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business, school of philosophy, etc.), presupposes the literal sense 'sojourn.'

On the other hand, the expression διαδοχὴν ποιεῖσθαι for τὴν τῶν ἐπισκόπων διαδοχὴν συντάττεσθαι or συγγράφεσθαι seems, to say the least, somewhat awkward. Harnack's emendation is confirmed from the previous sentence describing H.'s *stay*, in Corinth: συνδιέτριψα τοῖς Κορινθίοις ἡμέρας ἱκανάς, 'I *remained* among the Corinthians a considerable number of days.' The writer having just used this verb would naturally repeat it in another form when mentioning, almost in the next line, his stay, at Rome. Moreover, the occurrence of διαδέχεται and διαδοχή in the two sentences following may account for the substitution by a copyist of διαδοχή for διατριβή.

J. DONOVAN.

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Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

The Modern Saint.

The Rev. Alexander MacColl, Minister of the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, has selected nineteen of his sermons and published them with the title *The Sheer Folly of Preaching* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). Concerned with the great essentials of the Christian religion these sermons are modern in language and setting, and the illustrations used are spontaneous and telling. Here are some of Mr. MacColl's thoughts on the words 'Called to be saints.'

'Saint,' Mr. MacColl says, 'is a good word gone wrong,' and to-day it suggests to our minds a sanctimonious person, or some one already translated to heavenly spheres, or a marvellously good person, usually one's grandmother or maiden aunt. But in New Testament times a saint was the sincere friend and forceful follower of Jesus.

What, then, are the spiritual and eternal realities for which the word saint stood in New Testament times? First is the idea that 'human life is, every bit of it, *a sacred thing*,' for ever hallowed by the creative touch of God, so that all days are sacred, business is sacred and money is sacred.

A second thought at the heart of this old word is the thought of *separation*, and it is a separation which is essential to the very nature of things, growing out of a fundamental difference of outlook and inlook. It is not the separation of monasticism, or the separation of the Puritan, though both did good service. 'The modern saint is a man among men; he is interested in the whole of life; his thought that of a devout Frenchman who said, "Beware of a religion which substitutes itself for everything—that makes monks. Seek a religion which penetrates everything"—everything human a point of contact with the eternal—"that makes Christians."'

But still to-day separation survives, and each of us knows the thing from which he must separate himself. 'It may be some habit of the mind, the critical spirit that picks flaws in everybody and everything; the discouragement that sinks into self and forgets God; the doubt that is simply a peg on which to hang a careless life. Or it may be some habit of the life, some sad survival of the animal in the man, some weak surrender to environment.'

Another idea of the word saint is that of *purity*; but the purity is not negative, it means positive obedience to the will of God. 'It is just at this point that the modern saint has so often lost his power, and that the religion it is his business to make real to men has seemed to break down. Somehow the qualities men associate with him are the negative qualities. He is notable for the things he does not do. And when in some great issue between right and wrong, between the way of self and the way of service, the call for courageous leadership and constructive effort is sounded, his has not always been the quick response. "Sinners were with me; saints were against me—strange contradiction in human nature"—this is a pathetic entry in the diary of the philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, as he tells of his efforts to improve the condition of the factory workers in England. How often it has been so!

'Did it ever occur to you that a clean sheet would

be the record of a sinful life? Think of drifting through a life in which such momentous issues and destinies are at stake, and doing, or at least attempting, nothing that could be chronicled in the records of eternity. Yes, mere goodness without effectiveness, if such a thing be possible, is failure. And so the modern saint will not only be a man among men, pre-eminently he will be a man among men for men.'

The Empire and Missions.

'Seventy years ago New Zealand had the good fortune to have as Governor, Sir George Grey, an able statesman and a Christian gentleman, whose memory New Zealand will never suffer to die. Prior to his departure at the end of his service, a deputation of the Maoris waited on him, and among many words of affection and regret which then were spoken by the Maori leader were these: "When the missionaries came first to this land, there was little industry, and little good was visible. Then God kindled His light and, lo! it became as day. When you came, oh, Governor Grey, you came with two lights, and these are they: The Lamp of God, and the Lamp of the World." Says Mr. Allen Young, who has rescued this utterance from oblivion: "Is not this the true Imperialism?—to bring and not to take, to bring two lights, the lamp of God, and the lamp of the world?"' This is the conclusion of the Duff Missionary Lecture delivered in 1923 by the Very Rev. J. N. Ogilvie, D.D., and it brings out clearly the purpose and scope of the lecture. That purpose is to show the debt which the Empire owes to missions—the part they have played in the extension of the Empire, in civilization, in the uplift of backward races, and as a mediating influence between these peoples and the governing power.

