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that צנאוֹת appears *throughout* as Σαβωθ, that the translation is a unity, and not to be divided between two authors. Some of the results are of first-rate importance for exegesis. For example in 1<sup>13</sup>, where most scholars believe that צ, to which *ῥηστειαν* points, is original, Fischer maintains that קֶס is the original, out of which צ grew by a confusion and combination of the consonants. (Against this, however, seems to be the intentional assonance of צ and עֶצְרָה.)

In an exhaustive examination<sup>1</sup> of Dn 3 which is abundantly illustrated by analogies drawn from the folk-lore of the world, Dr. Kuhl shows himself a true disciple of Gunkel. He displays much of that great scholar's skill in the analysis and appreciation of legend. According to Kuhl, Dn 3 is an isolated narrative which has no real connexion with the other narratives in the book. It is the Persian period, not the Babylonian, which the narrative reflects, and it probably originated towards the end of that period. Though it preserves a few historical traits, its historical value as a narrative is 'extremely small.' Its chief feature is 'the miraculous deliverance,' and it is just there,

<sup>1</sup>*Die Drei Männer im Feuer* (ein Beitrag zur israelitisch-jüdischen Literaturgeschichte), von Curt Kuhl (Töpelmann, Giessen. M.10).

as Kuhl bluntly puts it, 'that the unhistorical character of the whole is revealed.' It is not the fact, but the wish, that inspires and creates such a story. As the story is not a product of Maccabean times, neither is Nebuchadnezzar meant to represent Antiochus Epiphanes, to whom indeed he bears no resemblance. The writer, though he knows how to strain our curiosity, is not, on the whole, a first-rate story-teller. This tale was originally told in Hebrew—probably also all the other Aramaic tales. A very valuable part of the book is the discussion of the ordeal by fire and the 'three men' *motif*, amply illustrated from a wide range of literature. Careful attention is given to the LXX additions, which are examined in detail and retranslated into Hebrew—the prayer of Azariah, and the hymn of the three men in the fire; and the conclusion is reached that these additions do not correspond to the assumed circumstances, they have nothing to do with Dn 3, and behind them lies a Hebrew original. The whole discussion is extraordinarily interesting: it is a notable contribution to the literature of legend in general and of the Book of Daniel in particular. On p. 43, line 1, 'fester' should be corrected to 'festen,' and on p. 107, line 27, 'irrisistible' to 'irresistible.'

JOHN E. MCFADYEN.

Glasgow.

## Entre Nous.

### For the Children.

The Rev. Edward Vernon, M.A., has a gift which is rare. He can speak supremely well to children. So we welcome *Before We Grow Up*: 'Stories from Everyday for Children and Speakers to Children,' which have been retold from 'The British Weekly' (Allenson; 3s. 6d. net). They are real children, and every story has a moral; and what more can you want? Here is number three, 'Tomboy the Climber.'

'They shall be afraid of that which is high.'—Eccles. xii. 5.

'Tomboy had disappeared. Not that anyone worried very much about that, for you could always be sure that Tomboy would turn up all right in time for meals, a little dirtier perhaps, very untidy, very hungry, but always smiling. But no one ever

knew where Tomboy had been, and no one ever asked. Once, a sheet of writing-paper had been discovered near the riverside covered with large writing beginning, "My dere birds," and ending with "Your loving Tomboy." But that was the only time it was ever discovered where Tomboy had been.

'Tomboy was for ever writing letters to strange people. The spelling wasn't always as correct as it should have been, but then, as Tomboy said, "It's a silly thing to have only one way of spelling a word. What does it matter how you spell it if you know the thing?" Which, of course, is quite true. It's more important to know and to love flowers than always to be able to spell f-l-o-w-e-r. Tomboy knew flowers far better than many of those who can spell them. Tomboy once planted some

in a part of the garden, and then wrote a big notice and put it on a stick, "DOWNT TOUCH FLOWERS," because that was the way it sounded when people said it in London. Whatever way flowers should be spelt on paper, they were spelt correctly in Tomboy's heart.

'So no one worried very much where Tomboy had got to, except perhaps Rosemary, who had no one to play with. Tom and Andy were in the workshop making a fishing-rod. They were just taking it out to the river to try it, when something white fluttered down from a tall tree under which they were passing. Tom looked up quickly, and spied the missing Tomboy seated far up in the branches, with a pencil and mummy's writing-pad.

"Don't touch that paper," shouted Tomboy from aloft, when there was no longer any use in keeping the hiding-place secret.

"I will," shouted back Andy. "Come on, Tom, let's read this and see what the kid has been writing."

'There were shouts and cries from the top of the tree, but all in vain, and by the time Tomboy returned to the house, feeling very shy, every one had read the letter. This, of course, was a great shame, for letters are your very own and private. No one should read other people's letters, for that is just like eavesdropping, which, of course, only mean people do. Besides, the letters might be about yourself, and they might not be saying nice things. Post cards, of course, are quite a different matter. But here is the letter :

"dere all other boys and girls i am tomboy and i am biggern you all becos i am rit at the top of a big tree the branshes is rokking something offle so the groanups wood be fritinned i luv climing its best to be hi so ile tell you how to clime you must not allow your self to be fritinned like the groanups is if you get fritinned you must luke up doant luke down or yule foll your cloze gets green but it rubs off if it duzzint you have to howld your hand over it when you get hom or theyl see it too soon you must take a good hold with one hand beforr you let go with the uther with luv tomboy."

