

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

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

Atticism and the New Testament.

IN the *Zeitschrift f. d. neutest. Wissenschaft*, Heft 1, 2, 1923, there is an article to which attention may be called—*Der Attizismus und das Neue Testament*, by Lic. Wilhelm Michaelis of Berlin. After an account of this movement to reverse the development of the Greek language, and to bring all literature back to what was deemed Attic purity, the writer raises the question how far this influence can be traced in the variant readings of the MSS. of the New Testament. He then shows that while there are indications that textual critics have recognized this factor, yet it has not been thoroughly explored. He has himself carried out this task for the Synoptic Gospels, but the economic condition of Germany prevents the publication of his results, even in an abbreviated form. This is only one instance of the loss which Biblical scholarship is suffering from the impoverishment of Germany, especially of the cultured middle-class.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

London.

Some Suggested Emendations.

MORE than twenty-five years ago I received a visit from a man who asked me to subscribe towards the publication of the Greek text of the New Testament in an edition which he professed to be compiling; he was using, he said, the evidence of the Fathers more than previous editors had done. As far as I know, his edition has never been published. In order to show me the value of his work, he spoke of three passages, in which his text differed from TR or other well-known editions. I believe there was a fourth passage, but I have forgotten it.

The first was Jn 1¹³ in which he supported the reading $\delta\varsigma$. . . $\epsilon\gamma\epsilon\nu\eta\theta\eta$ on the authority of early patristic evidence as against $\omicron\iota$. . . $\epsilon\gamma\epsilon\nu\eta\theta\eta\sigma\alpha\nu$ of the MSS. That there is this variation was already known (*v.* Alford), and it has been much commented on since, but it was new to me then.

His next suggestion was that in Mk 14⁴¹ || Mt 26⁴⁵ after Christ's first sentence, $\kappa\alpha\theta\epsilon\upsilon\delta\epsilon\tau\epsilon$ $\lambda\omicron\iota\pi\omicron\nu$ $\kappa\alpha\iota$ $\acute{\alpha}\nu\alpha\pi\alpha\nu\acute{\epsilon}\sigma\theta\epsilon$, a question mark should be inserted. Alford discussed and rejected the interrogative. WH prints a colon. But in the parallel in Lk 22⁴⁶ (which is not an exact parallel) the first words are $\tau\acute{\iota}$ $\kappa\alpha\theta\epsilon\upsilon\delta\epsilon\tau\epsilon$; which would support the interrogative in Mark || Matthew. The translation of Mark would then be, 'Do ye still sleep on and take your rest? it is enough, the hour is come, behold the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Arise, let us be going: behold, he that betrayeth me is at hand.' This certainly gives a plainer meaning than the accepted 'Sleep on now, and take your rest. . . . Arise, let us be going.' It is scarcely necessary to remark that neither colons nor notes of interrogation are in the oldest MSS.

The third was the most interesting of all: in Mt 16¹⁸ my visitor suggested that behind existing MSS was a reading CYEIITC , which, instead of being expanded into the accepted $\sigma\upsilon\ \epsilon\acute{\iota}\ \Pi\acute{\epsilon}\tau\rho\varsigma$ should be read $\sigma\upsilon\ \acute{\epsilon}\tau\tau\alpha\varsigma$, 'thou hast said.' As far as I know, this is pure conjecture, but it has its dramatic side in cutting at the root of a text of so much controversial importance. Whether the Papal claims could resist such an attack if it could be substantiated, I must leave to Roman Catholic scholars to determine.

V. T. KIRBY.

Thurgarton Vicarage,
Nottingham.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

An Animated Compliment.

Mr. F. W. Boreham's latest volume is *Rubble and Roseleaves* (Epworth Press; 5s. net), and a very diverting though instructive companion it will prove for leisure moments. By way of introduction the author says: 'The contents are neither essays nor sermons nor anything of the kind. The

inexhaustible patience of my readers has lured me into the habit of talking on any mortal—or immortal—subject that takes my fancy. I have merely set down here a few wayward notions that have, in the course of my wanderings, occurred to me. But, in self-defence, let me add that these outbursts have been punctuated by whole infinitudes of silence. The silences are eloquently represented by the gaps between the chapters.'