Dr. Ogilvie has now happily published the lecture, giving it the title *Our Empire's Debt to Missions* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). It makes a most timely book. It is intended, Dr. Ogilvie says, for the ordinary citizen, not for the man who has much knowledge of missions; but here Dr. Ogilvie is too modest. Even the man who is steeped in missionary literature will find much to enjoy in this moderate but clear and convincing statement.

Gustav Frenssen.

Mr. Gustav Frenssen, the German novelist of peasant life, was for over ten years a Lutheran Pastor, first in the small village of Hennstedt in the Northern Dithmarsch, and then in Hemme. In 1900 he left the Church and gave himself up to the writing of novels. Two years later Mr. Frenssen collected his village sermons and published them in three volumes. Twelve sermons have been selected from these volumes, translated into English, and published with a brief account of the author and his works, by Mr. T. F. Kinloch (Heffer; 4s. net).

Mr. Frenssen was never altogether in sympathy with the accepted position of the Lutheran Church. His early faith consisted in a profound reverence for God as the Creator and Governor of the Universe, together with an earnest desire to do His will. Later he read 'Die christliche Welt' and came to believe that by uniting his early faith with the teaching of the first three Gospels, he would obtain a view of life which did justice 'to the essentials of the Christian religion.'

Mr. Frenssen's account of how he wrote his sermons is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that his congregation consisted of about twenty persons. 'I usually choose my text in the evening,' he says, 'and turn it over in my mind. First of all I take the text out of its ancient setting and plant it in our own life, and in our own time. My text, so to speak, saunters up and down the village street once or twice with thoughtful eyes and meditative mind. It becomes accustomed to the village, learns to feel at home in it. Next morning I set to work in earnest. I work, as it were, in my shirt sleeves. Like a swift runner, I warm up to my work, and, as I write, I deliberately address certain definite people, Farmer L., Doctor M., P. the workman, and so forth. By noon I realise that my work is not what I intended it to be. The building which should have stood upright slopes to one side. It needs beauty and calm to balance it. So I set up fresh scaffolding, make a new division. That which to begin with was the introduction often becomes the first head. I then re-write the sermon, throwing my whole heart into the task. And so I feel that my sermons are firmly rooted in actual life, that each of them has a certain amount of strength, a certain power to quicken and inspire.'

Immortality.

'One reason for thinking that George MacDonald will still be influencing the people's faith . . . is simply this, that he, more than any other teacher of

his day, insisted that hope in a personal immortality with substantial body and glorified senses lies at the very root of our religious sense and longings. . . . Many orthodox Christians have, when all is told, this terrible fear: that they will not know or be known by their beloved ones; that they may have no memory of the life and beauty of the world they have left; and that they will be expected to find blissful contentment in the perfection of Christ risen and the forgiveness of their sins. George MacDonald always insisted that, if God was such as Christ taught, His Fatherhood must be infinitely greater than man's.

'What! (he wrote in 1867) shall God be the God of the families of the earth, and shall the love that He has thus created towards father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child, go moaning and longing to all eternity; or worse, far worse, die out of our bosoms? Shall God be God, and shall this be the end?

'To be given a future existence with no memory or touch with the old; to begin again a new life, with new labours and joys and affections, could not be a resurrection of the dead, but a new creation having no reference to the old; it would not be continuation of life, but cessation; not a new birth, but just a creation of some other soul to take some unknown place.' [1]

TWO TEXTS.

