

as an independent section. For in the case of the other prophets, the first verse of the prophecy is cited and then, when the proof-text is needed, such other verse as indicates the period when the prophet lived.

The question whether Zec 14 is to be assigned to an early date is exceedingly difficult and this is not the place to discuss it: the suggestion of the *Seder 'Olam* is indeed revolutionary. But if the

early date of the *Seder 'Olam* itself is admitted, such evidence is well worth consideration. For if, as is generally held, it was first written after the death of Alexander the Great, it is not far removed from the Books of Chronicles, which contain the only reference to Zechariah *ham-Mebhin* whom the *Seder 'Olam* regards as responsible for Zec 14.

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Entre Nous.

The Cry of Dereliction.

Professor H. H. Farmer's sermon for Passion Sunday, in the February EXPOSITORY TIMES, and, in particular, the paragraph—'What then of the cry of dereliction?' suggests the question: Do we make sufficient allowance in our devotional meditations at Passiontide for the *physical* causes and consequences in the experience of Jesus upon the Cross?

I pass by the familiar fact that the Cry of Dereliction was, *inter alia*, a quotation from the Old Testament—Ps 22, just as the Last of the Seven Words was a quotation from Ps 31; but I cannot pass by the tragic fact in the history of science that, in the days before anæsthetics, a physical operation had, as one of its concomitants, a profound psychological depression. Before Sir James Y. Simpson introduced the blessed era of chloroform, Dr. John Wilson had to have one of his feet amputated, and he has recorded his experience as follows:

'During the operation, in spite of the pain it occasioned, my senses were preternaturally acute. I watched all that the surgeons did with a fascinated intensity. Of the agony it occasioned, I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words, and thus fortunately cannot be recalled. The particular pangs are now forgotten; *but the black whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close upon despair, which swept through my mind and overwhelmed my heart, I can never forget.*'

The italics are mine, but, surely, to thoughtful devotion the experience described sheds a valuable light upon the experience of the Sufferer on the Central Cross. If such a sense of 'Desertion' was engendered by amputation, surely crucifixion could mean no less. Hence the Cry of Desertion should

deepen our reverent sympathy with what the noble paraphrase calls 'The pangs of the Man of Sorrows,' and heighten our adoring gratitude to the Divine Love, that bore them 'for us men and our salvation.'

JAMES W. GARDNER.

Largs.

'Follow Me!'

"And they went to another village." Dear brethren, each time the Lord Jesus Christ starts out to continue His journey, the men and women who have come into contact with Him are faced with the problem of starting out with Him, or remaining where they are—without Him. . . .

'The Lord Jesus Christ . . . is no longer tolerated in public life, in the press or in the lecture rooms, and the youth organizations and training camps have cast Him out. The end of the Christian era has been solemnly proclaimed, and within a short time this proclamation will become a reality in every way. This is something that should not surprise us: Luther and many others before him prophesied it. This is the situation described in the phrase: "He went into another village."

'For some time past a carved wooden figure of Christ has stood in my study. I call it the "Oeynhausens Christ," because the artist, who took part in the Oeynhausens Synod, first saw Him there before his inward eye. The carving shows the Lord, who is bowed down beneath the weight of an invisible cross, setting out bent and sad from the Church where the congregation refuse Him obedience; for where that happens, He can no longer stay. The artist's eye had seen aright what the ears of the disciples heard: "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" . . .

'We love our nation: we must love it—we cannot and dare not and must not do otherwise.

But when things change so that the sword "reaches unto our soul," when the Lord Jesus Christ calls, then we must tear ourselves free of the environment that has denied Him. Many a young Christian who has heard the Lord Jesus Christ being slandered in the training camp has refused to listen and has said: "I will go out and help Him to bear the cross and the shame." . . .¹

Light.

'And the other picture which the Lord Jesus Christ holds up to us: "Ye are the light of the world": we hear these words and are reminded by them that we worry about something that ceases to exist in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. What are we worrying about? When I read out the names, a little while ago, did we not think: "Alas and alack, will this wind, this storm, that is going through the world just now, not blow out the Gospel candle? We must therefore take the message in out of the storm and put it in a safe nook."

'It is only during these days that I have realized—that I have understood—what the Lord Jesus Christ means when He says: "Do not take up the bushel! I have not lit the candle for you to put it under the bushel, in order to protect it from the wind. Away with the bushel! The light should be placed upon a candlestick! It is not your business to worry about whether the light is extinguished or not by the draught." We are not to worry whether the light is extinguished or not; that is His concern: we are only to see that the light is not hidden away—hidden away perhaps with a noble intent, so that we may bring it out again in calmer times—no: "Let your light shine before men!"

'Brothers and sisters, that is the strange pass to which we have been brought to-day. It has come to this: we are being accosted on all sides, by statesmen as well as by "the man in the street," who tell us: "For God's sake, do not speak so loudly or you will land in prison. Pray do not speak so plainly: surely you can also say all that in a more obscure fashion!" Brothers and sisters, we are *not allowed* to put our light under a bushel: if we do so, we are disobedient; but we have received our commission from Him Who is the light of the world. He does not need us as wicks, He can take other wicks as well, other men on whom He can set up His light as on a candlestick.'²

¹ M. Niemöller, *The Gestapo Defied*, 16 ff.

² *Ibid.*, 242.

Rejoice.

'A young academician, who has been in prison for weeks, writes to his people as follows: "Be cheerful and of good courage and do not worry about me. It is Advent, you know, and every evening, when the noise of the day dies away, I can hear the carillon from the parish church: Ye gates, lift up your heads on high. Nothing has changed—truly nothing—since Paul wrote from prison to the Philippians, Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice."'³

Children of Dockland.

What drove Nan Goodall from her college at Oxford to spend years in the heart of a Dockland parish where the air is fetid, pavements filthy, and no loveliness anywhere? In *Children of Dockland* (S.P.C.K., 2s. net) she gives the answer.

'All that we can do, all that we can teach, is not one hundredth part of what we owe these people, but their right, for we have stolen their inheritance. We must atone not only to them, but to the Crucified, for all that we have done and, more, for all that we have left undone. That is the motive power that has driven us on through our Dockland years, sent us to live among them and share their lives as nearly as we can.'

How can people be taught who are so limited, so unable to understand even the simplest thing outside their own experience? 'Many cannot write one legible sentence.' Much may be learnt from this small book about methods of approach. Here is one quotation: 'We bought an electric projector which will throw any picture, in colour, on to a white sheet, and in Holy Week we began our teaching mission in earnest. . . . The lantern was behind the sheet and we put on gaily coloured scenery. In the beam of the lantern stood those acting, all members of the Mothers' Union, and their shadows fell jet black against the coloured background. A narrator read the simple Bible story as the figures moved, and, from time to time a hidden choir sang a hymn. The audience sat spellbound.'

The attractive photographs are by the author's husband, the vicar of the parish.

³ *Ibid.*, 58.