

# Theology on the Web.org.uk

*Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible*

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

**PayPal**

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

---

A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_expository-times\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

ite; the Harklean version, adhering to the present, points **ܘܡܝܢ**, and in the margin it has *ἐπιλαμβάνεται* transliterated into Syriac accompanied by the word **ܘܡܝܢ**. Further, I would note that here only in the Peshitta N.T. is **ܘܡܝܢ** used for *ἐπιλάβεσθαι*; in all the other places the more appropriate **ܘܡܝܢ** is employed, which fact may possibly indicate that the translator was uncertain as to the exact signification here of *ἐπιλαμβάνεται*.

In the edition issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society last year there is a totally different rendering of He 2<sup>16</sup>: **ܘܡܝܢ ܗܘܢܐ ܘܡܝܢ ܗܘܢܐ ܘܡܝܢ ܗܘܢܐ ܘܡܝܢ ܗܘܢܐ ܘܡܝܢ ܗܘܢܐ**. 'For not over angels hath death authority' (or 'dominion'), 'but over the seed of Abraham it hath authority' (or 'dominion').

Such is this astonishing reading—astonishing, because so far as all our critical apparatus shows, no other version nor any Greek MS. has any hint of such a reading. What authority has it? Whence did it come?

The new edition of the Peshitta N.T., of which Dr. Kennedy wrote a short account in *THE EXPOSITORY TIMES*, vol. xxxii. p. 137, gives us a reliable critical text, which I call G=Gwilliam. It did not, however, fall within the intent of the British and Foreign Bible Society to indicate the authorities on which the text is based. I cannot but feel that this is to be regretted—a brief list at anyrate of the MSS. relied upon would have been invaluable. Failing this, I have examined for He 2<sup>16</sup> 20 Peshitta MSS. *i.e.* 16 in the British Museum, and 4 in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Without going into all the details, the result is this: 14 MSS. give the reading of G, the two oldest, Add. 14476 and Add. 14480 being, according to Wright,\* of cent. V. or VI.; 6 MSS.

give the reading of W (Widmanstad), the oldest of them, Add. 14448, being, according to Wright, almost certainly dated A.D. 669-700. In only two of the 14 MSS. is there any variation in the G reading—Add. 14681 of cent. XII. or XIII. repeats 'death' at the end of the second clause; and in the Bodleian MS. Dawkins 23, of cent. XIV., the second clause ends with the word 'Abraham.' In the MS. Add. 17124, dated A.D. 1234, the G reading is surrounded by a red line, and a later hand than that of the original scribe has written the W reading in the margin. I should note, by the way, that while the new critical printed text vocalizes **ܘܡܝܢ** as apfel, the MSS. which I examined where vocalization is given, vocalize as pael.

Tempting as the theme is, I must not now enter upon a discussion of this reading: I content myself for the present with drawing attention to it. Yet a query or two may be put down.

Is our reading, then, an ancient gloss in a Greek MS. used by the Syriac translator which had become incorporated into the text? Or is it a Syriac gloss which has supplanted a bare translation of the Greek? And if this be so, then does the reading of W after all exhibit an older and truer Peshitta reading? Or are we in presence of a paraphrastic rendering of our passage in that Old Syriac of the N.T. canon other than the Gospels, which must have existed, but of which we know so little?

But, however these things may be, I feel confident that this ancient Syriac reading points to the right understanding of He 2<sup>16</sup>. The subject of the sentence is Death, and the verse should be put within brackets and be read as a parenthesis: 'For verily it doth not lay hold upon angels, but it layeth hold upon Abraham's seed.'

ALBERT BONUS.

*Alphington.*

## Entre Nous.

*The International Review of Missions.*

The 'International' has finished its tenth volume. It is probably the best edited missionary magazine in the world. Miss G. A. Gollock is associated with Mr. J. H. Oldham in the editor-

ship, and together they have given us a marvellous number for January 1922. Its most prominent feature is a ten years' selected international missionary bibliography. It is based on the quarterly bibliographies which have been so useful and so well done, and occupies fifty pages of small type

and double column. It will open some men's eyes.

The articles are not less remarkable. The Rev. A. L. Warnshuis gives a survey of the last ten years' missionary work in China. Surveys of the work in other countries will follow. The Rev. Frank Lenwood tells the story of the International Missionary Council at Lake Mohonk in October 1921. Dr. John R. Mott discusses International Missionary Co-operation. A delightful study, 'The Gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful, comes from Professor H. S. Coffin. Under the title of 'The Sublimation of Bantu Life and Thought,' the Rev. Edwin W. Smith pleads for the recognition of the good that is to be found even in religions like that of the Bantus, and a new attitude on the part of the missionary to all religions as a result of the comparative study of religion throughout the world. Mr. Smith is of the Primitive Methodist Mission in Northern Rhodesia. Bishop Pahenham-Walsh gives his experience as a missionary in regard to 'Divine Healing.' Professor Adams Brown writes a Retrospect of the ten years of the Review. Last of all, there are reviews of books, among them a review by Dr. Nicol Macnicol of Pratt's *Religious Consciousness*—itself an article well worth reading.

