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We have also visited fig-trees in other places in Palestine. There is one in Gaza, now completely surrounded by dwelling-houses, with the result that, being *oversheltered*, its fruit never properly matures, but can be found on the tree several months after season, when the new crop of leaves is well advanced. In any case it seems likely that the time allusion in Jn 1^{43B}, if such it is, would mean that Nathaniel in Cana of Galilee was sitting under his fig-tree perhaps a full month before the Passover, and enjoying the shade of the leaves, which he presumably would not have cared to do in winter with no green foliage. The altitude of Cana is higher than that of Gaza, but there does not seem any reason for not expecting fig-tree leaves out by the end of February in any ordinary Palestinian spring.

This year (1937) Jerusalem has witnessed one of the coldest and rainiest winters for something like seventy years, and consequently trees and flowers have been much later in budding. None the less it was possible to visit another fig tree inside the walls of Jerusalem on the Tuesday in Holy Week (Western calendar), and find it already well advanced with the prospect of a good crop. We found this particular tree in 1936, situated in a secluded spot, where the City Wall forms a right angle not far from St. Stephen's Gate. We came upon it unexpectedly walking round the walls on Good Friday evening, 10th April 1936. I had never seen a tree with such large figs and such rich foliage so early in the year, but more interesting was it to find out that Canon Hanauer, with half a century's residence in the Holy City, says the same thing. The figs on this tree were as big as figs are, when we start to have them for dessert in June. They were naturally hard, but rapidly softened when picked, as we placed the twig with leaves and fruit for the night in water, before having it photographed the following day. The tree was some distance from where the owner lived, but he not only kindly gave me a small branch, but also assured me, as he did again this year, that the tree was in this fruit-bearing condition annually in April. This year the visit to the tree was a full fortnight earlier on 23rd March. Eastern Easter this year has been over a month later than Western, so that according to Eastern reckoning the tree would be further de-

veloped still. Given right conditions, a moderate winter, comparative shelter, and perhaps an underground spring, there does not seem to be anything against any fig-tree showing very clear signs of life by the end or middle of February, when the Palestinian says you can begin to 'smell' summer.

One most interesting thing about this particular tree is its position close to St. Stephen's Gate, and opposite the summer residence of the Greek Patriarch on the Mount of Olives, which may likely occupy the rising ground above the *καταβασις* of Lk 19³⁷. Thus the fig-tree happens to be more or less in the vicinity of one of the old roads from Bethany across the mountain into Jerusalem.

May there not be here part of the answer to the criticism that nothing edible should have been expected from the tree, which withered, 'for it was not the season of figs'? Both the *εἰ ἄρα τι* and the *ἀπὸ μακρόθεν* of Mark do suggest a bare hope; and it should be remembered that Palestinians do not hesitate to eat and enjoy unripe fruit, as is the case also with green almonds and *hisrim* ('sour grapes'), commodities which are sold in the *sugs* of Jerusalem and elsewhere for ordinary consumption. With the fig-tree in the story of Jesus there was the bare chance of fruit, not artificially ripened by the application of olive oil nor the relics of the previous year's 'vintage,' but hard and unripened fruit, which any hungry Palestinian would have been glad to sample. This tree, however, in the story of Jesus did not have the conditions fulfilled even for the unripened figs, though there were leaves in plenty. Even if it was not the proper season of figs, that in itself did not preclude the possibility of unripe figs sufficiently large for human consumption.

Jerusalem.

ERIC F. F. BISHOP.

Errata.

IN a review of a valuable new book in the April number, *The Background of Spiritual Healing*, the author was incorrectly stated to be Mr. A. Graham Ikin, M.A., M.Sc. This should be Miss Graham Ikin, M.A., M.Sc. Miss Ikin is a member of the Archbishop's Committee.

By a regrettable slip, also, Professor Schmökel of Breslau was described as 'a Roman Catholic' on p. 182 of the January issue.

Entre Nous.

Miguel de Unamuno.

