
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

Contributions and Comments.

Matthew xxviii. 17:

καὶ ἰδόντες αὐτὸν προσεκύνησαν αὐτῷ· οἱ δὲ ἐδίστασαν.

THE meeting of the Risen Lord with the Eleven in the vicinity of a mountain in Galilee is recorded in Matthew alone. From the context it might seem to have been the first and also the final meeting with the Eleven as a body, preceding His departure from them.

That this Gospel has no record of previous appearances to them singly or together, as recorded in the other Gospels, does not of course necessarily preclude their incidence.

It is not, however, on this seeming discrepancy that I wish to comment, but on the renderings (A.V., R.V.) and the text of the passage: 'When they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted.' In the first place this rendering makes the mental attitude of the Eleven passing strange—'they (all) bent in lowly worship before him (acknowledging him, outwardly at least, as Lord); yet some doubted (if it were indeed he).'

Again, if this were His final appearance it is surely strange that despite previous appearances to them, singly or otherwise, there were still doubters among them. Strange, also, that He makes no reference to their doubtings. If, on the other hand, this were His first appearance to them, we should have expected Him, as was His wont on like occasions, as elsewhere recorded, to have hastened to allay their doubts and fears. A review of the recorded first appearances of the Risen Lord shows that an element of fear and doubt was present on such occasions, which He straightway sought to dispel. As the disciples became more accustomed to His presence this feeling appears to have given place to one of awe and reverence. What form (μορφὴ, Mk 16[12]) He assumed on these various occasions does not enter into the present question—that it was to them in some sort real and personal admits of no doubt. Their subsequent life-history, otherwise, is left 'in the air.'

That some of the Eleven, then, on this perhaps His final meeting with them, are represented as still doubting verges on the incredible. But is there any warrant for rendering οἱ δὲ ἐδίστασαν, 'but some doubted'? I can find no parallel to the rendering of οἱ δὲ in such a position by 'some,' for which τινες is commonly employed. In the same chapter (Mt 28) we find (v.[11]), τινὲς τῆς κυστωδίας ἀπήγγειλαν . . . οἱ δὲ ἐποίησαν (v.[13]), 'some of the guard announced . . . and they did . . .'

As it stands, the simple, natural translation of the passage is, 'And when they saw him they worshipped him; but they doubted.' Some of the difficulty might be got over by translating οἱ δὲ ἐδίστασαν, 'but they were at a loss (how to act)'; or by adopting the reading (Beza) οὐδὲ for οἱ δὲ, I would suggest that for ἐδίστασαν there be read διέστησαν. Comparison of the words in MS. shows how easily one reading may have displaced the other:

ΟΙΔΕΔΙCTACAN
ΟΙΔΕΔΙΕCTHCAN

The passage would then run, 'When they saw him, they worshipped him; but they stood apart' (in worshipful awe, made no movement towards Him). This would appear to be supported by the immediately succeeding verse, 'And he approached them, and said . . .'

Another factor, perhaps, tending unconsciously to bring about the reading in TR may have been the doubts, as recorded in other Gospels, of the Eleven when they were first told of the Resurrection, and also on His first appearances to them. A copyist or redactor of the passage aware of this, and more especially of Mk 16[14], 'He upbraided them for their disbelief,' might thus unconsciously be influenced to read ἐδίστασαν for διέστησαν.

W. D. MORRIS.

Kelso.

Entre Nous.

Meditation.

Beauty should go beautifully. In *Gold by Moonlight* (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net) we have another of the Dohnavur books with their fine illustrations, so welcomed by many. It can be had from the General Secretary for England at 4 Alan Road, London, S.W.19. Like 'Rose from Brier,' *Gold by Moonlight* is written for the suffering and all those who are walking in

difficult places. But not by the well to the ill to do them good, as Amy Carmichael says, but by a 'fellow-toad under the harrow.' How good are these meditations of one who herself lives in close touch with her Lord. 'There is a way into the greenwood which is not much used in these days of feverish rush. Its name in the Scriptures is Meditation. ("Let my meditation be sweet unto Him.") We should plough a deeper furrow if we knew more of that way. We should be quieter then, and there is nothing creative in noise. "Friend, when dost thou *think*?" asked the old Quaker after listening to a modern time-table; we cannot think by machinery. We cannot consider the lilies without giving time to the lilies. Often our flash of haste means little. To read a book in an hour (if the book has taken half a lifetime to write) means nothing at all. To pray in a hurry of spirit means nothing. To live in a hurry means to do much, but effect little. We build more quickly in wood, hay, and stubble than in gold, silver, precious stones; but the one abides, the other does not.

'If he who feels the world is too much with him will make for himself a little space, and let his mind settle like a bee in a flower on some great word of his God, and brood over it, pondering it till it has some time to work in him, he will find himself in the greenwood.'

Influence.

'An American undergraduate, on his first meeting with Gore in 1930, was "so infected with his 'saintliness' that within forty-eight hours he had joined with three others in his college at Oxford to form a daily habit of prayer and meditation in company for half an hour, followed by attendance at Mass. A man of the world, expecting to be unattracted, found that spiritual goodness in Gore was 'the most attractive thing in the world.' 'When I meet Gore'—and he had known him since the 'nineties—'as always I feel that I am with someone whose life has been lived on a plane altogether higher than my own. And this does not repel but attracts. I know quite well that I can see it in Jesus of Nazareth, and I know quite well that though I have it in my head it has never got right hold of the rest of me. And I know that it has got right hold of Gore. He can put it with eloquence and simplicity, but he puts it not only as something he knows but as something that he is.'"'[1]

[1] G. L. Prestige, *The Life of Charles Gore*, 536.

