

he could have used an ambiguous word in the Greek, for example, ἐν: if he had wished to say 'in your midst' it is difficult to see why he should not have said ἐν μέσῳ ὑμῶν, as in 22²⁷.

2. The difficulty about our Lord's saying 'The Kingdom is in your hearts' when He was addressing His opponents the Pharisees, disappears if ὑμῶν is taken impersonally, as often in our Lord's teaching.

Thus Otto, in *The Kingdom of Heaven and the Son of Man*, p. 135: "You" here [Lk 17²¹] means neither the Pharisees in particular, nor the scribes, but the same "you" as are generally addressed by Jesus. . . . "To you" is a stereotyped phrase employed whenever anything is said about the coming kingdom.'

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Entre Nous.

A Religious Pilgrimage.

This is the sub-title which the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, D.D., has given to his autobiography—*How I Found My Faith* (Cassell; 10s. 6d. net), and it is in the account of his spiritual development that the great interest of the book lies.

But from the beginning Dr. Williams's story is full of romance. His father was a man of varied fortunes in various places, but wherever he was, and whether in or out of employment, he did not cease his work as an itinerant Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Preacher. Dr. Williams was one of eighteen children, and at the age of nine went into the coal pit. He worked, he tells us, in a bending position, for the seam was only three feet high; but 'My life in the mine was not unhappy, although in winter I never saw daylight except on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and was usually so tired when I got home that I had to lie on the stone floor of the living-room for an hour before I could even wash or eat.' There ran alongside his work-life a life created by religious influences—the Sunday School and Band of Hope.

'If I cut out my interest in religious things I cut out by far the brightest and happiest part of my childhood.' At fourteen we find him beginning to preach. 'It was absurd,' he says looking back on it.

After a time at Cardiff Grammar School, to which he was able to go through the kindness of neighbours who had a benefit concert for him, he spent some years at Carmarthen College. At the age of twenty he entered the Ministry of the Welsh Congregational Church and went to Dowlais. After that he was in Neath, and after a few more years he found himself chosen to minister to the important Greenfield Church at Bradford.

Here it was that he found himself for the first time confronted with theological difficulties. 'There were men in our Minister's Fraternal who spoke of things Biblical and theological in a way

that left me in utter darkness as to what they meant, except that I saw that it meant something entirely different from what I believed.' He was brought face to face for the first time with the results of Higher Criticism: 'My old theory of the Bible simply went to pieces upon indisputable evidence, and not to give it up would mean being a traitor to discovered facts.' The one point all through that he was determined about was that he must be, from beginning to end, honest: 'I had first to find a faith which I could hold sincerely without playing tricks with my own soul, for I had made up my mind that I would have an honest faith or none at all. . . . This still seems to me to be the right starting-point if a man is to do anything worth while for others; he must not compromise the integrity of his own faith.'

There came presently the glorious day when he again felt sure of his faith: 'He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of a miry clay and he set my feet upon a rock and established my going.'

Dr. Williams does not stress the work that he did himself in popularizing the modern attitude to the Bible, but he does tell with pleasure that Dr. Fosdick said of him: 'You have been one of the formative influences in my life.'

On several occasions there has come to Dr. Williams a special experience: 'I do not pretend to know what this experience was, nor exactly how to evaluate it, though I know it made a valuable difference' . . . 'it was as if the Divine Immanence, which I had believed in as a rational doctrine had become suddenly an overwhelming and triumphant experience. I find parallels to it in the Mystics, in Jacob Boehme, in William Law.'

It came to him once: 'while staying at Enfield with the Rev. R. J. Campbell, as I walked alone in the garden early one lovely morning, when the natural light seemed shot through with some other light.'

'Another time when a great trouble was filling

The sermons are arranged in groups and deal with the seasons and with particular occasions as well as with more general subjects. The title of the volume is taken from the last Sermon—The White Horseman being the Horseman in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation. We have quoted it, in shortened form, in 'The Christian Year' this month, so enabling our readers to judge for themselves the quality of the volume.

'Treated like a real Lady.'

'More than a month afterwards one of the old ladies from the workhouse who had been one of our guests, climbed the stairs of Somerset Terrace and asked for Mary Neal. Tempted perhaps by the desire to keep a memento of the day, she had concealed a spoon in her stocking and had taken it back to the workhouse. (It was only a caterer's spoon, and of no value whatever.) She was overcome afterwards by the thought that after being treated "just as though I was a real lady" she had taken the spoon. She suffered a fortnight's remorse, and on her next day out she had tramped to Canning Town to find some one to whom she could restore it. Baffled in her search she had walked all those miles back to the Marylebone workhouse to suffer another fortnight of mental misery. When again the day's freedom was due to her, she trudged to Somerset Terrace where she found Mary Neal, and with tears of contrition returned the spoon!

