

most fraught with meaning to us—is evidence both of the existence of the rite and of the power which the worship of Jehovah had of turning a barbarous rite into one of deep religious¹ and moral significance.

The most attractive book of the month has just reached us. It has reached us too late for any kind of review this month. Its title is *Sacred Sites of the Gospels*; its author, Professor Sanday of Oxford.

Professor Sanday is engaged upon a *Life of Christ*. There are many sources for a *Life of Christ*. There is the history of the Church and a man's own experience. But the chief sources are the Land and the Book. Dr. Sanday knows the Book. Last year he went to view the Land, and this volume is the result.

No. Dr. Sanday will not allow us to say that this

book is the result of a single short visit to Palestine. He had other reasons for writing it, and other qualifications. He had, above all, the qualification of a close student of the text of the Gospels. And if others have written a geography of the land because they have been much travelled there, Professor Sanday has written upon the Sacred Sites of the Gospels to show us, once for all, what the text of the Gospels demands.

How many names spring at once to the memory—Capernaum, Bethsaida, Gerasa, Ænon near to Salim, Bethany, and, in these last days, even Bethlehem itself! But we must not stay to speak of it now. The volume is enriched with five-and-fifty of the most beautiful plates from photographs. In what Dr. Sanday calls the reconstruction of the Palestine of the past he has been assisted by Mr. Paul Waterhouse, M.A., F.R.I.B.A. The book is published at the Clarendon Press (13s. 6d. net).

In Memoriam: Robert Campbell Moberly.¹

BY THE REV. W. SANDAY, D.D., LADY MARGARET PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY, OXFORD.

WITH what reluctance does one give up the word of the Old Version 'win'—'that I may win Christ'—for that of the New Version 'gain.' The old Translators were poets; they felt the finer associations of words. 'To win' at once calls up such associations: it makes one think of the prize of knightly tournament or battle, the prize of high courage and heroic effort and great deeds, the wreath of laurel or the chaplet of pine leaves, a prize noble in itself and noble in the way it is won. 'To gain' seems upon a lower level. It suggests the counter, and the calculating spirit of the counter—a spirit perfectly legitimate and useful in itself, but wanting just those high associations that the other word possesses.

And yet there can be no doubt that the Revisers

¹ A sermon preached in the Cathedral, Christ Church, Oxford.

'That I may gain Christ, and be found in Him.'—*Phil. iii. 8, 9.*

were right in deliberately choosing the inferior word.

In the first place, it was the word—or the true equivalent of the word—that St. Paul really used. He really wrote 'gain' and not 'win.' There is no ambiguity about it.

And in the second place, if we take the whole context together, the apostle's meaning is quite clear and harmonious. And it is noble still, though the nobleness comes in by another door.

Let me read the rest of the passage. The apostle has been enumerating the privileges that he had in his old life, on his old footing when he was still 'a Hebrew of the Hebrews,' 'of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, . . . as touching the law, a Pharisee; as touching zeal, persecuting the Church; as touching the righteousness which is in the law, found blameless.'

So far he has got; and then he suddenly turns round and says, 'Howbeit what things were gain to me,'—the 'gain' here points forward to the other 'gain' that is coming,—'what things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea verily,' he goes on, as his thought rises and becomes still more impassioned; 'Yea verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may gain Christ, and be found in Him, not having a righteousness of mine own, even that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is of God, through faith.'

There is much more in the same triumphant strain that I should like to quote because of the ring of triumph in it; but it would lead me too far from my subject. We see now what the figure is that the apostle really has in his mind. He is like a man with a great pile of treasure before him—gold and jewels and all that is costly,—and he not only refuses it and will have nothing to do with it, but he actually spurns it and tramples it under foot as too contemptible to be thought of, if only he may gain Christ and be found in Him. Here is the real treasure, the treasure which passeth knowledge.

I have singled out those words for my text, partly because it is in them that the passage culminates, but mainly for another reason, because they seem to me to sum up in briefest compass the life's message of him whom we so deeply mourn to-day—so deeply mourn, although we rejoice that he has found his quest and reached his goal.

What was the leading thought of that great book, *Atonement and Personality*? It is something of this kind.

