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2 Peter iii. 10.

In connexion with the discussion that has been going on in The Expository Times (xxxii. pp. 44, 280 ff.) on the meaning of 2 P 3^{10}, it may be of interest to draw attention to a conjectural reading for the last word of the verse proposed by Professor Frank Olivier of the University of Lausanne, in the *Revue de théologie et de philosophie*, No. 37, Nov.–Déc. 1920, p. 237 ff.[1] After showing that the textual evidence shuts us up to a choice between καὶ γῆ καὶ τὰ ἐν αὐτῇ ἔργα κατακαήσεται on the one hand, and εὑρεθήσεται on the other, Professor Olivier suggests that originally this latter word was ἐκπυρωθήσεται, as from it both the ordinary readings can be explained. Thus ЄΚΠΥΡΩΘΗCЄΤΑΙ appeared in an early copy as ΚΠ ЄΥΡΩΘΗCЄΤΑΙ, and was later recopied as ЄΥΡЄΘΗCЄΤΑΙ, the letters inserted above the line being omitted, and Є being substituted according to a common practice for Ω, while κατακαήσεται was a gloss which found its way into the text as an interpretation of the less familiar ἐκπυρωθήσεται, 'shall be utterly consumed.' The conjecture is, to say the least, ingenious, and is accompanied in Professor Olivier's paper by much other valuable lexical material.

G. Milligan.

Glasgow.

[1] I owe my knowledge of the paper to Professor Olivier's courtesy in sending me an *extrait*.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

Hieroglyphics.

'It seems now fairly clear that there were three systems of writing in Egypt, and each of these is first known with a different race. The geometrical marks of the alphabetic system appear with the first prehistoric people, who seem to have been Libyans. They belonged to the west, and were the source of all the Mediterranean alphabets. Secondly, the later race of prehistoric times seems to have come in from Syria, and brought in the word-signs, or ideographs, several of which used by them were common in later Egypt. Lastly, the dynastic race brought in letter-signs, by a group of which a word was spelled phonetically. The latter two systems mixed together became the later hieroglyphic system, while the oldest western alphabet continued in use among the foreigners settling in Egypt and perhaps among the lower classes. Long after all this, the Semite got hold of the alphabet and proceeded to spoil it. He degraded the vowels to be variable, owing to his phonetic inflections; he used vague cursive forms instead of the clear uncial signs; and he invented fancy names from the similarities of his shapes of the signs to irrelevant objects. This naming of the signs has nothing to do with their origin, but is like the Irish naming of all the letters from trees, in which there are enough resemblances to the Mediterranean names to show that both come from a common source.'

This is taken from an article by Flinders Petrie in the January issue of *Ancient Egypt* (2s.). The title of the article is 'The Alphabet in the XIIth Dynasty.' Besides that article this number contains one on 'The Lahun Caskets' by A. C. Mace; one on 'Burial Rites of West Africa' by N. W. Thomas; one on 'A Negro Captive' by Flinders Petrie; and one on 'Queen Tetisheri' by H. E. Winlock. The articles on the Lahun Caskets and the Alphabet are illustrated, and there is as frontispiece a portrait, front and back, of the negro captive.

The Imagination.

'Know thyself,' said the ancient Greek. But we are like to know everything else first. Is it—Mr. Robert Briffault asks the question in *Psyche's Lamp* (Allen & Unwin; 12s. 6d. net)—'is it mere coincidence that the natural sciences have developed in the order of the remoteness of their subject-matter from the centre of human interest, and therefore of human prejudice, from man himself; first conquering the distant stars, then the physical world, then the world of organic life, and remaining at last held up by the problems of man himself, his organism, his soul? Is it the intrinsic difficulty of the task or the force of established prejudice which constitutes the increasing obstacle?'

