

# THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

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## Notes of Recent Exposition.

THE first article in the *Journal of Theological Studies* for July is an article by Professor Sanday on the Apocalypse. It is a review of Professor Swete's commentary. At the bottom of the page Dr. Sanday names also Ramsay's *Letters to the Seven Churches*, Anderson Scott's 'Revelation' (in the *Century Bible*), Porter's *Messages of the Apocalyptical Writers*, the same author's article REVELATION in Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and two books in German—Weiss and Bousset. And he is occupied more or less with them all. But his article is a review of Professor Swete.

Now Professor Sanday is almost the only reviewer in our day (at least of theological books) who recalls the manner of Macaulay. We mean that he is almost the only reviewer who makes his review a permanent addition to literature. In some respects he differs, no doubt, from Macaulay. It was better for Macaulay if one had not read the book reviewed. With Professor Sanday it is not so good. For Dr. Sanday is most particular to deal fairly with the book he is reviewing, while Macaulay had no keen sense of that necessity. But in this, we repeat, they are alike, that whatever the book reviewed may be, the review of it is itself a contribution to that permanent writing which we call literature.

But in a review by Professor Sanday there is more than literature. There is humanity. There is that psychological interest which arises from the recognition of a book as something which cannot properly be detached from the man who wrote it. We have scarcely begun to read the review of Professor Swete's *Apocalypse*, when we find ourselves interested in Professor Swete.

'Dr. Swete,' says Professor Sanday, 'fully shares the great Cambridge characteristics. He is, to begin with, an accomplished scholar. Perhaps he has even more literary finish than any of his predecessors. Bishop Lightfoot would come nearest to him in this respect; but the bishop's was just a plain lucid style, which said with a maximum of clearness and effect all that its author desired to say. In the case of Dr. Swete there is a touch of gentle refinement—in reference to another subject-matter I should have said, of elegance—which goes one degree beyond this; it is personal to the writer. And there is one other personal trait that cannot be suppressed, however little it is obtruded. That is, the religious feeling which runs through the commentary.'

Whereupon Dr. Sanday quotes a sentence from the preface—the sentence in which Dr. Swete expresses his hope that his book may be found a

help to the poorer clergy, to the men who are scholars at heart but cannot afford to read a multitude of books. Dr. Sanday recognizes the 'depth of sympathy' that is contained in that sentence. But there is a deeper individual feeling in the work than that. Again he finds his example in the preface. It is the concluding words of it. For in letting his book go from him Professor Swete repeats the words of Augustine's prayer, which stood at the end of the preface to *St. Mark*, 'and is even more necessary here.' *Domine Deus . . . quæcumque dixi in hoc libro de tuo, agnoscant et tui; si qua de meo, et Tu ignosce et tui.* Upon which Dr. Sanday makes this comment. 'We know how even a quotation sometimes reveals the secret of a whole character; and it seems to do so with peculiar felicity here.'

Coming to the commentary, Dr. Sanday finds a great difference between Professor Swete's work and the work of the Germans. And it is not wholly to the Germans' disadvantage. Work like Bousset's 'is admirable in its kind. No one writer has really done so much for the understanding of the Apocalypse. With the exception perhaps of Sir W. M. Ramsay, all the English and American commentators are largely indebted to him.'

It is the difference, he goes on to say, between the specialist and the scholar. The specialist is intent upon discovery, upon getting to the bottom of the problems that present themselves to him. Bousset's book is eminently 'workmanlike,' but it does not aim at the finish and grace of diction, nor yet at the mild and wise reserve, which characterize Dr. Swete.

But it is neither in what he says of the author, nor in what he says of the book, that Professor Sanday reminds us of Macaulay. In these things he is too far ahead: in his reference to the author more responsive; in his estimate of the book more unselfish. It is when he passes beyond the author and the book and takes up the subject inde-

pendently. Then, though the scholarship is more and the reserve weightier, we are irresistibly reminded of Macaulay's manner of so handling his subject as to make his review worth reading for its own sake.

