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The Meek.

THE third beatitude, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' as given in the English version, is difficult, because it is not true to experience. Meekness implies weakness, and in the struggle for existence it is not the weak, but the strong and self-assertive who inherit the earth. Various explanations are given, *e.g.* the beatitude refers to some future age, 'when, through the growth of the Kingdom the ungodly are rooted out from the earth, the meek are left to inherit it' (Plummer). Morison thinks the beatitude has a political reference, and is meant as a warning against revenge. 'Such was the spirit, *i.e.* spirit of revenge, that was burning in the hearts of many of the Jews in reference to the Gentiles who had subjected them: and under its spur they were eager to enlist under the banner of the unconquerable Messiah that they might wreak their long-pent-up vengeance upon their oppressors. But, 'No,' said Jesus, 'that is not the spirit of the heavenly theocracy.'

Much of the difficulty disappears when it is observed that 'meek' is a very inadequate translation of the Hebrew and Greek words which it represents. The beatitude is taken from the LXX version of Ps 37^{11}, οἱ δὲ πραεῖς. κληρονομήσουσιν γῆν· where πραεῖς is a translation of עניו, but neither of these words connotes weakness but strength of character, and neither of them is adequately translated by 'meek.' Aristotle (*Ethics*, iv. 5) defines the πρᾶος as the man who is master of himself, who has self-control. βούλεται γὰρ ὁ πρᾶος ἀτάραχος εἶναι καὶ μὴ ἄγεσθαι ὑπὸ τοῦ πάθους, ἀλλ' ὡς ἂν ὁ λόγος τάξῃ. οὕτω καὶ ἐπὶ τούτοις καὶ ἐπὶ τοσοῦτον χρόνον χαλεπαίνειν. The πρᾶος, then, is the man who is not carried away by his emotions but keeps them under the control of reason. Nor is 'meek' an adequate translation of עניו. The word is applied to Moses (Nu 12^3), but the man who slew the Egyptian, who in anger smashed the Tables of the Law and lost his temper so fatally at Kadesh, was not a meek but a passionate man, who can be called meek only in the sense that he had strong passions which he kept in control. It is not easy to suggest a better translation, but 'meek' is inadequate and misleading.

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S. Matthew viii. 9.

IN THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for July, Dr. Cadoux and the Rev. George Farmer take exception to the interpretation 'a man in authority' favoured in my *Variants in the Gospel Reports*, quoted in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for March (p. 284), in preference to 'a man under authority.' The matter is a question of taste rather than of criticism. Whether the centurion was actually a Roman who spoke only Greek and Latin, is another question. He may have been reported in Aramaic. The thesis put forward in the little book referred to is merely that the bulk of the matter contained in the first three Gospels was at one time in an Aramaic dress, and that many of the variants in them are simply different renderings of this writing. In the present instance, may not even the Peshiṭta (which Mr. Farmer cites) mean, 'I am in place of the Government'?

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Entre Nous.

FOR THE MINISTRY.

A Guide.

He must be a man among men, the guide of pilgrims, the champion of right, the consoler of sorrow, the inspirer of hope—in short, according to Bunyan's idea, he must be the *Greatheart* of the Christian pilgrimage. Mr. Greatheart is the man-servant of Interpreter, the guide, conductor, and protector of pilgrims: 'I am,' said he, 'at my Lord's commandment. I have it in commission to comfort the feeble-minded, to support the weak.' Other work also has he to do at times, not more manly, but more resolute, for again and again there comes to him the call to go into action against wrong. 'I have a commandment to resist sin, to overcome evil, to fight the good fight of faith.' The Christian pastor, then,

in the character of Greatheart, is to be the leader of men, as manly as he is Christian, humanly touching life at all points, a living, large-hearted man among living men, women, and children. While being the preacher and teacher he is also to be the spiritual guide of human souls amidst the perils and perplexities of their pilgrimage. It is a great gift, and a greater privilege to be this wisely, and men are grateful indeed when they meet a real man, who, to use George Fox's phrase, can speak to their condition. Some men who are not ministers have this gift, and there are ministers who have it not. There is a divine art in dealing with men not to be learnt all at once, not to be acquired in lecture halls or from books, but on one's knees in communion with God, and in the daily experiences of life in living sympathy with men. It comes only in its fulness with the process of years, and with deepening heart-experiences of our own. It requires a large and varied knowledge of men, their motives, their sorrows, their temptations. The man who can do this well must be both loving and wise—loving with the love of Christ, wise with the wisdom of God.

