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'Thy *place* is coming.' The word used was *pata*, which does service for a locality, a country, and for the world as a whole.

I taught the Indians, even in church, *conversationly*. And, in conversation, I explained that if a man were placed in the midst of a country and there were no people in it, he would have no kingdom. Also, if a man claimed to be king and the people did not acknowledge him as king, he would have no kingdom. A king can have a kingdom only when the people, in *their hearts*, acknowledge his *sway*. The word for 'sway' adopted was the word used by the Indians to describe the sway of a chief who is respected and acknowledged when he gives a direction, or expresses a wish. I pointed out that Jesus Christ had told people that 'the kingdom of God is within you,' that is, in your hearts. When you acknowledge God's sway in your hearts, you are in the Kingdom and the Kingdom in you. To try to think of a country floating down into your heart would be very funny, and very wrong! The Indians saw this, and they proved, in conversation, that they understood the petition as I had worked it out, in their own language for them.

With regard to the verb: The ordinary imperative, the imperative of insistence, and the imperative which brooks no alternative (the Makuchi language has these three) would not serve, as they can be used only in direct address; and one *cannot talk to the Sway of God* and command it to come! To say 'Allow it to come' would have suggested a wrong idea. And, after fully talking it out, I followed a course made possible by the structure of verbs in the language and evolved a verbal expression, which, in clumsy English, means:

Thy Sway as having come, be.

This was understood by them quite clearly to mean:

Thy Sway be *as having come into our hearts*.

When my book upon *The Sea Gypsies of Malaya* (now in the Press) is published, I hope to bring out one upon the Makuchis (in both cases I had to commit the language to writing). In both books, instances will be given which illustrate how languages can be evolved in order to express new ideas, such as Holy and Kingdom.

I am led to send you this Note by reading your remarks in the April number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. WALTER G. WHITE.

Haughley Vicarage, Suffolk.

Entre Nous.

PERSONAL.

Gordon.

'When Lord Ripon became Viceroy of India, after the Gladstone Ministry took office, he took General Gordon with him as Private Secretary. He resigned the appointment a day or two after reaching Bombay, because Lord Ripon had asked him to acknowledge a pamphlet received from a leading Parsee, stating that the Viceroy thanked him for sending it, and had read it with interest. But Lord Ripon had not read it, so Gordon declined to write the letter. He immediately resigned and left India.'[1]

[1] A. T. Wirgman, *Storm and Sunshine in South Africa*, p. 169.

Kruger.

'Kruger had never travelled by train before his journey to Port Elizabeth. He asked how could the engine turn round without a "disselboom"? (*Anglicé*—the pole of an ox-wagon). He saw the sea for the first time, and asked, when a big cargo lighter came alongside the jetty, whether that was the ship to take him to England? Since those days he learnt many things. He coveted a port and a war navy for the Transvaal, and intersected his country with railways. He fell into the hands of astute Hollanders, like Leyds, in the after years but every South African—Britain and Boer alike—admired the old man's personal courage and indomitable tenacity. He was shrewd, too, in his way. Two brothers quarrelled over their just

inheritance to a Transvaal farm. They came to the President as arbitrator. He said to one brother, "*You* can make the dividing line across the farm." This was done on the plan. "Now," said Kruger to the other brother, "*You* can choose which portion you will have." When sites were given to various religious bodies by Kruger's Government, a full "erf" was given to the Presbyterians and Wesleyans and only half an "erf" to the Jews for their synagogue. A Jewish deputation went to complain to the President. They found him sitting with a Bible before him, open at the last chapter of Malachi. He said to the Jews, "Here is the whole Bible, Old Testament and New Testament. The Presbyterians believe in the *whole* Bible. *You* only believe in the Old Testament half of it. Therefore those who believe in the *whole* get a *whole* 'erf' of land, and you who believe in the *half* get only a *half* 'erf.'" And with that he dismissed the deputation who had obviously nothing to say in reply to Kruger's argument.'[1]

SOME TOPICS.

The Gift of Tongues.

