

τῶν δένδρων εὐρίσκειται κάθε λοιπὸν δένδρον, ποῦ δὲν κάμνει καλὸν καρπὸν, κόπτεται σύρριζα καὶ ρίπτεται εἰς τὴν φωτιά.

3. καὶ πᾶ τὸ ξινάρι τώρα στέκει κοντὰ στὴ ρίζα τῶν δέντρων· κάθε λοιπὸν δέντρο, ποῦ δὲν κάνει καρπὸ καλὸ, κόβεται καὶ βήχεται στὴ φωτιά.

And the pity of this revolt against natural speech is that the fanatical conservers of Plato's speech use a dialect which Plato would not have known as Greek till he saw it written down,—so complete a change of pronunciation was accomplished very early in the history of Hellenistic,—and which when read would have struck him like 'Baboo' English strikes us. And in the interest of this dialect it is officially forbidden to translate into the popular tongue a Book which recent discoveries have shown to be the only book of its time written absolutely in the language of the common people! As Krumbacher shows, the iron hand of the Atticist was heavy on every writer of literature nineteen centuries ago, as in Greece to-day. Only the New Testament writers, who knew not and cared not that they were writing literature, dared to set forth their message in the very style, plain yet not vulgar, of daily life.

The final question suggested at the beginning of this article is too large to discuss here. I am far from denying the extent to which Palles and Weymouth start from the same principle. But I do not think the cases are sufficiently parallel. The old-fashioned dialect of the R.V. cannot, like the *καθαρεύουσα*, be described as really dead. Men fall into it naturally in prayer, for instance, even though their ordinary speech be very different; nor can it be fairly said that it is too difficult for the common people. Moreover, the *Twentieth Century* translators and Dr. Weymouth alike write in cultivated modern English of the standard dialect.

To find a real parallel for the work of Palles, we should have to set a committee of 'kailyard' writers to translate into the musical Scotch of the peasantry, or my friend 'John Ackworth' to make a Lancashire Testament for the mill-hands, or 'Robert' (so Krumbacher) Kipling to follow the soldier with a Cockney version. In Greece, till the educated classes have consented to adopt for writing purposes the vernacular which has proved good enough for not a few poets, there seems no choice between a somewhat vulgarized New Testament and none at all; and if (which I doubt) there are classes in England which cannot understand Bible English, it would seem that we have the same dilemma, however useful the modernized versions may be as paraphrase and commentary.

There are many other morals one would like to draw from this informing book, a summary of which I have no room to sketch. One for the grammarian may be added to those already indicated. We are settling down to the principle that if Modern Greek shows developed a phenomenon which begins to appear in the N.T., we must be careful to treat it as in the line of development, and not insist on forcing it on the Procrustean bed of classical rule. In applying the principle, Krumbacher's facts make it extremely important that we should test the sources of the Modern Greek we use: it will be futile to argue from the artificial Greek of the schools. A careful study of Palles will indeed be found most instructive for the student of Hellenistic. And the Protestant Christian as he reads it will long for the day when such a book may bring the Bible near to those who live now in the cities where Paul preached to the scholars and the common people of the olden time.

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Point and Illustration.

'Things as They Are.'

THIS is the title which Miss Amy Wilson-Carmichael has given to her book on Mission Work in Southern India (Morgan & Scott; 6s.). The book is a revelation. Its plainness of speech, its

realism of illustration, its insight and sympathy lift it out of the common. The best review of it is to let it speak.

Faith and Practice.—There she sat, queen of her home. The sons were expected, and she had been making preparations for their coming.

Her little grandchildren played about her, each one of them dear as the jewel of her eye. How could she leave it all, how could she leave them all—home, all that it stands for; children, all that they mean?

Then she looked at me again, and I shall never forget the look. It seemed as if she were looking me through and through, and forcing the answer to come. She spoke in little short sentences, instinct with intensity. 'I *cannot* live here and break my caste. If I break it I must go. I *cannot* live here without keeping my customs. If I break them I must go. You know all this. I ask you, then, tell me yes or no. Can I live here and keep my caste, and, at the same time, follow your God? Tell me yes or no!'

I did not tell her—how could I? But she read the answer in my eyes, and she said, as she had said before, 'I cannot follow so far—so far, *I cannot follow so far!*'

A Crushed Rosebud.—There are worse things far than seeing a little child die! It is worse to see it change. To see the innocence pass from the eyes, and the childishness grow into wickedness, and to know, without being able to stop it, just what is going on.

I am thinking of one such now. She was four years old when I first began to visit in her grandmother's house. She is six now—only six—but her demoralization is almost complete. It is as if you saw a hand pull a rosebud off its stem, crumple and crush it, rub the pink loveliness into pulp, drop it then—and you pick it up. But it is not a rosebud now. These things, the knowledge of them, is as a fire shut up in one's bones! shut up, for one cannot let it all out—it must stay in and burn.

The Earthward Hold.—In India we have a tree with a double system of roots. The banyan tree drops roots from its boughs. These bough roots in time run as deep underground as the original root. And the tap root and its runners, and the branch roots and theirs, get knotted and knit into each other till the whole forms one solid mass of roots, sinuous and strong. Conceive the uprooting of such a tree, like the famous one of North India, for instance, which sheltered an army of seven thousand men. You cannot conceive it; it could not be done, the earthward hold is so strong.