Now there is no book of the Bible for which recent scholarship has done more than for the Book of Revelation, and Dr. Sanday does not miss his opportunity. If the history of its interpretation were written in two chapters, the first chapter would end with the close of the nineteenth century. Whatever we are still to discover in the Apocalypse, we are never again to think of it as history written beforehand. We are never to attach the name of the Dragon or the number of the Beast to any person or institution outside the range of the writer's own political life. 'The broad meaning of the book,' says Professor Sanday, 'is now at last after all these centuries sufficiently clear.' The Neronian persecution and the enforcement of emperor-worship are 'the two main historical keys to the book.' For the rest, the canvas is filled in 'with the traditional paraphernalia of dragon and beasts and heads and horns, which were the common property of apocalyptic writings.'

As touching the emperor-worship, the pressure of that was not yet fully felt. But the writer saw it coming. This separates the atmosphere of the Apocalypse from that of the First Epistle of St. Peter and of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. When they were written—'there is still an element of uncertainty as to the exact date and the historical circumstances implied in the First Epistle of St. Peter, but there is practically none as to the Epistle to the Romans'—when the Epistle to the Romans, then, was written, the worship of the emperors was going on in the background, but, except in the excesses of a madman like Caligula, it was not obtrusive. When the Apocalypse was written, the imperial cultus had begun to be strictly enforced, and the writer foresaw that the pressure of it would soon

be greater than it already was. That is the first thing. That is half the motive of the book. For to this Christian prophet the worship of the Roman Emperor was idolatrous and blasphemous to the last degree. 'His whole manhood,' says Professor Sanday, 'rises in revolt against it; and he issues a trumpet-tongued appeal to all his brothers in the faith to join him in his resistance.'

The other thing is the Neronian persecution. That had taken place since St. Paul wrote to the Romans, and it had entirely altered the situation. Professor Sanday sees that it has taken a strong hold on the imagination of this writer. Had he been an eye-witness of it? Professor Sanday thinks he had. 'The tremendous chapters xvii. and xviii. seem to suggest that the writer had himself actually visited Rome, and seen with his own eyes its public places dripping with the blood of Christian victims.'

More than that, Dr. Sanday would like to think that the writer had been himself a sufferer in it. 'Of course,' he says, 'it is only a speculation, that cannot be historically verified; but I confess that in this connexion I should like to think of the story of St. John at the Latin Gate as having some foundation. The first evidence for the story is in Tertullian, who was well acquainted with Roman traditions; and there are local details in the story that go some way to invest it with verisimilitude. But the main point is that we should understand the impassioned language of the Apocalypse better if its author had been in the earlier sense a martyr or a confessor not at Patmos only but at Rome. And the details of the picture of "Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots," look as though they came from one who had himself stood at the centre of the imperial system (xvii. 2, 12-13, 17-18; xviii. 3, 7, 9, 15-19), who had moved about the crowded markets, and watched the ceaseless stream of traffic and the loading and unloading of varied merchandise. We may doubt if there is not rather more in all this than Ephesian experience will account for.'

A new interpretation has been published of the 23rd Psalm. It appears in a little book entitled *Life on the Uplands* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net)—a little unpretentious book, with no scholarship to speak of, and even somewhat clumsily put together. Its author gives his name as J. D. Freeman. What is its interpretation of the 23rd Psalm, and wherein is it new?

We shall see in a moment. But first of all we ought to have said that there are two interpretations of the 23rd Psalm this month that are new. The other appears in an anonymous book with the title of *Christus Futurus* (Macmillan; 5s. net). Anonymous, yet not altogether unknown. For the author of this book is the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. Its interpretation of the 23rd Psalm will not detain us, for it occurs quite incidentally in the chapter on prayer. Its newness lies in this, that the 23rd Psalm is brought into connexion with the Lord's Prayer, the two being printed in parallel column. The author's intention is to interpret the Lord's Prayer, but the interpretation of the Lord's Prayer becomes an interpretation also of the 23rd Psalm.

It occurs, we say, in the chapter on prayer. Now the author of *Christus Futurus* never speaks about anything unless when he has some new thing to say. About prayer he says that we do not understand what it is. We have still the Pagan and Jewish conception of it. In the days of our Lord it was believed by both Jews and Pagans that God had to be 'managed.' He acted arbitrarily. He gave or He did not give, as the fancy seized Him. Prayer was the way to manage God. If He did not give what was wanted at once, more prayer must be made to Him, and more agonizingly. Although not inclined at first to be favourable, He might, after much entreaty, be prevailed upon to grant the petitioner's request.

