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General von Bernhardi, that the principles to which these sins are opposed are binding still upon men and nations at all times, though the particular form of Christ's application of these principles was dependent on a view of the world that is now transcended. There are some Christians who believe in peace at any price, and there are others, like Rev. G. T. Sadler, who allow 'passive resistance' while they condemn 'active resistance.' But neither class can rightly claim the authority of the Sermon on the Mount, if our view of it is correct. We conclude, then, that pacifists have no reason from the Gospels to condemn all war, but the highest reasons for waging war, not for motives of hatred or revenge, but for the promotion of freedom, honour, justice, and truth among men.

(5) *Metaphysical beliefs.* Jesus revealed no new dogma about the ultimate Reality. He did not formulate the doctrine of the Trinity which was afterwards elaborated in order to express the meaning and value of the revelation in and through the person of Christ. Jesus' faith in the Fatherhood of God is still, to speak in the cold phrase of metaphysics, only a probable hypothesis. To many of us, indeed, it is the most probable theory of the nature of Reality. If, as is probable, Jesus shared

the Jews' belief in the devil, His belief is not binding upon us as the most exact possible explanation of the origin of evil. To the present writer a personal devil is an unnecessary and improbable hypothesis, in view of man's evolution from the lower and instinctively savage life of the brutes.

Is it not clear, then, that these critical investigations of modern thought involve no loss at all in the resulting conception of Jesus Christ? They are indeed a pure and positive gain, since they avert our gaze from what is doubtful so that we may fix our attention wholly upon those teachings of Christ that cannot be shaken. Jesus did not come to tell us all the secrets of natural science, of history, or even of metaphysics. His authority lies deeper than that of the scholar, and therefore we may be content not to know exactly what He said upon these subjects. Jesus came to reveal a life and a character that are eternal and divine. He came, therefore, not to fetter us with His theories of the world, but to give us a Holy Spirit, a hope and an end in our life. He only asked us to give the utmost for the Highest; to devote ourselves wholly to the pursuit of Truth, Goodness, Beauty, and Joy, which are our modern names for what Jesus called 'the Kingdom of God.'

In the Study.

The Gate.

THE Rev. Richard Roberts has published through the Student Christian Movement four addresses, three of which were delivered to students at the University of Liverpool. The title is *Christ and Ourselves*. The third lecture is on the Acceptance of Christ. In that lecture Mr. Roberts takes his text from the parable which we are accustomed to call the Parable of the Door (Jn 10⁹). He properly calls it the Parable of the Gate. For it is an open way in and out that is spoken of. He finds three ideas expressed in the parable.

1. *Security.*—'If any man enter in by me, he shall be saved.' Security is something we are all seeking. We are for ever putting or trying to put ourselves beyond the reach of the long arm of danger and mischance. But we know that with all our endeavour we stand in jeopardy every hour. Our life is a fragile and precarious affair at

the best, and none of the barricades with which we fence our lives about are impenetrable. Mere physical security we shall never attain. But there is a security which we may, and it is infinitely more precious; we may gain *moral security*. The counterpart of the figure of the Gate of the fold is the Shepherd of the sheep. And the Shepherd of the sheep says that they hear His voice and follow Him: 'And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no man shall be able to pluck them out of my hand.' And this is the guarantee He gives of our security—'The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep.' Will you suffer a witness of my own? I am a man of the commonest clay, of more than ordinary frailty, of more than ordinary amenability to temptation . . . and up to this day I am conscious of being a man who has been kept, and often (the more is the shame) kept in spite of himself. The

Lord is my Keeper. There is no doubt of that. Every one who has tried Him has found Him so. He shall be saved,—so runs the promise,—saved from dishonour, disgrace, shame, remorse, moral collapse, saved from very perdition. And it is true to-day as when Paul declared that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. 'He shall be saved,' that is, if he enter in. Accept Jesus Christ and you find a Saviour. To accept Him as Lord is to surrender to Him all that you are and have; to find Him a Saviour is to know that He will give you all that you require.