We quote one of his stories, with the moral he draws from it. 'When fishermen on the Dogger Bank speak of the old days and the old ways, they remind each other that, years ago, each fishing-boat was fitted with a tank or well, constructed with perforated sides so that the water it contained was part and parcel of the sea through which the boat was sailing. Into these wells the fish were transferred from the nets immediately upon their arrival from the deep. In this new environment the graceful creatures gave no evidence of discontent or resentment. They would live indefinitely in their floating homes. But the fishermen found that . . . the fish in the wells waxed limp and listless. They lost their flavour and sweetness. This, according to the tradition, happened to all the fishing-boats save one.

'One fisherman, and one only, brought his fish to market in excellent condition. He landed them at Billingsgate as healthy and brisk and firm as though he had caught them ten minutes earlier under London Bridge. The dealers soon learned to distinguish between the fish from his boat and the fish from all the others. His fish brought the highest prices on the market, and the happy fisherman rejoiced in his abounding prosperity. His comrades marvelled at his success and vainly endeavoured to cajole his secret from him. He was not to be drawn. The matter remained an inscrutable mystery until the day of the old fisherman's death. Then, acting upon her father's instructions, his daughter unfolded the secret. Her father, she said, made it a rule to keep a catfish in the well of his boat. The catfish kept the other fish in a ferment of agitation and alarm. They were never at rest. And, because a catfish compelled them to live in the well under conditions that were approximately normal, they came to market in as wholesome a state as though they had just been dragged from the deep.

'I often take myself into a quiet corner and . . . repeat to myself the famous tradition of the catfish. I find myself at times in a rebellious mood. Why is life so troubled, so agitated, so disturbed? If only I could be left alone! Why may I not fold my hands and be quiet? I am hunted up hill and down dale; I am driven from pillar to post. I have to work for my living—an irksome necessity. I often have to go out when I would rather stay in, and have to stay in when I would rather go out. I am the prey of antagonisms of many kinds. Life

is full of irritations, annoyances, mortifications, and disappointments. I am not my own master. Like Paul, *I find a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me; the good that I would I do not, and the evil which I would not that I do.* Paul found it extremely exasperating, and so do I. If only I could live without work and without worry and without any of my present vexations! Why, oh why, must there always be a catfish in my well?

'A catfish is an animated compliment. . . . It is because the fisherman values his fish that he puts the catfish into the well to annoy them.'

A Temperance Campaign in China.

'He even dares to give his humour vent when dealing with his superiors. Recently, in the celebration of General Wu Peifu's birthday, General Feng sent him a large wine-jar full of distilled water, with a homily urging General Wu to inaugurate a temperance campaign among his soldiers. The *North China Herald*, commenting on this incident, remarked: "We are sure the gift reflects equal honour on the giver and the recipient. General Feng is an uncommon man, but if he were not sure that his friend would accept his present in the spirit in which he sent it, we may be sure he would have preferred something more conventional; for it is ill jesting with a man who has fifty thousand armed men at his back."'

This paragraph is taken from an account of the Chinese Christian general who has been much before the public lately. The title of the book is *General Feng: A Good Soldier of Christ Jesus* (China Inland Mission; 1s. net).

'Stir up the Gift'—an Illustration.

'I venture to affirm, also, that another proportion of our bodily infirmities is due entirely to our ignorance of the amount of vital force which is stored within us. A genuine illness comes, and instead of summoning the forces which are latent in the frailest, we accept the situation and, by and by, perhaps are listed with the chronic invalids. You will not readily forget the illustration of the converse side of this supplied to us here so eloquently by "Vining of Canada." The scene was a lumber camp, with its herculean toilers, its women caring for the workers in the tents, and the children playing round. A cry told that a log, rolling down, had thrown a child and pinned it to the earth.

The child's mother heard and saw, and, running up, stooped and lifted the massive piece of timber from her darling's limbs. When it was all over it took three men to do, in their normal state, what that mother had been enabled to do by the excitement of her love. I am far from suggesting that all chronic invalidism is due to the fact that latent power is not fully utilized, but the instances are countless of the marvellous things which, when the circumstances called for them, the world's chronic invalids have done.'¹

The Power of Imagination.

'In his autobiography, Major George H. Putnam gives an illustration of this law. "Frothingham related to me an incident which his father had told him in regard to the beginning of the Channingite Movement. In response to an appeal issued by Mr. Channing, the ministers of the Congregational Churches of Boston, who were in sympathy with his protest, had come together to formulate a programme. The hour for the meeting came, but the leader had not appeared. Nathaniel Frothingham, as his nearest neighbour, was sent to Channing's house to ascertain the difficulty. He found the divine wrapped up in flannels and with his feet in a tub of hot water.

