

The Fraternal

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EDITORIAL

OUR SPIRITUAL FOUNDATION

THE F. B. Meyer Centenary affords occasion to call attention to the spiritual foundation of our Fellowship and moves us to emphasise the same. Amongst his manifold activities, Meyer sought every opportunity to encourage his brethren in the culture of their devotional life, and this spiritual note was uppermost in Fraternal Union with which our B.M.F. was amalgamated.

Perhaps there is greater need to ring the same note to-day, in view of disquieting features in our National life which are due ultimately to the loss of spiritual values. Our churches, too, should guard against the same danger, whilst, as ministers, we are fully aware how that in our personal lives the Altar flame may burn low. We, therefore, issue a "Serious Call" to all our members. We plead that at every Fraternal, time should be found for something more than the usual devotional exercises. Here in particular, we would remind our members of the text inscribed on their membership cards—"Brethren, Pray For us"—and we would call special attention to our Sunday Prayer-Watch.

There is something moving in the thought that on Sunday mornings we remember one another at the Throne of Grace, and it is partly with a view to giving point to our intercessions, that items of personal interest are inserted in the Magazine. Now that our circle is widening it is for us to rise on the wings of prayer and think of our members in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada, and for our brethren overseas to pray for us. This ministry of mutual intercession will re-act upon our own soul, the Cure of which is so necessary in view of the manifold temptations of ministerial life. Our prayer is that we may keep ever in mind the spiritual foundation of our Fellowship, lest, while discharging our duty of public prayer for others, for ourselves we should become prayerless.

THE NON-COLLEGIATE ISSUE

FOREWORD

AT the request of the Editorial Board, I undertook the responsibility of securing contributions for this edition of the *Fraternal*, and it was a whimsical—not a wicked—satisfaction to have to regard our College-trained Brethren as ineligible. It is very seldom that they fall into this category in denominational circles, and knowing so many of them intimately, as I do, I feel sure they will not resent being viewed in that light for once.

Many will appreciate the fact that an opportunity has been granted those who cannot claim to have been “turned out” but have simply “turned up” to share with their brother Ministers in this form of service. I would express my gratitude to those who responded so readily to the call to serve.

MELVILLE EVANS

(The Editorial Board unites in the gratitude expressed to the writers of the articles which follow, but desire especially to thank Melville Evans for the time and trouble expended in the production of this Non-Collegiate number. It will be read with interest and should prove stimulating and helpful).

 OUR PLACE IN SCHOLARSHIP

TO know our place in scholarship is part of the art of life. Our attitude to master minds should be maintained with gratitude and with hope; grateful that we can have fellowship with those whose learning greatly exceeds our knowledge, hopeful that by their patient teaching we may feel the quickening power of their vaster learning. Wondrous things can be wrought by linking genius with mediocrity, knowing that genius is often indebted to ordinary people for transmissive work. Gracious and enlightening relationships can be formed between wistful teachers and aspiring students. A scholar's chair would be an empty affair without students' forms. Mind is expanded by feeling after that which exceeds its grasp. Our Maker has mercifully graded the intellectuality of the Race so that Man may not be at peace with his goals but ever see new heights in the footsteps of beckoning masters. The study of Genesis I, Psalm VIII, Isaiah XL, Colossians I, becomes wonder as Kepler, Wallace, Whitehead, Jeans, Soddy and others simplify their cosmic and astral surveys for our sakes. They not only forbid slothful ease in mere poetic outline and quotations,

they bid us magnify our Creator as with clearer knowledge we lift up our eyes on high and ask, "who hath created these things?" We may have trembled when at first they talked "world on world" with their astronomical figures merging in "myriad myriads." The greater learning affirms that God is magnified "by the greatness of His might" and, for man—writes Sam Foss—"As wider skies broke on his view God greatened in His growing mind." Man is not dwarfed by increasing his knowledge of the universe. It has been said "Astronomically-speaking man is an insignificant being," to which a great scientist replied: "Astronomically-speaking man is the Astronomer." Man, apparently so puny in mere chemical analysis can think these worlds, anticipate their movements, and so, not only claim his primacy over all creations but affirm himself to be the object of which God's mind is full: "He made all things for me and me for Him." There is at least as much brain and science behind the sublime postulate of the Russian mystic: "I am, Oh God, therefore Thou must be," as in Julian Huxley's assertion of a "God-shaped blank in man's consciousness." The scholars who enlarge our universe, thereby increase our faith in an all-encompassing Creator who is all-sufficient Redeemer too. Life is set in a thought-provoking universe and we who are called of God to preach, have the high task of authenticating our evangelism through the knowledge and experience of revealed truth.

A growing number of scientists seem to be turning wistfully to theologians for some confident note on Eschatology. Are they beginning to see that relativity, with its deep implications for man, was in the mind of God, before it got into the brain of Isaiah and Einstein? One of the boldest of Materialists, Robert Blatchford wrote: "I have been driven out of my materialistic philosophy. I am trying to suggest the kind of city London is where God knows all and sees all." Professor Malinowski wrote in *The Listener*: "Personally, I am an Agnostic, I am not able, that is, to deny the existence of God: nor would I be inclined to do so, still less to maintain that such a belief is not necessary. I also fervently hope that there is a survival after death, and I deeply desire to obtain some certainty on this matter." Significant too, that Sir James Jeans wrote: "The universe appears to have been designed by a pure mathematician," and Professor A. N. Whitehead affirms that "God is the poet of the world leading it to His vision of truth and beauty and goodness." Many also, like Coleridge have "thrown overboard all speculative philosophy, finding perfect satisfaction

in the first chapter of John's Gospel." It is comforting to know that the scholars who command us, sometimes scare us but wait to enlighten us, are mercifully graded.

Everybody is blessed with superiors. The greatest amongst us seem ever fascinated by attainable heights. "Higher yet and higher" is an eternal ensign. In education we are saved by hope and work. We reverently guess that our blessed Lord will ever hold some secret to spur us on until we are able to bear it. Created to think God's thoughts after Him, He will always have many things to say unto us. The heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ will never finish their education. We are not the creatures of some cruel fate which has clamped down our minds and left us haunted by kingdoms we can never enter. God has sent forth consecrated scholars for our sakes, and they love disciples who plead "a man's reach much exceeds his grasp." No need to stress the contrast between the scholarship that repels by its cold abstractions, and the learning enthused by the passion of God. Since He, whom Jean Paul Richter calls "the holiest amongst the mighty and the mightiest amongst the holy" invites us to learn of Him, we can ask of all who have His spirit and whose names are written in the portals of their particular realm "Teacher say on!"

