

Entre Nous.

Professor Sanday.

On the 13th of October the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in Oxford was presented by some friends with a portrait of himself. In reply to the Vice-Chancellor, who made the presentation, Dr. Sanday said—

'When, upon a certain memorable day, I saw the Vice-Chancellor threading his way through the crowd at Carfax, and by his side my noble friend Robert Bridges in full Sunday costume, and just behind Walter Moberly in cap and gown, I little guessed what it all meant: I little guessed that they were in search of *me*, and still less that it was the outcome of a conspiracy on the part of my friends to present me with my picture. However, now it is an accomplished fact. Through the skill of Mr. Campbell Taylor the picture actually stands before you, and it is to be an heirloom in my house. I will ask for your kindly judgment of it. My brother, who is something of an artist, and can enter into the difficulties of an artist, thinks that there is much merit in it. One thing has been borne in upon me in the process of sitting, viz. that hirsute people have a quite unfair advantage in these matters. They are much easier to paint, and to paint effectively. I hope you will kindly make full allowance for this. Well, there it is. And I confess that, now it is done, there is something pleasant in the feeling, *non omnis moriar*, when the time comes, not all of me will be laid under the sod. There is a certain pleasantness in this; but what is still more pleasant—I may say far more pleasant—is that one's friends should wish that some permanent record of one should survive. This is all the more grateful in proportion as one has little hope of any other kind of immortality—I mean, of course, earthly immortality. I look about in vain for what Henry Vaughan called "bright shoots of everlastingness" in any other than a purely celestial sense.'

'What is there in anything of mine that should really enjoy more than a very ephemeral life? I am not a scholar, where a scholar comes. I am not an able man, where an able man comes. I am certainly not a good writer, where a good writer comes. I consider that a good writer is one who can write pointedly and well about any

subject with which he has a fair acquaintance, and at any time. I am very far from satisfying these conditions. I doubt if even my intimate friends know what an amount of trouble it has cost me to make many of my writings as passable as they are. Very often it is only by some happy conjunction of fate, by some kind providence, that they will bear inspection at all. If there is one thing that I can say for myself, it is only this, that I don't spare rough copies. And I owe not a little to those good friends who have been willing to look over proofs for me and give me the benefit of their criticisms. Perhaps the best that could be claimed for me would be a certain rightness of aim. Or "rightness" may be too strong a word. Of course I am criticised, both on the right hand and on the left. But that does not much move me. It may be the case that I see rather further, in one direction, than my critics on the right, and in another, than my critics on the left. In any case I have a strong feeling that, whether I am right or wrong, it has been a good thing that there should be somebody to take the kind of line I have taken.'

'I wonder if I may be allowed to say just a word or two about some of my books—such of them as may be considered to count on an occasion like this? First there are the two youthful productions, written while I was more or less engaged in parish work, *The Fourth Gospel*, 1872, and *The Gospels in the Second Century*, 1876. I am not ashamed of these, though the earlier book would be very much out of date at the present time, and the latter was concerned with a passing controversy. I have forgotten very much what there is in this second book, but I suspect that it would be found to contain the germ of most that I have been able to offer in the way of critical method ever since. I am afraid there is very little to show for the Durham period, 1876–1883; I was chiefly engaged in slowly building up the material which took shape later. I am sorry for it—and chiefly sorry because I am afraid that it is disappointing and holding in suspense the hopes of my friends at the present time—but all my building-up is really slow; it is a necessity for me to go over ground several times before I can produce a tolerable result.'

'When I was elected to the Ireland Chair, and through the kindness of Exeter College I was enabled to come back to Oxford, there falls in the early period of my tenure what is, I am afraid, the only work of mine that can be called strictly exploratory and scientific, my contribution to *Old Latin Biblical Texts*, Part II. 1886, and an essay on "The Cheltenham List of the Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament and of the Writings of Cyprian" in *Studia Biblica*, vol. iii. 1891. I believe that Dr. Hort already knew all, or very nearly all, that I made out about the Old Latin Texts, but to me it came as a discovery; and there was, perhaps, something of discovery in the treatment of the groupings in the MSS of the writings of Cyprian. On both points my dear friend Cuthbert Turner has since put the fine edge that he puts upon everything, and Freiherr Hans von Soden, son of the well-known Professor Freiherr Hermann von Soden, has treated the whole subject on an exhaustive scale. Within the last few weeks the same writer has also (if I may put it so) built upon our foundations in reconstructing the African Text; and in this he has rather anticipated what some of us were doing here.