The Faithful Servant.

'His charge to the candidates on the eve of the ordination was always most impressive. "Tomorrow I shall say to you, wilt thou, wilt thou, wilt thou? But there will come a day to you when another will say to you, hast thou, hast thou, hast thou?"'[2]

Some of my Religion.

No one knows better than the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, D.D., how to speak to ordinary men and women on religion. He sees their difficulties and he knows how to arouse and hold their interest. The editor of *The Sunday Express* was very wise when he asked him to contribute a column every Sunday. Messrs. Cassell have now published in book form these short articles which appeared for a year in succession (*Some of my Religion*; 3s. 6d. net).

Teachers of morals, says Dr. Sheppard, 'should remember that their lessons will sometimes be more readily received if they are salted with humour.' In these short articles he does not forget his own injunction. Here is one story which he tells. 'There is a little prayer I use every day of my life that was originally an exquisite joke, consciously or unconsciously made. It is the best modern prayer I know. The joke may be familiar, but, as the prayer is not, I ask leave to tell them both.

'In Mesopotamia during the war a certain soldier who was up to his neck in dirt and danger, received a letter from home of a nasty, nagging, and unpleasant character. It was the fair limit—more than human nature, in circumstances so horrible, could stand. Back went an answer which, after asking that he might never again receive such an epistle, ended with this naïve and delightful request: "For God's sake, let me enjoy this 'ere war in peace."

'If you know a better prayer for what we all need, internal peace, even if there must be external tumult, I should be glad to know of it.'

If all the articles do not contain a witty story there are few without some illustration that makes its impression. Speaking on ingratitude, he tells this: 'I once married a friend—a fine fellow—who belonged to the fighting forces. Early on the morning of his wedding one of his men—not of commissioned rank—arrived after travelling all night from the north of Scotland at his own charge to attend the ceremony. When the wedding was

[2] *Ibid.* 259.

over I asked my friend if I should fetch the traveller to be greeted by himself and the bride. "Certainly not," said the bridegroom, "it would merely embarrass him." I protested, but was told that "in the Service that sort of thing is not appreciated." Later that day I found the tired guest solacing himself in the local public-house. A bit fuddled on most things, he was perfectly clear on one: he would not have believed that the officer to whom he was devoted could have treated him so cruelly.'

Mr. Shepherd gives us the other side of the picture too. 'There was once a famous French lawyer, Malesherbes, who for a time was greatly loved by his countrymen. He was the most powerful inditer of the abuses of his time, but at last he was driven out of France for his liberal and enlightened views. At the age of seventy-four, when living in Switzerland, his old master, Louis XVI, was brought up for trial in Paris. Others refused the offer of appearing for the King, but Malesherbes said: "I was called to the councils of my master when all the world thought it an honour to serve him, and shall I not serve him now when all the world deems it a danger?" In defending the King, the lawyer addressed the tribunal with dignity and grace, calling Louis XVI by the old courtly title that had always been used in the proud days of Versailles. At last his treatment of the case got on the nerves of the tribunal, and the president said to him: "From whence, sir, do you derive authority to call Louis Capet by the name that we have abolished?" The old man looked him in the face and replied: "From my contempt for you and for my own life." The end was foreseen, and Malesherbes followed the King to the scaffold.

'A story like that makes one tingle. It is good hearing in these days. The spectacle of a man standing by his old champion, cost what it may, when his sun has set and all the world combines to deride one whom it once delighted to honour, is sufficiently noble. It is not a common sight, and the world has nothing much finer to show.'

Friendship in Action.

One of the most striking stories from *Victories of Peace* (reviewed in the 'Literature' section) is the account of Emily Hobhouse. We give it here in abridged form. Ten years after the Boer War a monument was erected in memory of the twenty-six thousand women and children who died in the concentration camps during the War, and from far and near Boer people came to see it unveiled by Emily Hobhouse. For had she not been 'the friend of the enemy'? When the Boer farmers and their sons were called to arms and their farms burned, the women and children were crowded together in tents. Stifling by day, on wet nights flooded out, flies everywhere carrying germs, bad water, poor food and little of it, no beds, no soap. No wonder illness spread like a plague, as there were no proper means of fighting it. The officials in charge were helpless.

It was on one hot day in January that an Englishwoman appeared in the camp and visited tent after tent, bringing hope to these Boer women, and distributing what funds she had collected. The money was all too little, but she interviewed the busy military authorities and procured more tents, a bigger ration of milk, and boilers for the river water. After martial law was proclaimed she was not allowed to land. Realizing the poverty after the War was over, she again exchanged the comfort of English life for the African veldt, and was trekking through the district with food and money for those in want. 'It is so little,' she said; 'if only I had more to give! But I hope to be able to send a pair of oxen to help with the ploughing.' It was little indeed, but it was enough to give the farmers a fresh start.

Emily Hobhouse got no farther than Cape Town on that last visit, being too ill to travel farther and to unveil the monument. In that spot sacred to the Boers, under that white obelisk in the veldt three people lie buried to-day—President Steyn, General de Wet, and the Englishwoman. 'We stood alone in the world,' said General Smuts on the day when she was laid to rest, 'almost friendless among the peoples. And then one small hand, the hand of a woman, was stretched out to us. . . . Let us not forget Emily Hobhouse. She becomes the great symbol of reconciliation between peoples who should never have been enemies. . . . She reminds us that we are not merely citizens of South Africa, but that we belong also, and above all, to the greater city of God.'

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.