gospels will be bright compared to what will happen in Europe."

What he said of Europe is true of the world. China is in tumult, India is seized with a vast unrest, Africa and the two Americas are not content. It is Christ or chaos, heaven or hell, for all mankind. The Gospel alone can save the race, and the Gospel can save only when those who have enrolled under its banner have done so without reserve. No man that warreth in such a war dare entangle himself.

II. *Such a dedication of life involves sacrifice, the good soldier must endure hardness.*

There's the rub! The call to hardness does not fall pleasantly on American ears today. There is a strange slackening

of moral fiber among us, selfishness is in the saddle, things are in command. Just why this is so we are not certain. There are, however, a number of contributing factors which we can discover. There is the reaction natural to the aftermath of the war. Some men had been greedily and shamelessly gathering dollars while their brothers were spending themselves, fighting and dying. Having made much then, they want more now. Many had nobly sacrificed all with a rare abandon. The severe demands of those critical days over, they have swung farther than ever toward indulgent living.

A materialistic philosophy widely and blatantly teaching that man is no more than the body you see, and that his career ends with the dissolution of this flesh, encourages man to eat, drink and be merry today—sensual pleasures are the only realities. And they must be seized now; there is no tomorrow.

A new psychology which speaks much of the great natural urges resident in man and their right to expression, justifies man in giving rein to his desires without regard to his fellow's comfort or to his country's laws.

A careless optimism begotten by a belief in, and a shallow interpretation of, evolution makes it difficult for a man to be concerned about the world's need, or to spend his energies unselfishly. The world is growing better anyhow, under the impulse of resistless forces, moving it toward a high, if distant, goal! Why worry?

Unnumbered doors of opportunity for pleasure and for the purchase of fascinating things, opened by the hand of greed, invite to ease and extravagance. Novels and plays that belittle morality and glorify passion and crime and luxury, excite desire; while a gentle preaching of a kindly Gospel on the part of many sounds no warning, rings out no challenge.

However it has come about, we are in a day when people are selfish and lawless—lovers of money, and privilege, and power, and things; when the great passion seems to be for material comfort, for having one's own way.

A minister here and there, to put it mildly, has been caught in the current. Dabbling in oil wells, interested in land, con-

cerned over his salary, thoughtful of his own welfare, he has lost his early devotion to his Lord and His cause. There was never a day when the minister was so well treated, when from the physical standpoint he was so comfortable. Handsome homes, large salaries, fine cars, delightful vacations are provided by a generous and thoughtful people. Well deserved, they are used by most of our ministers to His glory. But some are ensnared by them, mastered by them, despiritualized by them; so that an increasing number of men are thinking, and saying frankly, that a church can get the minister it wants if it will pay a sufficient salary, if it will furnish him with enough things. These men who are slowly selling their own birthright, speaking to young men whom they would have enter the ministry, emphasize the *advantages* of the pastorate—its immediate and steady income, its freedom, its leisure for study, its assured social position.

The atmosphere of moral flabbiness is about us like a miasma—clouding our vision, twisting and weakening our purpose, sapping our energy, subtly inducing us to indulgent living. We at the Seminary are not immune, we have been infected. Are *we* enduring hardness? Let us examine ourselves. Are we as careful as we should be in the use of money? Do all of us need the cars we have, or use them only when need arises? Do we purchase our clothes for wear or for show? Are all the trips we make to town or here and there necessary? Do we scrupulously, in His sight, examine all of our expenditures? The Kingdom of our Lord seems to wait on money today. Are we willing to lay the little all we have as a sacrifice on His altar?

Do we choose our pleasures with reference to, the enrichment of our lives, our preparation for better work; or do we do what we do and go where we go because we want to, or some one else wants to? Do we set aside a sufficient amount of time for work, and then concentrate our energies sufficiently for effective study; or do we just drift through our courses, obedient to our distaste for anything severe, subservient to our love of ease?

I have heard recently thoughtful men criticize our Seminary students along these three lines. They have said that we do not always spend our money on the basis of need rather than on the basis of desire; that we do not choose our pleasures in the light of the highest principles; that we do not give work the pre-eminence that we should in our lives here.

"Oh," you say, "we are not at the front yet, we are only in the training camp." But when the issue is drawn later, the soldier can call only on those reserves which he built into his life during his months of preparation.

We justify ourselves because the world lives in such fashion. I find myself wanting to do this because some one else does it, or to have that because others around me have it. But instead of being a temptation, the life of the day should be a summons. America is going to her death through self-indulgence. She needs a moral equivalent for war. She needs to be called to austerity, to sternness, to sacrifice. And she will hear and heed only as the message is delivered through the life of the preacher. In this case, the preaching and practice must coincide. This message must throb in our hearts before it can thrill through our voices! Dr. Ross, in his preface to Alexander Whyte's "Lord, Teach Us to Pray," says, "These pages are Alexander Whyte." It is when our call to sacrifice is our own life, when our message to suffer is red with our own blood, that our nation will hear.

