

at Elberfeld can do—mathematical prodigies with less than average intelligence in all other ways. And secondly he suggests that their intelligence is not conscious intelligence, but only subconscious or subliminal.

We need not therefore be so ashamed of the

past or so afraid of the future. If the intelligence of the horse is merely subconscious, it could not at any time in the past have made progress or risen to any degree of civilization. Nor can it at any time in the future work out an independent culture for good or ill. Progress is possible only to conscious reflexion and co-operation.

The Name of Jesus.

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'Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.'—Mt 1²¹.

In every home the naming of a little child is an event of peculiarly deep interest, wakening memories and prayers and hopes of an unusual kind. It is the first acknowledgment that a new personality has begun to live. But in a pious Jewish household the occurrence was more impressive still, for this reason amongst others, that names bestowed in Bible times were more by a great deal than simply distinguishing labels. The name was meant to tell you something of the person. It stood very frequently either for memorable facts connected with his birth, or for a purpose he should yet fulfil in God's plan. Moses is an example of this; another is John the Baptist, and there are many others. Personal appellations in Scripture are not just so many chance syllables, but rather condensed definitions, or, as it has been put, 'summary descriptions of people by their more prominent characteristics.'

Take that well-known phrase of the Old Testament, caught up by prophet after prophet, 'the name of the Lord.' Any one can see how it signifies very much more than the mere vocal sounds employed in designating Jehovah. The name of God is the equivalent of His revealed character; it is a compendious representation of His manifested nature, and thus, in many places, really synonymous with very God Himself. That comes out clearly in the verses: 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe,' and 'The name of the God of Jacob defend thee.' Obviously something is

meant here quite other than an arbitrary collocation of sounds which in itself implies nothing. So far from that, it implies everything that matters. When I know God's name, I know His heart; when I trust His name, I trust His very self. Cross over to the New Testament, and before you have gone far it appears that the same depth of meaning and the same supreme authority and power have begun to cluster round the name of Jesus Christ, so that after the resurrection St. Peter can turn to the crowd, open-eyed and half-incredulous, swarming round the healed cripple, and give them an explanation of the occurrence which startled almost as much as the miracle had done.—'His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong.' And twenty years after, St. Paul concludes a sublime picture of the love of Jesus, and its great sacrificial act, with the words of adoring praise: 'Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him the name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.'

So let us think of the first bestowal of that name which has long become, by its mere sound, a symbol and epitome of redeeming love. That could be no external label: rather it must always have been an implicit prophecy and characterization, and its meaning and occasion ought to reward our study.

There is, *first*, the name itself—Jesus. Dictionaries will tell you that this, as a proper name, was by no means unusual. It gives many people a kind of shock to find that it belonged to others than our Lord, that it was borne by scores of

Hebrew boys. Even in the New Testament it occurs repeatedly. There was a Jesus amongst Christ's forefathers; in Hebrews, it is the Greek form of Joshua, the famous captain of Israel; by a strange legend, Barabbas is related to have had Jesus as part of his name; there was a Christian Jesus in St. Paul's company as he wrote the Epistle to the Colossians. So, though it is now consecrate for us, filling a place of greatness and reverence by itself, yet it was once as ordinary and familiar as Joseph or Samuel or David, and it must have been fairly frequent in the Nazareth circle in which Christ grew up.

Now in this surface fact of history we may find a deeper truth. Christ chose to be very near us: when He stooped down, and came beside us, it was not to lead a half-human life, outwardly participant in our lot while in reality and in secret transcending and escaping from its conditions. He came to be a Man amongst men, the Elder Brother of us all. Hence, as if to make His nearness unmistakably plain and such as showed all barriers and partitions to be antiquated and swept away for ever by One who shared the joy and grief of men, and all their hopes and prayers and burdens—to mark this from the outset, there was chosen the familiar name of Jesus. No lonely title was reserved for Him, as if He would not tread life's common ways. He asked for nothing better than the rest; for Him the name was enough which had served the generations. It is all of a piece—is it not?—with His great motive and design in being here at all. It is but one aspect more of His willingness as Redeemer of the world to make the lot and destiny of men His own to the extremest limit; that attitude of brotherhood and affinity which the New Testament points to in the words, 'Forasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part of the same.'

