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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

we were able to derive from the failure of philosophy and the tendencies of modern thought. Certainly, if modern thought has taught us anything on this subject, it is that there is no place for the old Unitarian conception. A solitary Person, enthroned above the universe, a lonely Sovereign in the skies, is now an impossible conception. Most of the arguments on which philosophical agnosticism relies are aimed at this doctrine and not at the Christian conception. There is, indeed, a place for agnosticism in the Christian creed, for agnosticism is just the assertion that the highest truths are superrational. When the agnostic movement of thought has been purged of its extravagance, we may find that it has for man a message of the utmost importance. For is it not the recognition by a whole school of scientific minds that there is a realm, and that the highest of all, which, relatively to the world of physical causes, is essentially supernatural?



Recreation and Religion in East and West.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MOULE, B.D.

THE thoughts and reflections contained in the following paper have been suggested to my mind by a special work in which I have been engaged during the intervals of my other missionary duties. I am translating into Chinese Dean Goulburn's "Thoughts on Personal Religion," the chapters appearing month by month in the pages of the *Chinese Christian Review*. I have reached, after two years' work, the close of Part III., and the chapter which is at present occupying my attention is on the subject of recreation.

Goulburn's original Preface is dated October, 1861, just two months after my wife and I reached China on our first missionary commission—the year when the Taiping rebellion was at the zenith of its power and success; the dark time of the continued struggle in the American States; the year of the

threatening of war, scarcely less terrible than that civil strife, between England and her daughter; the year also of the death of the Prince Consort.

“Commingled with this glare of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world.”

The readers of the *CHURCHMAN* will pardon me if I give personal dates with those of the history of the East and West. The extent of my acquaintance with China exactly corresponds with the life and influence of Goulburn's book; and, looking back and round me, what changes have come over England and over the great East! Dean Goulburn's treatise on recreation for Christian England half a century ago I try now to translate for the needs of the Chinese Church of to-day. What were the Dean's ideas of lawful and profitable recreation? What are an ordinary Chinaman's ideas now? How must the changes which have swept over the Church and realm of England during these forty years, and those beginning to manifest themselves in the long-slumbering East, compel me to adapt, rather than translate, Goulburn's teaching?

We must go back a hundred years behind Goulburn to see the elder Henry Venn, of Yelling, a crack Cambridge batsman in his day, after playing on the winning side in a match between Surrey and All England, throw down his bat with the exclamation, “I am to be ordained to-morrow, and it shall never be said, ‘Well struck, parson!’” But am I exaggerating when I record the fact that of late years young parsons are seriously handicapped in the eyes of not a few Churchmen if they cannot “strike well” and are not good athletes, “blues” by preference, and able to coach and captain village teams? Is not this a desirable and necessary element in the equipment of clergy of the present day? It does not, I know, confer a title, it is not included in the Bishop's preliminary inquiries, nor is it a subject for examining chaplains. But I think the saintly Dean would be perplexed could he wake and see us as we are. He says not a word about athletics or games in his discourse on recreation.

Let me not be thought out of sympathy with the Dean on the one side or of cold heart towards the new life of England and her Church on the other. I heard Goulburn preach in 1859, and I read his writings with thankfulness now; and though sixty years have passed since my early enthusiasm for cricket, I must confess that one of my surreptitious recreations still is to hit as hard as an antiquated parson may hope to do. And I doubt much whether this great devotional writer himself, could he prepare a new edition of his book, would decline to add words of approval of the delight in manly exercise and outdoor activities, not unknown, indeed, in his days, but which these intervening years have to so large an extent developed. But would it be unqualified admiration? and can we view the phase which is upon us, and is even now touching the East, with unmingled approbation? Goulburn's two chief varieties of recreation are the relaxation of conversation with friends and of home and foreign travel. But even within these two departments of recreation the Dean offers serious cautions; and his cautions must be applied to modern and more reckless devotees of recreation. "Do not talk nonsense," he says; "do not talk scandal. Do not talk as though there were nothing to talk about when you relax your minds and find refreshment amidst close mental study or pastoral toil."