2. *Spaciousness.*—'He shall go in and out.' Another thing we want is freedom, spaciousness. We all want plenty of room. Perhaps our commonest complaint about life is that it is narrow, circumscribed, cramped. And in these days of specialization when most of us are set to do little bits of work and to do them over and over again, the narrowness of the routine cramps and paralyzes us utterly. I do not wonder when I hear that Smith or Brown has got tired of the city or the shop and has gone forth to seek space and emancipation in the broad plains of another continent. There is a restlessness in us which demands range, space, but of all futile things, to imagine that we can get more space by a change of environment is the most futile. The man who is cramped in the city will soon or late feel cramped on the prairie. The only spaciousness of life that is genuine and abiding is that which comes within us, when our minds become a continent and our souls a universe. And that comes with our surrender to Jesus Christ. He is not only Saviour, but emancipator and liberator. He will transfigure the dull narrow routine into a splendid highway; He will give us the franchise of a kingdom of boundless wealth; He will break the bands and fetters of routine and make the most stuffy vocation a palace of great possibilities. He himself becomes our universe in which henceforth we live and move and have our being.

3. *Sufficiency.*—'He shall find pasture.' Superfluity is not in the promise, but sufficiency is. Let him go in by the gate of fame, ambition, wealth, and he gains not sufficiency but scarcity, not food but a famine, not satisfaction but a growing hunger. Listen to this: 'I know from experience the intel-

lectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation and artistic pleasures; but am also well aware that even when all are taken together and well sweetened to taste, in respect of consequent reputation, means, social position, etc., the whole concoction is but as high confectionery to a starving man.' This is the testimony of a man who was forced back at last upon the Gate which is Christ; and there he found sufficiency, enough to live upon. This is the unbroken witness of all who have entered in by this Gate; and it was a man who had gone in by this Gate who declared that he had learned whatever state he was in, therein to be content,—wanting nothing. The experience of St. Paul is confirmed by all the saints; and no man yet has found Jesus Christ come short of His word.

Security, spaciousness, sufficiency—here are our deepest needs. Jesus Christ stands or falls according to His ability to supply these needs as He promises. But this must be put to the test of personal experiment.* One must try Him and give Him His opportunity, and that indeed is all that He asks. And one finds that the 'dead reckoning' of to-day becomes the midday sun of every subsequent morrow.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

September Gleaners.

'Let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.'—Ruth 2^d.

There was a wonderful French painter called Millet. When he was a boy he was quite poor, his father being just what we in this country call a crofter. When little Jean Millet sat down to dinner, it would be at a very bare, homely table. But though no one seemed to notice it, Jean had eyes that saw everything, and he had a heart that loved those round about him. He had seen old women gleaning in the harvest fields, and he noticed that they looked tired and weary—so different from those who were young. Furthermore he could not but observe that many field workers were very good. When the Angelus, or call for evening prayer, rang out across the fields, Jean had seen the men take off their caps, and close their eyes as if they prayed, while the women bowed their heads and looked solemn. In course of time, Jean

became an artist, and painted a picture called 'The Angelus.' It is very beautiful. You must remember to look for a print of it: there are many of them all over the country. He also painted one called 'The Gleaners.' The latter is a picture with a great deal of thought in it. Many English and Scottish people who visit country districts in France, and see the men and women working in the harvest fields, think of those two pictures of Millet's, 'The Angelus' and 'The Gleaners.' Through them, they have learnt to love the French peasantry.

But there are pictures that are not painted on canvas. Haven't you yourselves got pictures in your own minds? You have, I feel sure, one of 'Joseph' in his coat of many colours, of 'Rebecca at the Well,' of 'Moses,' when he had reached the safe shore of the Red Sea. In the Book of Ruth there is a beautiful picture of a gleaner. It is finer than Millet's one. Millet's work will become old-fashioned; people will one day speak of him as belonging to a past age. But the Bible picture of 'Ruth the Gleaner' is loved more and more as time goes on. Millet's gleaners make us think of life being toilsome, of women having to work when they are old and tired; the gleaners of the Book of Ruth live in the sunshine, they are all young.

