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6. "The third time" (ver. 14). It was the third manifestation to the disciples *as a whole*.

THIS INCIDENT, says Edersheim, "sparkles like a gem in its own setting. It is of green Galilee, and of the blue lake, and recalls the early days and scenes of this history." Jesus had told the disciples to go into Galilee, and He would meet them there. They had gone, and while they waited (and some still doubted), they very naturally fell to their old employment again. Said Simon Peter, one evening, "I go a-fishing." The other six who were at hand joined him. But they had a long and fruitless night of toil. Then came Jesus—already at hand "in every time of need." They did not know Him. Mary Magdalene at the tomb did not know Him at first—we know not why. He was the same, and yet not the same. But when the fish were found, and found so plentifully at His word, John looked again, and his keen, loving perception first knew "the Lord." John first perceived, but Peter first acted,—true touches, as all the history declares.

It is generally believed that this chapter was added by St. John to his Gospel sometime after the rest had been written, perhaps in order to disprove a story that had got abroad that Jesus had said he (John) would not die, but be there when Christ came again. Be that as it may, it is not easy to doubt that it is a true chapter. The little things (they are *all* little things) that mark the eye-witness and the loving memory are very numerous. It would be a healthful exercise were the children to find them out.

Among the rest there is that striking scene as they breakfasted together. See how they know Him, and yet how they would like to ask Him, "Is it Thou?" And, again, how they feel they durst not ask him! How love and awe mingle! And they are silent. And Jesus seems to have left them to think, for there is not a word recorded till the breakfast was over, and surely it would have been recorded had He spoken at all. It is very cunning, if invented; we have no such cunning writers now.

Point and Illustration.

The Life of Christ.

The Theological Monthly.

LAVATER once said to Herder, "Why do you not write the life of Christ?" "I write the life of Christ?" was his reply. "I? Never! The Evangelists have done that as it ought to be done. Let us not *write* it, but *live* it."

Sinless Anger.

The United Presbyterian Magazine.

I HEARTILY sympathise with Adam Smith, who said, as a man who had made excuses for a bad character left the company, "I can breathe more freely now. I cannot bear that man; he has no moral indignation in him." The mind of Christ is far too seldom followed in the conduct of our social relations.

It Takes Time.

The Modern Church.

CANON SCOTT HOLLAND in a recent sermon told a capital story of Mr. Ruskin and one of his pupils. "Ah! Mr. Ruskin," said one of his too eager disciples, "the first moment that I entered the Gallery at Florence, I saw at once what you meant in asserting the supremacy of Botticelli." "Did you, in a moment? Dear me," rejoined the master; "it took me twenty years to find it out."

The Gospel for To-day.

By the Rev. Alexander M'Laren, D.D.

The Baptist Magazine.

WE are all one in the recognition of the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ does not reach its final triumph when it simply deals with individual life, but is intended to leaven, to sweeten, to ennoble, I was going to say, to deify—and the word would be literally correct—human society by having previously performed the same processes on the individuals who compose it. The lesson for this day for us is, as it seems to me, to deepen and intensify our own efforts for—and I use the good old-fashioned word with all the meaning that our fathers gave to it—the conversion of individual men, and then to seek the regeneration of society.

"All Things in Order."

The Day of Days.

IN the old days of the South, a negro slave and preacher had an infidel master. The master said to the slave one day, "You are a preacher, Sam?" "Well, I tells about Jesus some, massa." "Well, if you are a preacher you ought to understand the Bible. Now tell me what does this mean?"—and he opened the Bible and read—"And whom He did foreknow, them He did predestinate,"—words that have puzzled wiser heads than the poor slave. "Well," said the slave, "massa, where is it?" "It's in Romans," said the master. "Oh, my dear massa! I f'"

explain dis 'ole business to you. It is very simple. You begin with Matthew, and do all the dear Lord tells you to do there; and then you go on to Mark, and Luke, and John; and when you get to that place it is easy enough, but you can't begin there."

The Personal Application.

