
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

point to all the passages where the word occurs. My attention has now been further drawn to the subject, and I have read in a little magazine, *The Berean Expositor*, some suggestions which I desire to pass on for consideration by others. It is contended that the main thought of the word is not merely experience, but also and chiefly the fact of 'sampling,' or tasting only. It is obvious that in Mt 27^{34} the word 'taste' does not mean to 'drink,' and the same distinction seems to be a legitimate idea in Jn 2^{9}. It is curious that γεύομαι in Acts is rendered by 'eat' in the three instances where it is found in that book (10^{10} 20^{11} 23^{21}), though by 'taste' in all the other places. In the second and third of these passages in Acts there is a clear distinction between 'tasting' and partaking of the full meal, but the usage in He $6^{4.5}$ and 1 P $2^{3.4}$ is not so clear in this respect. But it is certainly possible, and even seems necessary, to draw the distinction in several of the places. It is suggested in the article to which I now refer that this interpretation helps us to understand the difficult passage. 'There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom' (Mt 16^{28}). Inasmuch as all these men died before the Lord's Return, it is obvious that some other meaning than dying must be discovered; and as our Lord did not say 'shall not die,' but 'shall not taste death,' may He not have been referring to what He had just been teaching them about 'taking up his cross' and 'losing his soul'? This, it is maintained, is virtually equivalent to 'tasting death,' for to take up the cross and to lose one's soul, though not actually dying, is to experience something of its power. But the disciples were not permitted to suffer anything for Christ until they had, first of all, seen the vision of His glory on the Mount of Transfiguration, which was so evidently connected with His 'decease' which He was about to accomplish at Jerusalem. It is decidedly noteworthy that in all the three parallels where the phrase 'taste of death' first occurs, the Lord speaks of losing the soul for His sake, and then comes the record of the Transfiguration. This suggestion is certainly ingenious, and the idea of a distinction between 'tasting' and fully eating appears to be quite clear in a majority of the passages, fifteen in number, where this word occurs.

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The Fourth Cry from the Cross.

In the issue for April 1922 of The Expository Times, a question was raised by Rev. J. M. Ballard, Falkirk, regarding the Fourth Cry from the Cross. No one seems to have taken up this interesting point, and perhaps the following explanation may help towards throwing some light on the subject.

The problem is this. How can Christ be quoting Ps 22, if on comparison the Greek cannot show any likeness to the original Hebrew? σαβάχθανι (*sabachtani*) cannot by any twisting come to represent עזבתני (*'azabtani*). This, however, drives us back upon the usual practice of the Lord, and we find that this was to use Aramaic, and not Hebrew. Now in Aramaic there is a word which exactly corresponds to the Greek σαβάχθανι, namely, שְׁבַק (*shbaḳ*), and in the Targum for the Psalms, which would be the Old Testament our Lord would know, the Targum reads this very verb שְׁבַק. One can well imagine the diction of this Targum impressing the mind of the young boy, as he learnt it in youth, perhaps at his mother's knee, and what if, in the great crisis of His life, this lesson of His early youth had come winging to His mind, as it has come to many another dying man?

A full discussion of this point will be found in Delitzsch's *Psalms*, vol. i. p. 381, footnote.

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Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

The Social Question.

What is the most pressing duty of the Church to-day? Which part of the huge task committed to it by the Master lies closest to the mind and conscience of this generation of His folk? That depends where one looks, for the situation is not uniform. In America the sun is little more than rising on problems that have had a long day here.

