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Editorial Notes.

WITH this issue we commence our twelfth volume, our nineteenth if one includes the *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society* which preceded this *Quarterly*. We had hoped to return to regular quarterly issues, but that is unlikely to be possible during the present year. We shall, however, endeavour to provide for issues of extended size. We thank all our readers for their patience during the war years and our printers for the way they have met and overcome many difficulties. We have no hesitation in inviting increased support from the denomination for the work of the Baptist Historical Society and for this *Quarterly*. Both have important functions to fulfil in the years ahead. We are deeply grateful to the Dean of St. Paul's for the tribute to Dr. Wheeler Robinson which opens our new volume.

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In our last issue attention was drawn to recent discussions of baptism by Dr. Emil Brunner and Dr. John Baillie. An even more weighty and significant contribution to the subject has been made. There has now reached this country a remarkable pamphlet by Dr. Karl Barth. *Die Kirchliche Lehre von der Taufe* (Zurich, 1943) consists of a lecture delivered to Swiss theological students in May, 1943. In it, Dr. Barth vigorously and trenchantly attacks infant baptism on exegetical and theological grounds. He does not mince his words. He sets out five propositions regarding Christian baptism and each of them implies that the subject shall be a believing man. Barth points out how unsatisfactory are the passages in Calvin and other Reformers dealing with the baptism of children, and issues a clarion call for a return to the New Testament. Baptism should mark the personal appropriation of the grace of God by believers and their entry into the fellowship of Christ's Church. The numbers of professing Christians might, he admits, be greatly reduced if, instead of being brought to baptism by one's parents, one had always to come oneself, but the spiritual power of the Church would be greatly increased. In the first edition of his pamphlet, Dr. Barth spoke generously of the witness of Anabaptists and Baptists to the truths he now champions and suggested that there can be a "rapprochement" between ourselves and the Reformed Churches if they in the future adopt believers' baptism and we, on our part, agree not to press for the re-"baptism" of individuals who have already been "baptised" in infancy. This interesting passage has

disappeared in the second edition, and in a footnote, Dr. Barth states that he is anxious that his readers should consider not practical questions of ecclesiastical politics, but the biblical and theological issues which he has raised. We hope that Dr. Barth's pamphlet will speedily be translated and that it will secure a wide circulation, not only in Baptist circles but throughout Christendom.

Readers should also note that a number of interesting articles on the relation of baptism and the gift of the Holy Spirit have appeared in *Theology*. In particular, one by the Rev. C. F. G. Moule, of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, in the issue for November, 1945, is frank and challenging. He writes: "A satisfactory biblical account can be given only of the complete experience represented (to use more modern terms) by 'Baptism plus Confirmation', as an indivisible whole. It is disingenuous (or, at best, ignorant) to transfer to infant baptism a weight of doctrine and a wealth of promises which, in the New Testament, are associated only with a responsible adult experience."

Never were Baptist apologists able to invoke more impressive testimonies from outside their own ranks.

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We offer our good wishes to the Rev. Luke H. Jenkins, B.D., on his appointment as Principal of the New Zealand Baptist College in succession to Dr. J. J. North; to the Rev. Gwenyth Hubble, B.A., B.D., the new Principal of Carey Hall, the United Missionary College for Women at Selly Oak; to the Rev. A. S. Herbert, M.A., B.D., the newly appointed Professor of Old Testament Studies in the Selly Oak Colleges; and to Professor H. H. Rowley, M.A., D.D., on his move from Bangor to the Chair of Semitic Languages and Literature in Manchester University.

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T. R. Glover was one of the outstanding figures connected with the Baptist denomination during the past generation. He made for himself a place all his own in the academic world; he was a "personality"; and he showed a life-long loyalty to the faith and church of his father. It is to be regretted that no comprehensive memoir of him is in hand, but there were so many sides to his personality and work that a biographer would find himself faced with a very difficult task. A number of notable appreciations and impressions have, however, appeared. For a true picture of T.R.G. they need putting together, and since some may have been missed by his friends, we venture to call attention to a few of them here. Of the notices that appeared at the time of Dr. Glover's death, that by the Rev. G. W. Harte in the *Baptist Layman* deserves notice, based as it was on many years of personal friendship. But hardly less significant was the

article which Professor H. J. Laski contributed to the *New Statesman* (November 27th, 1943), entitled "On Not Having Known T. R. Glover." In it, Dr. Laski quotes the description of Glover by W. H. R. Rivers as "a fine combination of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb." Early in 1944 the Carey Press issued a valuable and attractive tribute by Professor Theodore Robinson, who had known Glover intimately for forty years. It appeared as No. 12 in the "Brief Biographies of Leading Laymen." Last year the Cambridge University Press brought out a volume of Glover's essays, *The Springs of Hellas,* and prefixed to it a brief but graceful characterisation of the author by Mr. S. C. Roberts, one of his closest Cambridge friends. Glover the Baptist, even Glover the religious teacher, hardly appears at all in it, however. A lengthy and much more balanced appraisal, and one obviously written by a friend who knew him well, was printed in *The Times Literary Supplement* (October 13th, 1945) as a review of the book of essays. "There are few men," said the writer, "whose passing leaves the world so obviously the poorer." No doubt other tributes have appeared. The variety and distinction of the few here referred to tempts the question whether, even now, one of the denominational presses might not try to secure, before it is too late, a worthy biographical study of a truly remarkable character and a most stimulating teacher. He represented a generation and a standpoint that is rapidly being superseded, but which deserves a sympathetic literary memorial.

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Many of the biggest changes in human affairs take place almost unobserved. Sometimes, only too late, is it realised what has happened. Consider, for example, the changes in church government, and in the direction of denominational affairs which have taken place in the last two or three decades. We are often told that the democratically ordered Church Meeting represents the outstanding contribution of the Baptist and Congregational traditions to the Church Universal. But we know that, as a matter of fact, the Church Meeting has greatly declined in centrality and vigour of recent years. Instead the deacons' meeting has gained in authority and power. There the affairs of the local church are managed, and Church Meetings have become in many places, gatherings for the rather perfunctory ratification of what has already been arranged by the deacons. We even know of important churches where it is not thought necessary for most of the deacons to attend the Church Meetings. They are busy men, and the proceedings at gatherings open to all church members are—and are intended to be—purely formal. The matter would not perhaps be quite so serious as it is were deacons ready to regard themselves as the "elders" of the church

in a spiritual and New Testament sense. Unfortunately, with the increase of their practical power has gone a decline in their readiness to accept spiritual responsibility.

There have been parallel developments in the wider affairs of the denomination. The committees of the Baptist Union and the Baptist Missionary Society used to be serious deliberative bodies on which there served many men and women with a real grasp of affairs. Increasingly they become bodies which receive information as to what has been decided by the permanent officials, or by very small groups associated with them at headquarters. This applies not only to the Baptist Union Council and to the General Committee of the B.M.S. There it is almost inevitable. Indeed, bodies so large should surely only have presented to them recommendations requiring formal sanction and large questions of policy. The real matter for concern lies in what happens in the sub-committees. It is there that the failure of grasp and purpose causes most concern. How long is it since the estimates or the accounts of the B.M.S. were "debated" as they used to be, with half-a-dozen members of Committee, ministerial and lay, showing an intimate knowledge of the whole range of the Society's financial affairs and policy? Both in the Union and the Missionary Society the tendency is to appoint smaller "Business" or "Policy" or "Consultative" Committees from within the sub-Committees. But then the meetings even of the sub-Committees become formal and unreal, and busy people are increasingly impatient with them. Many of these changes and developments are probably inevitable in the new pattern of society and because of the pace at which our life has now to be lived. But should these tendencies not be consciously and deliberately directed? Is it not time we asked ourselves whither we are going? Is it not time we ceased to talk so glibly about our democratic procedure?

H. Wheeler Robinson

By The Dean of St. Paul's.

IT is a privilege to be allowed to contribute an appreciation of my friend Wheeler Robinson to the pages of the *Baptist Quarterly*. There are many better qualified than I to write about his career and his contribution to the life of the Church, many who have worked with him in the denomination to which he gave so much service, or who have shared with him the day by day life of a college. My estimate must be one-sided, since it lacks the authority of intimate association in worship and uninterrupted intercourse. Yet perhaps it may have an interest of its own as the testimony of one who was outside much of his life and many of his interests, but nevertheless bound to him by ties of admiration and affection. There may be an "objectivity" in the judgment of one who stands in such a relation to him which could not be achieved by those who were closer to him.

I will venture to write some words about Wheeler Robinson as a person before I pass on to make some remarks on his thought. My own contact with him began in the days when Regent's Park College was in the University of London and we served together on various University boards. It was a grief to me, on personal as well as on other grounds, when the College moved to Oxford, because I felt that London lost something of value when the Principal went with the College and we saw him no more in our Faculty of Theology. But my chief and longest association with him arose from our joint editorship of the Library of Constructive Theology. I was the junior partner in that firm, because I was brought in after Wheeler Robinson had already been appointed and had thought out the principles on which the Library was to be constructed. I found myself in cordial agreement with them, and from the first day of our collaboration to the end this agreement remained. We wrote the general introduction together, and so close was our unity of thought that I could not be sure to-day which sentences are from his pen and which from mine. There was only one subject on which we could never quite agree—who should write the volume on the Church, because I never could persuade him that Presbyterianism was not a kind of *via media* between Anglicanism and Independency!

The abiding impression which my association with him in this enterprise made on my mind was that of one who was both a real Christian and a real scholar. When he spoke of Christian experience he was not using a catch-word or stating a theoretical principle for theological construction; he was speaking of what

he knew as the central fact of his life. I think one of the facts about him which struck me as most revealing was his catholicity of taste and knowledge in devotional literature. The classics of Christian piety of all the traditions of Christendom were his companions and his delight; he could pray with St. Teresa or Newman as well as with Bunyan or John Wesley. No one could doubt that his devotion permeated and controlled his life. Others will know this better than I, and it would be impertinent to dwell upon it. I will mention only one aspect of this Christian temper, because I had occasion to observe it. I never heard him make an unkind or unnecessary criticism. He had a shrewd judgment of men, of their capacities and of their motives, but he had, I am sure, no thoughts about them that were not kind and charitable. He wrote much controversial theology—at least he wrote much that was controverted—but I believe one would search his writings in vain for any harsh or provocative sentence. He strove to "speak the truth in love" and was always more ready to recognise points of agreement and spiritual kinship than to emphasise dissension. Some acquaintance with the works of theologians leads me to exclaim, "O si sic omnes!"

This sympathetic understanding of other persons was reflected in his intellectual life. Rarely have I known a man whose reading was so wide and diverse. He was, of course, primarily an Old Testament scholar, but he had a more than competent knowledge of philosophy and psychology as well as a remarkable acquaintance with English literature. In his grave theological writings he drew from all the resources of his reading, and every reader must have been glad of the refreshment, which comes so frequently, of always relevant poetical illustrations. It must be observed, however, for it is a mark of the honesty of Wheeler Robinson's mind, that the poetry is never used to cover up weak places in the argument, but always to make more real to the imagination the conclusion or the suggestion which is supported by reasoning. I have noticed one exception to the employment of all the resources of his learning; so far as I know, he never refers to detective stories, in which he was deeply versed!

This is not the place to attempt an account of Wheeler Robinson's theology or an estimate of its value. Perhaps the time has not yet come to judge how much of his thought will remain as a permanent possession of the Church, and when this is done, it should be on a large scale. His writings cover so many of the great topics and problems of theology and there is so much systematic relation between the various parts of his major works that an extended survey would be needed to bring out the strength of his position. I hope that someone, perhaps one of his former students, will write such a study—it would be more useful than

many theses which are thought worthy of academic honours. In the preface to the last of his considerable books he tells us some interesting things about his theology and how it grew in his own mind. The three books which represent his thought on the problems of religion most adequately are, *The Christian Doctrine of Man, The Christian Experience of the Holy Spirit,* and *Redemption and Revelation.* They also represent the development of his thought. Beginning with the psychology of religion as it is related with the Christian faith, he passed on to the philosophical and theological background and then to the question of revelation and redemption as related to a philosophy of history. It is worthy of note that he found there was a unity and coherence in his work when he looked back upon it which he had not suspected while it was in progress. As he himself remarks, the unity grew out of the contact with religious experience and not from a conscious purpose.

To-day there are many theologians who regard the foundation beliefs on which Wheeler Robinson and I tried to build up the Library of Constructive Theology as false and misleading. They abhor the appeal to " religious experience," without, I fear, always being careful to discover what we meant by that term. We are attacked from two sides, by the Barthians and by the neo-scholastics who fling at us the name which has, strangely enough, become a term of reproach and contempt. We are " old-fashioned liberals." I do not think these polemics troubled Wheeler Robinson and I remember that we once consoled each other by thinking of the distinguished company, including Charles Gore, which shared our condemnation. I believe that this fashion will pass and that it will be found to have been only an interruption of the advance of theology on the general lines which we adopted. Wheeler Robinson was led by his directness of apprehension and sense of actuality to grapple with the problems which are at the root of the contemporary religious perplexity. There is no " shadow-boxing " in his theology.

The psychological analysis of religion has presented a challenge to Christian thought which must be met, and met if possible in terms which are intelligible to the " plain man," because the influence of the views which stem from Freud's *Future of an Illusion* has passed far beyond academic circles. And evidently one who based so much as Wheeler Robinson did on " experience " was bound to take very seriously such a threat to his presupposition. The " validity " of the religious experience might almost be said to have been the question which he was always discussing—he returns to it again and again in his books—and the burden of his contention is invariably that there is an objective element in the spiritual experience. It is a sign of his penetration that he

appreciated the importance of James Ward's *Psychological Principles*, one of the very few books on this subject which is likely to be a classic. The impressiveness of Wheeler Robinson's discussion of this vital subject is largely due to his intellectual honesty. He does not deny that "illusion" has played a considerable part in the development of religion, and he faces this fact in his remarkable chapter on "the Ministry of Error."

