

The language about the depths of God and man will become clearer to us, if we now turn to the original text of Corinthians, and exhibit the parallel with Judith.

I CORINTHIANS 2¹⁰.

τὸ γὰρ πνεῦμα πάντ' ἐραυνᾷ, καὶ τὰ βάθη τοῦ Θεοῦ. τίς γὰρ οἶδεν τὰ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου, εἰ μὴ τὸ πνεῦμα τοῦ ἀνθρώπου τὸ ἐν αὐτῷ; οὕτως καὶ τὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ οὐδεὶς ἔγνωκεν, εἰ μὴ τὸ πνεῦμα τοῦ Θεοῦ . . . τίς γὰρ ἔγνω νοῦν Κυρίου ὡς συμβιβάσει αὐτόν;

JUDITH 8¹⁴.

Βάθος γὰρ καρδίας ἀνθρώπου οὐχ εὕρησεν, καὶ λόγους τῆς διανοίας αὐτοῦ οὐ διαλήμψασθε· καὶ πῶς τὸν Θεὸν ὃς ἐποίησεν τὰ πάντα ταῦτα ἐρευνήσετε, καὶ τὸν νοῦν αὐτοῦ ἐπιγνώσεσθε, καὶ τὸν λογισμὸν αὐτοῦ κατανοήσετε;

Now in the passage from the Epistle we see that τὰ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου and τὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ are to be understood particularly and inclusively, as τὰ βάθη τοῦ ἀνθρώπου and τὰ βάθη τοῦ Θεοῦ, for the 'things of God' of which the writer has been speaking, are the *depths of God*. Consequently the 'things of man' are to be understood especially as the *depths of man*; we might re-write the passage in that sense: and then the parallel with the passage in Judith will be more than one of language; indeed, it is already one of ideas. 'The Spirit explores the unknowable depths of God,' says the Epistle. 'You are unacquainted with the depths of the human heart,' says the apocryphal writer. 'How will you know the divine mind and explore the depths of

that?' The argument is on the same lines as St. Paul's. In either case, *depths of man* and *depths of God* are involved in the text, and are contrasted with one another. Both are inexorable except by the proper spiritual faculty, says St. Paul.

When, in the next place, we add to the foregoing the linguistic parallel in the use of the word *ἐρευνᾶν* [*sc. τὰ βάθη*], we can have little doubt that St. Paul had Judith in mind, and that when he goes on to make the direct parallel from Isaiah, as to the 'knowing of the Lord's mind,' he did so because the language of Judith had implicitly made the connexion for him.

The identification is not without importance in the history of N.T. exegesis: it is well known that the emphasis which St. Paul put on the *depths of God* led to a use of the term on a wider scale. It is probably this term, as misused in Gnostic circles, that gives rise to the contemptuous 'depths of Satan' in Apoc. 2²⁴. Nor is it without interest that Clement of Rome, our earliest patristic witness for both Corinthians and Judith, reminds the Corinthian Church that they had 'peered into the depths of the Divine knowledge.'¹ Clement, says Lightfoot, 'uses freely those forms of expression which afterwards became the watchword of the Gnostic sects, and were doubtless frequently heard on the lips of their forerunners, his contemporaries. The Gnostic use is derived from St. Paul just as St. Paul's use is borrowed from Judith: it is not an independent development on the part of the Christian or non-Christian mystics.

¹ Cf. Clem. *ad Cor.*, c. 40.

In the Study.

About Thomas.

SOME notes appeared last month about the Apostle Thomas and the interpretation of his character. Here something will be said about his interpreters. They are mostly preachers. All that the historian or the expositor can say is said easily and soon.

For our knowledge of Thomas we are indebted to the Fourth Gospel. The Synoptists tell us nothing whatever about him except the fact of his apostleship. The Fourth Gospel introduces him on four occasions and quotes a saying of his on

each occasion. That is all. But the saying is always a remarkable one, and the four sayings together are enough to furnish materials for the construction of a character of quite unusual interest. They are all in sufficient harmony to make the character seem consistent, and yet they are all required for its complete construction. The sayings are (1) 'Let us also go, that we may die with him'; (2) 'Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us'; (3) 'Except I see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side,

I will not believe'; and (4) 'My Lord and my God.'