We justify ourselves because some of the older ministers are living softer lives. But that is the tragedy of age. Ideals lose their glow, enthusiasms die out, devotion burns low as one grows older. It is easier to mount up with wings as eagles in the morning of manhood than to walk and not faint during the long evening of life. We must not become like them; we must rather rekindle their passion, we must refurbish their faith, we must recreate their willingness to suffer. Age is ever dependent for renewal on youth—daring, devoted, sacrificial youth! I am convinced that America needs to be called to suffer; that only the Church can issue the call; that only the ministry can arouse the Church; and that the sons rather than the fathers must stir the ministry.

We at the Seminary cannot live smooth lives. We must deliberately roughen them, if we are inclined to ease, and are made too comfortable by circumstances.

Dr. Raymond Calkins, in an address at Northfield some years ago, said, "The greatest men and women in this world have found the thing most intolerable, that their lives seem condemned by Providence to be too easy and too comfortable. I have heard of Protestant Christians whose lives seemed to be so easy as to be intolerable to them, who literally put on hair shirts and walked around with stones in their shoes to keep their moral fiber unspoiled."

I do not mean that we should do just that. There will be sufficient ways of crucifying the flesh, of putting iron into our lives without such expedients as those. What I do mean is that we should have this spirit—this hatred of ease, this willingness to sacrifice. William James urges us, you remember, "to be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, to do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it." While Henry Churchill King revolts from anything like asceticism, he says, "In spite of grievous mistakes, the long history of asceticism has been right in its fundamental protest—that the greatest things of the spirit cannot come to the ease-loving and self-indulgent, and that no price is too great to pay for the attainment of the highest."

It is not enough to decide in a general way that we will live sacrificial lives. We must be more concrete and detailed in our thinking. With determined purpose we must scrutinize our lives and decide specifically to cast out this and this and this, and to add this and this; that our own souls may grow strong through denial and striving! Let our prayer be that of Whitfield's, "Lord Jesus, help me to do or suffer Thy will, and when Thou seest me in danger of nestling—in pity—in tender pity—put a thorn in my nest to prevent me from it." And let us help Him thrust in the thorns!

This past week I was reading an article on Edison which said that some time ago, after a careful examination, the doctors

decided that his hearing could be almost completely restored by a comparatively slight operation. On the day set he said to his assistant, "Telephone the doctor and tell him he is not to come over today: I am not going to have the operation." And he gave this explanation: "I have learned to think by being shut away from confusion and sound. And I have a lot more thinking I want to do before I die. If they fix up my ears I'll have to learn how to do it all over again. I haven't the time to learn." Heroically he remained cut off almost entirely from the songs of birds, the enchantment of music, the voices of friends and the laughter of little children, for his work's sake! As I read that I seemed to hear the call that comes to the Christian from Galilee, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee, and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." Are we in earnest to that extent, are we willing to do for the Kingdom what Edison would do for knowledge? Shall we be able to say with that dying German philosopher—"I have made the most of the stuff that was in me"!

Let us examine again the passage before us.

The *soldier* must endure hardness if he is to please his commander, to win promotion.

Paul does not stop there. The *athlete* must obey the rules if he is to be crowned. While the word used here may not involve the idea of preparation for the games, the figure reminds us of the passage in 1 Corinthians 9:24-27, where he speaks of the severe self-discipline of the athlete. He keeps his body under by the fiercest means.

The *farmer* must labor if he is to partake of the fruits.

It is not my purpose to elaborate these figures. I only want you to see Paul combines them to emphasize the truth that the minister must be ready to toil and to suffer if he is to do his work successfully. He binds together inseparably the cross and the crown.

It was a real cross, too, he held before Timothy. "If we be dead with Him—we shall also live with Him." He is speaking of the martyr's death here. "In those days," as Jowett

says, "nothing was won without sacrifice, nothing was held without blood. To be a witness was to be a martyr." "It behooves thee," said Chrysostom, "not to complain if thou endurest hardness: but to complain if thou dost not endure hardness." Yes, the *good* soldier must endure hardness.

III. *Is the call too severe, the picture drawn in lines too stern? What is the test for the minister's life? "That I may please Him."*

My anxiety is not that by a life of cross-bearing you should meet the wishes of your Presbytery, you should bring joy to the hearts of your professors, you should measure up to any ideal heroic students of this institution have set in the past. My great longing is that you should make the one touchstone of your life here just this—"Do I please Him; does this please Him who called us not 'according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace,' to be soldiers?" If we do not please Him, then it makes no difference whom we please. Principal Rainy speaks of a "popular, unblessed ministry." Could any condemnation be more overwhelming! "That I may please Him!" Hold that high like a torch that its light may fall on all the experiences of every day.

What would He have me do?

He who had not where to lay His head, who said to the rich young ruler, "Go—sell all—give"—would not have us live under the dominance of material comfort; under the spell of gold.