"'Treated like a real lady'" — that fact it was that had pierced her poor old heart.¹

Too Old.

Some little time ago we published a children's address by the Reverend John T. Taylor. Readers of it will be glad to have *One-Man Band*, a volume of forty talks to young people, published by Messrs. Allenson at 3s. 6d. net. We quote a part of 'The Crocus that missed the Bus.'

'You will know, of course, that you can find other things in the garden besides flowers. Just think of the things which you have actually found there—and lost there, if it comes to that.

'The particular thing that I found in my garden one day gave me a shock. No, they were not worms! . . . My shock was to find in a paper bag twelve crocus bulbs (I suppose I ought to call them "corms") which had missed the bus. You will remember that the crocus blooms in the

¹ Emmeline Pethick Lawrence, *My Part in a Changing World*, 125.

spring—in the month of March. You will have noticed how badly the sparrows treat them in the park. To me, spring would hardly be spring without their blue, white, and golden flowers.

'Well, as I have said, there were the bulbs, and it was early summer. Not only had the time for planting gone by, but the time for flowering as well. They were too late for that year certainly, and perhaps too late for ALWAYS. . . . That is why my finding them gave me such a shock.

'Too late to Flower! It is bad enough to be too late for the shop when you have been sent to buy something; it is bad enough to miss the train; it is simply dreadful to arrive at the Post Office, and to find that you cannot get a postal order; and it must be AWFUL to be late for business—but how much more dreadful must it be to be too late for things which can never, never, never come back again to us.

'If you should be unlucky enough to get to the railway station too late for the school excursion, you just miss your treat for that year, but if you miss the time for the scholarship exam. you have missed that FOR THE WHOLE OF YOUR LIFE. The chance does not often come again. Like the crocuses, you have missed the bus very badly.

'I do not think you can ever be too old to study, but you know youth is the flowering time for that. Make the best and the most of it. I would like also to think that people can never be too old to break off bad habits, but boyhood and girlhood is the finest time for this special flowering. And I rejoice that we can never be too far on in years to give ourselves to the Lord Jesus, but after all it is best to do that while we are young.

'I am more sorry than I can say for my crocuses, but I am more sorry still for some people who know they are past their flowering time.'

New Poetry.

Two Anthologies of poetry have been published by Messrs. Macmillan. The smaller volume, *Poems of To-Day* (3s. 6d. net), has been compiled by the English Association, and forms the third series of their collection. It consists of poems published since 1922 down to the present day. This is a selection which we feel should on no account be missed. It is excellent in every way, carrying out fully the selectors' purpose of including poems that are truly typical of the modern school while yet conforming to certain accepted canons of style. A useful feature is the short biographical notes.

The second Anthology is somewhat larger (6s. net) and the title is *Poems of Twenty Years*. It has

me with apprehension I was walking along one of those streets in Manningham, where not a blade of grass is to be seen. Suddenly there shone round me what felt like a physical light, but which I knew was not, and a voice in me said: "Be at peace; all will be right." And so it was.

'A third occasion was on the Downs near Brighton, during the war, on a glorious spring day. Oppressed by the terrible war happenings, there broke over me once again a feeling of overwhelming love and goodness and peace as the eternal things in life. For the moment all the horror and evil seemed swallowed up in infinite good. The ocean of light, as George Fox said, flowed over the ocean of darkness and death.'

We must make a good life of it.

An account of the life of *Edith Davidson of Lambeth* has been written by M. C. S. M., one who was in the closest touch with Mrs. Davidson for many years (John Murray; 9s. net).

The first question that occurs to one to ask is whether there was room for this biography after the very full one of Archbishop Davidson by the Bishop of Chichester, but of necessity that occupied itself with the public life rather than the private life of Archbishop Davidson, and this is essentially a story of home life. There are a number of revealing anecdotes.

'An unsatisfactory employee was being discussed at breakfast one day, years ago—one who was weak in character and had failed again and again; dismissal was suggested. The Archbishop was present, reading *The Times*. He suddenly dropped the paper and Mrs. Davidson said: "Well, Randall, what are you thinking about?" He replied: "Oh—only when you were all talking about poor so-and-so, I was saying to myself the words that were said over me at my consecration—"Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost." And he got up and left the room. Mrs. Davidson gathered up her letters from the breakfast-table and said: "While we were talking, Randall was praying for ——. He will have another chance."'

The volume is not at all a large one but within its scope it does two things well. It gives a charming picture of the leisurely life of earlier days when telephones and motor-cars were unknown and rooms were lit by candlelight. A journey abroad paid under the personal supervision of Mr. Cooke who acts as courier is amusingly described.

