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Entre Nous.

Influences.

As we were reading that very fresh, queer, and charming book of memoirs called *The Story of San Michele*, by Dr. Axel Munthe (Murray), we came across this passage: 'There is no drug as powerful as hope. The slightest sign of pessimism in the face or words of a doctor can cost his patient his life.'

The volume dropped from our hand as we considered the great influence a doctor has over those who come to him. Christ-like men, such as Dr. John Brown, Sir William Osler, and men not famous but known to ourselves, came thronging to mind, with all their power to cheer, and we recalled Aldous Huxley's saying in one of his 'Proper Studies': 'The position of the medical man in the modern mind is almost that of the medicine man among the primitives.' Indeed, he can cast down the anxious soul with a word, and condemn it to years of worry and fear by a single hesitating sentence.

It would not be a bad thing, perhaps, when next framing a set of thanksgivings, to say a word of gratitude for the noble doctors who encourage, uphold, support, and guide their fellows. It would be interesting to know if some mention of the vast power for good and evil given into their hands is urged upon them in their formal training.

The doctor, the minister of religion, the teacher—these are supposed to be the human beings with the most power over others. To take the last mentioned, picking up one of these admirable sixpenny yellow paper books sent out by Benn, 'Educational Theories' by Sir John Adams, we saw that psychologists are beginning to speak of the range of the teacher's effective personality, and to say that each teacher has an area in which he can make his personality effective, beyond which his power does not operate. We at once feel that this is true. We pick up the life of 'Ionicus,' or William Johnson Cory, Eton's most famed master, probably one of the most vigorous and commanding minds of the century. He would write to his boys, on whom his emotional approach to science, his reverential treatment of England's past, present, and future in class made an indelible impression—write wise letters in the holidays so that they did not slip from his ken.

'Be unworldly, don't worship celebrities; like simple people—honest people.

'Lift up your mind, and have a high standard for boys as well as ladies. Love none but the sweet minds. . . .'

The best teachers may well be called the Sowers, and that they are at work to-day, as long ago, is sure. Four living; nay five, could instantly be named. '*He threw pebbles into the pool.*' Lord Esher said of a pale scientist known to him in youth. And of somebody else, 'He threw seed on prepared ground.'

The doctor, the teacher, the pastor. Does anybody go through life without owing something to one of these? Yet even one child can influence another. What first influenced Temple Gairdner of Cairo to give himself to the consecrated life? It was the death of his loved young brother; as he bent over him in anguish, the Spirit came to him, and moved him to seek a new life.

In our ministry to-day are many sons of the manse who were brought up in a happy religious life. What an advantage! 'Nobility of character,' says McDougall, in that most human and kindly book of his, 'Character and Conduct,' 'is the most precious heritage of a family—it is transmitted from generation to generation by the subtle processes of personal contact.' The power of the sermon is still great, still disturbing. Witness the account given by Constance Collier, the actress, of her father's entirely changed life after hearing an address in church. Though the congregation may be particularly small this wet morning, the stranger in everyday attire is in the church, hungering for the Word.

And so, on we rambled in our thoughts on this great theme of Influence, and repeated: 'Of all men, the doctor, the teacher, the minister have most power.' How grateful are some of us, looking back on the word spoken in season! And how grateful have been those destined to play prominent parts in the world, for an early care, a timely warning. Arthur Benson records that Bishop Wilkinson on one occasion, just before he, the schoolboy, returned to Eton: 'After breakfast on my last morning, pacing along the orchard path, spoke to me with an incredible perception and delicacy of the difficulties of school life, and the need of keeping the love of God alive in the heart. On our return to the house he took me to his room, we knelt together by the bed, and he prayed with me in quiet words, and then, drawing me to him, blessed me with tender affection.' Schweitzer, surely the greatest living missionary, confesses that while he was being prepared for confirmation, though outwardly dumb, he was 'almost ill' from the feeling

of the holiness of the time. Baron von Hügel pays tribute to the Dutch Dominican Friar who showed him the way: 'What a whole man that was! One with all the instincts of a man, yet all of them mastered and penetrated through and through by the love of Christ and of souls.'

And gazing at the list of books read recently, one perceives that Influence, the power of one being over another, steals into every one. Even in the stubborn 'Good-bye to all That,' Robert Graves reveals his deep reverence for T. E. Lawrence. In that noble memoir by Miss Duke on Lord George Murray is shown the blinding influence his Prince ever had on a loyal but clear-eyed slave. Mrs. Meynell stresses the effect of her father's personality on her. 'He constrained me in my judgments.' In 'Nickey, Son of Egg,' that tender-hearted tale, we hear of 'Somebody he had known a lifetime ago, whose face he had forgotten, but whose personal quality—some subtle essence more subtle than the scent of roses, pervaded with a breath certain moments of intensity.'

