
A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

that the situation they reflect agrees with what we know of Canaan and Egypt in the second millennium B.C. The book, however, as a whole, able as it is, will do little or nothing to rehabilitate, among Protestant scholars, the Mosaicity of the Pentateuch.

The exegetical part of the Commentary shows that Heinisch has caught something of Gunkel's fine appreciation of the literary quality of the narratives on their æsthetic side. But the critical element is by no means wanting. Heinisch queries, for example, 'Moriah' in his translation of 22^2, remarking that the writer of 2 Ch 3^1 would probably have referred to this incident, rather than to 2 S $24^{18ff.}$, had Moriah stood in his text of Genesis; he concludes that Moriah is not original—the site may have been Hebron or some point a little farther north.

From the pen of Professor Hempel, the distinguished editor of the 'Zeitschrift für die alttestamentliche Wissenschaft,' comes a searching discussion of the conception of history which underlies the literature of the Old Testament.[1] Two subjects are treated (1) the Old Testament idea of history, (2) the position of the Old Testament in the history of the religious consciousness as a problem for systematic theology. It is impossible in a few lines to give any idea of the penetrating quality of these weighty discussions, which are obviously the work of a profound thinker as well as of an excellent scholar. He shows that the real problem is how to reconcile the dominion of sin, which makes man, as it were, the determining factor in history, with the dominion of God, whose control of history, as of Nature—for the world is one—is to issue in His victory, for His purpose is a redemptive purpose, and history has a goal. The instrument of that purpose is Israel, and the election and the judgment of Israel are the two poles of Hebrew history. In the Old Testament the history of the world is the judgment of the world, but judgment is not only retributive—this is one strain of Old Testament thought—it is also educative, and this constitutes its contribution to the Divine purpose of salvation. Already in J pessimism is accompanied by an ineradicable optimism. God is at once distant and near, near above all in the great personalities who carry out His purpose, though the sense of His nearness hardly ever issues in what we now call mysticism. The presence of God in history and man reaches its consummation in the person of Jesus, as the New Testament is well aware when it calls Him the Messiah. These are but a few of the suggestions scattered over eighty-eight pages packed with thought.

[1] Johannes Hempel, *Altes Testament und Geschichte* (C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh; pp. 88; Mk.3).

The *Zeitschrift für die alttestamentliche Wissenschaft*[2] for 1930—Heft 1—opens with an article by M. Noth on the Five Syriac Apocryphal Psalms, of which the Syriac text is printed with a German translation and a Hebrew rendering of the second, third, and fourth psalms. The Pentateuchal problem is set in motion once more by three articles, In the first, J. Kaufmann maintains that Wellhausen was wrong in regarding hierocracy as the ideal of post-exilic Judaism; in point of fact the ideal still centred upon the king, as is evidenced by the 'Messianic' hope and the Chronicler's treatment of David. He further maintains that though D became a book earlier than P, in reality P is pre-Deuteronomic; it is the code which regulated the worship on the high places. In the second article, König deals with certain aspects of the Deuteronomic problem, reaffirming against recent critics that Deuteronomy demands not merely the purification but the centralization of the worship, and emphasizing the deliberate use of the singular in 12^{14} and cognate passages (not 'in all places'; but 'in *the* place which Jahweh shall choose'). The third article, by R. H. Pfeiffer, attempts to prove that, apart from J, E, and P, Genesis contains an Edomitic work of the time of Solomon, which in the fifth century was added to JEP by the final redactor of the Pentateuch. H. Bauer, of Halle, discusses the value of Hebrew proper names in helping us to determine the nature of the spoken language in ancient Palestine.

JOHN E. MCFADYEN.
Trinity College, Glasgow.

[2] Töpelmann, Giessen; Mk.4.50.

Entre Nous.

God in the Slums.

Tales of conversion have always fascinated and delighted the human mind, from the story of that first great act of faith recorded in Hebrew history when Abram went out not knowing whither he went, to William James's 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' or the marvellous records of the London City Mission to-day. And now we have

Hugh Redwood, the deputy editor of the 'News Chronicle' once more discovering that the best 'news,' the best 'story' in the world, is the story of a lost soul returning to God. But we have only to read his *God in the Slums* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net) to recognize that this is no mere cynical money-making discovery on the part of a man who is a journalist and nothing more, but something far more sincere and moving. The book is, of course, popularly written and full of incident, but the deep underlying contention, which all the lighter matter is designed to support, first became explicit at the dawn of our era in a Nazareth synagogue, when one day a young carpenter stood up and read from the prophecies of Isaiah: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised. . . .'

'"That is what is happening to-day," Jesus added, and He stepped down from the *bema* and saw it happen.

'And that's what's happening to-day,' Hugh Redwood's book declares. 'There is something taking place in the slums, something slowly gathering force in the slums, which contains within itself the solvent, not only of the slum problem, but of the world's problem—the problem of life and labour, brotherhood and equal opportunity.' And again, 'The power which is doing strange and arresting things in the slums to-day is something which needs for its full manifestation primitive conditions and the simple acceptances which a middle-class environment and upbringing scarcely favour, but which the extremities of poverty, unemployment, and homelessness (the overcrowded are homeless in the worst sense) are exactly calculated to bring into play.'

