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Submerged Aorists.

'VENI, VIDI, VICI!' Did Julius Cæsar, breathless with exultation, intend this laconic message to represent three aorists or three perfects? The Latin words have a binary signification, and in Greek might be adequately expressed by the tense which voiced the scientific triumph of Archimedes, whose 'Eureka!' though shorn of its pristine aspirate, has become similarly proverbial. The aorist is the 'undefined' tense, and, as tenses go, it is true to its etymology. Yet it corresponds to our English past tense, and to the French past definite; and therefore, while indefinite as to time, is often clearly definite as to mode of action. The first forty verbs of the New Testament are aorists; each denotes a definite action in the indefinite past. They are past tenses, pure and simple. When, however, we read in Ja 5¹¹, 'Ye have heard of the patience of Job,' or in 1 P 1²⁴, 'The grass withereth,' and remember that the verbs are in the aorist indicative, we feel that the Greek genius differs radically from the English, or else that this tense has neither beginning of days nor end of life.¹

When we examine the English rendering of the aorist imperative and infinitive in the New Testament, we find the tense, of necessity, almost completely suppressed. Thus we read (Mt 2¹³): 'Take² the young child and his mother, and flee³ into Egypt,' and we feel that inadequacy dogs the steps of the translator. Manifestly, there is uniform precision in the use of the aorist imperative. When Jesus says to the woman of Samaria, 'Give⁴ me to drink,' He uses the aorist; when He says, 'Give⁵ and it shall be given unto you,' He uses the present imperative. The first 'give' denotes a casual act; the second, a series of actions, forming a habit. In the same way, when we read, 'No one

¹ Cf. Ac 7³⁴, 'I have seen'; Lk 22¹⁵, 'With desire I have desired.'

² Aorist. ³ Present. ⁴ Jn 4⁷. ⁵ Lk 6⁸⁸.

can serve⁶ two masters,' we rightly expect a present infinitive after 'can'; but when, a little further on, we read, 'Which of you . . . can add⁷ one cubit unto his stature?' we expect (and properly so) an aorist infinitive. In the well-known saying of John the Baptist, 'whose shoes I am not worthy to bear,'⁸ we discover an aorist infinitive, and conclude that 'bear' is not only inadequate but misleading. 'Fetch' would at least reproduce the characteristic signification of the verb-form, which is incommunicable without a radical alteration of some kind. How forcible the aorists in Mt 11^{28, 29}—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' The test of friendship to the Lord Jesus is the taking of His yoke. It is the initial act of devotion, an act without which we cannot walk with Him. The test of discipleship follows. It is the learning of Him—the entering into His school—so as to follow Him in meekness and lowliness of heart. Cf. Ph 4¹¹: 'I learned';—where and when did Paul learn this? In Arabia? (Contrast 'I have learned⁹ the secret' in the same paragraph.)

A remarkable aorist imperative is found in that enigmatical passage, Lk 11³⁹⁻⁴¹: 'Ye Pharisees cleanse the outside of cup and platter, but your inward part is full of extortion and wickedness. . . . But the contents give¹⁰ (up) as an alms-deed,¹¹ and behold, all's clean!' 'Make a clean sweep of your extortionate practices,' He says in effect, 'and you will be clean every whit.' Purity finds its ultimate requisite in the repudiation of evil deeds and evil desires.

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⁶ Mt 6²⁴. ⁷ Mt 6²⁷. ⁸ Mt 3¹¹.

⁹ Ph. 4¹³. ¹⁰ Aorist.

¹¹ I follow the Greek order of words.

Entre Nous.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, 1933-34.

A series dealing with changes in religious thought in relation to aspects of doctrine and conduct, under the title 'Where I stand To-day,' will be

one of the new features. Professor Raven will be among the contributors. Another series will be 'The Heretics of the Church and Recurring Heresies'; and to this Professor J. S. Whale, Professor W. Emery Barnes, and Professor W. D.

Niven, among others, will contribute. The 'Message of the Epistles' will be continued, with studies from Professor C. H. Dodd and Professor Lynn Harold Hough in the months of November and December.

Missionary articles will appear shortly—'The Future of Educational Missions' by the Master of Balliol, 'Missionary Methods' by Dr. J. W. Pickett, and 'The Results of Missions' by Professor J. du Plessis, South Africa. In addition to these, all the old features will remain, including the quarterly survey of archæological discoveries.

'There shall be . . . pestilences.'

'There are those who say that God always undertakes to spare His children from pestilences and to heal their sicknesses, and that when this result is not obtained it is a lack of faith that is responsible. That God does heal diseases by His direct touch upon men I have not the slightest doubt. Has not my own wonderful physical health, beginning fifteen years ago, been the direct result of a touch I received at that time? To deny this would be to deny my very life. But that God promises always to heal all disease, and that an absence of such healing is a sign of a lack of faith, I seriously question. Some of the greatest saints have been smitten with pestilence, and the finest of the earth have languished on beds of pain. A young consecrated mission doctor in Mukden, beloved of all, was fighting almost alone a scourge of pneumonic plague, was stricken in the midst of it and died when he was seemingly most needed. Howard Walter, a rare saintly spirit, with brilliant gifts, and just coming to his period of greatest usefulness, was stricken in his young manhood, and died of influenza, just when India needed him most. The blow shattered the health of his wife, and scattered the children among relatives. A home broken up. And yet who were seemingly more qualified to set up a model home than those two rare souls? The cholera germs that killed John Forman, the saint, did not stop because they were attacking consecrated flesh.

