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Entre Nous.

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE TEXT.

'The splendid personality of Silas Wright has been best revealed to us in Irving Bacheller's *The Light in the Clearing*. The book is partly history and partly commentary and partly fiction. Silas Wright, says Irving Bacheller, carried the candle of the Lord; and all the world rejoiced in its radiance.

'Barton Baynes, the hero of the book—for whose actuality and historicity the author vouches—is an orphan brought up on a farm by his Uncle Peabody and Aunt Deel. Getting into all sorts of scrapes, he makes up his mind that he is too heavy a burden on the affectionate and good-natured couple; and one night he runs away. Out in the darkness, however, he meets with strange adventures, loses his way, and at length finds himself in the hands of Silas Wright, the Comptroller. The Senator first falls in love with the bright-faced, open-hearted, intelligent boy, and then takes him back to his uncle's farm. From that moment the friendship between the two—the great man and the obscure country boy—grows apace. After a while the Senator visits the district to deliver an address, and he spends the night at the farmhouse. It is a great occasion for Bart; and after supper an incident occurs that colours all his life and strikes the keynote of the book. As Barton approaches Mr. Wright to say Good-night, the Senator says:

'"I shall be gone when you are up in the morning. It may be a long time before I see you; I shall leave something for you in a sealed envelope with your name on it. You are not to open the envelope until you go away to school. I know how you will feel that first day. When night falls, you will think of your aunt and uncle and be very lonely. When you go to your room for the night I want you to sit down all by yourself and read what I shall write. They will be, I think, the most impressive words ever written. You will think them over, but you will not understand them for a long time. Ask every wise man you meet to explain them to you, for all your happiness will depend upon your understanding of those few words in the envelope."

'The words in the sealed envelope!

'What are the mysterious words in the envelope?

'And what if the sealed envelope contains a *text*?

'In the morning, when Barton rose, the Senator was gone, and Aunt Deel handed the boy the sealed envelope. It was addressed: "Master Barton Baynes; to be opened when he leaves home to go to school." That day soon came. At the Canton Academy, under the care of the excellent Michael Hacket, Bart felt terribly lonely, and, in accordance with the Senator's instructions, he opened the note. And this is what he read:

'"Dear Bart,—I want you to ask the wisest man you know to explain these words to you. I suggest that you commit them to memory and think often of their meaning. They are from Job: '*His bones are full of the sin of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust.*' I believe that they are the most impressive in all the literature I have read.—Silas Wright."'[1]

PERSONAL.

Carlyle.

The things of most interest in Dean Inge's Rede Lecture for 1922 on *The Victorian Age* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 2s. 6d. net) are his swift characterizations of certain of the persons who made that age great. The greatest of them all, he thinks, was Tennyson. His words are: 'The grandest and most fully representative figure in all Victorian literature is of course Alfred Tennyson.' After which follows an unexpectedly enthusiastic appreciation. Who were the rest? He names Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord Lawrence, and Burne-Jones. This is what he says of Carlyle:

'Carlyle was a Stoic, or in other words a Calvinist without dogmas; he had also learned to be a mystic from his studies of German idealism. He represents one phase of the anti-French reaction; he hated most of the ideas of 1789, as displayed in their results. He hated the scepticism of the Revolution, its negations, its love of claptrap rhetoric and fine phrases, and above all its anarchism. He wished to see society well ordered, under its wisest men; he wished to overcome

[1] F. W. Boreham, *A Handful of Stars*, 170.

materialism by idealism, and loose morality by industry and the fear of God. Justice, he declared, is done in this world; right is might, if we take long views. Institutions collapse when they become shams, and no longer fulfil their function. The sporting squires ought to be founding colonies instead of preserving game. As for the new industrialism, he disliked it with the fervour of a Scottish peasant.'

Madame Montessori.

In the welter of theories and the deeper welter of practices of Education at the present time, a guide so competent and condensed as Mr. H. M. Beatty's *A Brief History of Education* (Watts; 4s. 6d. net) is most welcome. The book has the right to be called a History, for it covers the whole ground. But half of it is wisely reserved for Pestalozzi and those who came after him. Herbart is much praised. Montessori is not approved of. 'Dr. Montessori, however, is more than a teacher; she claims to be an educational thinker, and has expounded her views in several large volumes. It is therefore necessary to consider her principles; especially as it is claimed that they are applicable to education generally and not merely to the work of the "children's homes." On these principles, or rather principle, Dr. Montessori is emphatic: "The fundamental principle of scientific pedagogy must be, indeed, the *liberty of the pupil*" (the italics are hers); and again, "'social liberty' signifies a partial liberation, the liberation of a country, of a class, or of thought. That concept of liberty which must inspire pedagogy is, instead, universal."