The progress of philosophy in recent years has concentrated attention on the problem of history. The philosophy of history, which used to be regarded as a doubtful claimant for inclusion in the circle of philosophical studies, has moved into the centre of the stage, and the Christian thinker must take account of this movement of thought. It was fortunate, therefore, that the unfolding of Wheeler Robinson's own intellectual life led him naturally to concentrate upon history in his final work. He certainly would not have entertained the idea that he had said the last word on this matter, or that there were no serious difficulties to be cleared up before we can give a confident Christian answer to the question, What is the significance of history, but it would not be an exaggeration to assert that he has laid down the broad lines on which theology must proceed and has linked the problem of history securely with the doctrines of revelation and redemption.

The theology of Wheeler Robinson is, first of all, a theology of the Holy Spirit, and here too he was in harmony with the deeper tendencies of religious thought. The new conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us by science, and by the philosophy which has been profoundly influenced by science, compel us to think out the doctrine of creation and of the place of man in the world. The old theology of the spirit is evidently wholly inadequate, and there can be little doubt that the re-making of Christian doctrine for the new age must begin with a restatement of our belief concerning the Spirit. Here again Wheeler Robinson showed the way, while leaving much to be done to elaborate and apply the principle which he discerned.

This brief and totally inadequate account of his contribution to Christian theology and philosophy will, I hope, at least have indicated that it consisted, not of a closed system, but of a body of seminal ideas. The curse of theology is that its development so often takes the form of violent reactions and of closely-knit "schools of thought," which in turn reach positions of dominance. Wheeler Robinson had no ambition to found a school or lead a movement, but it is to be hoped that his spirit and his method will be transmitted to many sincere and humble scholars who will pursue the same enquiries with that devotion to truth and deep personal piety of which he has left us an abiding example.

W. R. MATTHEWS.

Prisoner of War

"WHAT was it like?" I am often asked. The question is as difficult to answer as it would be if put to one who has come to the end of a long ministry. I want to reply, "Do you mean at the beginning? as the war dragged on year after year? near the end, when Germany was breaking up?" I was captured in May 1940, and released in April 1945—five years, and conditions were constantly changing, our circumstances and our own state of mind and health.

Once I got over my surprise at being captured, my first thought was of my good fortune. Wounds or death had seemed inevitable, and here I was, alive and unhurt. Nor was the break with my former mode of life so complete as was that of the combatant prisoners: I was continuing my ministry under different conditions, that was all. I had shared the life of these men during the long months of waiting on the French frontier and for the few crowded days of action in Belgium and France; I had succoured the wounded and buried the dead. And now that the remnant were prisoners, I was still with them, and able to carry on my work with them and with others who soon joined us. I had no doubt that I was the only chaplain captured, for it was some days before Dunkirk, and we had no idea of the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen the B.E.F. Certainly I had lost all my kit—car, clothing, books, sermons—all but what I stood up in; but it was some days since I had seen it, and I trudged along with little sense of change or loss. On the second day officers and men were separated—that was the most grievous loss.

After some days of marching and lorry riding we halted at a temporary camp for our first Sunday. About sixty officers gathered for a service in a small room stacked with double-tier beds, on which we sat. I possessed the only Bible among us, with difficulty saved from confiscation at our daily searches. The censors were ready to pass the Bible as harmless, but gravely suspected my pencilled notes in the margin, here perhaps showing a perspicacity unusual in censors. The two hymns I had to announce from memory, reciting each verse before we sang it. In a brief address I expressed our thanksgiving for our deliverance and our sense of dependence upon God for strength to face our new life. We were very impressionable at this time, and the response to this simple service cheered me much; a fruitful ministry was opening up before me.

I did not expect it to be a long one. At every halting place

the censors told me that doctors and chaplains would be repatriated as soon as possible, under the terms of the Geneva Convention. We would be relieved by civilians who would be sent out from home as volunteers, and would be fully equipped with books, instruments, etc., which we lacked. This was a new and surprising idea to us all. However, I thought, such civilians would not have my chances. They would know nothing of these days when we were all tired, dispirited, ragged and hungry, nothing of the numb insensibility that follows days of fighting with little rest or food, nothing of the long marching, or sitting through June days and nights on half-empty petrol cans in a packed cattle-truck, clutching a few bits of possessions, and half stifled with the petrol fumes. They would find everyone settled down and occupied, in touch with their homes again, getting regular food and clothing parcels: I was in prison, visiting the hungry and thirsty, the naked, the sick and the stranger. Such vague thoughts helped me along the dreary journey.

By the time we reached the permanent Oflag, we were in very poor shape from hunger and exhaustion. Our first hot bath, for "delousing" purposes, was the acme of luxury. We then had our heads completely shorn and our photos taken—a calculated indignity which, as we learned afterwards, our camp alone suffered. These photos were kept on our identity cards, and followed us for four years, evidence that most of us were pretty villainous types, fit only for internment on some Devil's Island. I shall never judge a man from a police photograph.

We were now five chaplains, and within a month, thirty-one, with myself as senior in rank and therefore responsible to the authorities for them all. They were of all denominations, and though individually good fellows, were the most awkward team imaginable. Since we had only twelve hundred officers, and I knew of Stalags of ten thousand men without a chaplain, I had the more incentive to agitate for most of them to be sent out to Stalags. For a long time I was put off by assertions that every camp had a chaplain. The men (as I heard afterwards) were told that we had been asked to come out and had refused because we were too comfortable in the Oflag. After five months' continuous pressure, twenty-three were sent off—to another Oflag twelve miles away containing two hundred officers. It was seven months before two chaplains got to Poland, four years before we were less than seventeen in my Oflag, and for the five years two of us never got out to a men's camp. From the German point of view we were unemployed. So was St. Paul, to his captors; but I doubt if that was the opinion of his guards and fellow prisoners. I expect that my attempts to get chaplains out to camps made the authorities black-list me. After four years a security officer—a

lapsed Roman Catholic—said to me, "You will never be sent out, Mr. Miller." "Why not?" I asked. "You are a Baptist." "But why are Baptists discriminated against?" "You bring your people up to look after themselves, and they don't need a chaplain." It was a palpable pretext, but I took it as a compliment to us Baptists.

I innocently brought down suspicion upon myself in another way. When at last hymn-books arrived, I began mentioning in my letters to my wife the numbers of the hymns I was reading in prayer times. The censors suspected a code and asked for a copy of the book. My explanation was disbelieved; my wife's letters, and those only, were held up for comparison and testing from that time on. Their suspicions were irrefragable: if they found a code, how right to suspect me; if not, that proved how cunning I was and how good the code. Such information was put in your dossier and followed you from camp to camp.

At our permanent camp we soon arranged daily prayers, services and a course of lectures on the Bible. We had only my complete Bible and about seven New Testaments, and these were loaned out for half-hour periods. Language classes were started, lectures on Christian Ethics, and finally, with the help of the Chaplains of Peterhouse Cambridge and Eton, a programme of lectures was arranged to cover the whole day from eight till eight. Thus began what was known later as the Oflag VII. C. University. At one time lectures and classes were offered on over eighty different subjects, from Arabic to Logic, from How to Lay Down a Cellar to Pure Mathematics—anything to distract the mind from present circumstances, which at first were grim enough. The German food was always insufficient (a weakened prisoner gives less trouble and has no energy to try to escape), sometimes bad in quality, and mostly insipid. Red Cross parcels had not yet begun to arrive. The half-dozen books, mostly Penguins, were passed round till they came to pieces, and writing materials were very scarce. Our clothes were ragged and thin from wear and washing. That it was summer time was a mercy: you could sunbathe while the clothes were drying, and you need less food in warm weather. You calculated exercise in terms of the food it made you eat. Twice round the field was a slice of bread, and you wondered whether you had enough of the day's ration to justify another round. "Give us this day our daily bread"; the old petition became new and urgent for us.

These things I became accustomed to. Much worse was the uncertainty about the course of the war. Everything, from newspapers and scraps of news to camp gossip seeped through to you from the enemy. But this only made you the most obstinately confident. We prisoners are, on the whole, modest people, but we

believe that we went on fighting from behind the barbed wire. We know that our cheerful, confident aspect told on the Germans and did more than millions spent on propaganda. Even at the blackest time—the Battle of Britain, reported to us as a complete victory for the Luftwaffe—we never doubted the final victory. I imagine that we each thought it was touch and go, but we kept our fears to ourselves. Worst of all was the overcrowding and the lack of privacy. In time, letters, and food and clothing parcels came through, but this remained a torment to most of us till the end. And this was blamable, since a little thought and trouble would have made all the difference. But hardships of this kind are more often the result of stupidity and lack of imagination, twin offspring of bureaucracy, than of a vindictive desire to inflict pain. Imagine what it means "never to be by oneself, nowhere to read or write quietly, never a comfortable chair, everlasting clattering and scraping of heavy boots on concrete floors, and talk, talk, talk all around one." The quotation comes from a friend's letter. I could appreciate better the imaginative insight of Browning's "Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister," though even monks have their own cells.

Then comes the first periodical search of your person and kit, of the miserable bits of possessions you have managed to acquire—scraps of paper on which you have written lecture notes, a brief diary, notes of letters written home. What seemed a necessary caution when I was captured now seemed an intolerable intrusion upon the one scrap of privacy left to me. My study of the Bible centred for a time around the letters of St. Paul written from prison, and I realised how little I had been "initiated into the secret for all sorts and conditions of life, for plenty and for hunger, for prosperity and for privations" (Phil. iv. 12, Moffatt).

Our services were at first held in a long garage where we also had our lectures. It held about eight hundred at a squeeze, for there were no seats. An altar at one end had been made by some Poles who had been in this camp before us, and behind it was a painting by one of them, representing the Crucifixion, a crude daub, but a work of devotion, and a triumph over difficulties. We were limited to communion services and one preaching service a Sunday, and since only two churches were recognised, Protestant and Catholic, we protestants had to worship together. We had Anglican and Free Church services alternately, and preached in turn. Sermons had to be written out in full (a useful discipline for some preachers) and submitted for censoring; and one of the censors was present at the service, just in case. . . .

One morning service was rudely interrupted. We had chosen for the opening hymn, "Glorious things of thee are spoken," to the tune Austria. But this tune was the former Austrian

National Anthem, and we were on the Austrian border. As the first notes sounded forth from several hundred voices there was a rush of guards and security staff from all quarters of the building. They were convinced that a riot or mutiny was beginning, and it was some time before I could convince the chief security officer that we were singing a genuine hymn. Perhaps this experience made them shy; for when in June 1941 the Germans invaded Russia and we chose the hymn "God the All-Terrible" to the tune Russia, it provoked no stir or comment.

Later we bought a grand piano, hymn-books began to arrive, and we moved into a disused room which had formerly been a chapel. Our barracks was a former palace of the Archbishop of Salzburg and in this chapel perhaps Mozart had played while he was in the archiepiscopal service. One of the chaplains was a cathedral precentor and ex-chorister of King's College, Cambridge. He trained some singers, and for three Sunday evenings during our first Christmastide we had a service of nine lessons and carols on the King's College model, with readers chosen from various ranks, from brigadier to private. The chapel, holding five hundred (we now had benches to sit on) was packed each night. Few of us will forget this Christmas, and we had a similar carol service for each of our five Christmases. We were already preparing for Easter. We managed to get one German copy of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. A selection from it was made, lasting about 1¼ hours in performance. The text was translated (the Authorised Version was a good translation of St. Matthew's text, but the many chorales had to be put into English verse), the music transposed for male voices, orchestral and choral parts written out, and the thing put into rehearsal. Instrumental and vocal noises could be heard coming from all sorts of odd corners, until even music-lovers became restive. When, after five months' hard work, it was performed, with the whole congregation standing to join in the chorales, the effect was tremendous. I have never heard a more powerful sermon.

By Easter it was clear that the repatriation clauses (and many others) of the Convention were a dead letter, even for the seriously wounded, and that all alike were prisoners for the rest of the war. I had sent for books and planned a long course of study. Food parcels, clothes and bedding from home ensured that we could engage in normal activity—previously we had spent long hours in bed to conserve warmth and energy. Then, in September, some days after my books arrived, forty of us were sent off suddenly and unexpectedly to Rouen on that abortive repatriation scheme, leaving, of course, our books, and most of our clothes and things, for the use of the unfortunate majority who had to stay behind.

At Rouen we waited for nearly three months on the racecourse, our hopes of getting home dwindling daily. Food parcels and letters came in time, but the fuel ration remained inadequate. To supplement it we broke up and burnt the racecourse starting-gate; but before we could consume the grandstand we were moved to Poland, arriving there on Christmas Eve, in the depth of a Polish winter. The cheerful courage of the blind and limbless men throughout this experience shamed those of us who were fit and whole out of any indulgence in self-pity. I thus spent three months with some thirteen hundred men, an experience I greatly valued. Much of our time went in arranging and taking lectures and classes with them to occupy their minds. Both here and in the Oflag I proved the fascination to laymen of a simple account of how the Pentateuch was put together from J E D and P, and the Synoptic Gospels from Oral Tradition, Q M and L. Perhaps I ought to add: provided the details have not to be reproduced for examination purposes.

After six months I was back in an Oflag again, and began the long process of building up a library and a stock of clothes and bedding once more. Pastoral work, play-acting, running a choir and lectures took most of my time. Is it paradoxical to say that a prisoner has little time? It is nevertheless true. A certain regularity of life is necessary for carrying through any continuous piece of work. But our life was notably irregular. A prisoner's day was constantly being broken up by various duties—room-chores, drawing meals and hot water for drinks, drawing parcels or mess stores, changing bed-straw, washing clothes when hot water is suddenly made available. A parade for counting us, a pay parade, a parcel issue might be called at any time, and any one of them involve endless waiting in queues until the Germans arrived and your turn came. Lights out was early, about ten o'clock, and late work impossible. Add to that the crowded rooms and the constant noise, and it is understandable that I did about half of what I reckoned to do and took twice as long to do it.