1. He is an *Interpreter*. How is he to become so? For not only may God's command vary in substance; it may also vary in degrees of clearness. Sometimes the order is plain and unambiguous, as, *e.g.*, the order to Philip to go and join himself to the Ethiopian's chariot; sometimes God uses a code which must be interpreted, as in Peter's vision of the sheet let down from heaven. But in any case the receiving of the message, whether it be to our liking or not, and whether it be easily understood or not, means that we are in direct communication with God, from whom all these messages come. The tick-tick of each passing moment is the tick-tick of a recording instrument, through which God telegraphs to the attentive soul, and if the message is to be interpreted and acted on, the soul must be always waiting upon God; and as the soul (like the receiving clerk) grows in experience and aptitude for its work, the quicker and surer will it be in the interpretation of God's will. It will acquire a more delicate sensitiveness to His touch, a readier insight into His meaning; its ears will be opened to His voice, so that it will be able to say with great confidence, 'Speak, for thy servant heareth.'

Take one difficult case—the instruction of the growing youth in respect of his body. The sudden growth of the body, the beginning of powers so stupendous in their outcome, has its main seriousness in the lagging behind of the will in the race of development. When once we recognize this fact we see the cruelty of offering no guidance or enlightenment to him who to-morrow will be physically capable of fatherhood, while his will is still lingering in the outer courts of his childhood of yesterday. There is an inevitable instability of the elements of moral nature during this period of change which needs an infinite tenderness, considerateness, and wisdom of guidance. The child who has hitherto resembled one parent or another now reveals the whole world of subconscious relationship to the multitudes of human beings who make up the tangled skein of his past. Strange parts of dead great-grandfathers and remote uncles give fleeting expressions to his face, tones to his voice, and gestures to his hands. New suggestions of possibility of action dawn upon the watcher's eyes as these gestures and expressions recall the doings of generations dead and gone. It is no longer the well-known child of the past whose disposition we have so thoroughly understood; and yet it is that inexperienced child that we have to guide past this whirlpool of new impulses.

He who has stood on the deck of a great steamer on the river St. Lawrence as it approaches the La Chine rapids remembers the first sight of the roaring breakers, recalls the shiver at the glimpse of the jagged rocky needles projecting above the roaring foam. Then comes the racing of the swift waters, the clutch of the great maelstrom which drags the vessel down sideways till its deck edge is nearly level with the wave-crest, the lightning speed direct upon the projecting rocks. What a relief to look at the statuesque figure of the Red Indian pilot on the bridge in his moccasins and feathers at the move of whose finger the helmsman steers, the great ship swerves, sweeps past the peril, skirts the reefs unharmed, and emerges, often without a single foam-fleck upon its deck! So that at this stormy time of life there is a Pilot who never makes a mistake, but it is we who have to stand at the wheel to interpret. The illustration fails, for the ship of youth has a will of its own; but its picture is near enough to bring home to us the supreme need of courageous

guidance without panic or fuss in order that the Great Pilot may lead to the sunny waters of calm and progress beyond.

2. He is a *Pastor.* And here the essential thing is that the sheep of his pasture have to be led, not driven. It is a commonplace that a minister is a leader, and yet not every minister knows how to lead. In other words, he is not a good pastor. Some ministers try to drive. Their fatal weakness is an inability to see that shepherds cannot drive. Such men are always cutting, lashing, forcing, and therefore always getting into trouble. They are continually quarrelling with their people, and for no other reason than that they do not know how to lead. They push and do not draw, they shove and do not woo. They believe in propulsion and not in attraction. They lack the magic of the shepherd touch. They do not know human nature, they do not realize that men, like sheep, must be led.