Mr. Hugh Macnaghten, Vice-Provost of Eton, does not believe in it. In his little book on *M. Coué and his Work* he says: 'The gift of tongues apparently conferred on the Apostles the power of speaking in some dozen languages of which they were hitherto completely ignorant. This is indeed a miracle for miracle's sake, a thing to make men and women gape with admiration. And all for nothing. The Apostles, of course, needed only one language, for the knowledge of Greek would take them everywhere; the other eleven languages they might forget at their leisure and be none the worse, if only they kept their Greek. Besides, St. Paul who knew the facts tells us all about the gift of tongues, which, by the by, he rather depreciates. No wonder, since to speak with tongues was to use a cento of shreds and patches of speech with so little distinction in the sounds that the performance, as St. Paul tells the Corinthians, was likely to strike the ordinary man as destitute of decency and order. "Will they not say that you are mad?" Of course they will; in fact they did, mad or mad-drunk, "For these are not drunken," St. Peter remonstrates, "*as you suppose.*" The explanation given in Acts is ludicrous. Bracket, or, better, erase five and a half verses from "because that every man heard them speak in his own language" in the middle of verse 6 down to the end of verse 11, and then you have a perfectly reasonable story which agrees with St. Paul's account and we are quit of a wild and wanton miracle. Yet these same five and a half verses are actually read in every church as gospel (or rather epistle) truth without any apology (defence is out of the question), without even a word of explanation, although every thinking man and woman in the congregation must know the interpolation to be nonsense, for of course the offending verses must have been interpolated. If St. Luke wrote them, when he might for asking have had the true account from St. Paul, he was a careless third-rate author, whereas in fact he belongs to the little company of great historians. Further, if this is not an interpolation, it follows that the early chapters of Acts, before the author became an eye-witness, are not merely comparatively, but almost absolutely, valueless as evidence. Incidentally what are we to say of the annual infliction of this absurdity on yearly dwindling congregations? Surely it is the assumption that the church-going public will stand anything, which explains, in part, why it is that year by year the congregations dwindle.'

[1] A. T. Wirgman, *Storm and Sunshine in South Africa*, p. 67 f.

Temptation.

When some one asked Professor Henry Drummond what he should speak about to young men, 'There is only one subject,' was the answer, 'Temptation.' Well, how are we to speak on Temptation? Not now as Professor Drummond spoke. The whole conception is new; the whole vocabulary is new. If you turn to a book on *Suggestion and Mental Analysis* written by William Brown, M.D., D.Sc., Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy in the University of Oxford (Univ. of London Press; 3s. 6d. net), you will see how new it all is. The book is a scholar's finest work on the most perplexing if also the most popular of present day topics. This is what Dr. Brown says about temptation:

'If one is faced with a temptation that is out of harmony with one's main personality, there are three general ways of dealing with it. One may give way to it—lower one's ideals to make way for

it and consciously surrender oneself to it. The result is nothing harmful from the narrowly medical point of view, however harmful from the moral point of view, in regard to the health of the soul. Another way of dealing with it is to face it, to consider it carefully in relation to one's ideals, one's social and domestic duties and one's general purposes, and then to reject it by reason. Here, again, the result is a normal solution of the conflict, free from morbid symptoms, and the personality emerges from the conflict with added power of will and undiminished coherence. But there is a third way, the way of compromise and cowardice. One may be astonished to find that one is capable of such a craving and turn one's mind away in horror. Like the ostrich, one buries one's head in the sand and hopes half-heartedly that the enemy will pass one by. One distracts one's mind and looks elsewhere, but not wholeheartedly. The result is that dissociation occurs. The experiences tend to fall away from the general sway of the conscious mind, they are repressed and pass into the subconscious. They retain their original energy, and from their new vantage ground produce stress and strain in the conscious mind which the latter does not understand, and ultimately produce an outbreak of physical symptoms or mental symptoms, or both. The right way to deal with a repression of this sort is to recall the memories to the patient's mind, to call the craving up again, and let the patient face it and deal with it as a normal person would do, intellectualize it and destroy it, or sublimate it, *i.e* direct it in modified form to useful social activities.'

A Struggling God.

The phrase is not a happy one. For with all our modern notion of a God who suffers we must not for a moment entertain the thought of a God who cannot help Himself. He is able to do, and that exceeding abundantly. But when Dr. Richard Roberts, Minister of the American Presbyterian Church in Montreal, speaks of a struggling God he means a God who is still working, still creating, still moving towards perfection. He seems to have behind his mind the idea in the Epistle to the Hebrews of one who was made perfect through sufferings; he seems to think that that one was God.

