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فيليا manus. Arab. Polygl. lapide pugillari.

NUMBERS 35<sup>20</sup>. Render: 'lying in wait.' Or, 'of set purpose.' Graeco-Ven. ἐν προθέσει. And in v.<sup>22</sup>: 'without lying in wait.' Or, 'without intending it.' Graeco-Ven. ἐν οὐ προθέσει.

NUMBERS 36<sup>3</sup>. Render: '. . . the inheritance of the tribe of those to whom they shall be married.' LXX: τῆς φυλῆς οἷς ἂν γίνωνται γυναῖκες. On with אֲנִי הָיָה see note on ch. 30<sup>6-8</sup>.

DEUTERONOMY 4<sup>12</sup>. Render: 'but saw no form [μορφῆ, Sym. and Graeco-Ven.]; only a voice.' The *zeugma* might be retained here and 1 Co 3<sup>2</sup>: 'I gave you milk to drink, not meat.'

DEUTERONOMY 4<sup>19</sup>. Render: 'shouldest be seduced to worship . . . hath assigned . . .' And in ch. 29<sup>26</sup>: 'which he had not assigned unto them.' Dathe paraphrases here: 'quae Jova ab aliis quidem terrarum orbis nationibus ut numina coeli concedit.'

DEUTERONOMY 21<sup>14</sup>. Render: 'thou shalt not exercise dominion over her.' So the Greek κατακυριεύειν (which seems to come nearest to the meaning of the Hebrew אָרַם) is rendered Mt 20<sup>25</sup> ('lord it,' R.V.). 'In Gn 1<sup>28</sup>, where the LXX have κατακυριεύσατε αὐτήν, the Samaritan version has עמרו עליה' (Gesenius).

DEUTERONOMY 28<sup>57</sup>. Render: 'and toward her afterbirth.' Or, 'and that on account of her afterbirth.' But this sense seems to be precluded by the continual repetition of אֵינִי; and there is no reason why the 'evil eye' should not be represented as glancing from the *object* to the *subject* of envy; looking upon the one with malignity, and upon the other with gloating.

DEUTERONOMY 29<sup>19</sup>. Render: 'to destroy the watered land with the thirsty.' A proverbial formula, expressing the same idea as in Gn 18<sup>23</sup>: 'Wilt thou also destroy (תַּשְׁחֵת) the righteous with

the wicked?' The subject is the noxious root before mentioned. The feminine adjectives are most naturally accounted for by supplying 'land,' as אֶרֶץ הַיְיָ, הָאֵלֹהִים. On הָרָחֵק compare הָרָחֵק, Is 58<sup>11</sup>.

DEUTERONOMY 33<sup>6</sup>. The marginal renderings that I have suggested ['bars' for 'shoes,' and 'rest' for 'strength'] are rather more probable; but not so much so as to prevail (against nearly all the Ancient Versions) to eliminate from the English Bible a text which is so deservedly popular.

JOSHUA 6<sup>26</sup>. 'Sware' is sufficient. It was not the people then present, so much as their posterity, whom the oath (or curse) would affect.

JOSHUA 9<sup>4</sup>. The marginal version [*i.e.* in R.V.] should be adopted in the text. It is quite certain. Not 'most' but *all* the Ancient Versions in Walton read גַּד גַּד. And it is against all probability that such forms as הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ and הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, both ἀπαξ λεγόμενα, should occur in the same narrative within nine verses. Moreover, their assuming the character of ambassadors did not prove that they came from a far country. [With reference to this note Dr. Aldis Wright (the Secretary of the O.T. Revision Company) wrote to the transcriber as follows: 'We were bound by our rules to carry every change in the text by a majority of two-thirds, and it commonly happened that what the majority preferred had to be relegated to the margin because the votes in favour of it were not two to one. We were fiercely attacked for occasionally putting the variations of the LXX into the margin, and I think we went as far as we could prudently go in that direction.']

JOSHUA 11<sup>6</sup>. The version 'assembled themselves' (adopted at first Revise) rather anticipates what follows: 'and they came and pitched together'; which would be avoided by rendering 'made an appointment.'

## Entre Nous.

### SOME TOPICS.

#### Giving.

'One day in Manchester,' in the depth and utmost stress of the war, a soldier who had lost an arm was standing with a friend of mine, when

some one joined them. "Well, old man," said the newcomer, "this war has taken it out of you. I see you have lost an arm." "Oh no," replied the fine fellow, "oh no, I gave it!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John A. Hutton, in *The Proposal of Jesus*.

