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to give them in this article, still we believe that the general position taken is a sound one, and makes for a truer understanding of the Epistle. It is one which makes this Epistle a new book for both minister and layman whose approach to it has been,

generally speaking, one of regard for its eloquent diction but serious misgiving with regard to its teaching. These teachings which this ancient writer deemed of such vital import to his readers, we can confidently hold and assert to-day.

Entre Nous.

‘Shall he find faith on the earth?’

In ‘Grace Abounding,’ John Bunyan says of a gracious Gospel text, ‘When our Lord did say this thing He then did think of me.’ Speaking to the students of St. Andrews University, the Rev. G. F. Macleod of Govan asks whether the men and women of to-day might not well apply this phrase to Lk 18⁸. For to-day problem after problem adds to the difficulty of vital religious faith.

To take one example. Our interests are more and more here and now. For with the increase in scientific teaching there has come a tremendous acceleration of our understanding of this world. But in our enlargement of knowledge of the next world we have made little progress. So more and more we tend to look at life as a this-world affair. And we are faced with the difficulty that the Church seems concerned ‘with an illusory next world which appears to have little vital contact with the real stuff of living.’

Then there is ‘the organic view of life’ problem, ‘Let a man to-day read only some popular “Outline of History.” His eyes are opened to the picture of an animal-like creature emerging from æons of crude gropings: carrying in his body scores of reminders of his kinship with lower forms of life: conditioned, in his thinking and desires, by ages of struggle for survival. Once a man has seen that picture, he can never forget it. Inevitably he finds himself looking back to Nature for explanations of human conduct. The throttling of one-time religious freshness is apt to be very acute here. A man begins to wonder, for instance, how far “religious crises,” experiences of conversion and so on, are but the result of physical and psychological changes. A “sense of sin” is analysed—and perhaps explained—as no more than a conflict between biological urges and social convention . . . ideals become merely the product of the stimulating, or thwarting, forces of environment.’

How are these and other difficulties which readily present themselves to the mind to be met? ‘I believe,’ says Mr. Macleod, ‘with all my heart and soul that equivalent and adequate words are rapidly being found to restate our Faith, without discarding a single one of the eternal verities for which the Church has stood,’ but he admits frankly that the exact words have not yet been found in every problem to meet the case.

What, then, is to be done meantime? Are we to tackle the problems one by one and in the meantime reserve judgment? Many young men say that this is what they are doing. ‘Well,’ says Mr. Macleod, ‘life cannot be lived at its fullest while we have a suspended judgment as to its purpose.’

Years are not life;

Years are but shells of life, and empty shells
If they hold only days, and days, and days.

There is a worse course still. It is to close the mind to the difficulty and to place religion in a compartment by itself, achieving a duality of beliefs.

There is a third way. It is ‘Betting your life that Christ was right.’ It is ‘to continue a simple faith at its fullest in every practical sense, while retaining the enquiring mind. If the Kingdom of Truth be the Kingdom of God—as it is if Christ be the Truth—then the solution of all these problems must be somewhere within the Christian scheme.’

And this may be the only entrance to the Kingdom of Truth. For when Jesus walked on earth and healed blinded men faith was always the prerequisite of vision. ‘Surely the glory of Bethlehem lies,’ says Mr. Macleod, ‘in the fact that Christ was recognized only by the simple shepherds and by the wise men who had got tired of being clever.’

If we have chosen this way let us see what will

happen to some of our difficulties. If we are feeling the strength of the modern outlook on life with the future life crowded out by the thrill of present activity, what are we to do? 'Let us bring Christ into this life,' says Mr. Macleod. We shall find that Christ Himself spoke in terms of only one real world. He continually interfused our two worlds. If we bring Christ in, our social endeavour emerges as eternal life in the midst of time. 'If honestly we can only think in terms of this world, at least let us say: "Now are we the sons of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."'

And, turning to the difficulty of the organic view of life, it is just in accepting the Christian faith as one's life motive that the unity of life which the organic view demands begins to emerge: 'Take as but one instance the experience of St. Francis of Assisi. No man . . . got farther away from "animal origins" than he did . . . and yet he ended by calling the sun his brother and the moon his sister. . . . Francis, who started out to seek the freest personality in fellowship with God, in achieving it discovered a sense of inevitable unity with all created things.' Or take Angela Morgan's poem, 'Kinship':

I am aware

As I go commonly sweeping the stair

I am aware of the splendour that ties

All the things of the earth, with the things
of the skies.