Yonder, apparently, they are still wrestling, as we had to do thirty years ago, with the impinging of science and new thought upon the faith; they appear still to be largely content with charity in the sense in which we used it a generation back, while here that has grown out of date; and, amid a clamour not for charity but justice, the Church is face to face with the Social question. A quarter of a century ago in certain theological colleges they were founding chairs of Natural Science, showing where the pressure lay; but now what is required is teaching on Political Economy, for it is there the pinch comes in our time. Here in *International Aspects of Unemployment*, by Mr. Watson Kirkconnell (Allen & Unwin; 6s. 6d.), we have a right useful book, arresting, honest, well-informed, dealing with great masses of facts with masterly ease, giving a diagnosis of the state of this ailing world, and boldly offering a prescription towards a cure. Mr. Kirkconnell disclaims infallibility on a subject so immensely difficult. He himself is quite convinced, but he admits that other honest minds may differ from him. And for our part, here and there, we do. But it is always with diffidence, for obviously this is one with a right to his opinions and to a respectful hearing.

It is, indeed, never a pretty sight to see a man in a panic, and Mr. Kirkconnell is badly scared. Moreover he has a vivid pen, and can put his terrors into nightmare words. He looks at our modern cities, and ugly thoughts of Nineveh and Babylon keep slipping uncomfortably into the background of his uneasy mind: he views the world, and sees this stately edifice of our modern civilization, built up with such colossal pains, tottering ominously, swaying crazily before his eyes under the savage gusts. 'Unless prompt and drastic measures of co-operative relief are applied, death and dissolution may easily supervene, and the teeming millions of our urbanized world will then, like the individual cells of a tabescent body, pass at last into stinking oblivion beneath the mouldy ruins of a defunct civilization.' And it is all very largely due to the fact that an insane world refused to listen to these wise men, the economists, who alone kept telling it the truth, but preferred to be beguiled by statesmen and heady creatures with daft national aspirations, with the result that any one can see! So completely has the wheel gone full circle since Carlyle and Ruskin poured contempt upon the 'dismal science,' with its soulless negation of the first elements of Christianity! So interesting and surprising is this world; so impossible is it to foretell what one will meet round the very nearest corner!

Mr. Kirkconnell starts out from this that, whether it be the ideal system or not (and he is very severe on the 'gross inequalities' and 'abominable cruelties' that have resulted from it as it has been put in practice), none the less capitalism has worked, has, indeed, a startling triumph to its credit, which, he thinks, would have been gravely unlikely under any other system. The population of Europe, which in the beginning of the sixth century was 40,000,000, had by eighteen hundred slowly increased to 170,000,000. But in the hundred years since then it has shot up to 400,000,000. Here is a pretty problem for man's wits, to provide for this teeming increase. Yet it was done, and done successfully. But 'only the saving of surplus wealth and the application of such accumulated resources to industry can make possible the maintenance and expansion of our huge modern civilizations.' Everything indeed was hopeful. 'Britain, whose population was trebled during that period, saw a concomitant rise in the general standard of life. Two-thirds of the nation was pulled safely over the poverty line; the prosperity of the remaining third within a generation seemed assured; and the devotion of national wealth to new social services pointed to the proximity of the Promised Land.' That is no bad record, and it should be remembered. But the whole delicate structure of society was built up on the interdependence of the nations on each other; in that lay our danger but also our hope. And now a mad spirit of nationalism seems to have pulled the whole thing down about our ears. There are other reasons for it doubtless, more or less. These are given with fullness and interest in the chapter headed 'National Diagnosis,' which deals skilfully, as well as frankly and fearlessly, with many of the pressing problems of the time. But this is no local sore, as impressive figures of unemployment in the various countries eloquently prove; but we are faced by 'a sick civilization,' and the main cause of that is nationalism. 'Such are the main aspects of the world's present sickness. A war inspired by mad nationalism has slashed and mangled the delicate economic system by which modern civilization was sustained. A peace dictated by mad nationalism has infected the wounds and prevented all healing. And currency disorders, sprung voluntarily and involuntarily from mad nationalistic policy, are driving the patient crazy.' He admits frankly that there is such a thing as a sane nationalism which must be taken into account. But he appears to find even it a bothersome nuisance in an orderly world. Thus he laments the break up of Austria, that most unnatural and forced of conglomerations. 'In the case of the old Habsburg Empire we have an economic unit slashed to pieces in the supposed interests of nationalism.' That that empire was built up on, and maintained by, the grimmest of injustice and the throttling of the soul of several nations he grants, yet it moves him very little. For through that the great gross body of humanity was more easily fed. And that, it seems, is the main point; the dreams,