There are periods of time we have all known when it is difficult to be proud, or even passably hopeful, regarding this life and world of ours. A glimpse is now and then vouchsafed us of the dark swollen stream of ignorance, crime, uncleanness and cruelty that flows through the land, occasionally washing up very close to our own doorstep; until the feeling sweeps over the mind that while nothing is easier than to pour out platitudes about the greatness of man or the incredible triumphs of civilization, yet the loudness of our

peans, like their extravagance, is often in directly inverse ratio to our real knowledge. 'I know no study,' Huxley has written, 'which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history.' And even if we protest, not without a natural vehemence, against the reasonableness or finality of a view so melancholy, still, if we are serious at all, it is impossible to forget how much the New Testament itself has to say respecting the sins and sorrows of this mixed world. When we face facts, we know there is too much bloodshed, wickedness and misery, too much greed and pride and lust, for men who love truth to fold their hands in comfort and repeat the smooth counsel that all is well. Yes! and it is precisely when we have seen these dark things close at hand, and felt the horror of them, as well as their fatal touch on our own hearts, that we go back all the more eagerly to the inexhaustible springs of hope and faith unsealed by the advent of the Son of God. If Christ was man, if He was not ashamed to call us brethren, the prospect is not all darkness; rather in the Father's mind and will for mankind there must be great sweeping purposes of victory and blessing. If Christ was man, then it is good to be a man, and to have a man's place and opportunity. If Christ was man, there are seeds of greatness in our being which He means shall grow to fruitage, and by the thought of them pessimism is once for all obliterated, because of the sure promise they contain that our dreams for the world are coming true. This Jesus, who bent so low, we by faith see 'crowned with glory and honour'; and through Him and along with Him those also whom He has ransomed with His blood.

Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name,
In this name, when'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame.

Note, *secondly*, that the coming of Jesus is prepared for. On high themes of this nature we can use none but faint and imperfect human terms; and yet in these terms, imperfect as they are, it is impossible to do less than describe the coming of Jesus Christ as a stupendous fact in the life of God Himself. No scruples derived from the thought of the Divine immutability can forbid our saying this. His birth meant everything for us, the receivers; for God the giver it meant yet more. All His revelation of a love that seeks and wins

the sinful; all His prophecies; all His acts and purposes,—upon these there was now laid the last and crowning gift. It had always been intended that Jesus should visit us, and at length His voice was heard, 'Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.'

All that did not happen by accident, or unforeseen. When He appeared, to live beside us the human life of God, His place in the world had been made ready by the Father. A name had been prepared; a people also, in whose experience the truth and meaning of the name should be verified. It was when all things were ready—Divine mercy in its wideness, human weakness in its utter need—that God sent forth His Son.

See the truth that is here for each one of us. No life on earth begins unprepared for. The Father's love is in advance of our coming; He goes before us, knowing the way we shall take, its dangers, its necessities, its mysterious potencies of good and evil. Is it not the fact that God made our place ready before He called us, as George Macdonald puts it, 'out of the everywhere into here'? I think you can tell some of His preparations; you can mark them down on the list of blessings. There is the boon, for example, of a God-fearing ancestry. A wise Scottish missionary was once heard to say that 'to make a sound Christian of a Hindoo you must convert his grandmother'; and the truth of the remark is as plain as its humour. To give men the best chance of Christian manhood, the work must begin generations earlier. The strength and massiveness of the tree is fixed not merely by the soil, but by the stock it springs from; and in something of the same way, as one Psalmist declares, God prevents us with the blessings of goodness—He lays His plan long years ahead, so that when at the appointed hour we find ourselves wakening in the world it is as surrounded and enfolded, not from any foresight of our own, with love and pureness and prayer. Wealth of the best kind has been laid up for us; when we are born, it is to a great heritage. To fall heir to a home in which God is revered, and Christ obeyed, and righteousness believed in, and truth spoken, and tenderness diffused, and womanhood held in honour—surely in all this God has taken measures from of old that we should be born rich apart from all our labour or deserving. How much His great love makes over to us at that very hour when we step into the world!

