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ἵνα can be more easily explained. I refer to Mk 2¹⁰: ἵνα δὲ εἰδῆτε ὅτι ἐξουσίαν ἔχει ὁ Υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἀφίεναι ἁμαρτίας ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Λέγει τῷ παραλυτικῷ, for which I suggest the translation: 'But know assuredly that the Son of Man has authority to forgive sins on the earth. He says to the paralytic.' I regard ἵνα εἰδῆτε as a virtual Imperative and thus avoid the necessity of treating Λέγει τῷ παραλυτικῷ as an awkward parenthesis. And this use of ἵνα with the Subjunctive finds a close parallel in Mk 5²³: ἵνα ἐλθὼν ἐπιθῆς τὰς χεῖρας αὐτῆς, 'Come and lay thy hands on her.' [For this usage reference may be made to Milligan, *Vocabulary of the Greek Testament*, pt. iv. p. 305a (3).]

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St. Mark xvi. 8.

'They said nothing to any one.'

ALL the commentators who accept the usual modern view of the weight of manuscript evidence say, in the words of Mr. Willoughby C. Allen, 'here the Gospel ends,' and naturally are led to speculate as to what may have followed. Assuming that the First Gospel was written with a complete text of St. Mark accessible to the writer, we naturally expect to find in St. Matthew some hint as to the conclusion, if any, originally to be read in St. Mark.

Unfortunately, it would appear that St. Matthew has so condensed and telescoped together St. Mark's more detailed account, that we cannot infer what the verse at the head of this note specially signified. Mr. Allen, like others before him, translates 'they told no one,' etc., and we are left wondering how and when the story came to be told, as apparently the Fourth Gospel describes, or how Mary Magdalene came to return to the Tomb.

It may be suggested that the true translation is what we have placed above: it is at least curious that the very same expression occurs also in Mk 1⁴⁴, where Mr. Allen translates 'say nothing to any one.' The point would seem to be that urgent haste, in both cases alike, forbade the ordinary dilatoriness of courtesy and gossiping, familiar in the East. The command in Lk 10⁴, 'salute no one by the way,' which is paralleled by 2 K 4²³, is relevant to the same habit of Oriental society. The rest of St. Mark's expressions in 1⁴⁴, 'He straightway thrust him out, strictly enjoining him,' confirm this view in the one passage, and, if we may argue from it to the other, the women fled in such haste that they disregarded all passers-by whom they met. In this case the difficulty raised by many critics is due to their own way of translating the words.

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Entre Nous.

A Personal Creed.

The Preface to *In Search of a Personal Creed*, by Mr. J. D. M. Rorke (4s. net), says: 'This little book is intended for men and women who want to find out what the central convictions are that make up a Christian view of life, and to discover whether or not those convictions are their own personal convictions. It is not likely to be of much use to any one who is in a state of willingness to be told what to believe.' Mr. Rorke's method is not to start at the top with existing creeds and doctrines, and find out how much of them are accepted and how much must be modified; but rather to start at the bottom with some conviction behind which one can't go. The foundation facts, he says, are 'yourself and the world you live in,' and from

these you pass to God. It is because the realization of the world and life is not sufficiently vivid that the realization of God is not vivid. Men have no mind for God because they haven't got a big enough place to put Him in. 'Supposing, then, we have some small vision of the Throne of the Universe, can we see God upon it? And what sort of God do we believe in?' Can we catch gleams and glimpses if we are responsive? Mr. Rorke finds that we can, and that the first stage is the coming to think of God as a Person. And then the next stage is that the very process which compels us to think of God as 'at least personality' gives that personality the colours that are best summed up in the word Fatherhood, and from here we pass to the thought of the indwelling God, and lastly to Jesus Christ.

In Search of a Personal Creed is published by the Student Christian Movement. It is to be hoped that it will have a wide circulation among university students, for though it is unorthodox—Mr. Rorke, for example, does not believe in the Virgin Birth—it has the power, in quite an unusual degree, of stimulating independent thought.

The Indwelling God.

‘Nine-tenths of the material we would account as “sin,” we don’t for a moment visualize as sin against the God we ourselves, in our inmost hearts, believe in. Sin against ourselves, perhaps; sin against others; sin against some conventional Church figure of God. But to be found fighting against the God we really believe in and adore is a fearful thing. Here is an example, which, because it has that quality, won’t, it is hoped, seem trivial.