The most rewarding thing I did was a course of lectures on Philosophy which extended over two years, treating the subject historically. We never got beyond the mediaeval period, but the lectures, especially those on Greek Philosophy, aroused surprising interest. I made contact with men I could never have touched in any other way. Like true Englishmen, they expected you to talk sense about a subject that you were the merest dabbler in before they would listen to you upon what you claimed to be your own subject. I am allowed to quote from an article in *Everybody's Weekly*, by Count de Salis, a Roman Catholic, repatriated in 1943:

"Some episodes in the struggle to combat the most insidious

forms of apathy and boredom deserve to be described. Thanks to a padre, we were able to attend a most excellent course of lectures on philosophy. I must confess that I was surprised by the attendance; some ten per cent. of the camp took an interest in what can be so dry a subject. As the lectures went on, the attendance did not fall off. I remember a slight interruption on my pointing out to a most distinguished law lecturer that he had probably never before seen a man in a kilt attending a class on Aristotle!"

The comment is, of course, undeserved, but it serves to show the response that any attempt to help one's companions received. The team-work throughout among lecturers, musicians, actors, etc., was a constant joy and inspiration.

Besides this I was able to do some tutorial work among the men and chaplains. A few started Hebrew, and the Hebrew script, found on the next search, gave the German censors a sleepless night or two. For six months I had theological charge of an Anglican ordinand; but I doubt if the damage will be permanent.

One example of the German's peculiar sense of humour is worth quoting. They kept fierce Alsatians as watch dogs. A notice was posted up in English: "Prisoners are forbidden to feed the dogs: the dogs have also received instructions not to accept food from prisoners." One unforgotten day a dog forgot his instructions, licked the face of an escaping prisoner, and bit the guard.

The last six months brought a return to the early conditions. Red Cross parcels became scarce, and ceased just before Christmas; electric lighting was cut down to a mere glimmer; and the camp was heated only an hour or two each day. And over us hung the shadow of impending events. The more thoughtful of us were in no doubt as to the intentions of the Supreme Head of all P.O.W.s, Herr Himmler, and expected to be sent to Bavaria and kept as hostages. Fortunately the Allied advance and the German collapse was too rapid for the success of such plans. An attempt was made just before Easter to march us away from the advancing American forces, but in vain. The tanks travelled only a mile or two more a day than we did, but it was enough; and after nearly three weeks of marching we were overtaken and released.

I am thankful to have kept fully occupied and in good health all the time; it is in hospital that one sees the real tragedy of prison life. Whether the returned prisoner has gained much from his experience is difficult to say. There is no value in experience as such, in simply living through something. The alchemy which distils from experience its latent value is a highly

personal one. And it all went on too long for most long-term prisoners. As someone has said ," experience is a good teacher, but her fees are high," and a point can be reached when the cost is more than the benefits received:

'Tis the most difficult of tasks to *keep*
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

But I would not seem to complain. I had a most fruitful ministry, limited only by my own limitations; and I came out alive and whole. In 1944 I talked to a German woman whose son had been killed, and whose son-in-law had been a year as P.O.W. in America. She asked when I had been captured, and on hearing that it was four years before, she exclaimed, " How terrible," and then added, " aber Sie leben noch " (but you are still alive). Many there are who suffered greatly, the wounded and maimed; and many to whom fell what seemed to us the hardest lot of all—death in captivity. They " received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

GODFREY F. MILLER.

The Heart Speaks

"When life and its pre-occupations are at last over, we let the heart speak—or rather, it speaks of itself, and asks no leave."

—EDWARD THOMPSON.

IN the last year of last century an advertisement appeared in a London newspaper—"A gentlemanly youth required in the office of a Religious Institution." In response to his application for the post, the writer was summoned to Furnival Street. He arrived at "No. 19" to find it a solidly built house, with a pleasing façade, but as the Headquarters of a Denomination it seemed unworthily situated. An area of mean streets surrounded the house, with lawyers' offices and printers' factories. Small taverns, and "tea-rooms" abounded, and there were many old-fashioned shops where you could buy penny bottles of ink, halfpenny pens, packets of writing paper, balls of twine, sealing-wax, as well as the cheap sensational periodicals, loved by boys at that time. Took's Court, closely associated with Charles Dickens, ran at the rear of the Mission House, and within a stone's throw, were the leafy Inns of Court.

Within the House were many spacious rooms and passages, and the first impression one might gain was of unhurried life. Now and then a smiling figure would issue from a room, cross the sunny hall, and disappear. The youth was presently interviewed, and appointed to a clerkship in the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. In this manner my connection with the official side of our Denomination commenced, and it lasted until September, 1945, a period of forty-six years.

The Mission House was indeed a place of quiet, rarely disturbed by the hurry-skurry of hasty footfalls. Nor were there typewriters to hurt the serenity. Long letters were copied in an old-fashioned letter press, but inevitably the first typewriter came soon after. Speaking-tubes were used before the telephone invaded the rooms. It seems not too extravagant a claim to say that the atmosphere generally was one of Sabbath-like calm. But, with its air of repose, this House had within its precincts the promise of mighty things.

The Baptist Union occupied two or three rooms above the offices of the Baptist Missionary Society, where Alfred Henry Baynes, the Magnificent, occupied the secretarial chair with considerable pomp and power. One room was *The Baptist Times and Freeman* sanctum, to the door of which came one day an irate person whose heated desire it was to whip the Editor of the journal for some imagined affront made by a contributor in the current issue! Happily the Editor was absent.

One of the supreme figures of our Denominational story, John Howard Shakespeare, fresh from his pastorate at Norwich, and a man of force, now devoted his energy to transmute his visions into things of power. Like sparks struck from the glowing anvil of a master-mind, one after another, a succession of brilliant achievements marked the early years of his great charge. First came the Twentieth Century Fund—£250,000 from half a million Baptists! I see now, in wealthy fancy, the ceaseless daily inflow of cheques, bank notes and gold, as this momentous fund ran its swift course. One of its early commitments was the building of the new Church House, and many, I do not doubt, can still recall—although its principal actors have departed—that afternoon in April 1903 when John Roskruge Wood, of Upper Holloway fame, presented a gold key to the President of the Baptist Union, with which he formally unlocked the fine doors and entered the new House in company with the Secretary.

Came the Ministerial Recognition Fund, The Education, Home Missions and other funds. The Baptist Fire Insurance Company came into being, rising vigorously from a small office agency. I remember inscribing the first Share Certificate in the name of the first son of an honoured Baptist still happily with us.

The *Baptist Times and Freeman* appeared for a penny a week, with a sermon by a Leader of the Denomination, and a "serial" by Silvester Horne. Gange gave sketches of village life, and the anonymous "Nicholas Notewell" his weekly impressions. Wheeler Robinson contributed his useful article, "The Minister in his study." The *Baptist Handbook,* of six hundred closely-packed pages, cost only two shillings! The *Juvenile Missionary Herald,* forerunner of the magazine, *Wonderlands,* appeared for a halfpenny, and the writer clearly recalls receiving this tiny magazine, with its quaint "wood-cut" pictures, at his Sunday School attached to the Walworth Road Chapel. The *Missionary Herald,* for a penny, told of the growing importance of the Society's work abroad.

Its famous tenant having departed, the B.M.S. was able to enlarge its tents, and swiftly developed its auxiliaries, Summer Schools, and Laymen's Conferences. The two growing organisations united in Assemblies twice a year in Spring and Autumn, important achievements which have been well described by other pens.

An historic event, in 1905, was the First World Congress in Regent's Park College. From all parts of the globe came men of many nations to the stately College and grounds. For several days this scene was the historic cradle of a great enterprise. I recall on one sunny day being despatched to the Army Barracks near Regent's Park to complete arrangements for a military band

to play daily in the College gardens. How lovely this London seemed to that youth:

> London, the flower of cities all,
> As old Dunbar once did you call,
> Rose Royal and Original.

There were very few motor-cars. Open-topped, horse-drawn buses, bright-coloured, ambled along the Strand; here and there were hansom cabs or an open barouche, drawn by two horses. There were conjurors and sword-swallowers at street corners. Sometimes I saw a little Italian playing a hurdy-gurdy, a lively monkey on his shoulder. I lingered sometimes to listen to a German band, or to a comic singer, with his banjo, outside an inn.

In those days before the magical birth of the radio, our entertainment was found at the "Mohawk Minstrels," the Saturday Night Popular Orchestral Concerts at St. James' Hall in Piccadilly, and at Mr. Henry Wood's concerts, that made his name revered throughout the world of music. A little way off Maskelyne and Devant thrilled boys and girls and their mamas and papas with amazing feats of legerdemain. I shall never forget seeing a poor lady cut into two halves, literally cut in two —or so it seemed to my trusting mind. The Aquarium at Westminster, with tight-rope walkers, and human bullets propelled from a cannon, never failed to thrill all who saw these wonders.

The observant would often see in the famous thoroughfares, not so crowded then, many notable personalities: titanic "G.K.C." in his landau; Dean Inge with his odd jerky right shoulder, umbrella tightly rolled, and the correct hat; time has happily refuted the easy description of him by many journalists —the "Gloomy Dean." Rider Haggard walked frequently in Fleet Street, the Mind of the World; Israel Zangwill I saw sometimes on the side-walk; and R. J. Campbell at the height of certain notoriety. John Clifford, kindly and patriarchal in appearance, was to be seen now and then. These came and passed by. One young heart, at least, watched them in silent admiration. In the new Church House almost every day many famous Baptists graced the scene, including Judges and Cabinet Ministers.

There was gold in the Banks as well as in the streets on any of those far-off summer days. The cashier, elegantly polite, would scrutinise your cheque, and then ask you, "How will you have it; half and half?" Thereupon, if you so desired, he would weigh the required amount of sovereigns and half sovereigns, and propel them towards you from a copper shovel! I loved also to loiter, dreaming dreams, in the shades of "Booksellers' Row" in the Strand, or in the Clare Market near by, an area soon to be

cleared that Aldwych and Kingsway might add new dignity to the old city. Not able to buy a coveted expensive book, I would read it through page by page, one or two a day, until its joys were mine. On recalling this practice, I crave your pardon, Mr. Ancient Bookseller, if in my uncontrollable desire for fine reading I broke any law.

If you, in religious witness, delighted to hear London's great men preach, there was Hugh Price Hughes in Piccadilly, Mark Guy Pearse, the Master of the Temple, J. R. Wood, George Hawker, and a galaxy of others, "whose names flit still living on the lips of men." There were to be heard also voices of eminent clergymen in Cathedral and Abbey, and fashionable preachers in West End Churches pleased their famous parishioners, although about this time Dean Inge tells us, the Golden Age of West End incumbents was coming to an end.

Truly London was a venerable city! Fine were its citizens, and mayors, its shows and pomps, pageantry and solemnity; its stately squares of many mansions, each with armies of men servants, its twisting streets with romantic names: Old Jewry, Little Britain, the Barbican, Little Paul's Yard, and Bleeding Heart Yard; and, "curiouser and curiouser," Sea-Coal Lane, and Great St. Thomas Apostle, where, in a great leafy tree, a thousand sparrows held their Parliament; its Bookshops in Churchyards, some actually leaning against the very walls of a church; its

> Cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And . . . leave not a rack behind.

Truly it might have been so, but the valour and vicarious sacrifice of the Finest Few saved for us and the Future the ancient glories of this proud city.

The youthful century, happy and prosperous, advancing grandly in science, medicine, arts and letters, was early to know the pain of disillusion and suffering. Only just in her 'teens, the century suffered the unspeakable horror of the First World War. We spoke of it hopefully, as the war to end all war. A high purpose, but it failed. We won a semblance of Peace, a thing of shreds and patches, but in the weaving of it there was no victory, unless it rested with the vanquished; for in the passing of a score of years, in which suspicion and distrust among Nations grew, a greater tragedy plunged the anxious world once more into years of catastrophic horror, and it seemed true that "a great stream of human tears must fall always through the shadows of the world."

Dr. Johnson argued: "If Mr. X has experienced the

unutterable, Mr. X should not try to utter it." But it is not possible for a writer to set down his experiences of the first half of this century, however brief his impressions, without consideration of the Second World War, and our reaction to it as members of the Christian Church. Lord Acton said, "the first of human concerns is religion." With Browning, we reached into the dark, feeling what we could not see, and still our faith stood.

With the end of the "phoney" war, air raids on Britain gravely threatened our religious life. Churches everywhere were reduced to rubble. Many lovely London Wren churches exist only as names, with often but a garden to mark where they stood. Our own Baptist church buildings suffered seriously. We worshipped, sometimes a mere handful of us, in a wrecked church parlour, when sudden death missed us by not more than a few yards. Sabbath evenings were often haunted by the horrors of air bombardment, and still our faith in God stood, immovable, and our witness marched forward.

The *Daily Telegraph* was able to say recently, "It is undisputed that five years of war have seen a strong resurgence of religious feeling." This is true. The *Sunday Times* prints a sermonette week by week, and other Sunday papers, speaking to millions of non-Churchgoers, give in every issue a "Five Minute" talk on affairs of the heart. Leading articles in many other weeklies and dailies are headed with a fitting text from God's Word. With all its varied mixture of fun and fantasy, its light moods, and its learning, the B.B.C. daily calls millions of listeners into the presence of God; the Sunday evening services from all over the British Isles, and from every Denomination, bring to the fireside, or into the summer garden, the peace and uplift born of religious worship, bringing listeners into that Presence which, as Philip Sidney claimed, "doth give to dark hearts a living light."

The service in a church I know well has developed dignity and sincerity, though its background is ugly with the scars of years of bombing. A happy democratic spirit is evident. At their Sunday School Anniversary, I heard the lessons beautifully read by a girl, prayers taken by a lad. All the offices indeed were carried through by the young people with evident joy. It was their service, something belonging to them. I shall not easily forget the two boys and the two girls, the offering taken, bearing it slowly between the chairs to the Minister's Table. The light upon their faces touched the hearts of their elders as, seated in discomfort on hard chairs, in a cold, draughty room, they bowed their heads in the presence of this lovely act of youthful service. "So will Beauty find a way to clothe Tragedy till the heart is uplifted and comforted."

