

tant study contributed by R. P. S. Lyonnet to the *Revue Biblique* (pp. 355-382), based in part on the evidence of pericopes in an Armenian MS at Venice, the author adduces material in the shape of readings, interpretations, and stylistic characteristics, to support the hypothesis that the Armenians first translated a Syriac Diatessaron, either Tatian's or some analogous document, and that the later versions of the Gospels reflect not only Cæsarean readings due to the Constantinople Church but traces of the earlier translation. The data are admirably discussed, and the difficulties of the problem fairly faced. A strong case seems to be presented for a Syriac prototype rather than an exclusively Greek one, in order to account for the presence of Diatessaron peculiarities side by side with normal phenomena, in the extant quotations from the Gospels. The argument carries on and elaborates recent researches made by P. Paul Essabalian in his *Le Diatessaron de Tatien et la première version des Évangiles arméniens* (Vienna, 1937), as well as by the author himself in an essay printed in *Biblica* (1938, pp. 121-150).

JAMES MOFFATT.

New York.

The Servant Songs.

THERE are problems connected with the 'Servant Songs' in II Isaiah which, possibly, will never be solved. Nevertheless, more light is constantly being thrown on the subject, and Sellin's discussion in the current issue of the *Zeitschrift für die Alttestamentliche Wissenschaft*¹ is particularly welcome. He adheres to the main outlines of the theory he propounded in 1930, and agrees with Mowinckel in believing that the Servant was the prophet of II Isaiah himself. Unlike Mowinckel, however, he holds that this writer was responsible only for the

first three of the songs; the fourth was the work of the prophet's disciple 'Trito-Isaiah,' who was not only the author of Is. 56-66, but the compiler of his master's utterances now contained in chs. 40-55. Another important contribution to exegesis is a discussion of Ps 49 by Paul Volz, who finds that it not merely indicates the survival of the individual after death, but also that it differentiates between the fate of the righteous and that of the wicked in the world to come. Two articles come under the head of higher criticism; one is a study of the history of the Decalogue by Mowinckel, who traces it from a primitive set of ritual ordinances to the final development in D and P (Ex 20). His treatment of Lv 19 is specially interesting. Alt has a short discussion on the prose sections of the Book of Job, maintaining that a distinction must be made between two elements in the epilogue. Some illuminating suggestions on the pre-exilic religion of Israel are offered by May in his discussion of solar worship in Jerusalem; there is a reply by Elliger to Hempel's comments on his earlier article dealing with the political outlook of the prophets, and Sellin, in addition to the long article already mentioned, has a note on the Ephod and the Teraphim. Philology is represented by a discussion from the pen of Euler on the meaning of *sepaer* in the Sudshin inscription, in the course of which he acutely distinguishes between the use of *kāthabh 'al sēpher* and *kāthabh b'sēpher*—a delicate but important nuance. Short notes by several scholars and the editor's invaluable 'Chronik' help to give this issue of the *Zeitschrift* even more variety than usual; it has something of importance to say on almost every side of Old Testament study.

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¹ Vierzehnter Band (1937), Heft 3/4 (Töpelmann, Berlin).

Entre Nous.

Jane T. Stoddart.

The distinguished journalist, assistant editor of *The British Weekly* for nearly fifty years, Miss Jane T. Stoddart, could not write dully if she tried. In *My Harvest of the Years* she has topics in themselves full of interest, for she writes with inside knowledge of those events in the religious and political world that she came so closely into contact with. In the pages of her Memoir we company happily with the

great religious leaders in Scotland and England of this and the last generation. More than all, in these pages Robertson Nicoll lives again, and works ('I am the most industrious creature that God ever made'), and talks, and gives advice, as 'Don't worry because people muddle. People even prefer to muddle their own way than to be ordered about and directed in the smallest degree. Take these words of age.' At the end of her biography Miss

Stoddart comes back to Nicoll. 'I am sure they [her parents] would have shared my thankfulness that so great an Editor as William Robertson Nicoll not only introduced me to London journalism, but kept me with him to the end.'