the visions, the passion for liberty leave him strangely cold. Sir William Wallace, one feels, is in his mind nothing but a rank bad economist, upsetting with his own form of 'mad nationalism' the economic calm: yet Scotsmen by the myriad have stood where he was done to death with their souls suddenly grown bigger, vowing to God that they must try to prove not quite unworthy of so huge a sacrifice, and thanking Him that, if through their ancestors' long struggle they come from a poor country, they are free. Nationalism is not always mad, and there is much more to be said for it than our author allows. Yet with his central thesis every Christian man must surely be in full agreement. For if the times have taught us anything, is it not that we are all members of one body, and that if any of us suffer we all suffer, and that we must play into each other's hands if the world's ailments are ever to be healed? For the rest, Mr. Kirkconnell is not without hope, and in a chapter on 'Therapeutic Principles' there are stray gleams of light: but he is very pessimistic. Not surely without grave facts, skilfully handled, to explain his mood. In the Paris of the Revolution, so he says, 4000 heads fell, but in the Russia of the Soviet there 'were officially murdered between November 1917 and November 1921 a total of 1,766,118 persons.' The book really grows gloomier as it proceeds, and ends with a grim chapter upon 'Cerebral Decay.' The author is convinced that already the Germans have paid much more than could reasonably be asked from them, and he pursues the French with a white heat of enmity that seems unintelligent. There is an irritating preface which one can skip.

Transaction of Business in the East.

'In the Patriarchal age payments were made by weight in gold, silver, and, occasionally, copper. Thus Abraham "weighed to Ephron the silver, which he had named in the audience of the children of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant" (Gen. 23^{16}). When Jacob's sons went down into Egypt to buy corn they took their money bound up in bundles, and this, when restored to them, was found to be full weight (see Gen. 43^{21}). Silver predominated, as shown by the constant use in Hebrew literature of the word "silver" (*keseph*) in the sense of "money."

'In the bill of sale of the Cave of Machpelah there is mentioned "the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the border thereof round about it." This is in keeping with modern Oriental custom, for the Arabs when buying and selling land are most particular to specify in the purchase deed everything that is on the land, otherwise anything omitted is not included in the sale. It is a common thing, *e.g.*, in the East for a man to own a well in a field, while the field itself belongs to some one else.

'At first Ephron, the owner of the Cave, offered it to Abraham for nothing. So did Ornan offer his threshing-floor to David for nothing (1 Chron. 21^{18-25}), and so did the water-seller in the days of Isaiah cry, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Is. 55^{1}). Similar offers are made every day in the East in the course of business. They are a form of etiquette, the beginning of an exchange of compliments which are so often the prelude to a heated negotiation. "What is that between me and thee?" concludes the Hittite when the price is arranged, the phrase reminding one of the philosophic acquiescence into which the Oriental lapses the moment the price is fixed between the contracting parties.'[1]

Psychology and Religion.

'According to some recent thinkers, the individual is an unreal abstraction. What he calls his private judgment is the emergence in him of some stream of psychical tendency determined by his heredity and experience. The beliefs of men and their corresponding customs are the results of the history of the race. The dominant element is the inherited instinct of the herd, operating subconsciously, and mainly through imagination. The reason and judgment of the individual are really illusory.