And do not let us forget C. E. Montague getting his first impression of what religion might be in church, not this time from the preacher, but from the sight of an ordinary man praying most fervently in a pew near by. That impression never left him. It tinged all his outlook ever after.

And so we mused on, not even touching the fringe of the great subject, not going so far as to touch on the influences of Nature. (Wings against the sun, do you know anything more satisfying?) And think of what the desert meant to the restless spirit of Gertrude Bell, how she soaked herself in the still, fantastic scene.

The influence of books! Hans Andersen falling under the spell of Scott. Naomi Royde Smith full of thrills and shudders, as a child meeting her first lovely hymn in church and being borne out in tears.

But there was slight uneasiness in all our thinking, a consciousness that something was being left out. The influence of Mothers, of Wives. . . . Vast, and subject for many more musings.

The family nurse, caring for all, ever ready with her faithful unwavering love, she perhaps has an influence for good equal to that of anybody. She does not change; at any rate, two we have known stood steadfast in their belief and affection throughout every vicissitude of fortune, and the very knowledge that they were alive and longing for news and meetings wrought a change on all the sunless patches of the fabric of life.

Influence, is there any end to it? Happy those who know their saints. But we all have some power. A stray sentence lingers, an opinion bears fruit. A change of tone can make tears spring to a child's eyes.

C. MILES.

Shere.

A Japanese Saint.

If it be unwise, as Solon said, to call any man happy before he is dead, it may also be deemed rash to call any living man a saint. The Roman Church prudently canonizes only the dead. In spite of this one may venture to say that if there is a man on earth of Christlike character and life it is Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan. His name is not so well known throughout the Christian world as it deserves to be. Had he lived in India we should doubtless have heard more of him. What his attitude to Mahatma Gandhi would have been might be difficult to say, but one gains the impression that he is a man of far more powerful intellect, and of wider knowledge than Gandhi.

Born in 1888 of a well-to-do family, he became a convert to Christianity in his student days. On declining to enter the diplomatic service he was disinherited and came as a penniless student to the Presbyterian College at Kobe, where he studied for the ministry. During his student days he lived and preached in Shinkawa, one of the worst slum districts in Kobe. After a period of study in America he returned to Japan and resumed work in his old haunts. Here he has continued to work, together with his like-minded wife, in a spirit of utter self-sacrifice and unwearying love.

The conditions under which he lived may be gathered from the following report. 'I had investigated the mortality of infants in our neighbourhood and was astonished to discover that of sixty-two born in one year, forty-five had died. Therefore I felt that raising children in the slums amounted to murdering more than half of them within the first year. In reality it is quite to be expected that children cannot be brought up in the slums, for we adults were constantly troubled with skin diseases, and my wife and I were afflicted continually with trachoma. As for other contagious diseases, during the thirteen and a half years that we lived here, our slum was thrice stricken with the plague, five times with cholera, twice with dysentery, thrice with small-pox, and every year without exception with typhus. In particular, at the time of the small-pox epidemic of 1917, ours was the only house that escaped, there being deaths in every other house.'

Amid such surroundings Kagawa has carried on

his work as a Christian minister, social reformer, and labour leader. At first he was under suspicion as a revolutionary, and suffered imprisonment, but to-day his motives are better understood and his opinion on social and economic problems is highly valued by government. Although suffering from greatly impaired eyesight he has read very widely and found time to produce a surprising amount of literary work. His poems, novels, economic essays, Biblical studies, and religious books have an enormous circulation. His first notable book, 'Crossing the Death Line,' or as it is entitled in the English translation 'Before the Dawn,' took the public by storm, and 150,000 copies were sold in a few weeks. It is an autobiographical essay, in partly novelized form, dealing with his early spiritual struggles which ended in finding Christ.

A volume from his pen, *Love the Law of Life* (S.C.M.; 7s. 6d. net) has been translated by J. F. Gressett, and is issued with a Foreword by Dr. Rufus M. Jones, and a short biography of the author. The field covered is very wide, and the writer shows a really astonishing acquaintance with Western thought. He appears to have read all the best books not only in religion and sociology, but also in philosophy and science. He is himself a powerful and original thinker, and, what is probably unique in his writing, there continually breaks out through his reasoning a certain lyric passion which reveals a soul aflame with heavenly love. Briefly, the thesis of the book is that as God is love and has revealed Himself in the redeeming love of Christ, so He can be known only to the heart that loves as Christ loved. Moreover, to love in this way is the true art of life, and this spirit, when carried into the various departments of life, has power to regenerate social life, economics, art, science, and the whole realm of human activity.