‘Four schoolboys on holiday at Richmond in Yorkshire had several times come on a water-rat feeding in the middle of a little pond on the top of a hill. They stoned it, but it always dived and escaped into a drain-pipe which was the only outlet from the pond. Another day, when they were passing that way, they laid plans, and the water-rat, caught again in the middle of the pond, was faced with all four of them standing directly above the drain with armfuls of stones, and no cover anywhere. It took its one forlorn hope, plunged in and swam straight towards them. The writer can still see its little wedge-shaped head arrowing the water as it came on, with the stones splashing all round it. When it was within about five or six feet of them it dived. But this, too, had been foreseen. A big slab of stone was held directly above the entrance to the drain, and, as soon as the flitting shape was seen under it, was let go. There was a mighty splash, and when the slab was lifted the dead body of the little furry creature was under it. The boys went on; such incidents were part of the day’s ploy. But the one who had been chiefly responsible for the scheme, and who had dropped the stone, had an acute revulsion. He was silent; then quarrelling with his companions; then off by himself. A mere spasm of compunction is nothing. But in some way that incident made the deepest sort of mark on him. . . . Other effects are in evidence to this day, across the gap of twelve years to forty. The essence of it was, he had been found to be fighting against God—the God of a schoolboy, if you like, but real. That little wedge on the water, coming on in the face of death, bright eye, keen brain, plucky heart, no flurry, no funk, was the symbol of what was

beautiful on land or sea, of what one could believe in and adore. Any one would wish to be like that, and take sides with that. In all the books one assumed that one did belong to its side. And instead, one had been identified with the stupid, brute force that crushed it. Many readers, doubtless, will be able in similar fashion to recollect something that left a deep mark of pain or shame. Examine it, and see if it had not this special quality of sin against God—against one’s own, real God.

‘There’s a vast difference between what we often describe as a sense of sin, and the realization that we’ve been fighting against the Living God—the God whom, if we don’t love and adore, there’s no meaning in the world or life. David passed from one to the other when he cried in his psalm of penitence: “Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned.” “Thee only!” What about Uriah? What about Bathsheba? Yes, but against God supremely, that’s what he means. The supreme pain and horror is the finding God as a living, indwelling Presence, through the realization that we’ve been on the opposite side to Him.’¹

A Plea for the Bigger Thing.

In the Preface to *Saturday Papers*—published by the Student Christian Movement at 5s. net—Dr. Glover tells us that since October 1922 the ‘Daily News’ has given a column to a paper dealing more or less with matters of religion. ‘For this selection from the Saturday papers I have largely to thank Mr. Hugh Martin, of the Student Movement, though he has been hampered by some interference from the author.’ What Dr. Glover does not tell us, however, is that the circulation of the ‘Daily News’ is considerably increased on Saturdays, and that in Fleet Street it is understood that the factor which chiefly causes this increase is the Essay by Dr. Glover. The selection is an excellent one. The Essays are those of a scholar who is writing here in a delightfully easy and fresh way. They are full of pleasant allusion and stimulating suggestion. A good example of the talks is ‘A Plea for the Bigger Thing,’ from which we quote: ‘It is not in the Gospels as we have them, but one of the Fathers of the Church gives us a saying of Jesus, which may be thoroughly genuine. It is in his vein. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God,” we read in the text not always with any very clear idea of what it is we are to seek first. The “unwritten” saying is simpler: “Ask for the big things and the little shall be added unto you.” What a discipline in prayer it

¹ J. D. M. Rorke, *In Search of a Personal Creed*, 62.

represents ! What a criticism of our small ideas ! And how close it is to his own pattern ! What else does the Lord's Prayer teach—with its cumulative emphasis in the opening petitions on " Thy name, Thy kingdom, Thy Will " ?

' Here, by way of illustration, is a story which I heard in America. A college president found his college in sore need of funds ; he screwed up his courage and went to a benevolent millionaire and asked for ten thousand dollars, but his appeal did not interest the rich man. A little later he met the rich man's son and told him about it. " You made a mistake," said the young man. " It wouldn't interest him. He's on the look-out for some such institution to which he can give a quarter of a million in a lump." . . . Then, again, our Theology is cautious, and inspired by the economies of the peasant, who thinks a bit and says less, shuts his mouth to keep his tongue from letting his mind out, lives in a little circle, ploughs a little field, saves a little money and thinks little and about little things. A poverty-stricken, canny Theology and a shrewd, cautious, safe Religion—and who can wonder that the Church does so ill ? A half-hour with a Greek concordance, or some English one that hints at the Greek—thirty minutes given to Paul's compounds of the word *hyper*—might open our eyes to the scale of his thoughts of God, the freedom and range of his ideas as to what God is and what He can do. . . . The Church has suffered from petty theories about the death of Christ. Sometimes the dominating idea has been an unhistorical notion about Jewish sacrifice—a notion more in the ascendant in the third century than it ever was in the Church of the first century, and forced upon the interpretation of the New Testament on the authority of persons neither qualified to interpret it nor otherwise acceptable to Reformation thought. The idea that God had to be appeased by the offering of Christ's blood is not New Testament doctrine. Paul puts it the other way round, and offers us a profounder conception at once—" God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself." Sometimes Roman law has supplied the very terms in which Christ's mind is interpreted. But Jesus was no Roman lawyer—person, substitution, satisfaction are not his vocabulary ; and to interpret him in such terms is to pour new wine into old bottles. At the best you won't get it all in. Happily, the Church has sometimes mended its bad thinking by not being logical ; it has constantly believed in a Christ far bigger than its theories about

him, acted on the basis of a more generous God and a more human Saviour, and been right on a scale beyond its theories.