'Now, some mummies would have laughed at this letter and scolded for climbing trees and tearing clothes, but Tomboy's mummy knew better. She said she loved the courage of the hand that wrote it, even though the spelling was so bad ; and she put it away in a drawer where only special things were kept. She told Tomboy it was fine never to let yourself get frightened of what was high. "But there are other high things besides trees," she said, "and I would like to think that my Tomboy was

always climbing the best things. Not content to be just ordinary good and true and brave, and not afraid to climb every day to be better and braver and truer than you had ever been before. Most people are frightened to try to climb very high."

"Yes," said daddy, "the Bible says that we 'groanups' get afraid of that which is high as we grow older just as you said, and when we get frightened we look down instead of looking up to where God is. And we often let go of Him with one hand before we've got a hold with another."

'I think Tomboy understood, for the little head was held high, and the steady eyes that were blue as the skies to which they looked never faltered downwards. They said, as plainly as could be, "i luv climing and its best to be hi."

The children have had a story, now here is a poem for them. It was written by Cecil Frances Alexander, the wife of William Alexander, Primate of all Ireland. It is quoted from *Selected Poems* of William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh, 1896-1911, and Cecil Frances Alexander (S.P.C.K. ; 3s. 6d. net). The selection includes Mrs. Alexander's best-known hymns—'Once in royal David's city' ; 'We are but little children weak' ; 'Jesus calls us o'er the tumult' ; and 'There is a green hill far away.' Extracts are given from the preface to her complete works written by her husband. He says : 'When her work was once done she did not trouble herself much about its fate. Many of her noblest hymns were written for one particular occasion, used once only, and perhaps never thought of again by her. Many lovely poems were written to please a friend or to soothe a sorrower. To applause she was more utterly deaf than anyone I have ever met. Recently some good man (I think an English Nonconformist minister) sent me a tract. It contained a history (for whose truth the writer vouched) of a great change in the heart and life of a very worldly man. He happened to hear the hymn "There is a green hill far away" very exquisitely sung. That became the fountain of a new feeling, the starting-point of a new life. Mrs. Alexander almost sprang from her chair and said : "Thank God ! I do like to hear that."

Here is the poem for the children :

#### TWO WAYS.

A wasp and bee together  
Went out on silver wings,  
With black and yellow bodies,  
And both of them had stings.

Bee sucked the golden honey  
 Out of a tulip cup,  
 And when her thighs were laden  
 Went home to store it up.

Wasp got into a cherry  
 And stung a little boy  
 Who snatched the rosy berry,  
 And then flew off with joy.  
 O boys and little maidens,  
 Be you still good and kind ;  
 Better to store up honey  
 Than leave a sting behind.

**Booth-Tucker : Sadhu and Saint.**

In 1853 there was born in Bengal Frederick St. George De Lautour Tucker. He came of ' a family famous alike for courage and capacity.' His father was in the Bengal Civil Service, and he himself passed into the Indian Civil Service, and had won some promotion there when he volunteered for work with the Salvation Army and embraced a life of poverty and discipline. In 1882 he was allowed by old General Booth to return to India as head of a small band of four Salvationists. In nine years' time the four had become four hundred and seventy-nine. The one station that they began with in Bombay had become one hundred and twenty-three. Converts who were enrolled soldiers were nearly four thousand. No band of missionaries had ever got hold of the people in this way. He reached them by coming to them in Indian guise. He adopted native dress, ate native food, and even begged from door to door and walked barefoot—the white fakir. ' I must cross the line to find where the line is,' he answered people who taxed him with going too far, ' but I never ask others to do what I myself have not already done.' Frederick Tucker married one of General Booth's daughters, Emma Moss Booth, and then changed his name by deed pole to Booth-Tucker. He died in July 1928, and his life has been written by Mr. F. A. Mackenzie—*Booth-Tucker : Sadhu and Saint* (Hodder & Stoughton ; 7s. 6d. net). There is a preface by General Higgins of which we quote the last words : ' Said one of the most distinguished of his early colleagues in Government service in India, after Commissioner Booth-Tucker's death : " He came the nearest in spirit and conduct to his divine Lord and Master of any I have known." '

