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text in the Notes on Select Readings appended to their edition of the New Testament in Greek (vol. ii. p. 116), though, in their judgment, 'the text does not appear to be corrupt.' However, one may be pardoned for suspecting corruption, especially as regards the last words *διὰ τοὺς ἀγγέλους*. I hazard the suggestion that the true reading is *διὰ τὸ εὐαγγέλιον*. This is a pure conjecture on my part. It would be strange if it had occurred to no one before. If it is on record anywhere, I have not seen it. The following arguments, if not conclusive, appear on a conjunct view to carry considerable weight.

1. Palæographically, the difference between *τοὺς ἀγγέλους* and *τὸ εὐαγγέλιον* is small. Written in uncials unspaced *τοyc* and *τοey* have three letters in common, while *c* and *e* are very similar. If the original exemplar were a little blurred, the effect might be to make *τοyc* seem the true reading; and, if the *ων* were hard to decipher,

the scribe would naturally assume *αγγελους* in agreement with *τοyc*.

2. A relevant meaning is obtained. The apostle has already used the phrase in ch. 9²³ to express the dominant motive of his actions, and he might well believe that if the women of the Church were ruled by this motive they would recognize the propriety of wearing a veil.

3. It suits the context, both preceding and succeeding. The apostle has just said, *διὰ τὴν γυναῖκα . . . διὰ τὸν ἄνδρα*. Having said, 'for the woman's sake,' 'for the man's sake,' he now says, 'for the gospel's sake,' which is apparently more to the purpose than 'for the angels' sake.' Then *πλὴν* introduces a corrective, lest his readers should think him untrue to gospel liberty in requiring women to wear a token of subordination. There is mutual dependence between man and woman 'in the Lord.'

JAMES P. WILSON.

St. Quivox, Ayr.

Entre Nous.

The Speaker's Bible.

Since we last drew attention to *The Speaker's Bible* three more volumes have appeared. The first two dealt with 1 Corinthians and Philemon. Now Acts is being covered in two volumes, and one of these has been issued (Ac I.-XIV.). In place of a review we give below what 'The Methodist Recorder' says of this volume. It should be noted that a Prospectus giving full particulars of the work may be had from the Speaker's Bible Office, Aberdeen.

'Among helps for the busy preacher there is nothing to compare with "The Speaker's Bible," and its latest volume, the first of two to be devoted to Acts, is a very welcome arrival (Speaker's Bible Office; 9s. 6d.). It covers the first fourteen chapters of the book, and is so interesting that the present reviewer, intending no more than a skimming of its pages for the purpose of this notice, found himself held to them until midnight had gone and there was nothing more to read but the book's index. Principal W. M. Clow, D.D., of Glasgow, contributes the Introduction, and there are other signed articles contributed by the Rev. W. M. Grant, D.D., and the Rev. J. H. Morrison; but whether signed or unsigned all the contents of the volume reach a very high level, and supply a great wealth of suggestion for those who purpose dis-

courses upon the great days of the Church's beginnings. No Article is without its meed of illustrative material, the very latest literature being laid under contribution; there being numerous extracts from the books of the autumn publishing season. Preachers with a library of sermonic literature at hand will find the copious index invaluable, and such as have no reason for making sermons will find the book a most inspiring devotional companion.'

Trust.

From 1912 to 1918 there was carried on in Dorset a certified reformatory with the title *The Little Commonwealth*. The Superintendent was Homer Lane, and he carried on the *Little Commonwealth* on new lines. It was co-educational and self-governing. Lane was a born educationalist, and his methods were strikingly successful. He had usually about 42 boys and girls whose ages ranged from fourteen to nineteen, a small number of young children and a few adults. The *Commonwealth* was divided into three groups, the 'three families.' Each person was free to choose which family he would belong to. Boys and girls shared equally in the responsibility of family maintenance and government, and they were responsible for the welfare of the younger children. Children under

fourteen spent their time between school work and recreation, but those over fourteen were citizens who were paid wages for their work and who provided their own food, clothing, and recreation. A small book which has just been published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (5s. net) with the title *Talks to Parents and Teachers* gives the notes of some of Lane's lectures and some account of his educational methods. There is a preface by the Bishop of Liverpool, which states clearly and sympathetically the cause of the withdrawal of the Home Office certificate from the school in 1918—the tragedy of Lane's life. There was in Lane a naïve lack of worldly prudence. But the withdrawal and subsequent closing of the school were brought about not only by this, but also by misunderstanding of his whole character and aims on the part of those who made the inquiry.