Now no one would maintain that hunger and dirt and disease are ideal conditions either for society or for the individual, but those who believe in a just Father of men may find it easy to believe also that He would take especial pleasure in putting His celestial Daimlers at the disposal of His least distinguished and most disabled citizens, and allowing the comfortable rich to jolt into the kingdom more slowly and uncertainly in the shabby old Good-things-of-this-life 'bus. And Mr. Redwood himself is convincingly involved in the plot. The age-long opposition which has confronted the Christian, the ideal of monkish asceticism and austerity, and the ideal of beauty and serenity conveyed in the image of the Good Shepherd (ὁ ποιμὴν ὁ καλός), seems to us to have found their reconciliation for this editor in the sacrifice of a personal environment of serenity and beauty *for the sake of* that hoped-for and more ultimate ideal of serenity and beauty which is the kingdom of God. And because this is a reconciliation of opposing ideals within one human spirit, a psychological 'conflict' has thereby been resolved, and there come, even in this life, as Jesus Himself asseverated, great rewards.

On the very surface of life this rewarding is evident. At every turn the indestructible grace becomes plain. Yet it is not by any means only, or even chiefly, beauty of line and form that are found there, however abundant these may be. It is 'that true fair' of which Spenser sings to his lady.

One of Mr. Redwood's lovely tales is that of the old lady, living in extreme poverty, who saw a picture of Jesus in a pawnshop, and grew sick with shame. 'She had no money to rescue it, but "she could not see her Lord in pawn," and for His sake who did much more for her, she undertook a pilgrimage and begged a shilling from a married daughter.

'She hurried back to the pawnshop, only to find that the price of the picture was eighteenpence . . . she begged the pawnbroker to let her take the treasure with her, promising she would pay the balance as soon as she possibly could.

'The man was surprised and touched. "Do you really want it as badly as that?" he said. "Give me your shilling then, and you shall have it." So with the price of food forgone, a loving heart redeemed her Redeemer.'

Perhaps the best thing in the book is the story of Catherine Hine and her work as a Salvation Army officer among the Chinese population in Limehouse. The late Dr. Struthers of Greenock, who had a famous lecture on Coincidences, would have rejoiced in the following tale. One of Miss Hine's friends took back to China her parting keepsake of a Salvation Army flag. Round it he rallied converts in his native village. Then came civil war, and a rebel army marched upon the defenceless hamlet. 'Now is the time,' the Christians said to their leader, 'to show us if your teaching has been true. Either this God can save us or He is a lie.' Then, the story goes on, Miss Hine's friend looked at her flag, and took it down from the wall and prayed. Afterwards, 'flag in hand, he went out to meet the raiders alone. He had no very clear idea of what he hoped to do. It did not matter, in any case, because what happened was something he could not possibly have foreseen. The colours carried by the self-appointed envoy were recognised by the leader of the rebels. He also had lived in London; had

known and reverenced the "Little Teacher." By curious question and excited answer the two men proved the bond between them, and the hand of death was stayed. The raiding column passed on its way.'

Christmas.

THE HEAVENLY BABE.

As Joseph was a-waukin'
He heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be the birth-night
Of Christ our heavenly King.

'His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

'He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.

'He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

'He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.'

As Joseph was a-waukin'
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's Son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people,
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

A delightful little anthology of Christ has been published by the Student Christian Movement—*The Jesus of the Poets* (4s. net). The selection has been made by Mr. Leonard R. Gribble. The poem which we have quoted is the first.

Morrison of Wellington.

'I have not tried to write a biography, but rather to portray the man in private and public life.' So Mrs. Morrison writes in her preface to *Morrison of Wellington* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). No one could read this book and not have most vividly before them Dr. Morrison, the great minister of Wellington Church in Glasgow. We confess to a partiality for the old-fashioned full biography, where we build the picture for ourselves, block by block, through the events of the life and through self-revealing letters to friends. Perhaps this method of picture-making was closed to Mrs. Morrison, for she tells us that this memoir is to be looked upon as supplementary to 'Mr. Gammie's excellent book, "G. H. Morrison: The Man and his Work."' It will be remembered that Mr. Gammie wrote this biography during Dr. Morrison's lifetime, and at the time of his death it was going to press.

George Herbert Morrison was born in Glasgow on the 2nd of October 1866, and died there on the 14th of October 1928, having spent all but eight years of his ordained ministry in that town. Wellington Church had about two thousand members; there were two mission churches attached to it, and it had all the usual activities and some special ones. One of these was the Round Table, where Dr. Morrison discussed with the young men and women of the congregation practical problems that they were faced with, such as, 'The right use of Sunday,' 'What would be the outlook of our Lord on amusements?' 'How has the Church helped me or failed to help me?' 'Is prayer reasonable?' 'Is there a life after death?'

