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We are here evidently in exactly the same circle of ideas as in Jn 10<sup>28-30</sup>, as may be seen by the following comparisons :

{ 'My Father which hath given them to me' (10<sup>29</sup>).

{ 'them . . . which thou hast given me' (17<sup>12</sup>).

{ 'I and the Father are one' (10<sup>30</sup>).

{ 'that they may be one even as we are' (17<sup>12</sup>).

{ 'they shall never perish' (10<sup>28</sup>).

{ 'not one of them perished' (17<sup>12</sup>).

Lastly, as we have seen, we have in 10<sup>28</sup>, 'no one shall snatch them out of my hand,' and in 10<sup>29</sup> 'no one is able to snatch them out of my Father's hand,' quotations, hardly modified at all, of the Scripture Is 43<sup>13</sup>, 'and there is no one who shall snatch out of my hand.' And these quotations have their counterpart in 17<sup>12</sup> in the words 'that the Scripture might be fulfilled.'

It is reasonable therefore to suppose that it was the same Scripture in both cases which our Lord had in mind. In both passages, in somewhat different ways, He claims to be the fulfilment of this prophetic saying which at the first was spoken in reference to God the Father, but which was likewise true of Himself, for He had shown Himself and would further show Himself to be, in fact, 'one with the Father.'

If these conclusions are correct, Jn 17<sup>12</sup> when expanded would read as follows: 'While I was with them I kept them in thy name which thou hast given me, and I guarded them, and [except the son of perdition] no one of them perished, thus fulfilling the Scripture which says, "There is no one who shall pluck out of my hand."'

ROBERT A. AVTOUN.

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## Luke xv. 30.

THE question of the origin of the Vulgate reading in Lk 15<sup>30</sup>, 'devoravit substantiam suam,' to which

Mr. Senior drew attention in the March number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, deserves investigation and discussion.

It is not my intention to do this here, but it may be useful to point out that this is the reading of the MS. Add. 14453 (cent. v. or vi.) of the Peshitta Syriac Gospels, which is MS. 14 in Gwilliam's *apparatus criticus* to his Tetraevangelium Sanctum,

where the reading is ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ, 'divitias suas,' instead of the usual Peshitta ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ, 'possessionem tuam.' Gwilliam in his note refers to Payne Smith, Thes. Syr. col. 2375, where the distinction between ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ and ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ is adverted to; then in a quotation from lex. B.A. the sentence occurs, 'according to what was said about that prodigal

son who dissipated his riches' (ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ).

It may also be pointed out that Aphraates, Dem. 7, 12, De Paenitentibus, referring to the Prodigal Son, says, 'look at the son who dissipated his

riches' (ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ); and a few lines below he says, that his father did not rebuke him 'on

account of his riches which he dissipated' (ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ).

Again in 7<sup>23</sup>, Aphraates says, 'Remember beloved, the son who dissipated his

riches' (ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ ܐܘܪܘܫܐܝܡܐ). It is clear that Aphraates was acquainted with the passage in the form represented to-day by Gwilliam's MS. 14.

The reading 'his living' is also that of the Coptic, as represented in George Horner's excellent edition. His MS. H, however, as he notes in his *apparatus criticus*, has 'thy living.'

Further, in any discussion of the Vulgate reading, attention should be given to the reading of D which has πάντα in the place of σου τὸν βίον. See Chase, *The Syro-Latin Text of the Gospels*, p. 46.

ALBERT BONUS.

*Alphington.*

## Entre Nous.

### SOME TOPICS.

#### The First Principle of Religion.

'WHEREAS Robertson Smith held that religion, reduced to its very lowest terms, must imply at least belief in a god and communion with him,

Frazer considers religion to be the belief that the course of nature and of human life is controlled by personal beings superior to man. By the one view stress is laid on the mystic side of religion, on the communion which is effected through sacrifice; by