'Ah! Brother Frothingham,' said Channing, 'I am sadly disappointed to be a delinquent, but my friends will have to get on without me. I am disabled with an attack of neuralgia. This bitter east wind has been too much for me.' 'East wind!' replied Frothingham, 'why, the wind is from the south-west, and the air is balmy and warm.' Channing looked out sadly through his window to a neighbouring vane, which, surely enough, as pointed, marked the wind from the east. 'Oh, Brother Channing,' said Frothingham, 'that vane is untrustworthy; it is on a Baptist Chapel and it has, in some way, become fixed.' The instant that Channing learned that the wind was not from the east his neuralgia disappeared. He threw off his flannels, got into his boots, and hurrying down to the church on the arm of his friend, he opened the meeting with an address that became famous in the history of the intellectual life and the theological development of New England, and of the country at large.'" ²

¹ J. M. Logan, *Christian Science*, 10.

² *Ibid.* 9 f.

The Ministry of Women.

'There is yet another region of experiment, not part of the specific programme of any one of the three dominating schools in the Church of England, but one of great importance, which excites strong feeling. It is the use which should be made of the ministry of women. There are here two main questions, permission to preach and access to the priesthood. The first, apart from prejudice, is surely simple. The right to deliver a sermon in a church should depend on three things, ability to preach, which is a gift, a licence from the Bishop, and an invitation from the incumbent. Any one who is a Christian, and can preach the Gospel to the spiritual and intellectual advantage of the hearers, ought to be allowed, and encouraged, to do so. Some can preach, and some cannot. Some want to preach, and some do not. If any person wants to preach and can preach, the sex of the person does not seem to make any difference. A competent lay-woman should be licensed by the Bishop on precisely the same terms as competent laymen are sometimes licensed now. It is natural and reasonable that the sermon in a church should ordinarily be preached by those clergymen who have the cure of souls in the parish. But priest and prophet are not identical terms. If help that will be really useful is forthcoming from any quarter, why should it not be used?' ³

The Appeal of the Babe.

'Christmas comes to us again with its word of peace, and the mystery of the holy birth deepens. . . . I want to tell you of something that happened last Friday afternoon. The Christian women came to my house that day for half an hour, which we spend in prayer for the women of the world. . . . They held out imploring hands to Christ, saying, "Make our black bodies shine for thee, Jesus our Chief. We are only black women. Thou art the great Chief of the white men, yet we too can love thee." I tried to tell them that he was a *brown* baby, not white like us or black like them; and that he was a helpless baby needing a mother's love and care; that thus he came to us, the great Chief. Was it foolish to tell them that? They so hate their black bodies, and I fear it is our fault that they do. One woman took her baby off her back, held him towards me, and said, "Small and

³ S. C. Carpenter, *A Large Room*, 182 f.

weak like this? Did a woman bear him and feed him?" "Yes," I said. They clapped their hands and shouted their equivalent to "All hail, Baby Chief!" They had never realized all this before. "We thought he was a white woman's baby," said one, which simply meant that he was ours, not theirs.¹

The Universal Appeal.

'The apostles of Jesus have travelled the world over making him known, with strange results. The Jesus of the Western missionary was, naturally, "the lean and strenuous personality" of the Western ideal. He lived the common life. He was active, practical, constructive. He laid emphasis upon a resolute and fruitful repentance and rectitude of life. The teaching was based upon the Gospels and was true. But (e.g.) in India there emerges a Jesus of long silence and patience and serenity, of a forty days' fast and retreat, of long nights spent in solitary contemplation among the lonely hills, of a mystic vision of life, of wandering days, and of a detached interior life amid a crowd of men. The "oriental Jesus" was found in the Gospels and was true. Montefiore and Zangwill find an Israelitish Jesus; China is finding a Chinese Jesus; Africa will find an African Jesus; he compels consciousness of kinship everywhere. But every local Jesus is an incomplete Jesus, for there is no schism in his nature, he is one and undivided, he is all mankind—and all womankind—the centre and uniting link of our racial unity.

'As he travels from continent to continent his mind becomes the final mind. He silently forms the ideal public opinion, social and moral. Those who bear his name are judged with accuracy by his standards. For in him are found blended and balanced and perfected all those elements of character which are instinctively recognized to be the truly human. We mean all this when we say of Jesus that he is *the Son of Man*.'²

NEW POETRY.