'My surprise was great when a quiet, middle-

aged man, very much like a home-staying retired tradesman, was pointed out to me, walking up and down the platform with his hands in his pockets seemingly taking notice of no one. He could not speak a word of any language but his own! . . .'

The second thing which this volume does so well is to make us feel the strong religious background of Mrs. Davidson's early homes, and realize what it was that she carried with her to the homes of her married life.

'I want to gather myself and live well this summer—so help me God. It won't be easy—but I'll try—so as to make what I can of Randall's wife.'

A recurrent phrase is 'we must make a good life of it.'

The Importance of Preaching.

The Dean of Winchester has just published a volume of Sermons with the title *The White Horseman* (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net). Dr. Selwyn has prefaced his volume by a valuable chapter 'Concerning Sermons.'

He begins by quoting Rose Macaulay's ironical remark: 'though, of course there is, from time to time a sermon. . . . But it seems that this cannot, in any Church, be helped.' Dr. Selwyn believes that the preacher's task is one of great value, for he is here to answer the most important of all questions. Mr. Aldous Huxley's 'Ends and Means' he says is 'a kind of preacher's *apologia*.'

"Technological advance is rapid, but without progress in charity, technological advance is useless. Indeed, it . . . has merely provided us with more efficient means for going backwards." And he insists that our metaphysical beliefs, which give us our ends in life, are the crux of the whole matter. "What sort of world is this, in which men aspire to good, and yet so frequently achieve evil? What is the sense and point of the whole affair? What is man's place in it, and how are his ideals, his systems of values, related to the universe at large?" These are just the questions which the preacher is there to answer?

The ministry of vision is as much as ever a vital principal of social health, and in that field the minister of the Word of God has a great part to play.

By the sermon Dr. Selwyn argues, the Church shows the 'Vision of Human Life,' illuminates all man's most important relationships and the several obligations of each, setting them all against the background of man as a spiritual creature.

been compiled by Mr. Maurice Wollman who was for some years editor of 'Modern Poetry.' He is a fine judge of poetry, and in spite of some omissions and some curious inclusions also—we wonder why Mr. George Barker's *Juvenilia* rather than more truly representative poems, have been chosen—we would say you must get this volume also.

There are very few poems common to both volumes, though as would be expected since the period covered is very similar, many of the same authors appear. The only case that we have noticed where there are several repetitions is in that of Mr. Day Lewis, who, by the bye, appears in the one volume under 'Day' and in the other under 'Lewis.' We have quoted one of his poems (from *Poems of To-Day*). Mr. Wollman in his interesting introduction says of Mr. Day Lewis's poetry that 'the basis of it is "man's inhumanity to man" and, offshoot of the War, the essential and eternal brotherhood of man.'

From *Poems of Twenty Years* we quote one of Mr. James Stephens, and a short poem by Sylvia Lynd.

OH HUSH THEE, MY BABY

Oh hush thee, my baby,
Thy cradle's in pawn:
No blankets to cover thee
Cold and forlorn.
The stars in the bright sky
Look down and are dumb
At the heir of the ages
Asleep in a slum.

The hooters are blowing,
No heed let him take;
When baby is hungry
'Tis best not to wake.
Thy mother is crying,
Thy dad's on the dole:
Two shillings a week is
The price of a soul.

Cecil Day Lewis.

THE MOON HATH NOT.

The moon hath not got any light;
All that beauty, all that power,
Is a cheat upon the sight,
Is come and gone within the hour!
What is pure,
Or what is lovely?
Nothing is that will endure!

An apple-blossom in the spring,
When spring awakens everything,
Is pure or lovely as it please,
Or not as it knows not of these!
What is pure,
Or what is lovely?
Nothing is that will endure!

Pure is cherished in a dream,
Loveliness in little thought;
Out of nowhere do they gleam,
Out of nothing are they wrought!
What is pure
Or what is lovely?
Nothing is that will endure!

Courage, goodness, tenderness:
Beauty, wisdom, ecstasy:
Wonder, love, and loveliness:
Hope, and immortality:
What is pure,
Or what is lovely?
Nothing is that will endure!

Pure and lovely sleep and wait,
Where not good nor ill is done,
In the keep, within the gate,
At the heart of everyone:
What is pure,
Or what is lovely?
All is, and doth all endure.

JAMES STEPHENS.

THE ENEMIES.

Time, change and death, these
Three are Man's enemies.

What? Time that takes the pain from grief,
That brings again bud and leaf,
That sets the child in its mother's arms?

What? Change that gives eyes to the blind,
That in decay can freshness find,
Making old, new; familiar, strange?

What? Death that shuts the gate
On longing and regret,
Grief, fear, pain, shame, satiety, and all harms—
Time and change?
SYLVIA LYND.

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