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so forth. Bring those words to the test of reason and of Christianity, and they will be seen to stand for intolerable ideas; and when once the false doctrine is discerned in its pagan simplicity, we shall be on the track of true thought. At present we are the slaves of inherited superstitions.

3. We come to the third point—the enormous *practical difficulties in ridding the world of war*. There are, as we have seen, false notions to be replaced by true; there are deep suspicions having their roots in long-standing historical relations; there are sinister interests that thrive on human strife; in a word, there is the terrible fact of human sin. They who labour for world peace, and hope that it will some day be attained, are frequently told that they take too lightly the fact of sin.

But we must refuse to be frightened by talk concerning the vast power of sin. 'Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?' Are we to conclude that in very truth goodness is feebler than wickedness, and that, because the hindrances to be overcome are enormous, we are justified in abandoning an ideal which commends itself most clearly when we are conscious of being nearest to our Master? Faith dares not reason so; it is still called on to remove mountains. It is true, as Lecky has said, that Christianity has been more successful in

dealing with individuals than with communities, but though 'the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding small.'¹

What practical steps can we take? Let us turn to the League of Nations, for it implies a dethronement of the ideal of war. But the League of Nations requires the power of public opinion behind it. Now when the suffering of the Great War is still upon our hearts, now when the memory of the brave dead who gave their lives, not to win territory or fame, but to secure to future generations deliverance from the curse and horror of war, is still green in the loving and grateful appreciation of those for whom they died, we have the power that the League of Nations needs.

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for the great prophecies and dreams of the inspired men of Holy Scripture, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. May we believe in their visions as in Thine own decrees, and labour with all diligence to bring their realization nearer. Increase our faith, we beseech Thee, and take out of our hearts all malice and revenge, that we may believe in and work for the coming of the reign of the Prince of Peace. *Amen.*

¹ J. H. Rushbrooke, in *Christ: and the World at War*, 151.

Francis of Assisi.

BY THE REVEREND J. P. LILLEY, D.D., EDINBURGH.

WHATEVER shortcomings may be found in the Italy of to-day, it cannot be said that the people forget to honour the memory of the great souls that have made her name famous amongst the nations of the world. This devotion was seen on a great scale in the month of September 1921, the six-centenary of Dante's death. Then every municipality of the country, aided by the services of the Church and the publications of the press, joined in paying tribute to the poet of the *Divina Commedia*. In the latter half of the present year, a similar recognition is being made of the life and service of Francis of Assisi.

There is a link between these two names that is not always noted. It is clear that Francis' *Song of the Creatures* and other hymns encouraged Dante

to choose the vernacular as the medium of his own work. It is plain also that the poet's sensitive heart was filled with admiration of the stand that Francis made against the worldliness and pagan corruption of the Church in the age in which he was born. To discern this, we have only to turn to the eleventh canto of the *Paradiso* and read the glowing eulogium of the saint which Dante puts into the mouth of Thomas of Aquino. There were two princes, says Aquinas, whom God in His mercy raised up to guide His cause amidst the troubles that beset it. One was the seraphic saint of Assisi; the other, Dominic, the cherubic light of Spain. Confining his own words to Francis, the speaker likens him to a sun, that, rising through a darkening sky, brought with his beams an orienta-

tion which was speedily felt in all the world. After a brilliant poetic outline of his career, Aquinas' only regret is that the Order of the Franciscans did not keep to its original pastures, but, straying over diverse meadows came back to the fold emptier of milk for the souls of men.

The chief sources of our knowledge of Francis are, first of all, his *Life* by Thomas of Celano, published three years after his death; then the *Mirror of Perfection* by his three chief companions; still later the *Life* by Bonaventura; and last of all the charming collection known as *The Little Flowers of Saint Francis* (the *Fioretti*). All of these writings have been utilized in many biographies of the saint during the last and the present century. They have also been subjected to keen criticism, notably by Nino Tamassia, the Professor of Law at the University of Padua; but in spite of such thorns the story of the saint's life and work still retains its roseate symmetry and beauty and fragrance, and yields both inspiration and guidance to all who study it in the right spirit.

In the limited space allotted to the present essay, I can attempt no more than a brief outline of Francis' early career and, after showing the later form it assumed, point out the spiritual forces by which it was moulded.

I.