'The little book *Oracles of God*, 1891, was a forerunner of the Bampton Lectures on *Inspiration*, 1893. The lectures were written during illness and convalescence and under considerable pressure—only through the indulgence of my college could they have been written at all—and, though they still enjoy a certain life for want of something better, they are not all that I could have wished. They are, for one thing, rather more eloquent than I like. Perhaps I may say that I have returned to the subject—I hope for the last time, or substantially the last time—because I feel that there is still something perhaps to be added another day—in the article "Bible" in the forthcoming volume of Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*.

'The art., or supplemental art., "Gospels," in the second edition of Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, 1893, was a first instalment of study on the Synoptic Gospels. But the principal product of the latter half of my Ireland tenure was my share in the *Commentary on Romans*, 1895. I hope it will not be forgotten, as it does sometimes seem to be forgotten, that only half the book, and half of such credit as belongs to it, is mine. I am

thankful that my part is not worse than it is; but it must not be supposed that I am really satisfied with it, because the latest editions have been unchanged. But to rewrite the book as it ought to be rewritten would be too large a task along with the others that I have on hand. This book, like everything else, was a long time in taking shape; for it, too, had what may be called an infantile forerunner in the little commentary for English readers in Bishop Ellicott's series published in 1878. I confess that it was a pleasure to me to see that the Theological Faculty of the University of Göttingen, when they gave me the degree of D.D. the other day, laid stress on the illustrations from Jewish sources (*Apocrypha* and *Pseudepigrapha*) in the commentary: such illustrations are common now, but we were rather in front of the fashion at the time when the book appeared.

'While I am on the subject I would ask leave to say just a word with reference to some remarks which lately fell from the Vice-Chancellor in his most interesting and illuminating essay on Matthew Arnold. I would venture, with all deference, to estimate rather more highly the value of that portion of Matthew Arnold's writings which dealt with religion. At least in my own case I am conscious of a very great debt to him, and especially in connexion with this book on the Romans. The defects in his treatment of religious subjects are obvious, but they can be put aside. The aspects of it which took hold of me were his unfailing freshness, his constant aiming at reality—the lesson of always trying to write "with the eye upon the object," the real religious experience, and not only what has been said about it—his genuine delight in all good things—the good things of the spirit as well as of the imagination—his frequent felicities of expression, and, in a word, the total absence of anything that was only professional and conventional. Matthew Arnold was, in fact, a conspicuous example of that lay theology which is to me very attractive.

'After my settlement at Christ Church there followed a little group of smaller writings, which I only mention because of the evidence they show of a new influence in my life, that of my never-to-be-forgotten friend, Robert Moberly. He opened my eyes to things that I had not seen before. There has never been a year that I have not constantly lamented his loss; and, so far as my

work is concerned, I think I most of all lament it now. In 1899 was published the most considerable of my contributions to Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, the art. "Jesus Christ," since reprinted under the title, *Outlines of the Life of Christ*. This is far short of what it might have been when it was written, and very far short of what such an article should be at the present time; and yet it is perhaps as good, and even somewhat better than I could have expected to make it. Since the date of its appearance I have had definitely before me the larger work that I have undertaken on the same subject. But I am sorry to say that there is as yet little actually on paper that is likely to stand in the ultimate composition of the book. At the same time I do not honestly think that I could very well have done otherwise than I have done. I will explain in a moment why. It is due to defects of mental constitution of which I had to take account. I found it necessary to attack the work to some extent piecemeal, by a succession of smaller volumes, for the most part occasional in their character, but all of them subsidiary to the main object. First there was *Sacred Sites of the Gospels*, 1903, which soon died a natural death, as it deserved to die; it has, however, I hope, been a considerable help to me. Then followed the New York Lectures on the Fourth Gospel, 1905. These were written under great difficulties in my *annus funestus*, 1904; and I hope this may be taken as some little palliation of their faults. In 1907 there was the rather composite book, *Recent Research on the Life of Christ*, which was again only a stage—and a temporary stage—on the road. I am afraid there is still one more volume of the kind—but I hope only one—to come, to be based upon the course of public lectures which I am to begin on Friday. I should warn you that they will be very tentative; but the experiment was one that had to be made. I shall try to improve the lectures all I can in the process of production. This will then leave me face to face with the one main object of the rest of my days.