We own our place in scholarship with a realistic conception of ourselves and of our task. It is well to heed the saying: "You are not what you think you are, but what you think—you are." The gloom of inferiority must not dull the gifts we have, nor must the thought of natural ability argue mental slackness. We are faced by exacting challenges. Whatever the dynamic disclosure of Christ: "My Father worketh and I work" may mean to Him, it speaks what we must feel for ourselves. Even when the prodigal returned, the Father ordered shoes, not slippers, for his feet.

Nobody can hope to be an apostle by jumping discipleship. Christian truth did not come through those brutish first centuries by the emotional evangelism of undisciplined minds, nor by repeating creeds with pontifical authority. The Apostles were persuasive because they were persuaded. They had much to unlearn but that drastic process was sheer joy when they opened their minds to Him and found Him to be the word of life. Popes and priests have woven amazing Petrine theories. They have attempted to root hereditary primacies in Peter's name. This fisherman in Pentecostal heraldry is an assurance that so-called ordinary men can be made prophetic, by what they learn and feel. Peter had done

much thinking to be able to move people to ask: "What shall we do?" Maybe the cultured John figured secretly in Peter's Pentecostal outline. It is possible to fish in deep waters by the guidance of men whose thoughts outfathom our thinking. If, at times our gifts feel unimpressive because they lack academic lustre, God-like scholars, by their gentleness can make us greater than we know. God has the human race keyed to supplementary service and the degrees of His power are varied to our individual capacity. The progress of mankind is not achieved by advanced thinkers alone: "One dreams his mighty dream. Ten thousand make it true." We dishonour our peers if we make their learning a reason for self-despising. When Christ says to any man: "Follow Me and I will make you"—Christ must not be cheated of His craftsmanship by a spurious humility. When invited to succeed Dr. Clifford, his unique scholarship and degrees made me fearful of answering a call, the mystery of which, so deeply felt, yielded finally to that inmost light which is the guidance of God. God sometimes yokes men in seeming disparity of gifts, and then "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." The scholars need us too to impart that which they deliver unto us. It is life indeed to affirm: That which I received of the Lord, and of scholars that have the mind of Christ, I delivered unto you. Academic knowledge is a fascination and a rebuke to me—the latter more so for want of a wiser balance between English congregations and Greek conjugations, between a congested diary and well digested reading. Still, for all that, we need not linger in the shallows. We are saved by hope and work, and, as the story of human good unfolds, genius and those who "of genius never had a trace" are fairly well equated in human service. I recently laid down a book review with a sigh on reading that the author of the book is: "biologist, goldminer, anthropologist, schoolmaster, novelist, essayist and farmer," then almost impudently I asserted: "and with all that he cannot be me." Such versatility need not send up the sale of napkins in which to bury the unused talent of so many. I thank God upon every remembrance of knowledge graciously adapted to my growth. Life has become vocational for Christ partly because heart and brain have been touched with the light and fire of regal minds. They are helping God to match us with His hour. The alternatives to living faith in Christ must find us more and more girded with the truth as it is in Jesus. At the cross-roads of life baffled humanists, and expert psychiatrists have but little or nothing to set before people at midnight, whilst some behaviourists may unwittingly mock thoughts and feelings beyond their gaze.

Education without God, "Religion without revelation," was to mean life without theological embarrassments. Agnosticism may flourish for a time on humanistic plausibilities plus utopian dreams, but Atheism cannot eradicate the spiritual needs which it denies. Others besides Robert Blatchford of Clarion days have been driven out of materialistic philosophy. Others besides H. G. Wells have seen "Mind at the End of its tether"—because the tether was much too short, in "a jaded world devoid of recuperative power." The soul-need of the world is a secret urge in our intellectual quest. For many years humanism has had free course to run and not be glorified. "Religion without revelation" has been presented to people who cannot be filled with joy and peace in believing agnostic unbeliefs. History has been interpreted with a Marxian bias without due regard for "the end of economic man."

The modern man with a "God shaped blank in his consciousness" has some scientific reasons for doubting the assertion of Bertrand Russell that "The whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins." The scholar with unbending knees, though brilliant, is a pathetic figure in the presence of frustrated people who must often feel that "somehow as towards the tomb we go we feel that we are greater than we know." Life finally outruns secular scholarship and by its God-wrought needs we who have received this ministry by God's mercy to us, have a place in that divine classification of service which The Risen Redeemer determined when He ascended up on high and gave gifts unto men—gifts that link us, for ever, to their great Originator. In that sublime bond we are learning of Him, in whom all things hold together for eternal purpose and redemption. Many masters call us to their feet, and as we humbly seek their wisdom, we test our minds by the rationalising balance of that blessed assurance by which we can teach and preach of Him of whom we can say, "I know—and am persuaded." People have had enough of secular philosophy. They may not have studied Matthew Arnold on Conduct and Life, nor heard of Huxley willing to close with some power that would wind him clockwork-wise and make him mechanically good, but let them know, even now, that if any man is in Christ he is a new creature and can walk in newness of life. That is the power the world needs. To be girt with the revealed truth of The Risen Redeemer, and to be guided by scholars who have His mind, is our exacting passion and privilege.

Between these lines my brethren may rightly read a yearning after knowledge which I have missed, scholastic degrees that might have added lustre to a common name—although churches may be filled or emptied by degrees. When at times a poignant sense of inferiority has threatened its dwarfing power, a mystic touch from Him whose we are and whom we serve, has brought the inspiration of His confidence and the peace of His authority. And so with Christ-wrought poise and passion, whether scholar or disciple—and all scholars are disciples, we teach and preach Him, who, “with eyes majestic after death” has eternal meaning and rapture for Himself and for all who believe in Him for ever and for ever.