Francis' parents were natives of Assisi, in the province of Umbria. His father, Pietro Bernadone, was a cloth merchant of good repute, who carried on a prosperous business in a shop of the town, but often left it in charge of others to go in search of attractive fabrics in other countries. He seems to have been specially fond of the goods manufactured in France, and was travelling there at the time when Francis was born in 1182. His mother, Pica, was in favour of calling him John; but when her husband returned home, he insisted that the child should bear the French name which in Italian was Francesco. The son grew up under his mother's tender care and exhibited a disposition full of bright humour and gaiety of heart. His mother was his teacher in music and the practice of song. From his earliest days, he was fond of his companions and drew out from them a deep and lasting affection. After the years of education under the priests of San Giorgio were over, he entered into the business of his father and sold pieces of cloth in smaller or larger portions to the many customers that flocked

in from the town and the country districts around. Apparently his father never stinted him in money to meet his personal needs, and set him free to join in all the amusements of the place. In the midst of this liberty, the lad fell into the company of youths of higher social standing than his own, but less strictly and devoutly nurtured than he had been. The result was that playing with them the part of a troubadour in the streets and even serenading far into the night, he spent both his money and his strength in a style of living that was sure to leave on heart and life the stains of self-indulgence and sin.

Even through this riotous career, however, while spending like a prince and reaping the harvest of folly, conscience was often sending its stings into his heart, reminding him that in spite of the fair show in the flesh with which he was fascinated, he had a nature that neither the world nor one of the things that were in it could ever satisfy.

It was to have this experience deepened in him that he was led to think of entering on a military career. The calling of a soldier lay close to the heart of every young man in the days when the inhabitants of one town had so often to fight for freedom and independence against the invasions of another. Francis was never slow in trying to respond to the summons for this warfare. But, as often as he did so, he was struck down with attacks of illness that prevented his carrying out the project to the desired end.

In the enforced retirement of these occasions, the gay young man had by the grace of God the opportunity of reviewing the course of his past life. Conscience renewed its accusations with such pungency that he began to feel the fair clothing he had been wearing and selling was of no more worth than rags, and that the money he had been receiving for it was the root of all the evil he had ever done.

Strangely enough, too, there sprang up in his heart a growing sympathy with the poor and the sick of the population in which he was so well known. Always himself unusually attractive to those that knew him, he felt awakened a still deeper and stronger interest in others. It was in full harmony with this new impulse that one day while he was serving a wealthy customer at his stall in the market-place, and a beggar approached him asking for alms, the moment the purchaser departed and the beggar himself was gone, he ran after the

poor man and heaped upon him every part of his own garments he could spare.

Visions or dreams also came to him in the silent hours of the night. He had been eager to build up for himself a great reputation as a military leader ; but he seemed to hear a voice charging him to think of a grander edifice. The walls of the church of St. Damian lay in utter ruin : if he would prove true to God and himself and his fellow-men, let him arise and rebuild this waste house of worship.

It was in connexion with the project thus borne in upon him that the turning-point of his whole career at last emerged. Having received a large sum of money in the transactions of business, he suddenly gathered it all up and tendered it to the priest of the church for the expense of rebuilding. When his father discovered what had been done, he was so incensed at the young man that he struck and scourged him and had him shut up at home as in a prison : he even went on to have his son arrested and brought before the civil authorities as a thief and a robber. Francis stood the trial, but appealed for protection to the Bishop of Assisi. Advised by him to restore the money which still lay unused amidst the stones of the church, Francis allowed the claim of his father to it and laid the whole sum before his face. The very clothing also that he had received as part of his allowance for service, he stripped off and flung down in his presence. Then at last came the final and irrevocable decision of his life. Speaking to the crowd at the door of the Bishop's palace, he stood forth and cried : ' Listen all of you and understand. Until now I have called Pietro Bernadone my father ; but since I have determined to be a servant of the Lord Jesus, I return him the money concerning which he was aggrieved and all the garments I have had from him, desiring henceforth to say, not Pietro Bernadone, but " our Father, which art in heaven. " '

Many of us who read this poignant story hardly know whether the greater blame is to be attached to the father or the son. Both were far in the wrong, especially, I think, Pietro the father ; for he showed the unrelenting bitterness of his spirit by cursing Francis in the street long after the rupture had taken place. The only palliation we can think of is that all this happened more than seven centuries ago, when parental authority was more absolute than it is now ; and that then the members of a family were apt to cast off the bonds

of allegiance and affection more abruptly than in our own days.