It is both. But chiefly the force of established prejudice. Take the imagination. No one denies the difficulty of its definition. And in its case the difficulty of exercise is nearly as great. What, for example, has the exercise of the imagination done for us in making Heaven attractive? It has perhaps made Hell repulsive, but Heaven? Hear Mr. Briffault on that:

'The pathetic impotence of our imagination whenever we endeavour to define or describe our heart's desire is vividly instanced in the utter and universal failure of all attempts to give any, even the most general, description of the delights of Paradise. Of the torments of Hell we have a multitude of detailed, vivid and entirely satisfactory descriptions, from those of the monk Tyndal and of Dante to the admirable manual published by Father Furniss for the use of young children, in which the boiling of the brain in the skull of an unbaptized infant, and the circulation of molten lead in the veins of unbelievers are minutely and convincingly described. But when it comes to picturing the condition of the souls of the blessed, the paralysis of our imagination is so complete, so pitiful, so manifest, that even the exponents of the happiness of the heavenly state who are most anxious to impress us with its surpassing desirability are driven to disown all attempts to formulate its nature, and to declare that the form and nature of that happiness is wholly inconceivable and indescribable, even in the most general terms.'

It is so. Even the poet, even so imaginative a poet as Christina Rossetti, whose imagination moreover went so often to Heaven for its sustenance, has to fall back on general effects of sound and colour—morning glories and heart's-ease and unexampled green; all souls seeing, singing, rejoicing everywhere. And yet we believe that the imagination is ours to make God and Christ ours, and with God and Christ comes Heaven. 'This thing I know: Christ is there.'

Gambling.

'There is much evidence of the increase lately of gambling among children. The corruption is sinking through from the miserable and degraded example of their elders. Appeals have been received from various clergy for more help in the schools to counteract it. The following letter from a headmistress of an infants' school is in answer to a request for further information regarding the prevalence of betting accidentally discovered by her among the scholars. "I find on making enquiries that the betting is more prevalent than I thought. Two boys aged six won 2s. 6d. by putting a penny in a 'sweep.' This was in connexion with the X—— Rugby football team, and on enquiry I find that boys aged nine and ten have arranged the 'sweeps.' One of them attends our mixed school and one the neighbouring council school. If the local team is not playing then another match is selected. Tickets numbered 1 to 30 or 40 are placed in a box and sold at 1d. each. The winning number is obtained by adding the total number of points together; 2s. 6d. seems to be the usual value of the 'sweep.' If the boy were fortunate enough to sell 40 tickets he would keep 10d. for himself. He says sometimes he does not sell 30 tickets, and then the boy who wins has to give him 3d. In another case a boy of six brought a box to school with numbers in it which he sold at 1d. each to the children. The one who chose the lucky number got 1s. He says he was only selling the tickets for his father, and I think he has been round to the children's houses for the money, because one child's mother won the 'sweep.' He says his father knew the lucky number. I am afraid I can get no further information from him as he seems on his guard. On enquiry I am sorry to say that many boys are doing the same thing. The boys did not seem to have the slightest idea that there was any wrong in it. I should never have thought that such a thing was going on if I had not seen the matchbox containing numbers."'

That is a footnote in *The Child's Knowledge of God* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). The book has been written by the Rev. T. Grigg-Smith, M.A., Director of Religious Instruction in the Southern Division of the Diocese of Manchester. It has been written for the education of educators. As always, there is abundant evidence of the chaos (the word is mild for the fact) in religious instruction in schools. Few seem to know what to teach, fewer how to teach it. Mr. Grigg-Smith for one has clear ideas and courage. His book should be studied both with care and with prayer.

A TEXT.

Job xix. 25-27.

This is from Morris Jastrow's new Commentary on the Book of Job:

'The entire passage has occasioned endless difficulties to exegetes, particularly v. 26, which, as it stands, is syntactically almost impossible. The ordinary translation:

"And when after my skin this is destroyed,
Then without my flesh shall I see God"