A pastor must always go in advance of his people. He must lead them in thought. It is tragic when a minister is not the intellectual leader of his people. If his conceptions are the conceptions of the average man, if his ideas are the safe and commonplace ideas of the general community, if in his attitude to great reforms he is not in advance of the crowd, if in pulling down strongholds of evil many are more aggressive than he, he is not a shepherd. A minister who does not lead is shirking a capital branch of pastoral work. His people would follow if he would only lead them. But he hides himself in the middle of the flock, and often lags in the rear.

Sometimes he is not a leader even in parish enterprise. He does not teach his people how to work. Men and women, no matter how gifted and well meaning, do not know how to do Christian work unless instructed. The work lies in masses all around them, but they will not take hold of it unless their hands are trained. The doors of opportunity stand open, but the average Christian will not enter unless encouraged. It is surprising how much work any congregation of Christian people will accomplish if only they have a leader. A leader is not an exhorter, or a scolder, or a declaimer, but a man who goes ahead and points out the particular things which ought to be accomplished, and not only points them out, but also shows in what manner they may best be done. Some ministers can see a huge work which ought to be attempted, but they cannot lead their people into it. They can describe critically the strategic nature of the battle that ought to be fought, but they never get their people on to the battlefield. They are visionaries, dreamers, but not shepherds. They do not lead. No one is really a leader whom men do not follow.

3. He is a *Confessor.* Spiritual guidance is what the people have a right to look for and to expect. They are to-day, thank God, expecting a high standard. They want their guides to be men of spiritual power, able to direct and advise them individually in spiritual things. Needless to say, they want men of integrity and honesty, men of power and weight, thoughtful, serious, hard-working men, but they want also men of spiritual power, men of prayer and holiness of life, men who know something of theology.

(1) It is not guidance which men resent, but over-guidance, not help and comfort and advice in spiritual matters, for we all need this at times, and life would be almost insupportable without it. But they resent, and rightly resent, being *driven.* Still more they resent, and rightly resent, being priest-ridden. The hard ecclesiastical 'must'—the hammering in of the 'law of the Church' with a hard, rigoristic, unsympathizing hand—all this goes against the grain, and why? Why but because men and women are men and women and not *things*, and if you would help men you must respect their humanity and their personality, their intelligence and free will. In the exercise of authority, in the exercise of spiritual guidance, the ideal must ever be *parental.* If the clergy are physicians of the soul, they are also spiritual *fathers*; and parental guidance or authority, wherever it has not lost its best characteristics, is always considerate, temperate, kindly, gentle, wise-hearted, and, above all, full of love. Its language is evermore you *ought* rather than you *must*; so in the exercise of authority, in giving spiritual guidance and direction, the clergy have to be considerate, to 'commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God,' not riding rough-shod over prejudices—however apparently unreasonable—but exercising that great virtue which St. Paul puts first of all among signs of a true apostleship—*patience.*

(2) Again, to guide rightly we must only point. If we are guides in the spiritual life, to whom do

we guide? The answer must always be the same. We guide men to our Lord Himself, the only true Guide of souls—the *Pastor Pastorum*—the Good Shepherd. The true guide of souls will never guide to himself—spiritual guidance by the clergy is not a substitute for the guidance of the Holy Ghost—but will seek evermore to put his penitent into personal relation and contact with our Blessed Lord Himself. It is here, surely, that we touch another danger of ministerial guidance. No soul that comes to us for help must be taught to lean on *us*. The *end* of guidance is to strengthen the moral faculties, not to weaken them. It is not to 'overrule the action of the individual conscience, or to enslave the judgment,' but 'the desire which must ever be at the heart of a pastor with regard to those under his care, is to elevate the character; to strengthen the latent powers; to develop the energies of self-control; to develop and aid, not paralyze and hamper, God's own work in the soul, making it more dependent on His guidance, more trustful of His mercy . . . enabling it to live more perfectly in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free; to be stronger and healthier in itself.' Above all, it must never interfere with the inalienable responsibilities which belong to the individual soul. The mother guides the child in helping it to walk—she takes it by the hand—but she takes it only for the time till it can walk alone; so the end of guidance is to teach the soul to do without guidance—to walk alone.

