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the Ithpael, אִתְּהַבִּי; e.g. Genesis vii. 19, The mountains were hidden (אֶחָדְהֵבִיאִי). The difference between ἔλαθε and γέγονεν is thus very slight. We have seen that the negative אֵל = not, is in the same verse written לֹה and לֹא, while אֲתָהּ = to her, is לָהּ. The form וְ is the conjunction "that"; and also = *id quod*, that which; so that the divergence in Greek almost vanishes in Aramaic.

Mark: יִדְעָא דִּי לֹה תִתְהוּי or תִתְהַבִּי

Luke: יִדְעָא דִּי לֹא תִתְהַבִּי

There are a few other cases which we had intended to introduce, but they must remain over for the present.

J. T. MARSHALL.

THE HUMAN SPLENDOURS,

OUR LORD'S THIRD TEMPTATION.

IN the polemic of the Bread Problem our Lord has related Himself to the ruling physical want of man; in the polemic of the Hebrew Problem to that elect race and its acquisitions. In the third discussion, He relates Himself to the world outside the Hebrew, and to the ruling moral want.

The splendours of human nature, in Greek, Roman, and Barbarian contents pass before Him, and originate the final inspections. Christ assumes in baptism also the direction of nations outside the Hebrew bounds. He is to awake a new spirituality, compose a new epoch, appropriate the essences of Greek and Roman and Teutonic antiquity, keep the human splendours from sinking into night. A deviation is suggested from the original plan entrusted to Him, into which, as into a last paradise, the spirit of divergence withdraws.

We shall arrive at some understanding of this last study by keeping close to the picture which the Literary Artist has drawn for us.

Christ is seated on the summit of a very high mountain. Into the field of His telescope there pass the cities, villages, homesteads, communities of men ; seas of commerce, lands of industries, temples of worship ; a panorama of the human world. East, west, north, and south is the ubiquitous Roman world, with the metropolis on the Tiber keeping the peace of the nations, administering justice, exhibiting the majesty of unity. Her legions are commanded by soldiers of an unselfish heroism ; her citizens inspired by a sense of public interest and public duty ; her engineers have covered the empire with a network of roads and postal communications. Nothing like Roman civilization and unity had been known before. This civilization is permeated by Greek culture. Philosophy, literature, art are the gifts of Greece to the Roman world ; a language with a metaphysics of time in her tenses and a metaphysics of space in her cases, flexible and luxurious in inflection, capable of expressing the finer shades of thought and every variation of feeling into which the acquisitions of Hebrew holiness have passed, and which is to be the vehicle of Christian ideas. In the broader lights of the picture are Athens, and its later transcript Alexandria, with their schools of learning, giving idealisms to knowledge and beauty to conception ; Platonism, Stoicism, and Philonism, and their unconceived potentialities. Nothing like Greek thought had been before. Roman law has been the guidance of justice ever since, and Greek literature the model of the schools ever since. On the northern fringe of this visible Roman world and the invisible Greek world lay a world just dawning in the golden mists of an uncertain morning, a rude, rustic world of Saxons, Engles, Danes, Jutes, but with the rudiments of the highest virtues, pregnant with modern Germany, Britain, and America. There lay the germs of that love of truth, life in home, liberty of parliament, naval and military supremacy, genius of commerce,

which characterize the Germany and Britain and America of to-day ; there the head waters of our modern world.

The eye rests on one large sheet of water in this picture, and on one island in the waters, the pleasant island of Rhodes, once the trading centre and banking capital of the world kingdoms. The shipping of Rhodes is supreme on the Mediterranean ; it has put down piracy, and the corsair is only a memory ; it has given a mercantile code to all nations ; its merchants are arbiters between contending princes, its bankers reconcilers of rival camps ; it had organized a philanthropy for the poor. Its commerce was a guarantee for the peace of the nations. It is the ancestor of Venice and of London. The Rhodian emporium is a charming piece in the picture of Roman public life, Greek culture, and Teutonic juvenescences.

