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ראשי הכהנים (e.g. Mt 2⁴ 16²¹, Jn 11⁴⁷ etc.). This is quite opposed to Mr. Sherman's contention that הכהן הנדול means the deposed high priest, and הראש הכהן the acting high priest. I should be very glad to have any help to enable me to decide which view to choose.

By the way, my copy of Delitzsch's N.T. has in He 4¹⁴ כהן ראש נדול נעלה מאד instead of כהן ראש נדול which Mr. Sherman quoted.

K. BABA.

Osaka, Japan.

II.

In reply to Mr. Baba's request I would submit the following. Either הראש הכהן or הכהן הנדול might stand for 'high priest.' The former, which means literally 'head priest,' is undoubtedly the earlier phrase; the latter stands for the post-exilic 'high priest,' who was often as much a prince

as a priest. When, as occasionally happens, הכהן הנדול occurs in narratives in the Old Testament relating to pre-exilic times, its use is proleptic. There can be no doubt, I think, that Mr. Sherman in his note reverses the true order of the genesis of the phrases. Hence either ראש or נדול could be legitimately employed to translate ἀρχιερεύς, although the latter is naturally employed by Delitzsch for the acting high priest, as that was his generally accepted title in post-exilic times. ראשי הכהנים is quite a happy rendering of ἀρχιερείς when it stands for deposed high priests. In spite of Mr. Sherman's ingenious argument, I venture to think it will be generally felt that in He 4¹⁴ (ἀρχιερέα μέγαν) there is no reason to understand μέγαν in any other sense than 'great' or 'greatly exalted' (Delitzsch's מאד נעלה).

J. A. SELBIE.

U.F. College, Aberdeen.

Entre Nous.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

The June number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES had already gone to press on the 4th of May before the sad news of Sir William Robertson Nicoll's death reached us. His death means the loss not only of a personal friend, but of one who from the beginning was an admirer of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Thirty-three years ago, when the first number of this magazine appeared, Dr. Nicoll was one of the first to notice it. Dr. Hastings always remembered this review gratefully. 'It was,' he said, 'one of those nippy notices which make a man rush to the first post and order his copy.' Sir William, mentioning it in *The British Weekly* last October, wrote: 'We take pleasure in thinking that we recognized the merit of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES when it was still little known.'

To appreciate the work of others and to show his appreciation in a practical way is one of the things for which Sir William will be remembered.

The last letter which we received from Sir William—at the time of Dr. Hastings' death—was a characteristic one, and we think it will not be out of place if we quote it here:

'I cannot say how much I was shocked and grieved by the most sad and unexpected news. The blow seemed to come very near. I never expected it, for when he kindly came to see us off at Aberdeen three weeks ago, he looked very well, though thin. He was full of energy, and we could have talked for hours if the train had not been ready to start.

I have tried to put a few things together for *The British Weekly*, but am not yet very well and find it difficult. He was a wonderful man—more wonderful than people thought, or than he allowed them to think. . . .

What a fertile mind, and what iron and continuous industry! For my part I have had work enough, and would gladly find an excuse to burrow in some quiet place. But we must take the way appointed for us.'

Already in this letter written nine months ago he acknowledged that he was 'not very well.' This admission from him meant a great deal, for we have never met any one who put up a braver fight against persistent bodily weakness stretching over many years.

He knew that he had work to do. He had great

and good ambitions, and so inflexible was his will that he succeeded in turning out an amazing quantity of work in spite of his constant ill-health. The secret of his enormous journalistic output over so many years was not only his determination not to give in to his physical disabilities, but was also his power of conserving his small stock of strength. Much of his work these last years was done in bed, where he would spend the day reading and dictating, getting up only in the evening to go for a short time into that amazing study, a description of which has found its way into most papers. There he would sit in his arm-chair at the far end of the narrow room, smoking at the fire with dozens of books lying on the floor beside him and others stretching to the door in long rows. The study was always the same all the years that we knew it, shelved to the ceiling and with every available shelf filled, with only a narrow path left on the floor. There in this study he would sit reading or dictating again, or perhaps seeing some of those friends who were allowed access to him and in whose conversation he delighted. As we write, we see him there as we saw him last—showing signs of weakness, a little restless, but eager and vital mentally, and full of interest in every subject, a stimulating talker and listener.

It is a month since Sir William's death, and during that time we have thought much about him. In what did his greatness lie and what contribution has he made to the thought of his generation? He was a brilliant journalist and a bookman, and perhaps he was more successful than any other in communicating his love of good books; but it is by his influence on the religious rather than on the literary thought of his age that he will be remembered.

He was an Evangelical of the Evangelicals. Not that his faith was narrow. What he believed he believed with understanding, and he believed also with passion. And somehow the emotional quality of his belief affected his readers—and they were found in all parts of the world—profoundly, so that to them too the Atonement of Christ became a living fact.