the other view stress is laid on the power which the gods may be induced by prayer and supplication to exercise for the benefit of man. Our first reflexion, therefore, is that any view of religion, to be comprehensive, cannot confine itself to either of these aspects singly, but must find room for both—for both prayer and sacrifice. They cannot be mutually exclusive, nor can they be simply juxtaposed, as though they were atoms unrelated to one another, accidental neighbours in the same district. There must be a higher unity, not created by or subsequent to the coalescence of elements originally independent of each other, but a higher unity of which both prayer and sacrifice are manifestations. Higher unity, I venture to suggest, is the first principle of religion; and, if it is not explicitly recognized as the first principle of religion either by Robertson Smith or by Frazer, that may well be because their attention is concentrated on the earlier stages in the evolution of religion, when as yet it is not conspicuous and is, therefore, though in fact operative, liable to be overlooked. As Ferrier has said, "first principles of every kind have their influence, and indeed operate largely and powerfully long before they come to the surface of human thought and are articulately expounded." What, then, is the first principle of religion which only after long ages of evolution rose to the surface of human thought, and which, though it had been operative largely and powerfully, came only in the slow course of human evolution to be articulately expounded? The first principle of religion is love—love of one's neighbour and one's God.'

That is a statement to be treasured. For it is due, not to a theologian, but to a great authority in the Science of Comparative Religion. Mr. F. S. Marvin has edited a volume of essays on *Recent Developments in European Thought* (Milford; 12s. 6d. net). He himself writes the introductory survey and sees clear signs of progress. 'Read any account of an English community in the early nineteenth century, say George Eliot's "Milby" in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. How far more humane, more enlightened, and happier is the state of the succeeding community, the Nuneaton or Coventry of the present day!' Then Professor A. E. Taylor tells what has been done since the Franco-Prussian War in Philosophy. The quotation we have made is from the third essay: its title is *The Evolution of Religion*, its author Dr. F. B. Jevons.

The book is of far finer stuff than the volumes of collected papers, so numerous of late, have usually been. Every author can write, and every author can write with authority. Professor Herford writes on Poetry, Mr. G. P. Gooch on History, Mr. A. D. Lindsay on Political Theory, Mr. C. R. Fay on Economic Development, Professor W. H. Bragg on Atomic Theories, Professor Leonard Doncaster on Biology, Mr. A. Clutton-Brock on Art, Dr. Ernest Walker on Music, and Miss F. Melian Stawell on the Modern Renaissance.

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#### SOME TEXTS.

##### Mt 26<sup>45</sup>.

'Sleep on now and take your rest.' The word translated 'now' is *λοιπόν* (in Mk 14<sup>41</sup> τὸ λοιπόν, but the article is omitted by the editors), which means 'what is left,' 'the remainder.' Our 'now' is from the Vulgate *iam*. Some time ago the meaning was discussed in *Hermathena*, and such translations were suggested as 'the future is for sleep,' or 'sleep out the rest of your sleep.' In the new number of the same annual Dr. W. J. M. Starkie suggests a way out of the difficulty. In modern Greek *λοιπόν* (with or without the article) means 'but,' 'however,' and with an imperative it may be translated 'well, then, if you will.' So we have 'Sleep on then, if you will, and take your rest.'

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##### Mt 28<sup>2-4</sup>.

In the same annual Dr. Starkie discusses the 'earthquake' of Mt 28<sup>2</sup>—'And behold, there was a great earthquake.' No earthquake is mentioned by Mark or Luke. Dr. Starkie believes that the earthquake in Matthew is due to a mistranslation. In v.<sup>4</sup> we read, 'and for fear of him the watchers did quake' (R.V.). As verb and noun are one, Dr. Starkie believes that we should translate v.<sup>2</sup> simply, 'And there was a great quaking.' The Persian version actually has, 'and there was there great consternation and fear.'

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#### NEW POETRY.

##### Lady Margaret Sackville.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt contributes a preface to *Selected Poems*, by Lady Margaret Sackville (Constable; 6s. net). He says: 'Lady Margaret Sackville is the best in my opinion of our English poetesses, at least of the younger generation. Certainly she is among the most interesting.' He

is pleased that she has returned out of the blind alley of blank verse, 'the common snare of young and ambitious writers of a dozen years ago, and that she has emerged into the daylight of sound rhyme, metre and melody, the three essentials in our English tradition'; for blank verse, he says, 'though it may be poetry, is not really verse at all, even in master hands, say, rather a dignified kind of prose pompous in recitation and for common reading, dull.'

The volume is in three parts—Poems, Dramatic Poems, and Poems 1914-1917. The last are war poems wholly. One of them is that fine poem 'Reconciliation,' quoted already in this magazine. Now let us take one out of the earliest of all, and let it be

#### THE GHOST.

'Oh! who is this that calls through the grey rain to me?'—

'Oh! it's I you loved, and loved too well, and I've been drowned at sea.'