The only thing of which we have any certitude was that the outcast was then led by the hand of Christ as an orphan child of the world into the household of the Heavenly Father ; and that, receiving there the best robe of a righteous inner life, with the ring of the Spirit of filial emancipation, and having his feet shod with the preparedness of the gospel of peace, he was thereafter constantly sustained by a rich and joyous banquet of all the grace and truth wrapt up in fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.

II.

The subsequent events of Francis' career are so much a matter of ordinary historical narration that a short summary of them is all that is needed here. The walls of St. Damian were duly rebuilt as far as was possible at that time ; but the self-imposed task at which he laboured, led him into such an utter dependence on the charity of the inhabitants of the town as to suggest an entirely new and lasting method of life. In short, Francis felt justified in trying to win his daily bread by asking for it at the hands of his neighbours. He does not seem to have thought that this step involved any loss of manly independence. By spending his strength in daily intercession for souls and in visiting and helping, if not healing, the lepers and the sick as no one else dared to do, was he not ministering to men in spiritual things ? Why, then, should not they minister to him of the plain food they had in abundance for their own households ? Such a return in carnal things was only a fair recompense in the sight of heaven. It humbled him before God and it blessed those that gave.

So deeply did this view of his place and calling in the world sink into his spirit that it formed in him a settled habit of obtaining support. He took up the lot of a mendicant ; and adopting the garment of a peasant in the shape of a coarse greyish-brown cloak kept around his body by a thick rope girdle, he became a marked figure in the streets of Assisi and the surrounding country, and was everywhere recognized as one who was content with the poorest fare and yet was bent on doing good to all as he found opportunity. Meeting one of his early companions on the street one day, while walking in a quiet fashion, he was asked if he was in love and was going to be married that he was so medi-

tative. 'Yes!' was the instant reply: 'I am already wedded to Poverty.' This was only his vivid expression of a simple fact. As Dante put it, Poverty became the lady-love of Francis' heart, and his affection for her increased day by day.

But an invisible companion, however precious, cannot fully satisfy the human heart. It was not good for Francis to be alone; and in His kind providence God speedily raised up for him friends who should be with him and carry out his beneficent projects on a larger scale than he ever asked or imagined. First came to join him in his cell Bernard, the wealthy merchant who left all to share his toil; then the humbler but worthy Peter, followed by Egidio, Ginepro, and Masseo and others, till Francis found himself surrounded by no less than twelve comrades, all bent like himself on a life stamped with the spirit of Poverty and Chastity and Obedience. Preaching the gospel of repentance and faith was to be their main task; but with this was to be combined utter diligence in caring for all the poor degraded fragments of humanity for whom the religionists of the day had no thought.

In the experience of this toil Francis had visions of a vast access of followers ready to enlist under his standard and spread his work; and so vivid was the impression left on his mind that along with chosen companions he went on an embassy to the Pope in Rome to seek at his hands the formal recognition and institution of a new Order of lay brethren, who should be under the Papal sway and work for the glory of God and the revival of true religion in the Church. After many a cold reception and even hard rebuff at the court, Pope Innocent III. saw his way to accede to Francis' petition. Returning home in triumph, he found hundreds ready to join his cause. Thus was laid the foundation of the Friars Minor, or, as the title might be rendered, the Little Brothers.

How this Order was welcomed and increased not only through all the cities and towns of Italy, but in France, in Spain, in Germany, and the Netherlands, may be seen in any manual of Church History worthy of the name. No more fascinating record could be put into the hands of the readers and students of the Church. So enthusiastic was the reception accorded to the movement that a second Order, initiated by the daughter of a noble family of Assisi named Clare, had to be formed for the inclusion of women. To this was, in course of

time, added a Third Order, which embraced multitudes that were not indeed expected or pledged to leave their homes or ordinary avocations, but were none the less bound to yield unflinching sympathy and co-operation in all the work the higher grades had at heart.

That Francis was able to guide this vast organization without sore travail of spirit cannot be imagined. It was too vast and varied to remain in every respect true to his ideal. He made many mistakes and suffered bitterly for them. One of the most grievous proved to be his reluctance to take for himself the place of the acting superintendent of the Orders. Instead of this, he favoured the appointment of one of his intimate friends, named Elias, who, able and devoted as he was, turned out to be too compliant with the less scrupulous leaders of the Church in erecting buildings, accumulating property, and even receiving money gifts from the rich, in ways out of harmony with the original aims of the saintly Founder of the Orders.

