

infirmities, the hostility of neighbours, etc., etc., would be recognised as conditioning actual observance. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Kennett, Hölscher and Welch for their fresh treatment of the problem of Deuteronomy, but, in spite of all that they have said, we shall, it seems to me, do well to trust in the main the account given to us in 2 Kings 22 and 23 and to believe that "the book of the Covenant," which is said to have led to the reformation under Josiah, was at least the main part of the present Book of Deuteronomy.

J. BATTERSBY HARFORD.

JESUS AND ART.

OF this power of imagination by which a man not only takes his stand beside another, but puts himself in his place, Jesus was possessed to a degree that is but seldom realized. It is like the emergence of a new thing in the life of humanity, as though it were a new organ added to the stock, or one long hidden brought to light! In any case it stood as far above the range of sympathy as genius stands above that of talent, or as creative art above that of common sight and sense. And it was this great power that operated in his looking out for, or in his welcome to, sinners, and in his mission to the publicans, and in his self-identification with the "least" and with the "lost" among man. In a deeper sense, it would seem, than St. Matthew takes the saying to mean, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

"Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" was the enthusiastic greeting with which he received Nathanael, a greeting born of his insight both into "the man in every man," and the struggle in this man while under the fig tree, in which he had overcome the lower by the higher self, the Jacob by the Israel. And when the wonder of

Nathanael and his homage were thus aroused, Jesus went on to expand his welcome to the one into a promise to the many. "*Thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye shall see heaven open wide, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.*" Which was the vision Jesus beheld at his baptism, the light burning in his own soul and ready to be revealed to all his followers, enabling them to "see" their brethren and his.

There is another instance of this visionary power in the preceding passage, where it is told that "in the morning Andrew finds his brother Simon. . . . He brought him to Jesus ; Jesus gazed at him, and said, *Thou art Simon, the son of John, thou shalt be called Cephas*" (meaning "Peter" or "rock"). To the intent eye of Jesus searching and seeing him in the light of the open heaven, there appeared the promise of something stable like a rock in this child of the Galilean sea, something that bespoke the potential man of steadfast faith and fortitude in the actual man of shifting impulse and desire. A promise which was not belied. Now these reminiscences and others in the Gospel of St. John are all in accord with the portrait of Jesus unfolded in the earlier Gospels. To begin with, one may point to the Beatitudes, every one of which tells not only of the pursuit of a rare and lofty virtue possible to men but of the prospect of a rare and lofty bliss, the bliss of sonship and the sight of God. And it is surely significant that Jesus no sooner began to preach than these ideal sayings burst like music from his lips. Hence it would be true to say that the Beatitude strikes the keynote both of his gospel and of his radiant life among men. For the same spirit which broke into such enraptured language on the mount found expression again and again, as, e.g., in his meeting with the paralytic, and with the Gentile centurion, with the Syrophenician

woman, and with the woman in Simon's house of whom he spoke in words which will never pass away. "Let her alone; why do you trouble her? It is a beautiful thing she has done to me." Nothing, indeed, is so characteristic of his speech and of his spirit as the Beatitude. It is the tone as well as the undertone of his whole being; his atmosphere, his accent and achievement all in one. Had there been but a single beatitude, a single moment of such lively joy as at the return of the seventy one might have taken it to be but a passing transport, a fitful smile flitting across the face of the man of sorrows, but when this moment is only one of many, and the rule rather than the exception, one must needs perceive that here is something that is not passing but persistent, not casual but constant, the deep basal quality, the essence, the effulgence of his life.

For although his preaching began with the Beatitudes, the Beatitudes did not begin with his preaching. The spirit that became articulate in them had already possessed Him at the Baptism, when as he prayed the heaven was opened, and a voice came out of heaven: "Thou art my beloved Son: in thee I am well pleased." That voice and vision brought to light what had been hidden in the silent unrecorded life at Nazareth. They summed up the earlier and began the later stage of his career. He had sowed to the Spirit then and there, and of the Spirit reaped the life which was now his destiny, and was now to be accomplished through his ministry. It was a life of the most intimate and intense communion with the Father and when he began to speak to men he spoke from the heart of this communion and therefore his words were full of the grace and truth of the Beatitudes. The Beatitudes were the song of his lips as they were the "supply" of his spirit to the end. It is impossible to appreciate the speech apart from the spirit, and the spirit of Jesus is his masterpiece, his

finished work, his peerless contribution to the life and art of the world.