It is a volume of addresses, short and simple, with thoughts to stay the mind upon. The title is *What's Best Worth Saying* (Doran; $1.25 net).

From Sir James Cameron Lees' Biography.

'A man came to him [Dr. Alison of Newington Church, Edinburgh] in the High Street and asked him to baptize his child. "I haven't seen you in church," said the young minister. "That's true," replied the man, "but when there's onything of this kind gaeing, I aye give it to your kirk."'

'And Alison would tell the story of the mill-girl who had taken her sitting in the front seat of the gallery in Dr. James MacGregor's church. When asked why she stopped coming to her former church she replied: "I am now sitting on wee MacGregor's breist."'

'Everywhere he went on that voyage he met old friends and acquaintances. At a port one greeted him with "You are far frae hame to-day, Doctor." "It reminded me of the story of an old Fife minister who in London thought he would venture within the precincts of a theatre and was hailed by an official with the remark, 'I hae often shown you into the pulpit, I'm glad the nicht to show you the way to the pit.' The official had previously acted as his parish beadle."'

'When in Salt Lake City I visited the great Mormon Tabernacle, where a very earnest endeavour was made to convert me to the Mormon faith. Sure enough, the ubiquitous Scotsman was there.

'"How long is it since you left Glasgow?" I asked of one individual whose speech betrayed the place of his birth. He was apparently an official connected with the Tabernacle.

'"Man," said he, in the broadest Doric, "I belang tae Paisley, and it'll be aboot thirty years noo since I cam' oot here."

'"What church did you belong to?"

'"I belanged tae the Auld Kirk."

'"That," I said, "is also the church to which I belong. I am extremely surprised to see you here."

'"Ah, weel," he replied, "the Auld Kirk is a guid Kirk, but it hasna the privileeges that we hae here."'

'Wherever Dr. Lees went men gathered round him. Nothing could be better than this quotation in which he summed up the society in a Highland fishing inn in the season: "They go out in the morning full of hope; they come back in the evening full of whisky; and the truth is not in them."'

'A good deal of whisky drunk, but no one very uproarious, except a tailor from the village, whom the policeman marched off the ground. "A puir weak creature," said Sandy, the Loch Scavinish shepherd, "and fery heavy on the dram. One day Mr. M'Stottie, the minister, saw him taking his glass in the morning, and said to him: 'I doubt, tailor, that's another nail in your coffin,' says he. 'Maybe,' says he, 'but I wish the nails in it were thicker.' Dr. M'Aulay spoke to him once about his drinking. 'You'll wear out the coats of your stomach,' says he. 'O, then, Doctor,' says the tailor, 'it will just have to go in its shirt-sleeves!' A puir, weak creature. He doesn't belong to these parts; he comes from Aberdeen."'

NEW POETRY.

Thomas Hardy.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued a volume of *Late Lyrics and Earlier*, by Thomas Hardy (7s. 6d. net), with an Apology. The Apology is Mr. Hardy's, not Messrs. Macmillan's. It takes the place of the usual Preface.

An apology for what? For being a pessimist. And the book needs it. You never read a book of poetry, or perhaps of prose, that offered a world so utterly awry. From first to last, without one accidental exception, everything goes wrong. Sometimes the incident is as commonplace, even as vulgar, as poetry can stand and be poetry; sometimes it is a surprise of imaginative perversity; but always the thing goes wrong.

And the wrongness is in the nature of things. It is not an accident. Nothing can go right because the universe is not right. What of the God of the universe? Mr. Hardy may have a god at the back of his mind but he does not bring him forward. Only once does he touch a religious point. And then his pessimism is as pessimistic as ever. It is a short poem on Easter—its title

A Drizzling Easter Morning.

And he is risen? Well, be it so . . .
And still the pensive lands complain,
And dead men wait as long ago,
As if, much doubting, they would know
What they are ransomed from, before
They pass again their sheltering door.

I stand amid them in the rain,
While blusters vex the yew and vane;
And on the road the weary wain
Plods forward, laden heavily;
And toilers with their aches are fain
For endless rest—though risen is he.

The 'Apology' gives some feeble promise of a changed attitude to God, or at least to the Church of God, or at the very least to the Church of England: 'What other purely English establishment than the Church, of sufficient dignity and footing, and with such strength of old association, such architectural spell, is left in this country to keep the shreds of morality together?' But the book contains not one hint of any other attitude than the old one—vanity of vanities, all is vanity. It is the sorriest creed ever offered for a world's acceptance by a man of genius. And it is offered in its sorriest, even sordidest, poetical form.