*The International Review of Missions* is published quarterly by Mr. Humphrey Milford at the Oxford University Press (5s. net).

#### Two Directories.

*The Churchman's Year-Book, 1922*, known as 'Mowbray's Annual,' is in its fourteenth year (Mowbray; 3s. 6d. net). Its appeal is to the Church of England first of all, but not exclusively. The biographies of all the Anglican men of note, with which it opens, and which run nearly half through it, are of general interest. They are brief and to the point, what you want to know and all you want to know.

*The Baptist Handbook for 1922* (Baptist Union Pub. Depôt; 5s. net) is recovering its size and its value. The War dealt hardly with the Church Directories, but we cannot do without them or with any curtailment of their contents. We recommend a study of them to those who think or wish that the Pulpit may be nearly 'played out.' There is plenty of earnest activity among the Baptists.

'Whatsoever a man soweth.'

It is in that indispensable weekly *Public Opinion* (we use the adjective advisedly) that we find this Declaration. Take it as a fresh illustration of an ever-true text.

The following remarkable warning has been unanimously adopted by the Judicial Section of the American Bar Association:

'The judicial section of the American Bar Association, venturing to speak for all the judges, wishes to express this warning to the American people:

"Reverence for law and enforcement of law depend mainly upon the ideals and customs of those who occupy the vantage ground of life in business and society. The people of the United States, by solemn constitutional and statutory enactment, have undertaken to suppress the age-long evil of the liquor traffic. When, for the gratification of their appetites or the promotion of their interests, lawyers, bankers, great merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women, disobey and scoff at this law, or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob violence, robbery, and homicide, they are sowing dragons' teeth, and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country or humanity from reaping the harvest."

#### NEW POETRY.

Teresa Hooley.

As the title tells us, Teresa Hooley's *Songs of the Open* (Jonathan Cape; 2s. 6d. net) find their inspiration among clover and violets and sand dunes and wet beeches and nurseries:

I love the nurseries,  
Where, all arow,  
The trees stand up and grow—  
The little trees:  
Willow and larch and fir,  
Chestnut and juniper,  
Rowan and copper beech,  
Each by each.

But there are also 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

#### A LEGEND OF GETHSEMANE.

'Oh, who is this that seeks at night  
The ways of green Gethsemane?  
Oh, who is this that prays at night,  
Face to the ground, in agony?—  
Sorrow of Sorrow, Grief of Grief,  
Uneasy whispered blade and leaf.

Sudden the Garden understood.  
 The grasses, on His garment's hem  
 Laid sighing lips—and even as blood  
 Were the great drops that fell on them;  
 The flowers all bowed their heads one way;  
 The wild things cared no more to play.

But those there were, of herb and tree,  
 Forbore to worship, murmuring thus:  
 'Naught but a suffering man we see,  
 And what is human grief to us?' . . .  
 He turned, the Holy and the Wise,  
 And looked on them with anguished eyes.

They trembled, stricken and aware,  
 The aspen and the quaking grass:  
 'All, all Creation's woe is there.  
 Master, forgive! Alas, alas!'  
 Too late. Moved by remorse for ever  
 The grasses shake, the aspens quiver.

It is a beautiful little book, one of Mr. Cape's  
 'Life and Colour' Series, and it is as fresh and  
 beautiful within as without. We must quote yet  
 another 'song.' It is based on two lines of Francis  
 Thompson:

AT NAZARETH.

'Hadst Thou ever any toys  
 Like us little girls and boys?'

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

O'er his task, intent,  
 The carpenter Joseph stooped.  
 The shavings fell,  
 Curled and white,  
 Soft as the fall of leaves, to the sanded floor;  
 And a Child stood watching with wide-eyed  
 serious gaze.

A smile,  
 Little and tender,  
 Softened the rugged face as the craftsman worked,  
 And ever and anon  
 He bent his regard on the Child—  
 The Christ-child with the eyes sea-deep,  
 miraculous.

His labour done  
 He turned, and laid in the small, expectant hand  
 A plaything,  
 Fashioned with cunning art by the fingers of love—  
 A little wooden lamb.

Rosaleen Graves.