cannot be correct, for the thought of a meeting with God after this earthly life is *over* is entirely contrary to the belief of Job as set forth in his speeches. In his very first speech (chapter 3), in which he expresses the wish that he had never been born, he speaks of Sheol as the general gathering-place where all distinctions of rank disappear and where inactivity reigns. There is not the slightest suggestion of any thought of retribution or justification. When in subsequent speeches Job longs for death, it is as a release from his sufferings. He sighs for the "place of no return" (7, 8), where he will be safely hidden—even from God. Throughout the speeches Job's point of view, as is also that of Koheleth writing about two centuries later, is the older general Semitic conception of continuing consciousness after death, but minus all activity and without any punishment for wrongs done in this world or compensation for endured sufferings. If, therefore, such a doctrine is put forth in the 26th verse of chapter 19, it is only because the text has been manipulated in such a way by pious commentators as to permit of such an interpretation under the sway of an ungrammatical exegesis. The comparison of the Hebrew text with the Greek version of this verse bears out this contention. The Hebrew of v. 26 begins with "after my skin" (or "under my skin," which is preferable), but the Greek version omits "after." To maintain that this phrase means "after death" either within one's skin or out of one's skin is quite impossible. Nor can the following words be rendered "this is destroyed," for the sufficient reason that in the Hebrew text subject (sing.) and verb (plural) do not agree. We must take the context as our point of departure for a correct interpretation. Job has asked his tormentors:

"Why do you pursue me like a stag?"

since he is so worn with disease that his flesh would not suffice for a meal. Realizing that his friends are utterly lacking in sympathy, he exclaims that if only his words were hewn into the rock, like an inscription that would remain for all times, he would be certain that a defender would arise some day. It is in this sense that he uses the old Semitic term *goël* as the one on whom the obligation rests to seek redress for a wrong done to a kinsman. The *goël* is the avenger, the justifier, the vindicator—the redeemer, if you choose, but in the literal sense as the one who *redeems* a wrong committed. A human "redeemer" is meant, one who will act as a justifier, or better still as a "defender," which would be the modern term corresponding closest to the ancient one. What Job therefore says is:

"Oh that my words could be inscribed,
Graven for all times in the rock!
Then I would know that my defender will arise,
Even though he should rise up in the distant future."

This being the thought demanded by the context, what follows must be in accord with this hope.

'We owe to Ehrlich the suggestion that v. 26 embodies that lament that unfortunately Job *alone* knows of his sufferings. They are inscribed merely on his person.

"Under my skin this (*i.e.*, the record of his sufferings) is indited."

He alone sees the evidence of his tortures which are hidden from others. He will be forgotten and his sufferings with him. Therefore, he adds:

"And within my flesh do I see these [words]."

The following verse (v. 27) appears to be an amplification, added by some commentator who felt the obscurity of the passage:

"I alone can see it (*i.e.*, the record of tortures) for myself;
Mine eyes see it, but not another's."

In justification of this interpretation, that Job is here referring to his sufferings and not to any sight of God after death, we have another comment added:

"My reins are consumed within me,"

which is merely another way of saying that he alone is conscious of all that he is forced to endure. His friends are estranged from him. They are blind to his condition. They have no understanding for his state of mind. He alone sees the record of his endurance, written clearly on his

own person—in the emaciated form and in the features distorted with pain.

'The loneliness in his grief adds to the poignancy of his martyrdom. That is the thought which the author wishes to bring out in a passage that has been completely distorted by a deliberate endeavour to twist its meaning, both before the text became fixed and even after this period. The passage in the interpretation given to it by a false exegesis has become crucial for the traditional interpretation of the Book of Job. The utterance in the mouth of Job "I know that my Redeemer liveth" outweighs the impression made by his bitter complaints. By the side of the equally erroneous rendering "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" and the assertion "Even now my witness is in heaven," Job's faith in his justification in a future life—for that also was read into this passage —appeared to be established beyond all question. However utterances that seemed to contradict these assurances of a pious and trusting soul were to be explained, here were three utterances whose testimony seemed to be unimpeachable. In this way the Job of the Symposium was brought into accord with the Job of the folktale. Both Jobs endured the test. Both remained pious and God-fearing under the severest trials ever imposed upon man. The cause of Jewish orthodoxy was saved. For an uncritical age the three passages sufficed to win the day for the doctrine of Divine government as taught by the prophets, and which became the corner-stone of post-exilic Judaism.'

NEW POETRY.

Mary R. Richardson.

In an Introduction to Miss Richardson's *Cornish Headlands* (Cambridge: Heffer; 4s. 6d. net), Miss E. Picton-Tubervill, O.B.E., says: 'My technical knowledge of poetry is slight, yet as I read the poems of Mary Richardson it is borne in upon me that in time she may be recognized as a great poet.' What is lacking yet is form. She has the spirit; she can not or will not embody it. Nor is it more promising that 'will not' is more probable than 'can not.' For the few that are well expressed are expressed very well indeed, and you ask, Why not all? Sheer wilfulness, a deeper defect than incompetence. Miss Picton-Tubervill selects three as nearest the attainment to be desired. But we prefer

ON MY WAY TO CAMBRIDGE.

