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Geschichtsforschung to the judgment of his wife, who caused him to delete or modify expressions which might occasion offence. In the years that followed his visit to Cheshunt, the Christmas season never passed without exchange of letters in which academic subjects of interest fell into the background and the personal and domestic took the foremost place. The death of his younger daughter, and the marriage of his eldest to Dr. Friedrich Cunze of Wolfenbüttel; his experiences at the Oriental Congress in Sweden, some of them enjoyable, some of them the reverse (yet without a trace of bitterness in the writer's allusions); his kindly sympathy with our English domestic events, notably with the sudden death of a student in Cheshunt College,—these are among the lights and shadows that are reflected in the many letters and post cards of my revered friend. They revealed the man as well as the scholar—simple, great, magnanimous, a lover of his home, a lover of his native Braunschweig, and faithful in his attachment to old friends.

The year 1895 marks the close of his active life. In that year, at the age of fifty-nine, he was visited by an apoplectic seizure. One side of his body was at first affected. He partially rallied and attempted to continue his work as a teacher, but this ceased at the earnest solicitation of his physician. Then the shadows gradually thickened around him during the remaining thirteen years of his life while his devoted wife watched over him. His letters to me were now dictated, and the old familiar rapid handwriting, sometimes difficult to decipher, disappeared, save in the signature. He still maintained interest in the progress of scientific investigations in the Semitic world. At length, at the end of 1907, a pathetic note came to me from Frau Schrader, telling me that her husband's health was ever on the downward course ('immer weiter bergab'), and that the hours in which he was conscious were unspeakably sad. Her own health was giving way; her one desire was that her strength might still avail to be her husband's stay and support. Her beautiful life closed in May 1908. He followed her after a brief interval on July 3.

I can hardly close this review of Professor Schrader's life and work more fittingly than by adopting Professor Bezold's characterization as my own: 'He rendered distinguished services to the cause of science, and yet was conscious of the limits of his knowledge and power. Able, active, and modest; frank, steadfast, and absolutely honourable; full of deep enthusiasm for his scientific work and that of his pupils; contented and above all sunny and genial, there stands before our eyes Eberhard Schrader. We are grateful for his work. All honour to his memory!'[1]

[1] I would here express my indebtedness to Pastor Eberhard Schrader for his interesting article on his father in the *Protestantenblatt*, No. 43, and the article by Dr. Friedrich Cunze in the *Braunschweiges Magazin*, October 1908.

In the Study.

Watching.

I.

The shepherds watching their flocks when Jesus was born (Lk 2^8).

1. Out in the fields, perhaps not far distant from the little town of Bethlehem, shepherds were watching their flocks on the holy night of the Nativity. In those days, in the East, constant care was necessary to keep the charges from being carried off by thieves or wild beasts, as the sheep were kept either in the open pastures or in low enclosures called sheepfolds. Perhaps in this instance there was more than usual care, as the sheep may have been those selected for the Temple sacrifices, and were thus in a measure looked upon as sacred.

As they sat watching the sheep, the shepherds may have whiled away the hours thinking of the Scriptures (perhaps the only writings they ever heard), an occupation natural to those reared among a religious people and brought into frequent touch with the sacrificing priests of the Jewish faith. Perhaps they were thinking of the ancient prophecies, and hoping that the fulness of time was drawing near when the long-expected Messiah was to come. Nor is it unlikely that they opened their hearts to one another, confiding their fears

and disappointments, commenting upon the strange and solemn stillness which seemed to reign, and questioning as to whether it might bode anything unusual.

Suddenly they saw a strange light and a strange visitant. They were filled with fear and wonder as the Angel of the Lord appeared and the Glory of the Lord shone round about; for well may mortal men be filled with awe at the advent of the messenger of God, even if he comes with blessing on his lips. To their fear was added amazement, when the Angel spoke God's message of love: 'Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

2. A strange significance and mystical meaning is seen in the message of salvation being first announced to the shepherds on the hills. For was it not fitting for those who tended the little lambs of the flock to hear of the Coming of the Lamb of God? Was it not meet for those who watched as shepherds near Bethlehem, the city of David the shepherd-king, to see Jesus, the Good Shepherd who giveth His Life for the sheep? Nor should we fail to see in those humble men who watched their flocks by night, the type of those in the Sacred Ministry who watch for souls early and late, who if they are true to their vocation will meditate upon the word of God, will guard the souls committed to their care, will hear many a message and song from on high, and will seek the Saviour where He may be found, not now in the Manger, but at the Altar.