Now in the pre-Tennysonian days, when all doubt was devil-born, the character of Thomas, as interpreted in the pulpit, was simple and satisfying. He was a sceptic, whose scepticism was so completely conquered by the evidence for the resurrection that he cried out, 'My Lord and my God.' Thomas could thus be used either as a warning against unbelief or as an evidence for the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. He could even be used for both purposes in one sermon, for in those distant days there was room for things in a sermon.

But now all this is altered. Our preachers tell us that a great injustice has been done to Thomas. Professor A. B. Davidson, of the New College in Edinburgh, the beloved Rabbi of generations of good students, was particularly fond of preaching on Bible *men*, and thirteen of these sermons of his have been gathered into the volume entitled *The Called of God*. The thirteenth is on Thomas. 'Men have generally passed on Thomas,' he says, 'a very severe judgment. The Church, for ages, has branded *infidel* on his brow. But this judgment is one that is not justified by the facts, and cannot be entertained by us. At all times and even to this day people are quite ready to scatter such epithets about with an open hand. It is an easy and complacent way of disposing of men. But it is often a shallow enough device. We show thereby but little insight into the nature of men or of God. If we could look into the hearts of those whom we so fling away from us, we should often find deep enough sorrows there, struggles to which we ourselves are strangers, wrestling for truth and light without receiving it, and yearnings pent up and hidden from the general eye.'

Others say the same thing, though not always so searchingly. Canon S. A. Alexander, when Reader of the Temple Church, published a volume on *Christ and Scepticism*. The whole volume deals with scepticism and sceptics, but with discrimination. The last sermon is on Thomas. 'Thomas,' he says, 'has perhaps been too harshly judged by the general sentiment of the Christian Church. He was a man of positive temperament, thoughtfulness, and caution: he was unwilling, with a not improper unwillingness, to accept any fact except upon sufficient evidence. Nor indeed do we find

any strong condemnation of his attitude from Christ's own lips—certainly not the sharp censure with which, once and again, He had rebuked Peter, James, and John. He does not dismiss him from His presence; He does not tell him that the spirit which inspires his conduct is an unrighteous spirit; He does not even turn upon him a look of sorrowful reproach. On the contrary, as though admitting the naturalness and justice of his demand, He gives the proof required, only adding, as if those piercing eyes were looking out over the centuries to far-distant times, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Thomas's scepticism was due simply to the fact that the evidence offered him was not, in his judgment, satisfactory; when stronger evidence was given, we read that his scepticism at once disappeared.'

Arnold of Rugby deals very tenderly with Thomas. Was this due to Tennyson? More probably to a felt affinity with Thomas. In the fifth volume of his collected sermons there is a sermon on 'St. Thomas, or Faith triumphant in Doubt,' in which he asks us to consider what the unbelief of Thomas was. 'He had continued with our Lord faithfully up to the very time when He was betrayed. He had loved our Lord very earnestly; for when Christ went up from beyond Jordan to Judea, to raise Lazarus from the dead, and the disciples thought that His going was most dangerous both to Him and to them, Thomas said to his fellow-disciples, when he found that Christ was resolved to go, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Neither after our Lord's death was he at all inclined to desert the other apostles, or to shrink from the danger of being one of their society. His absence when Christ first appeared to the other ten was evidently accidental. He appears afterwards, no less than before, to have been one of their company. He had loved Christ then, had followed Him in all His temptations, was still clinging to the society of His disciples. The thing most welcome to his heart in the whole world would have been to know that Christ was risen, and that his faith and love were sure of their blessing. Yet it is just this very thing, so desirable, so pure and entire a happiness, which he cannot venture to believe. It is too good to be true. I cannot so trust my wishes as to follow them without assurance. "Except I see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger

into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Will not, because I dare not; because to admit my most cherished hope too lightly is only to expose myself to bitter disappointment.'