Gleaners had a real place in the Jewish harvest field. In our country, they would be spoken to sharply, and sent home. But there was an old Hebrew law about gleaning. Listen to it, for it is very beautiful.

'When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger: I am the Lord. . . . When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands.'

Ruth, although I can believe she was very gentle, and very beautiful, took her place amongst those poor people. In the course of her short life sad things had happened to her, but she was very brave. She and her mother-in-law had had a long talk together about their sorrows, and the elderly woman discovered that Ruth cared more for love than for the mere enjoyment of life. 'Let me now

go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace,' she pleaded with Naomi. And Boaz, the owner of the field to which she went, was very good indeed to her. It is a very fascinating story. The poet Keats represents Ruth as weeping when she hears the nightingale singing while she gleanes. If she did weep, her tears, I feel sure, would be tears of thankfulness and joy. Grown-up people do sometimes shed tears when they are very glad and thankful.

Here are a few lines of Keats' exquisite poem on the Nightingale:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
in ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path,
through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

'Ruth, the Gleaner' is an old-time picture. But during these September days, I hope many of you may have an opportunity of being in some harvest field. There is no fun like the fun of playing amongst the stooks. Long ago, how we used to love to hear the swish of the scythe, and watch the women gathering the corn, and binding the sheaves. You will not, I fear, see a real gleaner like Ruth. The gleaner in the field you visit will probably be just a boy with a big rake.

I want to turn your attention to that boy. He is sometimes very interesting. Underneath his silence there may be much that is worth copying. If a big person asked an Aberdeenshire 'rake' how he liked his work, the answer would probably be as curt as 'I like it fine.' But the memory of not a few Aberdeenshire farm boys has come to be a sacred memory. I knew one who became a great scholar. While he raked, silently—for he rarely spoke—his mind was on his 'version,' and when he dreamed dreams—which he sometimes did—they were of one day going to the university.

'That is all very fine and fanciful,' some one here may be saying, 'but I live in a city tenement, I never see the harvest fields.' Let me tell you of a boy gleaner, whose home was in a top-flat. His name was Jim. He attended Sunday School, and one day the teacher put a question, the answer to which involved the mention of an obscure classical character. To her surprise Jim answered correctly.

'How did you come to know that?' she asked. 'Please,' he said, 'they were taking in coals to the Academy; I followed the carts, and gathered up all the loose leaves in the yards and read them at home.' Jim was a gleaner, and a good one.

And there was a little Italian fellow, called Michael. His father was a stone-cutter. Michael was strong in mind and body. The first sounds he knew were the ring of the hammer, and the working of the chisel in the quarries. He was not a clever scholar. He just kept scribbling over everything with drawings. His father was disappointed and whipped the boy for spoiling the white-washed walls of the house. But whippings did no good. Michael went back to his drawings: he thought it was worth while suffering pain, so long as he could get on. But he had made a great friend—a boy about his own age, who was learning to be an artist, whose father had plenty of money. His name was Francesco. Every morning Francesco brought to Michael designs borrowed from his master's studio, and these Michael copied. He made wonderful progress, and in course of time became the great Michael Angelo. But I feel sure that he looked back to those days when he 'gleaned' as being very happy days indeed. What did whippings matter?

In Lanarkshire there was born into a humble home a boy who was named David. His father's name was Neil Livingstone. When David was quite little he used to help his mother in the house. He did not quite like this work, and made it a condition that the house door should be kept shut so that the people passing might not see him working. At ten years of age he was sent to work in a factory. With his first half-crown, he bought an old Latin Grammar. He propped it up on the back of his spinning frame, and as he went backwards and forwards, he learnt little bits by heart. That was 'gleaning.' I daresay you have guessed that he became the great missionary, David Livingstone.