3. With crook in hand they started to see their Lord and King. Above them shone the stars, and perhaps in their midst they saw the 'Star of the East,' the glorious herald of Him whom the Scriptures call 'The Bright and Morning Star.' Silently the shepherds wended their way, thinking of Him who from heaven had come to earth to save from the devil the souls of sinners, even as they had saved their sheep from the prowling beasts. Those men were shepherds, not scholars; tenders of sheep, not theologians; but He who is the Great Shepherd of the sheep must have spoken to their loving hearts, and have deigned to bless them with some spiritual discernment of the Mystery of the Incarnation, as their souls opened like flowers of the field to catch the heavenly dew.

The miles were traversed, the Grotto was reached, and the shepherds knocked at the rough-hewn door. They entered, to behold the holiest of all holy scenes: the Maiden Mother and Joseph kneeling in silent love and adoration before a Manger, in which was lying, upon a bed of straw, bathed in a flood of Glory, the Infant Saviour, the Light of the World. And close at hand, if tradition be true, were the Ox and the Ass on bended knee, for 'the Ox knoweth his Owner, and the Ass his Master's Crib.'

The worldly-wise might have passed by that Cave and have seen no strange light shining through the cracks of the door; they might have looked upon that Holy Child and have noticed no unearthly Glory illuminating that humble abode; they might have stood and listened and have heard none of those heavenly harmonies, as adoring Angels sang their songs of praise. 'God hath hid these things from the wise and prudent.' The worldly could have seen but an ordinary man, a village maid, and a Child cradled in a manger.[1]

4. 'And the shepherds returned.' That was the hardest thing to do, to return from the manger mystery to the grey, chill fields on which the glory abided no longer. After an inspiring Sunday, to return to the worry and drudgery of Monday, that is a descent from the heights of transfiguration to the depths! After the heavenly harmonies, the bleating of sheep; after the chorus of angels, the lowing of cattle. To go on feeding sheep, tending lambs, frightening away wolves, as if the heavens had never opened, and yet all the while to know that the revelation was a reality, that is the test of faith. One would expect that the coming of our Lord, the King of Glory, to those shepherds, would mean an end to their shepherding, yet they returned, and were shepherds still. And the shepherd, remember, was the outcast of Palestine, next to the publican. The publican had at least the alleviations of wealth, while the shepherd was poor as well as despised, and yet they had to go back to their perilous and belittled routine as if God had never spoken to their souls.[2]

[1] A. C. Knowles, *The Holy Christ-Child*, 73.

[2] E. C. Jones, in *Christian World Pulpit*, lxxvi. 390.

The day is long, and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves, and of being alone,
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company.
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows that else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm;
And the work that we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works too;
And the days that seem long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities;
And close to our need His helping is.

II.

The Pharisees watching Jesus as he taught and healed (Lk 14^1; see also Mk 3^2, Lk 6^7 20^{20}).

1. It was the Sabbath day, and a certain wealthy Pharisee had invited Jesus to make one of a number of guests at his table. The motive that prompted the invitation was probably a mixed one; nevertheless, it was accepted, and that day the Pharisee and his friends heard such a plain, searching bit of table-talk as probably they had never listened to before. 'When he went into the house,' we read, 'they were watching him.' They did not know it, but He also was watching them—with what results they learned before the meal was over.