'With reference to this universal liberty, one feature is worthy of observation—that the instrument for carrying it into effect is the "didactic apparatus," which is standardized, fixed, and even patented. As has been well said: "For the vibrating, living voice of the teacher is substituted the cold and toneless voice of the material, through which there speaks to the child Dr. Montessori herself—not as an educator ever renewing and perfecting herself, but in a form realized once for all and rigid." In fact, this concept of universal liberty is a flight of Dr. Montessori's characteristic rhetoric. Her words can mean nothing less than anarchy, and no system of education can co-exist with anarchy. But she has no other principle; and indeed she condemns her predecessors, Pestalozzi, Rousseau, and Herbart, because they based their education on "philosophic and abstract principles." Her own system, on the contrary, is merely a collection of miscellaneous expedients; her system of thought is purely sensational.'

Dr. Hutton and Dr. Jowett.

While Dr. Joseph Fort Newton was minister of the City Temple he kept a diary. He has now published it, with additions and emendations. *Preaching in London* is the title (Doran; $1.50). It is mixed reading. What could be more generous than this appreciation of Dr. Hutton?—

'Dr. John Hutton, of Glasgow, preached in the City Temple to-day, his theme being "The Temptation," that is, the one temptation that includes all others—the spirit of cynicism that haunts all high moods. Artfully, subtly it seeks to lower, somehow, the lights of the soul, to slay ideals, to betray and deliver us to basemindedness. Such preaching! He searches like a surgeon and heals like a physician. Seldom, if ever, have I had anyone walk right into my heart with a lighted candle in his hand, as he did, and look into the dark corners. For years I had known him as a master of the inner life, whether dealing with the Bible "At Close Quarters," or with those friends and aiders of faith, like Browning; and there are passages in "The Winds of God" that echo like great music. As a guide to those who are walking in the middle years of life, where bafflements of faith are many and moral pitfalls are deep, there is no one like Hutton; no one near him. But, rich as his books are, his preaching is more wonderful than his writing. While his sermon has the finish of a literary essay, it is delivered with the enthusiasm of an evangelist. The whole man goes into it, uniting humour, pathos, unction, with a certain wildness of abandon, as of one possessed, which is the note of truly great preaching. In my humble judgment he is the greatest preacher in Britain.'

And what could be more astonishing than this depreciation of Dr. Jowett which follows a few pages after?—

'Dr. Jowett began his ministry at Westminster Chapel to-day,—the anniversary of Pentecost,—welcomed by a hideous air-raid. Somehow, while Dr. Jowett always kindles my imagination, he never gives me that sense of reality which is the greatest thing in preaching. One enjoys his musi-

cal voice, his exquisite elocution, his mastery of the art of illustration, and his fastidious style; but the substance of his sermons is incredibly thin. Of course, this is due, in large part, to the theory of popular preaching on which he works. His method is to take a single idea—large or small—and turn it over and over, like a gem, revealing all its facets, on the ground that one idea is all that the average audience is equal to. Of this method Dr. Jowett is a consummate master, and it is a joy to see him make use of it, though at times it leads to a tedious repetition of the text. Often, too, he seems to be labouring under the handicap of a brilliant novelist, who must needs make up in scenery what is lacking in plot.

'Since his return to London he has been less given to filigree rhetoric, and he has struck almost for the first time a social note, to the extent, at any rate, of touching upon public affairs—although no one would claim that Dr. Jowett has a social message, in the real meaning of that phrase. No, his forte is personal religious experience of a mild evangelical type; and to a convinced Christian audience of that tradition and training he has a ministry of edification and comfort. But for the typical man of modern mind, caught in the currents and alive to the agitations of our day, Dr. Jowett has no message. However, we must not expect everything from any one servant of God, and the painter is needed as well as the prophet.'

SOME TOPICS.

Ideals.