' But there is a drawback about living on one scale and thinking on another. One of these days you pull yourself up and take your thinking seriously ; and you may begin to contract your scale of living. You have been tacitly living on the basis of a great God and a great Saviour ; but you find your theories only admit of a small Saviour and of a God who will go to a certain point only in helping you ; and what next ? You pay for your small-range thinking ; or, what is worse, your children do ; or, if you are a minister or professor, your people or pupils pay for it.'

Boredom.

Sir James Marchant has made a collection from the writings of Dean Inge and has published it with the title *Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge* (Longmans ; 3s. 6d. net). From the heading of this paragraph it may be thought that we disagree, and that very strenuously, with the estimate of the title, and so we hasten to say that many very wise things will be found in the volume as well as not a little wit—which hardly needs to be said about one whose mental and spiritual gifts have long been recognized. We quote two extracts. The first is on Boredom, and the second on Suffering :

' I want you to think earnestly of the witness which Joy on the one hand, and its antithesis, Boredom, on the other, bear to the duty and happiness of creative work, that is to say, real work, on however small a scale. The happy people are those who are producing something ; the bored people are those who are consuming much and producing nothing. If you want to see examples of the latter class, look in at the bow-window of a London club in the morning, or at the carriages in Hyde Park towards the end of the season. While we are still on our probation, God punishes the useless by giving them pleasure without joy ; and very wearisome they find it. We are all given the choice whether we will crawl or climb. Parasitism is open to us, if we like. Choose it, and pleasure, that apple of Sodom—may be yours ; but you will wholly forfeit joy.¹

Suffering.

' The great message of the *Cross* stands or falls with the divinity of Christ. Is it not the truth that all the rivals of Christianity fail just here ?

¹ *Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge*, 55.

All the religious philosophies of antiquity, it seems to me, shrink, in the last resort, from grasping the nettle of suffering quite firmly. They all want to make us invulnerable, somehow. There must always be a back-door of escape if the ills of life become too overpowering. Either defiant resistance, or suicide, or complete detachment, is recommended. By some means or other, the man himself must be rescued from circumstance, he must provide himself with a magic impenetrable armour. And *therefore*, the sting of pain is never drawn. The good news of Christianity is that suffering is itself divine. It is not foreign to the experience of God Himself. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted." "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." "If thou be the Son of God," said His enemies, "come down from the Cross." No; not while any man remains unredeemed. The divine suffering is not an episode, but a revelation. It is the necessary form which divine love takes, when it is brought into contact with evil. To overcome evil with good means to suffer unjustly and willingly.¹

Who Laughs Last?

Readers of the 'British Weekly' are familiar with the unconventional but thought-provoking, and at times provocative, articles of Quo Usque. The publication of a volume of Essays with the title *Who Laughs Last?* (3s. 6d. net) reveals the fact that Quo Usque is Mr. Frederick A. Atkins, who published not long ago 'The Durable Satisfactions of Life.' Both volumes are published by Messrs. Nisbet.

Probably the first essay—the one which gives the title to the book—is that with which there will be most general agreement. The title is taken from Mr. Galsworthy's 'Hedonist.' 'And suddenly there came before me two freaks of vision—Vaness's well-dressed person, panting, pale, perplexed; and beside him the old darkie's father, bound to the live-oak, with the bullets whistling past, and his face transfigured. There they stood alongside—the creed of pleasure . . . and the creed of love devoted unto death! "Aha," I thought; "which of the two laughs last?"'

¹ *Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge*, 15.

The essay on War, on the other hand, is the most provocative. War is defined as 'the method adopted by the leaders of civilised nations for the settlement of disputes between governments.' But indeed there is much plain speaking in all the essays. In the essay on Labour, for example, Mr. Atkins says, 'I believe one great cause of our labour troubles is the fact that nothing has ever been offered to the workers voluntarily.' Whether we agree with Mr. Atkins or not, what he says deserves careful weighing.

Dt 3rd.

'Moses or not Moses—what a splendid passage, and how suggestive of the life of every man for whom religion is real or who is consecrated to a great quest or a great crusade! "Thou hast begun to shew thy servant thy greatness"—we never get beyond that, however far we go. Herrmann, in his great book, "The Communion of the Christian with God" (for which I, for one, do not cease to be grateful), says somewhere something like this: "The Christian has constantly the consciousness of being on the threshold of fresh knowledge of God." I think it is true not only in religion, but in every serious study. Ask poet or painter how he feels about Beauty; it is the same note: "Thou hast begun to shew thy servant thy greatness." I can never forget a stanza of a Keswick hymn that I once heard an old Bristol friend sing. (It is always something to have a friend's name tagged on to anything that is worth while.)

Jesus, I am resting, resting
On the joy of what Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.

It seems to me an epitome of the Christian life and (if you like) of Church history. "Thou hast begun to shew thy servant."²

² T. R. Glover, *Saturday Papers*, II.

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