To understand the incident it is necessary to bear in mind the difference between Eastern and Western modes of life. 'The Englishman's house is his castle' is a sentiment that is wholly unknown in the Oriental world. 'The universal prevalence of the law of hospitality—the first of Eastern virtues—almost forces the Oriental to live with open doors, and any one at any time may have access to his rooms.' It is not, therefore, surprising to read that after Jesus had entered the house, 'Behold, there was before him a certain man who had the dropsy.' Probably his presence was not an accident. We are told, in an earlier chapter, that the scribes and Pharisees were 'laying wait for him, to catch something out of his mouth,' and it would seem as if this sick man's appearance just now was part of a prearranged plot. So, at least, it seems to have been understood by Jesus. He 'answering, spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees,' but they had said nothing. He has read their unspoken thoughts, and it is to these He makes answer.

Was there any bound to the heartlessness of these men? We are indignant if we hear of a surgeon experimenting on sick helplessness in a hospital, but what shall we say of these who are ready to make of a suffering man their tool, a stick with which to strike at Christ, and afterwards to be flung aside when their miserable purpose is accomplished? See how Christ puts them all to shame. 'Is it lawful,' He asked them, 'to heal on the Sabbath or not?' But they held their peace. Then He took the sick man and healed him, and let him go. Then once more He turned to His persecutors: 'Which of you shall have a son or even an ox fallen into a well, and will not straightway draw him up on a sabbath day?' But again they were silent: 'They could not answer unto these things.' So, for the sixth time, does Christ vindicate God's thoughts of the Sabbath against those who were making into a curse what He meant for a blessing.[1]

2. The enemies of Christ, in every age, have been unscrupulous in their efforts to condemn Him; but as often as they have tried, so often have they failed. They have scanned and reviewed His life; they have investigated and analyzed His doctrine. They have exhausted their ingenuity to find a mistake in His life, or to pick a flaw in His doctrine. But all of these efforts have been in vain, except to confirm the truth and divinity of the gospel and to place it on a firmer basis than ever before. The unanimous testimony of the ages, both among friends and foes, is that the religion of the Bible is the purest, and the noblest, and the best that has ever been offered to mankind. The Christian religion never suffers in the end by having to pass through fiery afflictions and stormy persecutions. Some of her noblest achievements have been won in these great conflicts; and some of her mightiest bulwarks and defences have been erected while passing through these struggles.

'It is a little cloud; it will pass away.' This was said by Athanasius of Julian the apostate, who, after a short reign of active hostility to Christianity, perished with a confession of utter failure. The same may be applied to all the recent attempts to undermine the faith of humanity in the person of its divine Lord and Saviour. The clouds, great and small, pass away; the sun continues to shine; darkness has its hour; the

[1] G. Jackson, *Table-Talk of Jesus*, 3.

light is eternal. No argument against the existence or attack upon the character of the sun will drive the king of day from the sky, or prevent him from blessing the earth. And the eye of man, with its sun-like nature, will ever turn to the Sun of Righteousness and drink the rays of light as they emanate from the face of Jesus, the Light of the world. With its last and ablest efforts, infidelity seems to have exhausted its scientific resources. It could only repeat itself hereafter. Its different theories have been tried, and found wanting. One has, in turn, refuted and superseded the other, even during the lifetime of their champions. They explain nothing in the end; on the contrary, they only substitute an unnatural prodigy for a revealed mystery. They equally tend to undermine all faith in God's providence, in history and ultimately in every principle of truth and virtue; and they deprive a poor and fallen humanity, in a world of sin, temptation, and sorrow, of its only hope and comfort in life and in death.

I suppose you never heard of a man of the name of Thomas Bilby. He was the man who wrote that beautiful hymn:

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

He wrote it for me. He wrote it for the first 'children's service' I ever held. That was forty-five years ago, since I held my first 'children's service.' I was at Chelsea. I may be wrong, but I believe that was the first 'children's service' ever held in the Church of England. I had heard of 'catechizing' before, but I had not heard of 'children's services.' Mr. Bilby wrote that hymn for me, for my first 'children's service.' He was my infant-schoolmaster. Before then he had been a private in the Coldstream Guards, but he became a religious man; was converted while in the army. There were several religious men in the same regiment, and they were very much observed by all the other soldiers, who watched them to see if they acted in any wrong way, because they called themselves Christians. So they watched that little society, these few religious men in the army, and if ever any one of the little band should see another going to do anything wrong, get into a bad temper, use a bad word, or going to fight with another soldier, he would go and whisper to that man, 'Watch!' No one else could hear it. Mr. Bilby told me that that was the rule among the Christians in the Coldstream Guards.[1]

[1] J. Vaughan, in *The Contemporary Pulpit*, 2nd ser. v. 247.

