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is the meaning a ὅτι clause is used (Mt 2^{10} 27^{3} 27^{24}, Mk 12^{34}, Lk 8^{47} 17^{15}, Ac 8^{18} 12^{3} 14^{9} 16^{9}; cf. also Gal $2^{7\cdot14}$, Rev 12^{13}).

Lastly, is it certain that the perfect participle here indicates an action already complete from the standpoint of the subject of the main verb? Most recent translators render it by a present, notably both Wellhausen and Torrey, who may be supposed to have had the probable Aramaic original in mind.

J. Y. CAMPBELL.

Kilmacolm.

[Professor C. H. Dodd will comment next month on the points raised by Mr. Campbell.—EDITOR.]

Entre Nous.

Aldous Huxley.

Tarred and feathered from barrels and hen roosts of conventional piety, Aldous Huxley found his earlier public mainly among young and unprejudiced thinkers, who still saw the angel behind the tar. One could understand the Church's distaste. There was, and is, a Biblical frankness about his treatment of a certain strata of contemporary society, which we do not easily tolerate outside the sacred page.

But now, like a fair tree from a sodden root, has emerged, in *Eyeless in Gaza*, a great writer, one of the most significant of our time. The value of a novel might be tested by its capacity to endow those who read it with a sharper command of their course. And no one who reads this book with understanding but must find the problems of peace and liberty and social justice, so particular to our generation, more navigable than before.

Why the title? We do not know. Unless it is the ubiquitous Eye of Time which has been taken out of its customary socket while the book was in the making. Its pages remind us of those old Japanese scrolls which must be regarded not horizontally, like other pictures, but from above. The narrative is not continuous, but flits to and fro from year to year, as if an onlooker from a great height were darting his eyes hither and thither over the outspread scroll of the hero's life, and were seeing it rather as pattern than as continuity, time itself as a pattern, weaving in and out amid persons and emotions and events. By this technique the writer does achieve what he seeks, a vision of life as unity. 'He was committed to them, as a hand is committed to the arm. Committed to his friends, committed even to those who had declared themselves his enemies. There was nothing he could do but would affect them all, enemies and friends alike—for good, if what he did were good, for evil if it were wrong . . . physical unity first of all. Unity even in diversity, even in separation. Separate patterns, but everywhere alike.' . . . 'And minds—minds also are unique, but unique above a substratum of mental identity. Identity and interchangeableness of love, trust, courage. Fearless affection restores the lunatic to sanity, transforms the hostile savage into a friend, tames the wild animal. The mental pattern of love can be transferred from one mind to another and still retain its virtue, just as the physical pattern of a hormone can be transferred, with all its effectiveness, from one body to another.

'And not only love, but hate as well; not only trust but greed and suspicion; not only kindness, generosity, courage, but also malevolence and greed and fear.'

'Evil is the accentuation of division; good, whatever makes for unity with other lives and other beings.'

Yet there remains the inescapable paradox that diversity and separations are the conditions of our existence, even while they are in themselves evil. Evil, Huxley believes, 'is the condition of life, the condition of being aware of knowing what is good and beautiful.' 'Even for the highest goodness the struggle is without end; for never in the nature of present things can the shut become wholly open; goodness can never free itself completely from evil.'

The climax and conclusion of the book is on a very high level, but there is not space here for more than its opening sentences. 'Meanwhile there are love and compassion. Constantly obstructed. But, oh, let be made indefatigable, implacable to surmount all obstacles, the inner sloth, the distaste, the intellectual scorn; and, from without, the other's aversions and suspicions. Affection, compassion—and also, meanwhile, this contemplative approach, this effort to realize the unity of lives and beings with the intellect, and at last, perhaps, intuitively

in an act of complete understanding. . . . For beneath all being, beneath the countless identical but separate patterns, beneath the attractions and repulsions, lies peace. . . . Dark peace, immeasurably deep. Peace from pride and hatred and anger, peace from cravings and aversions, peace from all the separating frenzies. Peace through liberation, for peace is achieved freedom. Freedom and at the same time truth. The truth of unity actually experienced. Peace in the depths, under the storm, far down below the leaping of the waves, the frantically flying spray.'

Besides the hero, Antony Beavis, who has, we fancy, more than a dash of Julian Huxley in his composition, there is Miller the anthropologist, and the most entirely satisfactory pacifist in fiction which we have so far discovered. He has come to his pacificism through his contacts with other civilizations, in the course of his anthropological researches. 'Savage societies are simply civilised societies on a small scale with the lid off. We can learn to understand them fairly easily. And when we've learnt to understand savages, we've learnt, as we discover, to understand the civilised. . . . And that's not all. Savages are usually hostile and suspicious. The anthropologist has got to learn to overcome that hostility and superstition. And when he's learnt that, he's learnt the whole secret of politics.'

'Which is . . . ?'

'That if you treat other people well, they'll treat you well.'

'You're a bit optimistic, aren't you?'

'No. In the long run they'll always treat you well.' . . . 'If one looks for men, one finds them. Very decent ones, in a majority of cases. Go among a suspicious badly treated savage people, go unarmed, with your hands open. Go with the persistent and obstinate intention of doing them some good—curing their sick for example.'

If there were ever any committees who felt justified in excluding Aldous Huxley's books from theological libraries where young divinity students forgather, it is now time for them to reconsider their scruples. The greatest men are the most normal, and their moral pilgrimage rises from greater depths to greater heights than those of vaguer and less defined souls. If the younger Huxley struggled once in the primæval slime, he is soaring now, and those that would hear him must lift their faces to the wind.

EDITH ANNE ROBERTSON.

Aberdeen.

Witnessing.