**The Bible.**

The Chief Rabbi (Dr. J. H. Hertz) has, through the Oxford University Press, published *A Book of Jewish Thoughts* (4s. 6d. net). It is as exquisite in selection as in publication. Dr. Hertz divides his quotations into departments. Their titles are of interest: 'I am an Hebrew'—'The People of the Book'—'The Testimony of the Nations'—'The Voice of Prayer'—'The Voice of Wisdom.' After each quotation are given the name of the author and the date of the book. Fuller notes are added at the end. We shall transcribe a complete page. Its title is 'The Bible and Democracy':

This Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people.—JOHN WYCLIF, in *Preface to first English Translation of the Bible*, 1384.

Throughout the history of the Western world the Scriptures have been the great instigators of revolt against the worst forms of clerical and political despotism. The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed; down to modern times no State has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties so much more than the privileges of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and in Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State, in the long run, depends on the uprightness of the citizen so strongly laid down. . . . The Bible is the most democratic book in the world.—T. H. HUXLEY, 1892.

Where there is no reverence for the Bible, there can be no true refinement of manners.—F. NIETZSCHE.

**Communication with the Dead.**

The Rev. C. T. Wood, M.A., Fellow and Dean of Queens' College, Cambridge, has written a book on *Death and Beyond* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net). Mr. Wood is a believer in universal restoration. Like Mr. Emmet in the volume of essays entitled *Immortality*, he is most troubled with the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats, and he sees no way with it but to suggest Apocalyptic imagery. He is also a believer in communication with the dead—a matter dealt with in other books this month—and gives three examples. This is the best:

'I knew a girl, young, self-willed, and headstrong,

whose conditions of life brought her into exceptionally frequent and strong temptation. Her mother was the saving influence; but the time came when she died. Some time after her death, the daughter, defiant as she was of God, told me, "The one and only thing that keeps me straight is mother's presence. She is with me often and often: and for her sake I can't go wrong."

**A Suffering God.**

In his book entitled *Historic Christianity and the Apostles' Creed* (Longmans; 5s. 6d. net)—a book which contains two different sets of addresses which together make a unity, for 'through both the divisions of it there runs the one thought: Christianity is a religion rooted in history, its supernatural character evidenced in the facts of its origins, its oldest creed testifying to this, its essential, nature'—Mr. J. K. Mozley has a wise and useful word about the conception of a suffering God, now so popular.

'The doctrine of the suffering God is untrue, and therefore un-Christian, whenever the suffering is regarded as anything except the result of the free action of the divine will, and of those conditions which depend finally upon the way in which God has exercised His will in creation. However we think of God suffering, we must think of Him as suffering because He wills to suffer, even as He suffered in Christ. The feelings of God cannot be the result of the working of some external force or attraction which God is unable to resist. The divine sympathy is never detachable from the divine will. God freely gives us all things, as He freely gave us His Son. And it is of incomparably less moral and religious importance that I should believe that God is now suffering with my sorrows and pains than that I should believe that I mean so much to God that He gave His Son to die for me. And of the latter I can be sure, as I cannot be sure of the former. It is impossible for me to understand how God suffers with me, and I know that, in any case, suffering must be an entirely inadequate description of that relation of God to myself which means God's will directed towards me; but in the death of Christ I can see God's will concentrated for me and my salvation, and to rest on that is to rest on the surest thing in existence. Even from the point of view of human needs, I believe that in the long run the need of security goes deeper than the need of sympathy.'

### The Walnut Shell.

A sign of the times is the foundation of a John Clifford Lectureship. It means that Dr. Clifford has come to his own and World-Brotherhood is coming. Dr. Clifford himself was appointed first lecturer. He lectured on *The Gospel of World Brotherhood according to Jesus* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. net). The lecture was delivered at Newcastle-on-Tyne in September.

They call Dr. Clifford an Octogenarian. He survives it. This book is as fresh and vigorous as anything he ever wrote; it is as instinct with hope. Let us quote the last paragraph:

'Hidden away in a small walnut shell, says a beautiful Arabian story, a diminutive fairy tent was carried by a young prince to his father. First they put it in the council chamber, and it grew till it spread its covering over the king and his senators. Away they carried it to the courtyard, and again it spread till the king and ministers, family and servants, and all the household stood beneath its welcome shade. Next they took it to the plain beyond the city where the multitudinous army was encamped, and marvellous! again it lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes and spread out its canopy over the far-extending host. It was flexible to every need, expansive to every requirement. Each new demand was met by the display of new and larger capacities. So Christianity came in the contracted shell of Judaism, but burst forth on the day of its appearing over Parthians and Medes, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Jews, and proselytes of every land. Then Peter set it up in the house of Cornelius, and it extended its wonderful awning over all the Gentile world till it sheltered "saints in Cæsar's household," strangers scattered abroad, soldiers and senators, masters and slaves, old men and children. The Greek, in his subtilty, enquires and then accepts its covering; the Roman, in his haughtiness, persecutes and then honours it; the barbarian, in his ignorance, wonders and then adores; men everywhere find it full of the limitless energies of Christ, filled with inexhaustible resources and capable of an expansiveness as broad and deep and high as the growing needs of the human race.'