The story begins with Kelso, where Miss Stoddart was born on All Souls' Day, 1863. There were no organized school games, but children learned the habit of walking for pleasure. 'Twas sixty years since, and a good world for children.' There in Kelso she laid the foundations of a sound education. The town had several good libraries, and families had well-stocked bookcases. On Sunday, games and walks were not permitted. The want of a religious newspaper was felt because church services were over by 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Kelso with its five thousand inhabitants sent worshippers to no fewer than ten churches. For those were the days of many Presbyterian churches severed by old controversies. In 1877 William Robertson Nicoll was elected, in the usual democratic way, to be minister of Kelso Free Church. From that time all interests were quickened. His *obiter dicta* were discussed in the homes. His remarkable sermons had a wide influence. In his Bible class he discovered and encouraged any kind of promise in the young people. Miss Stoddart has kept one out of the many letters that he wrote to youthful friends. After criticising some poems she had written he goes on: 'I want to know what kind of prose you write.' There was free access to Nicoll's own books. Even in Kelso his study walls were lined with books, and scattered on table and floor was a collection of newspapers and magazines.

After the Kelso chapters, Miss Stoddart writes about the life in Edinburgh in 1879 and 1880. She is only fifteen but already she is preparing for journalism. There is a very vivid account of the evangelical life of that date as it centred round the Barclay Church under Dr. Wilson's leadership. She attended the Free Church Assembly Hall in 1881 to hear the final discussion on the Robertson-Smith case. Thinking of ages and attainments to-day one cannot help marvelling at such early development and at such serious interests for a schoolgirl of sixteen. Mid-week services were taken seriously. In her first winter at school in Edinburgh, Dr. Wilson gave a course of lectures on Galatians, 'in which even his younger hearers could discern the ripe fruits of thought and experience. The area of the church was full, pews were thrown open, and the scene, as I recall it, was not unlike Dr. Campbell Morgan's Westminster Fridays. We did not often visit other churches. Dr. Alexander Whyte, already

at the height of his fame in Free St. George's, was king of one world, as Dr. Wilson of another. No one was surprised to learn that Lord Rosebery had taken Mr. Gladstone to hear him. But a sense of loyalty kept the rank and file closely attached to their own congregation; "wandering" and "sermon-tasting" were not encouraged.'

In 1887 Miss Stoddart went to London to help Robertson Nicoll, in the first place with a series of homiletic volumes. Very soon she was on the staff of *The British Weekly* and the eventful years were beginning.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have brought the story within reach of every one by publishing it at five shillings.

St. Francis.

There are people, of whom the present writer is one, who, finding on a cover 'our chief reader writes "this is a lovely, lovely book,"' are much inclined to lay it down. And yet in this instance—*In the Steps of St. Francis* (Rich & Cowan; 8s. 6d. net)—that would be a pity. For it is a book with many admirable qualities. Yet the chief reader has not erred, and it *is* just a little 'lovely, lovely.'

St. Francis of Assisi, that dear, difficult, impulsive soul, has of course a way of awakening a kind of emotional ecstasy in those who write of him as, for example, in Sabatier. And this new life flows out of the same mood. It is written by Mr. Ernest Raymond, the novelist, and he confesses that he uses his novelist's art unashamedly, and with deliberation. And why not? For one man who is much interested in the determining of certain obscure points upon which scholars differ, a score will be able to keep step with this author who 'deliberately chooses the more dramatically effective of the alternations' when things are in dispute, and sets it down with a vivid rush of words, and a kind of flutter of excitement in his own heart.

There is much reading and thinking and affection in this volume. But there is something more. Ruskin declared that ten can speak for one who can think, but that two can think for one who can see. And that power of seeing, and of making others see, is a supreme quality in a real biographer. Mr. Raymond has it and much else. It makes a fine rapid, colourful book, but it *is* just a little 'lovely, lovely,' in the chief reader's unintentionally cruel phrase.