I have lived long enough to perceive in this saying much precious and eternal truth. During the passage of these six years I have experienced happenings that to the sane mind years ago, would have seemed more wildly fantastic than anything Verne, Poe or Wells in maddest mood conceived. Yet inevitably came the incontestable loveliness of six English Springtimes and Nature smiled still, while the heart wept. And in each Springtime is the consummation of all beauty and truth. So I found consolation and courage in hours of peril.

There exist to-day many elderly men who have lived through times like those I have attempted, all too briefly, to sketch, a mingled yarn of good and ill together. Such memories might have served them well in their eventide. But they inveigh the present, and like Dr. Faustus, cry, "Give me back my youth," for the days of youth were the only ones they deem worth while. For such minds life has proved a lost endeavour. As I see it, the present, and the years to come, are bright with enlightenment, and the high promise of God's Peace, a tapestry woven fine of glowing colour and abounding life, against which the Victorian-Edwardian days of my youth are but a pallid monochrome. Because our Faith endured in six years of agony, mankind now struggles for a world made perfect at last. A Peace we have never known, lies within our grasp.

The human race stands at the most solemn period of its history. Two paths open upward out of the dark valley of Night: the Path of Peace, and the Path of oblivion. The heart of man, not the atom, shall direct the course.

J. Roland Evans.

The Aphorisms of Benjamin Whichcote.

FEW writers have had more influence in shaping the course of theological thought in England than the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century. They were great pioneers who paid the penalty of being in advance of their times. Their teaching, which was scorned and derided by the majority in their own lifetime, has only gradually won its way into general acceptance, and even to-day is scarcely appreciated at its true worth.

The central theme of their doctrine was the supremacy of the "inner light" of reason and conscience in the individual soul as the authority for religious belief and practice. One of their favourite texts was Proverbs xx, 27: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." Standing in the Platonic tradition, which exalts the sovereignty and divinity of reason in human nature, and holding fast, as the central pillar of their system, the Logos doctrine, which likewise asserts that reason is the divine element in the human soul, "the Light that lighteth every man," they found the final authority for their belief not in ecclesiastical dogma nor in the decisions of the Church Councils, but in the conviction of their own minds, enlightened by Holy Scripture and by the interior testimony of the Holy Spirit. Their doctrine therefore aimed at showing the reasonableness of the Christian faith, and its essential harmony with the spiritual teaching of Platonism and Neo-platonism. They quoted from Plato, Plotinus and Proclus as often as from the Bible; but passages from the Platonic writers were quoted, not as the authority for their beliefs, but as indicating the spirit and method of their enquiries, and as affording illustration and confirmation of their conclusions. Like Plato and his followers, they stressed the close relation between right thinking and right action. The "light within" declares that moral goodness is the highest and best thing in life.

Benjamin Whichcote, the founder of the school of Cambridge Platonists, became a student at Emmanuel College in 1626, Fellow of the same College in 1633, and Provost of King's College in 1644. In this position of authority he exerted a profound influence in the university by the eloquence and freshness of his preaching, and by the kindliness and saintliness of his character. All that remains to us of his work consists of four volumes of

his Discourses, and a volume containing (i) a series of moral and religious aphorisms, collected from his MSS, and (ii) his controversial correspondence with his friend and former tutor, Anthony Tuckney. The printed Discourses give a very inadequate idea of the power of the preached sermons. They seem to have been printed merely from notes, for in the pulpit he used "no other than very short notes, not very legible" (*Letters*, p. 108). It is in the collected aphorisms, with their pungent and epigrammatic wit, that we can best sample the force of Whichcote's teaching.

Many of these aphorisms illustrate Whichcote's emphasis upon the importance of reason: "Reason is the candle of the Lord, lighted by God and lighting us to God." "God hath set up two lights to enlighten us on our way; the light of reason which is the light of His creation, and the light of Scripture, which is after-revelation from Him. Let us make use of these two lights and suffer neither to be put out." "The reason of our mind is the best instrument we have to work withal. Reason is not a shallow thing: it is the first participation from God; therefore, he that observes reason, observes God." "I have always found that such preaching of others hath most commanded my heart which hath most illuminated my head."

Other aphorisms stress the important truth that religion is a spirit and a way of life. "Heaven is first a temper, then a place." "It is impossible to make a man happy by putting him in a happy place, unless he be first in a happy state." "Heaven present is our resemblance to God . . . men deceive themselves grossly when they flatter themselves with hopes of a future heaven, and yet by wickedness of heart and life do contradict heaven present." "No man reverenceth a wicked man, no, not a wicked man himself."

Whichcote vigorously upholds religious liberty, as all the Cambridge Platonists do. "I will not make a religion for God nor suffer any to make a religion for me." He pleads the right of private judgment: "No man can command his judgment; therefore every man must obey it." He abhors religious persecution: "That must not be done in defence of religion which is contrary to religion."

He shows up the folly of pride and self-conceit: "He that is full of himself goes out of company as wise as he came in." "Where there is most of God, there is least of self." "He that takes himself out of God's hands into his own, by and by will not know what to do with himself." He exalts the forgiving spirit: "He that repents is angry with himself: I need not be angry with him."

He deplored the worldliness and cynicism of his age. "Among politicians the esteem of religion is profitable, the

principles of it are troublesome." Certainly the moral earnestness of Whichcote and his followers are thrown into relief by the frivolity and hypocrisy of many of their contemporaries. The Cambridge Platonists, almost alone amongst the Church of England clergy of their day, insisted upon sincere spirituality and consistency between Christian profession and practice. These philosophical divines, with their intense spiritual fervour and their reverence for reason and divine knowledge, afford a welcome contrast to the slothful lethargy and dead formalism of the Restoration clergy, who suspected their rationalism and called them "latitudinarians."

The central idea in Whichcote's teaching was that there is in the human spirit a "seminal principle," a "seed of God." "God's image is in us, and we belong to Him." "Reason is the Divine Governor of man's life; it is the very voice of God." "I oppose not rational to spiritual, for spiritual is most rational." Reason is not divorced from piety and morality, for Reason at its highest is that communion with God which purifies the soul, and educates the will no less than the mind.

The Restoration put an end to Benjamin Whichcote's happy activity at Cambridge. He was removed from the provostship by special order of the King in 1660. The views and general standpoint of the Cambridge school did not win any general acceptance for two centuries. But the lamp which they lit was never put out, and to-day many of their doctrines, which were regarded as dangerous innovations in their own time, such as the right of private judgment, and the supreme authority of the "Voice of God" within the individual soul, have now become the treasured convictions of innumerable Christians.

A. W. Argyle.

Some Aspects of the Life and Work of John Ruskin

RUSKIN'S father was born in Edinburgh, but the family was not of Scottish origin. His grandfather was a Londoner who had migrated to Edinburgh and finally died near Perth. His son, John James Ruskin, was the father of John Ruskin. John James Ruskin, for business reasons, moved to London with his wife, whom he had married in Edinburgh, and found employment in the office of a wine merchant. He ultimately became a partner in the firm, and a man of considerable wealth. He was born in 1785, and died in 1864. The son, John, of whom we write, was his only child.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John James Ruskin was in Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury, and there John was born on February 8th, 1819. He lived here until he was four years old, when his father and mother moved out into the country, to a house in Herne Hill, where there was a large garden and delightful surroundings. Here the boy lived for the next twenty years, after which the household moved to 51, Denmark Hill. He kept up a connection, however, all his life with Herne Hill as his cousin, Mrs. Severn, made it her home and he was always welcome there.

As to John Ruskin's education; to begin with, and until ten years of age, his sole tutor was his mother. She taught him Latin and even some rudiments of Hebrew in order to initiate him into the Word of God in that tongue. His mother read the Bible daily with him. They read alternate verses, she watching every intonation, not allowing a syllable to be missed or misplaced; a study in religion, in Bible literature, and an exercise in memory concentration and discipline. "My mother's daily readings," he said, "established my soul in life." She read the whole Bible with him from Genesis to Revelation with regularity and filled his mind with sacred truth. "The duty enforced upon me in early youth," says Ruskin, "of reading every word of the Gospels and prophecies as if written by the hand of God, gave me the habit of awed attention, which made many passages deeply grave to me." It is said that on the night before he was three years old he repeated to his mother the whole of the 119th Psalm, and as a boy he learned the whole of the fine old Scottish Paraphrases; to this kind of discipline he attributed the cultivation of his ear and his sense of style.

In hours of depression he always turned to the Bible and found a deep, sweet well of consolation and inspiration; he was distinctly a Bible Christian and student who tested all life's experiences by the Word of God. It coloured his thought and style and was woven into the texture of all that came from his pen. He knew it by heart, and quoted it from memory and, as far as can be ascertained, made only one mistake. In one of his many lectures he makes as many as sixty quotations from Scripture, and it is estimated that in his various books there are at least 5,000 references from the Old and New Testaments.

About the years 1878 to 1880 it was rumoured that Ruskin had become a Roman Catholic, but this was not true. Pressure and persuasion were being brought to bear upon him. Aubrey De Vere wrote to Coventry Patmore: "A man who believes as he does ought to be in the Roman Catholic Church." Cardinal Manning, who professed to be deeply interested in Ruskin and a close friend, wrote him flattering appreciations of each of his books as they were published, and one day invited him to lunch. Describing his experiences in a letter to Miss Beever, his friend and neighbour, he says: "I had soup and beef and hare and jelly and puff pastry like Papal pretensions—breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins, almonds, cherries like kisses kept in amber, and he told me delicious stories all through lunch." On January 25th, 1878, he wrote to Cardinal Manning: "Your interpretation of the word 'Catholic' is much narrower than mine. I am afraid you are a long way yet, from being able to rejoice over the piece that was lost." He also wrote Coventry Patmore saying, "My Catholic Faith is wider than yours."

In early life Ruskin had been a strong Protestant, even narrow in his views, but the passing of the years gave him a clearer, stronger, faith in God, and a wider creed that made him tolerant and kind, but quite positive in his convictions, although he presented a beautiful stained-glass window to the Roman Catholic Church at Coniston, where he finally had his home. He lived and moved and had his being in God; his Christian life was life in the Spirit. Like the Psalmist, the presence of God was a great reality and joy to him. He saw Him in the face of Christ, as well as in every flower and shrub and tree. He beheld Him in the sunrise and sunset; the contemplation of morning and evening unveiled the magnificence and splendour of the glory of God. It was his habit in the summer time to awake about four o'clock in the morning and watch the sunrise and so become immersed in God until the beauty of the Lord our God was upon him. During his last illness, when feeble and weary, he was carried to one of the western towers of his home

at Brantwood, on Lake Coniston, that he might see the clouds and revel in the light and shade of the setting sun.
became a system of social economy intended to work out in law,

His Christianity was more than a profession of faith; it in customs, in institutions. He was ever eager to help the poor and uplift the working-classes; some of his plans were impossible, but his sincerity of purpose no one could doubt. He not only saw the vision of better conditions, but he tried to translate his dream into practical experience. In the preface of his book, *Unto this Last* (1862), he lays down seven propositions, which suggest far-reaching and beneficent reforms. The reforms thus advocated were:

(1) National schools for the young to be established at Government cost and under Government discipline over the whole country.
(2) Every child to be taught some trade or calling.
(3) In connection with these technical classes: Government Workshops to be established, at which, without any attempt at establishing a monopoly, good and exemplary work should be done, and pure and true substance sold.
(4) Any person out of employment, to be set forthwith to work, at the nearest Government Workshop.
(5) Such work to be paid for at a fixed rate in each employment.
(6) Those who would work if they could, to be taught; those who could work if they would, to be set to penal work.
(7) For the old and destitute comfort and home to be provided.

To these seven he adds further suggestions elsewhere; for example, Old Age Pensions, National Government Parcel Post, Nationalisation of Railways, and many other reforms.

Although reared in a home with every comfort, he has a compassionate sympathy for those who constantly face poverty and adversity. This is what he says about many among the working-classes. "The primary need is the organisation of labour. I pleaded for this in my book *Unto this Last,* and variously insisted on it through all my other books. As I grow older and have further experience and insight into life, nothing impresses me so much as the useless affliction of its anxieties and uncertainties, in that no one ordinarily is sure of daily bread or safe and calm in their daily toil." There you have the plea for security which Sir William Beveridge has so nobly and clearly put before our Government in the present day.

If one examines the seven principles laid down by Ruskin, one finds that every one of the points in his unauthorised programme has, by this time, been put into operation (whole or partial) or is a subject of discussion among practical politicians.

Nos. 1 and 2—Elementary and Technical Education.
(3) Government Workshops—we have them and anti-adulteration laws.

(4) Government work for unemployed—think of Labour Exchanges and all else in insurance and other benefits for workers.

(5) Fixed wages—groups have wages scales if you take almost any form of employment—Municipalities, Agriculture, many industries and professions. Wages Boards have been instituted; more and more is this principle gaining ground.

(6) Compulsion is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but it is being done for the benefit of the slacker and the loafer.

(7) Old Age Pensions—this is now the law of the land and homes are to be found in various parts of this country either free or at a low rental for aged people.

Ruskin had a wide and influential circle of friends among all classes. He was at all times an interesting guest, with a genius for friendship and a love of happy social life. Here, I give three illustrations.

Miss Mary Gladstone, afterwards Mrs. Drew, was an admirer of Ruskin's writings and had come to make his acquaintance through Burne-Jones and other common friends. Ruskin had dined with Mr. Gladstone in London and Mrs. Drew saw a favourable opportunity for suggesting to her father that he invite him to Hawarden. Ruskin was Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford for ten years, 1870-1878, and again in 1883-85, and published six volumes of lectures. He had just printed an Oxford lecture in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1878, and the paper profoundly stirred Mr. Gladstone, putting him quite in the mood to receive Ruskin. On the way, however, Ruskin's mind was filled with fear, wondering what the reception might be. His master, Carlyle, had sown seeds of doubt in his mind and given him uncertain views of the character of Mr. Gladstone. To Carlyle, Gladstone stood as the symbol of all with which he was at war, an enemy and a dangerous person. Ruskin, therefore, was timid and suspicious. The visit, however, was a great success. The host put his guest entirely at his ease. Mr. Gladstone retained throughout the tone of courteous and deferential reverence, as for a man whom he profoundly honoured, and Ruskin threw off every touch of the suspicion with which he had arrived, and showed with all the frankness and charm of a child his new sense of the greatness and nobility of the character of his host. The bearing of the two men was tolerant and gracious, each of them expressing his convictions with deference towards the other, and both of them displaying in perfection an old-world courtesy.