He who said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day"; He upon whom the urgency of the coming night rested; He of whom the Jews said as they saw marks of the strain on His face, "Thou art not yet fifty years old"—He does not mean for us to dawdle through our years here; to think chiefly of the pleasures the city and community have to offer. He who spent thirty years in preparation, and did not stand in the public eye until His hour had come, would have us limit our outside efforts and put the work of training first. He who pleased not Himself, but came to do the will of Him that sent Him; He who knew Gethsemane and Cal-

vary, and who said, "If any man would come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me," has not called us to consider only our own desires, to walk a flower-strewn road. It is not I who am stern, *it is He!*

IV. *But as we think of it this severe test becomes our supreme inspiration.*

I am moved to sacrifice more than by the thought of reward, more than by the certainty of a fruitful ministry, a joyous life, a home in glory. I do this *that I may please Him* who is not only my commander, but my Saviour; not only my Lord, but my Friend. Above the prompting of duty, the thought of promotion, is the compulsion of love. Like Theresa, I desire a torch in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other, that I might quench the fires of hell and burn up the rewards of heaven, so that I might serve Him only from love. "That I may please Him." That having a sense of His presence, being aware of His interest, I may know that He has joy in me. That is enough!

Hardness! What of it? Stephen's face was like that of an angel as he saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God to receive him; as he saw he had pleased his Lord.

Hardness! There is a fact of the future life which we can make real today: "His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face." Can we not see Him today? As we serve, we can see the light of gladness in His eyes, words of praise forming upon His lips. Despite any hardness, we are content!

This is mysticism, you say. It is. But such a mysticism only means that I can have fellowship with a Friend, who, I know, loves and approves. Such a sane mysticism becomes a real and sufficient inspiration for any privation, any task.

There is a chapter in Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand," which has become associated with this verse in my thinking. At the beginning of the chapter the author introduces us to Private M'Slattery, a great, independent Scot, who had enlisted without really knowing why. He is impatient with regulations, rebellious at restraint, and soon finds himself in the lock-up.

Just as he is released he learns that his regiment is to be reviewed by the King. He has no taste for this, and astonishes his friend Mucklewame by declaring that he does not care to salute royalty. Then Ian Hay continues:

"However, at the appointed hour M'Slattery, in the front rank of A Company, stood at attention because he had to, and presented arms very creditably. He now cherished a fresh grievance, for he objected upon principle to have to present arms to a motor car standing two hundred yards away upon his right front.

'Wull we be gettin' hame to our dinners now?' he inquired gruffly of his neighbour.

'Maybe he'll tak' a closer look at us,' suggested an optimist in the rear rank. 'He micht walk doon the line.'

'Walk? No him!' replied Private M'Slattery. 'He'll be awa' hame in the motor. Hae only o' you billies gotten a fag?'

"There was a smothered laugh. The officers of the battalion were standing rigidly at attention in front of A Company. One of these turned his head sharply."

'No talking in the ranks there!' he said. 'Sergeant, take that man's name.'

"Private M'Slattery, rumbling mutiny, subsided and devoted his attention to the movements of the Royal motor car.

Then the miracle happened.

"The great car rolled smoothly from the saluting-base, over the undulating turf, and came to a standstill on the extreme right of the line, half a mile away. There descended a slight figure in khaki. It was the King—the King whom Private M'Slattery had never seen. Another figure followed, and another."

'Herself iss there too!' whinnied an excited Highlander on M'Slattery's right. 'And the young leddy! Pless me, they are all for walking toun the line on their feet. And the sun so hot in the sky! We shall see them close!'

"Private M'Slattery gave a contemptuous sniff.

"The excited battalion was called to a sense of duty by the voice of authority. Once more the long lines stood stiff and

rigid—waiting, waiting, for their brief glimpse. It was a long time coming, for they were posted on the extreme left.”

“Suddenly a strangled voice was uplifted—

‘In God’s name, what for can they no come tae us? Never heed the others!’

“Yet Private M’Slattery was quite unaware that he had spoken.

“At last the little procession arrived. There was a handshake for the Colonel, with a word with two or three of the officers; then a quick scrutiny of the rank and file. For a moment—yea, more than a moment—keen Royal eyes rested upon Private M’Slattery, standing like a graven image, with his great chest straining the buttons of his tunic.

“Then a voice said, apparently in M’Slattery’s ear—

‘A magnificent body of men, Colonel. I congratulate you.’

“A minute later M’Slattery was aroused from his trance by the sound of the Colonel’s ringing voice—

‘Highlanders, three cheers for His Majesty the King!’

“M’Slattery led the whole battalion, his glengarry high in the air.

“Suddenly his eye fell upon Private Mucklewame, blindly and woodenly yelling himself hoarse.

“In three strides M’Slattery was standing face to face with the unconscious criminal.

‘Yous low, lousy puddock,’ he roared, ‘tak’ off your bonnet!’ He saved Mucklewame the trouble of complying, and strode back to his place in the ranks.

‘Yin mair, chaps,’ he shouted, ‘for the young leddy!’”

The eye of the *King of kings* is upon us. Do we please Him? Is not His praise all we need?

It’s easy enough to pray with Augustine, “Lord, make me pure, but not now; make me willing to concentrate my all, but not now; make me willing to sacrifice everything, but not now.” Let us not pray for postponement; now, as the new term begins, let us dedicate ourselves without reserve—purposing stubbornly to endure hardness, to discipline our powers, to toil terribly. Only so can we please Him who has called us to be soldiers—*good* soldiers—of the *Cross*!