'This man receiveth sinners.'

Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir is on the Jhelum, and the Jhelum is in flood. The flood sweeps on. Many houses are overwhelmed, and

being built of mud simply drop into the water. 'Those who have been wise are on the hills or in boats. Those who have been unwise are up trees or on the roofs of the houses, calling loudly for help to the passing boats. Among those who are unwise and calling for help is a party of sweepers, the lowest caste of the community. There stand several families, men, women, children, dogs, and hens, hustled together on the roofs of their mud dwellings, which are gradually crumbling away piece by piece into the flood. There are numbers of boats passing, but none will go to their help. Why? Because they are only sweepers, outcastes. The women may tear their hair and weep, and the men cry aloud, but it does not bring boats. Fortunately for them one of the mission school boats, looking for jobs, happens to come their way and at once goes to their rescue. They can only take a few at a time, so they make several journeys, and thus rescue the whole lot of sweepers. As they take these low-caste people along, they meet many boats the inmates of which curse them for defiling their caste, but our fellows enjoy their curses and give them cheers instead. A boat in any flood is of value, but a boat with a crew above caste in a Kashmir flood is priceless.'

The illustration is found in a book called *Character Building in Kashmir* (C.M.S.; 3s.), which has been written by the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, M.A., Headmaster of Srinagar Boys' High School. The era of dull missionary books is over. This is a most entertaining and invigorating narrative. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe knows what education *should be*; and he is strong enough to see that it *is*, even in Srinagar.

### A Sudden Splendour.

The Rev. David M. M'Intyre has written a devotional commentary on the First Epistle of John, though he does not call it a commentary, but modestly, 'Some thoughts on holiness as it is described' in that Epistle. Now the First Epistle of John is the epistle of love, and so the title of the book is *Love's Keen Flame* (Glasgow: John Smith; 6s. net). It is at once a scholar's book and a mature Christian's entrance into the mind of the beloved apostle. And these two—scholarship and spiritual sympathy—make the commentator.

It is illustrated at every turn, and that luminously. For example:

'Frederick Tennyson, dispensing in the church of Kirkby Wharfe the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, saw the wine in the chalice flash and glow. Bending over it, he saw mirrored in the shining cup the face of the Lord. A burst of light behind him had flung upon the sacred symbols the glory of the great window, on which were portrayed in rich colours the scenes of the passion of Christ.

"At the Lord's Table waiting, robed and stoled,  
Till all had knelt around, I saw a sign!

In the full chalice sudden splendours shine,  
Azure and crimson, emerald and gold.

I stoop'd to see the wonder, when behold!

Within the cup a Countenance Divine

Looked upwards at me through the trembling  
wine,

Suffused with tenderest love and grief untold."

So, in these days of achievement and devotion there may have come to many, through the dim blazon of the thorn-encompassed Head, a "sudden splendour" kindling our grey lives in the glory of sacrifice.'

#### A Diary.

The surprise of the season is *The Diary of Opal Whiteley* (Putnam; 7s. 6d. net). Viscount Grey of Fallodon tells the story. A child, whose father and mother were dead, was received into the family of a lumberman called Whiteley and given the name of Opal. She was utterly misunderstood and abominably treated but found comfort in a diary. The diary was written 'on scrap-paper of all sorts—in large part on wrapping-paper and strips torn from bags once containing butcher's meat and given her by a friendly neighbour. When she was over twelve years old, a foster-sister, in a tragic fit of childish temper, unearthed the hiding-place of the diary—a hollow log in the woods—and tore it into a thousand fragments. The work of years seemed destroyed; but Opal, who had treasured its understanding pages, picked up the pitiful scraps and stored them in a secret box. There they lay undisturbed until, after many adventures, she happened to come to the Atlantic office to talk about a publication of a very different character. The editor learned her story bit by bit, and, growing interested, asked her to telegraph for the box, which, since she had left the lumber-camps, and her home had been broken up by the death of Mrs. Whiteley, had been stored in California. It

came, with its myriad fragments, and since then the diarist has spent each day piecing it together, sheet by sheet, each page a kind of picture puzzle, lettered on both sides in coloured chalks, the characters, printed with a child's unskilfulness of hand, nearly an inch high.'