At the end of last year Spain's greatest son, Michael Unamuno, entered 'into everlasting day'—'Grant, Lord,' he wrote in *El Cristo de Velasquez*,

'that when at last I stagger forward from out this darksome night, I may enter into never-ending day; . . . O Son of Man, our human nature's full completeness, may my eyes, in that uncreated light

which knows no term, be fixed on Thy eyes, my Christ, my gaze be lost in Thee, my Master !'

A most suggestive short article on the religion of Unamuno has been contributed to the Congregational Quarterly for April by the Headmaster of Silcoates School. In his youth Mr. Moore himself spent some time in a Spanish prison as a result of his efforts to circulate the Scriptures. He has remained in close touch with Spain and with the work of Unamuno since that time, so he is well qualified to write on the work of the beloved rector of Salamanca. It was in 1891 that Unamuno was appointed to the Greek Chair in Salamanca, and from that time on he exercised an unsurpassed influence on his native land. 'It was no easy task essayed by the young professor in 1891, and for long years it seemed as though he were doomed to defeat. Yet bit by bit his attempt to fertilize the thought of his fellow-countrymen succeeded. His strenuous gospel of the meaningfulness of life, of the sublimity of all effort and work, however humble, gradually triumphed, and here and there throughout the Peninsula small centres of light, small groups of men seeking the truth in Christ, were to be met with. After about 1910, it was possible to buy and sell the Scriptures, profuse illustrations from which cram Unamuno's books from end to end.'

Spiritual strife Unamuno saw as an essential. 'Only in Thy spiritual war can we have peace, win Thy kiss of greeting. Only in struggling for heaven, O Christ, can we mortals know peace.' This conception of struggle between things seen and unseen animated his greatest book, *La Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho*. He saw the knight and the squire as emblems of faith and materialism. In Quixote's knight-errantry, he saw the true knight-errantry of the soul in a world of flesh and grovelling and selfishness. He found the key to life in Quixote's exclamation, 'La Religion es la caballeria.' Religion is knight-errantry, is the soul on the march, uniting in its ranks the brave and gallant seekers after truth from all lands and all ages. As Quixote rode the wooden horse, surrounded with all the tawdry buffoonery of fireworks and crackers which the Duke's courtiers had devised, he cried to his squire: 'There is no reason for fear, since He Who hath us in charge will render a good account of us.' He loved to dwell on Quixote's answer to Sancho, when the latter urged that it was surely wiser to be the meanest monk than to be the most famous knight-errant: 'We cannot all be friars, Sancho, and many and diverse are the paths by which God leadeth His own to His kingdom.'

'Aim at heaven? No! Aim at the kingdom of God! And every hour of every day there shall rise from the lips of thousands of our people the petition: Thy Kingdom come! And God's kingdom will descend to our earth, for that kingdom is one of living men, not of corpses. And that kingdom for whose advent we pray daily, it is our task to create, not with prayers only, but also with hard struggle.'

Spiritual Clear-sightedness.

'If in any man you find faith in God united with a life of purity, of moral elevation, you will find it is not his belief in God which makes him good, but his being good, by God's mercy, which makes him believe in God. It is goodness which is the greatest source of spiritual clear-sightedness.'¹

Christ Hindered.

A most interesting book of a somewhat unusual type has been published dealing with mission work in India. It is entitled *A Missionary looks at his Job*, by the Rev. W. J. Culshaw (S.C.M.; 2s. net). The writer has many shrewd comments to make on the task of the missionary to-day, the gulf in mind and social status which sunders him from the Indian whom he would win, the various attempts which have been made, wise and unwise, to bridge that gulf, the widespread veneration for Christ, and yet the lamentable failure to interpret Him to the native mind. A few extracts will serve to show the quality of the book.

The local landlord was 'a man with a modicum of English education, but deeply conversant with his own culture. He showed just a polite interest in the fact that the missionary was seeking an opportunity to preach in the village. But when he heard that the missionary had with him some copies of the life of Christ, he almost snatched one of the gospels out of his hand, so great was his eagerness. He then explained why he was so anxious to have a copy. A few days before he had been visiting a friend of his, a lawyer, in a neighbouring town. During the evening that lawyer had entertained his friends by reading to them the story of the death of Christ. He went on, "It was magnificent; I had no idea that there was anything like that in your religion, and I do want to know more about it." It is possible to draw more than one moral from such a story, but the words which stuck in the missionary's mind at the time, and caused him to remember the incident afterwards, were, "I had no idea that there was anything

¹ Miguel de Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life*.

like that in your religion." Christ has undoubtedly been hindered by our presentation.'