Now it was the same spirit flowing spontaneously into the Beatitudes, and not only at the beginning of the ministry, but at signal moments in its course that flowed no less spontaneously into the luminous image of the bridegroom by which Jesus let it be known that he was

“happy as a lover,”

and that his disciples were taking part with him in a bridal feast. They could not, therefore, be expected to fast or to express the joy or freedom of their life in forms which were not suitable to it. Tradition cannot walk with truth except they have agreed. “Fresh wine must be put into new wineskins.” Whether the image belongs to the earlier or to a later stage, as some suppose, it surely belongs to the same world of thought and things as the Baptism and the Beatitudes and the whole position as between Jesus and the Baptist. For while Jesus was closely drawn to John he was just as widely parted from him by virtue of the spirit which abode upon him. Using a distinction which Paul has finely put one might say that while the one lived and taught and wrought in the spirit of “the order that now passes away,” with a veil upon his face, like Moses, the other came in and with the spirit of “that which is permanent” and is far more glorious. The veil is removed, “and wheresoever the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”

Such, briefly, was the spirit of Jesus, original, creative, abounding in grace and truth which one may feel without being able fully to define. For of his life, or of the spirit of his life it would be true to say that

“life is what none can express,

A quickness which my God hath kist.”

There is no part of the gospel tradition in which one may come so near to this quickness, or be so sure of contact

with it as in the parables. The parable was not original to Jesus, but in his hands, like everything else that he touched, it became a new thing and a signal instrument of his originality. The parables have not all been transmitted in the form in which they were spoken at the first, their artistic unity, their beauty sometimes broken by the intrusion of the moral application which betrays the hand of the evangelist rather than that of the author. Something of the same thing is found elsewhere in all the Gospels. But with this exception which is true of only some of them, the parables are full of an extraordinary charm and brilliancy, and as works of art and religion alike they are as new to-day as in the long ago and their value is imperishable. Born both of the genius of the poet, sensitive to form, and to the needs and susceptibilities of his hearers, and of the genius of the seer rapt by the open vision of the things of God. There is but little indeed in the treasure of his thought which Jesus has not brought out into these glowing tales of his imagining, these flashes of "the quickness which my God hath kist" these

"swift shapes and sounds which grow
More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,
And, veil by veil, evil and error fall."

If this were the time or place one might deal with the parables in some detail, and try to show that they each present an aspect of his "very varied" thought of God and man and all reflect the newness of his spirit. One of them may, perhaps, be noticed here in passing for the vivid indication which it offers of the new and springlike world to which the parables belong. In depicting "the men of this generation" Jesus made use of a telling illustration drawn from a game which children were wont to play in the market-place, a game in which they appeared now in the manner of a dance and now in that of a dirge, but with-

out being able to attract their playmates to join with them in either dance or dirge. "We piped unto you and you would not dance, we wailed and you would not mourn." "For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say 'He hath a devil.' The Son of man came eating and they say, 'Here is a glutton and drunkard, a friend of publicans and sinners.'" Both alike distasteful and unwelcome to the men of this generation. When they saw the Baptist in his spare ascetic garb, and heard his stern and threatening words they craved for something less severe, and when they saw Jesus living his so free and friendly life, and listened to his genial speech they craved for something more severe, like the children refusing to play the dance or play the dirge. Now Jesus, in so describing his generation, was glancing at the same time, as one may think, at the difference between the message of the Baptist and his own. Jesus came on the scene preaching and saying, as John had said, "Repent, the reign of heaven is near." But whereas in John's lips the words were the mandate of a law, in his lips they were the music of a gospel. The one voice warned men to flee from the coming wrath, the other appealed to men to "Come unto me . . . and I will refresh you." The one speaker held aloof, and dwelt in the wilderness, the other moved about the abodes of men, their radiant healer, teacher, visitant. While the one breathed out threatenings of axe and fan and fire, the other bent down beside men and poured the oil and wine upon their wounds. The one wailed that men might beat their breasts, the other played that men might dance. It is the difference between Law and Gospel, and nothing is so certain as that Jesus' message from the first had in it the singing note which was absent from the utterance of John. It was the Evangel, a fact which the early Christians sought to shadow forth in their picture of the night of the nativity as all alight with