Nettie Rooker.

The Streets of Nazareth (R.T.S.; 2s. 6d. net) is a small collection of the poems of Nettie Rooker. The book is published posthumously by her sister,

¹ A. H. Small, *The Kingdom and the King*, 108.

² *Ibid.* 77 f.

who says, in a short preface: 'My sister was highly strung, and suffered all her life from overtaxing her strength in earlier years in Rescue Work. She passed through times of severe depression, and knew what sorrow meant. . . . But her courage was great, and she possessed a brightness of disposition which, with a keen sense of humour, saved her from morbidity. Her delight in Nature was intense, and so was her love of children.' Of the poem which gives its title to the collection and which we quote, she remarks: 'It was an unexpected pleasure to me to hear "The Streets of Nazareth" sung by the children in the C.M.S. school at Nazareth; and it gave my sister great satisfaction when I told her of it.'

THE STREETS OF NAZARETH.

When I am tempted to repine
That such a lowly lot is mine,
There comes to me a voice which saith,
'Mine were the streets of Nazareth.'

So mean, so common and confined,
And *He* the Monarch of mankind!
Yet patiently He travelleth
Those narrow streets of Nazareth.

It may be I shall never rise
To place or fame beneath the skies—
But walk in straitened ways till death,
Narrow as streets of Nazareth.

But *if* thro' honour's arch I tread
And there forget to bend my head,
Ah! let me hear the voice which saith,
'*Mine* were the streets of Nazareth.'

James D. Gaff.

Another volume which has been published posthumously is *The Dark Mysterious Way* (Erskine Macdonald; 5s. net), by James D. Gaff. The preface says: 'The Poems contained in this volume are a selection from many, written between the years of 1860 and 1892, by a doctor in general practice, whom thwarting adversity and a life of weary struggle, of hard and conscientious work for grudging and scanty remuneration, denied the realization of every poet's ardent wish, the delivery of his message and his thoughts to mankind. He died in 1922 in his eighty-fourth year.' Dr. Gaff

had many interests, so there is considerable variety in the volume. The following three verses are from 'Purge Ye.'

But purge ye, oh purge ye and quick,
Make an end of this meaningless wrong :
The world need not always be sick,
The poor need not crowd in a throng.

'Tis a lie ! in the name of God,
'Tis a lie—of lies the worst,
That a foot must walk unshod,
That a man should beg for a crust.

Ye say ye are brothers by birth,
Ye say ye are brothers in Christ ;—
Yet ye shut me out from the earth,
And the waters I drink are priced.

Edwin Essex, O.P.

THE NIGHT OF FOREKNOWING.

When Christ lay in the manger
And men slept in the inn,
He knew they slept as softly
As if there were no sin.

His secret wrapt Him closely
As any swaddling-band,
And Joseph, even Mary,
Not yet could understand.

He knew He was a King then
To wear a plaited crown,
He had a reed for sceptre
And men were bowing down.

He looked into the twilight
And men were sleeping sound
Within a little Garden,
And Blood was on the ground.

His Hands so soft and tiny
Were lifted to the sky,
Both were red as any rose,
A rose that cannot die.

He found a Hill in darkness
With crosses set for three,
Forsaken was the hill-top
And God was far to see.

But albeit as softly
As if there were no sin,
When Christ lay in the manger
Men slumbered at the inn.

PRAYER.

'When you pray, speak not much.'

'Not much'—if not at all,
Will He then come
To hearts that cannot call,
Lips that are dumb ?

Aye, for our silent cries
And hearts of fear
Shall pierce the roofing skies
And draw Him near.

These are two songs of a priest, taken from a little volume with the simple title, *Poems*, by Edwin Essex, O.P. (G. Macdonald ; 3s. 6d. net). Although the title is plain it is a dangerous one, but here it is justified.

J. M. Stuart-Young.

Would Mr. Stuart-Young find himself in agreement with the critic who recently described 'The Rosary' as 'the world's worst song' ? Perhaps not. For Mr. Stuart-Young, who is himself a professional song-writer, believes that the gifted amateur is often more successful than the professional.

Mr. Stuart-Young is not averse to sentiment. But he does object to the popular idea that "any old thing" will serve to make a song about—for the people ! And he has written two volumes of lyrics to provide composers with something worthier. The volumes are published at 10s. 6d. each by Cecil Palmer, London. Their titles are—*Minor Melodies*, and *Who Buys My Dreams ?*

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.