That, says the author of this book, was the Jewish and Pagan conception of prayer in the time of Christ. Christ did not give His sanction

to it. He opposed it. He told His followers that God is their Father, knowing what they have need of, and never in His dealings with them acting capriciously, but always according to the most regular and the most reliable principles of conduct.

So in the prayer which Christ taught His disciples there is no agony of intercession. All is calmness and confidence. It is so also in the 23rd Psalm. For the most part the Hebrew psalms, says this anonymous writer, are prayers of anguish and uncertainty. But the 23rd is a great exception. Did our Lord seize upon that exception and mould the Disciples' Prayer upon it? The instinct of the Christian Church has made the 23rd prime favourite from the beginning. It has not seen, we may be sure, what was hidden from Christ's eyes. So this author sets the two down together—psalm and prayer, in parallel column—in this way:

The Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want. He leads  
me in green pastures and  
by waters of rest.

He restoreth my life.  
He leadeth in right paths.

I will fear no evil.  
Goodness and mercy shall  
follow me always, every-  
where.

Our Father in heaven.  
Thy kingdom be within and  
around us. Thy will be  
done here as in heaven.  
Give us our daily bread.  
Forgive us as we forgive.  
Lead us aside from tempta-  
tion.  
Deliver us from evil.  
All things whatsoever ye  
pray and ask for, believe  
that ye have received them,  
and ye shall have them.

These two columns, then, become a kind of interpretation of the 23rd Psalm. And we think it is new. The other new interpretation is more deliberate.

It occurs, as we have said, in a small book entitled *Life on the Uplands*. The title is well chosen. For the newness of the interpretation lies in the way in which we see the sheep following the shepherd over the hill pastures, from one place to another, throughout the hours of a single day.

Mr. Freeman believes that the 23rd Psalm is the Hebrew 'Shepherds Calender.' Or is it not

rather the diary that the sheep keep? It records the doings of the shepherd and the sheep together for a single day. That day is the day of man's life with God.

Now the first thing that the shepherd does with the sheep in the morning is to make them 'lie down in green pastures.' How does he do it? Not by walking them and wearing them out, but by feeding them until they are satisfied. For sheep will go on walking long after they are weary, but the moment they are satisfied they will lie down. It may seem unlikely that early in the morning, as the very first thing in the day, the shepherd should be able to feed his flock so well that they will lie down satisfied. But that depends upon the pastures. If he gets them at once to green pastures, they will of their own accord—their appetites being sharpened by the morning air—eat and be satisfied, and lie down in a great content.

Now a day with the shepherd and his sheep in the uplands is the life of the believer with God. Its first act is the satisfaction of the soul with the things which He has provided. For the believer of to-day the great provision is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And Mr. Freeman thinks that no one who has tasted and seen how gracious the Lord is will deny that the very first experience of the goodness and mercy of God is well described in the first act of the Eastern shepherd's working-day,—'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.'

The next act is described in the words, 'He leadeth me beside the still waters.' 'It is the noontide hour. Sunbeams like swords are smiting the sheep. They pant with heat and burn with thirst. It is time for the shepherd to lead them to the drinking-place and cool them at the waters.' And then Mr. Freeman describes those deep walled wells which are scattered over the Judæan hills. The shepherd carries in his mind a chart of every well in all his grazing area. For the

streams are not safe. Either their beds are dry, or else they rush tumultuously down the hillside. The sheep themselves dread the mountain torrent, so likely to sweep them away. They are waters of disquietude, not of rest. So the shepherd leads them to the still waters of some deep cool well which is spring-fed, and he draws the waters forth himself.

This well is Christ. 'If any man thirst'—but there is no need to write the homily every time.

The third act is a noontide rest in the shade. 'He restoreth my soul.' For it is still too hot to expose the flock on the sun-smit hills. The shepherd leads his sheep into the shade of a great rock. Or perhaps some old fold is near. Or a tree is standing by, with its fluttering foliage. The sheep lie down to rest. Their strength is restored. They are ready for the long way that lies before them.

