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finds other examples of difficult pregnant expressions, more so perhaps than is generally realized (cf. Ac 10^{34-39} 19^{40}; and the repetitions of *αὐτός* in Ac 25^{1-3}). I would not claim any certainty for the new rendering, but I do not think that it can be rejected with any certainty either.

CUTHBERT LATTEY.

St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph.

A Suggested New Reading in Col. ii. 23.

IN the passage Col 2^{20-23}, after the indignant question, *τί ὡς ζῶντες ἐν κόσμῳ δογματίζεσθε Μὴ ἅψῃ μηδὲ γεύσῃ μηδὲ θίγῃς*, St. Paul goes on to argue the uselessness of such voluntary restrictions, and then continues (according to the present text in WH) *ἅτινά ἐστιν λόγον μὲν ἔχοντα σοφίας ἐν ἐθελοθρησκίᾳ καὶ ταπεινοφροσύνῃ ⌜[καὶ] ἀφειδίᾳ σώματος, οὐκ ἐν τιμῇ τινὶ πρὸς πλησμονὴν τῆς σαρκός.*[1] About the words enclosed in ⌜ . . . ⌝ there is a note in WH, 'some primitive error probable.' As it stands, the Greek is difficult to translate, and the rendering in R.V. '. . . and severity to the body; but are not of any value against the indulgence of the flesh,' though it gives a good sense, seems rather to force the Greek words. *ἐν τιμῇ τινί* hardly seems a Greek phrase, *πρὸς* can only be translated 'against' because that is the meaning desired: also it may be noted that the whole passage would run better if there were *δέ* answering to the *μέν* in *λόγον μὲν ἔχοντα*.

I would suggest *ἀφειδία δὲ σώματος οὐδὲν εἰ μὴ πρὸς πλησμονὴν τῆς σαρκός*. The alterations from the present text are extremely slight, as can be seen if the words be written in uncials. We get rid of the doubtful *καὶ*, the insertion of *δέ* is a slight matter, and it is easy to see how *οὐδὲν εἰ μή* could become changed to *οὐκ ἐν τιμῇ τινί*. The translation would be 'but severity to the body is nothing, except it be that it leads in the direction of indulgence to the flesh.' For this use of *οὐδέν* we may compare 1 Co 8^{4}, *οἴδαμεν ὅτι οὐδὲν εἴδωλον ἐν κόσμῳ*, and the sarcasm of the latter part of the sentence is quite in St. Paul's manner. The lives of hermits and other ascetics prove that severity to the body does not abolish temptations of the flesh.

ERNEST CLAPTON.

Sherborne, Dorset.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

Parables.

'These [the Parables] are the finest short stories in the world. Their construction, their rigid economy of material (sketching a vivid portrait in a sentence), the exactly right proportion with which subordinate detail is kept in its place yet contributes to the whole effect, their notes, varying with the theme, of warning, irony, tender appeal—such are a few of the qualities which make our Lord's parables unique in literature. Nor, on occasion, was humour lacking from them. When that unforgettable picture was given of the man with a beam in his eye plunging after his neighbour and saying "let me pull out the mote out of thine eye"—then surely a wave of laughter swept over the listening crowd.

'It has been said often that the miracles were acted parables. With at least an equal truth we may add that the parables were spoken miracles. The more closely we examine them, the more overwhelming will their perfection seem. Readers have been apt to suppose—without, probably, giving the matter much thought—that these surpassing stories were happy improvisations of the moment. It seems incredible, anyhow, that the longer parables—things exquisitely perfect in every detail, as the stories of the Good Samaritan and of the Prodigal Son—could have been suddenly extemporized. Rather I like to think that here we may find what will be to most of us, perhaps, a new aspect of our Lord's life on earth. He prepared His teaching carefully. This was one use to which He turned those hours spent apart. Work of this quality was not achieved without effort. He knew the difficulties and the joys of creative art as He gave Himself to fashioning these matchless parables. All of us who write, or indeed practise any art, may find help in that thought.'[1]

[1] A. C. Deane, *How to Enjoy the Bible*, 59.

No Mediator.

'Some critics, drawing a deduction from the parable of the Prodigal Son, say that no Mediator is necessary for our meeting with the Father, for the prodigal went straight to his father without a mediator. But they forget that the cases are not parallel. The prodigal had no need for a mediator because, before leaving the father, he had lived with him, and knew him well. There was no need for any one to tell him about the father. It was the experience of his father's fellowship alone which brought him home. Had he not had this, he could not have come back to the father without the help of a mediator.

'So too it is with the Christian, who, after having lived in fellowship with God, has for some reason or other gone astray into sin. The very barrenness of his life has at last forced him to remember his past Christian experience, and when in true repentance he comes back to the Father, he comes knowing that the Christ and the Father are one (Jn 10^{30}), and that he can come without any other mediator. But no other sinful man except the Christian who has strayed can know the Father, or go to Him without the mediation of Jesus (Mt 11^{27}, Jn 14^{6}).'[1]

Selfishness.

'If we apply mercury to the back of a piece of glass, we make a mirror which reflects our faces, but if no mercury is applied, we look right through the glass. So if we back our lives with selfishness, we see in them only the reflection of self, but if the screen of that selfishness is removed, then wherever we look, God will appear, and we shall know that we are shielded in His loving arms.'[2]

Moderation.

'Moderation in renunciation as well as in pleasure —"the middle path"—is often the best means of obtaining the object that we desire. Failure to get it often comes from our having gone too far on one side or the other of its appointed limits. To continue living in absolute darkness is as harmful to the eyes as is excessive brilliance of light, which may also blind us. Excess of cold, or of heat, may cause hurt, but within ordinary limits of temperature are useful and pleasant. A low sound, difficult to hear, is irritating, and a very harsh sound may even injure our ears, but within moderate limits we hear with pleasure sounds musical and sweet.'[3]

[1] Sadhu Sundar Singh, *The Search after Reality*, 81.
[2] *Ibid.* 93. [3] *Ibid.* 95.