Love and Labour.

'The real trouble is the dearth of love. Love is the only wealth. If only love be bestowed upon us, every economic problem will be solved. Labour is love's highest creation. Love is its trade mark. Without labour the perfecting of love is impossible, and without love labour is excruciating. The movement for socialism aims at restoring love to labour, and labour to love. Labour without love hurts like walking barefoot among thorns, while love without labour is playing with the toys of the devil. I abominate the present world order in which labour and love are divorced. When love discarded labour, labour abandoned love. Labour became punishment and love was changed to treason. To reunite the two, men have devised all schemes of anarchism, nihilism, despotism, and what not—but all have proved futile. Labour which is not for love, labour which is spent for destruction and violence, curtails all of life. . . . When love and labour are at last united, men will for the first time be enabled to bring social life to its consummation. Labour alone can maintain the body social. But loveless labour casts men down into the abyss of hell. Love alone gives cohesiveness to society. In fact, what I mean by "society" is "love expressed." Social economics is determined by the depths of love. Its credit systems, its exchanges, its investments, its traffic, its communications, its production, its consumption—all are determined by the depths of love. Love rejuvenates society. With love, then, let us effect our reorganization. With love let us purify. Love is the eternal revolutionist.'[1]

Love All-in-All.

'I see this love moving within me. Love decides my destiny. I am a part of love. Love determines my all. Love makes me hunger. Love nails me to the cross. Love is the sum of my destiny. O joyous fate! O gladsome tidings! If there is a destiny for me, it is love that decides it. I am bound to love: it is my glad fate. For love I suffer agony; for love I make appeal. But I, who am created to love, have so little of love; yet I have laid upon me the compulsion to seek the object of my love. Love to-day sends me afar to the cold North, and to-morrow sets me down on burning ground. Love is my master. In truth, man has laid upon him the great compulsion to love—to find a way into men's hearts by love. For love I am created; love may use me as it will. I cannot flee from love; the bonds of love, indeed, are my joy. I am infatuated with holy love. Love draws me on to the scaffold; yet I cannot forsake love. The sorrow of love's destiny is changed for me into a great evangel, a great art. Again, I declare, love is my all-in-all: love is my joyous destiny.'[2]

Dan Crawford.

Dan Crawford was of Gaelic descent. His forbears came from Arran. When quite a lad he got into touch with Plymouth Brethren in Greenock, and it was in one of their meetings at the age of twenty that his conversion took place. 'Sin—his sins—oppressed him as an awful weight ever

[1] T. Kagawa, *Love the Law of Life*, 207.

[2] *Ibid.*, 297.

dragging him down, down, down to an eternal hell of hopelessness and godlessness.' One Sunday after the little congregation left he sat on with four others. 'For two hours they laboured unceasingly to point out to him the way of Salvation.' At the end of the two hours, Dan was still in the depths of distress. Mr. Storer felt that everything would follow upon an initial move. 'He took from his pocket a thick carpenter's pencil, and with it drew a strong black line on the floor between Dan and the door. He said, "Now, Dan, you'll not step over that line until you have trusted Christ."

'The next few minutes passed in silence. Then suddenly dropping his arms, and drawing a deep breath, Dan strode across the line, exclaiming in tones of decision, "I will."

'It was twenty minutes past ten by the clock on the wall when *Dan Crawford crossed the line.*'

Next year he met Frederick Stanley Arnot, who was touring England to recruit missionary workers for the vast empire in the interior of Africa which is now known as Katanga, and in the following year, under Arnot's leadership and along with twelve others, Crawford set sail for the Dark Continent. Although Arnot was nominally the leader, each of the men went on his own responsibility, trusting God for means of support for the work without any recognized human agency. 'One of the most profound realities of his life was that he gave no anxious thought, and indeed very little thought of any kind, to the machinery of living.' At one time he may be found eating grass seeds and white ants, at another dining sumptuously, the guest of a prince. Of the fourteen, only three struggled on to the interior. Most died, and some turned back. Again and again as the years went on, the expected reinforcements failed to get through to the interior. At times Crawford and his wife—Grace Tilsley, whom he had known in Bath, and who came out to be married to him at Luanza ('a great gift from God')—were quite alone.