'I was speaking to an assembly in New York immediately after the war. I referred to the ideals which had sustained us in the conflict and the opportunities, now presented, to realize them. I was followed by a prominent statesman and publicist. He said in effect, "The moral ideals of the war were all right in their time and place. They served to sustain the hopes, energies and endurance of the common masses throughout the struggle. They enabled us to win the victory. But now the victory is won, let us forget as soon as possible those iridescent dreams and turn to practical affairs." And he indicated that he meant by "practical affairs" merely business prosperity and commercial aggrandizement; and his audience, a trade association, applauded him to the echo, rising to their feet in their enthusiasm. I felt as if the voice of our heroic dead would speak in such withering rebuke as Alfred Noyes has since expressed in his noble lines:

"Now in this morning of a nobler age
Though night-born eyes, long taught to fear the sun,
Would still delay the world's great heritage,
Make firm, O God, the peace our dead have won.
For Folly shakes the tinsel on her head,
And points us backward to darkness and to hell,
Cackling, 'Beware of visions,' while our dead
Still cry, 'It was for visions that we fell.'"

'In this slump from high idealism into sneering cynicism and sodden, sordid materialism, we are threatened with a régime of reaction with its characteristic obscurantism and repression, if such a régime is not already upon us.'

So says Bishop Charles D. Williams.

The passage is found in his Lyman Beecher Lectures (better known as the Yale Lectures on Preaching) for 1920, which he has published under the title of *The Prophetic Ministry for Today* (Macmillan; $1.50).

Bishop Williams recommends and uses good modern illustrations. This is one: 'I crossed the Atlantic recently on a steamer that carried the most powerful wireless apparatus in use. The air was laden with messages from out the unseen. But most of the ships heard but partially. To receive them all required two things, the finest and most powerful instruments possible, and those instruments constantly attuned to the wave length of the sending instrument. God is ever speaking to men. His messages abound everywhere. All hear Him more or less in the voice of conscience. But if you would be a prophet, an interpreter of the fuller and finer messages of God to your fellows, you must offer Him the finest and fullest spiritual personality you can achieve, and then keep that personality constantly attuned to the mind of God.'

Christianity and Machinery.

'Just in the same way that machine production has created an atmosphere inimical to the arts, it has created an atmosphere antipathic to religion. The really practical challenge to Christian morals does not come from the materialist philosophy but from the machine. The old rationalists denied

the supernatural character of Christianity, but they did not challenge its moral code. That challenge, it is to be observed, came from those whose ultimate belief was in the beneficence of machinery, who in some vague way imagined that machinery had rendered Christianity obsolete much in the same way that it was rendering the handicraft obsolete. Foremost among those who so believed was Marx, for the new morality that he postulates is something that is to arise as a consequence of the dissolution of the fabric of existing society by the machine, and remembering how the factory system tends to break up family life there is no doubt a connection between the two. Such an antagonism is felt by men who have lived under happier conditions in the East. Let me quote the words of a Hindoo, Rab Bharati, on this question. He says:

'"What is this civilization anyway? I have lived in four of its chief centres for about five years. During that time I have studied this civilization with the little light with which my Brahmin birth has blessed me. And I must confess that I have been deeply pained by the facts that study has revealed to me. This vaunted civilization has raised selfishness to a religious creed. Mammon to the throne of God, adulteration to a science, falsehood to a fine art. . . . It has created artificial wants for man, and made him a slave of work to satisfy them; it has made him ever restless within and without, robbed him of leisure—the only friend of high thought. He knows no peace, hence he knows not himself nor his real object in life. It has made him a breathing, moving, hustling, fighting, spinning machine—ever working, never resting, never knowing even the refreshing rest of a sound sleep. It has made him a bag of live nerves ever stretched to high tension. It has sapped the foundation of home life, and, its trunk separated from its roots, its roof-tree threatens to fall, shaken by each passing breeze. Its vulgar haste and love of sensation are invading even the realm of religion, which is being classed with fads and crazes. Its boasted scientific inventions have done more harm than good to humanity's best and permanent interests; they serve only the surface of life which alone its votaries live and know."'[1]

'Science' and 'Religion.'