I knew a lady when the days
Grew long, and evenings goldened:
But I was not emboldened
By her prompt eyes and winning ways.

And when old Winter nipt the haws,
'Another's wife I'll be,
And then you'll care for me,'
She said, 'and think how sweet I was!'

And soon she shone as another's wife:
As such I often met her,
And sighed, 'How I regret her!
My folly cuts me like a knife!'

And then, to-day, her husband came,
And moaned 'Why did you flout her?
Well could I do without her!
For both our burdens you are to blame!'

Isaac Rosenberg.

In his experience, and somewhat also in his character, as they are told to us by Mr. Laurence

Binyon, Isaac Rosenberg resembled John Keats. And he too had the poetic gift. But he was a Jew who knew not God. The result, a pessimism as disappointing to us as Hardy's, and much more disastrous to himself.

THE BLIND GOD.

Streaked with immortal blasphemies,
Betwixt His twin eternities
The Shaper of mortal destinies
Sits in that limbo of dreamless sleep,
Some nothing that hath shadows deep.

The world is only a small pool
In the meadows of Eternity,
And men like fishes lying cool;
And the wise man and the fool
In its depths like fishes lie.
When an angel drops a rod
And he draws you to the sky
Will you bear to meet your God
You have streaked with blasphemy?

Hardy hides God behind the works of His hands; Rosenberg brings Him forward to denounce Him.

The title is simply *Poems by Isaac Rosenberg* (Heinemann; 6s. net).

Benvenuta Solomon.

The Tower Unbuilded, which gives Miss Benvenuta Solomon's volume of poems its name (Blackwell), is a series of sonnets on misplaced love:

One said: 'Pluck out this weakness.—'Tis not well
To let a cureless fever subtly burn
Thy youth away, till thou to dust return
Yet living, the untimely-withered shell
Of hopeless, fruitless dreams. O break the spell
That holds thee captive; summon pride to spurn
Forbidden love's bleak folly, and unlearn
His sorrowful art, so thou in peace shalt dwell.'
I made reply: 'This was by Fate decreed;
Nor power nor choice have I but to fulfil
Its purpose, being in subservience.
I follow whither destiny may lead—
Wherefore resist, since I must follow still?
Naught else befits but high obedience.'

There is poetry in that, unforced, effective. The book has not a feeble line in it, nor a flippant. The view of life is almost stoical, serious enough certainly, with none of the radiance which the Christian hope brings. There is high resolve, however. And always there is poetry. Take this:

EPILOGUE.

I play no part upon the public stage,
I have no lofty message for my age;
I only sing the songs that all have sung—
Mere slender echoes with a halting tongue.
No fond illusions of myself have I;
Dreaming I live, and impotent shall die.
But this one thing I see as clear as day:
For all we win from life we have to pay.

No full-orbed joy we know but comes to wane;
Some bitter loss must follow every gain.
We buy fleet hopes with long-abiding fears,
And flaming rapture with the grief that sears;
Pay to be loved with the soul's self as fee,
And pay for loving in stark agony.
Writhe as we will, there is no other way—
For all we win from life we have to pay.

Fail—and men trample us beneath their feet.
Succeed—O, can ye deem success is sweet?
Hear how the rabble, envious of your fame,
Decry your labours and besmirch your name.
Live, then, magnificently desolate,
To curse the cynic Powers that made you great,
And hear them, passionless as pitiless, say:
For all ye win from life ye have to pay.

Anguished we watch—and hardest this of all—
Our cherished idols crumble to their fall;
Our dreams, our fair ambitions, turn to dust,
While each thing fails us we were wont to trust.
But all's not lost if from their wreck we rise
Undaunted, with self-knowledge for our prize,
And, reconciled with Fate, this doom obey:
For all ye win from life ye have to pay.

I count him but a coward who shuns the cost.
What gain is happiness if wisdom's lost?
For e'en if Wisdom appertains alone
To gods, yet as her lovers be we known.
That high emprise shall bear its own reward;
So, though the learning stab me as a sword,
With unbent knee and lifted head I pray:
'Grant knowledge, God!—I shall not fear to pay.'

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