For the next act of the day is an afternoon climb on the paths. 'He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.' It is a long climb. The refreshment and the rest came before, and that was well. It is a path from pasture to pasture, and from fold to fold, and the way is often steep and stony. Have the sheep been this way before? They may have been; others certainly; for the way is well worn. But the shepherd does not leave the sheep to find the way. He goeth before them, and the sheep follow. The sheep follow, for they know his voice.

The way, we said, is often steep and stony. More than that, there are narrow gorges where the shadows gather even in the afternoon, where, as the sun goes westering, the gloom lies deep and dangerous. Through these darkening glens also the shepherd must lead his flock, and he must be alert, every sense on guard, for it is always an adventure attended with peril. 'Behold him, now, as, gripping his stout staff, and with every nerve at tension, he warily enters the glen, the

flock following hard at his heels. Cautiously he threads the gloom, interpreting with practised eye and ear each sight and sound and movement in the enveloping shadows. With his rod he smites the ground before him and to right and left. There the soft earth yields. It is the quaking bog where a sheep may speedily be sucked to death in the black ooze. He signals the flock to halt, thrusting back the eager leaders with his body, or smartly smiting a too pushful one with his staff. Nor does he lead them forward again until he has found the safe detour.'

There are rocks also that obstruct the way, and a wolf may be lurking here, while there a panther may have made its lair. Of what is the preacher speaking? He is speaking strictly of a shepherd in the East and his sheep. But he passes easily to the life of men. For the text is, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death'—not death itself, but the affliction that is dark as death—'I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

But now the sheep have emerged from the gloom. The sun is still moving toward the west, and the evening meal must be had before the darkness comes. Now a good shepherd seeks to make the supper for his flock the sweetest meal of the day. Do they remember the early morning meal? And if they were men, would they sing—

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?

That was sweet and satisfying, no doubt. But the evening meal will be sweeter still. 'I have seen a shepherd in the sunset hour call his sheep from the commons and turn them into the fenced field of clover that they might go full-fed to their rest.' 'Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies.'

'In the presence of mine enemies.' For it is the evening time, and the evening of the day, or of life, has its peculiar dangers. The wolf has come

forth; the robber creeps near; the vulture hovers over. Nor were the sheep ever so helpless as now. But the shepherd never was more courageous. The sheep have their evening meal under the very eyes of their enemies, for they and their enemies both see the shepherd, and to the one he is a savour of life unto life, to the other of death unto death.

Now the twilight hour has come. The evening bell is tinkling within the fold, calling the weary flock to rest. The shepherd stands at the door of the sheepfold, as in single file the sheep pass to their places for the night. Has the day been long, the burden and heat of it heavy? One comes with drooping head and weary step. The shepherd sees it, for he observes them every one. His low call makes the sheep lift its head, and lo! it receives an anointing. The shepherd does not carry the horn of oil at his side for nothing. Then he extends the cup which he has filled from the well by the fold. It is brimming with fresh, cool water, 'Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.'

'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' The sheep have passed within the fold. For the first time in all the day's proceedings the shepherd is behind them. He took his stand by the door as they entered, and he has stayed there. The sheep seem to lead now, the shepherd to follow. But they are within the fold, and they may wander at will till they lie down to sleep. The shepherd is behind them. He is there where the danger is, the only danger that can come to them now. It can come only if he should forget them. And he is goodness and mercy. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.'

To the series of books entitled 'The Scholar as Preacher,' a volume has been added by the Rev. W. M. Macgregor, D.D., of Edinburgh,

Its title is *Jesus Christ the Son of God* (T. & T. Clark; 6s.).

Now it is true that never a month passes without its volumes of sermons, and for the most part they lightly come and lightly go. But whenever a volume of more serious import comes, a volume that seems likely to take a place in the small library of sermon literature that endures, there are two questions which we must ask. This is the first: Is the preacher interested in Redemption, or is he interested only in Life? And the second is: If he is interested in Redemption, is he interested also in Life?

For a man who is interested only in Life may be a good man and a philanthropist; but he cannot be called a preacher. And a man who is interested only in Redemption may be a preacher certainly, but he is a preacher to whom no one will listen, and whose sermons no one will read. Dr. Macgregor seems to be interested in Redemption. The title of his very first sermon is, 'The Messenger and his Message.' Its text is, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.' He seems to be interested also in Life.