S. W. HUGHES

“THE MINISTER AND THE DENOMINATION”

MOST of us when setting out into the ministry are dismayed at the prospect of preparing two or three sermons each week. Can it be done? How long will it be before our scanty resources are run out? Out in the ministry another fear raises its head. How can all the claims of the ministry be put into a seven-day week? Reading, sermon preparation, the executive meetings of the church, the visitation of our people make a very heavy programme. In addition, the minister is flooded with invitations to all kinds of religious and social organisations in the town or city which make inroads into his time and strength. What is the minister to do in the face of these many calls? Unless he is extremely careful he will be tempted to rush from one thing to another, doing little or nothing properly and bringing upon himself a physical or nervous breakdown. What then should he do?

I am persuaded that first consideration, outside the demands of his own church, should be given to the activities of his denomination. Having given considerable service to inter-denominational activities I confess, without shame, to becoming a greater denominationalist. Experience has taught me that the man who holds his own denominational loyalties lightly or who airily suggests that the differences between the denominations are trivial has little or nothing to contribute to inter-denominational life and activity. I want to enter a plea with my brethren for a keen and loyal support of the denomination, making it second only to the work of their own church. To share in united efforts of one kind and another is good, but can there be any question of doubt where our first loyalty should be given?

Think for a moment what the denomination has done for the ministry within the experience of many of us. A fully-accredited minister, well known to me, received before the advent of the Sustentation Fund £80 per year and a Manse. Many received even less. It is almost impossible for our younger brethren to think back to conditions like that. To-day the minimum under the Home Work Fund is £250 for a married man and generous allowances for children. This is, we grant, inadequate, and there is a real desire to see the minimum raised, but the comparison is very clear. Compare the old Annuity Fund with the present Superannuation Scheme. Whatever changes may be necessary in view of the new Social Security measures it must be acknowledged that a generous people sought to secure the old age of our ministers by raising a capital sum of £300,000. We might also give thought to the status of the ministry, although, perhaps, many of us are not so concerned about this. The creation of an Accredited List, with its guarantee of a minimum standard of education and preparation for the Ministry, has given to the minister of to-day a new dignity and standing. Are we wise in expressing ourselves rather scornfully, before deacons and church members regarding regulations of the Baptist Union made for our good? There may be occasions in which the rules do an injustice; they may sometimes be interpreted in an arbitrary manner, but they were designed to safeguard the ministry and have achieved their purpose in a remarkable way. I must confess to impatience with those who, enjoying all the benefits of the Union, seem to seize every opportunity to decry its work. The Baptist Union has in the main legislated well, and the people of our churches have been generous toward the ministry. Let us gladly acknowledge this. Then let us remember it is the denomination which has given us the opportunity to serve. The majority of our brethren have been able to secure Collegiate training, but this issue of the *Fraternal* represents non-Collegiates whose indebtedness to the denomination is not less. All that the denomination has done for us surely calls for our loyal support; do we give it? What of the Home Work Fund, do we explain it to our people and gain their generous support? Far too often we think of it as money taken from our own church accounts instead of presenting it as a great opportunity for all our Baptist Churches to show a brotherly interest in each other and mark the real unity which should be ours. What was our reaction to the report on the Spiritual Welfare of the Churches? The *Baptist Times* recently published a list of churches responding to the campaign of the L.B.A. and whose ministers were sharing in an

exchange of pulpits with a view to a harvesting of souls. It was clear that many London Churches and ministers had made no response. This is true of the country as a whole. We may have little patience with special efforts of evangelism, and certainly every minister should be his own evangelist. But in view of the condition of our churches can any attempt to revive their spiritual life be considered a stunt? The Commission took their work seriously and believed there was such a real concern among our ministers and churches they would follow a lead when it was given. The last word has not been said about this, but far too often promising efforts are nullified by indifference we could do a great deal to check. How far do we seek to keep Missionary interest alive within our churches? We have every reason to be proud of the part Baptists have played in world evangelism and should not hesitate to make the story known or solicit the interest, prayers and gifts of our people.

I am just asking from my brethren a ready acknowledgment of what the denomination has done and still is doing for the benefit of the ministry, and to secure from them a willing advocacy of its place in our own churches. No one would suggest the Baptist Union is above criticism, but the history of this century shows that it has awakened the churches to a sense of their responsibilities for the cultural and financial good of the ministry, and the least we can do is to give the denomination our loyal support and co-operation.

H. L. WATSON

SOME THINGS A MINISTER MAY FORGET

IT was a severe temptation to write "do" for "may," but then I should be guilty of forgetting that many brethren do not forget the things referred to in this article. It is truer to say that "some do" and "all may."

There are some things we must forget. A good forgettory is as necessary as a good memory in our high vocation.

We must forget the officers who mistake a diaconate for a directorate, and the members who unconsciously undermine our influence and limit our sphere if we are to keep sweet, remain sane, and be strong. My concern, however, is regarding some things we ourselves may forget and thereby hinder our work, lay ourselves open to be misunderstood and alienate our people.

One is the difference between Leadership and Lordship, between ministry to our people and mastery over our people. This may be manifested in many ways, but one injurious form is the insistence upon introducing into church services and activities what the members neither appreciate nor approve. Churches have a character of their own, and in some there is a definite antipathy to certain practices. The members believe—rightly or wrongly—quite sincerely that it would be better if such a form were abandoned and something else, more acceptable to the fellowship, adopted. Is it wise or even kind to enforce a change under these conditions? The church in so far as it can belong to humans is more theirs than ours, and they have a prior claim on the ground of services rendered, and of the probability of their being there when we have moved to another sphere. It hurts them when we demand what they detest.

Another is the difference between Evolution and Revolution.

Here the peril is that of effecting a radical change at too early a stage in one's ministry. "Forced plants" are always of delicate constitution, call for excessive care, and are expensive to nourish. Revolutionising a church may have a great appeal to one's mind when one sees so many things that could be changed for the better so as to facilitate the work; but for such a mighty work an atmosphere is essential, and an opportune time is necessary. It is possible to do the right thing at the wrong time and the effect is as bad as if we do the wrong thing at the right time. If we wait patiently to change the atmosphere we shall find it easy work to change the activity.

Revolutionary measures usually create disturbance and discontent. A gradual process seldom fails to secure the desired end if we are patient and painstaking enough to work and wait for the favourable opportunity.