III.

The disciples watching with Jesus in Gethsemane (Mt 26^{40}; see also Mk 14^{34-38}).

1. With an instinctive dread of being alone, Jesus sought the presence and sympathy of His friends in His dark hour of agony. The Passover Supper being ended, He took Peter, James, and John to the Mount of Olives; and entering the garden of Gethsemane, to pray out the great crisis of His life, He asked them to tarry behind and watch for His return. Hastening back, He found them asleep, when, with mingled astonishment and reproof, He asked, 'What! could ye not watch with me one hour?'

2. It is quite true that the grief is His own, and that no one can bear it for Him, and yet the presence of some one who sympathizes with Him, how it helps Him! Jesus gave those of His apostles whom He most trusted the chance—the great chance—of sharing with Him, by at least understanding and appreciating what He was passing through, sharing with Him in some small degree the great work that He had to accomplish. But they refused it. See what unpreparedness leads men to! These His disciples, whose hearts were so full of love to Him; Peter, who when he looked into his own heart saw nothing there whatever but love to Jesus, had a chance of displaying it, could not use it; it was useless, he was entirely helpless, and closed his eyes in sleep, and did not understand, and did not know so great an opportunity of associating himself, even in the smallest degree, with that great final work of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth. It is the loss, the terrible loss of that great chance that was come to those who had followed the Lord, it is that which is one side of the terrible pathos of the story of the Cross, that no man—not even those who knew Him best—raised a finger to help Him through all that great time of His last days.

3. Every word is incisive: every syllable is an arrow whose point has been dipped in wistful and wounded love.

The sleep is inexcusable, because of the indebtedness of the disciple. *Could ye not watch?* asks Christ; and the Ye is emphatic. Ye, who have heard My teaching, witnessed My miracles, and known the allurement of My life; ye, whom I have crowned with My special favour; ye, who have protested your fidelity so often and so

recently. I am the 'drowned dyvour' of my Lord Jesus Christ, to quote Samuel Rutherford's vivid phrase. Such things He has done for me; such boons He has bestowed; such pains He has undergone. And shall I be negligent towards Him? Ah, the thanklessness of it, the ugliness, the evil!

And the sleep is inexcusable, because of the modesty of the Lord's demand. *Could ye not watch?* He queries; and now let me lay the stress on the verb. He might have bidden me drink with Him the wormwood and the gall; climb the hill of shame by His side; die, as He died, of a broken heart. But the Cross and the curse are for Himself alone; and from me He seeks simply the open eye and the consecrated mind and the obedient spirit. Not to exile or prison or martyrdom does He call me, but to suspect myself, to repel the advance of temptation, to cultivate holiness, and to embrace the opportunity of commending Him. It seems unpardonable that Christ's friend should deny Him a gift so small.

And the sleep is inexcusable, because of the measurelessness of the Saviour's deserts. *Could ye not watch with me?* and what poignancy and pathos dwell in the last words! He is my Healer, my Teacher, my King, my God. The earth moves at His command. The beasts are governed by His sceptre, and the birds sing His praise. High in the ranks of creation, the angels are flames of fire in the speed, and stormy winds in the energy, with which they do His will. But He blesses me as He has blessed none of them. They do not know my motive to spend and be spent for Him. To succour me He became man. To fill me with good He emptied Himself, and was numbered with transgressors. Shall I forget Him?

And the sleep is inexcusable, because of the brevity of the vigilance. *Could ye not watch with me one hour?* and how quickly one hour runs out to its final second! Many a night, from sunset to sunrise, He spent pleading for me, the morning star finding Him where the evening star had left Him. He devoted a whole eternity, ageless and endless, to the devising of my salvation; and shall I grudge Him my fast-fleeing days? His grace towards me has neither commencement nor close; and how can I rob Him of those few fragments of time which remain to me? Nay, this very moment let me arise.[1]

[1] A. Smellie, *In the Secret Place*, 13.