'Theories of this kind are essentially destructive of all religion. They deny personality in any sense which secures for man a spiritual existence of his own and a hope for the future. But, imperfectly grasped, they also supply an apparent justification of those doctrines which have enjoyed a certain popularity in their affirmation of the total subordination of the individual conscience to the mind of the community. To all such theories there is a very plain answer. Whether human belief comes ultimately from the convictions of the individual or from the instinct of the herd is a matter of no consequence from the point of view of our search for truth, because every advance in knowledge, every step in the subduing of natural forces to the uses of human life, every upward movement in civilization, has been due to the thought and labour of the individual. Each little advance in science takes place because some one human being has arrived at some fresh thought, has discerned its application to some fact in his experience, and has tested it by actual trial. If he finds it to work successfully in trial after trial, he at last becomes convinced of its

[1] C. W. Budden and E. Hastings, *The Local Colour of the Bible*, i. 32 (T. & T. Clark).

truth, then conveys his discovery to others, and an addition is made to the whole of human knowledge.

'. . . That there are instincts of the herd which well up in the sub-consciousness of the individual no one need care to deny, but it is the use by the individual of his conscious and volitional powers which restrains these instincts, modifies, and directs them. Apart from the mind and judgment of the individual, man would be no higher in the scale than the bee or the ant. It is in the initiative of the individual that there resides the originating force which is continually breaking into the realm of the unknown and subduing new territories for the empire of the human spirit.' [1]

Mostly Fools.

'As a rule, people are stupid. . . . Of the sixteen hundred millions of human beings who people our planet . . . the number of those who study and personally investigate science may perhaps be estimated at fifty thousand on the whole globe, of whom six thousand are in France.' [2]

Conversion and Suggestion.

'There is not the least doubt that the presence of a large number of human beings brought together in one place may "produce certain physical effects," as Professor Granger says, "among which is a certain tendency to receive suggestions. . . . The methods of the revivalist are calculated to throw the soul off its balance and to seize it in its moment of humiliating weakness." We admit that this may be true of a certain type of revival meetings. And we are just as sure that we might apply it to some types of political meetings, at which, for Party purposes, the feelings of the audience were deeply stirred and traded on. All kinds of orators will occasionally forget themselves, and will exploit the mass-feeling for their own ends. This is not confined to religious assemblies. The right or the wrong use of it depends entirely on the motive that actuates.

'One can never escape social contagion. A multitude always moves us. We know the excitement of the crowd just as well in a large theatre or a massed political meeting or at a crowded University Rectorial Election, as in a religious service. Even the tone of society in a large drawing-room may be full of hypnotic suggestions. I do not think I ever went to London without being conscious of the literary contagion that meets one in Fleet Street or Paternoster Row or in West End Literary Clubs. There is a contagion in the lakes of Westmorland and the hills of Braemar. The atmosphere there is full of suggestions of a very elevating kind. When therefore the critic says that spiritual excitement takes pathological forms in the crowd and is the product of an emotional atmosphere, the retort is simple. His own spiritual coldness may in the same manner be produced by hypnotic suggestions of the rationalistic society in which he lives. He may breathe it in from the atmosphere of crude hedonism with which he is in daily contact. He may be guilty of the very sin which he sees in others.' [3]

[1] C. F. D'Arcy, in *Anglican Essays*, 36.

[2] Camille Flammarion, *Avant la Mort*, quoted in P. Heuzé, *Do the Dead Live?* 52.

[3] W. S. Bruce, *The Psychology of Christian Life and Behaviour*, 119 (T. & T. Clark).

Great Hymns.

'Quite a number of our well-known hymns had their origin in the curious device of a famous Nonconformist minister, some two centuries ago, for riveting the lessons of his sermon on the minds of his congregation. These lessons he put together in the form of a hymn, and at the end of his sermon made his congregation sing it.

'Hymn books were unknown in those days, nor could many of his hearers have read them had they possessed them; he therefore gave out his hymn, line by line, each line being sung as he announced it. But one member of his congregation, who could both read and write, used to copy down these hymns as Philip Doddridge recited them from the pulpit, and thus they were preserved for the use of countless thousands of worshippers in after years.