Archbishop Magee preached a sermon on Christianity and Scepticism in Norwich Cathedral on March 29th, 1871. It is included in the volume entitled *Growth in Grace*. Now Archbishop Magee ought to be found within the influence of Tennyson's 'honest doubt'; but then Archbishop Magee was never so happy as when taking us by surprise—witness the outrage of his saying that he would rather see England free than sober—and so he tells us that Thomas is rightly called a sceptic. 'The Christian conscience did not err when it gave him this name. For when he said those words, "Except I shall see . . . I will not believe," he uttered that which is the very essence of scepticism. He suspended his belief upon a condition which destroys the nature of belief. He declared that he would not give his assent to the truth of Christ's resurrection except upon this condition—that it should be made for him absolutely impossible to doubt. What he said to his brother disciples was in effect this: "You tell me that you have seen the Lord, but I cannot believe you. It does not matter how clear or precise your testimony may be, how truthful I believe you to be,—I will not be satisfied about that which you tell me until I see it for myself. I will not accept any testimony except that of my own senses."'

He then proceeds to say that the resurrection cannot be demonstrated to the senses—which is true for us, but not for Thomas—and that no essential doctrine or fact of Christianity can be made more than probable: 'I say again we cannot demonstrate Christianity'—in capital letters.

Two of the most recently published sermons on Thomas are by Dr. W. F. Adeney, lately Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, in a volume on *Men of the New Testament*, and by Dr. J. P. Lilley of the United Free Church of Scotland in Arbroath, in a volume on *Four Apostles*. These excellent scholars are both strongly opposed to the notion that Thomas was a vulgar sceptic. It seems to them that he had more courage, and therefore more faith than any of his brethren. When Jesus told them that He was about to return to

the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, it was Peter as the recognized spokesman who should have volunteered to go with Him; but only Thomas had the courage to say, 'Let us also go, that we may die with him.' Still more emphatic is Mr. J. Ernest Rattenbury, whose volume on *The Twelve* was published in 1914. 'Thomas has only come to his own in our time. He is essentially the twentieth-century apostle. For nineteen hundred years he has been maligned and abused by Christian preachers, but he reveals himself to our times in a special sense as the apostle for the twentieth century.'

The idea that Thomas was a pessimist appears in many of the most recent sermons. It is something of a side issue, not clearly discernible in any of the sayings which the Fourth Gospel records. Is it due *entirely* to the words 'that we may die with him'? If so, Dr. Lilley and others are surely in the right when they say that under the circumstances death was almost a certainty. If there was an optimist among the disciples he could not have said less.

Yet this is the interpretation of Thomas that is offered by some of the ablest expositors. We may name Bishop Carpenter in *The Son of Man among the Sons of Men*; Prebendary Calthrop in *In Christ*; Dr. W. J. Dawson in *The Church of To-morrow*; Mr. J. G. Greenhough in *The Apostles of our Lord*; Dr. George Matheson in *The Representative Men of the New Testament*; Dr. Alexander Whyte in the New Testament volume of his series of *Bible Characters*; and even to some extent Dr. A. B. Davidson in *The Called of God*, and Dr. J. D. Jones in *The Glorious Company of the Apostles*:

Are we still in doubt, then, about the doubt of Thomas? In some ways we are. We are not quite sure yet how far he is to be blamed and how far praised. An equal balance is held by Professor H. M. Gwatkin in his fine volume of sermons called *The Eye for Spiritual Things*, while Dean Henson in *The Value of the Bible* and Mr. R. H. Hadden in his volume of *Selected Sermons* are still prepared to say that Thomas was a doubter, and think all the more of him for it. Mr. Hadden holds that it is by doubtings that we make progress. Farrar doubted everlasting punishment, and Driver doubted the authenticity of Daniel, and it is only an ignorant man, he says, who would believe either to-day.

But there is one thing about Thomas that we now see clearly, and it is the best thing of all. He was loyal to his Master. That loyalty enabled him at last to say, 'My Lord and my God'; the want of it drove Judas Iscariot to the gibbet.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

October.

NUTTING.

'I went down into the garden of nuts.'—
Song of Solomon 6¹¹.

Boys are often quite devoid of imagination. They dislike girls' games because they think they are silly. A boy passes a number of girls singing, 'Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May.' 'Fools!' he says to himself; 'who ever heard of "nuts in May"?' He knows all about nuts—when they come, and how they taste.

