

be noted that while 12³⁴, 'the *Son of Man* must be lifted up,' does *not* accurately answer to 12³²: 'I, if I be lifted up'; it does answer with strict accuracy to 3^{14f}.

LEWIS JOHNSON.

Bristol.

1 Samuel xiii. 1.

IN the course of an interesting note on the Hebrew text of this verse Professor Driver notes 'No doubt in the words בן שנה שאול the number denoting Saul's age was originally intended to have a place between בן and שנה, although, for some reason, the

text as it stands is deficient. Three or four MSS. of LXX read *υἱὸς τριάκοντα ἐτῶν*; but in view of the age at which Jonathan, almost immediately after Saul's accession, appears, a higher figure seems to be required.' May not the original be בן שמונה ושלשים שנה שאול במלכו, the similarity of the second and fourth words having resulted in the second and third words falling out or in the survival of the third word only? Even if it is a late insertion it would be well to have it in its correct form. Possibly if it be a marginal note, the abbreviation 'for final ם might be tolerated through lack of space for ם, and then be overlooked.

F. J. BRIGGS.

Barbados.

Entre Nous.

The Greatest Idea.

'Europe to-day supplies vivid illustrations of the way in which ideas can be used to enthuse or to enslave great peoples. Fascism, Nazism, Communism, and Democracy are ideas, but not one of them has any richness of content compared with that of the idea of the Kingdom of God. Yet leaders have demonstrated what can be done with such ideas. Then what might have been accomplished along those lines with the greatest idea of all?'

This is the question Dr. R. E. Roberts puts in *This Gospel of the Kingdom* (Epworth Press; 3s. 6d. net). In a dozen disturbing chapters he applies the Kingdom of God to everyday life, working out the thought of its challenge, its inclusiveness, driving power, counterfeits, passport, and the need of utter loyalty. This is a fine and timely book and eminently readable.

On facing facts, Dr. Roberts writes, 'One of the really lovely things about the Kingdom of God is that it is so hospitable to the common facts of life. . . . It knows nothing of social exclusions, but it knows as little of mental exclusions. It looks at life freely, frankly, and wholly, and is unafraid.'

'Hence it is not surprising that Jesus tells us that the King has gone away. Life really looks like that. . . . I wonder how many people have agreed with Mrs. Beddows in Winifred Holtby's *South Riding* that it is no use appealing to God

in case of emergency because His is a "seat of incommunicable justice"? A very large slice of life seems to be outside the intimate care of God. From these distressed areas of earth the cry goes up "How long?" and Heaven makes no gesture of reply. It is obviously unfair.

'But what if the truth is that the whole of life is forsaken of God? What if that which we thought to be the kindly response of God to our prayer is really nothing more than the abandonment of our smug spirits to a poor petty selfishness, like that of a spoiled child who confuses his good fortune with his deserts.'

'It is surprising with what gaiety Jesus accepts the absence of God. His parables, without exception, assume, if they do not expressly state, that God has withdrawn from the management of His Kingdom. He was there in the beginning and He will certainly be there in the end. . . . Jesus is hilarious about the possibilities of this forsaken world. It is here and not in any select classroom that the Kingdom of Heaven is to be found. God may be away from His Kingdom, but it is still His Kingdom.'

'Be it said at once that Jesus can outdo the most religious in detecting the presence of God. . . . Yet none is half so brave as He in refusing to see God where He is not. What a contrast to H. G. Wells's *Miracle Man*. Mr. Wells endows his man with the power to interfere with the laws of the universe, but makes him powerless to get inside

people, and his breathless adventures end in a complete fiasco. It seems so easy to produce a new world along those lines, but the experiment shows how impossible it is. Jesus on the other hand refuses to tamper with the works by altering God's arrangement of the universe and decides for the adventure of getting inside men. And here God has left Him and us to do it.'

Relapse into Barbarism.

Mr. Charles Morgan the novelist has now written his first play, *The Flashing Stream*. The theme of it is singleness of mind and he has prefaced it with an essay on that topic. 'This is the meaning of "relapse into barbarism"—an abdication of spiritual powers, a surrender of unique emblems—but even this is not the death of the spirit of Man. A soul is not dead when it ceases to love but when it loses the capacity for love, and man is not lost, however barbarous, while there remains in him the power to wonder, and to feel his way, however blindly, towards a predestined fulfilment. To safeguard and renew this power is the supreme purpose of existence so far as our knowledge and intuition instruct us. We can do no more; the rest must be added unto us; if it is not, life has no meaning but appetite, and we are beasts deceived. We can do no more, in the Christian phrase, than seek God, that, finding Him, we may at last know Him, whom we do not know, and discover the nature of that invincible imagination which drives mankind towards an end that has borrowed His name.'

Autumn.

'It is good to make a fresh start in our daily calling. Many are compelled to do work that is not in itself particularly congenial. It may even be distasteful, and the distaste for it may grow with the years. Oh, to be able to cast it aside and try something else! we may cry in our weariness. . . . Our daily bread must be earned, and we are bound to go on with work that has long ceased to enthral us. What can we do about it?'

'Let us make sure that the dullness does not lie in ourselves. Most work has some sort of interest inherent in it if only we have eyes to perceive it.'

'In his book, *Thoughts and Adventures*, Mr. Winston Churchill speaks of the advantages of painting as a pastime, and emphasizes the fact that it sharpens the powers of observation: "I was shown a picture of Cézanne of a blank wall of a house, which he had made instinct with the most delicate lights and colours. Now I often amuse

myself when I am looking at a wall or a flat surface of any kind by trying to distinguish all the different colours and tints which can be discerned upon it, and considering whether these arise from reflections or natural hue."