She called her pets by the names of famous men and women, and the puzzle is: Where did she learn these names?

This is how she and the fairies understood one another:

'When the more works was done, I went in a quick soft way to the woods. I made little hops over the bushes—the little bushes—as I did go along. I went along the path until I came near unto the way that does lead to the big old log where is the moss-box. I hid behind a tree when I was almost come there. I so did to wait a wait to see if the fairies were near about. I had not seeing of one about the moss-box.

'I looked looks about. I looked looks about the old root by the log. I turned a big piece of bark over. Under it was something between two layers of moss tied up with a pink ribbon. I felt glad feels. When I did untie the pink ribbon around the moss, there was lots more of pink ribbons. They did have little cards, and the little card on a nice long piece of pink ribbon said, "For Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus." Another card on a more long piece did say, "For William Shakespeare." Another card on a more shorf piece did say, "For Lars Porsena of Clusium." And there was a ribbon for Brave Horatius and Isaiah and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and for Mathilde Plantagenet, and there was more.

'I did take them all in my arms and I did go to the mill in the far woods. I so went to show all those pretty pink ribbons to the man that wears grey neckties and is kind to mice. I did show him all the cards that was on them. He was glad. I had seeing of the glad light in his eyes. He and I—we do believe in fairies. Near him to-day was working the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time. He is a man with an understanding soul. When Brave Horatius did get his leg hurt the other day, this man did wash it and mentholatum it, and he wrapped his handkerchief in rounds around it. Brave Horatius has likes for him, too.' Brave Horatius is a sheep dog.

We take the book as it is given. Is it genuine? 'A hae ma doots.'

## NEW POETRY.

H. W. Shrewsbury.

Under the title of *Brothers in Art* (Epworth Press; 10s. 6d. net), Mr. H. W. Shrewsbury has published a volume of studies in the work of Holman Hunt and Millais. He has reproduced in photogravure one-and-twenty of their paintings, and has given his interpretation of them. He has given his interpretation both in prose and in poetry. And, as interpretation, the poetry is as good as the prose. Here is the sonnet on Holman Hunt's 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple':

Well may your keen and searching glances  
bend,

White-bearded rabbis, on this beardless boy,  
Whose daring words and face lit up with joy  
Your own dead creeds, your own cold hearts  
transcend.

Too high for you His soaring thoughts extend,  
Too deep th' inquiries in His eager lips;  
Ye question Him, His burning zeal outstrips  
The vain traditions ye would still defend.

Even His mother fails to comprehend  
The thoughts that glow in these far-seeing  
eyes;  
'My Son! My Son! Oh, wist Thou not,' she  
cries,  
'What fears for 'Thee beset our journey's end?'  
And strangely answered her that Boy of boys,  
'And wist not ye'—His smile her hurt  
destroys—  
'My Father's business every hour employs?'

William Stebbing.

Mr. William Stebbing, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, is a fine classical scholar and an accomplished translator of classical poetry. In *Some Masterpieces of Latin Poetry* (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net) he has 'thought' into English verse and published some passages from the poetry of Catullus, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. A fair test of his success would be this from Catullus. Its title is

## A GRAVE.

O'er lands and waters many have I passed,  
To kiss the tomb wherein thy urn is laid;  
That thy ashes may have from me their last  
Dues, and may hear the last sad farewell  
said.

Hear? No more than they can answer; and  
yet—

Dumb though they are, and deaf, 'tis in my  
pow'r

Thus to tell my soul I do not forget  
All I lost by ill chances of an hour.

'Old-world these my offerings?' cannot tears,  
A Brother's, float them to the world beneath?  
Cannot love scale barriers, space and years?  
Cry, 'For ever Hail!' in the teeth of Death?

Remember, and to greet him? I? how well!  
But he? In Lethe bathes he even now.  
Who I that hail him am he could not tell;  
His eyes the dust sealed, thrown upon his  
brow.

Will Foster.

Half Mr. Foster's volume is occupied with a dramatic poem called *Isabelle*. That poem gives the book its title—*Isabelle, and Other Poems* (Grant Richards; 5s.). The smaller pieces are mainly nature and love lyrics, but near the end are a few which touch the War. This is one:

Ah, which shall claim triumphant fate  
Amid the battle-flags unfurled?  
Shall he who seeks to dominate  
Or He who seeks to save the world?

Ye meek ones, rally to His side,  
Ye gentle, put stern armour on!  
Who for the world once greatly died  
That savèd world now calls upon.

Lose not an hour; the braggart foe  
As his already claims the day!  
Arm swift and let the proud fool know  
They best can fight who best can pray.

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