In his book on *The Individual and the Community* (Allen & Unwin; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. R. E. Roper, M.A., M.Ed., argues for the free play of Evolution in all the parts of man and in all the associations of men. Repression, the unsympathetic exercise of authority, that is the evil. In his chapter on Education he even blames Madame Montessori. 'Even Mme Montessori has this phrase on discipline: "I had to intervene to show with what absolute rigour it is necessary to hinder, and little by little suppress, all those things which we must not do, so that the child may come to discern clearly between good and evil." To use the terms of the later psychologists, one does not suppress since one wishes to avoid repression: it is necessary to "sublimate."'

He insists on the recognition of all the facts. Scientists are inclined to ignore God. That, he says, is unscientific. 'The evolution of the physical nature of man goes hand in hand with the evolution of his idea of God. There is something wilfully blind about that so-called scientific mentality which in the past refused to consider the influence of religion upon human development. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the fuel we consume, these apparently are legitimate subjects of enquiry: but the faith of man apparently is to be dismissed as a childish bogy, too vague for serious thought. Yet, whether man makes his God as he progresses, or—as he progresses—becomes more capable of comprehension, whether the soul be a later evolution of perfected thought or the original cause of evolution, the fact that every race of man at apparently every stage of evolution has "believed in God" and had some concept, however vague, of man's immortal part, is evidence enough to be weighed by the common sense of men and women against the cold analyses of all the professors in the world. For, in considering human co-existence, belief—however "superstitious"—will be found to play at least as large a part in policy and the decision of action as economic need. The science of co-existence has as its subject-matter the activities of mankind: and in so far as human beings believe in the existence of the soul, the soul becomes to that extent concrete and as important as any gas or crystal. And should the patient and somewhat unimaginative scientist decide that the forces which first informed life have much in common with the vibrations of light and air, the men and women whom they teach may see in light but one more manifestation of God, and in the air which they

[1] A. J. Penty, *Post-Industrialism*, 48.

inspire a symbol of the Spirit. The student of sociology and civics must then include the human belief in God in his enquiry: for, though gropingly and in a glass darkly, it is in accordance with their idea of God that—even to-day—the great majority of men and women and children strive to order the activities of both the individual and the community.'

Patriotism and Brotherhood.

Says Mr. Sturt:

'I do not believe that, as a motive of conduct, patriotism can be replaced by any sentiment of human brotherhood. What human brotherhood may mean exactly I do not know. If it means only a faint kindly feeling towards men as such, and a dislike to see or hear about their sufferings, I admit that it is a real motive in the minds of civilized people, though a weak one. If it is meant in the literal meaning of the words, it is a piece of sentimental cant, always false and often mischievous. Does anyone really mean to argue that we ought to extend family affection to all our fellow-citizens outside the family circle? Genuine family affection is a very exclusive thing; it demands that those who feel it should be closely *en rapport* with each other, and should be very sensitive to each other's thoughts and feelings. Now it is not possible to be on such terms with more than a few people at once; and, if a man tries to exceed the natural limit of human powers, he is in danger of making a painful failure. Those who try to have too many brothers are likely to have no brothers at all; and perhaps not even many friends.'[1]

Has Mr. Sturt left out Christ?

NEW POETRY.

Punch.

A volume of *Poems from Punch* has been published (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). It is not the first volume. The readers of the previous volume will be the earliest readers of this. It contains the best of the poems contributed to *Punch* from 1909 to 1920. Mr. W. B. Drayton Henderson writes an introductory essay.

Poems contributed to *Punch* have a character. Their writers understand. There is almost a trick in the writing. You can distinguish Sir Owen Seaman from Mr. P. R. Chalmers and Mr. E. G. V. Knox from Mr. C. Hilton Brown; but you can also distinguish all these from the poets who write for the *Spectator.* Once and again there appears a serious poem, and then there is no poet who reaches a loftier height—say, Sir Owen Seaman on General Booth or Colonel McCrae on Flanders Fields.

But what to quote? Let us cast care aside and quote a children's poem. It is by a woman and it is delightful. The author is Miss Rose Fyleman, the title

SOMETIMES.

Some days are fairy days. The minute that you wake
You have a magic feeling that you never could mistake;
You may not see the fairies, but you know they're all about,
And any single minute they might all come popping out;
You want to laugh, you want to sing, you want to dance and run,
Everything is different, everything is fun;
The sky is full of fairy clouds, the streets are fairy ways—
Anything might happen on truly fairy days.

