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message must, by stress of circumstances, be kept secret for a while so far as Galilee is concerned, it is to the end that sooner or later it may shine forth again.

Then, since His enemies have also been listening, and it is desirable that His intention to leave Galilee be kept secret, He uses cryptic words of warning, advising those who are of the inner circle to be careful to choose the vital message from the verbiage with which He has found it necessary to cover it up. He that hath (*i.e.* the initiated) will grasp the meaning, but he that hath not (the uninitiated spy) will miss even the meaning he thinks he can take from the words he has heard.

I feel that Dr. Michael's thesis is well sustained, and would suggest that no exception be made of these verses, whose tendency is surely to strengthen it.

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Entre Nous.

Bramwell Booth—A Tragedy?

When he was only three years old Catherine Booth recognized that her oldest child had a very unusual power of love and sympathy. Driving home in a carriage from a meeting Mrs. Booth has an accident, and she writes: 'You would have been pleased to see what concern the little creature manifested about me when I lay on the sofa at Mr. Scott's. He seemed to forget everybody but me.' Towards the end of Bramwell Booth's life, Dr. Clasen, who had studied the differences between William Booth and his son, wrote: 'William Booth loves *mankind*: Bramwell Booth loves *me*.'

When only in his early teens Bramwell Booth already showed outstanding business capacities, and powers of work and concentration. 'His thoughtfulness for the real interests of the Mission, his responsibility as to business, his manly dealing with men and things is in my estimation very estimable,' writes his father. He is only thirteen when he is set to find out some discrepancy in the accounts, and we are told that he worked over them for seventy-two hours. At sixteen he is running a chain of shops to provide cheap food for the people, and is carrying a heavy burden of worry over the financial position of the Mission. He early set his heart on becoming a doctor, and when his parents think it right to discourage this, though heart-broken, he makes up his mind to do what they wish and gives himself to the Mission. But for several years he distrusts his powers as a preacher and longs for secular employment. On the eve of his nineteenth birthday we find his Mother writing to him: 'It seems ten thousand pities that with this crying need for preachers, *you* with your *views*, capacity, and opportunities should be lying dormant. If you can preach without injury to your heart it seems to me that you are throwing away a splendid opportunity of serving your generation. . . . You cannot judge of your ability under present circumstances.' And Bramwell replied: 'I only fear to step into a path which in days to come I cannot walk in. I only shrink from going before, when perhaps I ought to follow after. It seems *so easy* to make a mistake, and the results of a mistake may prove so disastrous both to others and oneself that I tremble when I think of them—and sooner than become a hindrance to God's cause and take the place for which another would be better fitted, and in which another would be more blessed, I would *die*.' Out of the wilderness years of hesitation and distrust of his own capacity he came out 'mastered by God and master of himself by God's grace to a triumphant ministry.' And from that time onward until 1912 he acted as Chief of Staff to his father. In 1912 he succeeded him as the second General—to be deposed seventeen years later by the High Council of the Army. The story of his life has now been told by his oldest daughter, Commissioner Catherine Bramwell Booth—*Bramwell Booth* (Rich & Cowan; 10s. net). And it has been told in the way that he would have wanted. 'There must be no bitterness,' he said again and again before he died—his death occurred just four months after his deposition. 'After some time my mother left us, and my father at once said to me, "If I die, Catherine, remember, there must be no bitterness. I forgive, you and the others must forgive too. They want to change the General's plan, they must know I shall never agree."'

There is no need to discuss here the reasons

the Council had for desiring a change in government. Whether or not they were actuated solely by a desire for more democratic control, it is clear from the biography that it was no autocratic temper in Bramwell Booth himself which brought about his own tragedy. His opposition to any change came from his loyalty to the first General and to those last wishes which he had expressed in the Deed Poll of the Army—his love for William Booth coloured his action in the end, as it had coloured every relationship of his life.

One or two points might be touched on. First his attitude to woman's work. We find him writing after he became General. 'We have led the world in the matter of woman's powers and ministry, and we must not fall behind now when all mankind is following. . . . Bear in mind that it is not only a principle with us, but it is a very strong personal desire on my own part that the women of The Army should be kept to the front; and that the married women should be made to feel that their responsibilities are not all dissolved in those of their husbands when they marry.' On this point Catherine Booth says: 'Opinion on the matter has moved so far in advance of what it was fifty years ago that it is difficult to appreciate the temerity of the men who sent women, many of them quite young, to take full charge of mission stations. That women should preach, perform the marriage service, and bury the dead was staggering to the average man and woman of that day. The part women have played and do play in the work of The Army is to their credit, but far more is it to the credit of the two men, father and son, who gave the opportunity. They were reviled for it, but have they not been justified? Who would venture to predict what The Salvation Army would have been without its women officers? . . . And no institution for the governing and teaching of mankind in what concerns the moral and spiritual nature will reach its full stature, nor exercise its highest powers, unless the qualities of human nature as represented in man and woman, the mother and the father, share in its creation.'