The biography of *Dan Crawford*, which has just been published by Messrs. Oliphants (16s. net), is written by his nephew, Dr. G. E. Tilsley. He was Crawford's own choice. He had been with him in Luanza for a number of years—a medical missionary. He had long talks with Crawford, when he took copious notes, and he had access to all his diaries and to his voluminous correspondence—his letters to his mother and sister at home had all been rigorously preserved. The greater part of the volume is occupied with quotations from the diaries and letters. And so it is a very leisurely journey that the reader makes with Crawford from his first landing at Benguella on the 9th of May 1889 to his death on 29th May 1926 at Luanza as a result of a septic wound. 'Somehow or other he knocked the back of his left hand upon a raw-edged shelf near his bed. Was it in reaching out for paper and pencil to record yet one more flash of light, come to him in the night-watches to illuminate some point in the Word he loved better than anything else on earth? Tincture of iodine was within reach; he was accustomed to apply it to any abrasion; but he omitted to do so on this occasion.' The biography might have been pruned. There is, indeed, no doubt that in places this would have been a considerable improvement. But the biographer of Dan Crawford had no easy task. This missionary who thought black, who says, 'One thing I often wish I had not, and that is a white skin,' is no easy man to make real, and this is probably effected best after all by making him speak himself.

Again and again, Crawford lived alone with the natives in their own surroundings. '"I am sitting," he writes early in 1890, "in my little native mud-hut—near the door of it, of course, for there is no window. You could not picture nor plan a more humble yet withal comfortable abode than this of mine. I don't say there is not plenty to evoke European growls! For instance, the little fire, lit of an evening, of which the smoke has just to make its exit the best way possible owing to the absence of anything in the form of a chimney. The solitary stool standing just a foot from the ground is made of a piece of raw hide stretched over a four-leaved wooden framework barely a foot square. Add to this a narrow shelf-like native bed, a grass mat lying on the floor (upon which is laid all that these kind hosts of mine can ingeniously scrape together by way of food), and you have the exact inventory of the

contents of my African hut."' It was by living with the natives in this way that he got such an intimate knowledge of the Bantu languages. Dr. Laws says: 'Next to the late Dr. Henry, Mr. Crawford is the greatest linguist I have known in Africa.' You could not learn a language, Crawford believed, only by questioning. He said again and again, 'Remember you only hear what you *over*-hear.'

Crawford had certain very strongly held views as to the best method of evangelizing. At first, at any rate, he distrusted station work and even educational work. He believed in the itineracing method. We quote here one of the many references to this in the letters and diaries:

'More and more I realize that my work must be itinerating the land with my Bible and the fewest possible followers, spreading the Good News. As we move from village to village I seem to hear Him who always was and always is with His own, saying as of yore, "Let us, us, go into the other villages also and preach, for therefore came I forth."'

His views broadened later. He recognized that educational work was necessary for the consolidating of the Christian life, that all the translation work he did was useless in face of a people who could not read, but the two words in the paragraph quoted, 'Let us,' represent his spirit to the last.

A typical picture of Crawford is given at the end of the biography. Less itinerating was being done now—this is 1925, about a year before his death. All over Luanza the Christians were forming local churches. Crawford himself was labouring in Luanza to complete his translation of the Bible. Sitting there one Sunday evening, he was giving a running commentary on the first chapter of James. 'But the secret of his strength lay not so much in his understanding of the Scriptures, as in the way in which he held himself open to their authoritative influence over his own life. . . . On the evening in question, he came to verse 19. Sitting with his worn Bible before him on the green table, he read out "*Swift to hear*——" He checked himself, raised his head, pushing his spectacles up on to his forehead, and said, "That's what I'm *not*. Miss Bryde knows that." He referred to the impatience with which he sometimes brushed aside that lady's endeavours to call his attention to specific points in the MSS of his translation of the Bible, upon which she was working with him.

'Readjusting his glasses, he read on: "*Slow to speak*——" Again he looked up with a wry smile. "I'm *not*. I want to get it out—be done with it quick." And then: "*Slow to wrath*——" . . . "Ugh!" said he, in vehement tones, "Ugh! *Kankalwa!*" (This signifies literally "I am confounded.")'

A Maurice Chair of Theology at King's College, London.

It may be remembered that in connexion with the Centenary of King's College, London, a movement has been started to endow a chair in the Theological Faculty in memory of Frederick Denison Maurice, to be called the 'Maurice Chair.' Mr. Harry Lloyd has recently contributed £500 to the fund, which has now reached a total of £1406. This is a long way off the sum of £25,000 which it is the ambition of the promoters to obtain, but the names of the Committee, representing as it does every school of thought in the Church of England, encourages the hope that the full sum necessary for the endowment will be obtained.

The following have recently joined the committee:

The Lord Charnwood.
Professor P. Gardner.
Dr. Albert Mansbridge.
The Master of Balliol College, Oxford.
Mr. Herbert Upward.
Mr. J. H. Oldham.
The Rev. Canon J. A. Douglas.

Those interested in this effort to commemorate a great man are asked to communicate with the Rev. Professor W. R. Matthews, Dean of King's College, Strand, London, W.C.2, who will be glad to receive any contributions.

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