(3) The aim of all guidance is to help the one who is guided to become his *best self*: it is not to change him into some one else or to turn him out in a mould—that is miserable—but it is to enable him to become really himself. Peter becomes Saint Peter, and he is evermore quite different from St. Paul, but both are saints. So, above all things, we have to respect personality, for no two characters are quite alike. Each one is intended to reflect and illustrate some ray of the Divine perfection, and to be different from every other. You will remember in this connexion the beautiful imagery of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, when speaking of the Holy Spirit. He is, he says, like the rain. It comes down to the earth: it is everywhere the same rain, but it looks different—it is red in the rose, blue in the hyacinth, white in the lily, and green upon the grass—and it perfects each according to the law of its own creation. So it is with the Holy Spirit. He comes down to us and dwells within us in order to fashion each soul according to the law of its own creation into the perfection which God designed for it.

LITERATURE.—W. T. A. Barber, *The Unfolding of Life*, 1917; G. Body, *The Guided Life*, 1893; J. Brown, *Puritan Preaching in England*, 1900; T. T. Carter, *The Spirit of Watchfulness*, 1899; F. J. A. Hort, *Village Sermons*, ii. 1905; C. E. Jefferson, *The Ministering Shepherd*, 1912; R. Veitch, *The Church of To-day*, 1909; B. Mathews and H. Bisseker, *Fellowship in Thought and Prayer*, 1919; *Report of the Church Congress*, 1902 (B. W. Randolph).

A TEXT.

Gal. ii. 20.

Preaching at the City Temple on January 5th, the Rev. F. W. Norwood said we had done an injustice to Paul in emphasizing the theory he wrought out instead of the great fact that was behind all his thinking. It was not the death of Christ that saved, but His life, the fact that the risen Christ meant a living, eternal spirit. 'May I put it in this personal way?' said Mr. Norwood, 'I spent two years with the troops. I did not run very special risks, and I did not endure any hardships worth mentioning. Yet it changed my whole life. Nothing ever affected my life so much. There was a sense in which I seemed to die with the men who were dying all around. A decree of fate, the will of God—explain it how you will—but there was a feeling that in all this inscrutable mystery you died with the others. Even though your life was spared, you felt like a dead man; then you felt as if there was a new life, its outlook changed, its temper changed. There were some things you never could do again. The kind of things that brought about the war you never could be interested in again: that blatant, foolish, so-called patriotism which is nothing but insularity and vulgarity could never be tolerated any more; you were dead to it. Those sectional passions which divided the nations and precipitated them into the arena of the struggle—you died to them. You came out of that thing like a resurrected man, with a new vision, a new passion. You could honestly say you reckoned yourself to be dead unto some things and alive unto others. Surely it was in some such way that Paul thought of Jesus.'

SOME TOPICS.

Dr. Peake and Dr. Forsyth.

In *The Holborn Review* Dr. A. S. Peake writes reminiscently of Dr. P. T. Forsyth. 'I remember once when a theological Conference was being held at Lancashire College quite a number of us sat after supper in the common room. Many stories were told, and when I met Dr. Forsyth next morning he told me that one of mine was the only one he remembered. It is a story which is better heard than read, but I narrate it for the benefit of those who may not know it. A stranger met a little boy crying as if his heart was broken. He asked him what was the matter. Shaken with sobs, the boy said, "Father was knocking a nail in the floor and he hit his thumb." "Oh!" said the stranger, as he felt for a penny, "what a good sympathetic little boy you are to cry because your father hit his thumb." Struggling with a fresh paroxysm of tears the boy managed to reply, "I didn't cry: I laughed."'

This One Thing I do.

Of the ministry of the Rev. Alexander Murray it was said by one of his members: 'He was aye efter the main thing.' The main thing was the salvation of some person's soul.[1]

Brother Lawrence in Scots.

'One old woman who lived alone, and in whose house services were often held, declared that "Jesus had become so real to her that she jist cracked a' day wi' Him." As she went about her few household duties, she sometimes looked up expecting to see Him at her "shouther."'[2]

Perhapser it was.

We live by probabilities. The statement of them is the difficulty. Butler should have turned to the children. 'In the comparison of adjectives analogy-formations are frequent with all children, *e.g. the littlest, littler, goodest, baddest, splendider*, etc. One child is reported as saying *quicklier*, another as saying *quickerly*, instead of the received *more quickly*. A curious formation is "P'raps it was John, but *p'rapser* it was Mary."'[3]

The Threepenny.

