

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

The hypothesis that in the traditional text of that chapter vv.²²⁻³⁰ are out of their true place was first put forward by F. Warburton Lewis, in his *Disarrangements in the Fourth Gospel* (p. 25 ff.). His main argument is that when these verses are removed the rest of the chapter 'is restored to unity and consecutiveness' (p. 29). I agree that the removal of the verses restores the *unity* of the chapter, but as regards *consecutiveness* the statement is scarcely warranted; for the paragraph beginning with v.³¹ cannot be said to attach itself to the passage ending with v.²¹ any more naturally than it attaches itself to vv.²²⁻³⁰. If v.³¹ follows immediately after v.²¹, the expressions ὁ ἀνωθεν ἐρχόμενος and ὁ ὧν ἐκ τῆς γῆς are introduced with strange abruptness. The presence of vv.²²⁻³⁰ immediately before v.³¹ gave a tinge of plausibility to the view, once commonly held, that ὁ ὧν ἐκ τῆς γῆς referred to the Baptist. But that, as Lewis remarks, 'is a reference entirely due to the false context created by the displacement' (p. 25). (It is curious to find Lewis saying—on p. 29—that 'the paragraph 22-30, adrift from its first position, became attached to 31 because of the misinterpretation of 31 exposed above'! Surely this is to argue in a circle.)

Moreover, we are conscious of the lack of 'consecutiveness' when we attempt to make the transi-

tion from v.¹³ to v.¹⁴. The latter verse cannot well be the opening of a fresh paragraph, and yet its connexion with v.¹³ is by no means obvious. 'Der Übergang zu 14,' says Holtzmann, 'ist noch immer Gegenstand planlosen Ratens.' Westcott remarks that 'the point of connexion between v.¹³ and v.¹⁴ lies in the repetition of the title "the Son of Man."'

Now the suggestion I would offer is that vv.³¹⁻³⁶ originally came between v.¹³ and v.¹⁴. When this readjustment is made the difficulties just noted are both removed, for, in the first place, as is immediately obvious, v.³¹ follows most easily and naturally after v.¹³, and, in the second place, v.³⁶ forms a most appropriate introduction to vv.¹⁴⁻²¹, for this paragraph expands the truths enunciated in v.³⁶—the truths, that is, that the Son is the source of life to him who believes, but that the judgment of God abides on him who believes not. There is, as it seems to me, quite as much to be said for placing vv.³¹⁻³⁶ between v.¹³ and v.¹⁴ as can be said for most of the re-arrangements that have been proposed in the text of the Fourth Gospel. Is it possible that the occurrence of the phrase 'the Son of Man' in v.¹³ and in v.¹⁴ explains why vv.¹⁴⁻²¹, after somehow breaking loose from their original position after v.³⁶, were placed in their traditional position after v.¹³?

J. HUGH MICHAEL.

Victoria College, Toronto.

Entre Nous.

THE Editors wish to express their regret that, owing to the calling out in the General Strike of the printers' staff, there has been a few days delay in the issue of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for June. Under all the circumstances of the present case they feel sure that they can rely on the forbearance of its many readers.

The Pilgrim.

It was a real disappointment to find an editorial note in the last number of *The Pilgrim* asking its readers whether they seriously desired it to continue, and saying that that would be impossible unless the circulation greatly increases. *The Pilgrim* is a quarterly which is published by Messrs. Longmans (3s. 6d.). It is edited by the Bishop of Manchester,

and has the marks of his forceful mind and individuality. This issue contains a number of excellent articles, and also a very delightful study by the editor himself on 'The Resources of Literature' in which he indulges in trifling, but finds that in the end even his trifling has led to the eternities. 'For literature is so varied and rich in its resources for soothing or rousing the human spirit, that to speak of it at all is to be led over the whole gamut of human interests and emotions. . . . The man who has really faced the terror of life in *Macbeth*, or its horror in *Othello*, or its dim mystery in *Hamlet*, or its vast grey gloom shot through with fires of anguish in *King Lear*, and has seen all this redeemed by beauty so that its very fearfulness becomes a mere element in its

sublimity, should be a braver man from that day forth.'