A mountain situation inspires a sense of physical magnitude and moral majesty. A mystery of suggestion lies in its intricate walls and valleys and distances. Mountain lands are exhilarating with ozone, delicious with colour, sublime in their domes and snows and sweeps. In their corries nestle rare plants, stranded from the glacial age ; their watersheds give a trend to the whole structure of the country and determine its straths and rivers ; they command the weather of wind and rain for the plains ; the fissures and crumplings of their strata entertain the wealth of lakes and metals. A spectacle of majesty and mystery, having an antiquity written neither on vellum nor palimpsest, exciting and exalting, is in the mind of the Lord

“—of Nature’s works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems ;
Display august of man’s inheritance,
Of Britain’s calm felicity and power !”¹

In a few words a miniature is painted of the kingdoms

¹ Wordsworth, *View from the Top of Black Comb*, Cumberland.

of the world, as Matthew has it; the monarchies of the inhabited earth, or the royal economies of humanity, as Luke more graphically makes it.¹ No strong reds or greens or blues are on the canvas, almost a monochrome. Nothing detailed—as if the whole landscape was of equal value; no cloud-fields, all bathed in sunshine. Rhodes, Athens, Alexandria, Rome, and dots of villages far off on the horizon, of nebulous communities, like star-mist, which will yet condense into nations and civilizations, abbreviated every way, without glare, but enamouring; the colouring, without sumptuousness, has one of the highest elements of art, that of suggestiveness. The Lord of man, and the Original of man, sees the splendours of His own humanity on every side of Him on that mountain landscape. We must read the real into the ideal.

We shall compass the human splendours which flashed and filed² before our Lord, by considering with some particularity the humanity on the horizons around Him, and the essences of it. Then we shall become sensitive to the temptation which lay entangled in the landscape.

We see the splendours of the Greek kingdom in the conspicuousness of Greek art, the forms and lines of which are models to this day, unsurpassed by the human faculty. Art comes from the finer perceptions of the mind; the outer world is taken into the world of mind and there idealized. Art gets her forms from nature, but she cannot draw a line without having a fairer line in the mind than nature shows to the eye. An artist paints not light, but the light of light, a light which the faculty of the beautiful has seen; not a shade, but the shade of shade, which the ideal faculty had seen. He does not merely cut and carve in marble

¹ ἔδειξεν αὐτῷ πάσας τὰς βασιλείας τῆς οἰκουμένης.

² ἐν στιγμῇ χρόνου, flashed and filed, implies rapid mind movements, leaving a mark behind, and adds to the graphicness of the picturing.

a face he has seen, but another face which he has seen look out of that face. He paints the spirit of nature; he attempts the human form as the Creator had it in His mind before He put flesh on it. He omits the prose he sees; his work is creative, and poetry means a creation in the Greek language; nature is a poem, and the Creator of it a poet.¹ It reveals a human splendour of perception when the Greek mind created forms which have never been excelled. And Greek art found its pure creations in a perception of the infinite and the invisible in God, in the august far-off mystery of the Being who invests our beings. The labour of Greek art was specially expended on the human form. The Divine incarnate in the human form was the special inspiration of Greek art. "In building and adorning temples architecture has become a fine art, and the images of the gods dwelling therein, combined with the symbolical representation of their deeds and history, have raised sculpture to its highest perfection. . . . In this way the temple became the rallying-point of everything good, noble, and beautiful, which we still consider as the glory of Greek culture and refinement."² "The adoption of Greek architectural forms [by the Romans] was therefore due to religious causes, previous even to the entering of æsthetic considerations into the question."³

Hard by this sense of the ideal, and organically related to it, is Greek philosophy. The perception of the ideal became art on one side, and philosophy on another. Phidias and Plato belong to the same period of Greek splendour. Plato says: He who would proceed aright in the study of life should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms, and these will create fair thoughts. The beauty of

¹ *ποίησις* and *ποίημα*, a making, a work; the art of poetry, a poem.

² E. Guhl and W. Koner, *Life of the Greeks and Romans, Described from Antique Monuments*, translated by F. Hueffer, pp. 2, 3.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 304.

one form is akin to the beauty of another, and he will then see that beauty is one everywhere, and will be a lover of all beautiful forms. In the next stage, he will find that beauty of mind is more honourable than beauty of outward form. He will then bring to the birth thoughts which improve the young mind. He will see the beautiful in institutions and laws, and that personal beauty is a trifle. After, he will go on to all knowledge, and see its beauty, and he will draw to the vast sea of beauty, and he will get on the shore when he gets the vision of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. Beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he becomes the friend of God, and immortal.¹

This is the simple philosophy of Greece, Greek idealism, which Plato has bequeathed as the immortal legacy of Greece to our world. It is very unlike the jargon of distracting technicalities which has since been called philosophy, which has made its name a terror amongst us. Plato tells us who the philosopher is: "The mind of the philosopher alone has wings; and this is just, for he is always, according to the measure of his abilities, clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides, and in beholding which he is what he is. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries, and alone becomes truly perfect. But as he forgets earthly interests, and is rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem him mad, and rebuke him; they do not see that he is inspired."² Greek idealism is science, poetry, and religion in a unity, a unity which has yet to be found for modern knowledge. The Greek philosopher is the Hebrew prophet, the Druid seer, the Persian astronomer, rolled into one.