Dr. Morrison was not only a great pastor and preacher, he was also an administrator, and probably no one has put more work into his day. A delicate man, and with a voice left weak through an attack of pneumonia during his first year at the theological college, here is his record of work. Every morning at breakfast he read through the notices of births, deaths, etc., in the papers, and after family prayers he sat down at the writing-table in the dining-room and not only answered all the letters that required an immediate answer but wrote letters of sympathy and congratulation. He then worked in his study till 1.30, making careful preparation for his two services on Sunday, his Bible class, mid-week meeting, and for the articles which he wrote for 'The British Weekly' and elsewhere. 'He read a sermon every day, however busy he might be. Newman, Spurgeon, Ker, Robertson, Maclaren, were taken in rotation. And he did this, not for the sake of learning "style," but, as he said, for his own soul's good, and to see how the great masters got their message home.' The afternoon he kept for pastoral visitation. In the last year of his life, when he was already suffering from weakness, he paid twelve hundred pastoral calls. He kept a record of every visit paid, and elaborate district books, with full details of all members and adherents and their families. Al-

though he had some secretarial assistance, the bulk of this colossal work was done by himself. In the evenings he either saw callers or attended one of the mid-week services. From eleven to midnight he relaxed with pipe and book.

'We are all well and not idle,' he writes one time; and then he goes on, and this is the secret of his influence, 'but we manage to possess our souls. How overpowering at times is the Divine Presence! One feels it as the tremendous reality.'

There is a fine story of a little boy who was very ill in one of the Glasgow hospitals. 'After saying a few encouraging words of farewell Dr. Morrison left the bedside, but before he reached the door of the ward the boy's mother arrived, and, full of excitement, the child said: "Quick, mither, look! That is Dr. Morrison; he has been speaking to me, and if Jesus is like him I'll no be feart to dee."'

Forgiveness.

'Sometimes when from physical causes or frayed nerves he had been cross or impatient, and would go into the study and shut the door, I always knew the course matters would follow. In a short time I would hear him call "Mother," and continue to call until I appeared. Then, putting his arm round me, he would say, "The brain won't act when the heart is not at peace! You have been very tantalising and utterly in the wrong, but I forgive you freely." This was his invariable apology and plea for forgiveness. Then we both laughed heartily and the sun shone again.'[1]

Without Reserve.

Thomas Jackson is now in his seventy-ninth year, and a biography of him has been written by his son-in-law, Mr. William Potter (Simpkin Marshall; 2s. 6d. net). It is amazing, and very good reading, this account of how a poor boy with practically no education and no social advantages became a great social pioneer and the head of the large Primitive Methodist Mission in Whitechapel. It is said that the rector of Whitechapel countered the boast of a brother clergyman, who claimed the Prince of Wales as his parishioner, with 'but we have Thomas Jackson in Whitechapel.'

One of the most striking features in his life was his lavish generosity. On the forty-sixth anniversary of Jackson's ministry in the Primitive Methodist Church he presented a thank-offering of £1460, the entire cost of a convalescent home erected at Southend-on-Sea. 'The explanation,' he said, 'of my being able to present this thank-offering is, that an old and intimate friend, though not a member of any church, was concerned that I should have some extra provision for a little extra comfort when I retired from active ministerial duties, and so left me a legacy of £1200. By frugality and economy, Mrs. Jackson and I have been able to add our savings of £260 to this legacy, and so make my Birthday Thank-offering of £1460.'

Another instance of his amazing liberality is given in a letter of Sir William Hartley's. 'I notice that Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are going to the extraordinary length of giving to the Home of Rest the £100 which we gave them from the Missionary Committee for their extra work and splendid management of the Whitechapel Institute job. I don't at all approve of this. I think it is most extravagant on their part considering their circumstances; but when they have made such an enormous sacrifice, I feel I must send another £50, which I do.' Another instance, probably from the earlier years when he was a probationer with a salary of £50 a year. 'The family exchequer was very reduced; the question arose whether the remaining money should go in nourishment for a sick woman, or be spent on a meal for themselves. Looking quite serious, she [Mrs. Jackson] said: "You know, Tom, it is your duty to fast as well as pray, and I have an idea that you have been praying more than fasting lately." That settled it. The fast was observed.'

Thomas Jackson's social work has been very successful. 'The Probation Officer of Chelmsford, in his annual report to the Justices, asserted: "The best Home for lads in London known to me is the Working Lads' Institute at 279 Whitechapel Road. I never get a refusal there. The splendid management is worthy of all praise."' The secret of his success is found in the words 'without reserve.' 'When he began the Whitechapel work, he whimsically convened a meeting which was only attended by himself and Mrs. Jackson, and a very serious resolution was unanimously approved: "That we hereby heartily resolve that in order to comply with the condition upon which we may consistently claim the blessing of God and the assurance of success, we devote our time, strength, and money without reserve to the work of this Mission."'

[1] C. M. Morrison, *Morrison of Wellington*, 159.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.