There are certain Bible phrases that strike upon a boy's ear like music. 'A basket of summer fruit'; he likes that one. 'The garden of nuts' sounds even better; a day's nutting makes him feel as if the world were just a huge place in which to enjoy himself. That is very much the way with other creatures than boys. Once a sparrow built its nest on Edinburgh Castle Rock. One day, when she was sitting on her eggs, she got a great fright. 'Our house would be very convenient,' she said to her husband, 'and it is built in a splendid place for teaching the little ones to fly, but those men people do disturb us. I believe it was they who rolled the big stone down upon us. I was nearly killed. One can't bring up families in any comfort. The Castle Rock was made for the sparrows, and for no one else.'

Many of you must have spent a Saturday morning gathering nuts. You remember how your mother made you put on your very oldest things. You started off with some of your companions; you never lingered for one moment; your mind was on your destination—a place where there were a great many hazel trees. You and your companions had named it the 'Hazel Craig.' You trod over brackens, rocks, and tangled bushes on your way. When at last you reached the trees, you parted company. I read of a boy who found himself

alone during a nutting expedition. It was at a spot where no one had been before him. Not a branch was broken; the nuts hung in great clusters. He sat down and tried to enjoy the pleasures of anticipation. Overhead, the branches were so closely intertwined that no sky was to be seen. He heard the ripple of the little burn. He could not see it. But he cared not. He just kept thinking for a minute or two what a 'ripping' time he was going to have. Then he rose, tore down the hazel branches, roughly spoiled them of their nuts, ate, and pocketed. He was rich beyond the wealth of kings. But when at last he sat down, he looked up to see the broken branches. The clear blue sky looked down upon him. The world was bigger than he thought. It was God's world.

Read Wordsworth's poem about 'Nutting.' I think you would understand it; for, from it I got the story of this boy. As I said, he looked up, and the poet puts these words into his mouth:

I felt a sense of pain, when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

You all know Who gives the pleasures of the autumn woods.

God the Giver has laid down certain laws for us. He says to boys and girls that in His garden He expects them to be straight and good. You know also the laws of honour. You would scorn to disobey the unwritten laws of a house where you were a guest. It is good to keep constantly in mind that the woods, where the hazels grow, make God's garden.

And your nuts. You love to crack them. You never know what kind of kernel will appear. Some kernels are shrivelled. If you get one like that, your companions laugh. Others are full. The shell was hard, but it was worth while cracking it.

It is all so like Life, boys and girls. You wonder what the future is to hold for you. Some people are afraid to crack their nuts. You need not be, if you try to do God's will.

Our island-home is rife
With marvels greater than the tongue can tell,
And all things teem and travail with new life.¹

¹ Ada Cambridge, *The Hand in the Dark*, 12.

The future will hold something better than you ever dreamed :

The key of all the future, whether ominous or bright,

Is in the present hour—in constant reverence for the right ;

What saith the Lord unto His servant? thence doth duty spring,

Thence safety, peace, and triumph rise, whate'er the years may bring.¹

A very good preacher said in one of his sermons : 'The only risk is that we may lose patience and forget to pray, and never get through the shell . . . to the good thing God hid in the heart of it.'

Patience and prayer : these are the secrets which will make each year a Happy New Year.

That is the truth *in a nutshell*.

II.

Cities of Refuge.

'He shall flee unto one of these cities and live.'—Dt 19⁵.

Try to think yourselves back to the days of the Norman kings, when England was a very different country from what it is now. There were no railways, of course, and few roads, and the country was still covered in many places with woods and forests, where now you see manufacturing towns. There were no coal-pits then, with their wheels and hills of refuse, and the counties of Northumberland and Durham were a pleasant district of broad moors and wooded hills and clear rivers. On a bend of the river Wear, there stood, as it stands to-day, the Cathedral of Durham, where the bones of the old St. Cuthbert had found their resting-place. On a hot summer day you might have seen a man running breathlessly along the footpath over the hills. He ran with his head down, panting with heat, and limping with weariness, and often turning to look over his shoulder to see if he was followed. Sometimes the path led through the woods, but he dared not rest to enjoy the shade. Sometimes it led over a brook, but he scarcely stopped to drink. Again he was on the highway, and as he ran he saw by the wayside a block of stone, having on it one word cut in rude letters—*Sanctuarium*. Then he knew he was on the right road. One or two such blocks of stone may still be seen in England. They show the way to a

sanctuary. With haggard face and bloodshot eyes, his clothes torn and covered with dust, he still pressed on till he saw before him the cathedral, the church of St. Cuthbert. That was where he was going, but his strength was almost gone, and he knew that not far behind him were pursuers seeking his life. Gathering up all his strength, he made a desperate effort, and reached the church ; and, seizing the knocker, he thundered on the door till it was opened and he was safely inside.