¹ *Symposium, Dialogues of Plato*, translated by Jowett, vol. ii., pp. 61, 62. I have abridged and given a more modern costume to Professor Jowett's translation, to make it accessible to the general reader.

² Jowett's *Plato, Phædrus*, vol. ii., p. 126.

Organically correlated with the perceptions of the beautiful and the ideal is the Greek perception of the pain in human being, the crucifixion that is eternal in the universe. The Greeks were by temperament a sunny, breezy, buoyant race; by environment of a delicious climate, they were a life-loving people. But they saw the other side, the shadow and the penumbra. A healthy melancholy lay in the heart of this radiant race, and it made them kindred with all mankind, impartial and symmetrical in sympathy. Hector, the suffering Trojan, is as brave a hero as Achilles in the estimate of Homer; Polyxena, the Trojan maiden offered in sacrifice, is as noble a victim as the Greek Macaria, sketched by Euripides. The feeling that dominates Greek literature is tragedy, and tragedy was a State institution for the education of the people. It tells the story of retribution, the curse of a bad heredity, the inscrutable of sorrow, the necessity of human sacrifice, the unexplored frontier of fate and guilt, the awe of death. The *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the *Ædipus* of Sophocles, the *Heraclidæ* of Euripides are the Isaiah, the Job, the Micah of the Greeks: resonant expressions of the sorrow and doubt and unknownness which encompass human life. "A god is he who leads mortals on the way to wisdom, and has ordained that suffering by a peculiar property should convey instruction."¹ So Æschylus. And Euripides,

"With various hand the gods dispense our fates;
Now showering various blessings, which our hopes
Dare not aspire to; now controlling ills
We deemed inevitable: thus the god
To thee hath given an end exceeding thought:
Such is the fortune of this awful day."²

And there is a knowledge in the unknown which sees time prolonged into a timelessness, the inscrutable of sad-

¹ *Agamemnon*, 170.

² Euripides, the end of *Bacchæ*, *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Helena*, and *Andromache*.

ness make a unity with things far off, the immaturities of the finite on their way to the infinite. The Greeks gave to their vivacity the seriousness of sepulchral rites and lamps. Their minds revelled in creations of beauty, all nature was sublimed into a deified splendour; but they saw a Prometheus, an Orestes, and an Antigone. It was a tempered vivacity. When a supple race like the Greeks make tragedy a ruling education, they had got the truth of being, having gone beyond passing interests and the happiness of the light and the nerves. They felt that they were in the employment of the higher powers. George Eliot has said, "No wonder man needs a suffering God." The Greek theory of being had permeated thought everywhere, and had prepared men for the revelation of a suffering God. It was a healthy theory. Greek tragedy was a victorious sorrow. In the last words of the grief, the guilt, and the relentlessness of his tragedies, Euripides often strikes an Easter note,

"O Victory, I revere thy awful power,
Guard thou my life, nor ever cease to crown me."¹

Pericles delivered a funeral oration over his countrymen who had fallen in a Peloponnesian campaign. He was one of the best of men; he gave a description of the average Greek, and men are not wont to speak unrealities in the presence of death. The Greek character is thus given. Intellectually, "we study taste with economy, philosophy without effeminacy."² Socially, "we make friends, not by receiving, but by conferring kindness."³ Sympathetically, "we are the only men who fearlessly benefit any one, not so much from calculations of expediency as with the confidence of reality."⁴ Ethically, "we most carefully abstain

¹ *Orestes, Iphigenia in Tauris, Phœnician Virgins*, Potter's translation.

² Thucydides, Dale's translation, p. 114.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 114.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 114.

from transgression, through our obedience to those who are from time to time in office and to the laws." ¹

This is the human splendour of the Greek world, permeating the inner life of the nations, and the Greek language is international. The ideal, the invisible, the immortal are found in the Greek genius, a rich contribution to the soil of a new continent. To make men sensitive to the unity, the beauty, and the repose of the universe was the Greek mission. The ideal is the unity of a thousand ideas. Heracleitus at the beginning of Greek life said, "The hidden harmony is better than the manifest one." The immortal was not, as with our Wordsworth, an intimation, but the rhythm in which the mortal jar finds a musical place. It was the useless surplusage of faculty and feeling, the over-endowment, finding its utilities in the Elsewhere. It came from a sense of proportion. Greek cities could not brook a king, because the visible monarch obscures the human ideality and the divine invisibility seen in the bond that unites citizens into a coherent unity. The Hebrews failed where the Greeks prevailed; got a king against the protest of their holiest citizen.