Compromise.

'No one knows how long Francis stayed in the Holy Land. It was a considerable time, and every

learned authority has a different estimate to bedevil the unlearned and lazy. But there are two things that will hardly admit of dispute: he knelt in the sacred places, and he walked with his dreams in the tracks of his Lord. . . . There, rising behind Jericho, was the Mountain of the Third Temptation. And the Third Temptation, we agreed, was exactly the same as Francis overcame on the heights above Assisi. "All things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

'It is a temptation which must assail every man upon whom breaks the consciousness that he has good gifts and a talent for success: the temptation to prostitute one's genius for the sake of a numerical triumph, to sacrifice quality for quantity, to win power and applause and the kingdoms of the world by a deserting of the higher for the lower self. In the hearts of the best it may sometimes whisper like this: "If I lower the ideal a little, I can win the people for it. Surely that would be statesman-like. Surely that would be wise. But if I pursue uncompromisingly the highest of all, if I preach only perfection and the completeness of self-conquest, I shall limit the power of the message of God, and even, perhaps, slay its hope of success. Would it not be wise to compromise a little if by so doing one could capture the kingdoms of the world?"

'Mohammed yielded to it. I hold it fair to say that he compromised with the sensuality and the combativeness of men and so won the kingdoms of the Arab world. And in a pregnant sentence, which may or may not be true, but is worthy of consideration here in the wilderness under the mountain, Dostoevsky wrote, "The Church is Christ yielding to the Third Temptation."

'But the man Jesus did not yield, nor the man Francis, whatever their followers may have done.

'And, mark you, it is a temptation which returns again and again, though its power is diminished with every defeat. It did not leave Christ for ever after the repulse up on the mountain. "The devil departed from him for a season."

'Nor did it desert Francis, though he defeated it once on the hills above Assisi. It was present with him now as he stood in the wilderness, looking up at the mountain where Christ defeated it. Were not his brothers, were not his ministers, was not the Protector, Cardinal Ugolino, urging compromise upon him and calling it prudence and the way to influence and power? I think that Francis looked up at that peak and drew strength not to yield. I think that he decided anew, with an uprush of love and consecration, to resist it to the end. And I think that, immediately after his decision, immedi-

ately after his "Get thee behind me, Satan," he felt an elation and a unity with God; for that is what happens to the least man among us in his moment of triumph over temptation.'¹

Miracles.

'A future life is, you think, unbelievable? How clear it is that death is death for men as for all living things. Well, I should myself put the matter rather differently. The present life is incredible, a future credible. Not to be twice-born, but once-born is wonderful. To be alive, actually existing, to have emerged from darkness and silence, to be here to-day is certainly incredible. A philosopher friend of mine could never, he told me, bring himself to believe in his own existence. A future life would be a miracle, and you find it difficult to believe in miracles? I, on the contrary, find it easy. They are to be expected. The starry worlds in time and space, the pageant of life, the processes of growth and reproduction, the instincts of animals, the inventiveness of Nature, the rising and setting sun, the affections and passions, the character of thought, of will, intuition, consciousness, these singly and together plunge the human mind into profound amazement to be in their midst. They are all utterly unbelievable, miracles piled on miracles

To o'er top old Pelion or the skyish head
of blue Olympus.

. . . Miracles? For my part I see miracles everywhere. I see nothing but works of magic. Miracles are not rare birds. They fly in flocks, they darken the sky in their multitudes. So much for miracles. Nature is not natural, but supernatural, delighting in marvels, in confounding us with the astonishing and impossible.'²

'For they knew His Voice.'

The Rev. Eric F. F. Bishop, of Newman School of Missions, Thabor, Jerusalem, has kindly sent us the following story, which he says is 'fairly common property in Palestine in these days.'