Now, boys and girls, this world is a wonderful harvest field. The little flowers! Can't we glean their sweetness? Can't we learn their names? There are men and women, as well as boys and girls, who glean constantly, and in ever so many different fields. They get to know a great deal, yet they themselves feel that they are but beginning to learn. Gleaning is work that makes one feel very happy. I can imagine how Ruth and

Naomi would, at the end of the first day's work, thank God for His goodness. When you go back to school, you go to glean in a harvest field. Great reapers have been in front of you, and have left many sheaves. You surely will not throw away your splendid opportunities. And, lying before you are the sheaves left by those who wanted most of all to know about God and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. I knew a very clever student. He loved the Bible above everything. Morning, noon, and night he studied it. He gleaned with all his might. In his enthusiasm he worked so hard that to the sorrow of all his friends he fainted by the way; but now that he is gone from this world, men are gleaning the sheaves that he left behind. Thus the gleaning goes on. Boys and girls, will you, along with your school work, try every day to glean a little knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ? If you do, you will grow to be the sort of men and women that make the world better.

II.

Children of the North Wind.

'A stormy wind came out of the north.'—Ezek 1⁴.

I have been thinking lately that different people are rather like different winds. Some are North-wind people, some South-wind, some East-wind, and some West-wind. So I am going to speak to you about each of these winds in turn, and the people who are like them, and I hope you will be able to recognize yourself amongst them. Of course there are winds between these that have a bit of both North and East, and these we call North-East winds; and winds which have a bit of both South and East, and these we call South-East winds; and so on. And there are people too who have a bit of two winds in their nature, so if you cannot find yourself amongst the North-wind people, or the South-wind people, or the East-wind people, or the West-wind people, perhaps you will find yourself if you take a bit out of two of those winds and put them together.

Well we shall have a talk to-day about the North-wind people. I think you will find most of them among the boys, though you may find a few among the girls too.

Mr. North Wind is rather a blustering old fellow. He bursts open our doors, and howls down our chimneys. He brings blizzards which chill us to the bone and hard frosts which burst our water-

pipes and crack our jugs if we are not careful. When he blows in real earnest he allows nothing to stand in his way. He snaps the bare branches off the trees, he tears the slates off our roofs, and dashes the hail against our windows. In fact, he makes a great amount of noise, and does a good deal of destruction.

So much for Mr. North Wind himself; but now what about the North-wind people? Well, they are the sort of people you hear all over the house. You always know when they are in, because they immediately signal their entrance by slamming the front door. Then they dash upstairs three steps at a time, and slam another door at the top. Their boots seemed to have more nails in them than any other people's; at any rate, they have the gift of clattering to a marvellous extent.

These people are destructive. They seem to have little regard for mother's good carpets or any of her treasured possessions. It is not that they really want to destroy them, but they just don't think. Their manners are a little rough, and they have rather a bad habit of speaking before they think, so that sometimes they damage other people's feelings as they damage the carpets—just for want of thought. Their tempers are somewhat breezy, but usually it is the case with them of a good storm and then all is over. The worst of it is that they sometimes do a good deal of destruction with these storms, and the effects are felt by others after they are forgotten by themselves.

But we are not going to say that Mr. North Wind has nothing but defects. Oh dear, no! He is really a decent sort of chap, and, to tell the truth, we are rather fond of him. First of all, he is very bracing to strong people. He blows away a lot of microbes, and makes our blood tingle with health. And then, if he does frighten the plants so that they hide underground, he at least gives compensation, for he brings a thick blanket of snow to cover them up and keep them cosy, so that they shoot up again stronger than ever in the Spring.

And then he is an out-and-out fellow. There is no deceit about him. He doesn't pretend to be anything else but what he is. As he comes rushing along he shouts, 'Here I am now!' Look out for squalls! Build up your fires, and put on your overcoats, and your thickest boots, for when I begin to blow in good earnest, you know what that means!

