

St. Luke and Lucius of Cyrene.

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THE suggestion has been made that St. Luke and Lucius of Cyrene are the same person. If that could be proved it would help to solve the problem of the 'special source' of the third Gospel. There are scholars who identify them as two names of one person, though the majority are quite opposed to the idea. Zöckler dismisses it as 'quite absurd'; Headlam says that it has nothing in its favour; Plummer admits that it is not impossible, but says that there is no evidence. One objection strongly expressed is that while Lucas is an abbreviation, it is not an abbreviation of Lucius. Its full form may be Lucanus, or Lucilius, or Lucianus; but it is very unlikely to be Lucius. But since Plummer wrote, Professor Ramsay has found in the inscriptions of Pisidian Antioch the name Lucas as a pet form of the Latin Lucius. With this discovery it is not possible any longer to say that there is no evidence in favour of the identification.

According to Ac 13¹, certain prophets and teachers were at work in the Church at Antioch. Their names are given as Barnabas, Symeon that was called Niger, Lucius of Cyrene, Manaen the foster-brother of Herod the tetrarch, and Saul. This company, in the midst of which Lucius was found, is an interesting one. Who is 'Symeon that was called Niger'? He must have been an African. There is a Simon of Cyrene named in Mt 27 and Mk 15. Symeon the African might well be Simon of Cyrene. If St. Luke be Lucius of Cyrene he would probably be well acquainted with Simon of the same city. Another significant member of the group is Manaen, the foster-brother of Herod. Holdsworth and Sanday have independently reached the conclusion that among the special sources from which St. Luke draws his peculiar material Joanna, wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, counts as chief. Luke manifests marked sympathy with women, and an intimate acquaintance with the court of Herod, such as might have been obtained from Joanna.

But where did St. Luke meet with Joanna? Harnack, Streeter, Bartlet, and Hawkins prefer to think that the special source is to be sought in Philip the Evangelist and his daughters. But once more, if St. Luke be Lucius of Cyrene, then

he met Joanna at Antioch, and we have found an adequate solution of the problem. Is there any evidence to connect St. Luke with Cyrene? Certainly he displays great interest in that region. He notes that at Pentecost there were dwelling in Jerusalem devout men 'from the parts of Libya which are about Cyrene'; that amongst those who disputed with Stephen were 'certain of them that were of the synagogue of the Libertines, and of the Cyrenians, and of the Alexandrians'; that when the disciples were dispersed by the persecution on the martyrdom of Stephen some of them travelled 'as far as Phœnicia, and Cyprus, and Antioch, speaking the word to none save only to Jews. But there were some of them, men of Cyprus and Cyrene, who when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Greeks also.' St. Luke also shows intimate knowledge of the coast and harbours of Crete directly opposite Cyrene, and is well aware of the dangers to navigation in that perilous region. Was St. Luke one of those men of Cyrene who came to Antioch and spoke unto the Greeks?

Tradition associates St. Luke with Antioch. Early Vulgate MSS. of the Gospels have prefaces attached to the books giving particulars of their authors. These are probably as early as the third century. That prefixed to the third Gospel says that 'Luke, by nation a Syrian of Antioch, a disciple of the apostles, and afterwards a follower of St. Paul, served his Master blamelessly till his confession'; while Eusebius (*H.E.* iii. 4) speaks of 'Luke who was born at Antioch, by profession a physician, etc.' Thus while tradition connects St. Luke with Antioch, Scripture connects Lucius with the same city. Possibly when the tradition was formed sufficient was known to identify Lucius and St. Luke; or the tradition may have been founded on the known fact that Lucius was at Antioch. But that could not have happened unless it had been known that Lucas was an abbreviation of Lucius. Now Ramsay tells us that it was such an abbreviation.

Turning to the Gospel, we find St. Luke saying in his prefatory dedication that certain things 'have been fulfilled *among us*,' and that eye-witnesses

'delivered them *unto us.*' He identifies himself with those to whom they were delivered and amongst whom they were fulfilled. This does at least imply a residence in Palestine, and probably in Jerusalem. He may have been a member of that synagogue of the Cyrenians which was in Jerusalem, and so have known these eye-witnesses. It does not seem at all difficult to suppose that he had taken part in that dispute between Stephen and the Cyrenians, and that the words of Stephen followed by his martyrdom had been the chief influence which brought about his conversion. When the rest fled to Antioch to escape their hostile fellow-countrymen it is quite likely that he would flee there with them.

Where could a more likely home be found for one who was to occupy the important position of

St. Luke? There was a large Jewish community in the city, constituting, according to Josephus, a quarter of the population. They enjoyed equal rights of citizenship with the Greek inhabitants in the time of Alexander the Great. Many evidences of culture were to be found there, including not only a philosophical school but also a medical school, where the 'beloved physician' may have qualified, or at least have received that instruction which made him so helpful to St. Paul in his times of need. In such matters certainty is unlikely to be obtained; but when so many facts converge on one conclusion, and so many problems would be solved by it, surely such a conclusion is not to be dismissed so curtly as is done when it is said that 'there is nothing in its favour,' 'there is no evidence,' or that 'it is quite absurd.'

In the Study.

Virginitus Querisque.

'I wonder.'

'They were all amazed at the mighty power of God.'
—Lk 9th.

You all know what it is to wonder. You have looked up into the starry sky, and the vastness of it has made you almost afraid. Then, have you ever been amongst great mountains and felt the silence and loneliness of them? And do you remember the first time you gazed at the ocean? You could not understand how anything so great, so immense, could be kept in its place; it was a mystery; you wondered.

1. You do not all wonder at the same sort of thing. As you know, the child of the country has a very different idea of the world from the boy or girl who has been born and brought up in a crowded city. But whatever be the outlook, the sense of wonder is one of the things that bind boys and girls together, and the 'grown-up' who has it and keeps it remains a child to the end of his life.

2. If we ceased to wonder at things we might as well be done with this life altogether. A man or woman who has no thought of anything but how to make money is one for whom we can only be sorry, for money is of no use when one comes to die.

You must have heard the fable of the chicken who, finding a diamond, exclaimed, 'Would it were a corn-grain!' And there is a story of an African princess whose bones were found in the desert beside a bag of pearls. She had written an account of how food had failed her, until at the last she had crushed pearls to dust, and tried with that to satisfy the deadly craving—'but, alas! they were only pearls, and so I died.'

3. Sometimes what is learnt at school or at the University dulls the sense of wonder. The science professor gives reasons for things that seem inexplicable. You have class-books that tell you about the stars, and you may have been allowed to look through a great telescope that seemed to bring the moon so near that the thought passed through your mind, 'Perhaps people may one day be able to explore it.' Then the beauty of the rainbow has been explained away from the minds of many boys and girls. The poet Wordsworth used to love to gaze at it when he was a child, and he did so to the end of his life.

So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die.

4. There are those who never cease to wonder at the wild flowers that some of you consider of little account. You crush them under foot in utter