Dr. Burch on Josephus.

This month we have had sent to us the first number of the *Diocese of Liverpool Review*, published by the Liverpool Diocesan Publishing Company at 6d. A considerable part of the Review is necessarily of local interest, but at least one article attracts attention. It is by Dr. V. Burch, a Lay Lecturer of Liverpool Cathedral. The difficulty which Dr. Burch deals with is the old one, How are we to explain the fact that, at least in the Josephus which we have, based on a Greek translation, there is little mention of Jesus? Was His Life a matter of such little moment to a contemporary historian? Did Josephus when he turned his Aramaic book into Greek for the 'powerful and the educated to read' think it best 'to extinguish Jesus Christ by omission'? We could not have answered the question, says Dr. Burch, 'if that brilliantly ironical disturber of settled opinions, Discovery, had not disclosed new treasures of knowledge.

'A pile of manuscripts was found, written in the ancient church language of the Slavs, which contained a translation of the writings of Josephus. Both the *Antiquities* and the *Jewish War* are in them. We can blame the post-war period and the Tower of Babel—two over-burdened bearers of excuses for our indolence towards the labour of thought in these days—that so little notice has been taken of this discovery. For it is not only that there has been found another version of Josephus: this version is one in which are preserved long statements concerning Jesus Christ.' Dr. Burch then goes on: 'We will keep for the present to the text of the *Jewish War*. What are the notes there of the historian's account of Jesus? We may select four of them. There is nothing to avoid or twist in all of the notes. The selection is made for the sake of short and simple statement. Josephus tells us (a) that he knows all about the trial of Jesus before Pilate; (b) that in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and of the procurators Cuspius Fadus and Tiberius Alexander, many were the "slaves" of the wonder-worker, Jesus; (c) that these preached that their "Rabbi" who had died was risen from the dead, and as well they taught the *New Law* which is in opposition to the old Jewish law; (d) that these very early messengers

of Jesus were teaching others who and what He was, and is by the help of the primitive "documentary" mode which He had inspired, and all His first messengers had used.'

What exactly has Dr. Burch done for us? Not, perhaps, quite so much as appears at first sight. Dr. Burch does not say where the manuscripts were found, but presumably 'those portions of the Old Slavonic Josephus' which he has in his possession have some relation to the Russian manuscripts of Josephus copied by Dr. Eisler a number of years ago. If that is so, we appear to be faced with a difficulty from the evidential point of view—that we are only dealing with a translation of Josephus and not a very early translation at that.

'The new Josephus,' Dr. Burch says, 'then, is the original version in Aramaic, untouched by Græco-Roman influences; our copies hitherto known have been the Greek edition expurgated to suit the taste of the Roman court. A full edition of the new text is being prepared; and its publication will bring the whole truth to light.' However that may be, Dr. Burch is doing a real service in making this northern translation available to the public.

The Massacre of the Innocents.

The Bishop of Winchester has just published a volume of addresses on the subject of the great tasks with which the English Church is confronted to-day. It is an inspiring volume, and one which we hope will be widely read. The title is *Great Tasks and Great Inspirations* (Nisbet; 5s. net). The first part deals with great tasks, and then more shortly Dr. Woods turns to the inspirations for these tasks, and we shall turn there with him. The first chapter is on 'The Enthusiasts of Bethlehem.' 'The massacre of the Innocents. But they must not be massacred; we cannot do without them. We know their names full well—Faith and Hope and Love and Goodness and Prudence, and many another. They will be the makers of the twentieth century, or it will not be made at all.' For the Innocents were not massacred, and Herod, though dead, has many incarnations. 'Mr. Holman Hunt has portrayed the triumph of the Innocents, and of all modern pictures of the scene this one holds the field. There you see the Mother with her child making her escape to the south, Joseph leading the animal on which she sits, and