And he is a jolly fellow. He provides us with a

lot of fun in the way of skating, and sledging, and snowballing; in fact, we should miss him dreadfully if he deserted us altogether.

And we really could not get on without our North-wind people. They do a lot to cheer us up. They are a little rough in their way of doing it, but they are so jolly and good-hearted that we are ready to make allowances for that. They are very straight and above-board, and are so anxious not to appear better than they are, that they usually succeed in making people think they are a great deal worse than they are. You would be surprised to find how tender they sometimes are to little weak things; just as Mr. North Wind is tender to the little weak plants, and covers them up with snow. It is only by chance you discover this, because they are awfully ashamed to let other people know they have a soft spot in their hearts.

I want to say just one word in closing to the North-wind people. Don't be proud of your roughness. It is nothing to be proud of. In fact, if you persist in it, it will spoil and disfigure you in the end. The North Wind cannot help its roughness and harshness, because it is made that way, and it comes to us over fields of ice and snow in the Polar regions. But you can help your roughness. It is something you wear on the outside; it is a habit which can be got rid of. But remember you will have to fight it, and you will have to *want* to fight it. Boys and girls of the North Wind, let your good hearts tell. Don't keep them hidden away inside that hard exterior. Give yourselves over to the keeping of Jesus, and He will help you to get rid of all your defects: He will make the hard places in your nature soft, and the rough places smooth.

III.

The Rev. Thomas McConnell, B.A., has published some addresses which he gave to his young people on 'Belgium, the Great War, and our Lads in Blue.' After the title of the first address he calls his book *White Wings* (Allenson; 1s. net). One of the addresses is on

FOG.

You will recollect that in our first address, one night when the sea was calm and everything peaceful and still, the captain of the little steamer, whose duty it was to sail between Harwich and

Antwerp, pointed out that it was not always like that. There were times when it was rough enough.

That led me to reflect on the dangers of the deep.

'What are you most afraid of at sea, captain?'

'Oh, I fancy a good thick fog is just as dangerous a customer to deal with as anything that comes our way.'

And so I shall speak of fog, the sailor's foe; an enemy that daring is no protection against, but which demands the greatest caution. A man may have no fear as he dashes into the thick wall of mist by which he is enveloped, yet I will not call that courage. Rather is it foolhardiness, that so recklessly risks collision. For the only way to fight fog is by caution, and again caution every time.

How great has been the toll of ships around our British coasts, practically every year, on account of fog! When we get our cross-channel mails regularly every morning, little do we think of the brave men whose business it is nightly to risk their lives, in order to bring them to us.

It is when some great disaster like the loss of the *Empress of Ireland* takes place, owing to collision in fog, that it is brought home to us how great are the risks that brave men are continually taking, and that without a word, upon the sea. Oh, I think that in these islands of ours, where we do not boast when we say that our home is upon the deep, we should never forget in church or at the family altar to pray for our heroes who go down to the sea in ships!

And specially at this time, when our fathers and brothers and husbands and sons their nightly vigil keep, watching with patience lest the enemy steal upon their dear ones in the silence of the night; in these days of peril and need, when we have the flag of Nelson and his gallant sea-dogs still to keep flying, should we unceasingly call upon the name of the Lord for help and keeping.

None know better than our boys in blue how hard a task it is to watch an enemy's fleet, on the alert to dash through under cover of a heavy fog, and inflict damage on a defenceless town. But they know that in England are wives and mothers and sleeping children who are trusting them, and they are determined to do their duty. God bless them!

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

How helpless even a skilful mariner feels in a fog! I remember being practically held up in a heavy fog on the Bank of Newfoundland, a place where fogs are almost continuous, for three days and nights. We could not see the bow of the ship, although we were in a position almost amidships. Like a thick, clammy blanket the fog clung around us, creating a dismal, miserable feeling among us all. At about four knots an hour we crawled along, and sometimes in the night we knew the ship had stopped, and once even she reversed engines.