The old in India are like these trees; they are

doubly, inextricably rooted. There is the usual great tap root common to all human trees in all lands—faith in the creed of the race; there are the usual running roots too—devotion to family and home. All these hold the soul down.

But in India we have more—we have the branch-rooted system of caste; caste so intricate, so precise, that no Western lives who has traced it through its ramifications back to the bough from which it dropped in the olden days.

Ruth and Orpah.—These three Tamil children have many an argument (for Indian children delight in discussion), and sometimes the things that are brought to me would shock the orthodox. This is the last, brought yesterday—

'Obedience is not so important as love. Orpah was very obedient. Her mother-in-law said, "Go, return," and she did as she was told. But Ruth was not obedient at all. Four times her mother-in-law said, "Go," and yet she would not go. But God blessed Ruth much more than Orpah, because she loved her mother-in-law. So obedience is not so important as love.' Only the day before I had been labouring to explain the absolute necessity for the cultivation of the grace of obedience; but now it was proved a secondary matter, for Ruth was certainly disobedient, but good and greatly blessed.

The Verdigris of Sin.—They were all thoroughly friendly now, and we got into conversation. One of the group held that there are three co-eternal substances—God, the soul, and sin. Sin is eternally bound up in the soul, as verdigris is inherent in copper. It can be removed eventually by intense meditation upon God, and by the performance of arduous works of merit. But these exercises, they all admitted, were incompatible with the ordinary life of most people, and generally impracticable. And so the fact is, the verdigris of sin remains.

I remember the delight with which I discovered that Is 1²⁵ uses this very illustration; for the word translated 'dross' in English is the colloquial word for verdigris in Tamil; so the verse reads, 'I will turn my hand to thee, and thoroughly purify thee, *so as to remove thy verdigris.*'

The Reverses and the Call.—More has been written about the successes than about the failures, and it seems to us that it is more important that you should know about the reverses than about the successes of the war. We shall have all eternity to celebrate the victories, but we

have only the few hours before sunset in which to win them. We are not winning them as we should, because the fact of the reverses is so little realized, and the needed reinforcements are not forthcoming, as they would be if the position were thoroughly understood. Reinforcements of men and women are needed, but, far above all, reinforcements of prayer. And so we have tried to tell you the truth—the uninteresting, unromantic truth—about the heathen as we find them, the work as it is. More workers are needed. But we will never try to allure anyone to think of coming by painting coloured pictures, when the facts are in black and white. What if black and white will never attract like colours? We care not for it; our business is to tell the truth. The work is not a pretty thing, to be looked at and admired. It is a fight. And battlefields are not beautiful.

But if one is truly called of God, all the difficulties and discouragements only intensify the Call. If things were easier there would be less need. The greater the need, the clearer the Call rings through one, the deeper the conviction grows; *it was God's Call*. And as one obeys it, there is the joy of obedience, quite apart from the joy of success. There is joy in being with Jesus in a place where His friends are few; and sometimes, when one would least expect it, coming home tired out and disheartened after a day in an opposing or indifferent town, suddenly—how, you can hardly tell—such a wave of the joy of Jesus flows over you and through you, that you are stilled with the sense of utter joy. Then, when you see Him winning souls, or hear of your comrades' victories, oh! all that is within you sings, 'I have more than an overweight of joy!'

The Descent into Hell.

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IN the July number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES the Rev. De Lacy O'Leary suggested that the clause 'descended into Hell' of our Apostles' Creed was dependent on the legend of 'the harrowing of Hell' as described in the Gospel of Nicodemus. He denied that such teaching had any true foundation in Holy Scripture, and traced back its origin to the legends about the descent of Orpheus into Hades which were prevalent in Italy in pre-Christian times.

Unfortunately Mr. O'Leary does not seem to have read the very careful studies of the whole subject of the history of the clause and its interpretation which have recently been published by Professor Kattenbusch¹ and Dr. Clemen.² He has failed to take account of much evidence of early Christian thought which renders such a conclusion impossible.

Every survey of the history of the clause must begin with the witness of Rufinus, who, c. 400 A.D., noted in his commentary that it was found in the Creed of Aquileia. Mr. O'Leary gives to this Creed the arbitrary date 341 A.D. It is necessary

¹ *Das apostolische Symbol*, ii. pp. 895-915. Leipzig, 1900.

² *Niedergefahren zu den Toten*. Giessen, 1900.

for his argument that it should be later than the supposed date of the Gospel of Nicodemus. But it is impossible to prove that the clause had not stood in the Aquileian Creed for more than a century before the time when Rufinus wrote of it. Critics generally agree that Rufinus had lost the clue to its history.³ He did not attach any special importance to it, regarding it (as Mr. O'Leary says) as an explanation of the word *buried*.⁴ Rufinus would not wish to admit that the Aquileian Creed had anything peculiar about it. Anything peculiar in a Creed was suspected. The word *buried* had implied the teaching that Christ after death shared the condition of departed souls in the unseen world, which was commonly described as the under-world in antithesis to the upper-world of Heaven. When the question was raised, What did Christ do in the under-world? Rufinus fell back on the common tradition that He announced His redemption to the patriarchs, and preached to the spirits in prison (1 P 3¹⁸).

It is quite a mistake, however, to say (as Mr.

³ See Dr. Swete, *Apostles' Creed*, p. 61.

⁴ Kattenbusch (ii. p. 900) pertinently asks why then was it added to, not substituted for, *buried*.