The recreation of talking about the weather no Englishman in Church or State can lightly be deprived of, and the relaxation of mind produced by asking whether you have eaten your rice must not be roughly denied to the Chinese. But in such forms of recreation let both destructive criticism and the supernatural ignorance of agnosticism be avoided. Let us not search for dates of storm or sunshine which in our opinion should be fixed earlier or later; nor challenge the Divine origin or wisdom of the wind going to the north and round again upon its circuits, or of the stormy wind arising—at *whose* command? Neither, O Chinese friends and fellow-Christians, let us eat and drink, as you express it, "swallowing the very yellow earth" as a matter of course, as if not knowing or not caring to know that

in Him we live and move and have our being. But is it not with conversation as with letter-writing—the art seems sometimes lost? Table-talk worth listening to is rare, and the matchless style of Cowper's letters and the unhurried, full details of the letters of days no more—those fallen leaves that keep their green, the work of hands that are still—is that, too, lost? Yet what subjects there are now for tongue and pen in the *Scientia scientiarum* which is so growing, and in the yet deeper research into the history and hopes and needs of the nations and the triumphs of the faith!

I have not dwelt upon music and song as a recreation :

“Blest pair of Sirens, pledge of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse.”

The subject cannot have been absent from Dean Goulburn's thought and experience. It is impossible for the Dean of a cathedral so stately as Norwich and with music so reverent and so pure to be unconscious of the sacred recreation thus daily within his reach, or to doubt the possibilities of these harmonies to refresh and invigorate the highest senses of man. I can hear now as I write in the far-off East the refrain of that melody which for some years past has sounded, and perhaps still sounds, softly through the nave and aisles as the singers leave the vestry for the service in the choir: “Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness.” Perhaps too little stress is laid on this daily function of our cathedrals—that, with their continuous sacrifice of praise and prayer to the Most High and pronouncement of His Word, they provide for those who can spare the time recreation of the purest and noblest kind. Anthem and chant and response, when in faith and love listened to and joined in, not with the vague soothing of far-off melody, but with the strong sweet sense that all is to the glory of God, do refresh the soul for stronger and worthier duty. But this subject of music is deeper and higher than the few octaves of my thought and expression, and it is so truly one of the eternal recreations of heaven that I dare not discuss it or dogmatize on the subject. Neither, indeed, are the Chinese, with whom I am chiefly con-

cerned in this article, as a nation musical, though there may be an awakening coming in music as in other arts, amongst a people who have some sense of rhythm, but little of harmony. And it is well to notice, both for the West and East, that mere sensuousness or lightness may prevent music from performing its office of help to mind and body and soul in fatigue or depression. If it be thus degraded it will be impossible to bend this great art and gracious gift of God to His glory—His glory which should be the theme of its fuller chorus, its deeper harmony, its sweeter melody.

Now that we reduce everything possible to initials—sad and irritating habit—and clip and curtail everything that requires the toil of writing or typewriting—anything, in fact, that cannot be telegraphed or telephoned; when not only the names of the United States must be uttered so fast that only the first syllables can be tolerated, but this system is inflicted even on old China as well (Ku. for Kiangsu and An. for Anhui, for example, being adopted); for very lack of time to think and write and enjoy conversation as of old, then the question arises: “Is not Goulburn right?—‘Recreation may be turned into recreated drudgery.’”

The Dean’s second example of what may be consecrated and yet most enjoyable recreation is travel. Here, too, his suggestions and warnings are not without significance for the present time. With quiet humour, in those days of comparatively slow travel, he warns us against the unrestful and morbid recreation of “flying from cathedrals to cataracts, from museums to mountains, and from picture-galleries to pinnacles of temples,” thus utterly defeating the object of recreation and producing effects salutary to neither body, nor mind, nor spirit. So Cowper in his inimitable satire describes the effect of such travel on

“A dunce that has been sent to roam,”

who excels, indeed, but not in any very definite manner,

“A dunce that has been kept at home”;

and he asks

“ Whether increased momentum, and the force
 With which from clime to clime he sped his course,
 As axles sometimes kindle as they go,
 Chafed him, and brought dull nature to a glow.”

The grand tour of our fathers is eclipsed now by *Round the World in Sixty Days*, and here, in the Far East, on the very track of these world-perambulators, we see them flash past us ; for the exigencies of connecting fast trains with express steam-boats and returning for the rush of the season prevent such enjoyment of the wonders of the great East and such study of its problems as to justify the inevitably forthcoming books of travel—“ Six Weeks in Japan,” “ Ten Days in Shanghai.” And this type of recreation, especially when under the lead of the semi-solitary motor-bicycle or the headlong motor-car, with no time to watch and drink in the beauties of fall and fen, of sunset sky and seaside freshness, no time to talk with fellow-travellers, weary, perhaps, and longing for some sympathy and conversation—this, too, is coming on China and Japan. The great tour craze is with us. Provincial mandarins give grants to their sons and nephews, and to any promising scholar, to visit Western countries and see for themselves the outlandish world of which they used to dream, that they may learn from it what they can imitate, or avoid, or absorb. And the question may be asked, though hardly answered in the rush of life : “ Is this the quickening pace in progress towards the goal of the world’s emancipation and highest happiness in God’s love and service, or is it a headlong rush towards catastrophe ?”

