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priate in the composition of a *Jew* writing in Elam (8²) under Cyrus, King of Persia (1²¹), and for Jews.

GEO. B. MICHELL.

Cairo.

Romans xii. 13, 14.

ΟΜΙΤ ὑμᾶς with Westcott and Hort and Eberhard's texts, and omit arbitrary full stop after δῶκοντες. Translate 'pursuing the (dispensing of) hospitality; bless those pursuing it, bless them and do not curse (abuse them).' Paraphrase: 'Be generous hosts. You who are guests speak well of your hosts and do not malign them,' etc.

διώκω—in N.T. is a perfectly neutral word not necessarily carrying the meaning of 'persecute.' St. Paul (unless this instance be an exception) happens only to use it in Romans in a good sense = 'make pursuit of.'

φιλοξενίαν is referred to in the second use of the word διώκω. διώκοντας must be followed by ἱΤ, referring to hospitality. This is a most common usage in N.T. and Sept. *E.g.*, in the institution of the Lord's Supper (Mt 26²⁶): 'As they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed ἱΤ, and brake ἱΤ, and gave ἱΤ to the disciples.' What does the ἱΤ refer to? ἄρτον, 'bread,' and so φιλοξενίαν is referred to in the passage above. It may be observed that, had διώκω suggested persecution to St. Paul's mind,

he would have been likely to follow up the idea at once and not defer it till the seventeenth verse, where the attitude towards persecution and enemies is worked out.

It is a matter of surprise that even those interpreters who give an alternative reading, omitting ὑμᾶς, have none of them given the alternative rendering which the text before them demands!

I do not feel quite certain that, even if ὑμᾶς be retained, the meaning would not be 'bless those entertaining *you* hospitably.'

The Didache throws an interesting light on hospitality in the Church (a hospitality which St. Paul sometimes refers to), *Did.* ch. xii.: 'provide, according to your understanding, that no idler live with you as a Christian. Then if he will not act according to this, he is a "Christmonger"; beware of such. χριστεμπορός ἐστι: προσέχετε ἀπὸ τῶν τοιούτων.' Travellers and prophets might come to look upon entertainment by Christian hosts as their right, and it is easy to see that some of the less spiritual, if they were suspects of being χριστεμποροι might meet with 'lenten entertainment' and might anything but bless their hosts. St. Paul might very well have had this in view, and so exhort guests to speak well of and bless their entertainers, to bless them and not to curse them!

R. P. ASHE.

South Croydon.

Entre Nous.

A Child's Religion.

In June 1918 there was born the first grandchild of the Bishop of Derby, little Elisabeth June, the daughter of Molly and Rupert Browne-Wilkinson. From the time that Elisabeth was two and a half her mother kept a diary. The diary ends a few days after her seventh birthday, when she died suddenly. It has now been published by the S.P.C.K.—*Elisabeth June: Her Mother's Diary* (1s. net). In his introductory note the Bishop of Derby makes the suggestion that a fund be raised to train some one at St. Christopher's College, Blackheath, whose work afterwards will be to help mothers to understand God's plan for the growing of their children. Any one who finds help in the story of Elisabeth may send a gift towards the training to Mrs. A. R. Browne-Wilkinson, 22 St. John's Park, Blackheath, London, S.E. 3.

Elisabeth found the Lord Jesus in her home, and He came to be her best friend. One of the early notes in the diary is about her prayers. At two and a half her mother says: 'Her prayers, which are almost entirely thanksgivings, get lovelier and lovelier, and her observation and appreciation of beauty that come out in them rejoice my heart, with my awful aptitude for taking things for granted. Gardening with me one day, she watched with joy an old toad on the rockery. For ten days after that no prayers started without: "Thank Him for that little hopping thing." . . . Last night I had prayers with her; after thanking for "such happy days, and those games," she said, "I want *you* to say thank you for finding a cook" (a much-needed and satisfactory one had arrived ten days before). Fancy the child realizing what a godsend it was! That same night, with her thumb in her

mouth and very, very sleepy : " And thank Him for putting the pink on the daisies."

'On Good Friday, after talking to me as she dressed, she told her father on her own initiative at breakfast, " It's called Good Friday to-day 'cos on a Friday Jesus put out His arms and said, ' I love you.' "

At four, Elisabeth's favourite author was Robert Louis Stevenson, and already she is showing a love of language and a delicate imagination. In August 1922 there is the entry, ' To-day we've been for a picnic, and when I found some harebells and took them to her and said " Look at these, they're harebells." " Of blue, he slips his hands through," she quoted with only a second's pause (and I've only read her the poem half a dozen times), her eyes sparkling with joy at seeing and understanding. As she held them coming up the drive and lifted one bell on her finger, I heard her say very gently, " That's the beauty of them, they droop their heads." '

Another very delightful little story about Elisabeth—this time Elisabeth in trouble—is told about a day in the summer of 1924 when her mother had been away for the day and found that she had been very disobedient to the maid in charge. ' When I spoke to her about it, she said : " Yes, I know, Mummy—I am a very naughty little girl, I am. But it's her iffishness. I wouldn't be so naughty if she didn't say, ' If you do that——' ' If you don't go.' " How often since then I've caught myself being " iffish." '

Conscience at Five.

" D'you know, Mummy, I sometimes hear—and it's not in my heart, and it's not me saying it—but I sometimes hear ' Elisabeth, do that,' and there's nobody there. And sometimes it says—you know as it does in my heart when something naughty comes in—' Go away—get out—no, I shan't do it.' Only it's *not* in my heart."