1 Cor. xv. 19.

'"If in this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable" (R.V.). Few verses in the New Testament have been more often quoted than this, and yet there is really no doubt that here, as so often, the Revisers have put the true rendering into the margin, and retained the false in the text. . . . Dr. Weymouth, twenty years ago, gave his readers the true sense: "If in this present life we have a *hope* resting on Christ and nothing more, we are more to be pitied than all the rest of the world." He was quite justified in putting "hope" into italics, for that was the word which, in this particular case, the Apostle belittled. It is strange, indeed, that so many Christian teachers should so long and so often fail to see the crucial importance of the Apostle's avowal here. It is not too much to say that by this declaration Christianity stands or falls. The validity of the Gospel of Christ for humanity rests not upon a hope, or an instinct, or a supposition, but upon a fact of history. It is the *actuality* of Christ's resurrection which forms the solid ground of the Christian conviction.' [1]

[1] G. MacDonald, *George MacDonald and his Wife*, 402.

Lk. xvii. 21.

'"For, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you." Times without number this phrase has been and still is quoted as all-comprehensive and final. Apart from Tolstoi's exaggerated stress upon it, one is continually meeting with it in sermons, homilies, public addresses of all kinds. It is but another example of the strange infatuation with which the human mind clutches and keeps brief sayings which seem to contain much. Epigrams appear naturally to inherit immortality alike in literature, poetry, science, and religion. Whether they are really true—genuine diamonds or only paste—is not considered. Here, however, certainly, the common emphasis is misplaced and unwarranted. Doubly so. For—first, the Greek text does not warrant it. Dr. Moffatt is abundantly justified in his rendering "for the reign of God is now in your midst." It is nothing to the point to say that usage sometimes favours the Tolstoian representation which is adopted in the R.V. text. For we have, in this case, a context which plainly points to the meaning which the Revisers have relegated to the margin—"in the midst of you."' [2]

[1] F. Ballard, *Reality in Bible Reading*, 164.
[2] *Ibid.* 110.

NEW POETRY.

H. B. Elliott.

The Life and the Way (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.) is an anthology compiled by Mr. H. B. Elliott, but it is at the same time an additional Life of Christ. Each of the poems illustrates some incident in the Life of Christ or some point in His teaching, and they are arranged in the order of the events of the Life. The introduction is by Mr. John Oxenham. The 'Way is a very Simple Way, but it is a very High Way, and in these days it is not an easy way to tread.' And so 'anything, therefore, that helps in any way to bring back to our hearts a consideration and understanding of the Life that walked that Way is of value and makes for good. And this volume, containing the considered thought of many who have pondered and studied that Life, is such.'

The poems—we use the word advisedly, for there

is no mere verse here—vary in value. There are some that must find their place in any worthy collection of religious poetry. There is Christina Rossetti's 'How know I that it looms lovely, that land I have never seen'; there is Francis Thompson's 'Little Jesus, wast Thou shy'; there is Lanier's 'Into the woods my Master went'; and Margaret Woods' 'Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.' Less well known than these is 'The Second Crucifixion,' by Richard Le Gallienne. We quote it here:

'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again:
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear:
Her Lord is gone and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimeus still go blind;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

Several poems are by a Roman Catholic writer, J. B. Tabb—a name, we confess, up to now unknown to us. We shall quote one:

'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.'

If thou, like Zacheus, wouldst see
Thy Lord and Master, climb the tree,
And for His passing wait with me.

Here, nearer to its native skies,
No intervening darkness lies
Between the soul and Paradise.

Was ever mortal penance brief
As mine? A moment of belief—
Turnkey of Heaven, beware—a thief!

James Blackhall.

It is some years now since Mr. Blackhall's last volume of poems reached us, but we do not see much change in his *Ascension, and Other Poems* (Elkin Mathews; 3s. 6d. net). There is the same daring choice of difficult subjects. The first poem in this volume is 'Epimetheus,' and after that is 'Ascension,' where the poet's fancy centres on the Victorious Dead. There is also the same wealth of imagery. This is especially evident in the 'Ascension.' The shortest poem in the book is the one which we quote:

A Song of Birthright.

I hold the seasons in my breast,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring;
I hold the north wind and the west,
The sea's call and the blackbird's ring,
The sob and song of everything.

For I was of His magic toil
The last, and so He fashioned me,
His hands unwashed of flesh and soil,
Dear hands that left their stain on me
Of bird and beast and wind and sea!

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