Is it possible any longer, with the express speed of modern travel, to see “ the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower ”? That glamour of our early imaginative years, through the intimations—nay, the certainty—of immortality given by faith in the Eternal Maker and Redeemer, cheers and refreshes the believer’s soul at all periods of life.

But to return : how am I to advise Chinese Christians as to their recreations—how so to indulge and so to regulate them as

to help and not hinder the deeper and yet ever-advancing Christian life? Will "muscular Christianity," as it is sometimes called, help in the victory of Christian truth over the hearts and lives of individuals and of the nation? The passion for athletics or the interest in them is fast spreading. I have often noticed both Singhalese and Tamils in Ceylon playing cricket in good form, and Parsee cricket teams visit England. In Japan, two years ago, at Kumamoto I visited one of the great public schools in that city. There are at least 5,000 pupils in Kumamoto over nineteen years of age, almost all studying Western literature and one or other of the Western languages. This particular school has 800 students, half in residence in the college and half in regulated lodgings. I saw their fine playing-fields, where, with enthusiasm, they play football, though cricket is not yet fashionable. But the Japanese are naturally active, lithe, and more athletic than their comparatively small stature would lead one to expect, and their wrestling is probably unsurpassed in the world. In China football and lawn-tennis are very popular in all our large schools, but cricket seems too much like the assaults of artillery to please the Chinese well at present. Not but that the cricket eleven at Trinity College, Ningpo, has beaten more than once a European team from the settlement. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe sets us an example in Kashmir by his rowing clubs and football and cricket teams and fire brigades—by all the working of mature athletics in full and beneficent blast; and the Kashmiris need it, with their dangerously luxurious habits. Perhaps the same may be needed in hermit Korea; but do we need it in Japan, wide awake and conquering, and in China, industrious, active, patient, resourceful, intellectual, and courteous? What would Confucius and the sages of old, and ancient and modern professors of the proprieties of life, say to scrimmage and the rush and the goal's agonies, and averages and records, and Sandow and golf? And what say China's best friends now? Shall I explain Goulburn away, or shall I recast his sober and noble utterances to suit modern taste and the coming age? The question narrows itself, or

rather expands, to this consideration: Can we apply Dean Goulburn's tests and guiding principles here? Can we, in the modern exuberance of games and athletic gymnastics of the body, do all to the glory of God? St. Paul asserts the gymnasium to be profitable to some extent and for some time. Can it help or does it hinder that nobler conflict, the supremely absorbing gymnastics unto godliness—godliness which touches with its victories and its crown the head of the athlete in this life, as well as in the world to come?

"Profitable"—this must be our test. Anything is better than indoor games of chance and outdoor betting and gambling, with no pretence to gymnastic exercise. Chess, with its training of ordered thought, is a widely different thing; but where there is mere excitement, without the healthy glow of exercise, and where there is risking of one's own money while grasping at that of others, instead of seeking mutual profit, such recreation surely is unprofitable.

With reference to reading, another of the Dean's allowed recreations, can the habit of omnivorous reading which we hear sometimes ascribed to great men in Church and State be considered healthy recreation, and not rather the unremunerative luxury of the mind? This consideration also applies in a modified form to China.

Amidst the multitude of suggestions for the dissipation for all time of the dread spectre of deficit in the records of the Church Missionary and other societies, may I venture to suggest, not a compulsory, but a willing tax on recreation—part, at least, of the "gate-money" taken in this great playing-field of recreation? After each refreshment of body and mind let us give to God a thank-offering for the very zest and joy of living, as a sacrifice to aid in the triumph of that supreme contest, the emancipation of the world from Satan's thralldom.

As I write I have been interrupted by a visit from an old friend of mine, living in the Ningpo western hills. I had engaged his two sons to carry a mountain sedan-chair if we are able to go to the higher hills for summer rest and recreation.