a choir of the heavenly host ecstatic over the advent of the Saviour thus announced, "Be not afraid; for Lo, I am bringing you good news, news of a great joy which shall be to all the people." For as many as received the good news were filled with a great joy, joy so great that words were not able to express it. They caught the lilt, the fervour, the ecstatic spirit of the gospel and made the pages of the New Testament ring as the angels made that holy night. For the New Testament as compared with the Old is a book that sings, as though a cloud had been removed, a dread cast out and the human soul had seen at last the real object of its quest, and seeing could not choose but sing. There is nothing in literature that strikes this new note of exultation like the New Testament. On one occasion it is told that Jesus "exulted in the Holy Spirit," and the same intense word "exult" is found in the song of Mary, and in one of the Beatitudes, in the Gospel of St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles, and elsewhere. Although the word occurs in the Septuagint, the Spirit of the word belongs essentially to the New Testament. It has come to its own in the Gospel.

The writers all through write like men who feel the same, "the Holy Spirit in the heart" and are fain to impart the bliss, the beatitude, as fully as they can. They all dance to the new song. They are the friends of the bridegroom, and leap with joy at the sound of his voice. They rejoice with him over one and another who were lost and are found. They have never seen the like of it before. They see him bringing forth the best robe and putting it on the penitent, and giving him a ring for his hand, and sandals for his feet, and they cannot but revel with him and rejoice. In the New Testament one can hear, or overhear, an air of revel as of a wedding-feast or festival. Frequently the word *ἐδρῳαίρω*, "to revel," is found, mostly, it is true, in quota-

tions from and illusions to the Old Testament, but here again it is touched, like the word "exult," with a new significance. How indeed could those who are the friends of the bridegroom do aught but share his mirth? And further, they are just as ready to share it even when, like Paul and Silas, they are beaten with rods, and cast into the inner prison. Even there they cannot choose but sing. They are fellow-prisoners in Christ Jesus. It does not shock or surprise them that a fiery trial comes to test them as though it were some strange unheard-of happening. They are but sharing what Christ endured, fellow-sufferers with him, and so it becomes them to rejoice in it. And when his glory is revealed their joy will be complete; they will rejoice and exult, which is the same rapturous word as in the phrase "He exulted in the Holy Spirit." "If you are reproached for the sake of Christ you are blessed; for then the Spirit of glory, yes, the Spirit of God is resting upon you" (1 Pet. iv. 12-14). The whole passage rings with the triumphant note of the last of the Beatitudes; "Blessed are you when men reproach you and persecute you and utter all manner of evil against you for my sake: rejoice, and exult in it, for your reward is great in heaven, that is how they persecuted the prophets before you." But no one has grasped the paradox of that beatitude with such daring insight as Paul. For in letter after letter he repeats his own conviction that he is "in Christ" and being in Christ, a member of his body, his sufferings are "sufferings of Christ," "afflictions of Christ."

It is all so real to him, this sense of being "in Christ," "in the fellowship of blood with Christ," which is a fellowship of suffering, that the saying: "I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me," might be altered, as one has truly said, into: "I suffer, yet not I, but Christ suffers in me." Suffering, therefore, is transformed and so far from being acci-

dental, or chaotic, or in vain is native and essential to the highest life of all. And clearly, this is what he means when he breaks out in these impassioned words which have been so long and laboriously discussed: "I am suffering now on your behalf, but I rejoice in that; I am filling up on my part what is lacking of all that Christ has to suffer in my person on behalf of his Body, which is the church." In other words, he perceives there is a sum of suffering which is his to render by virtue of his unity of life with Christ and this he is fain to render to the full. It is a sacred task, or rather a sacred trust, which fills him with joy.

