
A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

(Ph 2^3) was not sufficient at the moment to preserve his calm and peace of mind, though afterwards he did acknowledge that he was debtor 'to the Greeks' (Ro 1^{14}).

Arrived at Corinth he no longer preached 'Jesus and the Resurrection' (Ac 17^{18}), but 'Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ the crucified.' If the foregoing interpretation be correct, the reason for the change is obvious. But having accepted the philosophers' teaching on immortality, Paul had to consider how it affected the Apostolic Tradition which he had received, and on this point he had no misgivings whatever, hence his strong word ἔκρινα (1 Co 2^2). He had decided that such a change of belief concerning the hereafter did not in any way necessitate a change in his gospel, not even to the proclaiming of it 'with any elaborate words or wisdom' (1 Co 2^1, Moffatt), it only concerned the ἀνάστασις. And wherefore had such a decision been forced on him at this time unless he had learned something that necessitated a readjusting of his ideas and beliefs? The usual explanation given by preachers that he repented of his 'recent incursion into philosophy' is very questionable; for, if his speech at Athens was an 'incursion into philosophy,' what becomes of their theory of Inspiration? But could any speech have been more appropriate to the occasion (except the reference to ἀνάστασις).

He does not, however, drop the subject of the Resurrection. In the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians we hear him thinking aloud. His great certainty is that death did not end all for Jesus. He had survived the grave, and of that fact He gave ample proof in His many appearances, including one to Paul himself on the Damascus road. There was nothing whatever material in that appearance, and apparently Paul placed, and would have us place, the other appearances in the same category.

This enabled him to use the simile of the seed sown, and the resultant new life, clothed in a new body which leads up to the great climax of the chapter, 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the Realm of God, nor can the perishing inherit the imperishable' (Moffatt). This teaching is certainly not reconcilable with Jn $5^{28.29}$, but it is understandable if the change that I have indicated took place in Paul's belief in consequence of his encounter with the Athenian Philosophers.

W. MACKEOWN.
Cork.

Entre Nous.

Tobit Transplanted.

Tobit Transplanted, by Miss Stella Benson (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net), is, as we might expect from Stella Benson, a new *genre* of the historical novel. She has, as the title indicates, taken the Apocryphal story of Tobit, and transplanted it into present-day surroundings. And for the benefit of that—presumably—large proportion of her readers who are unacquainted with the Book of Tobit, she has printed that curious fragment *in extenso*, at the end of her romance.

Miss Benson confesses to having found a striking parallel between the situation of the exiled Jews in Tobit's day, and that of the White Russian exiles in south-east Manchuria to-day, and she has grafted the antique tale upon an imaginary White Russian refugee family, such as she herself had seen and known, when she was living in Kanto some few years ago. The result is a brilliant *tour de force* well fitted to take its literary place in an age of *tours de force*. This is to compliment Miss Benson, rather than to decry Malcolm Campbell or Amy Johnson. Here is brilliance, and of no mean water. The interest of the story will centre, perhaps, for most readers, in the figure of Mr. Wilfred Chew, whose prototype is the Angel Raphael in the Tale of Tobit. It is Wilfred, doubtless, that Miss Benson must thank for her introduction to the pages of this journal.

'Allow me to introduce myself—Mr. Wilfred Chew—Chu Wei-fu. . . . I myself speak English quite perfectly. I have lived in England for many years—in London, to be exact—as a law student. I am now qualified to practise as a barrister. I could have made a fortune in London in the law, I dare say. But I am not the kind of man who deserts his country. I am Chinese. I am not ashamed of being Chinese. On the contrary, I therefore return to China to lay my services at her feet.'

Patiently his White Russian companion, himself with a fair knowledge of English, listens to the long autobiography. Till at last there is a characteristic Stella Bensonish interruption. '"To make a long story short," Wilfred is saying. "You cannot," the Russian announces quietly.

' " Cannot what ? "

" ' You cannot make a long story now short. It is too late. The story is already long. Though very interesting," he added politely, seeing the expression on poor Mr. Chew's face.'