For when, in this first sermon, he comes to the opening up of his theme, he begins, not with the messenger, nor with the message, but with the hearer. And he says:

'What meets us first in the words is *an imagination of the hearer*. We are a race that waits; for the earth, with all its bounty, cannot hide from us the sense of something which has not come. The world is rich in kindness and in interest; we know the zest of work, we rejoice in the goodness of friendship; but not less do we find on every thing some touch of elusiveness, as if it did not give us all that it promises. Something of every question remains unanswered, something of every hope is disappointed. Men are not to be taken too seriously in the account which they give of themselves; for, behind the show of contentment

with life as it is and their preoccupation with work and society, there is something else which, in hours of naked feeling, is betrayed. There are longings in men of which they themselves are unaware, but at a word they leap into clearness; there are beliefs which slumber in "the dormitory of the soul" for years, but suddenly they start awake and take command of the life. There are men who have remained throughout a lifetime amongst low things, without the wish, without the power to climb; and yet, when the word of emancipation comes, it is welcomed with a childlike gladness, as if they too—these earth-bound secular creatures—had been waiting like spirits in prison, for the word that should set them free. That is the unanimous witness of those who have worked for men; and it surely tells of a race born with eyes though born in the dark, with an endowment wealthier than any use to which they yet have put it. We do not always know the direction in which the light is to be found, but experience teaches where it is not found; and many in the world are weary because of promises which have led to disenchantment. So many mornings have brought nothing; troubles and shocks which set the heart awake for awhile have brought nothing. Of that we are well aware. But with the disappointment, there remains a deeper sense. This thing is not yet what our heart has asked for, but there *is* a word, there surely is a word, and when it comes how different life will be!

The paragraph is a long one, but it answers our question. Dr. Macgregor is interested in Life. In the same sermon we might find an answer to the other question, Is he interested in Redemption? For Redemption and Life must both be found in every sermon. But we pass into the book.

In the second part of the book there is a sermon of which the title is 'Out of His Fulness. . .'. The text is, 'Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' We shall quote a paragraph from that sermon also, and it will be a still longer paragraph.

"How could Shakspeare be expected to be astonished at what he did every day?" says Hazlitt; "he knew of nothing within himself of which he felt it worth while to be vain. He would as soon have been vain of his power to put one foot before another as of his power to write the *Tempest* or *Macbeth*. It belongs to genius as to beauty to think little of itself." There are words in the Gospels which hint at effort, and specially that quotation which Matthew makes from Isaiah, "Himself took our infirmities and carried our sicknesses." Matthew was a friend with a loving eye, and he saw how quickly these overcrowded days were making his Master old. Nothing was cheaply done by Jesus; His life was one continual offering of Himself in which nothing was kept back. And sometimes when we look at the work of redemption as a whole, our hearts are touched with awe at the thought of what it cost. There is a look not of effort only, but of agony: "It was damnation," cries John Duncan, "and He took it lovingly." But it is no unfamiliar thing in human life that man or woman should victoriously conceal a burdened heart; *secretum meum mihi*—the heart knows its own bitterness. A widowed mother with her children has her hidden depths of mournful recollection, fears and conflicts which are the heavier as she has no one to share them with her. But when she comes from her chamber in the morning her face bears no sign; it is part of her fidelity that there should be no sign, but brightness and cheer and mirth. And so it was with our Lord. The hilltops and stars kept His secret; night by night He renewed that awful consecration of Himself; but when the morning came, and human needs along with it, the burden of redemption was no longer visible but the joy of it. And to this day there is no effort in the operations of His grace. "Its touch," as Faber says, "is health, life, resurrection, immortality. Its sole touch is its sole work." The impression which Jesus made on His surroundings is conveyed in that exulting phrase, "As many as touched Him were made perfectly whole." His way through the world had something of the character of a triumphal pro-

cession of the powers of life and gladness; for wherever He came, people who scarcely knew by what name to call Him, hailed Him as One who was clearly adequate for His chosen task of helping men. So He journeyed from strength to strength; He drank of the brook in the way, welcoming refreshment as it came, and He went with lifted head.'

The title of the volume, we have said, is *Jesus Christ the Son of God*. That title is not taken from the first sermon, or from any other. It is the title of the book. For while there is no question of its being a volume of sermons, and while each sermon is complete in itself, the volume gives an account of Jesus Christ the Son of God, and each sermon is in its place.

