

As soon, then, as *Μωρέ* and *τῷ συνεδρίῳ* (or *τῇ συναγωγῇ*) had crept into the text, it is easy to imagine a subsequent scribe trying to mend matters by repeating *ἐνοχος ἔσται* and *ὁς δ' ἂν εἴπῃ* in such a way as to produce a semblance of an ascending scale of guiltiness with corresponding penalties.

If the theory of a twofold gloss—*Μωρέ* for *Ἰακῶ* and *τῷ συνεδρίῳ* (or *τῇ συναγωγῇ*) for (the 2nd) *κρίσει*—is correct, it disposes of difficulties (2) and (3), and lessens difficulty (1), for it only leaves two degrees in the scale of guiltiness. The sense will, on this showing, be: 'You have heard that it was said to them of old, Thou shalt not murder; and

whoever murders shall be liable to legal proceedings. But I say to you that everyone who is angry with his brother has that degree of guilt; and as for a person who shows contempt for his brother, he shall be liable to lose his very soul.'

I am not satisfied with the last clause, and the truth may yet prove to be that it represents some Rabbinic saying to which Jesus' reply has been lost; but at all events it seems possible that *τῷ συνεδρίῳ* (or *τῇ συναγωγῇ*) may be, like *Μωρέ*, a gloss, and the number of perplexing clauses may be thus reduced.

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Entre Nous.

Bishop Guy Bullen.

Writing from the Southern Sudan in December, 1936, Bishop Bullen said: 'My thoughts travel backward—and forward. The backward ones full of thanks to God for many mercies and loving-kindness. As always on these occasions I thank Him for my parents and my home. There's something very satisfying about a phrase like "the God of my fathers."'

Guy Bullen came of East Anglian stock on both sides. His father was a man to whom the rule of life was duty. All his spare time he spent in the service of Leyton Church where he was a churchwarden. From his mother he inherited his marked interest in people. Her spiritual influence over him was even greater than was his father's. 'Religion was, it seems, for John Bullen a way of life; for his wife, life itself.'

Bullen went almost straight from school to France. He gained the Military Cross. 'This officer set a very fine example to his men.' He had already been much influenced by the Keswick Movement. At the end of the War, he went to Queen's and then took a full theological course at Ridley Hall. In the Michaelmas term of 1923, he felt a call to the mission field. The Rev. G. T. Manley, then C.M.S. Secretary for Africa, came to Cambridge and appealed for a band of men who would offer themselves for a specific piece of service in the Hausa States of West Africa. Bullen

offered himself and was accepted—and went out as one of the first of the Hausa Band. A friend, says about this time: 'I have never forgotten the impression . . . of one who was not going to pretend, for the glory of the thing, that he wanted to go. He didn't, and he said so. But I knew that he would inevitably go.'

The biography of Bishop Bullen, which has just been published by the Highway Press (5s. net), has five chapters, each contributed by a different friend. His Nigerian years, 1926–1935, are described by the Rev. M. A. C. Warren, the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Cambridge; the last two years, which deal with his time in the Southern Sudan as the Assistant Bishop—he died suddenly as the result of an aeroplane crash—are described by Martin W. Parr, O.B.E., of the Sudan Administrative Service. There is no doubt that Bishop Bullen's greatest work was done in Nigeria. When he went out he was at once faced with difficult decisions on policy. Previously the Mission Settlement had been in a compound in the centre of the city and this was regarded as a strategic position which should not be given up. Bullen felt, however, and the future proved him right, that they should move out where they would have more space. A new position was found, schools were started and hospitals, and most important of all, a beautiful church built in native style. There is an interesting Appendix dealing with the design and

construction of the church. Three characteristics, Mr. Warren says Guy Bullen had, which made him eminently suitable for this difficult task of breaking with past traditions: 'a certain sweet reasonableness, a perfect courtesy, and an inflexible integrity.'

In a biography written by several hands, as this is, there is the advantage that each writes about that part of the life which he himself knows most intimately. Full and accurate details are therefore likely. But the picture of the man himself is likely to suffer. It has so suffered here. At the same time Bullen stands out as one who had achieved a rare poise between this world and the unseen world: 'that meant that he could enjoy without fear of criticism, with complete unself-consciousness, all the good things which we are given in this life richly to enjoy.' . . . 'Someone once described him to me as a "worldly bishop"; I can understand that. He was worldly, if the parables of the Synoptic Gospels are worldly; for Guy's life was a parable.' In his diary, near the end of his life, Bishop Bullen wrote: 'The test of religion, the final test of religion, is not religiousness but love: not what I have done, not what I have believed, not what I have achieved, but how I have discharged the common charities of life.'

P. T. Forsyth.

The Independent Press Ltd. have just issued a cheap edition of P. T. Forsyth's *The Work of Christ*, first published in 1910. There is a delightful new Foreword by Principal J. S. Whale. He ends in this way: 'But the marrow of a truly modern divinity is here for all who will feed on it. We who are ministers of the word of God in these difficult and dangerous days can hardly fail to hear in this book, written twenty-eight years ago, what the Spirit is saying to the Churches.' The volume also contains a short memoir by P. T. Forsyth's daughter, Jessie Forsyth Andrews. How strange it is that no biography appeared after Peter Forsyth's death in '21. Perhaps the reason was partly his own wish, 'I hope no one will ever write a dreary official full-dress biography of me.' Mrs. Andrews' memoir is short, but all the romance of the story is here. There was a family weekly wage of eleven shillings. The father and mother scraped and saved incessantly for Peter's education. Long afterwards, in apology for ignoring his own daughter's birthday, he wrote: 'Forgive a poor boy who never had any birthdays or any presents.'