Wilfred Chew had been educated in a Wesleyan mission school, under the care of ' Reverend Mr. Fawcett,' whom he quotes with that exact blend of smugness and genuine piety which our finest Old Testament critics can detect in the character of Tobit's Raphael.

' Singing girls mean nothing to me. I take morals and religion very seriously, . . . *ethics*, as we call them in London. Reverend Mr. Fawcett used always to say, " One can have a good time—God likes us to have a good time—but it should be God's brand of a good time." I always think of those words when I am in moral danger. " Is this God's brand of a good time ? " I say to myself silently. " No, it is Satan's brand." So I say, " Get behind." '

One of the cleverest snapshots of this pathetic yet charming figure is taken at the moment when he is tempted to cross the border line that lies between business acumen and dishonesty.

' In the brain behind Wilfred's narrow bright eyes, the still small voice of conscience said, with the faint Lancashire accent that distinguished Mr. Fawcett, " Wilfred Chew, what would Jesus say ? " There was, unfortunately, no doubt what Jesus would say. Jesus was an Oriental like Wilfred himself, as Wilfred had often thought, but an Oriental who seems never to have had any idea of the value of money.' He certainly was aware, as too few of His followers have been, of its illusionary value. ' With one's brain, which is Mammon, one earns money ; with one's heart, which is Jesus, one gives it back. It is lucky, thought Wilfred's slightly mutinous brain, that the voice of the heart *is* still and small, and not too often heard, for to obey is expensive—and when that still small voice *is* heard, it is heard above all greater noises, across wide spaces filled with the clinking of money.'

This brilliant *jongleurie*, with its vein of real and innocent piety, is at its best in the modernization of Raphael's beautiful parting speech to Tobit and Tobias. Where Raphael's speech is tinged with the worldly wisdom of Israel, that of Wilfred Chew—to how exactly the same degree !—is tinged with the wisdom of the modern Chinese mind, and so, like all excellent art, it is also an excellent criticism of life, of life striving after the Divine ideal, yet how pathetically far from it.

But if for most readers the interest will centre in Wilfred, there will be others who will revel still more in the exquisite Tanya, who forms the real emotional pivot of the story. Here, as perhaps never again, even in the most inclusive biography, is surely pent up the very essence of Miss Stella Benson herself. Out of what a deep well of half-bitter, half-sweet personal experience this, for example, comes : ' She tried to join in the talk in the manner of other talkers, but so often the talk mysteriously died of her gentle intervention. I think that a remark of hers, though dressed in the trappings of ordinary convenient comment, was often like a fairy coming into a room full of flesh-and-blood men and women. There was the fairy—in no tangible way different from themselves . . . yet somehow accompanied by cold airs, aloof, terrifying, humiliating. And one man finds he has forgotten a letter he meant to write—another that he has a business appointment—another that he promised to take the dog for a walk . . . and so the poor fairy is left alone—not rudely but inexorably—left alone, looking itself up and down in the mirror, wondering what was wrong . . . wondering how they knew. . . .'

' She was both too far and too near. She loved her neighbour as herself, because she found herself in her neighbour, but if you *were* her neighbour, you found she loved you no better than herself—and therefore not at all. What a detestable advantage it gave her—to be high on the hill—safe—away from home—yet near enough to hear, with her remote cold senses, your heart beating.'

Or finally—and perhaps these are the most self-revealing words of all : ' She drew no ecstasy except through her eyes. And she felt a little giddy always because she saw so many things and had so little known self—or such a wide unknown self—to see them out of.'

With those uncanny eyes of hers, Miss Benson peers at many a strange and unprecedented scene, and then, when even the Russians are gone to bed, she takes her pencil in her hand, and by the light of some outlandish lamp, sits there in bliss, her head a little on one side, arranging her words and images—above all her images—tentatively, fastidiously, ecstatically, like some Persian king's jeweller who sits among his gems and plans a new and very stunning crown.

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.