What gave us greatest confidence was the knowledge that we had an exceptionally skilful and experienced commander in charge, the commodore, in fact, of the fleet of steamers by one of which we were travelling. It was good to know that while we were helpless ourselves, yet we had for captain one whom we could trust, one who knew his business thoroughly, and who would take no undue risks. We were late in getting in, but we arrived.

Young people, friends of mine, before you reach the home port you will doubtless encounter fog—it may be seen. There is the fog of doubt. How many temptations there are at school and college, in the office and in business, among the young bloods of our modern life, to doubt almost everything one has learned about the Bible, about the Christian religion, about God!

More dangerous is it still when young people begin to question whether, after all, it pays to be good, to keep the Sabbath day, to pray, to take one's stand on the side of honesty, of truth, and of purity.

'Indulge this once just to see what it is like.' It is the Devil's voice I hear, whispering in your ear. And when one begins to wonder whether it

is not the best course to thrust one's hand into the fire to see whether it will burn, the fog is getting very thick indeed, and a soul is already in deadliest peril.

The only right course for a ship venturing out upon the sea of life, where fogs are rife, is to get the right Captain on the bridge from the start. Have Him there before the fog begins, before doubt has suggested itself to your mind, before the glamour of sin has blinded you to the beauty of holiness. Get Jesus upon the bridge, and He will keep you safe and sound amid all the perils that shall follow.

Around the fire on a winter evening a fellow-student of my own told me that for a considerable time he had been an agnostic. I knew him for a keen, enthusiastic Christian worker, and I asked him—

‘What was it led you to faith?’

‘Well,’ he said, ‘there was one thing I could never get away from, and that was my mother's piety. I could easily have riddled all her arguments, but I could not riddle her sweet Christian character, and I knew it was her religion which was the mainspring of that.’

‘Did you become clear about things all at once?’

‘Oh no, it all came gradually. When I was a boy of twelve I had given my heart to the Saviour, and in those days He was very real to me. It seems to me that He then mounted the bridge of my life, and that He never took His hand off the helm.’

‘Was He with you in your doubting days?’

‘I am sure of it. They were only a phase such as every young man whose mind is waking up passes through. But Jesus held His place in my life, silently and surely, though I did not know it. And then when I contrasted my mother's pure, angelic life and character with the nothings I had been exalting in its place, I saw that only Christ, who was responsible for that character, could satisfy my mind, as I had come to think He alone could satisfy my heart.’

Get Christ on the bridge, boys and girls. The fog of doubt and questioning may come. The more intelligent and thoughtful you are the more likely it is to come, at least the fog that makes you not sure of the things you have been taught. The other fog comes to every young person, who ventures out upon the world, some time. But if you allow Jesus to take His place early in your life, no fog that ever gathered will prevent Him from safely conducting you to the heavenly shore.

The Pioneer of Faith and of Salvation.

A STUDY OF THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF JESUS AS PRESENTED IN
THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.

III.

1. THIS personal experience being what is significant and valuable in the Incarnation, we may look at its general character before we turn to consider the light which is thereby thrown on particular incidents of the life of Jesus. The purpose of this experience is that the *Pioneer of faith and salvation* might be *perfected through sufferings*; regarding this statement we must ask two questions—(i.) Wherein consisted this perfection? and (ii.) what were the sufferings by which it was obtained? His perfection is described in general

terms in 7²⁶. He is ‘holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens.’ ‘Christ,’ says Westcott *in loco*, ‘is personally in Himself *holy*, in relation to men *guileless*, in spite of contact with a sinful world *undefiled*. By the issue of His life He has been *separated from sinners* in regard to the visible order, and in regard to the invisible world, *He has risen above the heavens*.’ This perfection is not untried innocence, for He ‘hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin’ (4¹⁵). Sin was neither the source nor the result of His temptation. He was not tempted as we are, when we are