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A table of contents for the *Journal of Theological Studies* (old series) can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_jts-os\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_jts-os_01.php)

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

course was a common object in Egypt, and especially to the Jews living in Heliopolis.

The late discoveries at Minat-el-Beida, on the North Syrian coast, by Professor F. A. Schaeffer, amongst many important remains of a 2000 B. C. civilization, evidently in some way intimately connected with Egypt, brought to light a well-preserved image of Resheph. He stands in an attitude suggestive to me of one releasing a hawk for flight. What seem to be bracelets on his arms, I take to be the rings to which the hawk would be fastened when hooded. Close by was found ( $\frac{1}{2}$  metre) a figure of a hawk, enriched with gold, holding the Uraeus between his legs, facing outward from his breast. Here I suggest we have a symbol of Death and the swooping pestilence, which stood at the feet, or between the parted legs, of the 'Reshef'.

In the Nabataean temple of Baal Shaman, at Si' (Seeya), north of Bostra in the Djebel Hauran, excavated by the Princeton Univ. Exp. to Syria, 1904-1909, there is a related subject. At the apex of the entrance to the temple is the rayed bust of the Sun God. About the level where the feet of a full figure would be, on each side of the entrance, is a pedestal on which stands a large eagle poised for flight.

In these finds I submit we have the explanation of the difficult text. As neither the M. T. nor the Sept. can be absolutely relied on, an amended Hab. iii 5 might read—Before him went the flying bird of destruction, or pestilence, carrying death between his feet.

The tablets in an unknown alphabetical language, found at the same place, may give a hint as to the origin of Phoenician writing. The keen Syrian mentality would soon discern the usefulness of an alphabet, and the cumbersomeness of the cuneiform alphabetical symbols of these tablets; and some keen-witted Phoenician later, c. 1500 B. C., invented their much simpler written form.

GEO. BOUSFIELD.

### J. B. BURY<sup>1</sup>

MEMOIR beautiful: bibliography the satisfactory complement thereto: the whole a source of perennial study and enjoyment. There are some who well knew that J. B. Bury was a famous historian but were little concerned with his fame, and merely loved him as an affectionate, ingenuous friend, more simply pleased and pleasing than lesser men.

<sup>1</sup> *A Bibliography of the Works of J. B. Bury, compiled with a Memoir*, by Norman H. Baynes. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1929.

To such this Memoir will be precious, a very tender memory. That is Mr Baynes's unconscious magic, the necessary prevalence of truth. He of course has much more to record. He tells the story of the scholar's genius, diligence, and triumph, and by the bibliography fills up for curious readers the short but flowing narrative. The narrative is restrained, artistically proportioned, suiting the career, which is intense and ascetic, transfusing second bests one after the other into a passion for the best, and that best grows richer as its personal realization is further removed. The bibliography marks the milestones of the years. References are so exact and complete that whoso will may easily find the Greek and Latin versions, the original verse, the articles literary, political, or moral, which, with the more and more maturing power of the series of great books, illustrate the thoughtful paragraphs of the Memoir. And few will study these without wishing to read the articles, lectures, &c.—with such attractive titles—which are indicated in the bibliography. The *Selected Essays* which Mr Temperly has edited for the University Press is a useful collection, ready made, to start from. The critical Introduction to Bury's method and ideas is no superfluous companion to Mr Baynes's Memoir. This volume has appeared since the Bibliography was published, as has a set of Lectures on *The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century*, edited, with another Memoir, by Dr R. H. Harris (Macmillan).

Sprung from a good Irish stock, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, elected to a Fellowship in that learned and humane society, J. B. Bury appears at first as a classical scholar of astonishing accomplishment and rare taste in poetry. The two editions of Pindar are poetic work; a poet introduces the Nemeans, a poetic historian the Isthmians. The historian will go on to write of Athens, of St Patrick, of the Eastern Roman Empire—to him the only Empire, as it had already been adumbrated by Finlay and Freeman, and as Bury will prove in a reforming *Decline and Fall*.

The poet was a lover of great poets. One was great to him and always remained great, his attraction to whom is significant. Bury had the right of an exact critic to appreciate Swinburne's craftsmanship, but it was Swinburne's faith in the Spirit of Man that drew him by strong cords. Bury was to be a 'rationalist', inspired by deep and disinterested conviction. Lover of truth and still more of goodness, an ardent idealist, he found little meaning in the names 'God' and 'Providence', but much divine meaning in history and divine responsibility in men, and cherished a responsible unwearying hope of a divine destiny which generations might help one another to attain—*officiis humanioribus*. This faith is roughed out in the *History of Freedom of Thought* which he wrote for *The Home University Library* in 1913. That little book

seemed crude to some who read it when it first appeared. Now it reads otherwise, brief, bold, simplified, fresh, vigorous, and pregnant with appeal to the brooding common sense of magnanimous readers; yet warm too with a certain indignation. However, that ejaculatory utterance was to have a sequel. The *Freedom of Thought* must now be read in the light of *The Idea of Progress* (Macmillan, 1920), a noble piece of prophetic history, in which the ideas of the *Inaugural Lecture* of 1903 are taken up, sifted, fortified, directed to an end. Here indeed is this historian's moral message to his generation. He shews how the importance of true history lies in this: that as the Present is the outcome of the Past, so is it the ground of the Future; and the Past for all its far-seeming reach backward is but a pen-stroke in comparison with the illimitable space of epochs yet to be expected; and the quality of Progress thus to be will depend upon the use made by successive generations of their heritage from Past in Present; and the right or wrong perception of the past will shape their present judgement, aim, and action, while in no less measure 'the unapparent future has a claim to make itself felt as an idea controlling our prospective'. The good historian loves and labours *sub specie posteritatis*, in union with the growing world: 'the name of hope is remembrance'.

But, to serve thus, history must be true. And truth demands preparation in gathering and settling facts. *Sub specie posteritatis*: the historians of to-day are bound to the duty of plain 'hewers and drawers' for the benefit of historians of wider range that shall be later. Fiction in history is already done with, so is ornament; so must be dogma and pretence of discovering secrets of mind and motive long hidden in depth of time. History must be science, and that it should so be has already begun to be possible. Therefore Bury devoted his whole time and genius to scientific history; a renunciation, a faithful response to vocation, the counterpart of that admirable simplicity which won the affection of his unlearned friends. Renunciation was completely rendered, but it brought back reward, unsought. The great Byzantine works have a quality that transcends ordinary charm; the *Cambridge Ancient and Medieval Histories* are planned in captivating measures; and life itself lost no zest but gained. Bury's life was to the last a life with holidays of travel and discovery. He enjoyed intimacies more genially than ever as he was more absorbed in the work for which he seemed to know time would be shortened. Poetry and the classics were no longer cultivated, but the happy influences were still felt in all he wrote. He did not contract into a scientific historian, but entered the high and holy place of pure history. Moreover, 'With the study of the literature of classical Greece Bury began his life-work; with the study of that literature his life-work ended. The chapter on Dionysius of Syracuse in his *History of Greece* was that

which lingered longest in the reader's memory ; to the life of Dionysius of Syracuse was devoted the last piece of historical writing which came from Bury's pen. A lover of Hellas had paid her his final tribute.'

So Mr Norman Baynes writes with a friend's privileged sympathy. He has composed a pious and reverent memorial. J. B. Bury succeeded great historians in his chair. A historian of rare promise succeeds him. But there can never be another like him, not though Cambridge were to fetch another from that nest of multiform originalities, T. C. D.

ἀντ' ἑπιθυμιῶν εἰρήνη σοι

A. NAIRNE.