Yet another is the difference between Praying and Preaching.

The most difficult and delicate pulpit exercise we have to undertake is that of leading our people in the high and holy experience of intimate communion with God in supplication, and an equally intimate fellowship with one another, in intercession. We are all familiar with its many aspects and it is not necessary to enumerate them, but there is one constant peril that besets us, namely, that of preaching instead of praying. To remember that we are speaking to God all the time, may not only shorten our prayer but demand a drastic revision in our method of conducting

this part of our service, but, in any case, it is fatal to yield to the temptation to express our theological views, protest against things that irritate us, and to condemn habits that may be prevalent among our people which we deplore. In other words, we must not seek refuge in praying about things in the hearing of our people because we are afraid to preach to them about these very things.

Then again, the difference between the Organism and the Organisation.

The organism being permanent and unchangeable is more vital and infinitely more important than the organisation, which is always temporary and at all times subject to frequent alterations and endless modifications. The emphasis upon the organisation to the exclusion of the organism leads to undue attention to, and concentration upon, one section of the church only. For instance, we may indulge the possibilities of the young and ignore the problems of the aged. The excessive pampering of the younger folk means the unnecessary paining of the older folk.

It is well to remind ourselves that a church has to be run "on" the older folk "for" the younger folk. We lean on the older folk to lift up the younger folk. The organism is the whole church—the church of the past and of the future—the young, the middle-aged, and the aged. All these have their prospects, problems, and perils, and whatever variety may characterise them, owing to the differing stages of Christian experience reached by each section, respectively, there is this to be said about them all—they are very real and of vital importance to them.

These things are written by one who has learned some of these lessons through observation and experience—mostly through experience—and by one who has yet to learn.

MELVILLE EVANS

ON PREACHING

IN the vast realm of speech Preaching is unique. "If any man speak, let him speak as the Oracles of God." This word has often helped and humbled me. This man coming forth from God to utter the words of God to men! Milton said of Christ's mission—"God has now sent His Living Oracle into the world to teach His final will." This and no less, is our business, too. The Preacher is Christ's mouthpiece, to unfold the final Will of God to men: to express that which is ever beyond expression! Paul

insisted that what he delivered, he had first received. His own experience supplied the norm, out of which grew the tree of Life and Knowledge. The miracle wrought by Christ in His own life, inspired hope for all men, and set him on fire to tell. If Christ can do this thing for Paul, then Paul cannot despair of any man, no, not the worst.

“Then with a rush the intolerable craving,
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call—
O, to save these! to perish for their saving—
Die for their life, be offered for them all.”

God still speaks to us in His Son. The Living Word ever liveth in the written word. “All the words He ever spake, still to us He speaketh.” The preacher still lives by “Every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” Otherwise the written word remains a dead letter. There is something more here than the intellectual composition of a sermon. This can be done brilliantly, but it is not necessarily preaching. The first requisite is the awakened ear, sensitized to catch, “Authentic tidings of invisible things.” Perhaps the deepest thing to be said here, is, when Paul calls the preacher God’s Ambassador. Authority can go no higher than this. In a word, this all-covering, many-splendoured Gospel must still be preached by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

There is a Fellowship Divine,
When words are Sacramental Bread;
And silence, Sacramental Wine;
And souls are fed.

This new speech began at Pentecost. “They were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak, as the Spirit gave them utterance.” The human voice became flexible as an organ, its keys sensitive to the slightest touch of the Divine finger. Nothing can ever supersede the human voice. It is the only transmitter Christ left behind Him. Several terms are covered by this one word Preach. These will have their appropriate interpretation in the inflections of the voice. The human voice is a marvellous instrument. Let there be the faintest strain of insincerity and the voice will reveal it. Let sympathy become in the slightest degree artificial, and the voice will betray it. Whatever men say about us, we must compel them to say this—“at any rate the man believes what he preaches.”

The voice can hold the lilt of the Lark, it can distil as the Dew. It can flash like Lightning, dividing the light from the

darkness. It can hold the Thunder of God. It can become a sword bathed in heaven. It can cut to the bone and heal like balm. It can woo like love. The inflections and compass of our Lord's voice must have been wonderful. To have heard His voice must have been nearly as wonderful as seeing His Face. When some said "never man spake like this man," I think it was, not only what He said, but the way He said it, that impressed them. His voice carried to the edge of the vast crowds that gathered to hear Him. It rang above the storm—"It is I"—it rose above the din of the temple's traffic—"If any man thirst . . ." Note also how His voice changes in quick succession—"Woe unto thee Chorazin . . ."—then "Father I thank Thee . . ."—and then "Come unto Me all ye that labour." The importance of how a thing is said can hardly be exaggerated.

John the Baptist is the supreme example of self-eclipse. He was content to be a Voice, and what a voice! But a new note crept into it when he cried—"Behold the Lamb of God." To show Him and not be seen ourselves is our problem. I have seen a man holding up a picture for sale with nothing but his fingers showing. If I could only lift up Christ with as little of myself showing as that! A voice, but no man seen, save "Jesus Only!"

"Christ. I am Christ's, and let the name suffice you."

"Preach Christ passionately," said Dr. Pearce Carey. "Oh, that I could have my time over again! I would begin in some Arabia, where I could close my eyes till I saw, and my ears till I heard. Where I could bathe my soul in the wonder of the great thing that had happened to me, and give time to think out all its implications, and tune my voice in holy communion with Him." I think I know what he meant. There are blind spots where eyes should be, and a cultured mind is no substitute for an uncultured soul here.

I began by saying that preaching was unique. I would add, that a unique qualification is necessary for it. The man himself must be made meet for the Master's use. He becomes the Holy Spirit's agent, not only to preach Truth, Grace, Life, and Love, but to communicate them. This personal touch was ever close to the words of the first preachers. The presence of an experience was ever in their voice. They were not ashamed to fling wide their very souls, if by any means they might save some. One can feel

the thrill to this day, as St. Paul's voice rang out: "At mid-day, O King, I saw in the way a Light from Heaven above the brightness of the sun shining about me." As far as words will allow the preacher must tell what he owes to the Living Christ whom he preaches.

