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## Recent Foreign Theology.

### Pentateuchal Criticism.<sup>1</sup>

THE Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch finds a doughty defender in Professor Naville, whose book is an uncompromising attack on the methods and results of the Higher Critics. Their theory of the compositeness of the Pentateuch he replaces by a vastly more fantastic theory of his own, viz. that Moses wrote it in Babylonian cuneiform, that centuries afterwards Ezra translated this into Aramaic, and that later still—hardly earlier than 200 B.C.—this Aramaic was translated into Hebrew.

Three points in the critical theory of the Pentateuch seem especially to provoke Professor Naville: (1) That it regards this section of the Old Testament as composite; (2) that it regards its constituent parts as anonymous; and (3) that it declines to take statements like 'these are the words which Moses spake' at their face-value. But (1) has Professor Naville never heard of the Diatessaron? Here is proof positive—and there is other proof in abundance—that compositeness was a favourite device of Semitic historians. Again, (2) as to anonymity, does any one know who wrote the book of Malachi, or Isaiah 40–55, or Job? And again, (3) it is well known that in ancient historians the ascription of speeches to particular speakers implies no more than that they are dramatically appropriate. The truth is that Professor Naville comes forward frankly as a 'defender of tradition in all the domains of literature,' and his complimentary reference to the totally unconvincing volumes of Dr. M. G. Kyle is ominous. When he says, as he does more than once, that the Higher Criticism is merely a work of destruction, either he does not really know it from the inside, or he is guilty of a deliberate caricature. More than thirty years ago Joseph Wood wrote: 'The higher critics are not wolves waiting to devour. They are the real friends of the Bible, withdrawing our eyes from details which we once fancied important, and fixing them upon the eternal truths and the grander

<sup>1</sup> *The Higher Criticism in Relation to the Pentateuch*, by Professor Édouard Naville, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A., translated, with an introduction, by Reverend Professor John R. Mackay, M.A.; foreword by Sir William M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. (T. & T. Clark; pp. xxxv + 156. 5s.)

elements which have been more or less obscured.' This is even truer now than it was when it was written.

Doubtless the Babylonian language and script were well known in Western Asia about the time of Moses, but this is very far indeed from proving that he wrote the Pentateuch in that language and script or even that he wrote it at all. The overwhelming arguments—drawn from many different lines of evidence—against the Mosaic authorship, Professor Naville makes only one serious attempt to meet—in his attempt to prove that the legislation is prospective: but till those arguments are met, we must take the liberty of continuing to believe that the results reached by the skilful, patient, and devoted toil—extending over 170 years—of the scholars of many lands, are not likely to be far from the truth.

Professor Mackay writes a useful introduction, and his translation is eminently smooth and readable.

JOHN E. MCFADYEN.

Glasgow.

### Hieroglyphics.<sup>2</sup>

THE French are justly proud of their great countryman, Jean François Champollion, the founder of modern Egyptology, whose portrait adorns the frontispiece of the book under discussion; and two French Orientalists have taken advantage of the centenary of Champollion's great discovery, which is being celebrated this year, to publish an introduction to the study of hieroglyphics in a volume which is to be the first of a series of manuals on Oriental languages and literatures. The volume appears opportunely, as interest in ancient Egypt, if not exactly at fever-heat, is keener and more widely diffused than it has been for many a long day, and it is much to be hoped that this vague interest will in some quarters issue in real study.

Any one who has ever attempted to master the language and the writing of ancient Egypt will be

<sup>2</sup> *Introduction à l'étude des hiéroglyphes*, par H. Sotta, directeur d'études à l'école pratique des hautes études, et E. Driston, professeur à l'institut catholique de Paris. (Librairie Orientaliste, Paul Geuthner, Paris. 20 francs.)

likely to agree with Diodorus when he says that long application is necessary before one can succeed in reading it perfectly. But the volume before us makes the study of hieroglyphics as attractive and simple as so essentially intricate a study can be made. The first part deals with the principles and the evolution of the system and with its extension into the cursive hieratic and the still more cursive demotic, incidentally discussing the difficulties of the vocalization. The second part sketches the story of the attempt to decipher the hieroglyphics, beginning with the allusions to them in classical antiquity, whose writers do not seem to have clearly grasped their phonetic as distinct

from their ideographic value, continuing it through the patristic allusions on to the tentative and not very fruitful work of Kircher in the middle of the seventeenth century, and reaching its brilliant consummation in the decipherment of the Rosetta Stone, which was discovered in 1799 (inadvertently given on p. 102 as 1899). Appended are twenty-three tabulated lists of hieroglyphics, together with carefully explained specimens of all three kinds of texts. The interest and value of the discussion are heightened by a good reproduction of the Rosetta Stone, with its hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek.

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## In the Study.

### An Invocation.

As rest is sweet to the weary, and the cooling stream to him that is athirst, so are Thy Sabbaths to us, O Lord, and the fountain that springs up in Thy house. Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so let our souls thirst for Thee, the Living God, that in Thy presence we may find both strength and peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

### Virginibus Puerisque.

#### Can you stop yourself? <sup>1</sup>

'Say ye of the righteous, that *it shall be well with him*: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked! *it shall be ill with him*: for the reward of his hands shall be given him.'—Is 3<sup>10</sup>. <sup>11</sup> (RV).

WHY is it, do you think, that ferns like to grow in the shade? that they shrink back into the woods, or gather in great clumps in the cool hollows? Oh! just because they always do it. Yes, but why? Other flowers, as a rule, make for the open as fast as they can, pant for light and air and warmth, love to bask in the sunshine. Look at the crocus, how it holds up its cup to have it filled with sunshine. But ferns slip away into dim and shady places, among the trees, or under the steep banks, anywhere almost where there is not much sunshine. Why? I don't think that you would ever guess.

<sup>1</sup> By the Reverend A. J. Gossip, M.A., Aberdeen.

For wise men tell us that the reason is this, that ferns are among the oldest things in the world—ferns and toadstools, and some others. There are people who are very proud because they belong to an old family, because for hundreds of years their fathers, and their fathers' fathers have lived in the old house there, far up the avenue in the great park, and for hundreds of years have sat in the great square pew down in the little village church; because there are dozens of monuments, and the figure of an old crusader with his feet crossed, and stained glass windows, all with their name upon them—this one to their ancestor Sir John who fought at Crécy, and that one to Sir Thomas who fell at Flodden, and all the rest of them. But the ferns are a far, far older family than any one's; they have been living, not for a few centuries only, but for hundreds of thousands of years, for millions of them it may be, for all I know, have been living indeed so long that the earth is quite changed since they began. Then there was very little light in it, no glorious, sunny, summer days, no real days, as we would say, at all, but only a creepy kind of twilight. For there was everywhere a kind of thick, hot, steamy mist, and the sun never properly pierced through. And ferns lived then in a dim shade, because there was nothing else but shade. And they have never lost the habit. The old mists have all gone long, long ago, the sunshine streams down upon everything, but the ferns don't like these new-fashioned notions;