Our friend was, as you know, one of the most loyal of men—intensely loyal above all to the Church in which he was born and which he served. Its deposit of truth he held with all his heart and soul. And yet he was also very modern. He knew the thoughts that were in men's minds; he sympathized keenly with much in them which seemed to lead towards fuller and deeper truth. In particular, he sympathized with them in the revolt against older and cruder forms of stating the doctrine of the Atonement—as though there were in it an imputation of merit that was not real, a simple transference from the innocent to the

guilty. Utterly real and sincere as he was himself, he could not tolerate the thought of a process that might be described as containing anything of 'fiction,' anything that was not strictly and literally true. He could not tolerate this, and he looked for a substitute for it; he looked for some interpretation by which the process of Atonement should be no fiction but real, wrought out within the man, and not wholly without him. And he found this interpretation in the work of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of the Crucified.

It was the subtle working out of this position that was the most distinctive feature of that remarkable work.

How the argument stands at this moment, rather more than two years after its publication, I would not venture to say. It has certainly not been refuted; it has hardly perhaps received adequate examination,—how extremely few there are among the English-speaking peoples who would be competent to examine it adequately! In any case, it remains a most impressive and weighty statement, classical in its presentation and in its conception, of a far-reaching solution of some of the profoundest problems.

And not only so, but beside the discussion of its principal theme, the book was rich in penetrating and illuminating thoughts touching upon many departments of Christian theology.

But, whatever may be the ultimate and accepted place of the theory as a theory, there cannot, I think, be a doubt of the broad success of the effort by which it was inspired to bring home to the thought and conscience of all of us the very deep significance of this language, which really permeates so many of the most important of the New Testament writings—the language which speaks of the union of the Christian with Christ, of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, of the passionate longing of saints like St. Paul and St. John as it were to lose themselves in Christ—to 'gain' or 'possess' Christ, and 'be found' in Him.

This intense longing, which so moved the saints of old, also moved their modern expounder. To him it was all unutterably real. And he has done more, probably, than any one man in this generation to make it real for others.

I ought to add that the great work *Atonement and Personality* is supplemented in a valuable way by the more recently published volume of sermons entitled *Christ our Life*, which turns upon the

same fundamental idea and illustrates it in various connexions; and also by a single sermon, originally preached before the University, and printed in the January number of the *Journal of Theological Studies*, which develops the central conception yet further and guards it against misapprehension.

There was yet another aspect of the religious life connected with this in regard to which the influence of our friend will long be felt. It may be said to strike the keynote of the earlier volume, *Ministerial Priesthood*, given to the world in 1897.

It followed from that view of the religious life which has just been described—or, if it did not exactly follow from it, it was at least in closest harmony with it—that the religious life was conceived of as a complete unity, a coherent whole. Dominated by that one great motive of which we have been speaking, centring in Christ and deriving all its force and vitality from Him, it was felt to be wrong to draw any line of strict demarcation, and still more of contrast, between the inward source of the religious life and its external expression or manifestation. Stated in this way, with the trenchant precision that was so characteristic of Dr. Moberly's writings, this proposition reads almost like a truism. And yet, truism as it really is, it is one that is being constantly violated. Which of us may not detect himself in setting the outward in contrast with the inward, when the two ought really to be not contrasted but harmonized? It is this mistake which too often leads to the undue disparagement of what is outward, simply because it is outward. We speak of forms and ceremonies, and then the next step is that we speak of '*mere forms*.'

All turns on that little word '*mere*.' Of course it is possible enough for the form to become divorced from the inner reality. Then it is a *mere form*, lifeless and dead; and the cry is raised, '*Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?*' It was this hasty cry that our friend set himself to resist. He showed—and I must needs think, convincingly showed—that this method of '*cutting down*' is not the right method.

The right method is not, Destroy the form, but Restore the connexion between form and substance. Take the form, and fill it again with life; cause the sap to circulate through it once more; clear away hindrances; stimulate growth; and the tree that seemed lifeless will soon begin to bud and blossom.

As I state it now, this advice may perhaps appear somewhat obvious; and the fallacy to which it is opposed may also seem obvious. But, at the time when Dr. Moberly wrote, it was widely current; and not only widely current, but all the more dangerous because it was latent rather than expressed. Indeed its influence was subtly felt through books of deservedly high reputation.

There were other arguments in the volume on which I should have liked to dwell; and I should have liked to dwell especially on the elevated moral purpose running through it all, its lofty conception of the Christian ministry, the high demand which it made for reality and earnestness of pastoral care. But it is more relevant on this occasion to point out how all that has been hitherto said as to the leading ideas of both books was deeply expressive of the mind and character of their author.