'Referring to the old Boer farmers and their isolation, he says: "There are still very few people in the countryside, though it is not so lonely as in the old days, when the Dutch farmer was not satisfied to have a neighbour that he could see; if anyone came between him and the horizon, he trekked — it was a congested district!" And later, he says of the Transvaal coinage: "The smallest coin in circulation is a threepenny-bit. What an advantage an arrangement like that would be to us on Sabbaths!"'[4]

The Third Time.

'Charles Davey's third theological year was taken in London, at the Presbyterian College in Queen's Square, now removed to Cambridge, one of his old professors, Dr. Gibb, being still alive when the present writer went up to that university in 1909. Professor Elmslie, beloved by all who knew him, was another of his professors, as was also Dr. Graham, of whom a great many humorous stories were told. One of these is, perhaps, worth reproducing here, as I am not sure that it has appeared elsewhere in print, and it is a story which Dr. Davey often told with relish. The students of the college were very fond of Dr. Graham's preaching, and used to go to hear him when opportunity offered. One student, who had gone three times in succession to hear him in different parts of London, was rewarded on each occasion by the same sermon. After the third service, he made his way to the vestry to tell Professor Graham that his students were in the habit of coming to hear him when they saw his name advertised, and he dwelt upon the fact that he had now heard him three times running, and each time from the text, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" The disconcerting answer of the preacher was to continue the passage, "and Peter was *grieved* when the Lord said unto him *the third time*, Lovest thou Me?" The student retired.'[5]

The Humour of a Philosopher.

Edward Caird had no small talk, but being a Scotsman he had the sense of humour. His biographers have made some references to it.

He and W. Esson, another Oxford don, were travelling in Belgium. 'It is my misfortune,' says Esson, 'that I have a more vivid memory of humorous than of serious events. How the confusion of tongues came upon him at Antwerp, and

[1] *In Remembrance: Rev. Alexander Murray, M.A.*, p. 61.
[2] *Ib.* p. 57. [3] Jespersen, *Language*, 129.
[4] *Memoir of Charles Davey, D.D.*, p. 149. [5] *Ib.* p. 25.

asking the waiter, "Avez-vous . . . zwei Betten!" he received the answer, "Yess, zare, we āve!"'

This is Scottish humour: 'During his tenure of the office of Master of Balliol, he was induced to read a paper at a meeting of a philosophical society in Oxford. He found something to commend in the comments of all the speakers except ——'s. Of him he said not a word. On the way home with one of the College tutors he was very silent until they reached the door of Balliol Lodge, when he turned round and said, "I was glad to get that shot at ——."'

Caird was interested in Mr. Forster's (spelt 'Foster' in the biography) Education Bill. 'It gave to women, for the first time, the right to sit as members of School Boards. He took a leading part in persuading his fellow-citizens to cast their votes for the women candidates. But on this matter he failed to carry with him his friend and fellow-progressive, Professor Nichol, who was hardly less active on the opposite side. And their influence, at least as regards one of their colleagues —the charming and punctilious James Thomson, brother of Lord Kelvin—was so evenly balanced that he spent the School Board election day consulting them alternately, finding scruples against each course in turn. He ended the day by a visit to Nichol, rejecting his advice, resolving to vote, and driving wildly to the polling booth to find it just closed.'

Here are three of Caird's sayings—

The first he quoted from Ferrier: 'It was important that philosophy should be true and it was important that it should be reasoned; but it was more important that it should be reasoned than that it should be true.'

The other two are his own: 'University honours are good things, but once achieved they should never be mentioned again.'

'A man who goes thro' the world nowadays without doubt, mustn't he be, in Aristotle's language, either a god or—the other thing?'

NEW POETRY.

Walter Leaf.

As a respite from the pressing occupations and anxieties of the War, some turned to one thing, some to another. Mr. Walter Leaf took to translating Mackail's *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology* into English verse. 'A large proportion of the work of love was done in the "daily bread" trains which conveyed me between my country home and my office in the City.' After the War he received Paton's monumental edition of the entire Anthology; but he found 'Mackail's selection so admirably done as to leave but few gleanings of equal value to those he has chosen.' And now in a charmingly attractive thin volume (green cloth and green-tinged label) Mr. Grant Richards has published *Little Poems from the Greek* (5s. net). This—to take just one example —is from Antipater of Sidon. Did it suggest St. Paul's 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die'?

