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believe, Hebron south of Jerusalem, the other name of which was Kirjath-Arba. Their later representatives continued to exist in Asia Minor down to the Roman age. In Lydia they were called Tralleis or Astralliai which, according to Hesychius, was the name given to the royal mercenaries because they carried out 'the murderous orders' of the kings.

We learn from a tablet discovered by the German excavators of Assur that there was a god Khabiru (*Keilschrifttexte aus Assur verschiedenen Inhalts*, 42. ii. 9), in whom we may see the repre-

sentative of the Khabiri. I believe that we have here the origin of the Greek Kabeiri. The Kabeiri came from Asia Minor and were the 'protectors' and 'defenders,' like the Dioskouri, of the country and its inhabitants. One of them bore the name of Kasmilos, who must be the Hittite god Khasamilis, 'the Swords-man,' the special 'protector' of King Mursilis. The Kabeiri, we are further told, were all descended from Hephæstos, the god of metallurgy and work in armour.

A. H. SAYCE.

Oxford.

## Entre Nous.

### A TEXT.

A NEW and notable commentary on the Book of Hosea has appeared, under the title of *The Message of Hosea* (S.P.C.K.; 8s. 6d. net). The author is the Rev. Melville Scott, D.D., Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral.

The last great commentary on Hosea was that of President Harper in the 'International Critical' series. To that book Dr. Scott does the honour of approbation and the greater honour of constant criticism. He holds that neither that nor any hitherto published commentary on Hosea can be satisfactory, for no commentator had made the discovery which he has made, a discovery which renders the first three chapters at last intelligible. That discovery is that *the whole of the third chapter should be inserted bodily between verses 9 and 10 of chapter i.* Try it and see.

But Dr. Scott does more for Hosea than that. Steering a careful middle course between the editor to whom the Massoretic text is inviolable and the editor who 'in a single passage containing fourteen words actually makes no less than ten alterations!' he offers a new text and a new translation. The text and translation are then defended in a series of most interesting notes. One of these notes we proceed to quote:

Hosea ix. 6.

'For, lo, they are gone away from destruction, yet Egypt shall gather them up, Memphis shall

bury them: their pleasant things of silver, nettles shall possess them.—R.V.

'The first indication that all is not right here is the defective parallelism, by which Egypt, the whole country, is opposed to Memphis, a single town in the same country. Much more serious is the strange phrase translated (A.V.) "their pleasant *places* for their silver," the word "places," surely an absolutely essential word, being interpolated by the translators. The R.V. is no better, "their pleasant things of silver" (the word "things" being also interpolated, though without indication) being obviously very doubtful both in sense and also in grammar, for the preposition ζ is most inadequately translated by "of." This phrase is sufficient in itself to cast suspicion upon the passage, and probably would have done so had this rendering not seemed inevitable. It is very strange that under these circumstances the Commentators seem to have made no reference to the LXX., which reads as follows:—

πορεύονται ἐκ ταλαιπωρίας Αἰγύπτου,  
καὶ ἐκδέξεται αὐτοὺς Μέμφις  
καὶ θάψει αὐτοὺς Μαχμάς·  
τὸ ἀργύριον αὐτῶν, κ.τ.λ.

Here we first notice that Egypt is no longer in parallelism with Memphis, but goes with the previous sentence. The LXX. takes it as a genitive depending on "destruction," but it is, of course, to be taken as the accusative of place—"they flee from destruction to Egypt." The verb

"shall gather them up," which made very poor sense when joined with Egypt, now of course goes as the LXX. indicates with Memphis.

'But we cannot leave Memphis standing without a parallelism, and we need a nominative to the verb "shall bury them." The LXX. finds this nominative by taking the word "Machmad" from the following verse, and taking it as a proper name, which it Grecizes into "Machmas." It will be noticed that this is merely a matter of punctuation, neither the vowels nor the consonants suffering any change. The translation of the passage as emended from the LXX. will thus be—

"Wherefore, behold, they flee from destruction  
to Egypt,  
Yet Memphis shall gather them up,  
And Machmad shall bury them."