' I asked her " Do you mean you hear it with these ears, as now, when I'm speaking? "

' E. " Yes—like that—only there's nobody there. I look round and there's no one. And it's not in my heart nor me speaking," she repeated.¹

Reading of the Bible.

In 1926 Sir Rider Haggard published his autobiography with the title ' The Days of my Life.' The chapter dealing with his religious life has now been reprinted—*A Note on Religion* (Longmans ; is. net). What are seekers after truth to do?

¹ Elisabeth June: *Her Mother's Diary*, 50.

He replies, turn to the New Testament and to parts of the Old Testament such as the Psalms. They will find it there and not elsewhere.

' I suppose that for the last fifteen or twenty years, except very occasionally through accident or a sense of unworthiness, scarcely a day has gone over my head on which I have not once (the last thing at night), and often more than once, read a portion of the Bible. The result is that now I find it fresher, stronger, more convincing, more full of hidden meaning than I did when I began this exercise. " Search the Scriptures " was a very great and potent saying, for in them, I think, is life. What, it may be asked, do you find there, beyond picturesque narrative and the expression of hopes natural to the hearts of members of a race that, in a few short years, must throb itself to silence? I answer that in all their *main* facts they are *true*. I have been accustomed to write fiction for a space of nearly a whole generation, and I know something of the business.

' Having this experience at my back, I declare earnestly that, with a single exception, I do not think it possible that the Gospels and the rest can be the work of man's imagination. That exception is the Book of Revelation, which might possibly have been conceived by some noble human mind in a wonderful period of spiritual exaltation. I hasten to add that I am certain this was not the case ; that, on the contrary, it was divinely inspired. All I say is that, in my view, it alone of the books of the New Testament *might* perhaps be the fruit of human powers of creation.

Striving of the Spirit.

' Surely it is the attitude and strivings of the caged spirit that will be considered, not the shortcomings of the gaoler body, the desire not the deeds, for if it prove otherwise who can escape when the heart is weighed in the balance? To my mind the great sin is not to seek forgiveness for sins—not to try to avoid them in the future. All stumble into the mire, but of those who elect to wallow there and of those who deliberately refuse the saving hand that is stretched out to them, what can be said? Well, perhaps they may be given other opportunities elsewhere. As a believer in the infinite mercy of God I dare to trust that this will be so.

' I desire to urge, however, upon any who care to listen, these three things which I myself have learned in the course of years. First, the enormous importance of all this matter. Secondly, the folly of sin. Thirdly, since it needs must be that offences will come, the urgent need of repentance before in

some other life or lives we are called upon to reap the harvest of that unrepented folly.'¹

Gn. xxvi. 8.

'Now we come to an interesting little link, namely, the way in which the Bedawy tents are pitched facing towards the north part of the mound. This custom accounts for that rather remarkable point which most people might wonder at, that Abimelech looked out of his window and saw into a Bedawy tent. Here we see that it is possible to look straight into the tents pitched below. That is one of those little trifles which show how remarkably exact are the incidental descriptions in the narratives, even as far back as the time of Isaac.'²

At the last annual meeting of the *Palestine Exploration Fund*, which was held in the end of June, Professor Flinders Petrie gave an account of his excavations at Gerar. Tell Jemmeh, which is believed to be the ancient Gerar, is nine miles to the south of Gaza, in country which is quite uninhabited except for the Bedawy in tents. These have proved excellent workmen, and none of the valuable finds which have been made at Tell Jemmeh have been lost. The articles in the number include 'First Report of the New Excavations on Ophel,' 'Tell en-Nasbeh Expedition of the Pacific School of Religion,' and an account of 'Two Inscriptions from Beisan' and 'The Lion and the Cavern of Bones at Petra.'

Gerald Gould.

A slender volume of new poems by Gerald Gould should not be missed. They are published by Ernest Benn—in attractive black and white binding—at 3s. 6d. net, and the title is taken from one of the poems—*Beauty the Pilgrim*. The volume contains ten short poems, and a longer one, 'The Mountain Eagle.' We quote the second poem:

THE COMPANION.

He found my house upon the hill.

I made the bed and swept the floor,
And laboured solitary, till
He entered at the open door.

He sat with me to break my fast:

He blessed the bread and poured the wine,
And spoke such friendly words, at last
I knew not were they his or mine;

¹ H. Rider Haggard, *A Note on Religion*, p. 33.

² Professor Sir Flinders Petrie in *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*, July 1927, p. 139.

But only, when he rose and went
And left the twilight in the door,
I found my hands were more content
To make a bed and sweep a floor.

John S. Hoyland.

Some time ago we noticed 'The Sacrament of Common Life.' We now have from Mr. Hoyland, *The Sacrament of Nature* (Heffer; 2s. 6d. net), and we quote from it a prayer of thanksgiving and a prayer of supplication:

LXVII.

We thank Thee, Father, this day
For the wild free life of the forest,
For wind and sky,
For hills untrodden by man,
For valleys and hurrying streams,
For flowers strewing the steep mountain-pastures,
For the joyous and carefree life of the birds,
We thank Thee, O Father,
For these Thy goodly and marvellous gifts.

LXXI.

Master,
Make me more wholly Thine own:

My mind is so restless,
So fickle and changeful,
I long for Thy quiet strength,
Thy power of fullest self-giving,
Thy generous joy in the good of Thy creatures:

I long that Thy deathless beauty
Shining ever renewed in Nature and true human
love
May shine through me unto men:

Mould me aright to Thy will,
Which is beauty and love,
And make me, O Master, Thy servant, Thy tool.

Erratum.

Kindly note that in the September issue, page 541, the sermon is by Professor W. Emery Barnes, and not, as stated, by the Bishop of Birmingham.

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