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Entre Nous.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

There died on March 7th of this year a man who was greatly loved—Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy, or to give him his familiar war-time name—'Woodbine Willie.' He was only forty-six, and there is no doubt that he literally wore himself out. A memoir has been prepared by six of his friends, and published by Hodder & Stoughton (5s. net). The account of his home life and early years in the ministry is by the Rev. J. K. Mozley, D.D.; his life in Worcester by the Dean of Worcester; his war work by the Dean of Guernsey (late Assistant Chaplain-General). The chapter entitled 'Studdert Kennedy, a Friend,' is by Dr. H. R. L. Sheppard, and the 'Man and his Message,' by the Archbishop of York; while the account of his Industrial Christian Fellowship work—on which he was engaged at the time of his death—is by the General Director of the I.C.F., the Rev. P. T. R. Kirk. Chapters from such pens could not but make good reading. And it is difficult to conceive a subject with a more interesting and many-sided personality.

Dr. Mozley describes Kennedy during the time that he was curate at Rugby, where Dr. A. V. Baillie was rector. All the traits of the man as he was then and later are touched on, and so we will quote a couple of paragraphs:

'It was a somewhat simple churchman who met Kennedy after the delivery of his very first sermon in Holy Trinity Church, with the remark, "I want to thank you for your sermon: of course most people thought it very bad, but it was a great help to me"—a story that Kennedy loved. Probably the reason that "most people thought it bad," was that Kennedy never seemed in those days to care whether what he said was orthodox or not. He wanted to get at the truth, and his mind was too independent, and, it must be added, too lacking in balance of view, for him to confine himself to lines laid down by others. It is on record that on one occasion the Rector took action on this point: "Kennedy," he said, "I can stand one heresy from you each Sunday, but I cannot and will not stand two," a judgment that reduced Kennedy to guffaws of laughter and promises of amendment.

In this connexion the most noticeable characteristic of Kennedy was his humility. It is seldom, I think, that such great mental capacity is so entirely free from self-assertion and the spirit of dogmatism. And this humility was at once extraordinarily attractive, and a source of intellectual power, for he always saw that Truth was a bigger thing than he could grasp, and that opinions he disliked had probably got some truth in them that he had missed. In consequence, he was always a learner. Moreover he was entirely unacademic. Not only was his mind out of tune with a purely scholastic atmosphere, but it was impossible for him to dissociate his thought of God from his love for men. For him the setting and the stage of religion was this world, and his own intense humanness kept his intellectual side harnessed, if not subordinate, to his pastoral work. I can see again that small slim figure strolling into the unattractive Public House where his beloved lodging-house tramps were to be found, and standing up in the bar in his cassock to sing "Nazareth," while half his audience "felt within a power unfelt before." They loved him—loved him for his great laugh, the smile that transformed his face, the inimitable Irish brogue, but most of all because of his love for them.'

Of the six friends who have written about him, J. K. Mozley probably knew him best. He had certainly known him longest, for they were at school together—at the Leeds Grammar School, and Mozley saw a great deal of him in his happy home life at St. Mary's Vicarage,' *the* Vicarage as I came to call it.' He kept in touch with him when he was at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Ripon Clergy College; when he was a curate at Rugby, and when he came back to St. Mary's to help his father, by this time an old man, and he it was who on St. Mark's Day, 1914, married him to Miss Emily Catlow. When the War broke out, Kennedy was vicar of St. Paul's, Worcester. In speaking of the long arguments they had together, Mr. Mozley recalls Kennedy's dissent from 'an article on "Punishment," which I had contributed to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. The editor probably considered his reply to be rather too violent for insertion.' Did that letter of dissent ever reach the editorial offices of this magazine? It would be interesting to know.

Studdert Kennedy's war work is too well known to need comment. He met the men's needs better, probably, than any other chaplain. He was in France from 1915 until the end of the War, and he won the M.C. for conspicuous bravery. And this is what he says about war: 'There are no fruits of victory, no such thing as victory in modern war. War is a universal disaster, and as far as I am concerned, I'm through.'

A letter which he wrote to his wife about the training of his son, Patrick, is too revealing not to be quoted, and we give it below:

A Boy's Training.

'1. Make him a sportsman. Encourage him to play games and always to play the game.

'2. Teach him to despise cowardice and never to be afraid of anything or anyone save God.

'3. Teach him as soon as you can what his body is for, about his powers of procreation, and about the necessity of cleanliness in body and mind.

'4. Teach him to tell you everything about himself, and specially everything of that sort.

'5. Teach him that being a gentleman means using your life to serve and help your fellow-men as much as ever you can, and that it is dishonourable to desire only to make money and be comfortable. If he has brains teach him that he must use them to lead men on to better things, and to teach them a gentleman should choose one of the poorly paid but honourable professions.

'6. Teach him to love and reverence women. Encourage him when young to have plenty of girl friends, and to treat them as comrades and never to play with them and deceive them. Teach him that the man who deceives a woman is a scoundrel and that he must try to live straight.

'7. Last, and most important, about his religion. Teach him to love Jesus Chirst as the pattern God-Man. Teach him that, and leave him free. Don't force his religion in any way, especially if he has brains. There are bound to be in these coming years very rapid developments in Christian thought, let him go his way, and do not be pained or shocked so long as he keeps his love of Jesus Christ. If he wants to become a priest, let him, but never force him any way. Only teach him constantly that a gentleman must give not get, must serve and not be served.

'Guard him from vulgarity and snobbishness, and never let him speak contemptuously of any one or anything except a coward.

'I think that is all. Kiss him for me and give him my blessing, and when he is old enough tell him my life story as you would tell it, knowing that I tried hard most of the time to do right, and when I sinned was sorry in my heart, as I am now.