'Nothing could be better than this: at one and the same time the parallelism is improved, and the strange phrase "their pleasant things (or places) of silver" disappears. The sentence which follows is also much improved, and the preposition  $\zeta$  obtains its natural sense. "As for their silver articles, nettles shall possess them." All these considerations are in favour of this emendation. Its adoption must, however, depend upon evidence of quite another character. If no such place as Machmad were known, the rendering would no doubt be ascribed to the blunder of one of the LXX. translators, even though such a mistake would be very strange in a writer, who, however incompetent as a grammarian, must surely be presumed to have possessed an adequate knowledge of the very country for the inhabitants of which the LXX. translation was being made. There were, however, two towns bearing the name Machmad or Machomades, the one on the Greater Syrtis, the other on the Lesser Syrtis. That on the Greater Syrtis seems the more probable, as being nearer to Palestine. Now, a fugitive from Palestine, driven as the context suggests by hunger, and journeying by land, might well be intercepted by Memphis, and gathered into one of the cemeteries of the city of tombs. But if, in order to avoid this fate, he should elect to go by sea, he might well be driven from his course, and be wrecked off Machomades, and buried in the quicksands of the Syrtis Major, a fate which must have frequently overtaken Jewish sailors. Thus Memphis and Machmad (the alliteration is pecu-

liarily Hosean) become the Scylla and Charybdis between which the Jewish emigrant must perforce choose, and as he must go either by land or by sea, his fate would be certain either way. The main argument in favour of this rendering is the almost infinite improbability against there being such a place as Machmad, and such a Hebrew word as Machmad, if the two are not to be considered as identical.'

## SOME TOPICS.

### Theobiography.

Mr. Lewis Spence has done as much as any man we know to popularize the scientific study of religion. It is true, his work has been done almost entirely on mythology, but then to him and to every one who studies the matter uncommitted to theories, mythology is religion. It may be rude enough religion, and yet it is all the religion that many persons in modern civilized English society seem to have. It may be debased religion, or it may be religion on the way to higher things, but it is religion. Mr. Spence insists on that, and rightly.

His latest volume is *An Introduction to Mythology* (Harrap; 12s. 6d. net). All the characteristics of careful research, clear order, and candid statement are in it. And there are also in it many strange things, products of that strange thing the human mind. The most original part, and we think the most useful, is the long story of the Progress of Mythic Science. It is a biographical history of the subject, each contributor to progress being taken up separately and his contribution criticized.

Among the rest, Robertson Smith. And here Mr. Spence uses the word 'theobiography,' apparently coining it for his purpose. For he says: 'This appears to the author a suitable term for those bodies of myth which deal exclusively with the lives and adventures of the gods, and differ therefore so strikingly from all other classes of myth.' This is what he then says about theobiography: 'Robertson Smith is undoubtedly correct in his statement that myth takes the place of dogma in primitive religion—that "the sacred lore of priests and people . . . assumes the form of stories about the gods." But having thus connected theobiography with religion and the religious spirit, it is difficult to discover why he denies a

religious character to myth. "These stories," he says (p. 17), "afford the only explanation that is offered of the precepts of religion and the prescribed rules of ritual." If that be the case, surely the group of myths which detail the deeds of the chief deities is of prime importance to religion. The "story" of a religion is its most precious asset. It is from the "story" of their faith that the majority of people receive their ideas concerning it. What would Mohammedanism be without the story of the Prophet? What Buddhism without the tale of Gautama? What Christianity without the life of Christ? And if the argument applies to the higher forms of religion, it may surely be applied, and more so, to primitive faiths. Among savage or barbarous peoples the myth, the body of tales which circles round the gods, is universal tribal property. It takes the place of written scripture, it infuses all poetry and epic, it is represented in sacred drama, it is recited by the neophytes for the priesthood, it underlies the most sacred mysteries. The contention that myth was "no essential part of ancient religion" is based upon a fundamental misconception of the spoken or written story of the gods. In the present writer's view myth is a most important element of primitive religion; for whereas ritual often impresses an alien people as magical and therefore inimical, and is not so readily borrowed, the wide transmission of myth proves that it not only impresses the imagination of the races among whom it has origin, but that it is able to take hold of neighbouring and even distant peoples as well.'