I stumbled over the roots of things
Crying, 'Lama sabachthani.'
But the roots I saw
Were the things of God,
As much as the stars
In the shining tips
Of the thick-rooted trees,
So I arose, crying 'Gloria!'
And went my way
To the town of many spires
Singing a song!

Arthur Piggot.

Arthur Piggot was born in 1891; became a B.A. and LL.B. of Cambridge with first class honours in Classics and second in Law; served in the Northumberland Fusiliers; was wounded and carried away by the Germans at Loos; and has not again been heard of. But he had done a man's work already, work some poets would be proud to own. The *Poems* (Erskine Macdonald) were prepared for press before he went out, 'in case anything irremediable should occur.' 'The Dream of Gold' and 'The Wingless Eros' are the longest. They will be read with surprise, for the poet was little more than a lad. Two of the poems touch Biblical subjects, one on Uzzah and one on Saul. This is from Saul's soliloquy before he enters to the Witch of Endor:

'Whom shall I bid her summon from the dead?
I fear mine eyes must look upon the form
Of him she calleth up, else it were Kish;
But how could I behold the troubled face
Of him, my father, who before he died
Looked on me proudly, saying, "Saul my son,
The King and Captain of Jehovah's hosts,"
And so passed, smiling? Nay, he must not see
The hunted eyes of sceptred loneliness.
Should it be one of them of olden time,
Moses, or Abraham, or Joshua?
But they would cry, "Who is this man called king?
We know no king of Israel save the Lord,
The God of Battles, Whose compelling arm
Buffeted Egypt and kept Israel's feet:
Who else dare tread the winepress of His wrath?"
Nay, it were better summon Samuel
—Him who anointed me, and kissed my cheek,

And called me king. Perchance the shrouded dead
Can understand and pity, and scarce blame
That fierce, unhappy tumult of the soul
Which, living, they miscalled unrighteousness,
And guided not, but punished with blind blows.'

F. W. H. Myers.

Mrs. Myers has edited and Messrs. Macmillan have published the *Collected Poems* of Frederic W. H. Myers (12s. net). It is a handsome book and will be greatly relished by those to whom Myers appeals. Their number, we believe, is large. It may be true that to appreciate the poetry of Myers is first to overcome the obstacles he himself put in the way, such an obstacle, for example, as the very difficult metre which he selected for 'Saint Paul.' But every poet compels us to surmount obstacles. The question, and the only question, is, Are they worth surmounting? And that question has been answered in the case of Myers long ago. The 'Saint Paul' itself, with all the occasion it offers to the clever critic's amusement, has been more than a source of pleasure, it has been a force for righteousness. There are men who will tell you that they owe their very soul's salvation to it.

Besides the poetry, the volume contains the Autobiographical Fragment which appeared in the posthumous volume of Prose and Poetry, together with the essays on Shelley and Poe, and the letter to Tennyson.

It is, of course, impossible to quote a new poem, but we shall quote one of the most nearly new:

What heart with waiting broken
Shall speak the word unspoken,
And who by tears betoken
The wisdom he has won?
Or say to him that grieveth,
'The hope thy soul believeth
Perchance, perchance, deceiveth,
But other hope is none.

'Ay, deep beyond thy telling
A bitter fount is welling,
Far off a bell is knelling
The ruin of thy youth:
Hide, hide the future's rising
With dreams and thin disguising,—
Can any man's devising
Be sadder than the truth?'

Then I with hope undying
Will rise and make replying,—
Will answer to his sighing
In speech that is a sigh:—
'The chains that fix and fetter,—
That chafe the soul and fret her,—
What man can know them better,
O brother-men, than I?

'And yet—my burden bearing,
The Five Wounds ever wearing,
I too in my despairing
Have seen Him as I say:
Gross darkness all around Him
Enwrapt Him and enwound Him,—
O late at night I found Him
And lost Him in the day.