There are several good stories in the book showing the methods that Lane used to free boy and girl delinquents from their misconception of society and social order. One is the story of Tim. Tim was fifteen years old and a burglar, and he was committed by the Court to the Little Commonwealth. Tim, Tim's mother, and Mr. Lane retired to the ante-room, and Mr. Lane determined to aim a shrewd blow at those feelings of defiance and hatred which had been accumulating in Tim's mind for years. "Look here, old man," said I briskly, "take your mother home and come down to the school to-morrow. There's a train at nine o'clock, and another at one, from Paddington. Book to Evershot. I've got to meet the one o'clock train. If you come by that, you can drive over from the station with me; if you come by the early train, ask the way. Don't forget the station—Evershot." And I gave him a sovereign for his railway ticket.

Tim's manner was a study during these instructions. At first he was suspicious. As I went on, and he realized that he was not to be "taken away," he looked amazed; when I placed the money in his hand, he looked incredulous. I turned away towards the door immediately, but I saw him look at his mother and I saw her astonished expression. The boy seemed to wilt; his muscles relaxed; he shifted from one foot to the other; he licked his lips and sniffed nervously. As I turned away, freeing him from the authority of force and mistrust and harshness, the true authority took him in charge. My hand on the door, I heard him say in a lovely, tender voice, "Come on, mum!" and saw him put his arm through hers and draw her towards the door. The expression on both their faces showed that many associ-

ations in the unconscious mind had that day been dissolved.

'When the one o'clock train from Paddington reached Evershot the next day, Tim alighted. As I greeted him he grinned cheerfully, and handed me some small change left after buying his ticket, saying: "The ticket was sixteen and sixpence halfpenny." I counted it and put it in my pocket, the lad watching me the while. "Right-o," was all I said. This little scene about the money was an important part of Tim's release. Boys do not like to be treated carelessly.'

A schoolmaster discussing Lane's methods with him argued that it was Lane's personality that brought the boy to the reformatory. Lane replied that he always brought boys by the same method, and it never failed. There was some quality in boy nature which responded to confidence and trust. "That's your personality or gift or genius, or whatever you may call it," the schoolmaster replied. "Besides, it is partly luck that he came as you directed. Now, if I had given him a sovereign and said, 'I trust you to go down alone,' the chances are that he might still be smashing things up in London."

"I didn't say a thing to him about trust," said I.

"But you did trust him."

"Yes, but had I told him so, he would have known that I didn't, and then he would not have come. When one says to another, 'I trust you,' it implies doubt."

A Pilgrimage to Palestine.

Dr. Fosdick is almost as well known on this side as he is in America, and so it is natural that a British edition of his books follows rapidly the American one. This month *A Pilgrimage to Palestine* has been issued here by the Student Christian Movement (8s. 6d. net). It is thoroughly modern in outlook. We expect freshness from Dr. Fosdick, and we have it here. His plan even is not the usual one. As he says himself, 'he is not going to tell a travelogue nor to district a country.' He asks the reader to 'follow from the Hebrews at Sinai to the modern Zionist the successive eras of Palestine's story as they were illumined for us by our pilgrimage.' And so we follow with him the trail of Moses and the fleeing Israelites from Egypt to the peninsula of Sinai. In chapter ii. we join the Hebrew forces in imagination as they sweep in on Palestine. The next chapter is devoted to 'The City of David,' then one with the title 'From Gilgal to Galilee,' and, after another on 'Journeys to the Prophets' Homes,' we move from the Old

Testament into the New. 'When one has lived for even a few weeks in Palestine intent on following the Master's steps, every landscape becomes vocal with some news of him, and one understands the meaning of that Syrian Christian in America who says that whenever he opens his Bible it reads like a letter from home. The vineyards with their watch towers, such as Jesus saw, still are here; public, noisy mourning when death befalls still is a familiar scene; donkeys frequent the roads, piled high with grass which to-morrow will be "cast into the oven"; stones and flowers, grapes, thorns, figs, and thistles, which he used in teaching, are everywhere; and in innumerable small, revealing ways the land lights up the gospels.'