#### The Dux.

'The thirst for knowledge was general and the scholars of all ages. In a remote Highland glen, Leishman found a reading lesson in progress from the Book of *Proverbs*. A venerable grey-haired Celt sat *dux*, next to him a very small girl dissolved in tears, who gave as her reason: "Please sir, I ha'e trappit my grandfather and he'll no' let me up."<sup>1</sup>

#### NEW POETRY.

##### Louis Golding.

One of the poems which Mr. Louis Golding contributed to one of the periodicals was entitled

<sup>1</sup> *Matthew Leishman of Govan*, p. 185.

*Shepherd Singing Ragtime*, and that has been chosen by him as the title of his latest volume of poetry (Christophers). The poem is as whimsical as the title. And it is not alone in its whimsicality. It would be easy for the careless reader to conclude that this poet has no seriousness in him. And the conclusion would be utterly astray. This, for example, is serious enough and awakening:

##### UNNAMED FRUIT.

What fruit grows viewless in my garden plot,  
So red the sun is shamed,  
Tipped with green starshine and with opal  
flamed!

Days shall not rot  
My fruit so sacred that it is not named.

Not with a carnal lip shalt thou devour

A pulp so tragic-sweet.  
For here the juices of disaster meet

When silly power  
Gives form to fancy that a man might eat.

Leave us a single tree of precious fruit;

One dream to be our own;  
One shape which shall not stammer into stone;  
One sweet song mute  
To sing with fleshless lips when flesh is flown.

##### Sundaramūrti Swāmi.

*Hymns of the Tamil Śaivite Saints* have been translated into English by F. Kingsbury, B.A., and G. E. Phillips, M.A., both of the United Theological College, Bangalore (Oxford University Press; 2s. 6d. net). The volume belongs to the 'Heritage of India' series. 'Englishmen,' say the translators, 'are wanting to understand India more than they ever wanted before, for their debt to India is heavy. Indians are wanting more than ever before to know the wonderful past of their own country, and the wonder of it is all bound up with its religion. At such a time these hymns are worth looking into, for they are being sung in temples and homes throughout the Tamil country, and Tamil is the mother-tongue of more than eighteen millions of people. For pious Śaivites

they equal in authority the Sanskrit Vedas; the mere learning of them by rote is held to be a virtue, and devout Tamil parents compel their children to memorize them in much the same way as Christian parents make their children learn the Psalms.'

The hymns translated are by Sambandar, Apparswāmi, Sundaramūrti, and Māṅikka Vāsahar. This short and fairly representative hymn (though representation is not really possible) is by Sundaramūrti :

Our life is all unreal,  
Its end is only dust,  
Out of the sea of birth  
Come ruin, pain and lust.  
Delay not to do good  
But praise Ketāram's king,  
Whom Vishṇu and great Brahm  
Vainly sought sorrowing.

#### A. St. John Adcock.

The volume entitled *Exit Homo* (Selwyn & Blount; 3s. 6d. net) contains a single poem divided into twelve cantos. It is a poem of doubt. Mr. Adcock is an agnostic. But he does not enjoy the comfortable assurance of the Huxley agnostic. He would have faith if he knew where to find it. He is looking in the wrong place for it. He is looking to Lazarus and not to Christ. In the whole long poem there is nothing more significant than the Prelude, on

#### THE TRAVELLER WHO RETURNED.

When from the grave, where shrouded he had lain,  
Lazarus came back to dwell on earth again,  
Having, the record says,  
Been dead for certain days,  
His neighbours, simple men,  
Besought him now and then  
To tell them, each in secret and alone,  
What in his absence from them he had known.