'But if it's you I loved so well, and if it's you I lost, You who came not as a living man, why come you now as a ghost?'

'Oh! proud and foolish was my heart, but now my pride is done,  
I'm but a weary waif, driven through the lone seas, alone.'—

'Oh! many's the time, day out, day in, I called in vain to you,  
Now you may knock at my closed door: I shall not let you through.'

'Is there no shelter then for me?' 'Fast bolted is the door.'

'And is your heart all dead to me?' 'Dead as was yours before.

Comfort you as best you may, drift seaward with the rain—

The heart which died for a living man, wakes not for the dead again!'

#### Alec de Candole.

A few months ago a volume of essays was published entitled 'The Faith of a Subaltern.' It was written by a lad who fell in battle at the age of twenty-one. It might have been written by a rained and experienced theologian. Now at volume of poems by the same lad has been published. It is entitled *Poems*, by Alec de Candole

(Cambridge: at the University Press; 4s. 6d. net). And taking the two volumes together we have no hesitation in saying that Alec de Candole is the greatest literary phenomenon of the War—greater than Rupert Brooke or any other. We have already reviewed the volume of essays. Of the poetry it will be sufficient to quote the following sonnet, though almost any poem could be quoted as acceptably:

#### SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

I prayed here when I faced the future first  
Of war and death, that GOD would grant me power

To serve Him truly, and through best and worst  
He would protect and guide me every hour.

And He has heard my prayer, and led me still  
Through purging war's grim wondrous revelation  
Of fear and courage, death and life, until

I kneel again in solemn adoration  
Before Him here, and still black clouds before  
Threat as did those which now passed through  
are bright;

Therefore, with hope and prayer and praise  
once more

I worship Him, and ask that with His might  
He still would lead, and I with utter faith  
Follow, through life or sharpest pain or death.

#### Henry W. Clark.

The Rev. Henry W. Clark, D.D., is a theologian and a poet. The union has been accomplished before, but rarely. Let this single poem from *The Watch-Tower* (Chapham & Hall; 3s. 6d. net) prove his possession of the poetic gift. Its title is

#### THE LOSER'S PRIZE.

Flutter of flags as the victor flies

Over the line—then a rattling fusillade,

Cheer out of cheer, as he takes his prize!

Fame at its noon for him — while, hope  
thwarted,

I, who so brave at the forward-signal  
started,

Stand shamed in the shade.

Shamed! Not a whit! For I reached *my*  
goal

Half the race through, when, at challenge of  
despair,

Swift my heart sprang, courage hot and whole,  
 At the flung gage, and her vow renewing,  
 Scorning fate's scornfulness, faint and yet  
 pursuing,  
 Smote fear to its lair.

In from the deep swung God's tide of praise,  
 Surge and re-surge, o'er the strand of silence  
 spread,

Stony and cold, by the crowd at gaze;  
 Close in my soul I embraced my guerdon—  
 Manhood proved strong for the lifting of its  
 burden—

So shame, shame-flushed, fled!

E. J. B. Kirtlan.

Dr. Ernest J. B. Kirtlan, B.A., B.D., has made an English and modern version of the 'Crucifixion' in the Towneley Mystery Plays. *A Little Drama of the Crucifixion* is his title (Epworth Press; 1s. 3d. net). In a short introduction he tells the story of the Plays. No quotation from the Play is possible, but the sequence which was sung on Easter morning before the Gospel of the Resurrection will give an idea both of the original Latin and of his version:

APOSTLES:

Dic Nobis Maria:  
 Quid vidisti in via?

MARIA:

Sepulchrum Christi viventis,  
 Et gloriam vidi resurgentis:  
 Angelicos testes  
 Sudarium et vestes.  
 Surrexit Christus, spes mea:  
 Praecedet vos  
 In Galileam.

APOSTLES:

Scimus Christum surrexisse  
 A mortuis vere:  
 In nobis victor  
 Rex miserere!

Anglicized it would be:

APOSTLES:

What sawest thou, Mary, say,  
 As thou wentest on thy way?

MARY:

I saw the tomb wherein  
 The living Christ had lain.  
 I saw His glory  
 As He rose again:  
 Napkins and linen clothes  
 And angels twain.  
 Yea, Christ is risen,  
 My hope: and He  
 Will go before  
 To Galilee.