As we follow Dr. Fosdick in his pilgrimage we get with a curious vividness the impression of the moment on himself. Many examples might be given, but we might quote perhaps what he says of Shiloh, surrounded by its barren hills, open only on the south. 'There is no doubt about Shiloh's site; it is precisely described in Scripture, and even the modern name, Seilun, is only another form of Shilonite. One goes to it now by automobile and feels the profanation as he does so. By the north road from Jerusalem, past many a site made memorable by Saul and Samuel, we rode in an hour to the byway that takes us across the plain to Shiloh. The day we came, the Danish archæologists, who sank their first trial shaft in 1922, were in the thick of their excavations. As the long lines of Arab women carried up the dirt and laid bare the ruins, our eyes were among the first to see the uncovering of the ancient town. Already we could walk among Byzantine and Roman walls; and trial shafts, driven deeper, have brought up assurance that the houses of the ancient Israelites lie underneath. The eager, excited Danish scholar, who scrambled that day over the ruins, and spent his energy alike in hard climbing and laborious English, even thinks that in some picturesque ruins of a Christian holy place near by he may be on the site of the old tabernacle where the Ark was kept. At any rate, the position is perfect. Somewhere near this spot the aged Eli waited all that fatal day for the sacred Ark that had gone down to battle. A long valley falls away in front and makes a perfect staging for his anxious vigil as he watched for the first sight of the distant messenger. Few places in Palestine can fit the Biblical narrative with more precision.

'We kept vigil with him there that day and thought of all that happened to the Ark among the victorious Philistines.'

There is no doubt about the site of Shiloh. Dr. Fosdick would not say as much for many others. The site of the brook Cherith, 'like many another piously identified site, has been made as accessible as possible, even though moving it from the east to the west of Jordan was necessary. Similarly, in Egypt, the site where Moses was taken from the bulrushes used to be uncomfortably far up the river from Cairo but recently has been moved down within easy reach of the tourist.'

But Dr. Fosdick's concern is religion. In the early chapters of the 'Pilgrimage' he traces the religious development of the people to whom 'so unique a consequence' came. Then come chapters following the Master's life and showing Him looming 'impressively real and commanding against the background of his native land, at the same time more human in the circumstances of his life and more divine in his quality of character.' It is natural that the book should be rounded off with an account of Christianity as it is seen in the Holy Land to-day. What a pitiful picture it makes of disharmony between the Spirit of Jesus and historic Christianity! Dr. Fosdick finds three dominant notes in the Christianity of Palestine to-day—monasticism, militarism, and mummery. For mummery turn to his account of the miracle of the sacred fire which takes place on the Saturday before the Greek Easter when the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is given over to Greeks, Armenians, and Copts. It is on that day the holy fire comes down from heaven, and blessings wait the fortunate folk whose tapers are lighted and whose household fires are set ablaze with the sacred flame. 'When at last those who have secured admittance through special entrances have found their places, the main doorway is thrown open and a shouting, singing mob surges into the church—already apparently filled—carrying cheer-leaders on their shoulders and both acting and sounding like nothing so much as college students celebrating a football victory. It is a wild scene to begin with; it becomes a mad tumult of song, shout, and violence as the crowd shoulders its way as close as may be to the Holy Sepulcher. As for the religious spirit of it, that may be judged by the song the crowd sings as it comes in:

O Jew! O Jew! Yours is the feast of the Devil, but ours is the feast of the Lord.