O Thou that toilest in the night,
We come to toil with Thee:
Thy shadow is our perfect light;
Thy valley is our mountain height;
Within Thy cloud we see.

Within Thy cloud of common care
Our selfish burdens fall:
We take Thy load, we lose our share,
Our single sorrows melt to air
In the great fire of all.[2]

IV.

The Soldiers watching Jesus on the Cross (Mt 27[36]).

1. Our thoughts are, rightly, so absorbed by the central Figure in this great chapter that we pass by almost unnoticed the groups round the Cross. And yet there are large lessons to be learned from each of them. These rude soldiers, four in number, as we infer from John's Gospel, had no doubt joined with their comrades in the coarse mockery which preceded the sad procession to Calvary; and then they had to do the rough work of the executioners, fastening the sufferers to the rude wooden crosses, lifting these, with their burden, fixing them into the ground, then parting the raiment. And when all that is done they sit stolidly down to take their ease at the foot of the cross, and idly to wait, with eyes that look and see nothing, until the sufferers die. A strange picture; and a strange thing to think of, how they were so close to the great event in the world's history, and had to stare at it for three or four hours, and never saw anything!

2. It was true that their hands had driven home the nails and uplifted Him on the tree of death. What of that? To them it only meant one Jew the less in the world. To execute a man in that brutal fashion was only an incident in their military duty. It was part of their trade. They were in the presence of the most momentous fact in history, actors in the supreme event for which the groaning world had waited through the ages, but they knew it not. Little recked they the Divine meaning of it all. Flinging themselves on the ground at the foot of the Cross when their bloody work was done, they only thought of their perquisites. The law allowed them to appropriate the clothing of the criminal, and so they relaxed the weary hours of the guard they were told off to keep by gambling for their spoil. The outer cloak of

[2] G. Matheson, *Sacred Songs*, 38.

Jesus was quickly torn into quarters, for each of the quaternion to receive an equal share. But the inner robe was of finer texture and seamless woof. It seemed a pity to destroy it by partition. So, true to the traditional love of gambling among the Roman soldiery, the dice were ready in their pockets, and the brazen helmet of one of them would answer well enough for a dice cup. Let them throw for it. Thus they beguiled their hours of guard with gibes and gambling. And in Him who was slowly and painfully passing through the throes of death before their eyes they saw nothing at all. 'They watched him there,' but their minds were fixed on worldly pleasure and reward. In their eyes the Victim of the Cross was hardly worth a thought. He was only a dying Jew.

Ah! do you think the world nor cares,
  Nor watches while you toil away?
And do you fancy your affairs
  Are left unnoticed day by day?

Cease, then, to do your best and turn,
  Indulging in one foolish deed;
That day the world will let you learn
  That it has given careful heed.

V.

Watching for his appearing (Lk 12^{37}; see also Mt $24^{42, 43}$, Mk 13^{33-37}, Lk 21^{36}, 2 Ti 4^{5}, Rev 16^{15}).

1. One of our commonest mistakes is to assume that Christianity is complete—whereas, in fact, it proclaims itself still imperfect. That 'the Life has been manifested,' every Christian believes; nevertheless, 'waiting for the manifestation' describes the true attitude of the Christian spirit. The final act in the Divine drama has yet to be accomplished. And the great, wistful, age-long expectation of the Church finds voice in her song of praise, when the recital of redemption in the past modulates into undying hope for the future: 'We believe that thou shalt come.'

The doctrine of the Second Advent, which the New Testament leaves so obscure in all its details, has been materialized and often degraded by its interpreters, by artists no less than by theologians. Yet the Church has never been able to forget these forward-looking thoughts. And the prophetic instinct of a climax and consummation in the moral order of things lies deep in the general heart of those who have loved righteousness and hated iniquity. There must surely dawn a day of final settlement and recompense when all wrongs shall be avenged, and all injustice shall be rectified, and all losses and sacrifices shall be made good.

It is strange and humbling to notice how men have agreed by a kind of common instinct to call that day of the Lord *Dies Irae*—not *Dies Amoris*—thereby, as Ruskin remarks, passing unconscious judgment on themselves.