What did it all mean? This was a man who had by accident, or in a sudden quarrel, killed another. In those days they had not our careful and deliberate methods of justice. The friends of the dead man were hot on his track to take vengeance on him, but if he could reach the church and 'take sanctuary,' as it was called, he was safe till his case could be tried by law. This was to ensure a fair trial, and that the man, if he were punished, should be punished justly, and not be the victim of revenge. Every church was a sanctuary, but some had more privileges than others. There were two kinds of sanctuary, one general, and one special. There was a large number of these special sanctuaries in England. Some of them, such as Durham Cathedral, still have the sanctuary knocker on the door, which had to be used to gain admittance to the protection of the sanctuary.

The person taken into the sanctuary had to do three things. He had to confess his crime, to lay down his arms, and to promise to keep the rules of the house. If he had gone to a common sanctuary, he might pay compensation, or he might, within forty days, dress himself in sackcloth and go before the court, and take an oath that he would leave the realm and not come back without the king's leave. Then with bare head, and clothed in a long white robe, he set out for the coast as quickly as possible, and unless he reached it in the time given, his life was forfeited. But in the special sanctuaries the man might stay in safety for his whole life.

Customs of this kind are common to many countries. This is what Moses intended when he set apart three cities for cities of refuge, that the slayer who killed his neighbour ignorantly, without hating him, might flee there and live, 'lest the avenger of blood pursue the slayer, while his heart is hot, and overtake him, because the way is long, and slay him.'

¹ T. Crawford, *Horae Serenae*, 33.

We are always falling into sin. We sin in ignorance, and we sin intentionally, and we are afraid of the punishment of our sins. The thought of it follows us like the avenger of blood following the man. Where shall we find a sanctuary? This is what the Psalmist says: 'Trust in him at all times; God is a refuge for us.' As His Church was in times past to the hunted man, He is to us still, and the cross of Christ that tells of His love for us points the way to the sanctuary. But there is something for us to do if we wish to come into the refuge. We must confess our sins, we must lay down our arms in submission to Him, and we must promise obedience. If we do that we may stay in this sanctuary, safe for ever.

III.

The Land of By-and-by.

'A convenient season.'—Ac 24²⁶.

I want to speak to-day to those who are dwelling in By-and-by land. Most of us go there on a visit at times, and some of us stay there nearly always. It seems a very pleasant land to dwell in just at first. The flowers have a sweet perfume, and the soft winds lull us to sleep. It is the land of 'take things easy.' You don't need to bother yourself to do anything disagreeable. But some day you wake up to find the land has changed its name. Its new names—for it has two—are 'Lost Opportunity' and 'Dead Endeavour,' and they are the saddest names any land could bear.

And who are the people who live in By-and-by land? They are the people who put off doing things that are disagreeable or that will give them a little trouble. They don't mean not to do those things, but they tell you not to ask them to do them now. They will do them to-morrow or some other time—at a more convenient season. And when to-morrow comes, oh, well, they will do them the next day: and so the things never get done, or get done too late. They have a sort of comfortable feeling that if they put off a thing it is just as good as done, whereas the truth of the matter is that a thing put off is just as good as not done.

The Spaniards have a proverb—'The road of By-and-by leads to the house of Never':

With dreamy nooks and gleams of sky,
And wild flowers, sweet for fingering,
The blossomy lane of 'By-and-by'
Goes winding, loitering, lingering;

Till, after many a green delay,
It crosses 'Dead Endeavour,'
And reaches, in the gloaming grey,
The haunted house of 'Never.'

It is a terrible house that—haunted with the thoughts of 'what might have been.' I hope none of you will ever reach it. The only safe way is to leave By-and-by land this very day.