The social work of the Army owed its inception to Bramwell Booth. 'The lad pottering about in the back streets of Hackney and Bethnal Green, tasting and touching the degradation of dirt and overcrowding, pondered and prayed and conceived the idea of sending workers to live in the slums and raise the "slummers." His personal influence obtained the first volunteer for this work. Later this form of service became known as the Slum Work of The Salvation Army.'

How much the Army of the first General owed to the Chief of Staff may be seen from the following quotations. 'I am not happy about the doctrine, widely spread, that makes so much depend on our keeping up certain outward things. Jesus Christ and the Cross of Calvary are just as worth while when losing ground as when winning. The gospel of success has gone far enough with us—perhaps! *Perhaps we shall learn.*'

'As to this Hallelujah business, let me say, *go steady.* We know the ease with which "fizzy" can be substituted for *reality.* I am daily more satisfied that what we want is the *Divine,* and ought we not to strive to make it difficult to "get up" anything which can take the place of it?'

In a way Bramwell Booth was driven beyond his strength. We find him saying, 'This feeling that you are a poor sinner loaded with guilt if you stop work for ten minutes, even in a railway train, is really dreadful.' But the business was not dry to him, meetings were not monotonous, and men were not ordinary; all were transfigured. 'Within this outward activity was a hidden life of the spirit, a walled-in garden of the soul, where the prophet, priest, and king became a little child and talked to God with a child's abandon; a place to which he knew the entrance, where, as he put it himself, "there is only room for two to walk side by side," and where the secret of the Lord was unfolded to him. Here is the clue to his humility, to his patience and love. But the "mystic" is shy; by inference rather than by any direct word he may here and there be descried; in letters and writings there are illuminating flashes which show him to the discerning. In the diary intermittently kept in the 'seventies when he was in his teens, for example: "Oh, for more of God *with me,* in me, round and about, underneath and above. Oh, to be swallowed up in Him . . . in Him who is infinite strength, wisdom, Love."'

Sympathy.

'One evening in a meeting where there were several rows of kneeling penitents he [Bramwell Booth] beckoned to his daughter Mary, in whose command the meeting took place. She went to his side expecting to be told to deal with someone; instead he said, "Mary, look at their boots. The state of a man's boots is generally a sign whether he is really hard up or not." And, pointing out one man, "His shoes are very poor, go and find out about him. He must be helped."'[1]

[1] Catherine B. Booth, *Bramwell Booth,* 259.

Xenophon and St. John.

In his book, *The Testament of Glory*, Mr. G. O. Griffith draws a striking parallel between the presentation of Socrates in Xenophon and Plato on the one hand, and the presentation of Jesus by the Synoptists and St. John on the other. Xenophon gives the conversation of Socrates on practical conduct, while Plato gives us the 'theoretical Socrates' who deals in large principles. Thus, if the question arises, How far has Plato platonized the discourses of Socrates? We may also inquire, How far has St. John Johannized the discourses of Jesus? 'Now, just as Xenophon's record, for all its dissimilarity, provides convincing evidence in favour of the general truth of Plato's picture, so the other Gospel writers provide evidence in support of St. John. For Xenophon, though it is aside from his own purpose, intimates that Socrates' conversations did in fact range beyond those questions of practical conduct which he (Xenophon) reports, and comprehended in their circuit those transcendental themes which Plato concentrates upon; and in the same way the other Gospel writers unconsciously support St. John, because, though their approach to the teachings of Jesus is distinct from his, yet they reproduce Sayings which point in precisely the same direction as these Johannine passages which we are now considering. Thus it is not St. John but St. Matthew and St. Luke who give us the Saying: "*All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.*" And it is St. Mark who reports the Saying about the Last Things: "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven, not even the Son, but only the Father."

'Moreover, to continue our parallel, Plato's picture of Socrates receives support from another and very different quarter. It is supported by the testimony of Socrates' enemies, who accuse him of introducing heretical views of divinity—that is, of discussing just those transcendental subjects which Plato concentrates upon. And in the same way St. John's picture is supported by the testimony of the enemies of Jesus. For though, according to St. John, Jesus expressly turned aside the charge of claiming absolute deity, yet the persistent accusation of blasphemy which His enemies levelled against Him, witnesses to the existence in His teaching of that exalted strain which St. John reproduces.' [1]

[1] P. 64.

'The Word.'

'And here, perhaps, another of these keywords challenges us. What is the meaning of "the Word"? We know that St. John was employing a philosophic term as familiar in certain circles in his own day as the *élan vital* in our own: but we know also that the task of translating that term into an English equivalent has baffled our scholars: thus Moffatt prefers to insert the untranslated original (Logos).