APOSTLES:

We know that Christ  
 Has risen from the grave:  
 Hail, King of Victory!  
 Have mercy, Lord, and save.

Edmond Holmes.

Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson has selected and arranged *Sonnets and Poems* by Edmond Holmes (Cobden-Sanderson; 6s. net), and has published them with this Introduction: 'Adoration has been from earliest days—the farthest in retrospect—a function of humanity, but the object has changed with the years. In Religion it has been God—in how many shapes! In Art, Beauty: in Science—its uses! To-day the object is split up into things innumerable. Who shall gather the separated rays into one glory infinite? Who or what? The transformed Science of the Universe—transformed into Vision, the Ecstasies of Cosmic Love, adorative and sympathetically creative? is that the coming æons' Divinity?

'The Sonnets and Poems gathered together into this Anthology would seem to attempt an answer to this insurgent question, and with this tentative indication of their purpose and meaning they may be left to make their own appeal, direct to the reader.'

The reader probably knows already what he will find, for Edmond Holmes the poet can scarcely have escaped his notice. If he does not, a surprise is his, and in either case an exquisite pleasure. The difficulty of the reviewer is to make *his* selection. The sonnets are as the poems and the poems as the sonnets, and there is not a weak line in the one or the other; there is scarcely an inadequate image, there is certainly not an unworthy thought.

The Epilogue is the poets' creed. Take the end of it:

The sun is high in the heaven: the flush has faded away:

But my heart is aflame for ever with the dawn of a larger day.

Let the years bring joy or sorrow: let Fate send glory or gloom:

I fear no shadow of darkness: I fear no presage of doom.

I have guessed the secret of being: I have probed the meaning of death:

I know why we wake from slumber: I know why we draw life's breath.

I have read the riddle of evil,—the riddle of passion and pain:

I know that no heart has striven or sighed or suffered in vain.

I am clasped to the breast of Nature: I glide where her waters glide:

And I feel, as each ripple rocks me, the swing of the world's one tide.

The sun has climbed to the zenith, but his light has died from the skies:

There is fear at the heart of Nature, and a mist of tears in her eyes:

Dark as despair the storm-clouds in sad procession move:—

But my heart is aflame for ever with the dawn of the light of love.

Vera M. Brittain.

From the poets represented in *Oxford Poetry, 1919* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net), we choose Vera M. Brittain. Her poem, 'To a V.C.,' is thoughtful and expressive. The volume on the whole is scarcely up to the high mark of previous volumes. Has the end of the war brought the end of inspiration? It is rather that the pause has come between the fierce agony and the new life. With the quiet of the time at hand and the memory of the time that is past we shall reach higher things:

Because your feet were stayed upon that road  
Whereon the others swiftly came and passed,  
Because the harvest you and they had sowed  
You only reaped at last.

'Tis not your valour's meed alone you bear  
Who stand the object of a nation's pride,  
For on that humble Cross you live to wear  
Your friends were crucified.

They shared with you the conquest over fear,  
Sublime self-disregard, decision's power,  
But Death, relentless, left you lonely here  
In recognition's hour.

Their sign is yours to carry to the end;  
The lost reward of gallant hearts as true  
As yours they called their leader and their friend  
Is worn for them by you.

Ruth Pitter.

*First Poems* (Cecil Palmer; 2s. 6d. net) should be tenderly handled. But these poems by Ruth Pitter are not the first poems of ordinary poets. It would not be true to say that there are no immaturities, but whether of form or idea they are quite surprisingly few. The clearest sign of youth is the frequent appearance of the fairy or the fay. But what do you say to this?

#### THE CONSUMMATION.

Looks royal, songs for heaven meet,  
Thou wishest, thinking on his worth  
Whose faintest image is more sweet  
Than all thy dearest loves on earth.

The royal look is marred with years,  
The song celestial is made  
Into a litany of tears,  
Into a blossom of the shade.

Thou art fordone: thine heart is rent  
To praise who hath no fear nor shame,  
Yet when thine utmost life is spent  
Thou hast not even said his name:

But peace, the triumph is not ripe.  
Canst thou not sleep a little space,  
Or dream upon the oaten pipe  
Till there appear the wishèd face?

Then well sufficing shall arise  
From thy quiet heart that was so wrung,  
A look in those translated eyes,  
A word in that diviner tongue.