The Second Advent, so far as its outward form is concerned, will probably disappoint and disconcert common expectation as utterly as the First Advent. We may be certain that those who say 'Lo! here' and 'Lo! there' are mistaken, and that all calculators of dates for the fulfilment of prophecies will be proved utterly in error. Yet not the less, but rather the more, do we need our Lord's warning—to live continually as those who expect the bridegroom at any hour. Dr. Marcus Dods paraphrases the meaning of Christ's command to watch: 'He does not mean, "Be ye always on the watch," but, "Be ye always prepared."'

The true temper and attitude of expectancy keep us loyal in each day's service, and patient in the continuance of well-doing. What men call success may lie beyond our reach; but simple, dogged fidelity is possible for every Christian, and is required of every Christian. St. Paul summed up his highest ideal of spiritual success in these words: 'Having done all, to stand.' While our English poet reveals the root secret of spiritual failure:

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.[1]

2. But we must remember that Christ spoke of many comings. He came at His Resurrection, He came in the coming of the Holy Ghost, He comes in the death of His disciples, He comes in the crises of history, as well as in His Advent at the end of the world. It is true that it is often difficult for us to distinguish these references from one another. In the account in the Gospels He seems to refer to the fall of Jerusalem and to His final coming at the end of the world, as if they were the same thing. But as Dr. Salmond has shown, this is only in accordance with the nature of Biblical prophecy, and in this our Lord attaches Himself to the Old Testament.[2]

[1] T. H. Darlow, *The Upward Calling*, 256.
[2] E. A. French, *God's Message through Modern Doubt*, 227.

3. He bids us watch for what He calls His *Parousia*. The Parousia is compared to the coming of the bridegroom at a midnight marriage, or to the return of a master from a long journey. The word in this special sense echoes through the New Testament: it occurs fourteen times outside of the Gospels. We have adopted the word into our language because there is no precise English equivalent. It means primarily, *a being present*, and secondarily, a *presence* which results from coming, *i.e.* an arrival. The natural meaning is illustrated in 1 Co 16^{17}, 'And I rejoice in the coming (*marg.* presence) of Stephanas,' etc. Naturally presence which results from coming is more frequently the subject of remark. But one example, 'His bodily presence,' in 2 Co 10^{10}, shows clearly that the presence, and not the coming, is the essence of the word.

Now, if the reader will carefully consider the places in Mt 24 where our Lord speaks of His Parousia, and then combine them with those chapters in St. John where the theme of the Comforter is developed, he may see reason to believe that the word Parousia is to be understood rather as presence than as coming. The figurative form, and the parables employed in illustration, may give the impression that His thought is only of a coming, what we call, rather oddly, His second coming. But the underlying idea in His own mind is that of a presence, which manifests itself, but may easily be missed by the unprepared.[1]

4. Do you know the feeling in matters of this life, of expecting a friend, expecting him to come, and he delays? Do you know what it is to be in unpleasant company, and to wish for the time to pass away, and the hour strike when you may be at liberty? Do you know what it is to be in anxiety lest something should happen which may happen or may not, or to be in suspense about some important event, which makes your heart beat when you are reminded of it, and of which you think the first thing in the morning? Do you know what it is to have a friend in a distant country, to expect news of him, and to wonder from day to day what he is now doing, and whether he is well? Do you know what it is so to live upon a person who is present with you, that your eyes follow his, that you read his soul, that you see all its changes in his countenance, that you anticipate his wishes, that you smile in his smile, and are sad in his sadness, and are downcast when he is vexed, and rejoice in his successes? To watch for Christ is a feeling such as all these; as far as feelings of this world are fit to shadow out those of another.