The human splendour of Rome was at the other pole of the human axis. When Phidias was sculpturing the Parthenon and Plato writing idealisms, Rome was in the prime of an unstained vigour. She had no genius for ideas; she had then only one kind of literature; she was writing the Twelve Tables. The expression of what was deepest in her was Law; she was codifying laws. The Roman had the practical faculty, and a prosaic character, without originality. The original of every striking thought in Virgil can be found in Greek literature. He was forging those bonds of law which were to bind the nations into an imperial unity. His mission was conquest, dominion, and unity. The Roman idea of law came from the family; he

¹ Thucydides, Dale's translation, p. 113.

had perceived that the family was the basal institution, and he symbolized this high perception by the fire in the temple kept by the Vestal virgins. Obedience more than love was the family unity, and nothing like the absolute submission of the son to the Roman father has ever been known in our world. Domestic obedience was the seed-plot of those laws which commanded the obedience of the civilized world. Law was the cohesion of the family, the constitution of society; to law must be conceded private interests, and to the interests of society must be sacrificed the individual. Will is not allowed to disturb the majestic supremacy of law; the individual is suppressed. Resignation is the Roman excellence, the virtue of Virgil.

This perception of law gave to the Roman his one ideal invisibility, which was the city, and latterly the State; the impersonal city; the invisible state; the ideal dominion. "Princes were mortal; the State was everlasting."¹ The Roman millennium was peace by a universal dominion. Clans, tribes, communities are in a condition of chronic strife; interests are opposed, or supposed to be. Conquest, and submission to law after conquest, is the reconciliation which Rome made for the nations. Even the crimes of Rome were often sacrifices offered at the shrine of law and submission. The ignoble servilities by which, in the ruins of better days, the noblest families accepted from emperors the most capricious assassinations are an illustration of that subservience to law and authority which was burnt into the very bone of the Roman character, and now gone morbid.² Obedience was the sacrament of the soldier; the invisible State the inspiration which constructed roads and bridges. Dean Merivale says: "The education of the world in the principles of a sound jurisprudence was the most wonderful work of the Roman conquerors. It was

¹ Tacitus, *Annals*, iii. 6.

² *Annals*, xvi. 16, where Tacitus feelingly refers to this baseness.

complete, it was universal, and in permanence it has far outlasted, at least in its distinct results, the duration of the empire itself." Surely a splendid mission.

This is the splendour of the Roman world. Capacity in conquest and of colonial expansion and of government; mastery over men; the force of justice, law, submission; practical sagacity, power of organization, subordination of the individual to the public interest; the sense of citizenship, loyalty to the commonwealth, the value of civil life, these giving a richness and reasonableness to mundane affairs, and a serious view of life, constitute a lustrousness of human splendour. The Roman type of character, in spite of weakness and failures which disfigure it, is drawn in masterly touches by Dean Merivale. "The history of the Cæsars presents to us a constant succession of brave, patient, resolute, and faithful soldiers, deeply impressed with a sense of duty, superior to vanity, despisers of boasting, content to toil in obscurity, and shed their blood at the frontiers of the empire, unrepining at the cold mistrust of their masters, not clamorous for the honours so sparingly awarded to them, but satisfied with the daily work of their hands, and full of faith in the national destiny, which they were daily accomplishing."

The Roman race, with the forces, principles, inspirations which ruled it, was a splendour unsurpassed, and only equalled in these later days by the British race. The Roman faculty of efficiency, united with the Greek faculty of abstraction, was being transferred to those Teutonic races, who have the promise of the future.

For around this splendour of Greek and Roman constellations lay a milky frontier, of hazy possibilities, but of measureless promise, which the eye of the Seer could easily discern. On the northern horizon there was the zone of the Teutonic nations, destroyers of Rome and heirs to it; fathers of modern Europe and America; mothers of the

colonists of Australia and Canada, and of the conquerors of India and Burmah. What like they are we shall see from the graphic pages of Tacitus. What like the potentialities looked we shall see from this conservative Roman historian, who believed in the Few ruling the many, and who writes with a despair of the Few, who appreciates the Teutons, but sees not their future, sees not in them the punishers of Roman crimes and the receivers of Roman essences.