When one remembers the early privations, it is extraordinary how many-sided Forsyth was.

London, his daughter says, was 'like wine to him,' and he was in touch with many sides of its life—politics, literature, art, music, and the theatre. (Taboo to so many Victorian saints.) As Principal of Hackney College, he raised its entire academic standard. But it was Forsyth who said: 'Gentlemen, you are *not* here to graduate in the University of London. You may or may not do that. You are here to graduate in Christ and His ministry.'

The Independent Press are to be congratulated on the attractive appearance of the volume—which contains also a list of all Forsyth's works. The price is 4s. 6d. net.

What is a Religious Film?

In the *Church Times* for 9th December, Mr. Andrew Buchanan, film director and author of a number of books on film production, sets himself to answer this question. 'We are inclined to confuse religion with religious formality, and, for that reason, I feel that before we can develop the religious film, we need to understand what it is, or what it should be.

'A religious tableau, whether on the screen or the stage, is usually dramatic, solemn, and, in varying ways, inspiring, but invariably it succeeds in isolating religion—making of it a thing apart from everyday life—a thing of rare beauty received by the public with silent respect and awe, and a minimum of understanding. What I can best describe as "visible religion" perpetuates the fallacy that the spiritual factor has no real connexion with anything outside the Church—that it would be as out of place in everyday business as a stained-glass window in a Tube station.' . . .

'But again I ask, What is a religious film? On the commercial screen I have seen several productions which have exerted a spiritual influence, made more powerful because the audience was unconscious of its presence. *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* was definitely a religious film, but it was also a great box-office success. *Green Pastures* was a queer and distinctly religious picture, but it won approval. Laughton's rendering of Biblical passages in Rembrandt was quite the most beautiful cameo I can remember for a long time. Yet, in the strict sense of the word, none of the films described can be classified as religious, except perhaps *Green Pastures*. . . .

'Far be it from me to indict the cinema. It does its job efficiently, and provides an escape for millions. Merely do I sometimes feel that it would be better (though not for the cinema) if there was

less reason to escape—from life, which, in the end, always captures us. The aim, therefore, should be to increase the proportion of films which exert a desirable influence, without decreasing entertainment value. The introduction of religion does not infer the elimination of laughter.

'It means, as I see it, that an invisible quality shall permeate the entertainment offered to the public, to remind it of the nearness of those things which are unseen, and for the need of a greater appreciation of them. A quality which shall constantly reveal to people that materialism is not enough. That the strongest light in the world is not generated in a power station. That a mind needs making up as well as a face. That we should not concentrate only upon the things which we can touch and grasp.'

The Message.

Seldom do two outstanding volumes of sermons appear in the same month. But this month we have one by Professor Farmer, and another by representative Scottish preachers, edited by the Rev. D. P. Thomson.

Professor Farmer does not need our commendation—enough that he has published a volume. It will find a ready public, for he deals with the problems of to-day, and he writes in the language of to-day, and he is known to be one of our deepest thinkers. In his Introduction, Professor Farmer says that the message to men to-day should fulfil four conditions. First, it must have a cosmic note: 'the note, that is to say, of the Christian fellowship being called of God to be the organ of His purpose in relation to the whole process of history.' Then again, the Message must be so presented that it has a strongly agnostic note running through it. A message which confesses to no nescience will seem, as Job's comforters seemed to Job, too confident to be true. Again, the Message must be so presented that the note of austerity is clearly heard: 'The note of a call to adventure, to danger, to heroic and costing enterprise, must be heard, if the Gospel is to fit the modern scene and to seem any other than a mere twittering of birds over a volcano.' Finally, the Message can only be to the individual. No person can dedicate another person.

The title is *The Healing Cross* (Nisbet; 6s. net).

The second volume is *The Professor as Preacher* (Clarke; 5s. net). The seventeen contributors have in common that each has a Chair in one of the Scottish Universities or Colleges. Most of the names are very well known, and here again we

need do little more than list some of them: Dr. John Baillie, Dr. D. S. Cairns, Dr. Wm. Fulton, Dr. G. D. Henderson, Dr. D. Lamont, Dr. W. M. Macgregor, Dr. John Macleod, Dr. W. D. Niven, Dr. J. G. Riddell among others. All except three contributors, unless we mistake, are Church of Scotland. The Baptist Church is represented by Principal Holms Coats, the United Original Secession Church by Dr. Francis Davidson, and the Free Church by the Rev. P. W. Miller.

Dr. Manson's sermon on Obedience in the Christian life has been given in an abridged form in *The Christian Year* this month, as has also one of Dr. Farmer's.

Prayers for Children.

Miss P. L. Garlick has written and arranged a companion volume to the 'Prayers for Boys and Girls.' The title is *All Our Friends*, and it is intended for children under eight. It is published by the Highway Press in attractive yellow paper covers for 3d. This is how the pamphlet begins:

GOOD MORNING

'Good morning,' says the friendly sun,
And through my window peeps;
'Good morning,' sings a friendly bird
With chirruping cheep-cheep-cheeps;
'Good morning,' barks my friendly dog,
As pleased as pleased can be;
'Good morning,' calls a friendly voice
In the garden next to me.

A new day is just beginning. God is saying Good morning. He is my loving Father, and I am His child. He wants me to be a happy, friendly person all through this day.

For Whitsuntide Miss Garlick makes use of Christina Rossetti's lines:

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

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