What manner of voice think ye was Paul's when he cut Felix to the quick? as he reasoned with him of Righteousness and Self-control and Judgment to come. Who was the prisoner now? Truth is mighty, especially when spoken by a man of Truth. Let the preacher never forget that he has an ally in every man. The Preacher's Heart is no waxen gramophone record of Divine Truth, but a living, palpitating embodiment of it.

In the New Testament you hear many voices, but every voice has three qualities—Certainty, Courage, and Authority. The apologetic note is entirely absent. The Judges, before whom Peter and John appeared, detected in their calm reply, the superb courage of Christ, against which they knew they were helpless. Paul adopted the voice of the Orator on Mars Hill, the Academic voice of cogent reasoning. Some think Paul failed here. He may have thought so himself. But he was no better judge than we are. The one sermon I utterly failed in, as I thought, resulted in two definite conversions, although I did not hear of it till ten years after. If Paul's sermon appeared to accomplish little at the time, it has accomplished a mighty lot since. One sentence alone has been a battle cry all down the ages. Around it to-day the battle rages more fiercely than ever, and woe be to the preacher if he betrays the Cross here. "One Blood," "One God," "One Unifying Centre." No, Paul made no mistake on Mars Hill. H. G. Wells says, "I am convinced myself that there is no more evil thing in this present world than race prejudice. I write deliberately, it is the worst single thing in life now; it justifies and holds together more baseness than any other error in the world." Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty and Variety. There must be no harping on one string in this great Music. Music is not music at all, only in so far as a variety of notes blend.

One thing more. Let the preacher ever remember the Saving Message and the Saving Voice. A woman once said to me—"As a young woman I tramped the churches longing to hear some word as to how I could be saved, but never once did I hear it." I have always tried to remember that in every sermon, not, I fear, very successfully. We must love men: there is no substitute for

this. It is what I have called in the little poem below—"The Shepherd Heart."

Thou hast the Shepherd's crook,
 With which to play the part,
 Thou hast the Shepherd's Book—
 Hast thou the Shepherd Heart?
 The Book, the Staff, the Rod,
 Ne'er from thy Hand may part,
 But shepherd none of God—
 Without the Shepherd Heart.

But if the Sheep ye fold,
 Be folded in your Heart,
 And more to you than gold—
 THOU hast the Shepherd Heart.

F. W. RUMSBY

A PREACHER AND HIS BOOKS

THEY once numbered some 2,000, but there are fewer now. They are a mixed lot, as a minister's books should be. Are not the people to whom we minister a mixed lot, and should we not be informed about the things in which they are interested? Had I been writing on "Points of Contact" the story of my books would have afforded me many illustrations.

How did my books find their way to my shelves? They were not all borrowed, as Mark Twain said his were! Perhaps my brethren will be interested in the people and the scenes called to mind by the mention of some of my books. I will write of books that were given to me, and praise be to the people who remember ministers that way! A man who gives a good book to a minister can claim a share in the increasing fitness with which that minister's service may be marked.

I must not trespass on Walter Fancutt's province, which is poetry, but poets come into some of the stories I have to tell; though the angle from which I write will not detract from the value of His contribution.

The story of my copy of Milton goes back some 60 years. What do I see? An old-fashioned cottage; logs blazing on an open

hearth; a three-legged cooking-pot dangling from the recesses of the wide chimney; a tallow candle glimmering in its iron holder; an old lady reading, waiting for the home-coming of her husband at the end of a long day's toil. That old lady? My grandmother. Her book? The poetical works of John Milton! Poor? Yes, but not much to be pitied. That book is mine. Here's another thing: that old lady reading the Psalms aloud had something to do with making me a preacher. She believed in me.

My copy of Burns was put into my hands at Winnipeg by a lady at whose lovely home I broke my journey when on my way to the Rocky Mountains. We had been fellow-passengers on an Atlantic liner, and the book was offered in appreciation of certain conversations we had had when crossing from Liverpool. I had, it appeared, spoken a word in season.

Pleasant evenings with books and music are recalled when I take down my Shelly. The place is Malta. Once when giving a talk on books to an informal gathering of Garrison families, I had confessed my liking for one on Conan Doyle's stories; and shortly after, a talented Government school teacher presented me with Shelly's Poetical Works. I appreciate the literary beauties of *Prometheus Unbound*, and I revel in the rippling music of *To a Skylark*, but Shelly has never been a companion of my spirit.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems are a token of the friendship of a Surgeon-Commander on a famous warship in the first world war. He was well-read in the literature of the mystics. What talks we had in his cabin! In perilous seas, yet there we lived in a world apart. We survived many horrors, but the gallant ship and many of our shipmates rest somewhere on the bed of the North Sea. A grand man was that Doctor, and I treasure the book he gave me.

Here I may mention that during a grim winter in Northern waters I found some lines in John Oxenham's *Bees in Amber* that were a great help to me. I wrote to Oxenham about them, and in his reply he told me a strange story about his verses, and sent me an autographed copy of his *All's Well*, which I read when life sometimes did not seem to be worth an hour's purchase.

A dear friend, just before her life was quenched in the last agony of a dreadful malady, pressed into my hands her copy of Whittier. In straggling lines, beneath my name, was entered a quotation which became part of the creed by which I live. Whittier has been with me round the world. For many years his portrait

has been on my desk. Sometimes I feel that his gentle spirit is not far away. The friend who gave me Whittier believed in me.

One book will be on my shelves as long as I live, Binney's *Is It Possible to Make The Best of Both Worlds?* Older men will remember the title. My minister gave it to me as a memento of my baptism. It was the pledge of an affection I can never forget. Emerson says, "there must be a man behind the book": there was a man behind the book that country minister gave me more than 50 years ago. My minister believed in me.

Early in my Christian life a friend gave me a Greek Testament with an interlinear translation, and in after years my tutor's fees were paid from money given by that same friend, as were also the text-books I required when reading for the B.U. examinations. With that book and *The Englishman's Greek Concordance*, I have had to make do. My friend believed in me. Thinking of many friends whose gifts I am recording, it seems that I was "believed" into the ministry.