He watches for Christ who has a sensitive, eager, apprehensive mind; who is awake, alive, quick-sighted, zealous in seeking and honouring Him; who looks out for Him in all that happens, and who would not be surprised, who would not be over-agitated or overwhelmed, if he found that He was coming at once.[2]

A few weeks ago, in this city of Yung P'ing Fu, we had a change of military officers. As we went into the city on the Sabbath morning, we noticed the company of soldiers stationed in a temple on the main road near to the Mission houses all dressed in their best, and eagerly awaiting the arrival of their new commander. All day long they were on the watch, and when I rose next morning and looked out of my bedroom window, the first thing that met my eyes was one of these soldiers still looking along the road for any signs of the new man. But he came not that day. But they dare not relax their vigilance, and next morning at cock-crowing —the Chinese call it 'chi chiao'—the newly-appointed major arrived, to find his men on duty ready to receive him with all due ceremony.[3]

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.[4]

Virginibus Puerisque.

The Chivalry of Moses.

By the Rev. James Rutherford, B.D., Edinburgh.

'Moses stood up and helped them.'—Ex 2^{17}.

There is hardly another incident, I think, in the life of Moses, in his long, illustrious life, that is more like the man, or more beautiful in itself, than this little incident which we find in the

[1] R. F. Horton, *The Commandments of Jesus*, 281.

[2] J. H. Newman, *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, iv. 322.

[3] John Hedley.

[4] B. M., *Ezekiel and other Poems*, p. 26.

seventeenth verse. Possibly you never noticed it before, but it is worth remembering.

You know how Moses was brought up in the palace of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and how one day he went out and found one of the Egyptian taskmasters cruelly treating one of his fellow-countrymen, and how Moses stood up for the Hebrew and slew the Egyptian. Then he had to flee for his life. He fled to the land of Midian, and one day after a long tramp he came to a well. How pleasant was the greenness of the grass about it, and how refreshing the sweet water! Moses sat down by the well, and this is what happened.

First there came seven girls, seven sisters who were shepherdesses, bringing the flock of their father. They carried the water and filled the troughs, and made everything ready for watering their flock. Then there came some men, who were shepherds, rude, strong men, and they took possession of the water which the women had carried. They drove the women away, and wanted to water their own sheep first. I daresay there was often a fight at the well because of the scarcity of water in the desert. It was only the sheep that were watered first that would get any water at all. But Moses could not stand this, and he stood up and helped those women against the rude, selfish men, and watered the flock of the seven sisters.

Now this is a very little thing, but then you know that the little things often mean much. The little things in the boy show what the man is going to be; and nothing could tell us more emphatically what manner of man Moses was than this manly interfering to protect the rights of these women against the shepherds.

Remember it was in the desert! I daresay in Princes Street we would take care what we are doing—when the eyes of a great many people are upon us. But Moses was here a fugitive in a strange land where nobody knew him. But then he was so true a man that he could not sit still when the seven girls were being treated cruelly and unjustly, and he 'stood up and helped them.' It shows what kind of man he was. He was so energetic and strong. Weary he was at the well-side, but he was soon ready to leap up and strike hard. It shows how fearless he was—one man against these shepherds. It was a brave thing to do. It shows how *chivalrous* he was. You know what that word means! You read about the knights of the olden time, you read about them in Tennyson, in Sir Walter Scott. The true knight had a great reverence for women, and he was always ready to protect the weak, and to champion those who were wronged.

Now Moses did this—he stood up *for the women*, the seven sisters. When those shepherds wanted to push them roughly aside, Moses stepped forward and said, 'Ladies first!' Just what any of you boys would say! You would say it as you enter a room; you would say it in a tramcar—you would never think of sitting yourself and allowing a lady to stand. And in far greater things than these. You read about a shipwreck, you know what happens; all the men, all the sailors stand aside until all the women are safe in the boats. 'Ladies first!' And that is just what any boy may take with him into all his life. At home think of your mother first; think of your little sister before you think of yourself. You are not to be like the little boy that I read about some time ago. His mother said to him, 'Tommy, I wonder you can eat all these sweets and never think of your little sister'; and Tommy said he was thinking about her all the time—he was thinking she might come in before he had them finished. Selfish little fellow! No, when you have a nice thing, a very nice thing, just see that your little sister gets the very nicest bit of it.