Mr. Gladstone spoke of Ruskin as exceedingly interesting in conversation and, in some respects, an unrivalled guest. Ruskin, on his side, left Hawarden almost persuaded to be a Gladstonian. To a friend, Ruskin wrote: "I have had two happy, very happy days at Mr. Gladstone's—happy chiefly in enabling me to end all

doubt in my own mind as to his simple and most kindly and unambitious character, and therefore to read all that he says and does in its due light. It's very beautiful to see him with his family, and his family with him; and his quite naïve delight in showing me his trees went *straight to me heart.*"

In September, 1878, Ruskin again visited Hawarden. During a conversation with Mr. Gladstone, which turned into an argument, Ruskin attacked his host as a "leveller," saying, "You think one man is as good as another, and all men equally competent to judge aright on political questions, whereas I believe in an aristocracy." Mr. Gladstone replied, "Oh dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle—the rule of the best: let the best people, not by birth or by money, but by character, have the power." "I am," said Gladstone, "an out and out *inequalitarian.*" This confession was greeted by Ruskin with intense delight and the clapping of his hands in triumph. After Ruskin left Hawarden, Gladstone recorded in his diary: "There is no diminution of charm in Ruskin; he still has a charming and modest manner."

Another person with whom Ruskin had a close and intimate friendship was Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who suffered from a painful malady all his life and died a comparatively young man. He warmly appreciated and came strongly under the influence of Ruskin at Oxford, attending his lectures, which drew overflowing audiences. Ruskin was a frequent guest at dinner parties given by the Prince when, whatever the company might be, the Prince almost invariably seated the Professor by his side. The acquaintance thus formed ripened into an affectionate friendship.

Out of term the Prince corresponded with Ruskin on books and pictures and their common love of music. Frederick Myers said of them: "There was one heart." The Prince's affection went out to Ruskin with a loving reverence, such as he never felt for any other man. In his first public address he extolled the character, gifts and service of Ruskin on behalf of his fellow men: "We have seen a man in whom all the gifts of refinement and genius meet, who has not grudged to give his best to all, in gifts, in teaching and sympathy, and has spread among the labourers of rural England the power whereby they may draw the full measure of instruction and happiness from this wonderful world in which rich and poor alike can gaze." These words were a comfort and inspiration to Ruskin; he wrote "very beautiful in themselves. I had no conception he saw so far into things or into *me.*"

On New Year's Day, January 1st, 1878, Ruskin went to Windsor on a visit to Prince Leopold and found him very unwell.

His presence was a great stimulus and comfort to the Prince. Before Ruskin left Windsor the Prince and he attended worship in St. George's Chapel, and Ruskin described the experience as "a very lovely service," the music, the architecture and the sermon creating in the mind of Ruskin a picture of perfect beauty, which was intensified by the character of his pupil and companion, of whom he said, "he was very full of good."

From Windsor Ruskin went to London for a few days to visit Carlyle, whom he called his master, Carlyle looking upon Ruskin as his disciple. A visitor to Chelsea describes Carlyle as reclining on a sofa while Ruskin knelt on the floor, leaning over Carlyle. They talked intimately and affectionately on political and economic questions. In his diary Ruskin writes: "There is one man in England to whom I look for steady guidance—Thomas Carlyle." He laid his various schemes and plans before Carlyle and acted often on his mature judgment; in fact, he relied on Carlyle in times of weakness and depression—an hour spent with Carlyle always renewing his strength and filling him with fresh resolve. In the home, Mrs. Carlyle said no one could manage Thomas so well as Ruskin. Carlyle sometimes took a fiendish delight in saying outrageous things, running counter to all that Ruskin cared for and valued, but Ruskin was patient, forbearing, even kind under assault, and would treat Carlyle like a naughty child. He would put his arms round about him, look into his face with a winsome smile, saying, "Now this is too bad, Mr. Carlyle," and with such tenderness in approach, Carlyle became like Ruskin himself, soft and gentle, and brought back to a sweeter frame of mind.

These two men were in striking contrast: Carlyle rugged, stern, forceful, even domineering, Ruskin refined, gentle and courteous. Carlyle was reared as one in a family of ten, where money was not plentiful, and when he entered Edinburgh University for his Arts Course, he travelled on foot from his home at Ecclefechan, in Dumfrieshire, one hundred miles, to reach the Capital; whereas Ruskin was an only child and reared in a home with wealthy parents, under conditions of affluence and comfort. Despite the differences, in early social surroundings and temperament, they were loving friends. Once they had a quarrel, but it was soon forgotten. Ruskin was always pleased when Carlyle came to see him. After one of his visits, Ruskin's father said to a friend, Professor Norton: "His spirits became exuberant."

Mrs. Carlyle died April 21st, 1866, and was taken home to Haddington and buried in the Chancel of the old Abbey Church. Her death was a great blow to her husband, and in a fit of depression he wrote to Ruskin: "Come and see me, the only

light of my life has as if gone out." This appeal met with a whole-hearted response, and Ruskin's diary for 1866 reports many visits.

Carlyle died February 4th, 1881, and Ruskin mourned with the deepest sorrow at the loss of his master, and said: "I have no Carlyle to depend on now." The passing of Carlyle left him very much alone in the world.

There is another outstanding personality to whom I would draw attention. Ruskin had considerable personal contact with C. H. Spurgeon, though he cannot be called a close friend. In his biography of Ruskin, Sir E. T. Cook says: "Ruskin had often sat at the feet of Spurgeon, and saw much of him in private life. One would like to have a report of their conversations, but such exists only in Spurgeon's memoirs, and he takes care to let the heretic dog have the worst of it." For some time Ruskin had been influenced by Bishop Colenso of Natal, a very fine man, but an extreme "critic" of both the Old and New Testaments, who was deposed from his see by his Metropolitan Bishop Gray of Capetown, but reinstated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Spurgeon stood for the orthodox position. Ruskin, at this time, was an ardent disciple of Colenso, although he never gave up his deep love and confidence in the Word of God. He was, however, attracted to Spurgeon and took many of his friends to hear him preach. There is a cartoon in *Punch*, March 28th, 1857, of Ruskin sitting at Spurgeon's feet in the attitude of close attention. The memoirs record an interview with Ruskin in which Spurgeon had to defend himself from an aggressive attack on himself, on the Apostle Paul and the Scriptures. As a rule Ruskin had a great charm in manner, full of reverence, respect and old-world courtesy. Occasionally he could be critical, harsh, even malicious, but Spurgeon could hold his own, and so he did, kindly and victoriously, in this instance. Ruskin must have had hidden somewhere in his heart a secret admiration for Spurgeon, for he afterwards presented him with a complete and valuable set of his works, and a donation of one hundred guineas in response to an appeal for a new place of worship.

Both men in their different spheres of service were prophets of the most high God, men with a spiritual vision in a materialistic age. Ruskin's parents hoped he might become a preacher, and dedicated him as a child to the ministry of the Church. His father, in after years, with tears in his eyes, used to say: "He might have been a Bishop." His life was full and strenuous; he was industrious, prodigal, indefatigable. His literary output was immense. I have not referred much to his books—they are so many and so varied; his collected works were published in

thirty-nine volumes. His work was done finally amid much ill-health, sorrow and recurring disablements; he suffered from brain weariness, overdone through extreme application to work. Four times towards the end of his life he was brought very low, but a reserve of physical strength carried him through to old age; he had an indomitable spirit. He spent himself lavishly for others—himself, his powers, his money, his peace; he gave generously of his means to struggling artists, poor authors and literary workers, friends in failing health needing to see specialists, and many others in times of trouble.

When Ruskin's father left him a fortune of £130,000 he gave away £17,000 to poor relations. He founded the Guild of St. George, a kind of primitive Agricultural Community, a forerunner of our modern smallholdings—to this scheme he gave a first donation of £7,000, and was a large contributor during its short existence. He also gave £5,000 as an endowment to support a Drawing Master at Christ Church, Oxford; here he had taken his Degree in 1842 and the Newdigate Prize for Poetry in 1839. He gave away the greater part, if not all, of the fortune he inherited from his father. With the passing of the years his books had a wide circulation both in this country, America, in Europe and elsewhere; these brought him an income of at least £4,000 annually. He had no love for money, and has set a noble example of sacrifice, service and generosity.

"For the sake of others who have not known him as I have, I would declare my conviction," wrote Professor Norton, "that no other Master of Literature, in our time, has more earnestly and steadily endeavoured to set forth for the help of those whom he addressed, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure and lovely; or in his own life more faithfully tried to practise, the virtues which spring from the contemplation of these things, and their adoption as the rule of conduct."

Towards the end of his life his eyesight failed, and his cousin, Mrs. Severn, bought him a large-type Bible, which he read, or had read, constantly up to the day of his death. The end, for which he had waited long, came suddenly and peacefully. In the morning of the 20th January, 1900, he sank into an unconscious state, the breathing lessened in strength, until at 3.30 in the afternoon it faded away in a peaceful sleep. So passed one of the noblest souls of the nineteenth century, of whom his biographer writes: "He rose with the sun and before breakfast carefully studied the Scriptures, so that the Bible is the indispensable handbook to any close study of his works."

WILLIAM KIRK BRYCE.

The Baptists of Hatch Beauchamp.

THE Baptist Church in Hatch Beauchamp claims for itself with justifiable pride a place in history's pages as the oldest cause of its kind in West Somerset. The honour of the Presidency of the Western Baptist Association—a group of churches stretching from Dorset to Minehead—has fallen for the present period to Mr. W. J. Marks, a son of the Baptist denomination, and to him the writer is indebted for some notes of the past history of his church and village.

Wood's History states that a Baptist church was "founded" at Hatch near Taunton in 1630 and a definite reference is made to the existence of the church in the first circular letter of the Western Baptist Association of Churches in 1655; and when in the following year the question of "the imposition of hands at an orderly ordination to the ministry" was discussed, the name of "Brother Parsons of Hatch" appears as dissenting with ten others to the procedure.

During the Commonwealth great freedom was permitted to dissenting bodies—a freedom which was turned to oppression in the two reigns which followed. Sir James Macintosh states that under Charles II and James, the Baptists as prominent advocates of religious freedom, were more severely persecuted than other Nonconformist. When we remember that 70,000 persons suffered fines or imprisonment during those twenty-six years, and that twelve millions of money was extorted from them, we may judge that the quiet of Hatch Beauchamp in those days was much interrupted. In 1689, however, the wheel had revolved again. Representatives of Baptist churches met in London without hindrance, and Hatch Beauchamp was represented by Jeremiah Day, "a messenger from Hatch Church".

From 1660 to 1689 dissent had been an "underground" movement, to use our modern phrase, and without doubt the extensive woodlands in the village neighbourhood, from Neroache to Fivehead, covered a multitude of meetings of the sturdy forefathers of this tiny but influential village church. It has often seemed to the writer that the "Five Mile Act" made Hatch Beauchamp more important in those times than we are aware of, for under it dissenting ministers preached to such as would hear them in fields and private houses till they were apprehended and cast into gaol to die. Hatch is six miles out from Taunton. Between 1692, when when Jeremiah Day again represented the Church of Hatch at a London conference, to 1742 there seems a

break in the written records, but since the latter date a continuous history survives.

It became a "Particular" or "Strict" Baptist Church, without perhaps buildings such as we now know, but meeting, no doubt, in the houses of its members for worship and services, while the baptisms were conducted in the stream nearby. In my youth in another district it was quite usual to talk to older people who had been baptised by immersion—the Baptist method—in river or stream near their home and church.

The "Church Book" of Hatch for 1742 contains the following item of interest:

> "August the 1st, 1742, Being our day of breaking bread, Jo: Adams appeared before the Church and made a profession of faith and described a work of grace on his heart as we hoped, and gave satisfaction, and was admitted to the ordinance of baptism, or thought qualified for it. August the 4th, The said Jo: Adams was baptised by Mr. Perry before many witnesses."

A similar record appears on October 14th about a certain Henry Trump. This entry abruptly begins the first remaining Church Book, so that earlier books if existing in those troubled times, may have been lost. Still, over three hundred years of existence in a tiny village—and still alive and hearty—speak of a past which its present members do well to hold in honoured pride.

The records show that from 1742 to 1750 this little body had no settled pastor, but was ministered to by visiting preachers and such of the members who could "exercise their gift". The item under date runs: "October the 14th, 1743, being fixed upon by the Church as a day of fasting and prayer, our brother, Samuel Burford, spoke from the text of Scripture, 14th John, 6th verse, according to the request of several of the brethren, and after some debate the Church concluded that Brother Samuel Burford might be useful in the exercise of his gift and therefore desire him to preach the Gospel among them as often as he was called upon so to do."

In the following July, James Adams, another brother, was under the call of the church to "exercise his gift", and, "after the church had gone into consultation about it, they thought it proper to give Samuel Burford an immediate call to preach the gospel among them, and brother Jas. Adams to exercise his gift as before."

These two men for some years preached in turn, and a James Miller, having tried his talents, "a great majority of the church, believing him to have talents, authorised him to preach

in the villages around, or anywhere Providence should call him." A brother Robert Bicknell, who was not reckoned "a gifted brother", filled the responsible office of ruling elder, his business being "to propose matters in church and take up the church's conclusions."

On August 29th, 1750, Samuel Burford, "being chosen by the church in a public assembly, was ordained as the first appointed pastor of this church." No details are given of his labours, but when we remember the troubled times, and the fact that it was not always a comfortable thing to be found associating with Baptist dissenters, it is well to note that his ministry lasted eighteen years, and that James Adams who duly followed him in the pastorate, continued in office for twenty-three years.