Here in my body the heavenly heat,

Here in my flesh the melodious beat

Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.

As I sit silently here in my chair

I am aware.

The Rev. G. F. Macleod, in *Govan Calling* (Methuen; 5s. net), has not only this message on Modernity; he has also something to say, and that right well worth hearing, on fourteen other topics. Among them are Christ and Patriotism; Things not worth Dying for; The Marks of Christ. Some of the addresses have been broadcast, but others appear for the first time. The book has been out for some months now, but many will find it what they want at this season.

A Pioneer.

'One day, in the exultation of spirit known only to those who abandon themselves to the will of

God, he [Percy Mather] wrote: "The Lord plucked me out of Anhwei and brought me to the far North-West." He knew full well that he was putting his hand to a hard and exacting task which it would require every ounce of his strength to handle.'

Percy Mather, after some training at the Bible Institute in Glasgow, went to Shanghai under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, and, in due course, went to their mission station at Anhwei. But he was of the stuff of pioneers, and soon offered himself for work in distant Turkestan, asking leave to join George Hunter, the venerable missionary who had been working alone for many years in that far outpost. Hunter replied that whoever would be missionary in Sinkiang must be prepared to banish all thought of comfort and of home from his mind. Mather seriously and deliberately accepted these conditions. With only one furlough, he lived among the Mongols, treated their diseases, put at their service the surgical skill he had acquired, brought the knowledge of Christ not only to them but also to the Manchus and to the wild Qazaqs of the Steppes, and in order that new workers would not have to struggle with the language difficulty, he prepared 'one Manchu Grammar, one Manchu Dictionary, one small book of Manchu and Mongol proverbs, one Tatar Dictionary, one Kalmuk Dictionary.' What a story it is, and it has been well told in *The Making of a Pioneer* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net) by two well-known and loved fellow-missionaries in the China Inland Mission, Mildred Cable and Francesca French.

'In his quiet, unassuming way Mather showed himself a pioneer in the bold work of rethinking Missions,' they say. 'He felt no necessity to rent a preaching hall, or even institute a Sunday service, and there was no suggestion of the method which expresses itself in the stultifying phrase: "I am opening a mission station." He was just a man, moving among men so guilelessly, that he prepared for himself no shelter behind which to organise a life unlike that of the people around him . . .' The community saw him come and go on his Pauline journeys. 'He ate with them, was interested in their occupations, on occasion he would join in the fun of their games, and he attended the baptisms, weddings, and funerals in the Russian Church. He mourned with them in sorrow, ministered to them in sickness, and shared the ordinary incidents of everyday life, but whenever there was a spare hour he was out preaching on the bazaar, calling on shopkeepers with his bundle of gospels, or praying with the sick and dying.'

Mather died at Urumchi at the early age of fifty—on 24th May 1933—worn out by privation and hard work. He knew the hardship so well that he would never urge any one else to go out, and after his one furlough he wrote: 'I am not going back because I want to go. I am not even going back because of the need of the people. Travel and adventure have lost all fascination for me, and my pleasure would be to stay in my own country. I am going back because I believe it to be the will of God for me, and "I delight to do Thy will, O my God."'

Kipling and the Bible.

'Kipling's resonant verse has a use of the Bible,' says Dr. James Moffatt in *Church Management*, 'which is distinctive and vigorous. Here it is not devotional in the narrow sense of the term. Where Scripture moves Miss Rossetti to be wistful, and Tennyson to weave cadences, it stirs Kipling to treat the sacred text as an open-air book, with an extraordinary emphasis upon vital issues. Sometimes he has pungent studies of the old in new settings, such as "Cold Iron" (the Spirit of the Cross), "The Thousandth Man" (Ecclesiastes vii. 21), "Gallio's Song" (Acts xviii. 17), "Eddi's Service," "Jubal and Tubal Cain," "A Servant when He Reigneth" (Proverbs xxx. 21), "Endor" (1 Samuel xxvii. 7), "The Rabbi's Song" (2 Samuel xiv. 14), and "Gehazi." Now and then he catches up prophetic rhythms, as in the noble "Recessional" and the "Hymn before Action." His style in verse betrays an amazing intimacy with the text as well as with the spirit of the Bible, not unlike that of Milton in the seventeenth century. Once more Scripture is read through imaginative genius as a book for the national life and for the welfare of the world. His handling of it is very far from being merely artistic and literary. Kipling has his limitations of sympathy; but the Bible for him is by no means a faded antique; it is a volume full of incentive to high action, charged with living appeals to encouragement and steady, bright-eyed living.'