'We may perhaps find a limited illustration of its significance if we think of a great writer about to compose a masterpiece. First the book must exist as a living conception, a creative idea, in his mind. In the beginning it has that invisible, hidden life; it lives with him and he with it. So we may say of Scott's *Ivanhoe*: "In the beginning was the idea, and the idea was with Scott, and the idea was Scott"—that is, was the veritable expression of him. In other words, this creative conception was the genesis and genius of the book. The plot, the scheme, the characters and episodes were informed by it and kindled at the light of it. And so with every work of art, every picture or poem, every building or statue or symphony. In the beginning is the *logos*, the original, creative conception. So it is perhaps, in St. John's thought, with the Divine creation. Our analogy, of course, is by no means a complete one, but it may be serviceable. In the beginning is the Word, and in the Word the whole universe has its hidden life. The Word is one with God, as the thought of a man is one with the man himself; and yet this oneness does not mean identity without distinction. The artist *communes* with the idea of his picture, the poet with the conception of his poem; it is one with himself, and yet he can regard it as other than himself; it is *with* him; and out of the communion between the thinker and his creative idea the work itself emerges. So God communes with the Eternal Word and out of that communion emerges the living universe.' [2]

Failure and Success.

'Such men as Colet and Falkland are commonly accounted "failures." A Falkland dies broken-hearted; a Cromwell goes from success to success. Colet failed to effect reform from within the Church, and his efforts to do so are forgotten by all except a few specialists. Calvin succeeded where Colet failed. He imposed a Theocracy on the great Free City of Geneva; his *Institutes* supplied a Confession

[2] G. O. Griffith, *The Testament of Glory*, 27.

of Faith and a manual of Church Government for Protestant Churches in every quarter of the civilized world. Yet, on a larger and a longer view, a Falkland and a Colet achieved "success" not less conspicuous than that of a Cromwell and a Calvin. Cromwell's Dictatorship was quickly followed by a Stuart restoration, and by a violent monarchical reaction; the scheme embodied in the Revolution Settlement was far more closely akin to the ideas of Falkland than to those of Cromwell. Falkland stood for a Parliamentary Monarchy and for religious toleration. Upon those two principles the settlement finally accepted by all parties was ultimately based. Colet stood for the reform of abuses without any breach in constitutional continuity, and for the application of historical and scientific methods to the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. The English Church of to-day has purged itself of abuses, while preserving that form of Church Government which has come down to it from Apostolic days. All the more enlightened leaders in the religious world are to-day applying to Biblical criticism precisely the principles which Colet applied in lecturing to his Oxford students on the Pauline Epistles. Principal Tulloch has made clear the debt which the Liberal Theologians of the seventeenth century, men like William Chillingworth and John Hales of Eton, owed to Colet; but, in truth, Colet is the authentic Patriarch of the long line of students whose fearless application of the scientific method to Biblical criticism has given a special distinction to Anglican Theology. The authors of *Essays and Reviews*, of *Lux Mundi*, and of *Foundations* (to mention only three co-operative undertakings which during the last seventy-five years have emanated from Colet's University) are in the direct line of succession to Colet and Erasmus. Their insistence on the right and indeed the obligation to apply the historical method to Biblical exegesis; their views on Inspiration; their frank acceptance of the doctrine of "accommodation," or "Progressive Revelation" with all the implications of that doctrine—these represent only a few of the many debts which consciously or unconsciously they incurred to John Colet.'[1]

Outwitted.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout,
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

[1] Sir J. A. R. Marriott, *The Life of John Colet*, 5.

How well known these lines are! But how many of us know who wrote them. Or if we know the author's name know very little more. Edwin Markham, the American poet, has just passed his eightieth birthday, and an account of his life and work has been written by the journalist, Mr. William L. Stidger, who is a personal friend of Mr. Markham—*Edwin Markham* (Abingdon Press; $2.50)—and has had many interviews with him. He gives the origin of 'Outwitted' as follows: Mr. Markham lost the savings of a lifetime through some friends who inveigled him into making some unsafe investments. 'He is always saying to us: "They thought they were doing the right thing. They really wanted to help me." On that strange day when the first wave of resentment swept in on his soul he cried out to himself: "No! I shall not let you in! There shall be no hatred in my heart. Love will outwatch the stars!" That wave of resentment subsided; his old philosophy of love came back and he found himself absent-mindedly drawing on a sheet of paper two circles; and then, before he knew what had really happened, he had written down his most famous quatrain, a terse and tremendous summing up of all of his philosophy of love, his social singing, his religious faith—"Outwitted."'

Mr. Markham in his most important poem the 'Man with the Hoe' sets forth his social beliefs. But it is too long to quote, so we give what Mr. Stidger calls his terrific indictment of social injustice in "The Third Wonder"':

'Two things,' said Kant, 'fill me with breathless awe:
The starry heaven and the moral law.'
But I know a thing more awful and obscure—
The long, long patience of the plundered poor.

We are also indebted to Mr. Markham for the following lines:

Is there a wound, O brother, in your heart,
And would you have the secret grief depart?
Heal first your brother's sorrow, hush his moan,
And that will heal the anguish of your own.

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