

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

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

ix. 7), though still in connexion with the Baptist. His perplexity in regard to the claims of Jesus was not unnaturally transferred to those of his fore-runner' (*Notes on the Translation of the New Testament* [1899] 29, 30).

CHARLES A. WEBSTER.

Bandon, Co. Cork.

Scripture Quotations in the Pastoral Epistles.

A POINT that is perhaps worth adding to Dr. P. N. Harrison's exhaustive analysis of the language of the Pastoral Epistles is the comparatively small use that these Epistles make of Scripture quotations. Counting the quotations in black type in the ordinary Nestle edition, and trying not to recount repetitions in the context, we find two in 1 Ti (5^{18, 19}), four in 2 Ti (two in 2¹⁹, one each in 4¹⁴ and 4¹⁷, both of which are genuine notes), and one in Tit (2¹⁴). This makes seven in eighteen pages, or an average of 0.39 per page.

The comparative figures for the genuine Pauline Epistles are :

	Quotations.	Pages.	Average per Page.
Romans 1-8 . . .	19	17	1.12
Romans 9-16 . . .	45	16	2.81

(I have thought it fairer to quote the second half of Romans separately, as chapters 9-11 form rather a special case.)

	Quotations.	Pages.	Average per Page.
1 Corinthians . . .	29	32	0.9
2 Corinthians . . .	19	21	0.9
Galatians . . .	13	10	1.3
Ephesians . . .	17	11	1.54
Philippians . . .	6	8	0.75
Colossians . . .	4	8	0.5
1 Thessalonians . . .	7	7	1.0
2 Thessalonians . . .	8	4	2.0
Philemon . . .	0	2	0.0
Total	167	136	1.23

Philemon may fairly be omitted. The subject-matter of the second half of Romans and of 2 Thessalonians makes their level of quotations rather high. The others, with the exception of Colossians, show a pretty fair standard of consistency, ranging from twice the proportion found in the Pastoral Epistles to four times the proportion, with an average of just over three times. There does not appear to be any reason in the subject-matter of the Pastoral Epistles for the deficiency.

H. K. MOULTON.

*United Theological College,
Bangalore.*

Entre Nous.

In the Steps of Moses.

One morning, Mr. Louis Golding, the well-known author of 'Magnolia Street,' was asked over the telephone, 'Will you go to the East this year and follow in the steps of Moses the Law-Giver?' The result of this invitation is the vivid book which has now been published by Messrs. Rich & Cowan (7s. 6d. net). In it Mr. Golding does not tell the whole tale of Moses, but carries it to Mount Sinai where the Lord spake on the top of the mountain and uttered the Ten Words, 'which words are the most familiar to modern ears in our modern world, at least, saving only those other later words known as the Lord's Prayer.' The story is to be carried to its finale on Mount Pisgah in the book which is to follow, 'In the Steps of Moses the Conqueror.'

In his introduction Mr. Golding forestalls our criticism and warns his readers not to read on if

they want original ideas, for he and his two companions are going to follow the tradition. 'It was the tradition that most interested us. We feel the tradition's as likely to be true as anything that can be found out at this date. And, in any case, it has a real truth of its own, just because it is the tradition. . . . "And you see, sir," Lucas helped me out. "We went through the alternative routes. And they're all comparatively dull. The traditional route is so beautiful and so exciting."'

So Mr. Golding and his two companions, their motor cars, and drivers, are ready to start off. But where are they to go first? What is the site of that spot where Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter? They decide on Roda Island in Cairo. But do not take this identification too seriously, the author hastens to add, for it has not even any persistent tradition to back it. Then a picture of the veiled years is built up and the framework filled

in with stories from the Talmud and Josephus. From Memphis (the capital of Rameses II. who is accepted as the Pharaoh of the Oppression) the journey continues to Heliopolis, where Moses would go 'to study under the best masters.' But the bulk of the book is concerned with the Exodus and the stages of the journey, and again Mr. Golding and his companions question themselves as to where was then this place and where was the other. Or whether the identifications are right or wrong. The reader meantime enjoys the descriptions and admires the photographs.

'Tayibeh contracted into a narrow defile, when the darkness hung back in the grottoes like lurking beasts. The blue thrust of the sea came out upon us suddenly, one blue, and another blue, and another, a whole sea in exquisite damascene of blue. Then, the moment we emerged, the substance of colour changed. It ceased to be compact like stone or metal. It became veined like flowers or leaves. Beyond, on the right hand, the hills of Africa defiled southward, in a shimmer of pink and lilac and royal purple, washed in the rose-water of the winter sunset. On the left hand the promontory of Abu Zenima defined the bay, with a gesture of arrest; so that the mind announced to itself: that is a good thing. Could the egg-shell stuff of the old skull endure much more? Or at the next onslaught of white-peony cloud and pink-daisy wave edges and primrose hill would the poor thing cave in?

'So we removed from Elim and encamped by the Red Sea.'

And so at last they came to the Convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, where Mr. Golding admits rather ruefully that, 'Moses is harder to see than he was in the first centuries,' and where he finds that the relics of St. Catherine rather than the relics of Moses are the chief pride.

It is well to remember—for how seemly it is—that the Louis Golding writing about the Holy Mount was once the little Jewish boy listening in a kitchen in Doomington to his father reading from the Holy Books.

"The Mountain?" I cried, from the metal stool where I sat. "What is the name of that Mountain, father?"

"Hush! hush!" whispered my mother and my sisters faintly. A slight strain constricted the atmosphere. It was not considered seemly for any one, least of all one of the younger members of the family, to let his voice be heard when my father was reading from the books, and expounding them.