And Moses stood up *for the weak when they were being wronged.* I do not say that women are weak, for that is not true. They are strong, far stronger than many men. But when it comes to be a matter of watering cattle, carrying heavy buckets, and filling great troughs, and when there is a fight at the well-side, then the seven sisters have no chance against the great, strong, brawny shepherds. Moses sprang to the help of the weaker side, and because the weaker side was being wronged. It was the women who had carried the water and filled the troughs, and they had the best right to have their flock watered first, and when the shepherds wanted to deprive them of their place it was unjust.

So Moses tells us here to stand up for the weak and the wronged. It may be a little boy at school who is being bullied. Some strong fellow is taking something from him, and the little fellow cannot resist, he is not strong enough. It may be some dumb creature, a little dog or cat, that is being

cruelly tormented. And when you go out into the world you will get plenty of chances to stand up for the weak and the wronged, for those who are at a disadvantage in the struggle of life. This is the spirit of Moses and of Christ—so gentle and so strong to shelter and succour. Is it not like Christ Himself this word—'He stood up and helped them'?

That was an interesting moment for Moses when seven pairs of eyes were upon him; and one of these seven sisters came to be his wife. You could make a fine story out of that. But it was interesting for another reason.

You know that all the life of Moses was different because he turned aside to see the burning bush. God said: 'This is the man I want; he will attend to things, he will listen, he is not careless, he is reverent; I will make him the leader of my people.' And don't you think God was well pleased when He saw Moses do this at the well-side? It showed what kind of man he was; and God said, 'I will make him the champion of my weak, wronged people in Egypt.'

Ah, children, when you do little things you are showing what kind of character you have; and if it is the right kind of character God will give you greater things to do. So was it with this man who stood up at the well-side for these seven sisters, and God sent him to Egypt to brave the wrath of the king, to defy the armies of Pharaoh, to be the champion of His down-trodden people, and to say to the tyrant, 'Let my people go.'

The Allegorical Element in the Fourth Gospel.

By the Rev. W. K. L. Clarke, M.A., Cavendish, Suffolk, late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Mr. Strachan, in the October number of The Expository Times, has brought up again the question of allegorization in the Fourth Gospel. It may be worth while to make a fresh attempt to estimate the extent to which this tendency has been indulged by the writer. Dr. Inge, in his article 'Gospel of John' (*Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, i. 885), declares that the author 'allows himself a free hand in manipulating the facts on which he is working.' This will be readily granted, if it means no more than a rearrangement of matter to suit the scheme of the book. But many will be reluctant to concede the position, if it means that the writer invented his facts in order to convey spiritual lessons. The object of the present paper is to show that the balance of probability is against such a distortion of the facts of the Gospel history.

I. Dr. Inge quotes the well-known passage of Clement of Alexandria preserved in Eusebius (*H.E.* vi. 14), 'John, last, having observed that the bodily things had been set forth in the [earlier] Gospels, and exhorted thereto by his friends, and inspired by the Spirit, produced a *spiritual* Gospel.' 'The word "spiritual,"' he proceeds, 'or "pneumatic," is here, as usually with the Alexandrians, opposed to "bodily" or "somatic." . . . By spiritual was meant, not devotional, ethical, and philosophical, but allegorical as opposed to barely historical.'

It may be said at once that Clement's view has much to recommend it, in view of the wide-spread use of the allegorical method. Homer, practically the Bible of the Greek world, did not suit the sophisticated Alexandrians, and many of his stories had to be given an allegorical interpretation. Jewish Rabbis found allegories in the most straightforward parts of the Old Testament. The streams of Hellenism and Hebraism meet in Philo, and allegorizing runs riot. According to St. Paul, the real meanings of the story of Hagar, and of the injunction not to muzzle the ox, lie beneath the surface in the allegorical Christian interpretation (Gal 4^{24}, 1 Co $9^{9.10}$). The writer of the Epistle of Barnabas takes great pride in showing that the 318 servants of Abraham pointed to the Cross of Christ, ending his exposition with the words, Οὐδεὶς γνησιώτερον ἔμαθεν ἀπ' ἐμοῦ λόγον· ἀλλὰ οἶδα ὅτι ἄξιοί ἐστε ὑμεῖς ('No man ever learned from me a more genuine word, but ye are worthy'). Clement continues the method, and Origen reduces it to an exact science.