

παραβολῆς, a phrase which harmonizes with the interpretation of *τῆ σκητῆ* as referring to the Tabernacle of the wilderness. The present participle *οἱ λατρεύοντες* does not necessarily imply service in the present time. It is timeless, and the whole phrase means 'the servants of the tabernacle,' or 'the tabernacle worshippers.'

Doubtless the inferred application to Christian worshippers is correct. Has the writer not said: 'It is a good thing that the heart be assured by grace, not by meals'? But in v.¹⁰ he is speaking of the worshippers enshrined in the pages of the Old Testament.

JAMES P. WILSON.

St. Quivox, Ayr.

Entre Nous.

Women in the Pulpit.

So far as we know the Rev. D. P. Thomson is the first editor to have thought of a collection of sermons by representative women preachers—*Women in the Pulpit* (James Clarke). There are twenty-three contributors—only a small proportion being ordained. Among those who have contributed are—Mrs. Ranjitham Aaron, M.A.; Rev. Elizabeth B. Barr, B.D.; General Evangeline Booth, D.S.M., M.A.; Miss A. Mildred Cable; Rev. Constance M. Coltman, B.D.; Miss Caroline C. Graveson, B.A.; Rev. Vera M. M. Kenmure, B.D.; Miss A. Maude Royden, C.H., D.D., etc. The volume is prefaced by three short Forewords—by the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, and the President and Vice-President of the Society for the Ministry of Women, Canon C. E. Raven, and Dr. W. B. Selbie.

There is a great variety in the addresses and naturally a considerable unevenness in thought and expression. Dr. Selbie says: 'This volume of sermons and addresses proves further, if proof were needed, that they [women] can take their place alongside men as preachers.' We have not had time to read the book carefully as it has only just come into our hands. But in turning the pages our eye has been caught again and again by suggestive thought, fine imagination, and vigorous messages to meet the special needs of the day.

The first address is by the Indian Lady Warden of the Student International Club, Glasgow University, Mrs. Ranjitham Aaron. Her subject is 'Kingdom—or Family of God?' She was uncertain of what she would speak about at an Annual Social but when the Scottish minister-speaker

before her announced his title as 'The King and the Kingdom' she felt that she must speak on 'The Father and the Family.' 'The expression "Family of God" was never used by Jesus, but, strangely enough, when He uses the word "Kingdom," it is invariably in relation to a "Father" and not to a "King"—"Your Father knows that ye have need of these things. But rather, seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Even when He uses the term "King" (referring to Himself), as in Matthew 25³⁴, He makes the king say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom." In the great prayer He taught His disciples, "the kingdom, the power, and the glory" belong to the Father in heaven.

'In the "Kingdom" Jesus speaks of, the relationship is that of a family and not that of a political or military Kingdom.'

Armaments.

'I stood on a Chinese battlefield that was once over-populated Shanghai. On three previous visits I had been in this place. Then it had been gay and crowded, a veritable network of narrow roads lined with little houses where tradesmen, craftsmen, and their families lived, each a hive of good-tempered industry. Now it was a desert. No house that I could see had four walls and a roof. None was inhabited except by the dead soldiers and a pack of dogs. Queer to call them a pack, but they ran together like wolves, and they looked over-nourished and bold, puffed up with pride,

perhaps, at their unaccustomed human diet. I roamed about for an hour or two, then I found myself in a part to which the dogs had not yet eaten their way. Chinese soldiers lay all over the ground. They lay as they had fallen, as though asleep, arms flung out, hands relaxed, a peaceful look on their faces. I went from one to another, linking them in thought to their mothers, to their homes, and to God. Then I forced myself to act. Strawn all around them were bits of shrapnel. I picked one up and gazed at it.

'So this was our scrap-iron, British and American scrap-iron, for which we were getting three times its normal price, out of which we were growing prosperous like the dogs. I brought the piece home with me to show to those double-minded people who indulge equally in moral indignation against the Japanese and in personal gratification for the high prices they are getting for their old iron.

'On arriving in America I heard that the biggest shipment of scrap-iron ever to leave the Pacific coast was just starting for Japan. That meant I had to go to the exporting firm and see its representative. I showed my bit of shrapnel and told him where I had picked it up. He looked embarrassed. Evidently others had gone to him on the same errand. "We did not want to sell the stuff. We had to," he said. "We're no worse than the cotton people, the oil, and motor people."'¹

A. E. Whitham.

There was a purpose of writing a biography of the late Rev. A. E. Whitham. It was decided, however, to publish some volumes of his writings in place of this, and there is no doubt that through these one gets a real picture of the man himself. The first volume was 'The Discipline and Culture of the Spiritual Life,' and it is now followed by *The Pastures of His Presence* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). In these fifty-two essays we find the expression of a rich personality in close touch with human life. Not only the Methodist Church but the Church at large suffered a great loss in Mr. Whitham's early death. We quote from the study on 'The Realism of Christianity.'