It is to James Adams that the position and building of the present church is owed. He had other "gifts" to bring beside that of preaching. He gave the piece of land "known as Saint's Land" on which the church, the minister's house, and adjoining residence stand; in 1783 began the building of the chapel, and at his death he bequeathed two other pieces of land to the church, thus assuring the support of the ministry. His successor in the ministry is less notable, save that he owns for the first time a title: "The Rev. W. Willey." This gentleman was invited by letter "to preach among us every Lord's Day for one year, from Lady Day, 1792, to Lady Day, 1793." The time limit shows great discretion on the part of the ruling elders. It specifies clearly a brain in charge of church affairs. The call runs thus: "We have in view if the Lord sees fit and things prove agreeable to you and to us, of a longer period, but if it should not, let it be known three months before the year is up, and then you, sir, are to leave the house when the year is up." The following minute indicates the result of the trial: "The whole church was soon dissatisfied with Mr. Willey because his preaching and moral conduct were not agreeable to the Gospel of Christ, for which reason we could not renew our call to him."

There followed a Hugh Giles, whose ministry only extended to three Sundays followed by a tragic and unexpected decease, and then came the Rev. Joshua Bradler on May 28th 1794, under whom the church worshipped for 20 years. His ministry covers the period of the Napoleonic wars. He saw the French Revolution through its various stages with its effect on our own land in poverty and destitution, retiring from active ministerial work the year before the victory of Waterloo. In consideration of his long service and advanced age the church voted him on retirement "a sum of £10 yearly and every year during his natural life" which amounted to 14 years. "Passing rich", as Goldsmith said of one like this humble village worthy. Requiescat in pace.

The early half of the last century marked a great change in the history and fortunes of Nonconformity. Wesley's long life had closed. his work resulting in the creation of a sect whose existence had been undesigned by that great man. The commercial and business interests, great and small, were a growing power in national and local life, and among the classes comprising this section both in city and village, Nonconformity had taken strong hold. The "Salems" and "Bethels" were filled, and their leading men strove hard to live down any memory of past ignomy. The pictures contemporary novelists give us of the time are therefore prejudiced to our very great detriment if we take them, as we often do, as our authorities. Dickens failed to understand Dissent and so gave us the ridiculous Chadband and the contemptible Stiggins. Thackeray missed them altogether, save for Lady Whittlesea's chapel set. George Eliot—who could have pictured life in Dissenting circles sympathetically—stuck close to the country clergy and their parsonages. Trollope interested himself in perfect studies of deans and canons. The Brontës were hopelessly prejudiced; even our own Thomas Hardy was inclined to read his own agnosticism in places where it did not quite exist when he interpreted rustic faith. Perhaps Mark Rutherford comes nearest the truth as in his *Autobiography* and *Revolution in Tanner's Lane.*

At this period in Hatch Baptists' history, 1814-15, a new minister, Robert Fry, a student of Exeter, was asked to undertake the pastorate. Evidently doctrinal difficulties and changes were happening. A period not unlike our present age—following a long European war—had caused men's minds to waver towards established creeds. In Mr. Fry's letter of acceptance he urges the church "to pray for him because in praying for their minister they were praying for themselves, and they were to pray that he might have clear views of divine truth and be able to place same in a most conspicuous light before saints and sinners." The record adds that his ministry began on June 18th, 1815—Waterloo Day—but that before his ordination he preached a farewell sermon and actually left for some weeks. What mental or spiritual tragedy is hidden here? We could be thankful to a dissenting George Eliot could we be told.

A touching letter from the church followed him, assuring him that the church was "warmly atatched" to him and "could not bear the thought of parting" from him. It also added that, "it will be our happiness, as well as our duty, to render you as comfortable as lies in our power." A list of subscribers accompanied this letter as a "proof that the congregation desired his return." And he came back. One wonders, in vain now, if the "comfort" rendered by the congregation was spiritual or

temporal! What a cameo for imagination to work upon—or old James Adams to soliloquise upon from the shades.

Be it as it may, Fry's ministry is described as "earnest and faithful", congregations being largely increased. He established a Sunday School in 1816, and saw a baptistery built in the chapel —the cost is interesting, £6 5s. 6½d. There must have been an earlier baptistery in the chapel for it is recorded of Hannah Humphreys—grandmother of Thomas Baker, a famous preacher and social worker in the district whose relatives still hold office in the church—that "she loved this house of God, and Sabbath by Sabbath walked four miles to chapel at Hatch Beauchamp, in which she was baptised on June 26th, 1784."

There must have been considerable interest during Mr. Fry's ministry, for during it two galleries had to be erected "for the accommodation of those anxious to hear the word preached". This, with other improvements, involved an outlay of £102 9s. 5½d. which was raised in two collections. The figure again is interesting. So, too, is the tangible proof that this people could pay cash for its faith.

There were occasional rifts within the lute, as became a "live" church. In 1823 five members were requested to give their reasons for absenting themselves from the services. They did so in writing claiming "that Mr. Fry did not preach the doctrines of the Gospel", which charge was repudiated in a church meeting as "trivial and factious" and the church affirmed its satisfaction with Mr. Fry's preaching as "consistent with the Word of God". The absentees were advised to be satisfied with their pastor and to return peaceably, but they refused, and were dismissed "in the hope that it would be for their comfort and for the benefit of the church to which they had gone". And the one they had left!

Mr. Fry served the church for thirteen years. He died aged forty-seven in 1828 and was interred in the vestry, which was where the present pulpit stands. His memorial tablet is in the church, a memory of stern and very living faith.

The simple annals of a village church would at first thought seem to be unworthy of a wider notice than its own personal circle. The picture given in this way of a social life which has dissolved, and which, apart from the elderly among us, is soon to be forgotten, must be my apology for reviving the pattern of that age. Our own mental and spiritual roots were formed in it, however far now outgrown, and the good or ill in it is still being derived by us, often unconsciously. Two typical names and characters stand out from the early and middle years of the last century—one lay, one clerical. The Thomas Baker referred to earlier became a Baptist convert to this church in 1829. He seems to have been a man of gifts and zeal, for in 1833, the church

having satisfied itself as to his preaching gifts, called him "to publish the word of life and salvation wheresoever in the providence of God he may be called so to do." Whatsoever the limitation of the church as to the significance of this "call" it is evident that no mistake was made. Seizing every opportunity for his evangelistic efforts in the villages around Hatch, he visited Borobridge on many occasions—there being no place of worship there—and began the work which entitled him to be called "The Apostle of Borobridge". The canal traffic, the bargees, and the type of labourer connected with that district and time, was the raw material on which his teeth were tried. The social, mental and spiritual conditions were deplorable, but all taken for granted by society and sufferers alike. Sunday was the great day for buying and selling, bull-baiting, cudgel playing, prize fighting, drunkenness and the accompanying vices abounded and were catered for. The district was a swamp, a hot-bed of fevers, rheumatism, and the like complaints, truly a God-forsaken community both local and itinerant. Some brave hearts of the place entreated Thomas Baker "to come and dwell among them and train them in the ways of God". After three and a half years among them his converts were formed into a church, and in 1836 a chapel built, Thomas Baker being released from Hatch in 1837 to become its first pastor. He wrote of his trials and work in a book, which like so many books was loaned out never to return. His family is still in active connection with the mother church and the younger branch at Curry Mallet.

Back in the old church at Hatch at this time, the musical portion of the services was being supplied by an organ—a daring innovation—played with a handle and having a repertoire of twelve tunes. This instrument stood in the gallery and is noted as having cost £30.

On November 14th, 1861, Mr. Edward Curtis entered on his ministry, and a long and notable one it became, lasting for 38 years and adding 167 members to the church. The older people speak of him still as "dear old Mr. Curtis" and in many an unlikely place and by unusual people, the writer has come across references to a very fragrant memory. He evidently earned his Master's epigram: "He went about doing good".

Piety in his case did not lack humour. A typical story of his own will suffice. Making his journeys about afoot, he talked to whoever he met, and a stone-cracker at work on his roadside heap was as good as a squire. Improving the occasion at one such meeting he told "Stonecracker John" that his work was in true line with the old Book. "How do 'ee make thic out, sir?" "Well, John, you see you're in apprenticeship for working on better materials. The streets of the heavenly land are paved with

gold." John was silent for a space, then native wit came to the rescue. "'S'pose you bain't never 'eard 'ow they d' wear, 'ave 'ee sir?" And the Rev. Edward Curtis could smile.

During his ministry the old organ in the gallery came under the condemnation of the church as "being of no use, and daily decreasing in value," the pastor being authorised "to dispose of it at the first opportunity, for cash only". Perhaps the responsible officials, knowing their pastor, realised he might give it away. A band of instrumentalists took its place—real "wood and wind"—a son of one of them having recently recalled their efforts for me. The brass tablet in the church honours the work and life of a true pastor, one of the many similar village worthies who were "the salt of the earth".

W. FISHER.

The original of the letter given on the opposite page came into the hands of the Rev. Fergus Little while he was gathering material for his recently published booklet on the history of the Northern Baptist Association. Johann Gerhard Oncken, "the Father of the German Baptists," was baptised in 1834 in Hamburg with six others. They were formed into the first German Baptist Church. For some years persecution, and even imprisonment, was their lot. In May, 1842, fire destroyed a third of the city of Hamburg. The brave and generous behaviour of Oncken and his friends gained them the thanks of the authorities and the goodwill of the populace. J. L. Angas, of Newcastle, was a well-known Baptist business man and a keen supporter of Oncken's work.

A Letter From J. G. Oncken to J. L. Angas.

Hamburg, June 28th, 1842.

My dear Brother,

Your friendly epistle, along with the proof of your love to the brethren, came duly to hand and the £5 has been paid, the half of wh. will be remitted to our suffering Brethren at Copenhagen this evening. For them and myself I tender you my warmest thanks, and trust you will feel on the present occasion how blessed it is to give especially to the disciples of Jesus.

I have written to Amsterdam to Mess[rs] Van Baggen Parker & Dixons from whom I had an answer today stating the Individual in question is there, the following is his address:

Carl Susman
ten huire van de Herr Huckhardt—onderwyzer in de Zandstraat over het Groenewoud
Amsterdam.

If you were to send the Bill either to Mess[rs] Van Baggen Parker & Dixons, or some other respectable house in Amsterdam, they would doubtless try to procure the money for you, or if you will endorse the Bill over to me, I will send it to the above house & if I succeed to get the money I will remit it or request Mess[rs] W[m] Smith & C[o] at Stockton, with whom I do all my business in the way of Bills, to hand you the amount. If I can serve you in any way in this matter I am quite at your service.

The parcel with the tracts I have not yet received. Were they sent by one of the Hull steamers?

Our deliverance from the awful judgement with wh. God has punished this . . . city appears to me daily more miraculous and demands our highest gratitude. May it be overruled for our spiritual advantage both the work which we have witnessed and the mercy which we have experienced. The Lord is just in all his proceedings and the Christian can only be amazed at the long suffering of God. I regret to say that the awful calamity has on the whole produced little or no good effect. Indeed, how can it if the people are not instructed from the book of God. None of the ministers in the lutheran or any other community has as yet pointed to the right source of the fearful judgment. No acknowledgement of a public nature has been made that Sin has brought this misery upon us. A fortnight ago there were in the Saturday's Newspapers upwards of 20 different Notices for

dancing, theaters, &c. &c. for the Lordsday. The ignorance and wickedness of the people are fearful and their greatest delusion is the name wh. they bear falsely—the precious name of Christ.

The dreadful fire has as far as we can see been to us a wall of defence, for had it not taken place it is more than likely that I would have been now in a prison. We had just before the conflagration hired a warehouse which had been . . . for sorting wool, for our religious services, as my house would no longer suffice for the people who attended. We had some fears that on going to the above new place the police would again anoy us, or that the people in the neighbourhood would kick up a row. But all this has been graciously prevented by the circumstance of my having received about.....persons in our new place of worship. The.....2 of wh. are accused by the poor sufferers there.....been supplying with the bread that perisheth,..... words of God. We have received Bible and Testament..... them attend now under my preaching. The service.....are most numerously attended and the Spirit of God is.....own truth in the ingathering of God's elect. We are greatly encouraged and in about a fortnight I hope to see 10 or 12 converts added to the Church by Immersion.

Or beloved B^{n} in Denmark are still suffering for the case of Jesus, but the sound of the Lord has free course and is glorified so that we and they can notwithstanding their fiery trials only bless God and take courage. The number of Disciples is on the increase. You will rejoice to hear that we have advanced with our Mission as far as Norway, a near B^{r} named Enoch.....left us, commended to God by the Church some weeks ago for Norway, and if the good Lord accompanied him, we expect joyful news from that quarter also.

We continue in various ways to sow the seed of the Kingdom by Tracts, Scriptures, Colporteuse—and enjoy so much of God's blessing that our little trials are compensated. Oh! that we had had more of the mind of Jesus: more love to God—more love to man. The Lord—the Spirit grant us His holy & powerful influence, that we may live only for what living is worth for—for Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

.....Present.....,...aff^{te} love to dear M^{rs} Angas &.....at Newcastle who may feel interested.....& accept of the same for yourself.

Yours in the best of bonds,

J. G. ONCKEN.

John L. Angas, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Reviews.

The Relevance of the Prophets, by R. B. Y. Scott. (Macmillans, New York, 1944.) Pp. xii, 238. $2.50.

Professor R. B. Y. Scott is a well-known Canadian scholar, who has been serving as a Chaplain in the Canadian Air Force during the war. In this book, which is based on some lectures delivered at a Summer School before the war, he gives us what is at once an unusual study of the prophets, and easily the best recent study of the canonical Old Testament prophets.