I think it is when we are young that we are most tempted to wander into By-and-by land. We imagine we have plenty of time for everything, life stretches away before us like a long, long road. And that is why it is so difficult for boys and girls to realize how very, very dangerous it is to dwell in By-and-by land. 'Plenty of time' means 'no time.' Life is much shorter than it looks, and it is packed so full that we haven't really a minute to waste.

There is a legend which tells how the wise men from the East who were following the star, came one evening to the house of a woman called Baboushka. They urged her to accompany them, but she begged them to wait a little until she was ready. The men took their departure saying they could not delay, and after Baboushka had attended to some household task, she set out to follow them. But, alas, she could see neither wise men nor star. And still she wanders through the hills and vales of Palestine, vainly seeking star or Babe, because she neglected her opportunity, because she put off to 'a convenient season.'

Now what are a few of the things that we put off doing? Well, some of us put off *rising in the morning*. 'There is plenty of time yet,' we think. 'We must just have another doze.' We shall easily manage to be in time.' And unless somebody comes with a wet sponge, or something equally unpleasant, the chances are we are late. The only really safe way is to get up when we are called.

And then some of you put off *studying*. You think there will be plenty of time to begin when you get into the senior classes, and are preparing for the university, or the office, or for whatever other career you may have chosen. Meanwhile, so long as you can have a sort of smattering of what is in your books, so long as you can have just enough notion of what is in the lesson to scrape through without getting into trouble, you are content.

Well, I am going to tell you this. If you wait till you get into the senior classes you will be too late. Even if you turn over a new leaf then—which is doubtful—you will find it ten times more difficult to work than if you had always been diligent, and you will also find that you have lost a great deal that you can never make up. You have wasted the one right time for laying the foundations of knowledge, and you can never get it back. And the loss of that time will hamper you all through life. 'There are three things which never return—the spent arrow, the spoken word, the lost opportunity.' We may find other things we lose, but never, never again shall we find the lost opportunity. The past is past and we cannot get it back, but the present is ours. Make up your mind that you will lose no more opportunities. Make up your mind that you will 'stick in' from this very day, and keep on sticking in.

Another thing we put off doing is *mending our faults*. A fault is just like a hole in a stocking, you know—the longer you put off mending it, the bigger it grows, and the more difficult it is to mend. 'A stitch in time saves nine.' We know we have been cross, or mean, or selfish to-day, but we think we shall be better to-morrow. And when to-morrow comes we are every bit as bad, if not worse. The only way is to start fighting our faults here and now, and then, with God's help, we shall get the better of them.

And some of us put off *being kind*. The bitterest regrets that people have in this world are the regrets that they have not been kinder to those who have been taken from them. Your parents and friends will not be with you always. Be kind, and loving, and thoughtful while your love can make them happy, for there may come a day when they will have got beyond the need of your love:

A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday,
It had brimmed with sweet the earth.

But the thing we should least of all put off is the thing most of us do put off—*serving Jesus*. When we are children we think we are too young to begin following Him, that it will do when we are older. Boys and girls, Jesus is the Friend of little children, and He wants the little children to be His friends. The younger you begin to follow Him the better—then you need never know the

pain of separation. All life isn't long enough to serve Him, and the best time to begin is now. Our text is taken from the story of St. Paul before Felix. Felix was the governor of Palestine, and St. Paul was his prisoner. The governor sent for Paul because he was curious to know a little about the religion he preached. And Paul preached such a sermon that the wicked Felix saw himself in all his blackness as he had never seen himself before. Just for a moment he hesitated between good and evil, and then he felt he could not give up his sins. He told Paul he would send for him again at 'a convenient season.' He did send for Paul again, but it was only to try to get the Apostle to offer a bribe for his release. We are not told that he was ever again moved to repentance. So the man who might have become a great disciple of Christ sank back again into his mean and wicked ways. His 'convenient season' had passed.

And now I want to give you a reason why we should not put off. I have given you a big one already several times over—because there is great danger that things put off never get done; but there is another—because it is *cowardly* to put off. You would not like to be called a coward, but that is what you are—nothing less—when you put off to 'a convenient season.' It means that you don't want to face up to things, and by putting them off you hope to escape them.