This is no small thing to have done.

We are glad to think that he was able to remain editor of *The British Weekly* to the last, and that during the final months he had the assistance not only of Miss Stoddart, who had been associated

with him for so many years, but also of his successor, the Rev. J. M. E. Ross.

The Speaker's Bible.

We have not written about *The Speaker's Bible* before in *Entre Nous*. But we must do so now to remove a misunderstanding. Several of our correspondents take for granted that the matter of *The Speaker's Bible* has already appeared in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. But this is not so. The whole of *The Speaker's Bible* is entirely distinct from 'The Christian Year.'

The Speaker's Bible was the last work on which Dr. Hastings was engaged. It was his intention to deal with the whole Bible, but before his death he had accomplished only a certain amount of the work planned. Fortunately, he left MSS sufficient for at least four years' publication at the rate of two to three volumes a year.

The Speaker's Bible is being issued in serial form.

The first four monthly numbers completed the *Epistle to the Hebrews*. This has been issued in volume form also. The next five monthly numbers dealt with the first portion of St. Luke's Gospel. These were issued in volume form in June as *St. Luke, Volume I*. St. Luke's Gospel is one of the books that was not finished. Dr. Hastings was indeed working on it up to a few days before his death. There is, however, sufficient material for at least another volume, which should appear about the end of the year. St. Luke will be followed by an Old Testament book—probably Deuteronomy.

The Speaker's Bible is published in monthly numbers of 96 pages at 2s. A page contains about 800 words, a Number about 76,800 words. For the Serial Issue application should be made direct to 'The Speaker's Bible Office,' Aberdeen.

Special terms have been arranged for six-monthly and yearly subscribers at 11s. and 22s. respectively.

The price of the volumes varies according to size. The price of *The Epistle to the Hebrews* is 9s. 6d. net. That of *St. Luke's Gospel, Volume I.*, is 12s. 6d. net. The volumes may be obtained either direct or through any bookseller. The serial numbers and the first volumes are meeting with an enthusiastic reception. Up till now they have not been sent for review, but next month we hope to have space to quote some of the appreciations which have been pouring in from subscribers.

TWO TEXTS.

Matt. xxv. 27.

'WHAT Christ meant by the remarkable words "placed my money with the bankers" it is hard to define precisely, though we may gather that their general drift is that where direct opportunities for the use of our talents are not open for us, indirect opportunities for service will never be wanting in the kingdom of God, if we are only in earnest in the wish to use them. In the service of the kingdom there is not only room for, but there is need of, all men that are willing and eager to use their talents in the position to which God has called or shall call them, whether as with the vast majority they have no duties beyond the narrow circle of the household or the circumscribed routine of their daily occupation, or with the exceptional few their lives form large factors in the history of the nation.'¹

Luke xv. 16.

'The longing of the prodigal for husks or carob-pods pictures the intensity of his hunger, and his feeding of swine the shamefulness of his servitude as a son of Abraham. He would fain have been filled with the husks, not "filled his belly," as the Authorized Version has it, for he could easily have done that, but the right reading, as in the Revised Version, denotes that he would fain have been filled—that is, satisfied with the husks that the swine did eat. The same words "to be filled" are used in Lk 6²¹, "Blessed are ye that hunger: for ye shall be filled"—that is, satisfied to the full. But no such satisfaction was to be procured in the far country, only servitude and a famine of all that whereon the soul of man can live.'²

SOME TOPICS.

False Fear of God.

"The total nature of reality" defies the philosopher to-day as utterly as it has defied the philosophers of all ages. He has no word which is really adequate even to soothe that grovelling fear of the unseen forces of the universe to which mankind is prone, and which has been the prolific root of dark, inhuman heathenisms. Sometimes, indeed, one is almost driven to wonder whether heathenism's

¹ R. H. Charles, *The Adventure into the Unknown*, 75.² *Ibid.* 166.

deadly wound may not be healed; whether out of blind fear may not be born anew dreadful attempts at propitiation. There have been recrudescences scarcely less strange. And beyond all question there is a distinct, unwonted tendency nowadays to view as sinister the regnant Power of the universe. Defiant arraignment of the Higher than man furnishes to the literature of our time one of its most characteristic notes; often taking shape in blasphemies almost unquotable. "The hidden God who does not wish to give up his secrets strikes down men who seek to take them!" a French surgeon, dying from the effects of prolonged experimentation with the X-ray, was quoted, not long ago, as saying. Who can fail to feel in the words that which makes the very essence of heathenism? There is a fear of God which is not "the beginning of wisdom," but a blight, rather, on all that is highest and best in life: a craven fear, degrading to man, dishonoring to God; which it is the work of "perfect love" to cast out.'

This quotation is from *The Deeper Voice*, by Miss Annie Steger Winston (Doran; \$1.25 net). The aim of the book is to point to childlikeness in the spiritual realm as 'the one remedy for the twin evils of blank pessimism and arid rationalism.'