'The human heart and mind,' said Mr. Studdert Kennedy, 'move to truth through trouble.' The life of Mr. Stuart Wood is a striking illustration of these words. We know the earlier part of his story —he told it in 'Glorious Liberty.' In the sequel, *Strange Triumph* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net), Mr. Wood compares himself to Rashkolnikoff in Dostoievsky's 'Crime and Punishment,' but says humbly, 'Rashkolnikoff had committed but one crime under the pressure of extreme poverty . . . whereas I found God and was found by Him not at the beginning of a life of crime and punishment, but at the end of it.' But for him, as for Dostoievsky's character 'a new history commences; a story of the gradual renewing of a man, of his slow, progressive regeneration, and change from one world to another—an introduction to the hitherto unknown realities of life.'

Mr. Wood wrote *Strange Triumph* under the compulsion of his own strong feeling that men want a personal witness. They are not impressed by what is second-hand. And so if a man has 'an experiential certainty wrested from the circumstances of life' he must witness. In three years Mr. Wood has preached to over 50,000 and 'been the instrument through whom a fair number of defeated souls have resolved to follow Jesus Christ.' But his witness was not effective until he learned to strip himself of conventional self-respect. 'I asked,' he says, 'a reporter if he could not tone down the emphasis on the past and put it on the present work I was trying to do.' That stage passed, and now he willingly adopts the rôle of guide through the far country.

Yes, thou forgivest, but with all forgiving
Can'st not renew mine innocence again:
Make thou, O Christ, a dying of my living,
Purge from the sin but never from the pain!

Religion.

'All religion worthy of the name is experimental religion. . . . All Church organizations should maintain experiment stations devoted to research into the fundamental questions of religion —God, prayer, faith, guidance, immortality. Each believer should be such a laboratory.

'The essence of this life is faith. Faith that the universe is so put together and so controlled that all things, the human spirit included, are always being acted upon by forces whose resultant is providence, progress, evolution, the Will of God. . . . To find out the directions of that Will, both

collectively and individually, and then by faith to risk all upon our belief in the validity of our spiritual judgments, is to see and love and follow God. This is perfect religion. . . . The test of its validity is in its results. Within, courage replaces fear, conviction replaces doubt, happiness replaces anxiety. Without, order replaces chaos, love replaces hatred, good replaces evil, righteousness replaces sin, success replaces failure.' [1]

Sympathy.

'Even more poignant a memory . . . is that of an old man, bowed and grey, sitting hopelessly on a block of stone in the same yard (the hospital exercise yard at Parkhurst convict prison). A man of good birth, breeding and culture, a former magistrate and Deputy Lord-Lieutenant of a county. With tears slowly trickling down his aged cheeks he gazes fixedly at the palm of his hand. For on his palm lies a dead mouse—his cell pet and only friend. And then I saw Jesus in the hideous garb of the prison—an old Cockney burglar with many convictions—go up to the weeping man and heard him say: "Don't cry, old 'un, 'ere's anuver mahse ter take 'is place." As he spoke he dived his hand into the inside of his shirt and fished out a little flannel bag in which there was a tame field-mouse. That was *his* pet and pal.' [2]

Christianity and War.

'Christianity,' the Archbishop of York writes, 'gives no grounds for affirming that the psychological life of a human being is sacrosanct. If it were, it would always be wrong to surrender it in martyrdom. . . .

'The real evil is always the curtailment of liberty—the overriding of personal choice. To take life is to do this in the most absolute and final way; whereas to give life for a cause is the supreme manifestation of liberty, the fullest exercise of personal choice. Taking life should be the very last resort; but justice is more sacred than life.

'There is one really strong argument against the use of armed force; it is that none of us are good enough to use it without moral deterioration. As soon as fighting begins, passions are released which strangle high aspirations, and the spirit of truth is stifled in the hearts of men. Yet I cannot hold that this is a valid reason for refusing the perilous duty; it is a cogent reason for spiritual discipline in preparation for it.

'Why, then, did Christ not fight nor suffer His followers to fight for His kingdom? He gave the answer to Pilate. If His kingdom were one of this world's kingdoms, His servants would fight for it, for *their* heritage and treasure is temporal, and such as may be destroyed by conquest or loss of autonomy or preserved by successful armed resistance. But His kingdom is spiritual; its essence is that Truth to which He bears witness. To fight for that is to betray it, for it only wins victories where surrender to it is free.

'Thus the Christian may fight to preserve his country from invasion, or to uphold defined justice among the nations with which his own is in contractual relations; but he must not fight for his Faith, nor to defend his life when that is threatened because he is a witness to that Faith; for to fight the Faith otherwise than by argument and by appeal is to betray it.' [1]

This Incredible World.

'There is really nothing in the modern view of the physical universe which should make it more difficult than formerly to believe in man's spiritual worth and destiny. The Christian hope has always been a daring, even an incredible hope. But then the actual itself is incredible.

'The whole structure of this mysterious universe and the conditions of man's physical life within it, as presented by modern science, must be counted incredible. Is it not incredible that the terrific forces and velocities of the atom should be fitted together to make the quiet beauty of the countryside, or that we ourselves, compounded of these same forces and velocities, should so peacefully live and work and sleep?

'In such an incredible world as this, and with the limited knowledge that we possess, it is folly to reject any experience simply because it seems incredible. Rather may we have courage to believe that, as the present world would have been counted incredible, if it had not been experienced, so there may be realms of reality yet to be disclosed surpassing all human imagination.' [2]

[1] Stuart Wood, *Strange Triumph*, 267.
[2] *Ibid.*, 27.

[1] *Christianity in Thought and Practice.*
[2] J. H. Morrison, *Christian Faith and the Science of To-Day.*

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