At last the time drew nigh when, worn out by fatigue and disappointment at home and missionary effort abroad in Syria and Egypt, Francis felt that his days on earth were speedily coming to an end. The mountain of Alverna was selected as the scene of a long retreat; and it was there that, according to his three chief companions, in the midst of intense concentration of thought on the Cross and actual vision of Him as the Lamb of God on the throne, he received from the Lord the Stigmata or reproduction of the five wounds in His own body made by the hands of those who hung Him on the accursed tree. This supernatural sign was the climax of his earthly experience before returning home to die. Dante, I think, evidently accepted the current belief concerning these tokens as based on well-attested evidence. For in the Canto already quoted from, Aquinas is represented as saying:

On the rough rock 'twixt Tiber and the Arno,
From Christ did he obtain the final seal
Which during two long years his members bore.
(*Paradiso*, xi. 106-108; tr. J. P. L.)

The first seal of his mission as a man of God was given by the Pope; the second and last came from the Lord on high. All that was left to him after prolonged suffering was to be carried home, to give his benediction to Assisi, and to affix his own seal by asking to be laid on the consecrated soil of the little hut of the Porziuncola and to die with his arms

outstretched in the form of the Cross. The sad event took place on October 3rd, 1226.

III.

But what now shall be said of the vital forces that animated the whole career of Francis? It is necessary to note these carefully, for here the soul of this great servant of the Lord issues its challenge to us all and summons us to follow him even as he followed the Master.

First of all comes into play the saint's study of the Bible. At the outset of his career he probably knew little more of it than what he had read in the Roman manuals of devotion. After the first three companions joined him, he began to feel the necessity of consulting the words of the Lord as recorded in the Gospels; and it is told how amazed he was when, opening the great Book that lay near the altar in the Church of St. Nicolo, he came in succession on the passages in which Jesus exhorts His followers to part with all they had and give to the poor; to take up their cross and follow Him; and finally to take nothing for the journey. From that day onwards Francis began to study the Bible as a whole. To him it was the supreme source of the Word of life. He pondered it and, like Jeremiah, ate it, till it became the joy and the rejoicing of his heart.

The effect of this sustenance is seen in the conception he formed of God and the relation in which he stood to Him. In spite of the intimate fellowship with God into which many of the earlier saints had entered, their ideas of Him as expressed in their doctrinal teaching are often very defective. They did not recognize and proclaim the truth of the Divine Fatherhood as they should have done. Even to Augustine, God was more the Sovereign Creator than the heavenly Father. But, as we have seen, this view did not satisfy the heart of Francis. Jesus had taken him by the hand and led him as an orphan into the household of God; and tasting there the fulness of the heavenly grace, Francis took at once the position of a little child in his chosen home and found the love of God pervading all His relations to mankind not only as Creator but as Parent and Possessor; as Redeemer and King; as Father and Friend. To him Jesus was the Word made flesh, the eternal Child; and in union with Him Francis was delighted to be absolutely dependent on God for continued life and growth and feeling, and no less also for thought

and speech and service. What could the fruit of this experience be but a life of self-forgetfulness, spending its energy in buoyant activity on behalf of all around him, and receiving in turn a joy the world could neither give nor take away?

It was in this way that Francis was led to cherish and show such a deep sympathetic interest in his fellow-men. Even by nature, they were his fellow-offspring and the objects of God's parental affection. He felt that God was yearning towards every one of them, however sinful or degraded they might be, thirsting for their love, as men thirst for water in a parched and desert land. Why should he stand aloof from any of them? With the love of God brimming over his own soul, was it not for him to love every man with the love that was in the heart of God, the very love that God Himself was and is and shall be for evermore?

It is therefore no surprise to us to find that Francis looked upon the world of Nature around with a sense of kinship far above what was commonly felt in his day. The objects of the outer world were to his eye not merely the works of God's creative hand, but in themselves the expression of His eternal love and the channels by which it might reach and attract the heart and mind of man. Coming from the essential life and love of the Most High and intended to enrich and beautify the souls of His creatures, the orbs of heaven, the elemental forces of the world, and even the experiences of men in the midst of earthly existence, might be regarded as in a real sense the fellow-offspring of every true child of God.