watching with anxious face the line of Herod's watchfires. The Holy Child is calling her attention to the glorified spirits of the Innocents, to whom He points with His little hands as He joyfully recognises some of His late playmates. The babes are being borne along on streams of living water. The little ones in front already realise their bliss. They kindle incense and scatter blossoms before their Infant King. Others are garlanded in flowers, yet have not fully realised their translation into the spirit world. One gazes at the sword thrust that has been made in his dress, but is amazed to find no corresponding wound upon his glorified body. Following in the distance are three poor babes not yet awakened to the bliss of Heaven, and still wearing on their faces their grief and pain. Yet near them float shadows as of starry crowns. Herod has done his worst. Yet the babes are not dead.'

And what about Herod's incarnations? They are on every hand. 'All those movements, tendencies, interpretations of life, which seek to put the sword through Faith or Hope or Love—in them Herod comes to life again. There is, for instance, that pseudo-science which has slain its victims times and again, and does so still.' And there are force and avarice and the craze for cash and comfort. For this Heroding takes many forms. 'When Herod has given his orders the game is up, so many people seem to think. Faith, so we are told, is only one step removed from credulity, force is simply the verdict of common sense, and selfishness—why, we have it on the authority of statesmen and philosophers—is the only adequate key for the locks which admit to life's storehouse.' Yet this is not true, for the babes are stronger than they look. 'They are often taken in, it is true. But to be taken in is better than to be shut out. You remember Chesterton's magnificent passage about Pickwick, who "goes through life with that godlike gullibility which is the key to all adventures. The greenhorn is the ultimate victor in everything; it is he that gets most out of life. Because Pickwick is led away by Jingle, he will be led to the White Hart Inn, and see the only Weller cleaning boots in the courtyard. Because he is bamboozled by Dodson and Fogg he will enter the prison-house like a paladin, and rescue the man and the woman who have wronged him most. . . . All doors will fly open to him who has a mildness more defiant than mere courage,

The whole is unerringly expressed in one fortunate phrase—he will be always 'taken in.'''

And to-day Dr. Woods finds that the babes are indispensable. They are indispensable in politics. They are indispensable in the Church. 'In the clatter of ecclesiastical machinery and the busy hum of administration, their still small voices are almost drowned.' They are indispensable in our own private lives. 'Many a life has its massacre of the Innocents. Faith, Hope, Love, Purity, Unselfishness, in a thousand ways in your heart and mine—Herod is out to wound them, and, if he can, to kill them. Every slackness in devotion, every unthinking cynicism, every refusal of fellowship, every preference of self, and the knife is plunged into those babes on whom, if we did but know, our very life depends.'

What is to be done? If we think of the picture again we shall see that the Innocents are not killed. They can be revived. 'This is no mere fancy. It is fact. It is a miracle which can be proved.' 'Let all those in whose house the Innocents have been languishing, in whose lives the babes have not had their way, who have mistaken Herod for the wise counsellor instead of the beast that he was, gather round this scene.'

A Vesper.

'There is the senseless practice at the end of an evening service of singing what is curiously called a vesper. A well-known American preacher used to say, "What is the use of my preaching, and trying to make an impression, when directly I have finished a covey of quavers fly out from the organ loft and peck away the good seed?" I ask you to let the congregation have their silences—there are none too many of them—of which you are the guardians.'¹

Three Conversions.

A number of years ago a good idea came to Mr. Boreham. It was to find the favourite text of well-known men and women, to describe how it came to influence them in the first place and work out its effect in their lives. He found so many that he has already published several volumes, and we were beginning to wonder if he would not soon be exhausted, but the plan of his latest volume—*A Faggot of Torches* (Epworth Press; 6s. net)—is the same, and we can confidently say that the sketches

¹ F. T. Woods, *Great Tasks and Great Inspirations*, 176.