He has helped us thus for forty years past, and I was disturbed to hear him say he could do it no longer, and almost indignantly I asked the reason. But the interest of the answer allayed my vexation, revealing as it did an aspect of China's complicated life, and affording a glimpse of the reform and new life which seem awaking and arising in power. There is a class in this neighbourhood something like the Gibeonites, people who have been under a ban for nearly six centuries. So far as I can gather they are the descendants of the Mongol conquerors of China, the veritable "Tartars" who were "caught" by the Southern Sung dynasty, which reigned, chiefly in Hangchow, between A.D. 1127 and 1280. Kublai Khan and his hordes were called in by the Sung monarch to help him against the Kin Tartars. They drove off the Kins and then seized the empire for themselves. This Mongol dynasty, the Yuan, lasted from A.D. 1280 to 1368, and was succeeded by the Ming dynasty, the last and still longed-for pure Chinese dynasty. The Mings were driven out by the Manchus, who still bear rule. During the latter years of the Mongols they treated the Chinese with much arrogance, each group of ten Chinese families being compelled to support one Mongol family. The Mongols took the fullest advantage of their position, and became detested by the people; and when the Yuan dynasty came to an end, these Mongols, Dah-ts, as they were called, were marked out for extermination, and would all have been massacred but that they begged for mercy, offering to undertake the more menial occupations. Since then the businesses of chair-bearer, barber, go-between, bridesmaid, and actor (the two last, strangely enough, reckoned as menial occupations), have been undertaken by these people. It is a strange history, but the ban of six centuries seems to be even now lifted off by an act of grace of the Emperor, restoring them, if they wish it, to the position of citizens, allowing them to contend for literary degrees, and in time to be office-bearers, and bringing with it that which has been discountenanced hitherto, intermarriage with the other Chinese. How have they received the news of this enlightened

imperial bounty? Without much excitement and in some places with the independence of a trades-union strike, declaring that as they are one with the people, they elect to carry chairs no longer—the people may carry their own chairs. A mass meeting to discuss the Emperor's decree is to take place, and possibly our recalcitrant friends will after the discussion come to help us as of old.

It is a sign truly of the times. Would that it might be the light of the dawn of China's freedom from the deep degradation of idolatry and wandering from God! I mention the incident here, not without connection with my subject—the changing East and our duty of restatement and varying methods of exhortation unto godliness, according to varying circumstances and subjects.

There is one further consideration which may make my meditations of some practical use. It is this—that, with full allowance for the alterations and modifications which the lapse of time or the different habits and customs of another country may make desirable in such a subsidiary subject as that of recreation, it will be fatal both to faith and practice to teach that the revelation and truth of God may be modified and rearranged from time to time, to suit the predilections and prejudices of the different nations of the earth. Can it be thought that a somewhat expurgated Bible, or mere selections from it, alone are useful to awakening China? This surely can never be the case. I may alter or expand or adapt a great Christian writer's treatises for the use of the Chinese Church, under other skies and with other surroundings than those of Norwich and England forty years ago, but I dare not alter or withhold the Word of God, living and abiding for ever—that Word, adaptable and applicable, I am sure, to every age and every heart as it stands, translated into earth's multitude of tongues, but "hidden for ever in heaven."

I commend to the kind sympathy and prayers of the readers of the *CHURCHMAN* this final consideration: namely, the supreme want of China and Japan and of the great East—aye! and of

the West, too, and North and South of this distracted world. Not material prosperity alone or chiefly; not the acquisition of "knowledge proud that she has learnt so much"; not mere enlightenment and advance in the comforts and luxuries of human life; not only expanding and wholesome trade and the extinction of all noxious traffic; but spiritual life—the word cannot be uttered too often—the dynamics, not the ethics alone, of religion, the overwhelming importance of the soul, the powers of the world to come, the consciousness of sin, the love of God and faith in Christ Jesus our Lord, in the power of the Holy Ghost; and everything, whether educational systems and schemes of progress or suggestions of reform and aspirations of patriotism, or athletics and various forms of recreation, must be held subordinate to this supreme object—the salvation, not the mere recreation, of the East, the bringing in of the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.



Can we Trust the Higher Criticism of To-day?

By HAROLD M. WIENER, M.A., LL.B.

SOME years ago I had occasion to read Sir Henry Maine's books on early law as a continuous whole. In doing so I was repeatedly struck by the general similarity of the ancient ideas he was expounding to those embodied in portions of the Mosaic legislation. The laws of a nation in a given age necessarily reflect its habits of thought and civilization with considerable accuracy; and as the perusal of chapter after chapter that dealt with the legal ideas and institutions of the ancient Romans, Indians, Celts, and Britons roused recollections of the Pentateuch, the idea presented itself that here at last was an independent test by which the authenticity of the Mosaic legislation might be tried. I turned eagerly to the Bible and found that my expectations were swiftly realized. Of the