No doubt exceptions may be found, or what seem to be exceptions, to this happy rule. There are children, I know, who appear to be born to coarseness and wrong-doing as others to purity and virtue; yet who shall say that even round about their empty lot the Father's mercies are not strewn? Every hour they have temptations, where we have only brightness and sweet inspirations; from the beginning they are as if set upon an inclined plane hurling them ever downward with increasing impetus until the last dreadful plunge into death and ruin. Yet shall we say that this is all, or that their dark path is quite lonely or defenceless? It is not so. The same love that chose a name for Jesus stands by the cot of each little life, with hands full of promises and gifts; and even above their weakness we have faith to speak the ancient word: 'Is he not thy Father that hath bought thee?'

But that is a digression, even if not, I hope, altogether irrelevant. Still, leaving it, I would ask you to observe how it is the Divine provision for all Jesus' future which imparts to this verse its amazing note of certainty. Not a loud or obtrusive note; yet all the more impressive for that reason. If familiarity had not dulled our sense, we could not miss the strange and improbable nature of the situation—an obscure Galilean peasant child, in social conditions utterly dissimilar to ours, and yet over His fragility and insignificance are spoken words by which hearts in every age have been set a-throbbing: 'This is Jesus; he shall save his people from their sins.' There could be no more piercing contrast between fact and prophecy, between the visible frailty and the majesty foretold, between what is and what is to be. And yet we look in vain for a sign of misgiving or reserve. It is all as sure as if it had already happened. 'He shall save his people.' And is not that the note which runs through the New Testament in every page? Is it not the tone repeated unflinchingly in every form of Christianity worthy of the name? Not conjectures, or hypotheses, or peradventures; not feverish hope subsiding into chill despair; but just this clear and quiet assurance. What is of man takes and must take the chances of time, and may be lost in shipwreck; what is of God moves on in triumph to the end.

Have you caught the infection of that faith? Do you know in whom you have believed? When you think about the Kingdom of God, or speak of

it to others, is there in your words and look anything of this unwavering confidence? Or do you stand off coolly, ready to estimate the chance of Christ's failing in His task, or succeeding, as dispassionately as you might the result of some general election? If you bear His name, you know without my saying which temper most befits you. Long ere Jesus entered on His work, its victory had been all foretold; and it would be strange indeed if in view of His triumphs throughout the past, and in our own lives, we had grown content with any lesser hope. Let us seek a better knowledge of Him as clothed with that power in which He fulfilled the Father's perfect purpose on our behalf, and all our faint expectations will be dilated to the sovereign measure of His greatness.

Think, *lastly*, of the interpretation of the name—'He shall save his people from their sins.'

Here is the earliest promise in the New Testament. It tells that Jesus is the Saviour: not a Teacher only, or a hero, or a genius, or one more pious good man; but the Saviour in the last and highest sense. He saves all who trust Him, too, from their sins—not from mere punishment, or from unpleasant consequences, or from anything at all except sin itself. Further, He is depicted as saving them from sins that are *theirs*—from the load and curse of particular wrong things they have done, not in the least from sin as a far-off abstraction, which we can contemplate or analyze without giving it any special relation to ourselves. Jesus has done nothing to us at all commensurate with His aim unless He has become to us a Saviour, redeeming us from that which we have been. All that is in the text, for you and me.

Now the salvation we owe to Jesus can be described from a variety of points of view.¹ Many times in the Gospels salvation means simply restored conditions and repaired functions: as when we read concerning the sick people brought close to our Lord, that 'as many as touched him were *saved*.' That, however, though certainly a real part of salvation, was not the whole of it; and therefore a word that had started from more exterior meanings, such as material safety and preservation, came to possess significations of a kind constantly newer and higher and more wonderful. Men who began by craving deliverance from foes and the various mischances of life came to God at last for redemption from their own worse

¹ See Prof. Rendel Harris' *Aaron's Breastplate*, p. 85 ff.

self and from the terrible power of evil habit. Not only so, but a word so rich and deep really could not be confined in its tenses. It covers all the past—yes, but also the present, as when St. Paul declares that Jesus 'gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us—that is, save us—from this present evil world.' And finally it widens its outlook and takes in the entire future, for He 'is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.' A Saviour 'to the uttermost,' it has been said, is a Saviour who saves right up to the end.