And the same truth stands in his forefront even of the late Epistle of James where the writer, although he does not connect it in Pauline fashion with the living Christ, connects it closely with the Sermon on the Mount: "greet it as pure joy, my brothers, when you fall in with manifold trials, sure that what is sterling in your faith produces endurance; only let endurance have its finished work that you may be finished and complete, lacking in nothing."

Sayings so original as these, instinct with the newness of the New Testament are due directly to the creative action of the life and death of Jesus. They are the fruit of the Spirit which inspired his followers who are only trying to put into befitting speech what it has taught them or made them feel. For the New Testament is a new world of feeling even more than of speech. In and through its speech there breathes an atmosphere which while it is powerfully is yet only partially expressed in this or that strain of words, however new and true. If it may be compared with anything else it may be compared with that sound from heaven on the day of Pentecost "as of the rushing of a mighty wind, which filled the whole house where they were seated. And they saw tongues like flames distributing themselves one resting on the head of each, and they were all filled with

the holy Spirit." Unquestionably there is this element of wind and of fire in the New Testament, and one must bring some sense or feeling of it to the task of interpretation. Much as there is in the New Testament, in the writings of Paul, and the Fourth Evangelist, e.g. that is borrowed from foreign thought, it is all swept up into the new religion and serves the purpose of its own inner life. Nothing that is borrowed but is transformed by the creative principle which makes it one with itself. The alien is assimilated and becomes ally to the spirit that reigns and reconciles all things in itself. Everywhere the New Testament is instinct like nature with a life and a spirit of its own. A sound as of the wind is in its words, a gleam as of fire that is not quenched. And this is the reason, surely, why Art has been so powerfully attracted to the New Testament, and why it has so often seen or felt or found what scholarship and theology have so often missed. It can express things which can never be expressed in terms of doctrine. In a Latin address to his patron, William Byrd, the English musician who is now placed in the company of the greatest masters, comments on "the beauty of the words themselves," and then proceeds to say "there is a certain hidden power, as I learned by experience, in the thoughts underlying the words themselves, so that, as one meditates upon the sacred words and constantly and seriously considers them, the right notes in some inexplicable manner, suggest themselves quite spontaneously."

That the right notes should thus suggest themselves spontaneously is a striking proof of latent power. And again and again it has been given to Art to capture this latent power, and along with it the wonder of the message which "they heard from the beginning." It has been said that "in that first age the gospel was literally the good news, and the surprise and exultation of good news can only be felt

once." But surely this is not quite true when we think of the newness, a newness, as of nature itself which has drawn the Arts to the New Testament and of the wonder, the pathos and the ecstasy with which they have been able to express the new feeling towards God, and the new attitude to life which make the New Testament what it is. Carlyle says that "all inmost things, we may say, are melodious; naturally utter themselves in Song." If "all deep things are Song" then the fact that music, not to speak of the other Arts, has found so much of its inspiration in the New Testament shows that there is something in common between the soul of the one and the song of the other; that the song is the soul still speaking as it spoke at the first. It is the discovery or recovery, or both, of the melody that lies hidden in the gospel. In other words the type of thought which we owe to Christ is musical or poetic rather than dogmatic and the dogmatic method of interpretation will always fall short as applied to things which can never be fully or fitly expressed in terms of doctrine. And part of the priceless service of the Arts consists in reminding us that there is more than doctrine in the thoughts of Christ, and of his first interpreters, that they are surging with a great life of their own, "a quickness which my God hath kist," glowing with a spirit of grace and power, the wonderful light of an ideal that never was on sea or land before, and that they carry the same appeal to-day as in the long-ago to the imagination and the love which can alone feel them or ever fulfil them. One must therefore agree with the remark of a notable scholar of our time that if Paul had written his letters for future generations, he would not have coined his wonderful expressions for Anselm or Johann Gerhard but for Johann Sebastian Bach.