One day the late Mr. Spurgeon asked some young people why the lions did not eat Daniel. He had several good replies, and then gave his own answer with a merry twinkle, 'Why, of course, because he was almost all of him *backbone*, and what was left of him was *grit*.' That's just it. It takes 'grit' and 'backbone' to face up to our lions, the lions of the difficulties we would fain put off. You would not like to be called a 'softy.' You would like to be a boy or a girl of grit and backbone.

None of us will ever forget the story of Captain Scott's journey to the South Pole and back, of his magnificent struggle against overwhelming difficulties, and his heroic death.

In his last letter to his wife, which was written when the end was very near, he sent her some directions about the up-bringing of his little boy. And this is what he said:

'Above all, he must guard and you must guard him against indolence. Make him a strenuous man. I had to force myself into being strenuous,

as you know—had always an inclination to be idle.’

Boys and girls, that was the man who endured fearful fatigue, who made the longest journey on record in the Antarctic, who fought against most tremendous difficulties, and he says himself he

had always to force himself to be strenuous. Captain Scott reached the Pole to find another had been there before him, he died within eleven miles of safety, and yet his life is a glorious triumph, for he conquered himself. And what he has done, you can do too.

Is the Fourth Gospel a Literary Unity?

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I.

THE question of the literary unity of the Fourth Gospel can no longer be summarily dismissed, under Strauss's figure of the seamless robe. Attempts such as those of Spitta, Wellhausen, Wendt, Bacon, and others have both succeeded in emphasizing the problem afresh, and failed to reach any measure of agreement in the discovery of lines of cleavage. The present is an attempt to establish an hypothesis which has suggested itself as the fruit of some years' study of the Gospel. It owes much, needless to say, to previous discussions. In brief, the hypothesis rests on the position that in the Gospel as it stands there are apparently two disparate plans of construction. On the one, the incidents and discourses of the Gospel are grouped according to what might be called an ideal plan, in which the narratives and discourses not only in themselves reflect ideas about the Person of Jesus, but are grouped in order to illustrate certain aspects of faith in Him. This is the plan that governs the form and arrangement of what may be called the Johannine material (J). Another plan has been superimposed on this, a chronological one, which has for its object to give a historically connected form to the Gospel. Its author may be denominated R. The aim of R may be conceived as an attempt to produce a gospel which shall be more in harmony with that biographical and chronological form which to him is consonant with a gospel. Whether R is synonymous with the author of the Appendix (chap. 21) is a matter for further discussion. There are various indications that militate against this suggestion (see article, 'The Appendix to the Fourth Gospel,' *Expositor*, Series VIII. vol. vii. pp. 255 ff.).

The attempt will now be made to establish this

hypothesis of two plans, an ideal and a chronological, by an examination of the Gospel.

As a starting-point, we may take the unsolved problem of the historical place that is given in the Gospel, as we have it, to the story of the Cleansing of the Temple (2¹³⁻²²). The attempt to harmonize the Johannine and the Synoptic narratives by supposing that there were two cleansings of the Temple must now be surrendered as artificial. On the other hand, if the Synoptists are right, as undoubtedly they are, in giving to it the determining place in the *dénoûement* of Jesus' life, the place given it by the Fourth Evangelist is an indication that he could have had no real first-hand knowledge of the chronological development of events in the life of Jesus. Now it seems to the present writer that the position given to the Cleansing of the Temple in the Fourth Gospel is both deliberate and an important clue to the ultimate division of literary sources in the Gospel. J's purpose is not primarily biographical but religious and ideal. He tells us himself that it is so in 20³¹, and in 20³⁰ he similarly tells us that he made a selection, for this particular purpose, out of a large amount of other material that was available. His words in 20³⁰ seem to be not only an apology for reserve, but also a frank statement that his purpose is not biographical. His positive aim has been, by means of the use of a particular series of events in Jesus' life, and of His utterances, to produce a living faith in Him in the hearts of his readers. It may be that his readers are already Christian. The expression *iva πιστεύητε* may therefore indicate by the tense of the verb (as in 6²⁹ 13¹⁹ 17²¹) that the faith aimed at is a continuous or progressive faith, one that will grow, under the pressure of