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Elijah had lived a solitary life and did not fear solitude. The overwhelming dread of most men is a lonely death. But to Elijah the wilderness and the solitary place were alive with God; in the crowded haunts of men, the busy murmur of the streets drowned the voice he was accustomed to hear.

The crowded slopes of Mount Carmel had shaken his nerve, a night in the city had silenced the whisper of God when Jezebel threatened him with a death like the death of the prophets of Baal. The fear of a public death gripped him, his heart stood still, unreasoning panic drove out his strong reliance on God, and he fled.

The old reading of the LXX, 'and he was afraid,' seems here to be the right one.

Never again does he face the crowd. In that vivid moment, with staring eyes, he saw his weakness and feared even to put himself to the test again.

Away to Horeb he goes, and in silence comes the message. The crash of the earthquake, the crackling of the fire, the roar of the mighty wind brought him no message, but in the ensuing silence comes to him, as ever, the still, small whisper of God. The very message has a flavour of solitude, by its sentence of death on a nation—only the seven thousand are to be left. Not the shouting crowds, but the silent few are God's people: here is the germ of Isaiah's message of the remnant.

He is told to anoint Jehu and Hazael as kings of Israel and Syria, but he does not do so. Elisha 'the prophet in his room' he finds alone plowing and calls him, but almost at once says, 'Go back again.'

The work to be done in cities he deputes to others: a favourable opportunity brings about the call of his successor, even then he desires to depart alone, but Elisha insists on following.

Out of solitude he comes alone to rebuke Ahab in Naboth's portion, and back to solitude he goes.

Solitary he meets Ahaziah's messengers, and alone he sits on a hill when the captains come to take him and are destroyed. It is only at God's command and with God's safe conduct from public death that he goes with the third captain to see the king.

The story of his translation illustrates the same trait of character. Most men desire the helping hand and cheering voice of a friend as they cross the river, even as Christian leaned on Hopeful, but we find Elijah doing all he can to shake off Elisha, that he may win a solitary death.

Elijah was different from the ordinary man in his manner of life, in his desire for a lonely death, and the one thing that filled his heart with terror was that he should die when the voice of man drowned the voice of God, and it was this panic fear that made such a catastrophic break in his life.

CLIFTON P. BROWN.

Mittagong, N.S.W.

Entre Nous.

The Happiest Man.

Some time ago Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton published a presentation edition of the life of the Founder of the Dockland Settlement—Reginald Kennedy-Cox. An abridged edition has now been published—*The Happiest Man*—at the small price of 2s. 6d. net, or with paper covers 1s. Kennedy-Cox was educated at Malvern, where, he says, he 'was not the least bit in the world interested in the school mission.' He then went on to Oxford. 'I passed through my Oxford days entirely uninfluenced by the Church,' he tells us. After Oxford he settled in a flat near Portland Square and started to write. Several of his plays were produced and proved successful. 'Judged by certain standards I was the last person in the world to take up the job which has been my life's work. All my interests were in a diametrically opposite direction. I craved more for the airs and graces of life than its ugly realities. I was not a philanthropist, a humanitarian, or a zealot. Perhaps my chief and only assets were common sense and good will towards others.'

What first turned his mind to the slums of East London was his quite accidental presence in Court when a young lad from the docks was sentenced to death. Kennedy-Cox had arranged to meet a lawyer at the Old Bailey, and he had drifted in and out of one or two Courts, and then, just as he was leaving one, he heard a man whisper to his neighbour, 'In a few minutes he will be condemned to death.' 'Every morning I had picked up my daily

paper and had glanced carelessly at the agony column. I had noted in a vague sort of way the appeals there, to come down to the East End and help, and I had done nothing but write mock tragedies. Doubtless there were thousands more like the condemned boy, a vast class, victims of conditions over which they had no control, and unable to help themselves. Was I to stand aside, and refuse whatever help I might be able to give? I think I saw myself then at the Old Bailey quite clearly for probably the first time in my life. It was a severe jolt which upset all my preconceived sense of values. The things that I regarded as worth striving for now seemed amazingly trivial and foolish. There was no heroic resolve on my part to change the whole scheme of my life, nothing like that.

'West London and East London are not really far from one another—it is only a sixpenny bus fare to Dockland. Soon afterwards I went down to East London—for good!'

The work at the Settlement was interrupted by the War, for Kennedy-Cox joined up during the first days. He came straight back to it in 1918, and it gradually increased until there were five Settlements. The whole account of the work is most racy. Kennedy-Cox tells of one worried lady who asked a Bishop, '"Aren't they terribly eccentric at Dockland?" He replied quietly and kindly, "Eccentric perhaps, but very sane!" which I think was rather nice of him.'