'But bolder grown and braver
At sight of One to save her,
My soul no more shall waver
With wings no longer furled,
But, cut with one decision
From doubt and men's derision,
That sweet and vanished vision
Shall follow thro' the world.'

Betty Bray.

There must be men, and many men, who use quotations in order to point a moral or adorn a tale, but who are too indolent to gather them for themselves. For the volume of quotations made by Mr. J. T. Hackett, and called *My Commonplace Book*, has already rushed into a third edition (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d.). To the new issue, the only important addition is a series of poems by a child of thirteen, an Australian child, whose name is Betty Bray. Six of her poems came into Mr. Hackett's hands, and he has taken four. This is one of them:

MUSIC.

Three wondrous things there are upon the earth.
Three gentle spirits, that I love full well,
Three glorious voices, which by far excel
Even the silver-throated Philomel.
For not in sound alone lies music's worth.
But rather in the feeling that it brings,
Whether of joy, or peace, or dreaminess.

And when I hear the rain soft, softly beat,
Singing with low, sweet voice, and musical,
I think of all the tears that ever fell
In perfect happiness, or deep distress,
And so it brings a pang, half sad, half sweet,
Into my heart.

Then, when the sparkling rill
Dances between the sunny banks, and sings
For very joy, all dimpling with delight,
O all the happy laughter 'neath the sky
Rings sweet and clear, and makes the world more bright.

And, when the sun has sunk beneath the sea
And vanished from the glory of the west,
Leaving the peaceful eve to melt to night—
O then it is the loveliest voice of all,
The gentle night-wind softly sings to me,
Tender and low, as sweetest lullaby
As ever hushed a weary head to rest:
On, on it sings, until from drowsiness
My tired eyes softly close, and all is still.

W. Vaughan Jenkins.

Mr. W. Vaughan Jenkins and his daughter Gladys Vaughan Jenkins are both poets, and their poetry (or the best of it) is found in one volume entitled *Grave and Gay* (Swarthmore Press; 3s. 6d. net). Gladys is young—seven years, we are told—for some of the poems. So it is best to quote her father's verses. This hymn might well find a place in future hymnaries:

Show me Thy heart, O Thou Who dost enfold me,
Show me Thy face, O God, that I may live,
Send me Thy light, when dark the night falls round me,
Grant me Thy peace,—peace Thou alone canst give.

Then in Thy strength, or good or ill ensuing,
Or joy or sorrow,—happen as it may,—
I shall be found, with tireless feet, pursuing
The path that upwards leads to perfect day.

Marguerite Few.

Marguerite Few has come through the war. This might be sung of herself:

THE DEBUTANTE.

Just eighteen years, and she has looked on Death,
And washed dread wounds, and handled shattered limbs,
And, sleepless, watched nightlong a passing breath,
And seen strong men in agony, strange whims
Has humoured, choked her rising fears,
And worked the harder that she shed no tears.

Her feet that should have danced are tired to-night
With pacing other measures many hours;
Her heart beats heavily that should be light:
For her no acclamations, feasts, and flowers,
But the long aching strain
Of waiting some lad who may come home again.

So through the years I see her pass, sublime,
The shadow of her sorrows in her face.
Poor child! a perfect mother for the race,
But old before her time.

And that will show very well what the war has done for her. Her gift is her own—a true gift of poetry, in feeling and in phrase. But the war has given her the experience. The war has widened her sympathy also. For some it has been a savour of death, for her a savour of life. How thankfully do we read this:

AVE.

To the Emperor Nicholas II.

Peace, royal soul! the night comes tenderly;
She that hath pity folds thee in her arms,
Who, where her wide wings brood upon the sea,
Gathers her children from all earth's alarms:
Safe shalt thou sleep, and free.

The fevered hearts of men, their deafened ears,
Blind eyes, and hasty hands, no more pursue;
He hates who understands not. Take our tears;
Yet hearken, where a Voice saith down the years:
'They know not what they do!'

Forgive! forgive! for passion is life's flower;
Hardness of heart and pain are but her fruit.
Peace comes with passing; grief is but an hour;
Then turn again, bereft of earthly power,
And take love's last salute.

The title is *Laughing Gas, and Other Poems* (Simpkin; 2s.).

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