

## Entre Nous.

### 'Alive unto God.'

The leader in *St. Martin's Review* for August is a great call by Canon S. J. Marriott of Westminster for a moral and religious awakening in the nation.

He sees in the chaos in which Europe is seething a struggle between the organic and the inorganic in which life will not be denied. A simple illustration is that from 'a dandelion growing in the middle of an asphalt pavement. It is a humble but vivid example of the irresistible power of life. Here is a struggle between the organic and the inorganic, between a tiny seed and a mass weight of dead matter: and the seed wins because it contains within itself the irresistible urge of life. The sign of its victory is a broken pavement; the reward of its victory, freedom to grow.'

Canon Marriott sees the strength of Hitler just here—he has effected the renaissance of Germany by a return to the sources of life. 'It is to blood, and race and soil that he has recalled the German people. . . . Now blood, race, and soil are essentially organic, and it was in opposition to the inorganic, primarily money and the mechanized form of civilization, that the Nazi revolution arose.'

It is not the powers of money, science, and politics that will defeat Hitlerism. 'These are the three forces which have moulded and controlled our civilization of recent years. Not only are they inanimate forces, but they are essentially the forms of power natural to the middle-aged and elderly, not to the young. When we are young it is the call of the blood not the call of the Stock Exchange that appeals to us; not the life of abstract thought but the life of actual adventure. A civilization which is dominated by science and finance is a civilization which has reached old age.'

Canon Marriott sees the soul of Germany as alive, 'terribly alive, devilishly alive, but alive.' 'That is our danger,' he says. 'England will never be secure till her soul comes alive, but in a grander, nobler way. That is why I long to see a great moral and spiritual awakening in the nation. Life can come from above as well as from below; it can be divine as well as demonic. What the British peoples need at this moment is passion to liberate, readiness to sacrifice, fearlessness to die. And where will you

find those virtues so perfectly set forth as in that Christian faith which has played so large a part in our national history, our national character, our national traditions in the past? This is the life which cometh "from above," and it is at that source that the life of our land and Empire must be replenished. Nothing less will meet the needs of the hour.'

### J. D. Jones.

*Three Score Years and Ten* (Hodder & Stoughton; 8s. 6d. net) is described on the paper cover as an autobiography. Dr. Jones himself in his Preface disclaims this and says the book is rather his recollections of great and good men of a by-gone age and also his recollections of movements—'in some of these movements I took a share.'

'Recollections' then rather than 'an autobiography.' They all make good reading, and we hope that Dr. Jones will still give us the more personal record.

There were few leading men in Congregationalism and in Church life generally that Dr. Jones did not know. Silvester Horne, Charles A. Berry and his son, Sidney Berry, Dr. Guinness Rogers, J. B. Paton are all here. Of J. B. Paton he says, 'I saw the beauty of holiness in him.' 'Parker had not the massive intellectual strength of Dale; he had not the exegetical clearness, the logical coherence and the restrained eloquence of Maclaren: he had not the perfect artistry of Jowett—he was rough-hewn like the Northumbria from which he hailed—he was boisterous, sometimes perhaps bombastic, but he had drama, he had passion, he had genius, he had great flashes of inspiration which made other preachers seem dull in comparison.' It was a speech of Dr. Parker's that influenced 'J. D.' in the movement which he led to wield Congregationalism from a number of separate churches into one great whole—into a unity where the stronger churches helped the weaker. It was his personal efforts that led to the institution of the great Central Fund of that Church.

Dr. Jones's work for reunion is well known and the part which he has played in the Lambeth Conversations. But it has never been one huge ecclesiastical organization that he has striven for. 'Our Lord Himself did not speak of one "fold" but of one

"flock." His sheep might shelter in half a dozen different folds, but they were nevertheless one "flock" because they listened to the Shepherd's voice and followed Him. That has always suggested to me the kind of union we ought to aim at—a unity that was consistent with variety: a unity brought about by a common faith and a common allegiance. That kind of unity I have done my best to promote.'

In the Epilogue Dr. Jones strikes a more personal note when he speaks of his own ministry and the beliefs which have animated him. 'I do not think I was ever swept away by the popular drift. It was not that I was insensible to social wrongs, but I believed the hurt of man lay deeper down. Better wages, better hours, better housing, better conditions generally—they were all desirable things, and on the platform I was always ready to plead for them. But the real mischief was more deep-seated. Perhaps it was my knowledge of my own heart and my own sense of need that made me feel the truth of our Lord's great word, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." So all through my ministry I have been an Evangelical preacher. I have made it my business to proclaim to men the redeeming grace of God in Christ. I believe the new man in Christ can alone bring to pass the new world.'

#### The Good Shepherd.

C. F. Andrews was invited in 1937 by Dr. Raven to give a course of lectures in Pastoral Theology at Cambridge. He developed and amplified these talks later and they have now been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton with the title *The Good Shepherd* (6s. net). This, his last message to us, is a call for personal preparation as He, the Good Shepherd, leads us forth from the fold and bids us follow in His steps. The second part of the message deals with practical work—how best we may feed those who are the 'sheep of His pasture.'

'One day, up above Matiana, on the Hindustan-Tibet Road, I saw a singularly beautiful sight, which opened out before me the whole vision of the shepherd at his work. . . . Just as we came to the place it seemed almost as if the Gospel story was being acted in a pageant before our eyes. The porter opened the door of the fold, and each shepherd came in turn and called his own sheep by name out of the fold. They heard his voice and obeyed, and he put them forth and went before them and the sheep followed him: for they knew their own shepherd's voice, but they would not recognize the voice of a stranger. In the shelter of the fold, during the night, there had been five or six flocks

all mingled together. Each flock was small in number; perhaps a dozen or fifteen sheep would be as many as one shepherd would take with him for the day's pasture. As each shepherd came forward and called his own sheep by name, the one that was called would come running up at the sound of his voice, and in this way they brought forth their own sheep and thus separated the flocks from one another. Each sheep knew his own shepherd's voice. It was a happy sight to notice that the tie between the shepherd and his sheep was remarkably friendly. One sign of affection was this: the ewe mother, who had her lambs, would allow her own shepherd to take them up in his arms without any murmur. . . . The familiar words, "He shall gather the lambs in His arm and carry them in His bosom," meant much more to me when I saw this in action.'

#### Waste.

'"I don't want you to be mean," said Grandmother, "but I want you to realize that everything has some use and that nothing should be thrown away thoughtlessly. Cultivate the habit of taking care of your things and of remembering how much trouble went to the growing or making of them." How often we heard these words in our childhood! We were taught not to leave a single grain of rice in our bowl or to drop any on the table or floor. If we did, we were reminded that each single grain of rice had formed part of the farmer's labour during the season and caused him to worry about drought and flood. Money could not repay such labour. Moreover, we ought, we were told, to think of those who might not have had a single grain of rice to eat for some time. The principle of "no waste" extended to everything we ate or used. From late autumn to mid-spring we used to eat a sweet orange, like a tangerine but with a red peel. We never threw the peel away but dried it in the sun and kept it until some native drug-store sent a messenger to collect it. The dried peel was used to make a sedative, carminative stomach remedy.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Chiang Yee, *A Chinese Childhood*, 293. (In his fascinating book, just published, Mr. Chiang Yee in telling of his own childhood has given an account of the customs of an old aristocratic Chinese family.)