To the volume of *Oxford Poetry, 1921* (Blackwell; 2s. net), the editors have contributed a preface. 'There is always at Oxford,' they tell us, 'a fashion in verse as much as in dress. Mr. Jones-Smith, of Balliol, still writes musically of brimming chalices, vermilion lips, chrysoprase, lotuses, arabesques and darkling spires against glimmering skies; Miss Smith-Jones, of Somerville, is equally faithful to her scarlet sins, beloved hearts, little clutching hands, little pattering feet, rosaries, eternity, roundabouts, and glimmering spires against darkling skies.' This fashion has been caught and stripped in the present volume so that the writers may have 'a chance of showing some individual capacity for better or worse.' A fair proportion of the authors have a name already—Louis Golding, Robert Graves, Alan Porter. But we shall make our choice from the women's part. This is by Rosaleen Graves:

'A STRONGER THAN HE SHALL COME  
 UPON HIM . . .'

And then he was seized by one who was  
 stronger than he,  
 Seized and tamed and bound and forced to  
 obey;  
 From the swinging choice of evil or good he  
 was free;  
 Good was no longer; evil had vanished away;  
 He left to another the gain or loss of the day.

Was he driven or drawn? What matter? He  
 was content.  
 He yielded him, body and soul, to the  
 whirl of War  
 As one yields to the high sea-wind, and is  
 buffeted, bent  
 To his will, when, shouting, he stamps in  
 over the shore  
 Triumphant, driving all things like dust before.

Can aught but a rock stand firm, or question  
 his might  
 Who tosses the leaves and clouds from a  
 hand so strong?  
 The trees and grasses bow in awe of his might,  
 And men in the mountains, hearing his  
 giant-song,  
 Yield, and are hurried—whirled—hounded along.

Thus he yielded to War, who was stronger than he—  
 No time to think—no time to ponder and weigh—  
 He was swept like a straw on the wind—and  
 yet he knew himself free.  
 Was it freedom or bondage, this? In truth,  
 it were hard to say;  
 But, slave or king, he bowed his head to  
 obey.

Charles L. Graves.

In *New Times and Old Rhymes* (Blackwell; 6s. net) Mr. Charles L. Graves satirizes the fashionable foolishness of our time. And all most genially and cleverly. There is the craze for psycho-analysis and the worship of its founders, Dr. Jung and Dr. Freud. The last two verses are:

Let earnest 'educationists' assiduously preach  
 The value of psychology in training those who  
 teach;  
 Let publicists who speak of Mr. George, without  
 the Lloyd,  
 Confound him with quotations from the works  
 of Jung and Freud—

But I, were I a despot, quite benevolent, of course,  
 Armed with the last developments of high-ex-  
 plosive force,  
 I'd build a bigger 'Bertha,' and discharge it in  
 the void  
 Crammed with the novelists who brood on  
 Messrs. Jung and Freud.

But this is a better and a complete example:

#### A BROKEN MELODY.

(Recent discoveries as to the qualities and different varieties of 'vitamines' made at Washington 'emphasize the conviction of scientists as to the importance of vitamins to human prosperity and happiness.'—*The World's Work*.)

O Vitamines, O vitamins!  
 Whose potency as far outshines  
 The erstwhile overrated 'calorie'  
 As Wells and Masfield distance Malory;  
 Whose presence, as the wise confess,  
 Means human health and happiness;  
 To you I pen these heartfelt lines,  
 O vitamins, O vitamins.

O vitamins, O vitamins!  
 Whether one breakfasts, lunches, dines,  
 With your assistance to dispense  
 Is simply tempting Providence;  
 With you in every dish and plate  
 We are the masters of our fate,  
 And need no fortifying wines,  
 O vitamins, O vitamins.

O vitamins, O vitamins!  
 Although in scientific shrines  
 Your name is held in deepest awe.  
 Yet by some strange neglect or flaw  
 You are not in the N.E.D.'s  
 Unprecedented list of V's  
 (I've hunted there and find no signs  
 Of vitamins, O vitamins!).

O vitameens, O vitameens!  
 Ye vital sparks in eggs and beans—  
 An hour ago an expert came  
 And taught me how to sound your name  
 As men of science have decreed;  
 And, as it dislocates my screed  
 And knocks my rhymes to smithereens,  
 Farewell, O blighted vitameens!