We see the rudiments of unborn civilizations in those clans and villagers which Tacitus calls Germans, but who called themselves *Deutscher*, which we have corrupted into Teuton. The law of sex is the first of all laws, and our German ancestors had raised chastity into a primary virtue, and Tacitus testifies to the extreme purity of the family life amongst them. "Their marriage code, however, is strict, and indeed no part of their manners is more praiseworthy. Almost alone among barbarians they are content with one wife."¹ "The loss of chastity meets with no indulgence; neither beauty, age, nor wealth will procure the culprit a husband. No one in Germany laughs at vice, nor do they call it a fashion to corrupt and to be corrupted."² "They love not so much the husband, as the married estate."³ "They even believe that the female sex has a certain sanctity and prescience, and they do not despise their counsels or make light of their answers."⁴ This is touching the granite of the bottom and reaching up to the sapphire of the sky. This is the sensuous transfigured into the spiritual. In keeping, is the sorrow of love. "Tears and lamentations they soon dismiss, grief and sorrow but slowly."⁵ In their judicial practice they made clear distinctions. "In their

¹ *Germania* by Tacitus, translated by Church and Brodribb, c. 18.

² *Ibid.*, c. 19.

³ *Ibid.*, c. 19.

⁴ *Ibid.*, c. 8. Church and Brodribb have used the text which has *sanctum aliquid*, but I have seen a text which has *divinum aliquid*, a certain divineness.

⁵ *Ibid.*, c. 27.

councils an accusation may be preferred or a capital crime prosecuted. Penalties are distinguished according to the offence. . . . Crime they think, ought, in being punished, to be exposed, while infamy ought to be buried out of sight."¹ A sense of justice rules them. He speaks of "the Chauci, the noblest of the German race, a nation who would maintain their greatness by righteous dealing."² Their courage is an undoubted power. "To abandon your shield is the basest of crimes, nor may a man thus disgraced be present at the sacred rites or enter their council."³ "Nor are they as easily persuaded to plough the earth and to wait for the year's produce, as to challenge an enemy and earn the honour of wounds."⁴ A human nature who sees the sanctuary of sex, the sexual idea, sees also that the sanctuary of worship must be unseen. "The Germans, however, do not consider it consistent with the grandeur of celestial beings to confine the gods within walls or to liken them to the form of any human countenance. They consecrate woods and groves, and they apply the names of deities to the abstractions which they see only in spiritual worship."⁵

Here we are at the childhood of the English, German, American humanity of our day. Here are the seeds of that political, literary, commercial harvest which we are gathering in our modern world. What we call the barbarisms of our Teutonic fathers are the rudimentary virtues, the imperfect methods, the freshness, the luxuriant and untamed strength, the dim longings, the misty probabilities of youth, out of which has come our civilization. "It is with reverence such as is stirred by the sight of the head waters of some mighty river that one looks back to these village moots of Friesland and Sleswick. It was here that England learned to be a mother of parliaments. It was in these tiny knots

¹ *Germania*, c. 12.² *Ibid.*, c. 24.³ *Ibid.*, c. 6.⁴ *Ibid.*, c. 14.⁵ *Ibid.*, c. 9.

of husbandmen that the men from whom Englishmen were to spring learned the worth of public opinion, of public discussion, the worth of the agreement, 'the common sense' the general conviction to which discussion leads, as of the laws which derive their force from being expressions of that general conviction."¹

By these details we understand the glory of the world kingdoms which flashed upon our Lord on this mountain summit. We see the special aspect of humanity which He saw. The highest and best is what He takes note of, and examines with a sympathetic mind, and which He loves and takes pride in as Himself human. The highest and best could alone be a temptation to Him, to regulate and develop and fertilize. This truth demands underlining. A temptation to a great mind is not made of dust or dirt; illusion has no cheat in it for a high soul, nor vice a charm; quackery, putrescence, hallucination, did not present themselves to the searching eye of Christ, to palm themselves off on Him. Fraud and forgery make pseudo-temptations. A temptation is a choice between what we know is really good and bad, higher and lower, will and law. Fabled properties of things, insolences, falsities could be no temptation to Christ, could not assume the proportions of a temptation. The hypothesis that the glory which Christ saw was a tinsel cheat we must dismiss at once, as incredible from the bottom to the top of it. He looks on the inherent splendours of humanity, the royal economies of the inhabited earth.

W. W. PEYTON.

(*To be concluded.*)

¹ Green, *Making of England*, p. 194.