'I know that the ancient Jewish writers seemed to hold out something different when they said, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. . . . There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. . . . With long life shall I satisfy him." If you spiritualize this then it can be used, but if it is to be taken literally then it raises questions.

The New Testament does not teach this. Nor does life teach it.'¹

'Their sins and iniquities will he remember no more.'

Dr. Boreham's latest book is *The Drums of Dawn* (Epworth Press; 5s. net). How freshly he writes, and yet there is a list of twenty-six earlier books of his given on the title-page, and it ends with 'etc. etc.' He has a great gift of illustrating his teaching from his own experiences.

'Many years ago I visited an old man on his deathbed. He was a man whom nobody liked—hard, sullen, taciturn, and dour. . . . In his youth, a companion had done him a grievous injury. "I'll remember it," he had hissed, in a gust of passionate resentment, "I'll remember it to my dying day!" And he did. . . . "I've gone over it by myself every morning," he moaned, as he lay gasping in his comfortless shanty, "and I've thought of it every night. I've cursed him a hundred times each day. I see now," he added brokenly, a suspicion of moisture glistening in his eye, "I see now that my curses have eaten out my soul: they've been like gall on my tongue and gravel in my teeth. My hate has hurt nobody but myself. But, God knows, it's turned my life into hell!"

'There is such a thing as the high art of forgetting. It is a divine art. The most astounding thing that the Bible tells us about God is that, remembering all that He wishes to remember, He forgets all that He wishes to forget. Even God declines to carry *everything* in His memory. He sternly refuses to harbour any recollection of the transgressions that He has once forgiven.'

Percy Gardner.

We welcome a short memoir of Professor Percy Gardner, Litt.D.—*Autobiographica* (Basil Blackwell; 3s. net). Professor Gardner is now in his eighty-seventh year. 'My real reason for writing is that I have a conviction which has steadily grown, that my life has been only in a less degree of my own planning. I have always felt the urging and control of a Spiritual Power who has led and guided me, and enabled me, in spite of very moderate powers, to accomplish certain ends, which at the time I did not realize, but which on looking back I see clearly.' The first chapters deal with his archæological work. In the last chapter

¹ Stanley Jones, *Christ and Human Suffering*, 29.

he gives an account of his theological studies, and in especial how he came to hold modernist views. He ends with these ringing words: 'There is coming out more and more clearly, in all countries nominally Christian, a broad line of division between those who take a fundamentally religious view of life and the world and those who definitely reject such a view. The latter class have admirable spokesmen, none more able than Bertrand Russell. But one has to say to them with all the energy of which one is capable, "Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."'

Self-Effacement.

'All through my life, I have seen very little of that ingratitude, jealousy, and self-seeking in savants as to which many tales are told. Two men in particular, Professor Adolf Michaelis of Strassburg and Dr. Imhoof-Blumer, were in the realm of learning examples of complete self-effacement. As long as progress in knowledge took place they did not in the least care who had the credit of it. An instance of this is worth recording. I was at work on a catalogue of the coins of Thessaly. Dr. Imhoof-Blumer sent me in a packet all the notes which he had amassed on Thessalian Coins scattered through the museums of Europe, at the same time bidding me use the notes in any way I pleased. "It is quite indifferent to me," he wrote, "whether you or I publish this information."'¹

The Three Levels.

'I have sometimes said that there are three levels of life on which men live: the level of instinct, the level of conscience, and the level of grace. The personal pronouns and verbs which go with these are, "I want," "I ought," and "I am guided." The lower level represents the place where we get what we desire, live as we choose, take what we like. The next level represents the place where we scruple, where we follow duty, where we behave ourselves and obey the law. The third level represents the place where we have gotten above conscience and instinct alike, where desire and duty coincide, where the will of God has become our meat and drink, where we are at

the beck and call of the Holy Spirit and where "His service is perfect freedom." I need not remind you that there are a great many Christians who think, not in three levels, but in two: good and evil; and they fit everybody into them. It is easy to know what to do with the fellows who live for the present and the body and this world: they live by instinct. But can we lump the conscientious and the guided all in one? I think not. Saul was as conscientious as he could be, but he was also as wrong as he could be. So were the Pharisees. So are all the legalists from that time onward. So far as I can see, Jesus was just as anxious to get us up from the level of conscience to the level of grace, as He was to get us from the level of instinct to the level of grace.'²

Orange Marmalade or Christians?

'Some time ago, I sat in the back of a church while a lady explained a "church-pantry" to some forty women. There was a place where the women of an area brought samples of their preserves and jellies, and stacked them before they were distributed to orphanages and other places where people were not apt to have such things. These ladies got very much excited about it, and fell to work at once. I chanced the same day to lunch with the lady who was doing the talking, and I asked her a very blunt question. I said, "How many of the women on your committee do anything for the street-women in the southern part of the city?" She said, "You know, it's curious. There are a dozen women like that in a hospital in South —, and only yesterday I called up fourteen of our ladies to see if some of them would not go down and visit them, but they all declined." Orange marmalade, my friends, is a good deal easier to make than Christians.'³

² S. M. Shoemaker, *The Conversion of the Church*, 59.

³ *Ibid.*, 18.

¹ Percy Gardner, *Autobiographica*, 29.