woven round these texts and these personalities are equal to any that he has yet done. And some of the freshest are not from life but from literature. There is Robert Fuller's text, for example, and if Mr. Boreham has been able to get more sound teaching out of Robert Fuller than we would have done ourselves that is all to the good. 'In her *Green Apple Harvest*, Sheila Kaye-Smith tells in vivid detail the stirring story of Robert Fuller's three conversions.' His first conversion was at a revival service at the chapel which he and his brother Clem had gone to. "Turn, sinners, turn to Me!" cried the preacher. Clem was wishing himself out in the lane with Polly, and, wishing it, fell asleep. Robert, on the contrary, leaned forward in his seat, drinking in every word. He sat with his eyes fixed on the preacher's face, his jaw dropping towards his flashing tie, a few beads of sweat on his forehead.' The result of it was that Robert was saved! 'Robert was a believer—he who had been brought home drunk only a week ago!' Clem felt a thrill go down his backbone, but he was alone in his admiration. 'Others were suspicious or critical or angry. On his return from the chapel, the family received Robert frigidly, and his father called him a fool. "You're that," he said, "if you're not worse!"

'Such treatment set up a violent reaction in Robert's impulsive breast. He felt that he had been victimized; and he felt, strangely enough, that God was to blame for it.

"I tell you, Clem," he said, as they sat on their beds discussing the incident that night, "I tell you that it was God that spoke to me. He's played me a trick. He's angry with me because I like enjoying myself and loving girls and drinking at pubs and doing things as He don't hold with; so He's done this to pay me out. But I'll show Him as I ain't beat as easy as that. If anyone hereabouts thinks that I'm saved, he'll soon know different."

So that is the story of his first conversion—'like apple-blossom, flimsy and light; it soon came fluttering to the ground.' And his second conversion was a green apple conversion—sour and hard. In it he 'grasped at the love of God in order to obtain deliverance from everlasting perdition. Under the influence of that conversion Robert set out to warn all the people of the countryside to flee from the wrath to come. He neglected his wife and child: he forsook his home for days together; he let the farm go to rack and ruin. He tramped from village to village, delivering at fairs, at markets and on village greens his stern and terrible message. He came on a knot of young girls gathered at the well, and he told them of the torments of that fire in which no tongue can be cooled and no thirst quenched. He looked in at the smithy, and, as the bellows roared and the flames leaped up, he

told the smith of the day that shall burn as a furnace. And then he thought of Hannah!—a gipsy girl to whom he had paid attention, but who had married one of her own people. He must save Hannah's soul! He went. The gipsies, seeing their chance, left him alone with her. She knew her part and played her game most cleverly. Even as he preached to her, she used her old enchantments. The old feelings mastered him. He sprang upon her and smothered her face with kisses. The gipsies, watching, rushed into the tent. He fought with them and fell. They offered to be silent if he would give them gold. He refused them the money for which they hungered; and they sent him straight to prison.'

And then the third conversion. It was 'like ripe fruit, rosy and sweet; the reader closes the book with the taste of it still in his mouth.' In the third conversion it was through the beauty of Nature that God spoke to him. 'The whole countryside was unspeakably beautiful—the fields, the hedgerows, the farms, the cherry-tree in full blossom, the sunrise and the song of birds. Then, out of the beauty of the world, there came a voice: "I am your God: don't you know Me?" He was overpowered by a sense of the love of God. He had only thought of the love of God as an escape from hell; but here was God loving for the sake of loving! *Loved with an everlasting love!* Loved in spite of everything and loved all the time! He hurried home and told Clem.

"And does this mean that you've been converted again?" asked Clem dubiously.

"It does," answered Robert, "and I must go and tell men that He's a God of love and of everything lovely. I preached a hard gospel before. I said that Christ died only for the elect, and that everyone else would burn for ever in hell. I took away God's character, and I must make it right again."

In spite of all Clem's arguments, and all Polly's entreaties, he set out. But the mob would not hear him. It laid violent hands upon him and did him to death at the horsepond. But he was quite happy about it. It was best, as he himself had felt, that he should die. And death had come to him very kindly. For he had died in trying to show men that *God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'*