'Your occupation,' comments Mr. Patten, 'may seem like a blank wall—forbidding, uninteresting, without character, but have you learnt to look for the delicate lights and colours that gleam upon it?'¹

Moral Rearmament.

'At times of great crisis people just naturally look to God, and they expect their leaders to give them the lead. In a fateful hour when pronouncements are made, men hope against hope that there will be some force at work that will put off what we all deserve. It is one thing to say that God-control is the only true policy. It is another thing to make it a reality in the life of the nation. A whole new fabric needs to be woven. We cannot live on the past. We must bring in a whole new philosophy of willing and living and acting.'

'Moral rearmament is the keynote of world reconstruction. We need the same characteristics that distinguish a great general—the plus of character, the plus that will change the world. We all agree on one thing—that we ought to be different, and that the world ought to be different. If people were different and had the power to change the men and the nations, that would be the answer to all our problems. And that is what the Oxford Group believes.'

'Interlaken demonstrates that every man in every land should listen to guidance. For every home in every land the natural and normal thing is to get their programme from God. In industry, in the workshop, in the nation's life, in Parliament, the normal thing is to listen to God. Each nation expresses it in its own way—one nation in one way, and another in another, but all God-controlled and God-led. Thus with God leading, all will understand each other.'²

Glimpses into the Mind of Masaryk.

I have read the most important so-called biographies of Jesus; in none of them do I find so much religious life as in the Gospels. The Gospels have the very smell of reality.

Real faith is not a nail on which one could hang oneself in despair because of the weakness of reason.

¹ John A. Patten, *The Unclouded Face*.

² Dr. Frank Buchman in *The Church of England Newspaper*, September 23, 1938.

Faith, true genuine faith does not lull to sleep, but arouses and drives.

Religion without humanity cannot be true; humanity without religiousness cannot be complete.

The more order in the world is secularized, the more the churches could and should dedicate themselves to a pure and immaculate religion—to Jesus' religion; to make the world truly Christian, not through power but through love.

To progress means to overcome what is evil. Yet to conquer evil by good is not very difficult; the difficulty is to supersede good by better.

Justice is the mathematics of Peace.¹

Samuel Johnson.

Canon Anthony C. Deane was in happy mood at the celebration of the 220th Anniversary of Samuel Johnson's birthday. In the course of his address he asked: 'Were Johnson alive to-day, what would he think of us, and what should we think of Dr. Johnson?' The Canon thought that Johnson would have a very poor opinion of our ordinary talk. Much of our idiom would seem unintelligible to him, and all of it he would think sadly undignified. 'When Johnson said to Boswell, "I shall desire your company, sir, to-morrow forenoon," what would have been his comment had Boswell replied: "That's okay by me, big chief"?' Canon Deane pictured Johnson's reactions to modern aerial warfare, pausing as he paced the garden on some nights when searchlights and aeroplanes were practising. Would he not say: 'The Psalmist, surveying the midnight sky, pronounced with sublime truth that "The heavens declare the glory of God." It has remained for your age, sir, to make them exhibit also the folly of man and the malevolence of the devil.' Whether this be so or not, one thing is certain: Johnson would have no sympathy with the curious modern heresy that everything will come right in the end. 'I remember,' he said, on one occasion, 'that my Maker has said that He will place the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on His left.' That is a solemn truth which this frivolous age needs to hear, for it strikes at the very roots of life and destiny.²

Raj the Dacoit.

The story of Raj, the Robin Hood of the Indians, has been told in one of the Dohnavur books. Now in a large illustrated volume all the adventures of his life have been graphically retold for boys and

¹ Masaryk on *Thought and Life*.

² *The Record*.

girls by Hugh A. Evan Hopkins (Seeley Service; 5s. net). There is a Foreword by T. Howard Somervell—who says it is 'an effective answer' to those who think that Missions are useless. After Raj became a Christian he was deserted by his followers for if he was to cease to rob how were they to live? One companion remained. 'Raj then turned to Chotu, who had been standing silently by, and asked:

"Will you also go away and leave me?"

"I am flesh of the finger-tip to thy finger-nail," was all the young lad had to say, and from that day forward the two were never separated.'

No one could doubt the reality of Raj's conversion. Even the police while trying to capture him said, 'The fact is, and we cannot deny it, he is a changed man.' Raj himself, explaining the change said, 'When I saw the gold and jewels hanging from the women's ears, my fingers twitched to take them [he had met a wedding party travelling by bullock cart] *but my mind refused to desire*.'

Bricks for Wedding Speeches.

My first is Garrick's answer to the Duchess of Kingston's question as to why Cupid was always represented as a child. 'Because,' he said, 'love never attains to years of wisdom and discretion!'

You can evoke another smile, and folk love to smile on such occasions, by telling the story of the American coloured man who asked his sweetheart: 'Does yo' really love me, baby, or does yo' jes' think yo' does?' 'Yes, indeed, honey,' she made answer. 'Ah really loves yo'. Ah ain't done no thinkin' yet!'

Then, when you turn to seriousness—and a speech at a wedding should never be all amusing—you can quote the words of the wise man who was asked whether he and his wife did not have differences of opinion, and answered: 'Faith, ma'am, we have a good many; but I don't let her know about them'; and that fine tribute of Carlyle to his wife, spoken to Lord Houghton: 'She wrapped me round like a cloak, to keep all the hard and cold world off me.'¹

¹ Ezra in *The Methodist Recorder*.