'Let us in thought join Doddridge's congregation one Sunday morning in his chapel at Northampton. He reads a lesson from St. Luke xii. 35–38, and then proceeds to impress upon his hearers the solemn and striking teaching of this wonderful passage. It is *they* who are the servants of the Lord Christ, expectant of His Second Advent, and with lighted lamps and girded loins watching for His Coming, which even then for them was close at hand. Let each one be ready for that hour. . . . And then, line by line, the now well-known words are sung for the first time:

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.'

The above is taken from *Great Hymns and their Stories*, by the Rev. W. J. Limmer Sheppard, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ripon. The book is published at 3s. 6d. net by the Religious Tract Society.

Is the book as accurate as it is interesting?

Writing on the familiar hymn whose opening lines are :

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,

the author says : 'Miss Harriet Auber wrote one verse which appears in no hymn book at the present day, viz. :

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.'

But this verse is found at least in 'The Church Hymnary'—used by Presbyterian Churches, and 'The Congregational Hymnary' and 'Worship Song'—used by Congregational Churches. The note on this verse in Julian's 'Hymnology' is : 'In most hymnals it is given in an abbreviated form, and sometimes with a doxology (not in the original), as in Thring's *Coll.*, 1882. Orig. Text in *Hy. Comp.*, st. i., ii., iv., v., vi., vii., with 1. 4, st. vii., changed from "And worthier Thee." The omitted st. iii. is:—

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue,
All powerful as the wind He came
As viewless too.'

NEW POETRY.

Poems of Hope and Vision is the title of a small book of religious poetry by the Rev. Frederic Mann, M.A. (Stockwell ; 3s. 6d. net).

The poems, which breathe a sincere and reverent religious feeling, are mainly on two themes—God's revelation of Himself through Christ and the response to that revelation in our human experience. Along with these we have a number of 'Sonnets,' though they are not all in strict sonnet form. But the author handles his medium well. Take, for example, this verse from a poem which we should like to be able to quote fully :

I muse upon the eternal way
And strive with one o'er-mastering thought,
The warp and woof of man's small day
From threads of God's vast loom are wrought,
His will is moving through the whole,
His way is in the soul.

There is, however, a shorter poem which does equal justice to the author:

God Revealed.

While age-long pains of the world increase,
And half-told hopes break off with a sigh,
God's angels are heard in carols of peace,
And God—in an Infant's cry.

The trouble of hearts that sorrow alone,
Is hushed by that answering cry divine.
The weakness and grief He makes His own,
His infinite glory thine !

The wistful sigh of the world's long pain,
No Christmas carolling yet has stilled,
But the angels ever prolong the strain
Of a joy to be fulfilled.

And louder and clearer the angels sing,
As our human weakness cries in fear,
For Love is disclosing the way to bring
That richer fulfilment near.

The Eternal Word in an Infant's cry !
Long dawn preparing the grander day,
Through trouble a deeper peace brought nigh—
This is Love's profounder way.

A. G. McL. Pearce Higgins.

A small volume of *Lyrics*, by A. G. McL. Pearce Higgins, has just been published by Mr. Basil Blackwell (2s. net). Looking at the page of contents we are struck by the familiarity of most of the titles which prepares us for a lack of originality in the lyrics themselves. This is most noticeable in the longer lyrics. At the same time they show feeling and considerable grace of expression. We quote :

Hide-and-Seek.

I walked along the road a little way
With you, and in a field we stopped to play
At hide-and-seek. I heard you cross the stile
Into the other field, and stayed awhile
Till you were ready, waiting for your shout
That never came. I rose and roamed about,
Thinking I had not heard. I called your name,
But some one else had shared our pleasant game ;
For Death unbidden kissed you on the face,
And bade you leave your sheltered hiding place.
Will no one bid me seek again and find,
Show me the place, and tell me I was blind ;
That you were waiting where I could not see,
And to my deaf ears called aloud for me ?

Yet onwards as upon the road I pass
I still expect to see you from the grass
Rise up to greet me, saying with a smile :
'How blind you are ! I was here all the while.'

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