The volume is divided into four parts—Preludes, Forecasts, Impressions, Reflections. Of the Preludes, the first sermon, as we have seen, is the promise of the Messenger. The other sermon in that division is entitled 'Gladness in all Tenses.' Its text Dr. Macgregor has translated (and interpreted) for himself: 'Abraham exulted because he was to see my day, and from where he lives in God he has seen it and rejoiced.'

The Forecasts open with the New Covenant and end with 'the Better beyond the Best.' Then begin the Impressions. The Messenger has come. Beyond all that was conceived of goodness He is good. The texts of the Forecasts are all taken from the Old Testament; the texts of the Impressions are all found in the New. They are all found in the Gospels. For now Jesus Christ the Son of God has become flesh and is dwelling among us. First He is 'the Pattern of Saints'—'I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?' Next He is a friend of publicans and sinners. The third title is 'Out of His Fullness . . .,' the text being that answer of the Canaanitish woman (whom the men of the world call 'witty'!), 'Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.'

There are eight Impressions in all. The eighth is 'Knowledge and Access'—'And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom.'

The nine texts of the Reflections come from the rest of the New Testament. Is the ninth the expectation of the Apocalypse—'And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come'? No; that is but the eighth. There is a longer vision than that. It is the promise made to Saul of Tarsus. It also is a promise of the risen Christ, but it is made to the apostle who is to be sent far hence to the nations. The text of the ninth and last of the Reflections is, 'The things wherein thou hast seen me, and the things wherein I will appear unto thee' (Ac 26<sup>16</sup>). Its title is 'The Sea grows always greater.'

There is a controversy being carried on at present in *The British Weekly* upon the application to daily life of the Sermon on the Mount—of the Sermon on the Mount generally, and the Law of Retaliation in particular. It is a controversy that is always going on somewhere. But we do not say that it will never be settled. We say rather that it ought never to have begun. For the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount generally and of the Law of Retaliation in particular is perfectly plain to all men, and it has never failed to work satisfactorily whenever it has been put in practice.

Has it not very often been put in practice? That is quite true. The anonymous author of *Christus Futurus* says that it has never been put in practice, except on a small scale. 'No considerable body of men,' he says, 'have for any considerable length of time attempted in the power of faith to heal the sick, to restore self-control to the hysteric, to turn the other cheek, to forgive the criminal, to give the cloke after the coat, to agree with an adversary at all cost in order to avoid the tribunal of war. No large number of Christian



preachers have ever urged that social and national life should be conducted in the spirit of these injunctions. We face the teaching of Jesus, as we stand at the end of the second Christian millennium, an untried path leading to an unknown region of human life.'

Why have we not tried it? We have not tried it because we think that it is wisdom (and we hope that it is more than worldly wisdom) not to try such experiments on a large scale unless we have some unmistakable evidence that they will be successful. Well, says this anonymous writer, we have the evidence. If we have not the evidence of this very experiment, we have the evidence of other experiments that were also vast and dangerous. In truth, all the great contributions to the working principles of the race were experiments vast and dangerous. They were stumbling-blocks to the theologian and foolishness to the philosopher until they justified themselves in practice. Such was monotheism when all the world was polytheistic; such was monogamy when all the world practised polygamy; such was the education of the serf; such was the freedom of the slave; such, above all, was trust in the Cross.

The failure is due not to the want of evidence, but to the desire for it. When the first great experiment was made—say, a whole nation, hemmed in by other and more powerful nations which practised polytheism, determining to stake its existence on the practice of monotheism—when that experiment was made, there was no evidence to go upon, and the men who made it simply walked by faith and not by sight. We fail to practise the Sermon on the Mount, not because we can *find* no evidence that it will be successful, but because we *seek* for it.

But there is encouragement. If the practice of the Sermon on the Mount has not yet been tried on that extensive scale which would decide for all time coming whether it is workable or not, it has been practised again and again on a small scale.

And in all the records of history and of biography there is not an instance of failure.

The Master of Balliol is not a fanatic. We mean the late Master, Dr. Edward Caird. Dr. Caird has issued a volume of sermons. They are not fanatical sermons. He preached them at the opening of each term to students of the University of Oxford. Yet in one of these sermons the Master of Balliol undertakes to prove that if any man leaves house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for Christ's sake and the gospel's, he will receive a hundredfold *now in this time*.