'Then the procession of gorgeously arrayed priests, clad in golden-yellow robes, begins its laborious march about the Sepulcher. Chanting their liturgy, they make their way three times about

the tomb, but only with the aid of the constabulary which forces a slender pathway through the throng. At last the procession is ended. The aged high priest is divested of his outer robes and is led into the Chapel of the Sepulcher.

'Then one can feel the excited tensivity deepen. In a moment the sacred fire will come. The crowds strain about the apertures. Individuals lose control of themselves and fight for better places only to be mauled by their neighbours or thrown out by the police. Let a man have what opinion he may as to the quality of religion represented here, it is surely one of the best mob scenes he ever witnessed. Suddenly, amid the frantic pealing of great bells, the sacred fire comes. A Copt seizes it first, doubles up over his flaming bundle of tapers, and, protected by a well-organized interference, makes a dash through the crowd worthy of a champion half-back. He carries his captured flame to the Copt shrine behind the Sepulcher and at once rapidly multiplying scores of tapers, lighted there, twinkle in the shadows of the church. Man after man of picked strength and speed lights his torch from the Sepulcher's continuing flame and makes his flying dash through the crowd despite strenuous tackling in the endeavour to steal his light. It is now a mad scene. The constables are everywhere stopping fights, quelling incipient riots, and one man who, over-excited, tries to crowd his way into the Sepulcher itself is hit once by a constable and does not need to be hit again.

'Meanwhile, from taper to taper the lights are spreading through the church. On waiting cords bundles of them are hoisted far into the balconies and up into the dome. The vast sanctuary, that at first was largely shadowed, now sparkles with myriads of multiplying lights. The effect is dazzling, beautiful, and one knows that in every direction runners are already speeding across Palestine to light candles in multitudes of shrines and to start fires on many a household hearth.

'Slowly the great crowd disperses. Some piously carry their lighted candles home. Some singe their hair on head, face, or chest, or burn themselves beneath the armpits with the sacred flame. Meanwhile, between Golgotha and the Sepulcher a group of Christian Arabs put on a spontaneous sword dance to the edification of the saints.

'And this is Christianity in the land of Christ !'

Western Literalism.

'One feels afresh how far from the real issue our Western literalism is when it takes from an ancient Semitic literature wonder-tales about the sun and

moon standing still, or creation-stories about the making of the world in six days, or narratives of marvel and magic of any kind, and tries to pound and press them into scientific fact. Science is the one thing of all others that such stories most certainly are not. Indeed, science, as we understand it, is the one thing of which the Arab yet cannot see the first principles.

'Ask the Arab his explanation of anything and you are met, not with science, but with a charming, dramatic story, or a symbolic comparison. "What is electricity?" one Arab recently asked another. "Suppose," was the reply, "that you had an elongated dog, so long that from his tail you could not see his head; yet if you stepped on his tail he would squeal at his head. Well, electricity is a long dog; it can stretch from Beirut to Damascus, and yet when you press it in Beirut it is in Damascus that it squeals."'¹

'We would see Jesus.'

'In Lent the children of our two elementary schools in this parish come to church for a special service each Wednesday, from 11.25 a.m. to 12 noon. On the Wednesday in Holy Week the subject was, "The Captain of our salvation." I quoted the question of St. Jude to Christ, and then said, "Children, why doesn't Jesus 'Treat us all alike,' as the saying goes? Why does He show Himself to some and not to others?" I hardly expected an answer, but a boy of about thirteen put his hand up at once. "Please, sir," he said, "He shows Himself to those who *want* to see Him." A wonderful answer, surely. And so entirely true.'

