**follow thou Me**, directs his view along  
that course of duty and suffering, which  
was appointed for him by his divine Master.  
In the original, both *thou* and *Me* are in  
emphatic positions: “ *His* appointed lot  
is no element in *thy* onward course: it is  
ME that *thou* must follow.”   
  
On the  
words, **if I will that he tarry till I come  
....**, three opinions have been held (for  
that which refers the words to John’s  
remaining where he then was, on the shore,  
till the Lord returned from His colloquy  
with Peter, is not worth more than cursory  
mention): (1) that of Augustine and  
others (it being allowed on all hands, that  
**to tarry** means **to remain in this life**: see  
**abideth** (*the same word in the original*),  
ch. xii. 34), ‘If I will that he remain till  
I fetch him,’ i. e. by a *natural death*.  
But this is frigid, and besides inapplicable  
here. Peter’s death, although by the hands  
of another, was just as much the Lord’s  
‘*coming for him*,’ as John’s, and there  
would thus be no contrast. (2) That  
that ‘coming of the Lord’ is meant,  
which is so often in the three Gospels  
alluded to (see especially notes on Matt.  
xxiv.), viz. the establishment in full of the  
dispensation of the Kingdom by the   
destruction of the nation and temple of the  
Jews, This is the view of some mentioned  
by Theophylact, of Bengel, and others,—  
and is upheld by the similar place, Matt.  
xvi. 28. (3) That the Lord here puts a  
case only,—‘Even should I will that he  
remain upon earth till My last coming—  
what would that be to thee?’ This view  
is upheld by Trench; but I think must  
be rejected on maturer consideration of  
the character of the words of our Lord,  
in whose mouth such a mere hypothetical  
saying would be strangely incongruous,  
especially in these last solemn days of  
His presence on earth.   
  
The second  
view seems then to remain, and I adopt  
it with some qualification. At the   
destruction of Jerusalem began that mighty  
series of events of which the Apocalypse  
is the prophetic record, and which is in  
the complex known as the ‘COMING OF  
THE LORD,’ ending, as it shall, with His  
glorious and personal Advent. This the  
beloved Apostle alone lived to see,   
according to ancient and undoubted   
tradition.   
  
**23.**] **the brethren** is an expression   
of later date than any usually occurring   
in the Gospels. It is however  
frequent in the Acts: e.g. ix. 30: xi. 1,  
12: xii. 17: xv. 1, &c.   
  
The following  
words are to me a proof that this chapter  
was written during St. John’s lifetime. If  
written by another person after St. John’s  
death, we should certainly, in the   
refutation of this error, haye read, that St. John  
was dead and buried, as we do read of  
David in Acts ii. 29.   
  
This notion of  
St. John’s not having died, was prevalent in  
the early Church,—so that Augustine himself   
seems almost to credit the story of the  
earth of St. John’s tomb heaving with his  
breath. ‘The English sect of the “seekers,”   
under Cromwell, expected the reappearance   
of the Apostle as the forerunner  
of the coming of Christ.’ Tholuck. The  
simple recapitulation of the words of the  
Lord shews that their sense remained dark  
to the writer, who ventured on no explanation   
of them ; merely setting his own  
side of the apostolic duty over against  
that of Peter, who probably had already  
by following his Master through the Cross,  
glorified God, whereas the beloved disciple  
was, whatever that meant, to tarry till  
He came.  
  
  
**24, 25.**] IDENTIFICATION OF THE AUTHOR,   
AND CONCLUSION. See remarks  
below.   
  
**24.**] The words **these things**  
certainly refer to the whole Gospel, not  
merely to the Appendix—and are quite in  
St. John’s style:—see ch, xii. 41; xx. 31.  
  
  
**25.**] The purpose of this verse  
seems to he to assert and vindicate the  
fragmentary character of the Gospel, considered   
merely as an historical narrative :  
—for that the doings of the Lord were so  
many,—His life so rich in matter of   
record,—that in a popular hyperbole, we can  
hardly imagine the world containing them