

Point and Illustration.

EPITHETS do not stick now so easily as they used to do. We have tried to call our Prince Consort, whom we love more as the years of his departure lengthen, Albert the Good; the audacious but very prudent Emperor of Germany, misses no opportunity of referring to his grandfather as William the Great; and Westcott has received the singular title of the Good Bishop. But the people, by whom the question is always decided at last, take up these titles with more and more reluctance. We do not know if Westcott will be known as the Good Bishop. We can only show that he deserved it.

We can show this by touching his biography. It has been written by his son Arthur. It is published in two volumes by Messrs. Macmillan (17s. net). Messrs. Macmillan have published all Westcott's works, except the *Commentary on St. John* in the 'Speaker'; in the beginning of our knowledge of books and publishers we associated Macmillan with Westcott and not Westcott with Macmillan; and now the long list closes with this biography, which is a work of Westcott's as any that carry his name.

We shall not review the book. A collection of adjectives would entirely miss the mark. Westcott's son is neither a Boswell nor a Stanley. He is not a biographer. But he has done better for his father and for us than had he been. We may still have to make our own picture, but we have the materials for making it. 'When, at the request of his University, Dr. Westcott sat for his portrait, the artist found less difficulty in painting his features than in shaping his peculiarly sensitive fingers. And thus, too, for the writer it is easier, by quotation from his works, to convey an idea of his spiritual and intellectual power, than to give an impression of the fine tact which was equally characteristic of Dr. Westcott.'

His Goodness and Power of Work.—'I have already endeavoured to show how active an interest he would take in our boyish games, but the mention of that "long dark study in the old home down the lane" bids me say that, though on occasion my father proved himself a most delightful playfellow, in the ordinary way he occurred to us as a monument of industry, and, in all sincerity I say it, a pattern of holiness. It was his good-

ness and his marvellous power of work that most impressed us. When we came down to Prayers in the morning, we would find him writing away with a pile of finished letters before him, and when we went to bed he was working still' (i. 350).

His Anger.—'Only on one occasion have I seen him angry, and I mention the circumstance now, because I feel convinced that his lack of disciplinary power, which has been noted in the matter of his Harrow work, was due to excess rather than to defect of moral force. Conscious of his power, he was, I believe, afraid to let himself go, and so habitually exercised a severe self-restraint. It was in the early Peterborough days, as he and I were starting out for a walk, that in passing through the passage, which was then being tiled, he remarked to the man at work that he was not laying the tiles straight. The man contradicted him, and then my father said something which seemed to annihilate the culprit. I was astonished at my father losing his temper, but more astonished still at the effect of his wrath: the man trembled and turned pale, and I thought he would be falling down dead' (i. 351).

His Belief in Words.—'If I am to select one endowment which I have found precious for the work of life beyond all others, it would be the belief in words which I gained through the severest discipline of verbal criticism. Belief in words is the foundation of belief in thought and of belief in man. Belief in words is the guide to the apprehension of the prophetic element in the works of genius. The deeper teachings of poetry are not disposed of by the superficial question: "Did the writer mean all that?" "No," we boldly answer, "and yet he said it, because he said the truth which he did not, and perhaps at that time could not, consciously analyse"' (i. 26—Speech at Birmingham in 1893 on Prince Lee).

'I confess, as you know, to a most profound and ever-growing belief in words, and I should rejoice if all who might share in any such commentary as is proposed could bring to the work an absolute faith in language, and so in Scripture' (i. 207).

'That εἷς¹ in Galatians is one of the most

¹ Gal 3²⁸ πάντες γὰρ ὑμεῖς εἷς ἐστέ ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ, 'For ye are all one [one person] in Christ Jesus.'

wonderful syllables in the New Testament' (ii. 225).

His Interest in the Poor.—'An anecdote in the *Guardian* of a little girl buying a farthing's worth of pease for her day's meal. As many as forty in one morning at one shop in St. George's East, London. And we —. Who shall right the evils of society?' (i. 54).

'A description of England by a Spaniard who visited the country in 1803 was most startling. I must look at the book. It is easy to see how the grandchildren of those who were children then should be radicals now. And what was the Church doing? I wonder whether our eyes are open now' (ii. 10).

His Ideal of Life.—'You have often heard my views of life, yet hear them once again; for I should never forgive myself if I were to mar your happiness by representing my opinions falsely. To live is not to be gay or idle or restless. Frivolity, inactivity, or aimlessness seem equally remote from the true idea of living. I should say that we live only so far as we cultivate all our faculties and improve all our advantages for God's glory. The means of living then will be our own endowments, whether of talent or influence; the aim of living, the good of men; the motive of living, the love of God' (i. 145—in a love-letter).

'This morning, my dearest Mary, as I hoped, I was ordained deacon. In this the great work of my life is begun, and so in part of your life too, and may we both be enabled to discharge it with all zeal and diligence and love, "to the glory of God's name and the edification of His Church." Silence at such a time is perhaps better than many words—silent, earnest, effectual prayer. Henceforth I—and you with me, for our lives must be one—am pledged to be, as far as in me lieth, "a wholesome example to the flock of Christ." Who could undertake such a pledge save with such promises as the Gospel gives us? . . . O, Mary, I cannot tell you how I felt when I received the commission of my office. When the hands of the bishop and the priests were resting on my head, I felt as I cannot feel again. It seemed like a fire kindled within me, and indeed may it be a fire, ever burning clearer and brighter!' (i. 167 f.).