Dr. S. Pearce Carey once advised me to read all the "Lives" of Christ that came my way. I have done that, including his own *Jesus* (which he gave me): he has forgiven me for placing Conrad Noel's *Life of Jesus* next to him in my shelves. Noel's book was also given me. Giovanni Papani's *Life of Christ* was sent to me by a family in Chicago, U.S.A., thus acknowledging a little service I had rendered them.

During my Portsmouth pastorate a business man in that city added to my shelves every year. Fosdick's *Meaning of Prayer*, Streeter's *Moral Adventure*, and Pym's *Spiritual Direction*, are amongst the books he gave me. He had a special fondness for the lists of the S.C.M.

Who gave me Gossip's *In Christ's Stead*, Fullerton's *Souls of Men*, Nixon's *Priest and Prophet*, and several volumes by Boreham, Patterson Smyth and others? Mr. A. C. Mansfield, of Cambridge and Bournemouth. What a friend he was to ministers!

Dr. Arthur Emerson Harris, Professor in the Eastern Baptist Seminary, took tea with us at the Manse one day, then gave me his just-published *The Household of Faith*, the satisfying pages of which have often refreshed me.

The 25 volumes of Parker's *People's Bible* came to me by the goodwill of the Marquis of Tavistock. Eight volumes of *Myths*

and Legends in Literature and Art were passed to me by the executors of an able scholar I had known. An Anglo-Indian, who entertained me in Bombay, gave me the *20th Century New Testament*. A Catholic Priest gave me Hartzell Spence's *One Foot in Heaven*, an American Methodist story! A chapel keeper gave me a Devotional Commentary.

And scores of other books there are reminding me of generous friends who have helped to keep my mind informed and my spirit alert. The joys of my ministry have been heightened by their affectionate interest. Whether or not I have been a skilful workman, I cannot plead that I have lacked tools, as in this article I have tried to show. Perhaps in paying tribute to the friends who have helped me, I have not entirely wasted my page.

HARRY J. FOX

THE POET'S EYE AND THE PASTORAL OFFICE

THE poet's vision, whether due to an eye "in fine frenzy rolling" or not, certainly takes into account most of the multi-faceted elements of man's experience, and, if his head is occasionally lost in the clouds, his feet are very firmly planted on the earth. More than most he holds an insight into the thoughts and feelings of his age, and the poet's word becomes often a corroborative commentary on the historical scene. With an observant eye he has seen: with an imaginative mind he has pondered, and with a trumpet voice he has sounded, every man's work and worth.

It is instructive, therefore, to ask what the poets have thought of our calling: what they have felt concerning those who, in every generation, have used or abused the pastoral office, from the "famous prelates, in habitis clerical" whom Wm. Dunbar saw in the London of 1500 to Goldsmith's Country Parson, "passing rich with £40 a year," in 1769. A chronological sequence of the poets who have portrayed, or caricatured, parsons would read like the index to an anthology, so we shall think of the ministry in its main characteristics and allow the poets to comment as they will.

(1) *The Call to the Ministry*

Nicholas Breton in *I Would and I Would Not*, cannot make up his mind what to do with his life so he enumerates the callings

open to him from fiddler to merchant, from courtesan to physician, and ends with this tribute to the ministry :

“This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God,
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy’s rod,
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the Heaven above.”

Neither George Herbert nor John Donne ever desired to enter the ministry. The former had his eye on the Court and wished to be a Secretary of State, which he felt a humbler office! Writing of the “domestic servants of the King of Heaven” as he called the clergy, he said :

“ . . . Th’ holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve Him up, who all the world commands :

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark
Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet.
There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show His skill :
Then is my time.”

The *time* did come, almost too late, for, after rather less than three years’ devoted work at Bemerton, he died of consumption, at the early age of forty.

Donne’s view of the ministry is best seen in the lines sent to his friend Mr. Tilman on the latter’s ordination, the opening words being :

“Thou, whose diviner soul hath caused thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
Making lay-scornings of the ministry
Not an impediment, but victory.”

We may compare with these words the lines sent by H. W. Longfellow to his brother when the latter entered the Unitarian ministry :

“Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said.

And His invisible hands to-day have been
 Laid on a young man's head.
 And evermore beside him on his way
 The unseen Christ shall move,
 That he may lean upon His arm and say,
 'Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?'"

That some have lamentably missed the mark, and that often the whole ministry has fallen on evil days, is acknowledged, but on at least four occasions the ministry has been the target for the poet's flow of invective and reproach. Langland, Spenser, Milton and Cowper, emptied the vials of wrath upon the faithless shepherds, Milton breaking into his elegy upon Edward King to thunder his broadside which is as incongruous in its context as is the picture of Peter amongst the pagan deities. A kinder, though perhaps more searching, rebuke is that of Matthew Arnold, in the same imagery of the shepherds:

"Once, like us, you took your station,
 Watchers for a purer fire,
 But you droop'd in expectation,
 And you wearied in desire.

.

Shepherds say, they found you sleeping,
 In some windless valley, farther down."

(2) *Pastor and People*

Chaucer's characterisation is one of the wonders of English literature for, "even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity" (Dryden). So it is that among the religious personalities sharing the pilgrimage from the Tabard Inn, only the "poore parson of a town" is singled out for high praise. And what a man he is, in pastoral care, in kindly acts, in simple life, where is his fellow?—and the secret!

". . . . Christes lore, and his Apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he followed it himself."

The one parallel to Chaucer's parson is Goldsmith's *Village Pastor*, too well-known for comment, except to say that the two pictures from the 14th and 18th centuries should be ever in our minds as we seek to serve our generation. W. M. Praed, looking back to youth, paints a picture of "*The Vicar*", but while we applaud the latter's fine qualities we wish we had more light on his

wonderful success at converting those who differed from him in theology, for :

“He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He stablished Truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dream'd of tasting pork tomorrow.”

We close this section with a glimpse of Wordsworth's ideal pastor :

“ There abides
In his allotted home a genuine Priest,
The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
The Father of his people. Such is He;
And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
Under his spiritual sway.”

(3) *Pulpit and Pew*

When the poet is in the pulpit the view of preaching is, quite naturally, high, but judging by some poets who have sat in the pew there are some things that have to be said for the good of the preacher's soul. But here, first of all, is the advice of Herbert to the critical worshipper!