But these meanings of salvation—and they are so wide and numerous, no catalogue could be exhaustive—all find their true centre in the text. When you get down to bed-rock, salvation is a word that points to sin. Believe me, there is no salvation anywhere which does not hinge on a right relation to God, and a right inward state consequent on that; and it is this that Jesus gives to the longing soul. He delivers from sin in every form—from its penalty no doubt, but also from its practice; from its guilt, its stain, its tyranny, its awful power to shut us out from fellowship with God. To all who are His people—and that includes everybody who has turned to Him in choice and longing—He gives deliverance of this kind. Part of the salvation is finished, and you can have it now. He did that on your behalf, when He tasted death, which authorizes a message telling of reconciliation full and free. You have only to put out a hand and lay hold, and the salvation is such that it will lift you up to the elevation and the blessedness of the children of God.

And then part of the salvation is yet to come. There is much to happen before we are entirely and thoroughly delivered, and it can be said of us as of the multitude in the seer's vision, 'They are without spot before the throne of God.' But whether present boon or future heritage, everything that can be called salvation is the gift of Jesus; and till that lesson has been learnt we are still at cross-purposes with the love of God.

Very much passes for religious literature to-day, I think it may be said, in which epithets of praise and admiration are so heaped upon Jesus Christ that He is all but complimented out of His place as the world's Redeemer. And other nobler hearts there are, who, venturing a little nearer, toil after Him bravely as their example. But these are only fragments of the truth. As fragments doubtless

they possess fragmentary power to save, for the curative powers of a medicine dwell in its slightest particle; nevertheless, if we are not to miss the best things of all, we must find in Jesus Christ more than our hero, or our pattern—namely, the Lord and Healer who saves men by His cross. Do not drain away the life-blood even of the lower

truths, by separating them from the better and richer whole. See them, and then possess them in the unity of salvation as Christ imparts it. You and I need the same great Christ that men have needed always, and I entreat you to take Him for your Christ, in all His power, believing that He will make you His people, saved from your sins.

Literature.

THE POPYRI.

PROFESSOR JAMES HOPE MOULTON and Professor George Milligan have now issued the First Part of their much expected work on the papyri. The title is *The Vocabulary of the New Testament illustrated from the Papyri and other Non-literary Sources* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). The 'get-up' is similar to Hatch and Redpath's *Septuagint Concordance*, and the printing is most beautiful; and as this Part contains a hundred pages of double column, the price is amazingly small.

Much of the material has already appeared in the *Expositor*, but let no reader of the *Expositor* think that he is independent of this work. Every week brings new material, as was shown by Professor Moulton's note in last month's EXPOSITORY TIMES. And every day's further study suggests new illustrations or modifies old ones.

We should like to quote some of the more striking illustrations of the New Testament vocabulary given in these fascinating columns, but it would be neither generous nor wise. Perhaps one small matter may be referred to. In 2 P 3¹⁰ we read that 'the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up.' That is good sense, if not very refreshing. But unfortunately the word rendered 'burned up' has very little authority. The only word that *has* authority means nothing but 'shall be found,' which is original enough but rather poor sense. Henry Bradshaw suggested that a word had dropped out, the word *arga*. It had dropped out because of its likeness to *erga* ('works') standing beside it. Then the meaning would be 'the earth and the works that are therein shall be found barren.' Now the editors have come upon a pretty word-play between *erga* and *arga* which recalls Henry Bradshaw's emenda-

tion and gives them courage to speak of it as 'brilliant and convincing.'

We congratulate the Editors. In this case well begun is more than half done. The accuracy of the work is possible only to scholars of the first order.

DONALD JOHN MARTIN.

The Rev. Norman C. Macfarlane has written the biography of his friend the *Rev. Donald John Martin* (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 3s. 6d. net). The Rev. Donald John Martin was a minister of the United Free Church of Scotland. Now, many are the ministers of that Church and of other Churches whose lives are worth recording, but the world would not contain the books that should be written. What has this minister done to deserve it?

The title-page says that he was a Preacher, a Soul Winner, and a Social Reformer. But it was not any of these nor all of them together that entitled him to a biography. It was the man himself. He would have been himself and deserving of a biography if he had been anything else than a preacher, soul winner, or social reformer. He would have had an influence for good on his day and generation which it would have been the clear duty of some one to record for the good of the generations to come. For he was truly a great man. He was great in his love for some men, in his toleration for all men, in the heights he reached (especially in the presence of God and of nature), and in the depths to which he descended, depths of gloom and misery (in the presence of the evil that is still in the world).

To his love of nature a whole chapter is devoted. But he loved God first. The story of his conversion