HIS PLAN OF LIFE.

The prophets tell me I must die
In early youth.
Well, well, Seleucus, what care I
Though this be truth?

Some day we all must pass below;
If I am sped
Sooner, the sooner shall I know
The mighty dead.

Bring wine! The bowl shall be my horse
Upon the road,
To make more light the weary course
By footmen trod.

Violet Jacob.

Messrs. T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh have issued a second series of *Northern Numbers*, being representative selections from certain living Scottish poets (6s. net). And they have issued it in that attractive artistic style with which as a Publishing House they are identified. The editor is C. M. Grieve. The selection is a triumph for Scotland as well as for the editor. There are sixty-five poems in the book and there is not a weak poem among them. The authors are for the most part known, but there are new names also. How to choose an example is the puzzle. Let us try this by Violet Jacob:

TAM I' THE KIRK.

Oh, Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',
When a body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the buik o' the
Word afore ye
That was growin' braw on its bush at the
keek o' day,
But the lad that pu'ed yon flower i' the morn-
ing's glory,
He canna pray.

He canna pray; but there's nane i' the kirk will
heed him
Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o'
the wa',
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie
gied him—
It an' us twa!

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt
raises,
He canna see for the mist that's afore his
een,
And a voice drouns the hale o' the Psalms and
the Paraphrases,
Cryin', 'Jean, Jean, Jean!'

P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D.

Canon Sheehan's *Poems* (Maunsel & Roberts; 3s. 6d. net) are Irish all of them and some of them are keenly patriotic. More than that, the patriotic are prophetic:

In thy bosom, O my country! are the fairest
flowers unfolding,
Every lifted cloud of sorrow falls in flowing
light on thee,
For thy faith at length availeth,
And thy love-smile still unbroken
Sways each present sign and token
As the sea-wind sways the sea.

That is a verse from the Ode Triumphal with which the volume opens. In a different atmosphere is

WHERE MEN WORSHIP.

I saw you, O my Sister, at the ball,
A muskrose nestled in your raven hair,
I saw you sweep the music-haunted hall,
And you were queen, yet pure as you were fair.
But, Sister mine, I did not love you there.

I saw you, O my Sister, by the hearth
A flame leaped up, and crimsoned all your face,
And rubied too the dainty little birth,
That nestled in your breath with such sweet
grace.
Ah, Sister mine, I think I worshipped there.

I saw you, Sister, by the bed of Death.
Dusk were your robes, and tear-swol'n were
your eyes,
I thought I heard the dead with one last breath
Bless you, and beckon to the opened skies.
Ah, Sister mine, I think I loved you there!

Salvation and Loss in the Story of Zacchaeus.

BY THE REVEREND ARNOLD BROOKS, M.A., EDINBURGH.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has defined the task of criticism as 'the endeavour to see the object as in itself it really is.' To no one does this task present greater difficulties than to the student of the Gospels. Ecclesiasticism has long claimed the exclusive right to interpret Jesus of Nazareth. His history has been read in the light of dogmas now universally discredited, yet never to this day explicitly disowned by any Church claiming the name of orthodox. Protestantism and Rome were long at one in maintaining the following beliefs:

(1) The whole Bible was the infallible word of God.

(2) The fall of man as related in Genesis was an actual historical fact.

(3) As a result of the sin of Adam, the whole human race was condemned to endless torment in eternal fire.

Until about the middle of the nineteenth century, the life of Jesus was read in the lurid light of the absurd and monstrous assumptions above stated. The Christian Church had for centuries, *if its formal theology expressed its real convictions*, worshipped the devil instead of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; for if God really condemned the whole human race to endless torture, because Adam ate the forbidden fruit in Eden, surely His character is hard to distinguish from that of the devil. In what respect would the ingenious revenge of the most wicked fiend differ from a decree which the Churches have so long blasphemously ascribed to the Divine Justice?