“Jest not at the preacher's language, or expression :
How know'st thou, but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession :
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be.”

On advice to the preacher, mention might be made of Byron's

“Take time enough; all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places”,

but let time be conditioned by this warning from Christopher Pitt who, dilating “*On the Art of Preaching*,” refers to one who,

“Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour
Truth and the text he labours to display,
Till both are quite interpreted away.”

There is a pitifully biased contrast in Tennyson's “*Aylmer's Field*” where the rector addresses himself so eloquently, so feelingly,

and so convincingly to the congregation on the death of Edith and Leolin, and in "*Sea Dreams*."

"Where a heated pulpiter,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed.
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel; 'Thus with violence'
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea!"

Two last quotations must suffice as we take leave of the pulpit first, the stirring words of Baxter concerning his own message:

"I preached as never sure to preach again
And as a dying man to dying men."

The second, is the response which such preaching brings, typified in the words of an unknown scribe, said to have been written on the occasion of "Dr. Elmslie's first sermon":

"He held the lamp of Truth that day
So low that none could miss the way;
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair, The World's Great Light."

(4) *The Inner Life*

The following fragments, which could be added to indefinitely, give an awareness of that spirit which must condition every man's ministry if it is to stand the test of life and the scrutiny of the Chief Shepherd. Matthew Arnold's visit to the Christian Community in the East End produced this gem:

"I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
'Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?'
'Bravely!' said he; 'for I of late have been
Much cheered by thoughts of Christ, the living Bread'."

Secondly, the words of Bishop Ken on being asked what qualities he sought in ordinands:

"Give me the man these graces shall possess—
Of an Ambassador the just address:
A Father's tenderness, a Shepherd's care,
A Leader's courage who the cross can bear;

A Ruler's arm, a Watchman's wakeful eye;
 A Pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply;
 A Fisher's patience and a Labourer's toil;
 A Guide's dexterity to disembroil;
 A Prophet's inspiration from above,
 A Teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love."

Finally, in a word from John Keble, we leave the minister, gaining in private, the energy for his public ministry:

"The Christian Pastor, bowed to earth
 With thankless toil, and vile-esteemed,
 Still travailing in second birth
 Of souls that will not be redeemed,
 Yet steadfast set to do his part,
 And fearing most his own vain heart."

WALTER FANCUIT

THE MINISTER AND THE PRESS

JESUS wrote only once. The ground was His parchment, His finger His pen. What He wrote we do not know. We know only the effect on the readers, who hurried away before there could be a second edition. No doubt they were profoundly thankful that the single issue was printed on such impermanent material.

Jesus wrote nothing else of which we know. But He told stories that lost nothing when others came to write them. He preached sermons that retained all their vitality when the hands of others recorded them as Scripture. And He left all the reporting to those hands of others.

"Many," begins Luke, "have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." "There are," concludes John, "many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

Many hands have taken up the pen and made heavy work of the reporting of the words and deeds of Jesus, and a worldful of books has been written in the attempt. Four writers succeeded in getting their manuscripts accepted for the canon of the New Testament; because it was so obvious that what they had written was not a report, but a revelation.

All four writers, however, make reference to a journalist who published a newspaper. "Pontius Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh unto the city; and it was written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered, What I have written, I have written."

Had Pilate agreed to add "He said," those words would have had vital significance. That would have given the words on the placard the status of Divinely inspired Scripture. But they lack the addition, and therefore the status. As Pilate most truly said, what he had written, he had written. They are the words of Pilate, not of God; and Pilate wrote as a journalist, not as a prophet. His writing was a report, not a revelation; a newspaper, not a Scripture.

In seeking to give his newspaper the widest possible circulation, Pilate published it in three editions, in the three chief languages of his time. But below the newspaper God had written a Scripture, not in any human language, but in His own. The Christ on the cross was God's medium for telling mankind something which was beyond all human language, yet written in language which all mankind could read and understand.

"Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is Love."

Pontius Pilate put a placard on a piece of wood. God wrote a Christ on a cross. The supreme task of the minister writing for the press is to put Christ on the placard.

"Before your eyes, wrote Paul to the Galatians, "Jesus Christ the crucified was placarded." In his preaching the minister brings Christ into the pulpit, and through his own spoken word and the ear of the hearer he seeks to bring Christ to man. In his writing the minister brings Christ to the printed page, and through his own written word and the eye of the reader seeks to convey Christ to man. But beyond the spoken and written word he must set forth Christ in that super-earthly language whereby, beyond mere words, God reaches the human heart; and even as the preacher effaces himself to portray the Christ, so must the writer write in such a way that all "What I have written, I have written" is obscured into insignificance by the blazing imprint of that vital Divine "He said."

The writer has no easy task. For one thing, his medium demands intense compression. The preacher has more time than the writer has space. And especially is that space restricted in the "press" as distinct from a book. The author of a book can make it more or less what length he chooses, but the writer of an article is but as the hind to whom a space of land is given to plough, who may not wander from the allotted field and exceed its all-too-narrow limits. With his mind full of that theme which could fill the world with books, he has but that sheet of parchment on which to inscribe it. William Hickey, of the *Daily Express*, once wrote that of all magnificent journalistic efforts at reporting an epoch-making event with conciseness and comprehensiveness the greatest ever was that of Moses when he wrote: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And one of the most brilliant literary gems embedded in Scripture is that pithy little story in Ecclesiastes: "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it; now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." It is a model of the written story; succinct, expressive.

Another difficulty of the writer is that the written word is so cold and bare and lifeless, in comparison with the spoken word. The pulpit is a medium difficult enough, but the pen has its peculiar handicaps. The written word lacks the kindling fire of the preacher's personal presence, the throb and cadence of his voice as the man mediates the message, the varying shades of meaning and emphasis possible in the very tone of his uttered word. The preacher has a whole gamut of expression through which to range, where the writer is like the little bird with his one only note; and the writer's only means of emphasis is a word's position in the sentence, or the crudeness of capitals or italics. The writer has to make his words their own music. Somehow he must call twenty-six letters and half-a-dozen punctuation marks to come together in an Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, and stand upon their feet and live. And if they live, it must not be by his prophesying upon them with the breath of his own literary cunning, but by the Spirit of God coming with the four winds of heaven and invigorating them with life Divine, and infusing into them that all-important "He said."