'I don't believe I am going to be killed, but I don't know, and any way I am content, so long as God can comfort you.'[1]

[1] *G. A. Studdert Kennedy*, 104.

The Indian Ferment.

Mr. C. F. Andrews writes an introduction to *The Indian Ferment*, by Mr. H. G. Alexander (Williams & Norgate; 7s. 6d. net). He says that he felt it ought to be published because it has given with remarkably keen observation a description of the ferment of thought in India and the racial feeling aroused.

'It is supremely necessary to appreciate this Indian ferment in England at once, in order that a great calamity may be avoided. For unless especially the younger generation in England, which should naturally sympathize with Young India in its present revolutionary mood, can understand what is taking place, there may be perpetrated once more in our own times one of those ghastly tragedies of human history not altogether dissimilar from that which took place in Ireland just after the War.' Mr. Alexander describes his book as 'A Traveller's Sketch Book, Nothing More.' His first words are: 'On reaching a new country my first tendency is to use my eyes and to look at the country itself. This is partly because I am on the look-out for new birds.' This man who is on the look-out for new birds has made delightfully interesting that which is generally a very dry business, an account of an itinerary day by day. Some one to whom we handed on the book returned it with the remark, 'I had no intention of reading it, but when I picked it up I could not help going on.'

Mr. Alexander is a Quaker, and he has a 'concern' for opium-smoking India—the object of his journey was to investigate the trade. The results are not given here, but there are many passing allusions.

Opium-smoking is to India what drinking is to Scotland. Of the village of Tinsukia he says: 'We found the men, each in his miserable hovel (you can tell an opium-addict's house at a glance from the others), smoking his morning pipe over a little fire of sticks, while his half-naked children stood shivering round, or tried to begin to do some of the work the incapable father could no longer do. And it was here at Tinsukia, too, that we saw the most pathetic opium victim: a youth of twenty-one, a beggar, unable to walk on his legs, who took such a heavy daily dose that he required half as much again as the maximum monthly allowance under the new rationing system. This he gets from the opium-vendor out of what remains over from short weight sold to other customers. He spends nearly a rupee a day on opium; but easily gets that much by begging. This opium shop was close to the railway station and junction. If you reflect upon this tale it reveals many things.'

What is the conclusion of this Quaker investigator

about the political position in India? He speaks out boldly. 'We can no longer rule India against the will of her two million (or is it ten million?) educated sons. There is only one honest course: it needs bold statesmanship and rare imagination; but it is not impossible. We must yield what they crave, yield full responsibility. . . . There seem to be only two alternatives: to yield full responsibility, or to rule by the sword. The third way, the way of gradually increasing responsibility of Indians in partnership with British, is blocked; for the leaders of India will not co-operate. . . . If we do the bold, imaginative thing; if, putting aside force or the threat of force, we honestly ask the acknowledged leaders of India to meet our representatives on equal terms, to make a treaty of friendship between India and Britain, I believe we shall find that their terms will be surprisingly easy.'

Christ in Flanders.

The Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C., the Founder of Talbot House in Poperinghe, has a definite purpose in publishing *Plain Tales from Flanders* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). It is that we may not rest content with reading what 'Dean Colet would have called the "blotterature" of the war period.' The sixteen chapters, which make up the book—the bundle of a man's memories—are to show us that that 'blotterature' is not true. 'There is no greater impoverishment,' says Mr. Clayton, 'in our hymn-book than the loss of the word "young" as Watts wrote it:

"When I survey the wondrous Cross
Where the young Prince of Glory died."

And He who died at thirty-three, after three years of ministry which set the world eternally aflame, most truly walked with these [the men who died on Flanders' fields] and welcomed them.'

It is a book of stories, some short and some long, but all true. One chapter is entitled Herbert Fleming, 'well-nigh the first padre in Flanders.' 'One scrap of Fleming's proverbial wisdom lingers on in my memory to explain his habit of mind. "God," he once said, "is not content with loving people. He positively likes them."'

The message of the book is twofold—first, that out there in Flanders His covenant was renewed; and second, that 'they' have their covenant with us to-day. His Covenant was renewed.

'There, in the dark of a dug-out, the fine old colonel admits that he never goes to sleep until he has said his evening hymn.

'There, crouched in the shell-hole, one man pulls out the Gospels and reads silently, until the others tell him to read aloud.

'There, in the outer darkness, struggling back from the Menin Road, is a stretcher-bearer alone with a badly wounded man. A gas-cloud overwhelms them, and the wounded man has lost his gas-mask. Yet in the morning light a mask is found upon his face, with the stretcher-bearer stifling beside him.

'There in a sunken cellar, or there in a crazy garret, the Upper Room renews its grace with a new meaning; for now it is the ever-living Lord who feeds them, and the disciples who have come to find strength to die.'

And they have their covenant with us to-day. '"Do not deceive yourselves," they would say; "do not imagine that an age of supreme sacrifice can well be followed by an age of supreme self-indulgence. Our day is at its close, but realize from this moment onwards that, whatever else is left undone, our work must be accomplished by you, or fall and fail for ever. Your age, which has entered into an inheritance which we purchased, will not lack its sufficiency of ambitious and successful men. Let some of you be ambitious and successful in a deeper direction. Be ambitious to undergird this stricken ship of England. Be ambitious to serve the cause of Christ with every silent power within you. Be ambitious to devote your lives to the spreading of a new spirit between man and man; to give one child a chance, which but for your thought of us, it would not have; to turn one dark to light; to win one new disciple to our Captain's cause. These are the things we ask of you, as you look back and see once more from the hills, where you now stand in the morning light, our bones in the valley behind you."'

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