Theology without Religion.

Dr. Douglas Horton, writing in *Advance*, said: 'Theology without religion is one of the most terrible diseases a person or a church can contract. Not long ago I read a Swiss story of a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister who had been summoned by zealous neighbours to the bedside of a man who lay ill. They met just outside his bedroom, exchanged civilities, dropped into con-

versation, and presently found themselves engaged in a discussion, that became more and more heated, as to the claims of their respective Churches—until the poor forgotten fellow in bed called for someone to bring him a drink of water. The story is a parable of what has happened in history whenever the Churches have become more interested in theological talk than in religious living: the needy world has been left without the water of life.'

Thomas Moulton.

From *The Best Poems of 1935* (Cape; 6s. net) we select for quotation 'A Special Place,' by Dorothy Quick, and 'Malchus,' by G. H. Vallins—both because we like them; the first also because it is one of the December poems, and the second because it is, we think, the only poem based on Scripture in the anthology. In case we require to be disarmed, Mr. Moulton hastens to tell us that he calls these seventy-six poems he has collected from English and American periodicals of the year, 'best,' not with any feeling that he is infallible. The term 'best,' he says, is individual. But fourteen collections have preceded this one, and Mr. Moulton has held his public. There is great variety in the poems: Humbert Wolfe's 'The Child Unborn,' John Drinkwater's 'At Caernarvon Castle,' William Carlos Williams' 'An Elegy for D. H. Lawrence,' Siegfried Sassoon's 'Metamorphosis' are among them.

A SPECIAL PLACE.

God has a special place for still-born things,
The things that never were and should have been:
The little songs no singer ever sings,
The beauty of a picture hung unseen,
A noble heart that loved with no return,
And deeds well meant which somehow turned out
ill,
A lovely flame that vainly tried to burn
But could not last, though all the winds were still,
The early flower that no one ever sees
Making its way through ground iced hard with
sleet,
A Cæsar to whom no man bends his knees,
The Christ-like smile that meets each fresh defeat:
God treats them very tenderly, for He
Knows what the pain of stifled things can be.

MALCHUS.

That night, as on other nights, they wandered under
The olive boughs; bright at each burning word
Up to his she lifted her dark eyes in wonder
As he told of the traitor kiss, and the stinging sword

That flashed in the moonlight and struck him.—

She,

Trembling a little, questioned, 'He who smote—
Was he a man with the tang of Galilee,
Strong, eager, brown-faced—clad in a fisher's
coat?'

'Even so,' he said; and she, wild with desire
For a thing undone, 'Would I had known,' she
cried,

'When he sat, his hard hands spread out to the fire,
It was he! I would have told how he lied,
With his curses and oaths—'

But Malchus knew
Again through the dark the healing touch of a hand,
Heard the strong voice, and saw the bewildered few
In the garden.

—But she could not understand:

So he led her where the moon, hung gently over
The darkened hills, silvered each whispering tree;
And they walked together, lover with quiet lover,
By Olivet, and the shades of Gethsemane.

Toy-hiko Kagawa.

For fourteen years after he left the Christian
College in Tokyo, Kagawa lived in one of the vilest
slums in the world—in a little den in Shinkawa.
While there, he wrote the poems which have now
been 'interpreted' by Lois J. Erickson—*Songs from
the Slums* (S.C.M.; 2s. 6d. net). They are written
then amidst scenes of unspeakable misery and want
and squalor, and Kagawa's heart is torn with
sympathy, and yet in every one there is the note of
unmistakable joy. We quote:

PENILESS.

Penniless . . .

A while

Without food

I can live;

But it breaks my heart
to know

I cannot give.

Penniless . . .

I can share my rags,

But I—

I cannot bear to hear
Starved children cry.

Penniless . . .

And rain falls;

But trust is true;

Helpless, I wait to see

What God will do.

PRAYER.

In the clear morning
I have climbed the hill.

Smoke from the factories
Rolls west to east
Across the huge red sun.

A train puffs past
Through tiny, far-off fields.

Bright buds are everywhere.
God of the hills,
The smoke,
The sun,
The growing grain,
I cannot word my prayer.

God . . . green things . . .
Green things . . . God . . .

Lord of each little leaf
On every tree;
Lord of the clouds that drift
Far out to sea,
I thank Thee
That Thou hast shown
Jesus
To me.

God,
I pray
That Thou wilt take
Evil away.

Amen.

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