Some nights are fairy nights. Before you go to bed
You hear their darling music go chiming in your head;
You look into the garden and through the misty grey
You see the trees all waiting in a breathless kind of way.
All the stars are smiling; they know that very soon
The fairies will come singing from the land behind the moon.
If only you could keep awake when Nurse puts out the light . . .
Anything might happen on a truly fairy night.

James Laver.

Mr. James Laver is one of the known and acknowledged poets of the winter of our discontent. *His Last Sebastian* is quite sufficient proof of it (Simpkin). The poem which gives the volume its title and which comes first, is after the manner of Robert Browning, evidently

[1] H. Sturt, *Socialism and Character*, 144.

and not unworthily. But there is originality in the treatment of the subject, which is that of the artist with feet of clay. 'The Perfect Knight' is at least characteristic:

WAS IT WORTH IT, THEN?

Was it worth it, then, to reject
Love, too soon suspect?
Was it worth it, to scale the peak,
Where never a voice could speak
And say—'I love you,' so
As yours did, long ago?

Is it worth the triumph of will,
To deny that I love you still?
Or pretend to find, in the waste,
A more ennobling taste
Of the stuff of which life is made?
No, but I am afraid!

Afraid of the blackness of night,
Afraid of the huddled sight
Of all who have died by the way—
He who was yesterday
A man, and is now but a ghost:
Afraid of myself the most.

Afraid of the demon within,
Of virtue as well as of sin;
Of my god, also, afraid,
Who dwells in the body, made
Half of dust and of fire,
With a thrice-entangled desire.

So I must ever go,
Far from the cheerful glow
Of the cottage fire below,
On through the deepening snow;
Lost, and I cannot forget,
Love might have saved me yet!

Contributions and Comments.

1 Corinthians iv. 6

(EXEGESIS OR EMENDATION?).

THIS notorious *crux interpretum* has claimed the attention of all the commentators, but it is curious that all the British editors of this Epistle attempt to find a meaning in the words as they stand, and only a very few German and Dutch scholars definitely attempt a solution by a feasible emendation of the text.

The verse reads:

ταῦτα δέ, ἀδελφοί, μετεσχημάτισα εἰς ἐμαυτὸν καὶ Ἀπολλῶν δι' ὑμᾶς, ἵνα ἐν ἡμῖν μάθητε τὸ μὴ ὑπὲρ ἃ γέγραπται, ἵνα μὴ εἶς ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἑνὸς φυσιοῦσθε κατὰ τοῦ ἑτέρου.

We are not now concerned with the exposition of *μετεσχημάτισα*, but with the very difficult phrase *τὸ μὴ ὑπὲρ ἃ γέγραπται.*

Let us first consider the words as an integral part of the text, and their possible meaning. The article *τό* then makes the four following words a noun clause governed by *μάθητε*.

Edwards quotes Cranmer's 'beyond that whyche is above wrytten,' and shows that this would require *ἐγράφη* or *προέγραψα*, as in Eph 3^3. Hofmann's 'above what has been assigned to each by God' is similarly ruled out as requiring *μεμέρισται* or *τέτακται*, whilst *ὅ* would be needed rather than *ἅ*. [*ὅ* is read by DG *ω et al.*]

There is pretty general agreement that the reference is to Scripture, but whilst Lightfoot thinks of such passages as those already quoted by Paul in $1^{19.\ 31}$ $3^{19.\ 20}$, Edwards and Findlay find no such specific allusion, but refer it to the general spirit and point of view of the Old Testament. The article, as Plummer observes, is equivalent to our inverted commas, and the elliptical form, as in *ne sutor ultra crepidam* (Plummer) or *μηδὲν ἄγαν* (Findlay), suggests a proverb (Lightfoot), or a Rabbinical adage (Ewald).

St John Parry (*C.G.T.*) makes a new contribution. He criticizes the usual view, which refers the words to the O.T. Scriptures according to Paul's regular use of *γέγραπται*, because of (*a*) the vagueness of reference, and the absence of all indication as to what Scripture teaching is meant; and (*b*) the lack of any appeal to Scripture in the preceding discussion about the position and duties of teachers, so that Paul and Apollos can hardly be said to have been shown as examples of this lesson. Dr. Parry goes on to suggest that *γέγραπται* is used here in a technical, ***but not the usual*** technical, sense. With the help of Milligan and Moulton's *Vocabulary*, he shows that *γράφειν* had a