'My objection to some of the philosophies of life other than Christian is not that they bring unpleasant facts before me that contradict my creed, but that by their evasion of facts—good facts, as some naturalistic theories, bad facts, as some

idealistic theories—they themselves contradict the raw realities. Men who accuse Christianity of a lack of realism simply betray their ignorance of the subject. There was realism in the old monks who set a grinning hollow skull before them at their work to remind them of death, or a crucifix before their eyes to remind them of the costliness of good, or a song on the brevity of life in their devotional book which they sang lustily. These were closer to the bone and marrow of reality than many so-called realistic philosophies and studies.

'The point I want to urge is that Christianity may be decoratively beautiful, full of grace and ineffable charm, but it has a framework stout and strong, with bony ribs and joints of realism. You may object to its conclusions; at least, its terms are live terms. It may give wrong answers, but at least it gives wrong answers to the right questions. It does propose to answer the deepest questions that arise in the human heart, as, for instance, what is the inward meaning of all this vast show of things, what is the inward meaning of sorrow and temptation, and what is on the other side of that thing called death that is the last foe of man's peace, reason, and moral effort.

'The very doctrine of the Incarnation sets Christianity at the heart of things and beds it in real things. The word was made flesh, and flesh is real. "I will show you how to do it," said God, "Let Me have your tools, the little stage of your workshop, surround Me with your identical temptations, add the malice and suspicion of men, narrow the stage to the dimensions of a dirty Eastern village, handicap Me with poverty, weigh the scales, crib and cabin Me in a little Eastern land, and there at the point where you have failed in *the flesh*, just where you have suffered repeated defeat, I will produce the fairest thing earth has ever seen; I will give to the world the dream come true."'

Harry Wyatt of Shansi.

On a morning in May last year, Dr. Harry Wyatt, of the Baptist Mission Hospital, Taiyuanfu, North China, left that city for the north in order to settle some young missionaries there. It was recognized that the journey was dangerous. In addition to the missionaries there was a young Chinese chauffeur in their party who had volunteered to drive them. The first day passed safely. Next morning (5th May) they left Sinchow for Taichow, this time with three missionaries as passengers—Mr. and Mrs.

¹ Muriel Dester, in *Women in the Pulpit*, 141.

Jasper and also an experienced missionary, Miss Beulah Glasby, who had worked in Sinchow for a number of years. They had only got a short distance when they were attacked by a party of Chinese irregulars who mistook them for Japanese soldiers. Dr. Wyatt immediately took command of the situation, got the Jaspers to shelter under the lorry and then, as the attack still continued, he decided to risk his own life to save his friends. He snatched up a Union Jack and ran towards the firing party waving it, hoping that they would see that they were attacking Britishers. Death came to Miss Glasby quickly; then the Chinese chauffeur was also injured. Dr. Wyatt decided that it would be better for them to divide into two parties. In this way Mr. and Mrs. Jasper escaped death but Dr. Wyatt, hampered by Hu Shih Fu, whom he was carrying, failed to reach the ditch that he was making for. 'All those who knew him felt that the last heroic act on the Kuohsien road was characteristic of the man. "His fearless courage in face of danger, his thought for others and forgetfulness of himself, his quick direction to his colleagues to take shelter, his lifting of the Chinese chauffeur on his shoulder in a great effort to save him—all these," wrote one who had been with him in Taiyuanfu, "are the best picture of the man that you could have.'

In a small devotional book which Dr. Wyatt used for meditation it was found that the quotation for 5th May was a strangely fitting one: 'The impulse of a supreme moment only focusses the habits and customs of a man's soul.'

A short life of Dr. Wyatt with the title *Harry Wyatt of Shansi, 1895-1938* has been written by the Editorial Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, the Rev. Ernest A. Payne, B.A., B.D., B.Litt. (Carey Press; 1s. net). Mr. Payne speaks of its inadequacy but within its compass this is a really interesting memoir. Wherever possible Mr. Payne has told the story in Dr. Wyatt's own words. This is a marvellous shilling's worth—a hundred and twenty-seven pages, several illustrations, and a map.

'I was in Prison.'

These letters are a collection from some of the imprisoned German pastors.

One of them writes: 'It is most wonderful to read the Bible at such a time. How alive it suddenly becomes, and how real. It really gives the impression of having been written for prisoners and for prisons. And so it is really.'

And another: 'The tales about imprisonment in the Acts and the Epistles are specially apt and realistic. . . . Only in these days have I realized how much it is taken for granted as a matter of course in Acts 24²⁷, where it is written of the imprisonment of Paul in Cæsarea "But after two years"—just as if it were nothing.'

Saint Catherine of Siena.