It is this sense of the intimate union and communion with Nature into which the human soul may enter that constitutes the charm of Francis' *Canticle of the Sun*. In this respect, it rises higher than the Hebrew Psalm 148, on which it is based. Several literal prose translations of it have been made by eminent writers like Mrs. Oliphant, Matthew Arnold, and Father Cuthbert. The following rendering, while not forgetful of its primary simplicity, aims at bringing out by means of rhymed couplets the feeling of victory and jubilation that pervades the poem:

O dearest Lord, Almighty and Supreme,
Of glory, laud and honour be the theme.
With every richest blessing
Thee Maker aye confessing
Who among men is worthy even to name Thee?

By all Thy works adored,
Praised be Thy name, my Lord,
Chiefly for Master Brother Sun,
Who lights the moon by night when day is done.
Radiant and fair is he, Thy Name addressing,
With glowing power and glee Thy love expressing.

Praised be Thy Name for Sister Moon,
And for the Stars which ever hid at noon,
Are yet around us here by night ;
And lit by Thee make the blue vault both clear
and bright.

Praised be Thy Name, O Lord, for Brother Wind,
With Air and Cloud in calm and storm designed
To quicken life in souls where Thou art shrined.

For Sister Water, too, Thy Name be praised,
Precious and pure is she, and has been raised
To meet our many needs,
While to the Well of truth she humbly leads.

Praised be Thy Name, my Lord, for Brother Fire,
Who lights the darkening sky and can inspire
The fainting heart with strength and lift us higher,

Praised be Thy Name for Earth, our Sister-Mother
dear,
Who takes and guides our life each growing year,
And yields the varied fruit our mouth and eyes to
cheer.

Praised be the Lord for those who pardon give,
All for Thy Love, while weak and tried they live :
Happy the souls that thus in peace endure :
For them, Most High, Thy Crown awaiteth sure.

Praised be my Lord for our sweet Sister Death,
Whom none escape that live by air and breath,
Who die in mortal sin reap endless woe.
Blest those alone who ne'er Thy will forego :
On them, the second death shall strike no blow.

To my dear Lord praise, thanks, and blessing be,
O serve Him all with deep humility.

(Tr. J. P. L.)

It is not to be assumed, of course, that the *Canticle* was written in this complete form at first. It seems to have been often sung by Francis and his companions in the privacy of the cells, and thus perhaps gradually revised and expanded.

At this point it ought to be said that there was one class of animate objects in which, though not mentioned in the poem, the saintly singer was deeply interested, namely, the birds of the air. A story, partly legendary yet entirely characteristic, is told that, walking in the woods one day he heard a large flock of birds, singing and chattering in the trees. Approaching, he began to speak to them, while they kept silence and listened to his words :

'Ye are much cared for by God, ye birds, my sisters ; and ye ought to praise Him ever and everywhere, because ye have freedom to fly everywhere : because ye have plumage painted and adorned ; because ye have food prepared without your labour ; because song has been taught you by your Creator. . . . Wherefore the Creator loveth you much. Therefore take heed, little birds, my sisters, lest ye be ungrateful, and study always to give praise unto God.'

Delighted, however, as Francis was with the freedom and joy of the realm of Nature, he found his deepest longings satisfied only in the practical work of the Church in his own city and country first, and then amongst the nations of the world.

Much has often been said of the wide sympathy he showed in the ordinary social life of men around him. He was keenly awake to the charms of music : for he who had sung as a troubadour in the streets of Assisi in the company of his young friends had a voice both rich and sweet ; but now he used it in leading the praise of the crowds to which he preached. He had a great aptitude for dramatic art : for he influenced those he met by his manner and gestures as much as by his speech ; but this gift too he learned to consecrate by arranging scenic reproductions of the Nativity for the delight and instruction of the people. He who thought so little of his own physical comfort was also ever diligent in caring for the sick and the suffering, even though many of them were lepers. It is indubitable also, I think, that what could be truly called miracles of healing were not seldom granted to him in answer to faith in Christ and prayer at His footstool.

But, after all, the greatest work he tried to do on behalf of the Church was the preaching of the gospel for the salvation of souls. Sometimes he would have been content to give himself to contemplation and study and intercession. But when, after renewed conference with his most trusted friends and companions, Clare and Sylvester, he became persuaded that the Lord called him to continue as a lay preacher of the Word of truth, he gave himself to this service with the utmost alacrity and zeal. 'Then,' he cried after the deliberation, 'let us go forth in the name of the Lord.'