A Prince's Ordeal.

'The Prince's confirmation on the 1st April 1858 was, in his parents' eyes, an event of profound moment. Preparation for the ordeal was long and thorough. The day before the ceremony, Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, who enjoyed the complete confidence of the royal family, subjected the Prince, in the presence of his parents and of Archbishop Sumner of Canterbury, to a full hour's oral examination. "The examination," wrote the Queen to her uncle, King Leopold, "was long and difficult, but Bertie answered extremely well."'[4]

A TEXT.

Phil. ii. 30.

'There is one word which St. Paul uses of Epaphroditus which has the effect of giving us this more definite perception of the kind of man he was. Describing the illness which overtook Epaphroditus, Paul tells the Philippians in v.[30] that "for the work of Christ he came nigh unto death, *hazarding his life*." "Hazarding his life"—there is the phrase which turns a light upon the face of Epaphroditus: "casting his life like a die," "laying down as his stake *his life*."

'Epaphroditus was a man who at the great game of life put down his stake for Christ—and his stake was his life. The word παραβολευσάμενος—throwing down a stake—occurs nowhere else in the New Testament. It is a great and illuminating word—one of those words which, applied, as here, to the Christian life, subject us all to a new test. The idea is, of course, taken from the practice of gambling. A player puts money upon some chance which for reasons of his own he hopes will answer to his expectations. He takes a particular risk, and is prepared to abide by the result. The result may be against him or for him. The risk he takes is a money risk; and it may be small or great. It may be an idle throw, or it may be a throw which involves his fortune. In either case it is the staking of his money. But, taking a clue from St. Paul's word here, in the stake of faith a man must lay down, not some superfluous coins which he can afford to lose: he must lay down something which is so great, so personal, so bound up with his dearest life that, if it be lost, then everything is lost.'

This extract is from Dr. J. A. Hutton's latest book *As at the First*, a review of which will appear

[4] Sir Sidney Lee, *King Edward VII.*, 47.

next month. It is the first of a series of 'Little Books on the Christian Life,' edited by the Rev. J. M. E. Ross, M.A., and published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (3s. 6d. net).

NEW POETRY.

Dorothy A. Heinlein.

Since 1915 Mr. Basil Blackwell has published every year a small volume of Oxford Poetry (quarter parchment, 3s. 6d. net; paper covers, 2s. net). *Oxford Poetry, 1924*, contains only one poem by a woman—Dorothy Alexander Heinlein of St. Hilda's. We give it here:

ELEGY.

Lazarus, why did you not tell
What is beyond? Then I should know
How deeply lies the dust, the snow,
Over her who was loved so well.

You could have whispered it quite low,
'Twould scarce have tarnished Mary's trust,—
'Mary, but lightly lies the snow,
Mary, but lightly lies the dust.'

The following poem is by Mr. R. Robinson of Oriel:

THE USES OF POETRY.

When I was quite a little boy,
I wrote my poems out of joy;
And now I'll not be young again,
I write them chiefly out of pain.
My boyish rimes were very sad;
They were like lead, to hold to earth,
The joys that nearly burst their girth,
And keep a boy from going mad.
But now that I am getting old,
I poetize to turn to gold,
That superfluity of lead
Which presses on my weary head.

Hawker.

Mr. John Drinkwater is editing a series of 'Little Nineteenth Century Classics' (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). The first of the series is *Twenty Poems*, by the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, who was Vicar of Morwenstow in North Cornwall for more than forty years. Mr. Drinkwater says that Hawker told his friend Godwin that the reason why he would like his poems preserved was that his children might know their father by them, that they might remember, in his own lovely phrase, that 'he had good images once in his mind.'

They deserve to be better known than they are. They are probably quite unfamiliar to this generation, with the exception of the 'Song of the Western Men,' with its burden 'And shall Trelawny die?' and 'Datur Hora Quieti,' which we quote:

'So when even was come, the Lord of the Vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the labourers, and give them their hire.'—Mt 20^{8}.

'At eve should be the time,' they said,
To close their brother's narrow bed:
'Tis at that pleasant hour of day
The labourer treads his homeward way.

His work was o'er, his toil was done,
And therefore with the set of sun,
To wait the wages of the dead,
We laid our hireling on his bed.

To the MS. of this poem is the following note: 'Why do you wish the burial to be at five o'clock?' 'Because it was the time at which he used to leave work.'

The second volume in the series is *Essays*, by Hartley Coleridge; and the third, *Twenty Poems in Common English*, by William Barnes.

Eva Gore-Booth.

Miss Eva Gore-Booth's latest volume is *The Shepherd of Eternity* (Longmans; 4s. net). Her native Ireland inspires few of the poems, but in the lines 'In Oxford Street' she returns to Lissadell (spelt Lissadil for purposes of rhyme). We quote:

τετέλεσται.

'He failed,' I said; 'the deed he came to do
Two thousand years ago is still undone;
There is no mercy yet under the sun,
And Love lies dead beneath God's gentle blue.'

It is not true; the Doer knew the Deed.
A million years is but a little thing,
The sunshine and the sap of a short spring,
To raise the tree of life out of its seed.

Safe buried under our fierce dreams of power,
The tree's deep roots grow, sheltered from the wind,
For there is One, greater than all mankind,
Who in the soul of each man waits his hour.

Yea, even to our broken world of clay
The Son of Man in Man shall surely come,
Then will I cry to Love who now am dumb,
'Dear friend, I heard thy footsteps yesterday.'

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