H. C. G. Moule.

A small volume containing *Letters and Poems of Bishop Moule* has been edited by Canon John Battersby Harford (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d.). Both letters and poems are recent. The letters are mostly of sympathy in sorrow. This is true, and it is worth saying in these days: "Tempted in *all* things like as we are, yet without sin." And those last words mean the very opposite to the thought that He stands aloof because He never failed. He never failed—but He felt all the strain under which we fail, and He can bring that to bear on His sympathy and His aid. Two starving men are in a besieged town. One yields, and steals another's last crust. The other holds out desperately and overcomes. They meet afterwards, and the man who failed is in an agony of shame. The other, just because he was victorious, and is good, takes him to his heart and cheers him, and leads him to better things, saying, "I know the awful strain that pulled you down."

Of the poems this is the last (Passion Week, 1919):

#### THE PLACE OF MY TENT.

Safe sheltered from alarm and loss  
 I sit within my quiet tent;  
 'Twixt here a Grave and there a Cross  
 My days and nights in peace are spent.  
 Yon sanguined Cross is that which bore  
 Th' incarnate God who loved and died;  
 'Tis vacant now; His pangs are o'er,  
 And I in Him am justified.  
 Yon Grave once folded in its night  
 His holiest body riven and torn;  
 'Tis open now—a fount of light,  
 A gateway of immortal morn.

Peace, grace, and glory now He gives,  
 Fair fruits of His unfathomed woes,  
 And with me in my tent He lives,  
 The Lamb that died, the Life that rose.

A. J. Young.

*The Death of Eli* (Wilson; 2s.) is by the author of 'Boaz and Ruth,' and that is good enough for recommendation. But as in the former volume, so here there are other poems. This is one of them:

O HEAVENLY LOVE.

O Heavenly Love, that in the wind  
 Didst breathe on One of womankind  
 In that white town upon the hill,  
 On womankind Thou breathest still  
 In such sweet sense that I can say,  
 I fear not, Lord, Thy darkest will,  
 If love go with me all the way.

For though my days grow dim as night  
 And nights seem longer than the light  
 To sleepless eyes, because hot pain  
 Touches my flesh or heart or brain,  
 I smile towards a break of day,  
 Redder than roses bruised with rain,  
 If love go with me all the way.

And though the subtle hands of Death  
 Should interrupt the tides of breath  
 And set his cobwebs on these eyes,  
 I, who have looked to other skies  
 Beyond the night, beyond the day,  
 Know that the living flame shall rise,  
 If Love go with me all the way.

Walter Ray.

When Walter Ray's *Poems of Yesterday and To-day* (Elkin Mathews; 3s. 6d. net) become known, they will be quoted—especially will they be quoted by the preacher—as Browning is quoted, and perhaps as relief from over-quotation of Browning. But will the hearer know the difference? Does not this sound somewhat as if it were Browning himself again?—

For see, the world grows by our purposes,  
 Not by the thing done but the doing of it,  
 And your philosophy which measures us  
 Each by his weight of ponderable good  
 Stamped in the market, misses what God takes  
 For His own perquisite,—our balked intents,  
 Our dreams that wake to nothing, wasted toils  
 Sweating for phantoms, plans that go awry  
 For obstacles too great, the shining hosts  
 Of great endeavours struck to impotence  
 But softly nursed in heaven's infirmary.

What matter if your hand holds all or naught  
 After your throw is finished? Take the lump  
 Of man's achievement, analyse it all—  
 The rounded triumphs, prizes of wrought  
 gold—

You find the sum is just proportionate  
 To all the intuitions, thoughts of good,  
 And purposes that died half-grown or lived.

Grace Warrack.

It takes some genius to devise a new Christmas book. Miss Grace Warrack has done it. And her publishers have handsomely supported her. In shape it is a small quarto, the binding a dark purple, ornamented with a cross from Iona. The illustrations are sometimes in colour, sometimes in double-tone, sometimes in half-tone, twice from sculpture. And there are four pieces of music. The book is altogether unique, and in its uniqueness arresting. The title is *From Isles of the West to Bethlehem* (Oxford: Blackwell; 12s. 6d. net).

It is made up of four parts—(1) Evangel and Lyrics; (2) Legends, Poems, and Folk-Songs from Italy; (3) Poems from France, and Tales and Runes from Western Islands; (4) Poems of the Sacred Concord. Miss Warrack herself is the translator of some French and Italian poems, and the translations prove more than capacity for translation. But let us quote a poem by another. And let it be James Smetham's

IMMORTAL LOVE.

Who knows the endless wealth of love?  
 How far its wingèd odours move?  
 When Mary brake with breaking heart  
 Her spikenard o'er her Master's head,  
 She chose, as erst, the better part;  
 Embalmed at once the quick and dead.

We smell on earth its fragrance still,  
 It curls and wreathes on Zion's hill:  
 For as its incense rose sublime,  
 From heart and alabaster riven,  
 It filled the ample house of time,  
 And every golden hall of heaven.