Then, too, the writer must, like Pontius Pilate, have his Hebrew and Greek and Latin: that is, he must have his varying styles in which to address his different types of reader. He can be learned, technical, even abstruse, when he is writing (which some

of us do not aspire to) for the scholar in his study. Then he must write in warm, direct, glowing words of devotion for the people from the pew who, as the saints of God are living the daily Christian life in the week-day world, and in the quiet half-hour look to their magazine-rack for food for their souls: not forgetting that mystic multitude whom age and infirmity and other barriers shut within their own doors, who hear no preacher but a printed page. And third (and most difficulty of all, perhaps) he must write for the man in the street. That man, whose vagrant eye we catch perchance through some wedged-in column amid the appeals and advertisements, the annunciations and denunciations, of a secular newspaper—that man knows nothing of the terminology of the church, so glib and familiar on the lips of its adherents, but a meaningless jargon to him. He must be written to in his own language, and sacred things poured into a secular mould whose outward shape he can recognise and be attracted to, till his won attention is leading him gently on to assimilate the eternal truth within. Jesus could do it. He wrapped up the Gospel in stories, and He caught men where they lived. What He could have done with a Saturday morning half-column in a leading daily!

But Jesus never wrote, any more than He baptised. He left all that, with the preaching, to the eleven men of Galilee and their successors. Why do we preach? Why do we write? Because He commanded it, and necessity is laid upon us.

No man can write of Christ for the joy of creation, the beauty of words, the power of the pen, for self-expression or earthly rewards or appreciations. He writes in faint and humble response to that wonder of wonders written in another world—a nail-pierced Hand writing His own unworthy name in the Lamb's Book of Life.

S. P. GOODGE

“THE PASTOR AS A POLITICIAN”

THE title is provocative. It is intended to be. It is not necessary to point out to my brethren in the Baptist Ministry that the word “politics” is of noble ancestry. I think it is a pity that we are scared of it, due to the false division of life into “Sacred” and “Secular.”

Without daring to sit in judgment on others who adopt a more ascetic view of life, I would point out that this dualism was never accepted by the social-religious and heretical groups who were the

spiritual ancestors of the present-day Baptist Churches. The mediæval "heretics," the Lollards, the Hussites and the Anabaptists believed that life could not be lived on a double ethic. It was not so much their theological heresy that was at the root of the exterminating persecutions that followed the Anabaptists, nor yet their extravagances, but their social and political doctrines. On the other hand Luther managed to maintain what Professor Tawney calls "a combination of religious radicalism with an economic conservatism." Great admirer of Luther though I am, I fear this compromise resulted in an unhappy division of life's activities into sacred and secular, and the church itself into clergy and laity. It may even account, as Dr. Townsend has suggested, for the failure of the Lutheran Church to stand against Nazi tyranny. I would like to carry the thought further, but space does not permit.

This explains briefly, at any rate, why, for twenty-seven years I have been both pastor and politician, evangelist and reformer, and why I do not separate sanctuary from the polling booth. It has been a tremendous inspiration to know that praying people have "remembered me before the Throne" whilst I have been debating civic issues in the Council Chamber. I am not unaware of the dangers incurred in combining the two offices. Sometimes it is hard to decide which duty should come first. "How do you manage your pastoral visitation," I am sometimes asked. Well, though I fancy that some asking that question do less visiting than I do, I can only say that if some contacts are missed that might be made on the pastoral round, a hundred others are made through the services one is able to render as a City Alderman. Every service has its own peculiar dangers and temptations. I know how easy it is for the "pastor" to become merged into the "politician" and how the smoke of battle may cling to his garments as he passes into the sanctuary. But is it not equally true that the "mustiness" of books clings to some preachers as they enter the pulpit? Let every man slay his own spiritual adversary. I am not unaware of my danger, and I know that I have often failed. I am told that politics are a dirty game. So is much modern business, but for all that I cannot advise Christians to abstain from either. I believe the Free Church minister will find there is a congenial sphere of activity for him on some City Council Committee and, generally speaking, he is a useful member on hospital and education committees.

In Liverpool I have been able to keep a keen eye on the political manœuvring of the Roman Church and have led two

successful fights against building grants for sectarian schools. About one quarter of the boy school population in our city is found in Roman Catholic schools and these produce 82 per cent. of our juvenile criminals. By a comparison of different types of schools in the different economic strata in the city I am able to prove that this vexed question of juvenile delinquency is largely a "sectarian" question. Council schools which house the greater part of the city's scholars are comparatively free from it. Only six per cent. of our nearly 3,000 youngsters dealt with by juvenile courts last year came from Council schools and probably half of this number were over-spill from neighbouring Roman Catholic schools unable to house them. Much the same is true of other cities.

In pre-war years our inflated Poor Law expenditure might be similarly explained. For some years I was Chairman of our Poor Law Hospitals' Committee and found many opportunities for service both as a minister and a citizen. People of all creeds and none came to me for advice for we have always put "need before creed." It is not without significance, however, to read what the R.C. Archbishop of Westminster had to say the other day about the staffing of our hospitals. Dr. Griffin declared with pride that more than half the nurses in England are now Roman Catholic. There is more than the danger of pro-seletysing in that fact. The official teaching of the Roman Church regarding marriage and childbirth is little known even among our ministers. In certain cases it involves pre-natal baptism, or christening of the foetus. It makes the life of the unborn child more important than that of the mother. Books like *Moral Problems in Hospital Practice*, published by the Herder Book Company, Queen's Square, London, will be an eye-opener to many. It is written by a Priest Doctor, Patrick A. Finney, and bears the imprimatur of his Archbishop. I know that attempts at the pernicious practices therein outlined have been known in city hospitals.

Our little Protestant Party on the City Council now consists of seven members, with one exception all members of my church. We feel we are accomplishing something worth while in the fight for a clean city, and many of those belonging to the two greater parties, from time to time thank us for our lead. Such action may not be possible for ministers in many centres, but wherever a minister can render such civic service, if he is not afraid of criticism and can take kicks, I advise him to go in and win.

H. D. LONGBOTTOM