The Danish poet, Mr. Johannes Jorgensen, has written a companion to his life of St. Francis of Assisi. It is a life of *Saint Catherine of Siena* (now translated from the Danish by Ingeborg Lund; Longmans; 12s. 6d. net). At first Mr. Jorgensen was much less in sympathy with Catherine of Siena than with St. Francis of Assisi. There was an element of tyranny that was repugnant to him—her constant *Io voglio*, 'I will.' 'But gradually, as I began to know her more intimately, the same thing befell me that befell so many others during her earthly life—I was subjugated by her. . . . I, too, became a zealous "Caterinato."' The writing of this book has taken years, for it has been based on a careful study of original documents. Mr. Jorgensen, however, has not spoilt the even running of the narrative by introducing references into the text. He has collected them in an Appendix at the end. This is the biography that one would expect from Mr. Jorgensen, showing all the results of his love of the subject and his knowledge of Italian life and thought. He spent many years in Italy, and much of his writing was done in Siena itself. It is leisurely, as all good biographies are, and in it one gets the very feeling of fourteenth-century Italy.

How strangely unlike St. Catherine's spiritual experience to any that seems possible to-day.

There is her mystic love. "One day when Catherine," Caffarini relates, "was praying in her cell and could not grow weary of repeating the bride's sigh of love in the Canticle, Jesus appeared to her and bestowed upon her a kiss which filled her with unutterable sweetness. Then she dared to ask Him to teach her what to do that she might never, not for one moment, become unfaithful to Him, but always to be His own in heart and soul and mind."

'The purely ethical essence of mystic love is here clearly expressed. We are told further: "At times it was as though she rested in the arm of Jesus, or that He pressed her close to His heart. And she was found worthy of this because she desired nothing but the riches of the grace of God

and despised altogether the mean joys of this world. . . . But above all she prayed to God to grant her true and sincere love of her neighbour.'

As we meditated on the many aspects of the strange religious experience of the Saint we called to mind a short essay by the Rev. A. E. Whitham on Vocation. It expresses so well our thought that we quote a part of it here. 'It was in Siena, in the coffee-room of the hotel. "What do we see here?" he [an American tourist] asked me in a voice that raked my ears. I told him this was the city of St. Catherine. "What did she do?" he asked. I gave him a few details of the remarkable life. "I see," he said; "a fanatic." "No," I replied, with a perceptible flush in my face, "not a fanatic; a saint." "Tell me some more." So I told him more. "Ah, yes; a fanatic." "You have the wrong word," I thundered. "She was a saint."

'Nevertheless, it did seem remote. Even one of our College professors tells me he feels cold towards these unusual experiences and can find little place for them in his thoughts of holy men and women.

'I am as sure as any of my readers that this is not the way for most of us, that it is not a higher way, though for me it would be a harder way. But solemnly, gratefully I acknowledge so much good to my own soul through these records that I am convinced that for them it was a God-inspired way, and they fulfil a most glorious vocation in the history of Christianity, in the warfare and discipline of the soul of man. Are they not striking, dramatic, arresting witnesses to that unseen world, so easily neglected in our involved life, to those hidden powers of the soul, the transcendent sovereign might of the spirit over flesh, powers that with all our boasted civilization and amazing accomplishments may be forgotten? Their unrivalled endurances, their conquests over the flesh, rebuke to the point of scorn the material standards, the utilitarian ideals, the comfort-loving sloth of man, and with the arrest of a sounding gong their lives announce the true nature and destiny of man.'

The Higher Loyalty.

'My country to-day is being invaded by Japan. Before the war, I could meet a Japanese Christian and feel we were one in Christ. But to-day with the Japanese army marching across my country, killing and destroying everything in its way, a

sense of shame bears down heavily upon my Christianity when I face a Japanese. During the past few months, I have often asked myself the question whether my faith as a Christian will stand this strain, or break under it? Every time the same answer comes back to me with inexorable clarity. "Your Christianity will break under the strain if in your life as a Christian you place loyalty to country before loyalty to God. Only if you have learned to love God more than you love your country will your Christianity stand the strain of war."'¹

Grenfell on Prayer.

The privilege of prayer to me is one of my most cherished possessions, because faith and experience alike convince me that God Himself sees and answers, and His answers I never venture to criticise. It is only my part to ask. It is entirely His to give or withhold as He knows is best. In the quiet of home, in the heat of life and strife, in the face of death, the privilege of speech with God is inestimable. I value it more because it calls for nothing that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot give—that is, the simplest expression to his simplest desire.

The Difference.

In *The Congregational Quarterly* for April, Dr. Peel gives this story:

'A Roman Catholic woman doctor writes: "Some years ago a poverty-stricken little boy at a Catholic elementary school went into the school-doctor's room to be medically examined. When he came out again the kind nun in charge said to him, 'Well, what did the doctor say to you, Joe?' The child replied, 'He said, Sister, "What a miserable little specimen you are."' And then, after hesitating a little, he added, 'But he didn't know I'd made my first communion, Sister.''"'

¹ Dr. T. Z. Koo speaking at the Tambaram Conference.