Christ and Ordinary Men.

'It would be as well for us to remember as we go to India that "India" is never likely to hear our puny voices. We shall not be able to compel the attention of large masses of people. Most of us find ourselves in so-called "unimportant" centres, living among people whom the world calls "unimportant," and we spend our lives in obscurity. Our message will never reach India, but every day of our lives we shall be meeting with Ram the carter, Gopal the cultivator, Behari the schoolmaster, and the rest of them. . . . In a word, it is our task to make Christ real to Ram and his fellows in their present situations. At times it seems hopeless, but we may take courage from the fact that it is not merely our task, and that Christ has succeeded before with just such oppressed people, slaves in ancient Rome or labouring men and women little better than brutes in eighteenth-century England. Indeed, in so far as we have allowed Him, has He not succeeded with us?'¹

Sharing His Sufferings.

'The League of Nations is under a cloud, and it is fashionable in many quarters to sneer at it. When such people are reminded of the idealism which swept through the hearts of common people everywhere at its beginning, they laugh bitterly and exclaim, "The poor fools; as if human nature could change." Whenever those who have been charged with the affairs of the League have been timid, or made a blunder or failed to stop a war, they have said, "I told you so." If, on the other hand, we continue to believe that the course of events since the war might have been vastly different from what it has been, nay more, that it may yet be different in spite of all that has passed, and because of our belief feel all the more acutely the tragedy of it all, then we are beginning to share the sufferings of Christ and we shall be able to show in our lives the meaning of the Cross.'²

The Bow in the Cloud.

'I used to feel at this season of the year a sense of waste because I could not enjoy at once all that was spread abroad; till one day the overwhelming egotism of looking at it from this limited human point of view occurred to me, and I thought that God might be contemplating it all. Then I

¹ *A Missionary Looks at his Job*, 109.

² *Ibid.*, 140.

ceased to be oppressed by the sense of waste. The beauty of the season makes the contrast of man-made war more horrible and poignant; on the other hand it gives comfort and support. The sight of all this beauty and the feeling of response to it in oneself gives assurance that God rules in the Universe, and that evil cannot prevail. It is the same feeling expressed in the Bible and attributed to Noah when he saw the rainbow after the floods.'³

'If by any means I can save some.'

The last book which Kipling wrote was a small volume of autobiographical memoirs. It was published after his death by Messrs. Macmillan with the title *Something of Myself* (6s. net). It was widely welcomed not only as being the last thing we should have from his pen, but because it throws light on the origin of many of his earlier books. In '91 or '92 he was in Australia and New Zealand. When he left New Zealand he had a meeting with General Booth which he describes in the following way. 'The South Island, mainly populated by Scots, their sheep, and the Devil's own high winds, I tackled in another small steamer, among colder and increasing seas. We cleared it at the Last Lamp-post in the World—Invercargill—on a boisterous dark evening, when General Booth of the Salvation Army came on board. I saw him walking backward in the dusk over the uneven wharf, his cloak blown upwards, tulip-fashion, over his grey head, while he beat a tambourine in the face of the singing, weeping, praying crowd who had come to see him off. . . . I saw no more of him till I had picked up my P. & O., which also happened to be his, for Colombo at Adelaide. . . . I talked much with General Booth during that voyage. Like the young ass I was, I expressed my distaste at his appearance on Invercargill wharf. "Young feller," he replied, bending great brows at me, "if I thought I could win *one* more soul to the Lord by walking on my head and playing the tambourine with my toes, I'd—I'd learn how."

'He had the right of it ("if by any means I can save some") and I had decency enough to apologise.'

³ G. M. Trevelyan, *Grey of Fallodon*, 342.