This story is told by Canon Peter Green. It is the keynote of his study of the Person and doctrine of Jesus Christ, the title of which is *Our Lord and Saviour* (Longmans; 4s. net). Let young men and women who want to know the Lord Christ read these suggestive chapters of Canon Green. The first step, he says, is to try and gain from a careful study of Holy Scripture a mental picture of Jesus Christ which shall do justice to all aspects of His Person and work. Here he makes a suggestion which was made to himself by G. H. Russell Garcia when they were up together at Cambridge. Mr. Garcia afterwards became a Congregational minister at Sunderland, where his all too short ministry ended. It was that he 'should read the Gospels for the first time.' One day Garcia said 'suddenly, apropos of nothing in the conversation we had been having, "Green, you were brought

¹ H. E. Fosdick, *A Pilgrimage to Palestine*, 137.

up in a religious home. Well! how would you like to read the Gospels for the first time to-day? If you came to them fresh at the age of twenty, what effect would they have on you? Would you believe them? And what effect would the central figure have on you? Would Jesus attract you, or repel you?" At the time the question merely gave me a nasty jolt. But I never forgot it. And many years after I was led by it to make an experiment. It must have been at least ten years after I was ordained, and I was going from Manchester to Euston on an express train. No sooner had the train started than I realised that I had brought no book or paper to read. And then Garcia's remark came into my mind. So I took out my pocket Testament and decided to read one of the gospels straight through, and to do it, as far as possible, as if I had never read it before. Of course, it is not possible entirely to get rid of the associations and presuppositions of a lifetime. But let the reader try the experiment.'

After the mental picture has been got Canon Green would have an attempt made to understand and interpret the teaching of Jesus, and then an attempt to apply it so as to realize the life of discipleship. Having got a personal knowledge of Christ, the young man must then face the question, What think ye of Christ? He must have coherent thinking of God; that is, he must have a theology. So the last chapters in the book deal with the Incarnation and the Virgin Birth, the Atonement, the Resurrection, the Ascended Christ and the Sacraments.

The Way the Gospel works.

'I had been preaching on the topic of the practical workableness of Christ's teaching, and then, a few days after, a middle-aged working-woman said to me, "I was getting on the tram yesterday, and I had a lot of bundles. The conductor was proper nazzie with me, and I was just going to sauce him back again, when I remembered what you'd said. So I smiled up at him and said, 'Aye, I'm a proper nuisance, loaded up with bundles the way I am, and at the busy time of the day, and all. But I'm being as quick as I can.' When I got off he called me Ma'am and helped me with my parcels, and said, 'We've a lot to put up with from some folks. One speaks hasty at times.' You see he was offering me a kind of apology. He'd never have done that if I'd been cross back at him. It's wonderful the way the Gospel works if you give it a chance.'"'¹

¹ P. Green, *Our Lord and Saviour*, 38.

Mt. xxvi. 50.

Professor John Dow has an interesting note in 'The Canadian Journal of Religious Thought' on the cup which Jesus used at the Last Supper, in which he summarizes the theories of Dr. Deissmann and Dr. Rendel Harris. A number of glass cups have been found, dating from the first century, with the words running round them: 'What are you here for? Be merry.' A comparison with similar drinking formulæ upon other ancient cups suggests that possibly the complete sentence was, 'Comrade, what are you here for? Be merry.' Jesus did not use the words 'Be merry,' but otherwise these are His very words to Judas. The suggestion is that He quoted the words to remind Judas of the table-fellowship that he had so lately shared and to rebuke him gently for doing violence to the sacred ties that bound them. Dr. Rendel Harris has it that it is as if our cups bore the inscription: 'We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,' and Jesus touched cords of memory in Judas, saying: 'Is this your cup of kindness, Judas?'

'Comrade' was not the word that Jesus generally used, and it is quite probable that it was suggested to Him by an inscription. Dr. Rendel Harris conjectures that it was found not on the small cups out of which each drank—the type of which we have examples—but on a larger common cup from which the others were filled.

So Jesus took the social cup of pagan fellowship and hallowed it. 'That would be but in keeping with His way, to take the common objects of life and fill them with new meaning. Did He not take common human life itself and sanctify it? And it was no jewelled chalice or a rich man's ware that He honoured, but a plain glass vessel from which poor men had often partaken.'

Errata.

Kindly note that the publishers of *The Heights of Christian Unity*, by Professor Doremus A. Hayes, are the Abingdon Press, not the Student Christian Movement.

It should be noted that the *Liverpool Review* contains not sixteen but forty-eight pages of reading matter, although the price is only 6d.

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.