Instead of dealing seriatim with the prophets in the order of their appearance, and presenting a history of Old Testament prophecy, he treats of them all together in a series of studies of their work from various angles. In the first chapter he asks what prophecy is, and shows that while it includes the element of prediction it is much more than prediction. He does not linger over its forms and outer manifestations, but penetrates to its fundamental essence as an authentic word of God, relevant to the crisis of the prophet's own age, and therefore manifesting "the timeless quality and compelling power of authentic spiritual utterance." The second chapter, on "The World of the Prophets," is a good study of the social and religious conditions of the age of the prophets. Then follows a study of the rise of the prophets, in the course of which Professor Scott refers briefly to the cultic prophets, to whom Professor A. R. Johnson has recently devoted much close study. Like Professor Johnson, but unlike some other recent writers, Professor Scott does not reduce all Old Testament prophecy to cultic prophecy. He observes: "With the great prophets such a connection with the cultus was exceptional; but that bodies of 'official prophets,' continued down to the seventh century to be associated with the temple priesthood is clear."

In the chapter on "The Prophetic Succession" he traces the higher prophecy of Israel from Moses through its Golden Age to its Silver Age in the post-exilic period. That Israelite prophecy is closely related to forms of prophecy that were found amongst other peoples of the world in which Israel lived is frequently said, and is fully recognised by Professor Scott. But that there was a different quality infusing the forms in Israel, and that that quality began to appear in Israel with the truly prophetic personality of Moses is less often said. The reviewer would commend the balanced judgment of Professor Scott in so well bringing this out.

The next chapter deals with "The Prophetic Word," and it treats of the psychology of prophecy, and of the source and authentication of the prophet's message. The next two chapters, on "The Theology of the Prophets" and "The Prophets and History," appeal to the reviewer as the best in the book. In the latter chapter especially much that is penetrating is excellently said, as when the author observes: "More important than any question of terminology is the fact that the Old Testament is characterised by the historical quality of its thought, as distinguished from a mythological or mystical approach to reality. It is built round a history, and an interpretation of that history which becomes an interpretation of all history." Here Professor Scott sharply distinguishes the religion of the prophets from the Canaanite religion of which we have so much knowledge to-day. Whereas some writers represent the higher religion of Israel as a sort of natural evolution out of the old fertility religion, Professor Scott, with truer insight, sets the two in sharp contrast. He says: "It will suffice to mention certain elements which mark its (i.e. the fertility religion's) fundamental difference from the historical religion which appeared in Israel. In the first place, its gods and goddesses were personified natural forces, who had come into being, according to the different mythologies, from the ground-stuff of nature. . . . There could thus be no question of a personal and moral relationship between the nature gods and their worshippers, or of any meaning in events beyond their indication that the gods were for the moment pleased, indifferent or angry." In contrast with this history was the sphere of Yahweh's activity, and in the interpretation of its significant moments lay a profounder message than any that nature religion could possibly provide.

In the following chapter, dealing with "The Prophets and the Social Order," Professor Scott again shows a fine balance. Without minimising the social aspect of the prophetic message, he does not reduce the prophets to mere social reformers, but insists that even in their social ministry they were fundamentally religious figures. "The social evils which the prophets denounced," he says, "were not political and economic merely; they were at the same time religious evils." The remaining chapters deal with "Prophetic Religion" and "The Relevance of the Prophets," the last chapter giving its title to the book, and showing how the principles which infused the message of the prophets are applicable in the circumstances of our modern world, which urgently needs their application.

Throughout the book memorable sentences abound. The whole rests on a solid acquaintance with modern work in this field, and on an intimate acquaintance with the prophetic books them-

selves. A rich array of texts from the various books is brought together, and the whole should inspire much fresh study of the prophets. It may be unreservedly commended to minister and layman alike. It is non-technical in its presentation, and well written, while its scholarship is thoroughly reliable.

H. H. ROWLEY.

Preaching in the First Half Century of New England History, by Babette May Levy, pp. 215. The American Society of Church History, Hartford, Connecticut.

It is somewhat surprising that such a study has not appeared before, and we may be thankful that it is so excellent and impartial. A full bibliography tells of thirty-four men whose sermons were printed in their lifetime, yonder and here; many extracts enable us to sample them, and they are tested in many ways.

English readers may need a few words of introduction. New England was rather late in emerging on any map, and later still in receiving colonists. Dutchmen had settled a New Amsterdam on the Hudson; Huguenots had founded a New Palatinate further west; there was a Nova Scotia to the north, when the Pilgrim Fathers rounded Cape Cod and cast anchor in 1621 where Captain John Smith, of Danbury, had suggested a new Plymouth might arise. Their tenacity proved that the district would support life, and a wealthy company was formed to choose fitting pioneers and equip them properly. The moving spirits were the Rich family of Essex, and it is not surprising that this English county soon had its namesake yonder. The Mayor of our Maldon was invited a few years ago to the tercentenary of the daughter town; a tablet in Springfield church has been duplicated in a more famous arsenal city, and a village green has a monument to commemorate a victory at the western Chelmsford.

A systematic emigration began in 1629, and Miss Levy has traced its spiritual history till 1679, when three of her preachers passed away. Politically we think of Boston; but in those days men thought of Salem, viewing a heavenly city through the perspective glass of a new Cambridge. John Harvard of Emmanuel in England has enshrined his name at a college intended to educate not New Englanders alone, but any who should find Old England too bigoted for them; we may regret that none of his sermons have found a printer.

How did any sermon get published? Look at the earliest, by the Pilgrim Father Robert Cushman, not technically a Minister, only an Elder. He wrote it in 1621 and it was printed next year in London with a preface "Shewing the state of the

Country, and Condition of the Savages." This was by no means typical. Preachers for the new Company, as distinct from the old Colony, were picked men, educated at fifteen colleges in Cambridge and seventeen at Oxford; picked and silenced by Laud, welcomed and given influential posts by the managers of the Company and the authorities of the churches. Scarcely ever did friction arise between these magnates; it is perhaps a defect in this study that this is not treated more fully: Roger Williams was banished from Salem, while the missionary sermons which he prepared for the press in Rhode Island were never printed. Half a dozen sermons were issued in London by 1656; Boston began printing twenty years later; but the great centre was always Cambridge, beginning with Mather's exposition of Justification by Faith in 1652. Type and a press had been imported and used by Dunster of the college, but Samuel Green stood on his own feet as publisher.

What was the staple of the preaching? It was usually doctrinal, Calvinistic, on the two Covenants. Rarely was reference made to the civil war in England, though the success of Gustavus Adolphus had prompted one sermon. Arminian teaching was a frequent bugbear, whether of the Laudian type or the papal. Such care was taken to secure uniformity that dissenting sects such as Baptists and Quakers were barely noticed till 1665; whipping them was easier than confuting. No-one could be certain of the fate of any infant, but one minister hoped that a non-elect babe would have "the easiest room in Hell."

Of course, every sermon was based on a text, and apparently the 1611 version had now displaced the Genevan. Many preachers preferred continuous exposition, as of the gospel and epistles of John; another in about fourteen years went through every single book of the Bible; as a contrast, a third founded twenty-seven sermons on Romans v. 1. To us it seems strange that so little attention was drawn to the life or the teaching of the Lord.

Again and again it is emphasised and illustrated that the language and the style were carefully adjusted to the comprehension of the ordinary hard-working man or woman. A preacher did not obtrude his knowledge of five or six languages, but deliberately cultivated simplicity. Though we have no trace of a separate service for children or even a special address, there are occasional family touches such as: "As it is with a little child that is not able to goe of it selfe, the father takes the child in his hand, and then it is able to goe. The childe holds the father, not because it hath any power of it selfe, but because the father holds him, so we hold the Lord Jesus Christ, because we are holden of him."

Now what was the result of such preaching? No data are

drawn from the official records of synods, though there are instances of men fined for severe criticism. More to the point are the acknowledgments of ministers themselves, who do not shelter under excuses like a second generation being inevitably worse than a select body of immigrants. Consider the average sabbath. Twice in that day the whole population was expected to attend worship for an hour or two. This was varied by selections from the Bay psalm-book, to which no allusion is made, and by Bible-reading, and by prayers for some half-hour; but the staple was a sermon. Picture the adults. One is diligently making shorthand notes, to ponder over at leisure; another " sits and thinks " possibly about his spiritual state or whether she is bringing up the children wisely; another does not trouble to think, unless on purely mundane affairs; while occasionally a vacant mind is betrayed by outright snores. That may send the humble preacher home for self-examination, that at the mid-week service he may be better prepared to secure attention and focus it on the centre of all life: " the Lord Jesus Christ was the Loadstone which gave a touch to all the sermons of our Elect, a Glorious, Precious, Lovely Christ, was the Point of Heaven which they still verged unto."

W. T. WHITLEY.

War, Peace and Nonresistance, by Guy F. Hershberger. (The Herald Press, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, 1944. $2.50).

This substantial volume of more than four hundred pages comes from the pen of the Professor of History and Sociology at Goshen College, Indiana, one of the most important educational centres of the American Mennonites. The book was orginally undertaken at the request of the Mennonite Peace Problems Committee, who desired a study manual; it has grown into an important doctrinal and historical treatise. After chapters on War in Human History, Peace and War in the Old Testament, Nonresistance in the New Testament, and Peace, War and the State in the History of the Church, the author devotes more than a hundred pages to an outline of Mennonite history, particularly that in America and from the time of the first World War, and including migrations in and from Europe. It is these sections which will be most valuable for those in this country, as the material is all too little known. Dr. Hershberger then returns to a study of Nonresistance in relation to the modern state and to modern industrial conflicts, and considers also the differences between what he calls " Biblical Nonresistance " and " Modern Pacifism " as upheld by Quakers, Liberal Protestants, Tolstoi, Gandhi and the political objectors to war. In America the

Mennonites have shared with the Society of Friends and the Church of the Brethren the title of "Historic Peace Churches." They trace their history back directly to the Swiss Anabaptists of 1525. The group represented by Dr. Hershberger maintain their opposition not only to the use of force of a military kind, but also to personal participation in the civil magistracy. But the State they believe necessary and ordained by God for the maintenance of order in the unregenerate society of this world. Faced with the demands of the American authorities during the recent war, they established and ran at their own expense Civilian Public Service Camps, and also did much for the relief of war sufferers. In industrial relationships, lest they should be involved in strikes or violence, they seem for some time to have secured a position which has no exact parallel in this country. "Since 1935 the Mennonite Church has signed numerous agreements with labor organisations. Most of these agreements represent an improvement over that with the United Mine Workers, in providing that the Mennonite employee contributes a sum of money which is not intended for the union's general treasury, but for some benevolent or charitable cause. In some cases the contribution is specified for the sick benefit fund of the union. In others the agreement states that the money is to be used for the charity work of the union. In a few cases benevolent causes, outside the union itself, have been specified as beneficiaries of the contributions" (p. 287). The witness of any group of this kind is important and challenging. Baptists, though as a community they have never shared their doctrine of nonresistance, are kinsfolk of the Mennonites. They should have a special interest in the study of the material here presented.

ERNEST A. PAYNE.

The Shattered Cross: The Many Churches and the One Church, by William Robinson. (Berean Press, 2s. 6d.)

In this not very happily named little book are reproduced a number of short articles published in the first place in *The Christian Advocate,* the weekly journal of the Churches of Christ. Their original purpose was to give to readers an objective summary of the main characteristics of the churches of what is described as the "orthodox type" of Christianity. They include also short accounts of other religious groups embodying to a greater or less degree Christian features.

It is perhaps inevitable that, with such an origin, the impression made by these talks as published is apt to be rather one of scrappiness. Nevertheless, within the narrow limits he has set himself, Dr. Robinson has made a real, and on the whole not

unsuccessful attempt, to give a fair picture of the different Christian traditions with which he is dealing. The book will not appeal to members of what he calls "churches with peculiar doctrines," still less to those practising "substitutes for Christianity" (e.g., Mormonism, Christian Science)—against whom, as the Preface says, "the faithful need to be warned."

The really valuable paper in the series is that at the end of the book, in which Dr. Robinson expounds in more detail the history and aims of the Disciples (or Churches of Christ). This is an attractive presentation of a body of Christian thought and practice not as yet very well-known in this country, and Dr. Robinson has done well both to give some information about the subject, and also to indicate material for further reading.

The style of the production—which borders at times on the limits of the colloquial—might, with advantage, have been clarified in places for the benefit of the general reader: for example, "formerly in America all Baptist churches were close communion and close membership" (p. 41); and, "they fellowship only their own members" (p. 51). The diagrams on pages 8-11 are useful, but the first of them curiously suggests that the Methodists preceded the Independents, and that Quakers were the spiritual ancestors of the Irvingites.

R. L. CHILD.

Great Christian Books, by Hugh Martin. (S.C.M., 6s. pp. 128.)

Readers of *The Baptist Quarterly* already owe a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Hugh Martin, not only for the many books which he has written and edited, but also for his outstanding work at the S.C.M. Press. In this book he has increased our debt in an unusually intimate way. He has gone round his own library and selected seven great Christian Classics which have profoundly influenced his own life and has then set down in writing the essence of their message to their own age and to men of all time.

The result is a most enjoyable book, full of delightful quotations, and the enjoyment is increased by the facsimiles given of the title pages of Rutherford's *Letters,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* Carey's *An Enquiry,* and the *Report of the Trial of Guido Franceschini.*

In addition to these there are studies of Augustine's *Confessions,* Brother Lawrence's *Practice of the Presence of God,* and William Law's *A Serious Call.* The choice is interesting in its variety. The seven writers span the Christian centuries from the fourth down to yesterday. They are African, Scottish, French and English; Catholic Bishop, Covenanter, monk, Puritan parson, Non-Juror, Baptist missionary, poet of Independent

stock. The thread linking them all together is that golden string which, wound into a ball, "will lead us in at Heaven's gate, built in Jerusalem's wall"—intense personal religion. It is present in Carey's *Enquiry* no less than in Rutherford's *Letters*. Nor is the inclusion of Browning's *The Ring and the Book* an exception. Browning's robust Christian faith (so clearly brought out by Dr. Martin) is the necessary corrective to the unduly ascetic approach of William Law.