'I must prepare you for the possibility that it may never come to anything. Whether it does will depend in part on the length of days allotted to me. I need not say—you will guess only too well—that I am constantly staggered at the magnitude of the task before me. And yet I have a kind of feeling, an "Ahnung" as the Germans would call

it, that—in spite of all the thousand things that may be said and felt to the contrary—it may perhaps lie in the books of heaven that I am to finish my task. I believe, with Hamlet and the Gospels, that "there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." I am not sure that this is not the most intense of all my beliefs. And if there have been any special providences in my life—and I am sure that it has been full of them—I cannot help thinking that they point in the direction of its being finished. In particular, I cannot suppress the surmise that, doubtless amongst many other good purposes that take effect in another world as well as in this, the year 1904 was sent to me specially in order that I might be less unfit to write what I have undertaken to write.

'I said a moment ago that I would explain why some things are necessary for me that would not be necessary for many other people. The chief reason among them is very simple—just plain shortness of brains. It is a secret—perhaps not a secret—that I know that I have told some of my friends before. I will undertake to say that my head is the smallest man's head in this room. Most hats go down over my ears. And the consequence is that the head will simply not hold as much at a time as it ought to do. I can't trust my memory. Data are not present to my mind with the clearness and precision that I could wish. And the formative processes are often sluggish. The fact is that I was made in most respects for small tasks, and I have undertaken a big one; there is the whole problem in a nutshell.

'And, as you have listened to me so long, I will ask you of your goodness to have patience with me for a few moments longer. What for others is matter of choice is no choice with me. I must husband my resources. I must concentrate. I must simplify life all I can—do you know, I can't help suspecting that if more of us were to try to simplify life it would be all the better for us. It seems to me that the modern world is like a man struggling with his portmanteau: he sits upon it, and stamps upon it, but the lock won't go to. We try to cram into life more than it will hold. However this may apply or not to others, it certainly applies to me. Therefore, I very much hope that my friends will forgive me if I continue to do, as since the year 1904 I have done—I mean,

drop quietly out of general society, and especially out of evening entertainments of all kinds. I hope my friends will not misunderstand me or think me ungrateful. I am really very much the reverse; I am brimming over with gratitude to my friends every day and every hour. But, to say the plain truth, the gaiety of nations loses nothing by the loss of me. I am really almost always used up and good for nothing at that end of the day. If all parties were by law held at seven o'clock in the morning there might be a severer conflict of claims. Perhaps such a law may come in as a sequel to the Daylight Saving Bill. If my friends will kindly let me go on as I am, it will certainly be (as it has been) much better for my health, and much better for my work. With this last petition I will close, and with the expression of my deepest and sincerest thanks.'

Driver's Genesis.

Messrs. Methuen have published *Additions and Corrections in the Seventh Edition of the Book of Genesis*, by S. R. Driver, D.D. (1s.). The pamphlet runs to thirty-six pages of close-set type, and there is not a lost line or a wasted word. The new notes of most importance are two of considerable length on the Egyptian and Babylonian Chronology, in which Professor Driver explains the grounds of the differences between different systems, and states those most recently accepted. There is a new date for Hammurabi, and here and there a reference to Professor Orr. But the pamphlet must be set beside the Commentary and used along with it.

Foi et Vie.

The Editors and Publishers of *Foi et Vie* are to be heartily congratulated on the successful issue on October 16th of the special number of their interesting magazine. They have made it a worthy souvenir of the fourth Centenary of the birth of Calvin. It is profusely illustrated. The letterpress contains articles on various aspects of Calvin's life, teaching, and character which should not be neglected by any student of the great Reformer. The price is 1 franc 50 (postage, 25 centimes). Paris: 48 Rue de Lille.

The Son of the Heavenly Chief.

The story of William Duncan of Metlakahtla is

told by John W. Arctander, LL.D., of the Minneapolis Bar; and it is published by Messrs. Revell under the title of *The Apostle of Alaska* (5s. net). It is a large book, plentifully illustrated; and it is just as good for the study of religion as it is for the romance of missions.