In the varied records of his career, there is ample evidence that as an evangelist Francis wielded a deep and lasting influence. 'A man most eloquent,' one of his biographers testifies, 'cheerful in face, in

demeanour benign . . . tongue peaceful, ardent and eager . . . voice strong, sweet, and sonorous,' wherever he went, he found the people hanging upon his lips. Peer and peasant, rich and poor, flocked together and listened to him as a messenger sent by God: and the result was a revival of religion in Umbria such as had never been seen before.

But while thus proving himself a Christian patriot, Francis was also a lover of his fellow-men in every land under the sun. As we have seen, he discerned the unity of the missionary enterprise whether at home or abroad. They were but two aspects of the same work: as the one flourished, so would the other. Therefore like the Apostles of our Lord and the saints of earlier centuries before him, Francis became a precursor of all who have counted not their life dear unto them, if by any means they could fulfil the Master's commission to make disciples out of every nation on the face of the earth.

This is the crown of spiritual revival in every age. Many hearts in Britain, and not least in Scotland, are longing to see it laid on the head of the Church in these days. But if it is to be vouchsafed to us, it will only be, when the ministers of every Christian denomination, under the encouragement of the

people as a whole, shall engage in the preaching of the gospel of the grace of God with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven and shall follow up their testimony by living a life marked by the self-sacrificing suffering love and childlike abandonment to the will of the Lord Jesus shown seven centuries ago in the career of Francis of Assisi.

In the light of these facts, we ought not to be surprised at the reverent enthusiasm with which the memory of this saint of the olden days is now being hailed in the land of his birth. If he was a mystic, he was at least a very practical one. If he was eccentric, he was still more Christocentric. If in the independence and freedom he claimed in his methods of dealing with men, he seemed sometimes to be almost beside himself, it was only because, like the Apostle Paul, he understood the people of his age better than we can do now. And if at other times, especially in the conciliar assemblies of the Church, he seemed too sober, it was simply because, again like Paul, the love of Christ for the souls of men constrained him and all who joined his side, to live not to themselves but to the glorified Lord, so that, living or dying, they should be the Lord's.

Contributions and Comments.

Gleanings from the Septuagint.

THESE four brief studies from the LXX are submitted in the hope that they may prove helpful in themselves, and induce others to make a more serious and connected use of the Greek Bible as a whole, not confining their attention only to the Greek of the New Testament. Nos. 1 and 2 are lexical, and their bearing on New Testament problems is obvious. Nos. 3 and 4 will help to prove the necessity for students of the Hebrew to keep a constant eye upon the LXX.

No. 1. Gn 37^{3, 4}, Ἰακώβ δὲ ἠγάπα τὸν Ἰωσήφ παρὰ πάντας τοὺς υἱοὺς αὐτοῦ . . . αὐτὸν ἐφιλεῖ ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ ἐκ πάντων τῶν υἱῶν αὐτοῦ. This seems to establish a practical equality for ἀγαπᾶν and φιλεῖν as used in Hellenistic Greek. There is no more difference intended in these two sentences than there is in the two modes of express-

ing comparison by παρὰ and the accusative, and ἐκ and the genitive. It should be noted that the Hebrew uses but one verb אָהַב in both sentences. At any rate, New Testament commentaries on the noted passage Jn 21¹⁵⁻¹⁷ should not neglect this Old Testament parallel any more than they should neglect the Johannine passages 3³⁵ and 5²⁰—ὁ πατὴρ ἀγαπᾶ τὸν υἱόν, and ὁ γὰρ πατὴρ φιλεῖ τὸν υἱόν. From all of these it would seem undesirable to stress a difference of meaning in the change from ἀγαπᾶν to νφιλεῖ, and so Peter's grief was due rather to the reiteration than to the alteration of the question.

No. 2. μεταμέλεισθαι and μετανοεῖν. It is difficult to believe that those who have read the Psalms in Greek, or who have traced the LXX usage of these verbs by the help of Hatch and Redpath, would consent to the finding (as in Thayer) that 'μετανοεῖν is the fuller and nobler term.' In Ps 105 (106)⁴⁵ we read καὶ (ὁ Κύριος) μετεμελήθη κατὰ τὸ