Jesus the Wanderer.

'Jesus was a wanderer, what the well-to-do citizen of sedentary habits lounging in his doorway would call a vagabond. His life was one long journey. Before that other—who was condemned to immortality by One who was Himself condemned to death—Jesus was the true Wandering Jew. He was born on a journey, born not even at an inn, for there was no room available at Bethlehem for the pilgrim who was with child. While still at the breast He was carried along the interminable sun-scorched roads that lead into Egypt; from Egypt He returned to the waters and verdure of Galilee. From Nazareth He went frequently to Jerusalem for the Passover. John's voice called Him to the banks of the Jordan; an inner voice called Him to the desert. And after the forty days of fasting and temptation He began His restless wandering from town to town, from village to village, from hill-top to hill-top, throughout this much-divided Palestine. Oftenest we find Him in His native Galilee, at Capernaum, at Chorazin, at Cana, at Magdala, at Tiberias. But He crosses also Samaria, and loves to

sit by the well at Sychar. We find Him also in the tetrarchy of Philip, at Bethsaida in the land of the Gadarenes, at Cæsarea, and even at Gerasa in Peræa of Herod Antipas. When in Judea He prefers to stop at Bethany, a few miles from Jerusalem, or at Jericho. But He does not hesitate to cross the boundaries of the ancient kingdom and go down among the Gentiles. We meet Him, in fact, in Phœnicia near Tyre and Sidon, and in Syria also, for His Transfiguration takes place on Mount Hermon. After His Resurrection He appears at Emmaus on the shores of the Sea of Tiberias, and it was finally at Bethany, near the house of him whom He had raised from the dead, that He took leave of His friends for ever.

He was the wanderer who never rested, the homeless wanderer, the wanderer for love, the voluntary exile from His own land. He Himself tells us that He has not one stone whereon to lay His head; and it is true that He possesses no couch whereon He may rest at night, nor a house He may call His own. His true home is the road He travels with His earliest followers, in search of new friends. His bed is a furrow in the fields, a bench in a boat, the shade of an olive-tree. At times He rests under the roof of a loving friend, but He is ever a passing guest whose visit is brief.¹

Why Jesus called Fishermen.

'It was not by chance that Jesus chose His first followers from among fishermen. The fisherman who spends the greater part of his days in solitude and encompassed by pure waters is *the man who knows how to wait*. He is the man of patience who is not pressed for time; who casts his net and leaves the rest to the Almighty. Water has its moods and the lake its fancies, and his days are never monotonous. On setting forth the fisherman knows not whether he will return with his boat full or without a single fish to cook for his evening meal. He places himself in God's hands, who sends both abundance and want. When times are hard he consoles himself with the thought of past times that were better and of better times to come. He does not seek to make money rapidly, and he is happy if he can but barter the fruits of his toil for a little bread and wine. He is clean both in mind and body, for his hands are washed in the waters of the lake and his spirit in those of solitude.'²

¹ G. Papini, *The Story of Christ*, 63.

² *Ibid.* 73.

How the Mind influences the Body.

'The idea of discomfort creates discomfort. Two young students of the same faculty occupied the same room, probably for reasons of economy. One of them one night, worn out, no doubt, by overwork, felt himself choking for want of air and called his friend to his help. He, suddenly awakened, without taking time to think, seized the first thing that came into his hands and flung it at the window. There was a shower of falling glass and the choking student at once began to breathe easily. What was their astonishment next morning to find that it was not the glass of the window but the glass of the wardrobe that had been shattered to atoms.'³

NEW POETRY.

A. M. P. Dawson.

St. Phocas, and Other Poems (Swarthmore Press; 3s. 6d. net), is a small volume of poetry from the pen of Mr. A. M. P. Dawson. Some of the poems are of a religious nature. About one quarter are peace poems written during the War. All are serious and earnest. There are one or two descriptive poems, the longest being the one which gives its title to the book, *St. Phocas*; and *St. Phocas*, we are told, is the Gardener-Saint of Greece. The author makes large use of the sonnet form and is there at his best. We quote the sonnet on

DEATH.

This faith is mine: that when earth yields her hold
I shall renew my youth in Death's pure stream,
And my freed soul shall sing a springtide theme,
Braver yet sweeter, wiser yet more bold,
Than e'er I sang in the brave springs of old
When all the world was gladsome as a gleam
Of dancing sunlight, golden as the dream
That makes the first fair April buds unfold.
I shall awake to music, and to mirth,
To fragrance and the joys of growth and hope,
To vernal faith and love and ampler scope,
To beauty, homelike with dear hints of earth,
And thus shall Death be but a greater birth,
Of this life's edifice the crowning cope.

³ A. Dolonne, *Self-Healing by Autosuggestion*, 54.