Think, for example, of the story of the White Christ. 'Mrs. Booth, a full-blooded Tsimshian at Metlakahtla, told Mr. Duncan that her mother had related to her, when a little girl, the following:

"At first it was entirely dark. There was no light in the world. The people could see nothing, but were groping around in a continual night. Then the son of the Heavenly Chief came down to earth, and the people complained to him that it was so dark. He said he would help them, and then light came. He travelled around for a long time, and helped the people in their trouble. He was so kind and good, and the people loved him very much."

There are other legends of like effect, but more drawn out and circumstantial. Where did they come from? All that the author can say about it is that it hardly seems possible for the Tsimshians to have been able thus to picture the Man of Galilee, just as He wandered about on earth, if those who first drew the picture had not seen Him with their own eyes, or received their information from some one who had.

I.H.S.

What is the meaning of the monogram I.H.S.? Any one you ask will answer Jesus Hominum Salvator. But that is not the original meaning. It is originally a Greek symbol, and the letters are Greek. They are the first three letters of the name Jesus, and were used as a common abbreviation of the name; just as the name Christ was often written with its first two letters only, and then turned into the familiar monogram ☧.

All this useful lore and very much more, and some of it more useful, will be found in *The Romance of Symbolism*, by Sidney Heath (Griffiths; 7s. 6d. net).

S. D. Gordon.

The Gordons are a great clan. There is a newspaper published in the capital of the Gordon country which for many weeks has been giving

columns of close print to the unravelling of their ramifications. But now that they have settled so freely throughout America, and have taken to the writing of so many books, who is sufficient to keep them separate? Let us fix our minds on one. And let it be the Rev. S. D. Gordon, the author of *Quiet Talks*.

The Rev. S. D. Gordon is the author of *Quiet Talks on Power*, *Quiet Talks on Prayer*, and *Quiet Talks on Service*. Last of all, co-operating with Mrs. Gordon, he is the author of *Quiet Talks on Home Ideals* (Revell; 2s. 6d. net).

What are the topics treated in *Home Ideals*? They are (1) the Ideals themselves, which are called God's tuning-forks, to keep the music of life up to concert pitch; (2) the Finest Friendship, which is called the rhythmic living of two together; (3) Home, where love reigns and trains; (4) the Finest Friendship's Finest Fruit, called the innermost holy of holies; (5) Father and Mother, God's fellow-creators; (6) the Babe, a fresh act of God; (7) Heredity, the influences that go before; (8) Training, the influences that come after.

The ideas are not ordinary, nor is the language commonplace. Under Heredity something worth saying is said about pre-natal prayer—the prayer of Hannah and the good it did to Samuel, the prayer of any mother and the good it does. And this poem is quoted—

Vaguely through my blood it moved,
Somewhat as a dream;
Then at times more sharply stirred;
In that pulsing stream.

By and by it sought to rise
Upward as on wings;
Save for it, my heart had missed
Touch with higher things.

Yea, and had it not been there
In my hour of need,
I had not withdrawn my hand
From a slavish deed.

Ah, the gifts that one at birth
From his mother gains!
This for me,—that prayer was wrought
Subtly in my veins.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustrations this month have been found by the Rev. A. Oswald Williams, Guilden

Morden Vicarage, and the Rev. J. M. Macphail, M.D., Bambah, India, to each of whom a copy of Dykes's *Christian Minister* has been sent.

Illustrations for the Great Text for January must be received by the 1st of December. The text is Rev 14¹⁸.

The Great Text for February is Rev 20¹²—‘And I saw the dead, the great and the small, standing before the throne; and books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books, according to their works.’ A copy of Law’s *Tests of Life* or Newton Clarke’s *Doctrine of God* will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for March is Rev 21¹—‘And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.’ A copy of Dykes’s *Divine Worker in Creation and Providence*, or Walker’s *Gospel of Reconciliation*, or Forrest’s *Christ of History and of Experience*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for April is Rev 21⁵—‘And he that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.’ A copy of Walker’s *Gospel of Reconciliation*, or Holborn’s *Architectures of European Religions*, or Geden’s *Introduction to the Hebrew Bible*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for May is Rev 21²⁷—‘And there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie: but only they which are written in the Lamb’s book of life.’ A copy of Walker’s *Gospel of Reconciliation*, or of Scott’s *Pauline Epistles*, or of Wilson’s *How God has Spoken*, or of Dykes’s *Divine Worker in Creation and Providence*, will be given for the best illustration.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful.

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