In one of the villages of the Northern District, which underwent punitive punishment in the early part of this year, a considerable number of sheep, goats, and other animals was 'sequestered,' but the inhabitants were permitted to redeem their own possessions at a price that was fixed. Among the sufferers was an orphan shepherd boy, whose all had been confiscated. This 'all' consisted of

¹ E. Raymond, *In the Steps of St. Francis*, 233 ff.

² W. Macneile Dixon, *The Human Situation*, 429 f.

six or eight sheep and goats which he went to redeem at the appointed *rendezvous*. Those in charge were, of course, willing to restore his erstwhile little flock, but rather ridiculed the idea of this being a possibility, and said that he could not possibly recognize his own sheep and goats from among the hundreds that were penned in. The little shepherd, however, thought otherwise and paying the required amount, he just gave his shepherd's call, and at once his little flock trotted out after him, 'for they knew his voice.'

Minos Devine.

GOD IN MY LIFE.

God be in my life
And in my contriving ;
God be in my will
And in my deciding ;
God be in my gain
And in my rejoicing ;
God be in my loss
And in my resigning ;
God be in my aim
And in my aspiring ;
God be in my end
And in my arriving.

This poem, along with a number of others, by the late Dr. Devine, is included in the small volume—*The Poet-Precacher of Vere Street*—just published by the S.P.C.K. (2s. 6d. net). Most of the volume is occupied with nine very characteristic sermons. The quality of these will be seen from the extracts from Dr. Devine's Advent Message which we have given in 'The Christian Year' this month. The volume is enriched also with a brief memoir of the author by the Rev. F. W. Robertson Dorling, A.T.S.

Nursery Rhymes.

The minister of Ferme Park Baptist Church, Hornsey, the Rev. Henry Cook, M.A., has had a good and, so far as we know, an original idea for his young people's addresses. He bases each one on a nursery rhyme. Here is how he begins 'Doctor Foster.'

'Doctor Foster went to Gloster
In a shower of rain ;
He stepped in a puddle
Up to his middle,
And never went there again.

'We know nothing at all about this Doctor Foster except that he went to Gloster on this particular day. I do not, however, think he was what we

would call a medical doctor, and I shall give you two reasons for that. First, if he had been a medical doctor I do not think he would have been walking as this particular Doctor Foster was. He would almost certainly have been in a car, or, in the days before there were cars, in a gig. That is one reason. And the other is this, that if Doctor Foster had been a medical doctor he would not have done what this one did. This Doctor Foster got himself soaking wet through stepping in a puddle of rain, with the result that he never "went there again." But it is one of the greatest glories of the medical profession that a doctor never at any time considers himself. He goes out to visit his patients in all weathers and at all times of the day or night. Had this Doctor Foster been a medical doctor with a patient in Gloster, I am quite certain he would have gone back again till his patient was better, even though he got so thoroughly wet the first time.

'For these two reasons, then, I think this Doctor Foster was not a medical man. I have wondered whether he might not be John Foster the famous essayist. John Foster was a Baptist minister who lived in that part of the country in the eighteenth century. He wrote a book of essays that gave him a great reputation. But he was rather an absent-minded man, and, even though it was raining cats and dogs, I should not be surprised to learn that he was so lost in his dreams that he stepped into a puddle up to his middle. The roads in those days would make that kind of thing possible, and John Foster may have been the hero of this story.

'Anyhow, whoever this particular Doctor Foster was, and however it came about that he got himself into such a situation, the one thing we know about him is all to his credit. Having landed into such a predicament, he resolved that he would not let it happen again, and so he avoided this road to Gloster in the future, "and never went there again."'

Mr. Cook then proceeds to point the moral—and right well he does it. But we must not quote him further. We must leave something to the imagination of our readers. The addresses are published by the Carey Press and the title is taken from the first talk, *Baa, Baa, Blacksheep!* (2s. 6d. net).

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