'At the most solemn hour of my life I promised that, by the help of God, I would maintain and

set forward, as far as in me lay, quietness, love, and peace among all men, and that I would show myself gentle and be merciful, for Christ's sake, to the poor and needy, the stranger and the destitute. I have endeavoured, with whatever mistakes and failures, to fulfil that promise' (ii. 389—from the last address to Durham Miners).

His Reverence.—'One of the chief features of his school life was his reverence. To see his pained face when any wrong or rash word was spoken was a lesson' (i. 6—from a schoolfellow).

'It was his delight to be alone at night in the great cathedral, for there he could meditate and pray in full sympathy with all that was good and great in the past. I have been with him there on a moonlight evening, when the vast building was haunted with strange lights and shades, and the ticking of the great clock sounded like some giant's footsteps in the deep silence. Then he had always abundant company. Once a daughter in later years met him returning from one of his customary meditations in the solitary darkness of the chapel at Auckland Castle, and she said to him, "I expect you do not feel alone?" "Oh, no," he said, "it is full"; and as he spoke his face shone with one of his beautiful smiles' (i. 312).

'Finding the Bishop struggling late and minutely one night over the draft of a service for the Dedication of Gifts in some humble church, his chaplain said, "Well, my lord, that congregation will not be a critical one; they are accustomed to anything." With a gentle, surprised smile, such as Elisha's might have been in Dothan, the Bishop looked up from his desk and said, "You forget: *who* are the congregation? We are only an infinitesimal part of it." The words, and the way they were spoken, will not be easy to forget' (ii. 327).

His Humility and his Dignity.—'The avidity with which, to use his own phrase, he would "guard the inheritance," formed a piquant contrast to his personal modesty. His satisfaction in the coronet round the mitre of the Bishop of Durham's arms as a witness to the past, and the vigour with which he would denounce its unauthorized adoption by the two Archbishops, contrasted quite consistently with his habit of sitting huddled up, with his back to the horses, as a personal protest against being the owner of a carriage; from the door of which, by the way, he preferred to have the said mitre deleted' (ii. 365).

'Seven years after his consecration he was discussing titles with his chaplain, and said how greatly he disliked the more than necessary use of "My lord." "I experience," he said, "the sensations of that man described in some southern

climate where elementary bleeding is practised, who has to sit on a stone in the river while a number of very little arrows are shot into him. Each one draws just a little blood. It is said to be wholesome, but it is certainly unpleasant"' (ii. 367).

The Teaching of Jesus concerning Himself.

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'Who say ye that I am?'—Matt. xvi. 15.

I.

THIS was our Lord's question to His first disciples; and this, by the mouth of Simon Peter, was their answer: 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' And in all ages this has been the answer of the Holy Catholic Church throughout all the world. In the days of New Testament Christianity no other answer was known or heard. The Church of the apostles had its controversies, as we know, controversies in which the very life of the Church was at stake. Division crept in even among the apostles themselves. But concerning Christ they spoke with one voice, they proclaimed one faith. The early centuries of the Christian era were centuries of keen discussion concerning the Person of our Lord; but the discussions sprang for the most part from the difficulty of rightly defining the true relations of the Divine and the human in the one Person, rather than from the denial of His Divinity; and, as Mr. Gladstone once pointed out, since the fourth century the Christian conception of Christ has remained practically unchanged. Amid the fierce and almost ceaseless controversies which have divided and sometimes desolated Christendom, and which, alas! still continue to divide it, the Church's testimony concerning Christ has never wavered. The Greek Church, the Roman Catholic Church, the various Protestant Churches, Lutherans, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Christian men and women out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation—all unite to confess the glory of Christ in the words of the ancient Creed: 'I believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God,

begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God.'

This, beyond all doubt, has been and is the Christian way of thinking about Christ. But now the question arises, Was this Christ's way of thinking about Himself? Did He Himself claim to be one with God? or, is it only we, His adoring disciples, who have crowned Him with glory and honour, and given Him a name that is above every name? To those of us who have been familiar with the New Testament ever since we could read, the question may appear so simple as to be almost superfluous. Half a dozen texts leap to our lips in a moment by way of answer. Did He not claim to be the Messiah in whom Old Testament history and prophecy found their fulfilment and consummation? Did He not call Himself the Son of God, saying, 'The Father hath given all judgment unto the Son; that all may honour the Son, even as they honour the Father'? Did He not declare, 'I and My Father are one'? and again, 'All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father: and no one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him'? And when one of the Twelve bowed down before Him, saying, 'My Lord and my God,' did He not accept the homage as though it were His by right? What further need, then, have we of witnesses? Is it not manifest that the explanation of all that has been claimed for Christ, from the days of the apostles until now, is to be found in what Christ claimed for Himself?

This is true; nevertheless it may be well to remind ourselves that Christ Himself did not thrust