He was not, like most of us, a compound of conflicting tendencies—a little good here and a little bad there, sometimes the one uppermost and sometimes the other. Alike in mind and in character he was '*at unity in*' himself.

The mind was a very remarkable one. I have known no other quite like it. It was, if I may call it so, essentially a *deductive mind*. The way in which it worked was by penetrating straight to the principle underlying the subject that he wished to explore, and then, when once he had laid hold of this principle, following out the clue in all its detailed ramifications, tracking it into each remotest corner of its applications.

He used to deprecate the idea of being credited with learning. And I could understand what he meant. He was not one of those who amass great stores of knowledge. He was not a reader of many books, though the books that he did read he digested thoroughly and knew accurately. But he was a thinker rather than a reader. And he had, as I have said, a wonderful power of getting to the heart of a subject, and, when once he had got there, working his way outwards from it, with a logic sure and unerring,—and that although no one could be more alive to the defects and limitations of logic.

Until he had reached the principle of a thing, he was at a loss and had nothing to say. He did not seem to make experiments or try to approach it little by little. But, when once he had caught the principle for which he was in search, words and thoughts came freely. And it must be rare indeed

to find a mind which, when once it was furnished with a principle, could apply it with such precision, with such fine and delicate discrimination of what came under it and what did not.

Add to this an extraordinary power of sympathy, an extraordinary sensitiveness to the emotional atmosphere—if I may so describe it—of the questions and persons with which he was concerned—and you will, I think, understand the unique gift of judgment that he brought to bear on matters public as well as private.

In a single word, he had the gift of *insight*—intellectual insight, and, above all, spiritual insight—beyond any one that I have ever known.

And now I will ask you to go back with me and consider what all this means in the sphere of religion. Think of one absorbed and dominated by this central idea of finding Christ or being found in Him. Think of it as the heart-blood pulsating through every artery and vein. And then ask yourselves in what relation these things that we so often call rather disparagingly ‘forms and ceremonies’ would stand to such a mind? Would it be possible for it to disparage them? Would it be possible for it even to separate them—to think of them separately—from the life within? Rather they would take—as they did take—their true place as the expression of that life, the body of which it was the soul.

If we reflect upon this, I think we shall see that it explains some little traits in our friend that to some perhaps stood rather in the way of complete understanding and appreciation. He had a certain elaborateness of manner, a certain scrupulousness of utterance, which—refined as it was—to some might seem rather in excess. The reason of it was not what in another it might conceivably have

been. It was all absolutely real and absolutely sincere, but it was just a product of the extreme care and the extreme accuracy which were essential qualities of his mind.

‘He nothing common did or mean.’

It was impossible for him to do it. Behind each smallest act or accent there lay the whole weight of a mind and character devoted through and through to the highest ends.

Little things like this—the higher gifts standing in the way of the lower—and a naturally retiring disposition, tended for a time to limit the range of his effective activity. But he was gradually finding his audience. He was gradually stepping into the place that belonged of right to him. His voice was heard, and would, I feel sure, have been listened to more and more in the Councils of the Church. His published books cast their seed upon the waters. He was surrounded by the reverence and love of those who had learnt from him.

We must bow our heads to the dispensation that has taken him from us. We may be sure that it has a meaning, however hard it may be for us to see it. The Master needs him elsewhere, and elsewhere he will be doing the work that the Master has for him to do. We will cherish his memory, and strive to profit by his teaching and his example. None of us can fill that vacant place; but the fact that it is vacant should be at once a call for new workers and a spur to those who are already working.

‘We bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly Kingdom: Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ’s sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.’

The Religious Value of Faith.

BY THE REV. J. M. HODGSON, D.Sc., D.D., PRINCIPAL OF THE SCOTTISH CONGREGATIONAL THEOLOGICAL HALL.

LUTHER’S familiar *dictum* respecting the criterion of a standing or a falling Church may be taken as an indication of the high value and efficiency commonly ascribed, and legitimately ascribed, to the principle of Faith. To the individual soul,

Faith is certainly not less important and vital than it is to the community. In fact, there is no real meaning in the supposed Faith of a Church except in so far as it is the faith of its members.

From a scriptural standpoint, moreover, it