And Lazarus smiling, wistful to confide,  
'I only know that death is life,' replied,  
'Though nothing now at all  
Save that I can recall,

And am, indeed, as one  
Who looks upon the sun  
Then turning, dazed and blinded by the sight,  
Knows, in his darkness, that he saw the light.'

'Nay, but,' they answered, hungering for a sign,  
'If you had waked in any world divine,  
Had entered any place  
Of terror or of grace,  
Of suffering or of bliss,  
You would remember this;  
For no man could forget, whate'er befell,  
His first tremendous glimpse of heaven or hell.'

But Lazarus, strangely wiser, smiled content :  
'How many a night in slumber, here, I spent,  
To wake when morning gleamed  
Forgetting all I dreamed,  
How many lay,' he said,  
'Insensate, yet not dead—  
Tell me, where was I when, the long night  
through,  
Sleep took me thus from all the life I knew?'

Mr. Adcock believes in God, but the God he believes in is a force and nothing more. He speaks of God as *It*, yet attributes to this *It* everything that belongs to personality :

I feel the best and worst that are in man  
Are parts of Its unalterable plan ;  
That we and all things live  
Utterly by Its fixed and wise decree,  
And that we do, whate'er our lives may be,  
Nothing that needs reward, and nothing to forgive.

Much of the poem is given to criticism of contemporary society, and it is scathing enough. But no distinction is made between Christian and pagan, in art, in letters, or in life. Society is treated as if it were Christian throughout, and Christianity is credited with its foolishness. Thus :

Our newest novelists are much too young  
And much too serious to rank among

Mere story-tellers; all their pride consists  
 In being known as psycho-analysts,  
 They must adapt, so runs their fond conviction,  
 The practice of the clinic ward to fiction  
 And, to restrict their skill to either loth,  
 Blend art with science, and are quacks in both :  
 They write for adult readers tales of sex,  
 Write crudely of raw passions that perplex  
 Their naively youthful thoughts — their fancies  
 range  
 Over stale problems that seem new and strange  
 To them, yet were as old  
 As life, and had been hot and had gone cold,  
 When George Moore deftly used them as a crux  
 In week-day stories for Victorian bucks.

What, then, does Mr. Adcock believe?—

It is my dream, my faith, my only creed,  
 That all the clue we need  
 To life hereafter lives within ourselves,  
 That whosoever delves  
 Into his secret self and listens there  
 To knowledge that he learned he knows not  
 where,  
 To voices speaking through his groping thought  
 Of things he was not taught,  
 To instincts native in him, that were born  
 In the first man who looked on his first morn,  
 But have been dulled and silenced in the strife  
 And noise of the world's multitudinous life :  
 Whoever yields his trust to this intense  
 Inheritance of spiritual sense  
 Knows that, as seeds strain up towards the light,  
 The soul within its night  
 Of flesh still yearns as it has ever done  
 To the Beyond and, reassured though blind,  
 Proves the eternity it seeks to find.  
 Could the seeds yearn to the light if there was  
 none?

John Galsworthy.

A single poem, beautifully printed, is the contents of *The Bells of Peace* (Heffer; 1s. net). But

the poet is John Galsworthy. We quote the last two verses :

Here in the sunlight and the bracken green—  
 Wild happy roses starring every lane—  
 Eager to reach the good that might have  
 been,  
 They *were* at peace. Are they at peace  
 again?

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve  
 Of our relief, Peace and Goodwill ring in !  
 Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave  
 Our dreaming dead of all they died to win !

Clara Belle Baker.

*Songs for the Little Child* (Abingdon Press ; \$1) is the title of a volume of nursery rhymes composed or adapted and set to music by Clara Belle Baker, Teacher of English and of Primary Curriculum in the National Kindergarten and Elementary College, Chicago. Here is one of them, music and all :

Pret-ty pus-sy, mew, mew, mew, I can guess what troubles you :

You are ver-y tired of play-ing, You are hun-gry, so you're say-ing.

Pret-ty pus-sy, mew, mew, mew, I'll soon have some milk for you.

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