Here is some of the advice which he passes on. 'First, then, if you can, *be a short man.* Little men really have a much easier time in life than big men, they get much more sympathy! . . . And then, this is most important—"Beware of committees." I have never forgotten the excellent advice of Shakespeare, "'Twas by committees Cæsar fell!" . . . As regards club organization itself, your work will never last if you try to make it purely individual work; that may need explaining. I consider it essential that you should surround yourself with an adequate staff, preferably a paid staff, *orphans if possible,* which you must try to train yourself in your own local ways: don't depend upon unpaid amateurs, however well-meaning and enthusiastic. They can't help letting you down in the long run and disorganizing your work. No hospital, no education establishment of any value is staffed by unpaid amateurs. If social work is to be of value to the State it must be adequately maintained; you will get all the devotion and sacrifice out of these same paid workers. . . . And within your walls, what there? You must have a varied programme to interest all comers; do not trust vaguely to cards, billiards, or even draughts! Virile men will soon get bored and want to gamble, and gamble they will. . . . Realize that no matter how effective social work is made, unless it has a firm religious basis it leads inevitably to a *cul-de-sac.* All our efforts to turn boys and girls into good citizens—and this is as true of Eton and Harrow as of the Slums—will be in vain if we do not supply them with the right spiritual motive and incentive.

'If possible get a layman to provide the religious element—not that amazing type, the lay reader (I happen to be one), but an ordinary educated gentleman who can accompany them to the football ground, and on Sundays to the chapel. Smash up the gang spirit; people are so terribly like sheep, and it is much better to deal with boys and girls as individuals than as groups, then you have a chance of getting somewhere near to knowing them.

'And your staff; try hard to keep them normal by sending them to the West End at least once a week. Let them go to "the pictures" or, better still, the theatre—there they can rest. Let them eat West End food; if opulent, say the Trocadero—if not, try Soho, but Soho can get rather highbrow!

'Finally yourself—here's the rub, no one will ever tell you when it is really time for you to give up. You are terribly alone, so you must try to get to know yourself, always a difficult job. At any rate, you can periodically scrutinise your own methods. They are sure to be, imperceptibly, growing a little out-of-date.'

At the end of the autobiography Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox (he was knighted for his social work) has one final word. In it he tells that in each of the little chapels in the Dockland Settlements they have placed inside the door of the chapel a poem—'it was written by a man with the same name as myself who died during the War. These are the words he wrote:

> Here is a quiet room,
> Pause for a little space,
> And in the deepening gloom,
> With hands before thy face,
> Pray for God's grace.
>
> Let no unholy thought
> Enter thy musing mind,
> Things that the world hath wrought,
> Unclean, untrue, unkind,
> Leave them behind.

Pray for the strength of God,
Strength to obey His plan.
Rise from thy knees less clod
Than when thy prayer began,
More of a man.'

I throw my Life in.

A short life has been written of the Bishop Suffragan of Kensington—*John Primatt Maud.* The author is Maisie Fletcher, the publisher the Student Christian Movement Press, and the price 2s. 6d. net.

John Maud's life was full of self-sacrifice and inspiration and crowded with work. It cannot fail to influence those who read it. Maud went up to Oxford, to Keble, in 1879, 'with a strong character, athletic ability, and with the intention of becoming a schoolmaster.' He secured a first class in the Final History School in 1883. At the end of his years at Keble he got the chance of a journey round the world tutoring a young man. After a couple of years he returned to Oxford and went to see Bishop Talbot, who was then Warden of Keble.

The Bishop wrote an account of their meeting long after to his daughter, Dorothy Maud. 'Two men, he was one,—the other not of Keble—came to say good-bye at the end of their last year. I asked the first what he was going to do? "Going round the world." "And after?" Oh, then, he hoped, Holy Orders. The second was your father. At the end of two years both returned to me separately. The first, on my question whether he was going now to prepare for orders, replied: "Oh, no, I have quite given that up." "Why?" "I have been round the world and the experience and the spectacle has made me feel that I couldn't face that." I don't remember more exactly. Then came J. P. M. He, too, had returned from his circuit of the world. "What now?" He had decided for Cuddesdon. "But I thought you told me you couldn't face Holy Orders." "Oh, yes, but I have been round the world, and at every point I saw the same battle contending, and it was the battle of good and evil, so I felt I could not do other than *throw my life in.*" You can suppose how I replied: "But Cuddesdon? I should have thought *that* was more than you would have liked to face?" "Oh, yes, but I know it is the best and strongest training, and if I am to take up such a career, that is what I want to have."'

At twenty-nine John Maud became Vicar of Chapel Allerton, a growing suburb of Leeds, There he made his name as a really great missioner. In 1904 he became Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol—'the fairest, goodliest and most famous parish church in England,' as Queen Elizabeth described it in 1574. One of his curates, writing about this time, says: 'Perhaps one of the really outstanding lessons I learnt from him was the real power of true humility. He had a difficult temper which fairly often got the better of him—on several occasions this happened—but on every one of them he said to us *he was sorry.* It was the mark of a big man that while holding the office of Vicar of Redcliffe, he was ready to come across to his clergy-house, knock at a study door, and creep in like a naughty child, saying: "May I come in? I say, I am awfully sorry—the old Adam, dear man, the old Adam." Of course we loved him for it.'