But he was in no unamiable mood that evening. "Let him ask! What was it you were asking, son?"

"I was asking the name of that Mountain? The one which Moses climbed to look down on the companies."

"It is called Horeb, or Mount Sinai, the Holy Mountain. Why do you ask, son?"

"Because I have been there! I, too, have climbed it!"

The smile faded from his eyes. He looked at me in silence for twenty seconds, then turned his head slowly back toward his book.

My mouth quivered. The tears started in my eyes. "Perhaps I did not, father! Perhaps I did not!"

It is in the last chapter that the reader feels most strongly the spiritual quality of the book. 'I will not make words, I told myself, regarding the view from Gebel Musa . . . for the Holy Mountain is a spiritual, not a physical experience. Few men have ever reached the summit, and few will get there again. . . . The ascent is hopeless if neither behind nor before your eyes the thunder crashes and the lightning flares. Perhaps it is only when the Mountain is veiled round with impenetrable cloud, that the Mountain begins to be visible at all.'

Manna?

In the Wadi Feiran, in the manna country, Mr. Golding met a Greek monk with some Bedouin servants. Where did that manna come from which they gathered at certain seasons, he asked them. 'It is from the Lord,' the monk answered. But the Bedouin servants had something different to say. Later he met a scientist in Jerusalem, Dr. Bodenheimer, and for the first time tasted 'manna.' 'Having removed the cork, he allowed two or three crystals of manna to fall into my palm. I lifted them to my mouth, and closed my eyes, that I might the better savour them. It was sweet, honey-sweet, but I thought I detected in it the faintest flavour of liquorice.'

Dr. Bodenheimer's account of its origin agreed with that of the Bedouin servants, though differently expressed. 'He has observed and photographed the *Trabutina mannipara* in the act of actually excreting the manna-substance, in beads that vary between pinhead-size and the size of peas. Where there were no insects, he found there was no manna. He discovered later that another insect of the same group, the *Najococcus serpentinus minor*, also ejected the stuff. On their issue, the beads of manna were as transparent as glass and of the consistency of hard syrup. In a few days they crystal-

lized and became in colour anything between milk-white and yellow-brown.'¹

Dr. W. Foxley Norris.

A touching story of the late Dean of Westminster is given in the *Record*. Mr. W. E. Hurcomb writes :

The late Dean of Westminster I knew before he came to Westminster, and in volume ii. of *My Life and Diary* is recorded : ' Some years ago, in a very poor home in Barnsley, there was a lad who was very ill and continually in great pain ; the case was so bad that the doctor went every morning early, about 7.30, to see him.

' One morning the doctor, out on his errand, met the rector going to the station. The two walked on a little way and the doctor happened to mention the sad case he was going to see. They parted—the rector went on to catch his train and the other, soon immersed in the business of the day, thought no more about the chance meeting. The next morning, about seven o'clock, there was a knock at the door of the little house where the boy lived. The mother opened it and saw an unknown gentleman in black clothes, who asked to see the patient, as if he were another doctor. He went upstairs and sat down, and talked to the boy about all manner of interesting things that were going on in the world outside. " I'll draw you one thing I saw," he said, and, taking a card from his pocket he hastily sketched a picture of two dogs fighting. The sick boy watched the picture grow. " But who are you?" he asked in amazement. " I am your neighbour," was the smiling reply. The next minute the strange visitor was gone, and when the doctor arrived the boy showed him the card in great delight. " Look at what my neighbour has done for me," he said.

' Every morning the doctor found that this mysterious visitor had called before he arrived, and cheered the boy with his talk and his pencil. The patient had always another picture to show him. A man on a runaway bicycle, two people talking ; simple, quick drawings of some amusing incident. The mother began to pin them up on the bedroom wall—the jolliest picture gallery imaginable. When the dark hours of the night tortured the sleepless, suffering lad, he looked forward to the morning, when his beloved visitor would call. The rector never failed him. More than once the lad asked him who he was, and always was given that friendly reply, " I am your neighbour." The doctor, of course, found out, but he kept the rector's secret. These two men fought the demon

¹ Louis Golding, *In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver*, 230.

of pain in that poverty-stricken home until the boy passed on to the dawn of an eternal day. We do not know the doctor's name, but we do know the rector's—he was a rector at Barnsley and became in 1925 Dean of Westminster.'

Carried by Many Prayers.

In the issue of *The British Weekly* for September 30, part of a fine letter, recently written by Pastor Niernöller, the Vicar of Dahlem, from his cell in the Moabit Prison in Berlin, is given. The letter ends with the following words : ' I would like to tell you that I am not only unbroken after six weeks of imprisonment, but am full of joy and gratitude for God's gracious guidance. . . . It is one of our Lord's unfathomable truths that His trust upholds our peace of mind in all situations of life. It really seems as though nothing at all had happened, precisely because everything has happened, everything that had to happen everywhere.

I am now resting in peace after the abundant turmoil of the last few years and am waiting, patient and full of confidence, if the Lord will again need me for service outside these walls. When and how ? It is not for me to worry . . . I know that I and many others whom God has committed to solitary places are carried by many prayers. Remember me to . . . '

Future Life.

In his recent volume of reminiscences—*Moments of Memory*—the Hon. Herbert Asquith writes concerning his father and the question of a future life : ' I rarely heard him discuss a problem of philosophy. During these later years I remember one occasion when the conversation suddenly turned to the subject of psychic research, and the value of the evidence it had supplied on the question of the survival of the soul. He seemed to listen with interest, but he did not take much part in the discussion, and at the end of it he suddenly lifted his head and said that he thought we were ' not meant to know ' what happened on the other side of death.

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.