Now in this time. When our Lord made the promise He added, 'And in the world to come eternal life.' Preachers have fixed their eyes on the addition. Dr. Caird is almost indifferent to the addition. *Now in this time*—he emphasizes that. And he undertakes to prove that no man ever yet left houses or lands—gave his cloke and his coat also—but he received a hundredfold—houses and lands, and coats and clokes—now in this time.

Dr. Caird, we say, is no fanatic. His book is called *Lay Sermons and Addresses* (Maclehose; 6s. net). This sermon is entitled 'Salvation here and hereafter'—we have quoted its text already. For this *is* salvation. If Christ came as a Saviour, He came to save us from grasping lands and houses; He came to give us lands and houses in return. Salvation does not consist in the abundance of the things we possess; it consists in the return of abundance of things for the things which we surrender. And if we did not get back houses and lands, Christ's salvation would be a failure and a fraud. We get them back a hundredfold.

Now here, it may be pointed out—it is pointed out by Dr. Caird—the two great motives in life which have separated men from the beginning, part company, and in parting go both astray. The one motive is the ascetic, the other the chivalrous.

The ascetic motive has induced men to abandon houses and lands and fathers and mothers and wives and children for Christ's sake and the gospel's. And that is good. But they have been abandoned without any thought for their restoration. And that is bad. Christ calls on all His followers to surrender wife and children for His sake and the gospel's, but He always says that their restoration is to be looked for. This is the meaning of the parable about the corn of wheat which falls into the ground and dies. Without this the parable has no meaning. If the corn of wheat does not bring forth much fruit in its death, why should it die? It should not die. It should abide, and be itself used up for nourishment. The hermit left wife and lands for Christ's sake and the gospel's. But he went out into the wilderness, where his 'death' could bring forth no fruit among his fellowmen.

The other motive Dr. Caird calls the chivalrous. It is the motive of the hero of the world. The hero of the world did not renounce, but rather idealized, the impulses of nature. He was one who lived for love and ambition, who was trained from his earliest years to assert himself against all

rivals, to yield to no enemy, to endure no slight, to do all, and bear all, for the sake of personal honour. Shakespeare gives us the natural utterance of such a character, when he puts into the lips of his ideal king, Henry the Fifth, the words:

I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

Well, the chivalrous motive is as utterly out of it with Christ as the ascetic. The hermit 'dies,' but brings forth no fruit; the chivalrous knight refuses altogether to die. He who leaves houses and lands for Christ's sake and the gospel's does so in the certainty that he will receive them back now in this time. He has the promise of the Master. And he has the invariable experience of men. For although the practice of the Sermon on the Mount has not yet been tried on a large scale, it is tried on the small every day. And we have still to find a single instance in history or biography or unwritten family tradition that is an exception to the rule of a hundredfold *now in this time*.

## The Sanctification of Christ.

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THE title of this article suggests immediately two passages in the Fourth Gospel in which the verb *ἀγιάζω* is used of Christ, viz. 'Him whom the Father sanctified (RVm "consecrated") and sent into the world' (10<sup>36</sup>); and 'For their sakes I sanctify (RVm "consecrate") myself, that they themselves also may be sanctified in truth' (17<sup>19</sup>). In the former passage the Father sanctifies the Son, in the latter Christ sanctifies Himself. The conception which we find in these two passages has its roots in the O.T. economy and theology. There persons (things, except perhaps offerings, may here be ignored) consecrated themselves to God, or were consecrated either by Him or by persons authorized by Him to His service. Persons and

things thus consecrated or set apart to holy uses became *ipso facto* holy (cf. Ex 30<sup>29</sup>). It is this idea of consecrating, of setting apart, rather than that of sanctification in the ordinary sense, which underlies the verb *ἀγιάζω* as used by Christ of Himself. When the reference passes from Christ to His disciples, as in the latter part of Jn 17<sup>19</sup>, there is implied, as a condition of the consecration, a purifying from uncleanness as unfitting for the service of God.

Stier, however, contends that 'in Christ's self-sanctification (Jn 17<sup>19</sup>) there must have been something corresponding to our purification and deliverance from sin, something which is the fundamental, essential ground of the latter, . . . a