But while the books studied deal in the main exclusively with personal religion, their writers were by no means "escapists." St. Augustine, "when a whole civilisation was collapsing . . . did much to guide the task of reconstruction. Samuel Rutherford, John Bunyan and William Law all endured persecution for their faith . . . William Carey was a staunch opponent of the slave trade and laboured through a long life for the social welfare of the Indian peoples." Robert Browning wrestled for his faith in days of doubt. This commends their message to the twentieth century with its stress on "social justice and economic reconstruction." But while the life of Brother Lawrence in contrast was quiet and uneventful, is there not a special relevance for his message in our days, seeing that he found the presence of God in a multiplicity of hum-drum duties similar to those tasks which fill the waking hours of so many in this industrial age?

In her biography of Temple Gairdner, Constance Padwick says, "For all her faults and struggles, the *Ecclesia Anglicana* is still the mother of saints." It is the deep desire of the present reviewer that the Baptist Church may make the same proud claim. The Baptist Church has had her saints; the works of two of them are studied in this book. And this book, if it is prayerfully read, and if it sends Baptists back to the great Christian classics which it commends, will play its part in the nourishment of the saints of the twentieth century and join that "apostolic succession of Christian books" of which it speaks.

EDGAR W. WRIGHT.

First Steps in Prayer, by Denis Lant. (Carey Press, 5s. cloth, 3s. 6d. paper.)

Throughout my ministry, which has covered more than forty years, I have been a keen student of the literature provided by the various denominations for the guidance of their people in the things of God and the culture of a devout and holy life. High on my list stand the Presbyterians, with their most valuable handbooks and manuals on Christian doctrine and practice. Then come the Roman Catholics, with their little books of devotion, mostly for children in their adolescent experiences, which seek

to establish the child in the ways of the Church. The Church of England, especially the High Church section of it, has a real regard for the religious welfare of the young. Their little books on Confirmation and Holy Communion may not appeal to you, but they serve their purpose with great efficiency. The Methodist Church, under the direction of Dr. Church, is doing excellent things. The Independent, Baptist and Congregational lag a long way behind, in spite of the progress we have made within the last twenty years; we seem to be afraid of "directions" and "prayers," and simple guidance in the things that make for eternal life. Now and again an outstanding contribution is made and all the Churches are enriched by it, but I cannot recall a Baptist contribution of much worth. This reproach comes to an end with the publication by the Carey Press of *First Steps in Prayer,* by Denis Lant. This is a small book of a hundred pages on a subject of the greatest importance to all who follow Christ's way of life. I cordially welcome it and warmly commend it. The writer has the young disciple before his mind as he writes, but the book is equally useful to those of middle life and old age. He teaches us how to pray, what to pray for, and what to expect from God in our prayers.

The book flows on like a mountain stream winding its way through the valley to join the greater waters of the river and the sea. It makes sweet music on its journey, and enriches those who have an ear to hear and a heart to understand. On the banks of the stream we meet St. Francis de Sales and Schleiermacher, a man from the R.A.F., and an English Bishop, and many another saint of God, all holding out their experiences of God in prayer to us.

This little book should be put into the hands of all who come forward to confess Christ in the waters of baptism. Its use will enrich the life of the Baptist Church for days to come. I know the writer, and I know that this piece of writing is the lifting of the corner of the veil that encloses his own prayer life.

D. TAIT PATTERSON.

South-East from Serampore: More chapters in the story of the Baptist Missionary Society, by Ernest A. Payne. (Carey Press, 5s.)

One comes to the end of this little book with mingled feelings of pathos and regret, but predominantly of gratitude. Here we have the hitherto little known story of the pioneer efforts of Baptist missionaries to further Carey's grand strategic plan of bringing South-East Asia to Christ. It is a plain tale of ordinary men, kindled by the Holy Spirit, attempting and achieving extra-

ordinary feats of heroism and devotion, and if its ending seems to be inconclusive and disappointing, none with imagination will read these pages unmoved.

It is good to be reminded by historical studies such as these of the true nature, especially of the costliness, of all missionary endeavour. To a full appreciation of these factors, Mr. Payne's skilful handling of his material predisposes the reader throughout. That the main figures in the story may speak for themselves, great patience and labour have been expended in the study and choice of original correspondence, excerpts from which provided the background and principal illustrative matter of the story. (What missionary or prospective missionary will not be grateful especially for the Society's letter of Commission to Richard Burton and Charles Evans (p. 42), and the profoundly moving and important letter of Carey to his son Jabez on setting out for Amboyna (App. A.)?) The style is quiet, scholarly and unobtrusive, yet marked by a sensitiveness and warmth which characterises all the author's missionary writings. He knows himself to be dealing with infinitely more than merely a well-intentioned but ill-fated venture that petered out. For if the story were simply one of unrelieved failure we might well ask, "Whereunto was this waste?" To that question this book is itself in large part the answer. For through its pages, Robinson, Brückner, Trowt and the others have an imperative word to say to the Church of this generation, and none who heed it can think of their lives in terms of failure or waste. Some may find the measure of their effectiveness in the establishing of Dutch and later American Missions to the Netherlands East Indies, and when considering the amazing growth of the Batak Church in recent times, Baptists may well remember with pride these men who pointed the way for others. But for their greatest and most important contribution to the Missionary cause we have to look more closely into the lives of these men. At least one reader has found it in the quality of Christian character revealed in these pages. What men they were! William Robinson, learning slowly to discipline an unruly temper for Christ's sake, facing loneliness, disappointment, frustration, even despair, yet plodding on and keeping the passion fresh; Gottlob Brückner of the gentle, persevering, utterly consecrated spirit that would not be quenched even when the Mission itself forsook him; Thomas Trowt, health already undermined and carrying an impossible burden of work and responsibility, yet considering himself "in one of the most important stations of the Mission, at the open door of an Empire," and therefore unwilling to relinquish it on any account.

Lives such as these bring it home to us that if the demands of a changing world situation call for new and better missionary

methods, clearer insight, wiser planning and statesmanship, the fundamental qualities essential to the successful missionary career remain unchanged. Here, then, is the great value of this book. In the faithful portrayal of little known but truly great men, in their weakness and strength, their devotion and zeal, Mr. Payne once more brings all missionary students into his debt. The more people read this book, the more certainly will devotion be kindled and new lives dedicated to the service of the Kingdom. It is too soon yet to speak of the end of this story.

W. J. BRADNOCK.

A Maker of Modern China, by Albert J. Garnier. (Carey Press, 5s.)

Timothy Richard, by E. W. Price Evans. (Carey Press, 6s.)

These two books are complementary. The first shows us the China in which Timothy Richard lived for forty-five years, and gives us a clear and concise summary of the great work he did there; the second begins in Wales and shows us the influences that made Timothy Richard, and then proceeds to China to bring out the superb greatness of the man in all his manifold activities as missionary, philanthropist and statesman. The first is historical; the second is personal.

From one who sits in Timothy Richard's chair in Shanghai carrying on his work of supplying educated China with Christian literature, we should expect a knowledgeable account of Timothy Richard's great contribution towards the making of New China. We are not disappointed. Mr. Garnier is an accurate observer of Chinese events. In his book he gives us a short history of the development of China from 1869 to the present day. He describes the old Celestial Empire to which Richard came, the revolutionary changes which he lived through, the share he had in producing these changes, and the results of the ferment of Timothy Richard's divine Gospel in present-day China. The last section is very thought-provoking. He shows us New China facing an epochal period in her long history—China at the parting of three ways: (1) To the Right—the old way of a revived Confucianism and Buddhism; (2) To the Left—modern way of Communism or a Militant Nationalism; (3) To the Centre—the way of Jesus Christ and His Gospel of the Kingdom as preached by Timothy Richard. The whole section should be studied by all who are concerned with the future of China. The challenge is inescapable. We must carry on and extend the work which Timothy Richard began.

The second book is by a Welsh minister who combines

scholarship with evangelical zeal. There is a glow about this book and we catch some of the fire that burned in Timothy Richard's heart. Mr. Evans obviously enjoys writing about his hero, and he has given us a most readable and interesting account of Timothy Richard's life and work, with a clear and true picture of his versatile personality—imaginative yet practical, enthusiastic yet disciplined, deeply religious yet broadminded, greatly gifted yet single-minded in his devotion to his Lord and Saviour. Mr. Evans succeeds in bringing out the greatness of the man in his vision of New China led by Christian statesmen trained in Christian colleges supported by a United Christian Church stimulated by Christian literature; his ability to translate vision into action by his work of evangelising the rulers, founding universities, forming united Chinese Churches and training leaders, and extending the work of the Christian Literature Society; his friendliness and courtesy, his perseverance and patience; above all, his shining devotion to Jesus Christ and his gladness in being His ambassador to the Chinese. Though Mr. Evans has never been in China, his knowledge of that land is accurate, informative and inspiring. This book will hold you as it did me from start to finish. It will broaden and deepen your missionary zeal. It will bring to you the urgent need of an unfinished work and an insistent Call that will make you respond. This book will certainly make missionaries for home and overseas service.

GEORGE A. YOUNG.

Adventurers in Africa, by H. L. Hemmens. (Carey Press, London, 1945, 1s. 6d.)

This book retells chapters in the story of Christian missionary work in Africa. The author has selected seven British men and women who "dedicated their lives and powers to Christ for the sake of Africa's people."

A very representative selection has been made. The appended sketch map shows that the Mission Fields referred to are well distributed over the Continent. There is a remarkable variety, too, in biographical detail. The missionaries come from differing Christian denominations. Some were reared in wealthy families and had the advantages of a liberal education, while others grew up in poverty with little early schooling. Some heard the call to missionary service in early life, but two or three found their vocation only when they had already set out on promising careers in the home country. There is great variety in the problems which these workers had to face; and this is matched by the variety of the solutions they advocated as they pressed education,

medicine, agriculture, industrial work and so on into the job of proclaiming the Good News.

If there is one thing which they had in common (other than their Faith) it is the length of their service. This book tells of successful missionary endeavour, but it reminds us that continuity of service and unity of purpose are essential for the building up of the African Church.

The final chapter contains a summary of some of the achievements of missionary enterprise in Africa.

These stories of Adventurers in Africa will be welcomed by all who are interested in African Missions and the selection and presentation of the material will certainly add cogency to the claim with which the author closes his book:

> "There can be no finer life and no more rewarding task for Christian young men and women . . . than that of offering themselves to the service of Christ for the making of a new Africa."

J. F. CARRINGTON.

Sermons on the Christian Way, by H. L. Hemmens. (Carey Press, 5s.)

We all know H. L. Hemmens, but what is he, magazine editor, organiser of Summer Schools, writer of children's stories, missionary advocate or preacher? He does all these things and does them well. His friends (and what a host he has!) should welcome the little volume of *Sermons on the Christian Way* recently published. It is Mr. Hemmens in one of his less familiar roles but, as usual, on top of his job. They are typical of the man. Those who know him can see and hear him delivering them. They do not claim to be or aim at being profound theological discourses. This preacher knows, what some of us preachers forget, that the average hearer has not enjoyed or suffered from much theological training, that he wants and needs to have religion expressed and expounded in plain and simple terms. Mr. Hemmens meets that need; no one who reads these sermons will wonder what he is driving at, he will understand.

I do not know if Mr. Hemmens ever listened to or read Campbell Morgan much, but he has a measure of the latter's gift of allowing the Bible to illustrate itself. In days when there is so much profound ignorance of the Bible that is valuable. Even preachers of long standing and ability may learn something from the way he handles his material. The volume is worth reading.

E. MURRAY PAGE.

God's Word for His World, by Barnard R. H. Spaull, M.A. (Independent Press Ltd., 4s. 6d.)

This book is the product of a belief that this is God's world; and that the Bible has something "absolutely vital to say" about it. When we seek to build "a world of prosperous, happy and purposeful citizens out of the wreckage of to-day, the Bible is fundamental in its diagnosis and remedy." The author begins with a consideration of man: a current starting point. His life is meaningless and frustrated. Current diagnosis grasps symptoms—Mr. Spaull's enumeration is of big and vital issues—rather than the real problem, which is that man who "had to grow up either under God's direction or independently of God" chose the latter. Hence, history has gone astray.

God never deviated from His purpose. The situation created by man's disobedience set God a double task: "First how to wrest the course of human history back into its intended direction; and, second, how to win the individual for complete obedience to God's purpose." This is the work in which God has been engaged through prophets and Christ and the Church. More adequate treatment might have been given to "what has the Cross to do with it?", if "it was the coming of Jesus that released a new spiritual force in the history of humanity," and if this is "God's great new move." An exhaustive treatment of the Atonement is out of the question, but "the historic facts . . . God-given," must be interpreted. The author shows that the failings of the Church never completely excluded God, and contends that the consecrated Church is the only instrument by which "the supreme task can be achieved."

The book is the work of the Rev. B. R. H. Spaull, a well-known Congregationalist minister of London. The questions for discussion at the end of each chapter, and the suggestions for Bible reading, will make it a useful book for discussions with young people.

W. J. GRANT.

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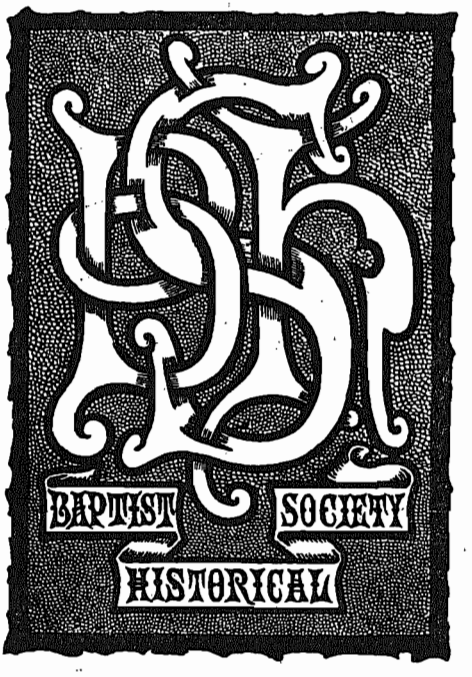

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