And this leads to the conclusion of what has now been said as to the supreme reality of the world of imagination,

the world in which Jesus lived his beatific life, and those, too, who saw his glory, and joined themselves to him, and spoke and wrote when they were moved by his spirit. With his long deep gaze he saw into the life of things in nature,

“A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion,”

in man a being “instinct with Godhead,” and in God, the Father, Lord of heaven and earth,

“One Spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant in good and evil hearts.”

“A gracious Spirit o'er this earth presides
And o'er the heart of man.”

The world was born anew by the visionary power of thoughts like these, it became a new creation after the fashion of his spirit, a work of Art if ever there was a work of Art in the high sense of the poet who wrote,

“Ah! Then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.”

For that supremely is what Christ added by his life and work upon the earth, and now the winds and waters echo back the accents of his voice, and the ancient hills are vocal with his prayer, and the meadows and the harvest fields break forth into parable, and not an infant of days but wears the halo of his touch, and joy is exalted to beatitude, and peace that passeth understanding is given,

“nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy.”

There is nothing, indeed, to compare with what this creative spirit in Jesus—love active in imagination—has done and been for the material well-being and the spiritual life and destiny of mankind.

In a remarkable passage a little-known writer¹ says: "What was Christ's view and example in regard to this great faculty of idealism? Why he created a hundredfold more fictitious personages and events than Dickens or Thackeray, or any other novelist ever did. We read that he seldom spoke to the people except in parables. And what were his parables? They were *ideals* that were more vivid than the abstract *reals* of actual human life. They were fictions that were more truthful than facts, and more instructive. They were fictitious transactions, experiences, and actors; but every one of them had a true human basis, or possibility of fact which carried its instructions to the listener's mind with the double force of truth. Take, for example, the Prodigal Son. Historically he was a fiction. But to the universal and everlasting conscience and experience of mankind there has not been a human son born into this world for two thousand years endowed with such immortal life and power as that young man. He will live for ever, he will give power,

"As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes."

He will travel down all the ages, and in living sympathy and companionship with the saddest experiences of human nature, he will stand at every door and lair of sin and misery and shame; he will stand there as he stood in his rags, hunger, and contrition among the swine, and say to the fallen with his broken voice and falling tears: 'I will arise and go unto my Father and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.'

"The good Samaritan historically was as fictitious a being

¹ Elihu Burritt (*Life and Labours*, by Northend): Lecture on "The Reality and Mission of Ideal Characters."

as the Prodigal Son. But what one man has lived on the earth since he was introduced to the world who has been worth to it the value of that ideal character? . . . For ever and for ever as long as men shall fall among the thieves that beset the narrow turnings of life, or into the more perilous ambush of their own appetites and passions, so long the good Samaritan will seek for them with his lantern in one hand, and his cruet of oil in the other, and pour the healing sympathy of his loving heart into their wounded spirits; and with a hand and voice soft and tender with God's love, raise the fallen, bind up their wounds, and bring them back to the bosom of the great salvation."

JAMES ROBERTSON CAMERON.

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FIRST
EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

VI

xv. 3. *Christ died for our sins.*

"Learn here from Paul," says Luther, "to believe that Christ was given, not for feigned or counterfeit sins, nor yet for small sins, but for great and large sins; not for one or two, but for all; not for vanquished sins (for no man, no, nor angel, is able to subdue the least sin that is), but for invincible sins. And except thou be found among those who say 'our sins,' that is, who have found this doctrine of faith, and both hear, love, and believe the same, there is no salvation for thee."

xv. 9. *I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God.*

"Not in our day," says Matthew Arnold at the close of his essay on *St. Paul and Protestantism*, "will he re-live, with his incessant effort to find the moral side for miracle, with his incessant effort to make the intellect follow and secure all the workings of the religious preception. Of those who care for religion, the multitude of us want the materialism of the Apocalypse;