Harrison's Problems of Christianity and Scepticism. 1891.

ON my way to the house of this layman, he remonstrated with me somewhat angrily for having attacked "one of the most precious doctrines of the gospel, the entire depravity of the human heart." I may say in passing that the children have been my benefactors everywhere; and I never fail to be welcome where baby has taken me under its protection. On this occasion, a wee thing, just learning to walk, toddled up to me as a matter of course. We were friends instantly. I took it up in my arms, blessed it in my heart; but what I said was this, "A beautiful child, sir, but what a pity it is so wicked!" I said this with perfect seriousness of manner. The mother's indignant tears sprang unbidden to her eyes, and the father hotly exclaimed, "What do you mean? How dare you, sir?" "Ah, then," I drily remarked, "it is only other people's children who are entirely depraved." What would have happened to me, but for baby, I do not know. They could not very well lay hands on me while I held the child; but after a little the father took it all in, and had the manliness to come up to me and say, "I thank you for the lesson you have taught me. I shall, I hope, for the future try to realise the personal application of the doctrines I hold."

Groping after God.

ONE of the most pathetic instances of the yearning of the human for the Divine is that related by Dr. Whipple, the Bishop of Minnesota. "Some years ago," he says, "an Indian stood at my door; and, as I opened the door, he knelt at my feet. Of course, I bade him not to kneel. He said, 'My father, I only knelt because my heart is warm to a man that pitied the Red Man. I am a wild man. My home is five hundred miles from here. I knew that all the Indians to the east of the Mississippi had perished, and I never looked into the faces of my children that my heart was not sad. My father had told me of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out in the woods and tried to talk to Him.' Then he said so sadly, as he looked in my face, 'You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark, and reached out your hand, and could not take hold of anything. And I heard one day that you had brought to the Red Man a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit.' That man sat as a child, and he heard anew the story of the love of Jesus. And when we met again, he looked in my face, and he said, as he laid his hand on his heart, 'It is not dark; it laughs all the while.'"

The Prayers of Saints.

By the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

AMONG the vials which in the Book of Revelation held the prayers of saints, there must be some which, when the saints who prayed them find them in their vision-time, shine with a brilliancy supremely precious. They are the prayers which seemed as if they were not answered, but which really did bring down their blessing. When we do really see them, and know their history, two things will become very real to us about all prayer. First, that not the gift but the Giver is the real answer to prayer; not to get God's benefactions, but to get God is the soul's true answer. And, second, that the faith which comes by the assurance that God must have answered is often a nobler culture of the soul than even the delightful thrill of the heard answer as it enters into our ears, or the warm pressure of the blessing itself, held tight in our tremulous and grateful hand.

In His Own Image.

By the Rev. T. G. Selby.

The Preacher's Magazine.

"So God created man in His own image" (Gen. i. 27). In the whole range of ancient religious literature, I know of no passage that for suggestive, many-sided, far-reaching wisdom can compare with that before us. In all probability it is older than Moses, for Moses only edits and authenticates these earlier narratives and allegories. It is older than all existing religions, and yet it anticipates the ruling errors of these great systems of perverted faith, and establishes a test which condemns them by implication. It lays the foundation for the rational statement of a crowning Christian mystery, and is the very fibre of the philosophy that must sustain every humane code of law, and justify every practical philanthropy.

A Very Horrid Thing.

By the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.

The Sunday Magazine.

ONE secret of Whitefield's influence was the fact that the commonest truths of vital Christianity had been practically forgotten. We read with simple amazement the celebrated conversation between Wesley and Bishop Butler. It shows that so great and good a man as the Bishop had practically no conception of what is really meant by "justifying faith," though the doctrine is so clearly taught in our own homilies. The author of *The Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion* thought it an actual crime in Whitefield that he believed in so elementary a doctrine as the immediate personal guidance of the Holy Spirit of God. "Sir," said the Bishop, "the pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Ghost is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing!"—a "very horrid thing," though it was the promise of the Father, and is taught on nearly every page of the New Testament!