In 1912 he received a letter from the Bishop of London, beginning: 'At last I am able to write and ask you to be Bishop of Kensington.' There he championed many unpopular causes, and as Dick Sheppard wrote, 'for the Suffragan Bishop in West London that is no easy task.'

In the end of 1931 Bishop Maud had a serious operation—he died on 21st March 1932. Dick Sheppard writes: 'On the last occasion when I had the privilege of seeing him he was lying in bed in his nursing home, and the peace of God was in his face, and on his tongue was no complaint of suffering, but only of how good and gracious and kind his doctors and friends had been to him. He seemed, so to speak, quite complete, lacking nothing. Surely if any man ever shouldered the cross with courage and got through the darkness of the shadows into the sunshine beyond, if any man ever made a great sacrifice which was blessed and accepted of God, it was John Maud.'

A Figure behind.

Bishop Maud wrote to his sister Alice about Good Friday of 1927: 'I had a big day of it yesterday, taking the three hours at Wimbledon Church, and then in the evening addressing a crowd in the Wimbledon Theatre, with about three thousand present after a Procession of Witness through the streets. A big black cross on the stage, before which I stood, was a fine background. A woman afterwards waited for me at the stage door and said: "I must tell you—I saw a Figure behind you when you stretched out your arms, and with Him was a big company in a wonderful light, passing along, and my daughter was there who died two years ago." Such are the tokens which are given us by the way as He goes before us.'[1]

[1] M. Fletcher, *John Primatt Maud*, 127.

Sisters of the Common Life.

The first members of the Dohnavur Fellowship who work in Tinnevelly District, South India, took the name 'Sisters of the Common Life.' 'Ask her, she is a Sister of the Common Life. She will do it.' They adopted it from the Brotherhood of Common Life, founded by Gerard Grote of Holland. In *Gold Cord* (S.P.C.K.; 8s. 6d. net), Miss Carmichael gives this account of the ideal behind the name: 'The Brothers worked with their hands and gave themselves to the training of "such as sought, apart from the evil about them, a pure and godly life." They lived the common life, but they lived it with God for men. Our thought in taking the name was that the line so often drawn between spiritual and secular has no place with us if we follow Him who not only withdrew to the mountain, but also went about doing good. We wanted to rub out that line. He took a towel. We were still learning how to take our towel; and when we found the translation, "Put on the apron of humility to serve one another" (1 Pet 5^5), we wondered if the Apostle, as he wrote, thought of that day when the Lord of lords took a towel and fastened it on like an apron.'

Many of the members of the Fellowship are Indian women, and although work with the hands is contrary to their custom, they do not shrink from the most menial tasks in looking after the large number of children under their care. As readers of the succession of books which have issued from the Fellowship know, they have dedicated themselves to the rescue of Hindu children from a life of prostitution in the temples—of late years they have been taking also unprotected boys. In *Gold Cord*, Miss Carmichael links up all the stories 'Things as They Are,' 'Lotus Buds,' 'Ponnamal,' and the many others, and it is written with her usual charm and spiritual imagination, but of necessity it lacks the interest of newness. The photographic illustrations, taken by members of the Fellowship, are altogether exquisite.

The Dohnavur Fellowship is a faith mission, and early all links with organizations were cut except with Keswick. The Keswick influence is strong throughout. In estimating influences Miss Carmichael quotes a little-known poem of Traherne's as recurring to her persistently:

> His earnest love, His infinite desires,
> His living, endless, and devouring fires,
> Do rage in thirst, and fervently require
> A love 'tis strange it should desire.
>
> We cold and careless are, and scarcely think
> Upon the glorious spring whereat we drink,
> Did He not love us we could be content:
> We wretches are indifferent.
>
> 'Tis death, my soul, to be indifferent;
> Set forth thyself unto thy whole extent,
> And all the glory of His passion prize,
> Who for thee lives, who for thee dies.

'"'Tis death, my soul, to be indifferent"—that is surely a deathless word,' she adds.

Acceptance is a pivot word in the life of Dohnavur. 'More and more, as life goes on, that word opens doors into rooms of infinite peace, and the heart that accepts asks nothing, for it is at rest, and the pilgrim of love does not need a map or chart: "I know my road, it leadeth to His heart."'

But.

'It often appears to us that there is nothing except our private walk with God which is more detested and assaulted by the devil than just this beautiful happy thing, the loyalty that is the basic quality of vital unity. As to others, we made one careful rule: the absent must be safe with us. . . . A week or two after the little book called "But" went out from the Dohnavur Fellowship, "Blackwood's Magazine" brought us this (Farmer is writing about Dr. Johnson): "I can excuse his Dogmatism and his Prejudices; but he throws about rather too much of what some Frenchmen call 'The Essence of But.' In plain English, he seems to have something to except in every man's character." And a recent "Punch": "Do you know that girl?" "Only to talk about."'[1]

[1] Amy Carmichael, *Gold Cord*, 50.

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