**Paterson of Hebron.**

In *Paterson of Hebron* the Rev. W. Ewing, M.C., D.D., has been at great pains to narrate fully the

notable career of the only survivor of that great generation of medical missionaries in Syria and Palestine that included Dr. Percy Wheeler, Dr. F. I. Mackinnon, Dr. Vartan, and Dr. D. W. Torrance (James Clarke ; 8s. 6d. net). Dr. Ewing writes with intimate knowledge of Palestine and the East. It was no fault of his that he has had to make this impressive narrative a protest against what he regards as the unjustifiable action of a Commission of the former United Free Church of Scotland in its treatment of Dr. Paterson and a vindication of thirty years of devoted service. We think the majority of readers will agree with the Very Rev. Dr. Adam Philip, a former Moderator of the Church, that ' henceforth the Hebron Doctor will stand where he should, high in the pride of his countrymen, and in the affection of those everywhere who are watching with wonder the march of the Christian enterprise.' A native of the parish of Kilmany in East Fifeshire, the grandfather of Dr. Paterson was the intimate friend of the future Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Paterson began his real life-work at Hebron, which claims to be the oldest city in Palestine, situated twenty-one miles beyond Jerusalem among the uplands of Judea and more than three thousand feet above the sea. Here among a most fanatical people the young medical missionary opened his clinique, which at once attracted great numbers from the town and surrounding villages. Despite the difficulties of dealing with the official Turks, his patience, perseverance, firmness, courage, and courtesy never failed. For the first ten years of his work the want of a hospital was keenly felt. Negotiations were opened with the Jewish Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland. An offer of £5300 by Mr. Martineau, a brother of the famous Dr. Martineau, to build a hospital at Hebron to be under Dr. Paterson's management was accepted. It had not been easy to win an entrance to the citadel of Muslim fanaticism and Jewish mistrust which Hebron was, but now a great opportunity was granted him. But the outbreak of the War and the domination of Turkey by the Germans suddenly changed the whole position. Dr. Paterson had to seek safety in flight. He took service with the British Army, re-entered Palestine with Lord Allenby's expeditionary force, and on his return to Hebron was welcomed by its inhabitants. He was most enthusiastic in his desire to complete the building of the hospital, but the Committee of the General Assembly and the Assembly itself did not see their way to support him, hence his resignation and the close of his career as a medical missionary. ' He lived for the work, and it was his

unshakable conviction that no other could make life so well worth living.'

#### Wanderings in Widest Africa.

In *Wanderings in Widest Africa*, by Mr. Dugald Campbell, F.R.G.S. (R.T.S. ; 7s. 6d. net), we have another long narrative from one whom the Rev. Dr. G. A. Frank Knight describes as having perhaps explored more of Darkest Africa than any other living man. He is called a missionary colporteur. As the agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland it was agreed that he should proceed to the neglected and needy parts of the Sahara and carry on there for two years the circulation of the Scriptures in Arabic, French, and selected portions in various native dialects. He landed in the French territory of Mauretania on the West Coast of Africa, proceeded up the Senegal river, passed thence to the upper waters of the Niger, and then east along that great river as far as 'Timbuctoo the Mysterious.' He made long detours into the Sahara, returning to the Niger, and proceeding down that river on board a canoe. The volume is a fascinating and amazing story of adventure and misadventure in the desert and on the river, during a period of sixteen months. He was never long out of touch with the followers of Islam. His testimony is that its speedy spread throughout Asia and Africa is due to the powerful personal witness of its individual members. 'Trading for a livelihood they are missionaries all the time, without a stated salary, official connexion, or headquarters.'

#### Lifelong Influence of the Bible.

'The book I read first and most, the one with which I became intimately acquainted as a child, was the "Book of Books," the Holy Bible. I never wearied of poring over its sacred pages. . . . I believed it without reserve, mental or otherwise, and accepted it as the infallible and unerring guide for this life, as well as for the life to come. . . . Thus it was that the eternal truths of the Bible first fascinated, and later came to mould and dominate my life for over forty years. They called me to repentance and faith in the year 1886, restored my soul again and again when I strayed,

and wiped away the tears of bereavement as I stood by the open grave on four occasions in Africa. They brought help in difficulties, strength in weakness, comfort in sorrow, and companionship as I trod the lone trails of Darkest Africa. They now urge me to further exploits and explorations, they give me wisdom and tact in seeking to win souls for the Saviour, and they strengthen my hope as I go forward sowing seed-furrows throughout Widest Africa.'<sup>1</sup>

#### February.

The S.C.M. Press publishes *A Gardener's Prayer Book*, 'Being a Few Prayers and Thoughts from the Lessons we learn of Flowers and Trees in a Garden,' by M. L. W. (2s. 6d. net). It is a small book, but it is attractive to handle, with its green boards and green paper covers, as befits the subject. It makes attractive reading too. On one page is the prayer or meditation suitable for the season, and opposite it a poetic quotation. This is the February one :

Deep sleeps the winter, cold, wet and grey ;  
Surely all the world is dead ; spring is far away.  
Wait ! The world shall waken, it is not dead,  
for lo,

The Fair Maids of February stand in the snow.

*Flower Fairies of the Spring,*

C. M. BARKER.

#### THE SNOWDROP.

O Father of life, Lover of purity, who madest the little snowdrop to spring up out of the earth in the midst of darkest winter, faithfully braving all wind, snow, and cruel frost ; grant that we too may rise victorious above the darkness and evils of this sinful world, and be clothed with purity. May we, like the snowdrop, bear humble and faithful witness to Thee. Make us brave to face all temptation, knowing that Thou art ever with us to protect and strengthen us. We ask this, O Father, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

<sup>1</sup> D. Campbell, *Wanderings in Widest Africa*, 18.