

in our own day and way when we are asked, How can a single historical fact possess a timeless significance? How can Christianity claim to be final, on the basis of revelation at a specific period in history? The writer of Hebrews answers this by explaining that the mediating sacrifice of Christ took place in the eternal order, that his person is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' and that nothing can impair or supplement what has thus been done 'in the spirit of the eternal.'

But while this is the most characteristic feature of the Christology, it belongs to the writer's higher gnosis, and alongside of it we find traces of primitive and popular christologies. (a) One of these is the eschatological idea of messiah as the heret, who at the resurrection inherits full messianic power as the divine Son or royal *Kύριος*. Strictly speaking, this hardly harmonizes with the conception of Christ as the divine Son from all eternity, but it reappears now and then. (b) Again, we have a primitive survival in the isolated allusion (2¹⁴⁻¹⁵) to the overthrow of the devil by the death of Jesus, an idea which lies quite outside the regular scheme of the high priestly sacrifice and service. 'Since the children share blood and flesh, he himself participated in their nature, so that by dying he might crush him who wields the power of death (that is to say, the devil) and release from thralldom those who lay under a lifelong fear of death.' This would not be so remarkable in Paul. The ruin of the devil by messiah was a commonplace of apocalyptic eschatology, and the connexion of the devil and death was not unfamiliar. But while Paul saw the bondage of the evil power in the sinful desires of the flesh, our author sees it in the

fear of death. With the overthrow of the tyrant, his prisoners are freed from the terror of his power. But no explanation is given of how this is effected by the death of Christ. We can only suppose that it alludes to a popular belief in the connexion between sin and death which the author does not develop. Elsewhere, the effect of Christ's sacrifice, which is indifferently described by the verbs *ἀγιάζειν, καθαρίζειν* and *τελειοῦν*, is bound up with the axiomatic blood-theory of the ancient world. According to Paul, Christ's death is a sacrifice which expiates the penalty of sin for those whom he represents; according to Hebrews, his death is also due to God's grace and also a representative act, but it is specifically the sacrifice which purifies the defilement of sin. Both work out the primitive idea that 'Christ died for sins according to the scriptures,' but they work it out from different points of view, and Hebrews starts from the sacerdotal. It is strange that Calvin and Matthew Arnold, who do not often agree, think that Hebrews presents Christ as a priest who appeases the wrath of God by a vicarious sacrifice which reinstates the sinner in God's favour. But the O.T. sacrifices to which Hebrews appeals are not intended to avert the wrath of God from offenders without; they imply his gracious attitude to the people and seek to preserve it. The annual sacrifice by the high priest on the day of atonement was to assure the people that the flow of blessing was not interrupted. Christ's sacerdotal function, according to Hebrews, is not to appease the divine wrath but to establish once and for all the final and immediate relation between God and his people. The wrath of God, in Hebrews, is for apostates and renegades.

Entre Nous.

Ralph Hodgson.

The title is simply *Poems*, by Ralph Hodgson (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The poems are refreshingly objective. Mr. Hodgson has an eye for nature and folk—especially gipsy and other unconventional folk. He sympathizes with Eve (abhorring the Serpent) and all her daughters, both the righteous and the sinners. He sym-

pathizes with Adam and all men. His song is

The song of men all sorts and kinds,
As many tempers, moods and minds
As leaves are on a tree,
As many faiths and castes and creeds,
As many human bloods and breeds
As in the world may be.

He sympathizes even with death.

THE MOOR.

The world's gone forward to its latest fair
And dropt an old man doné with by the way,
To sit alone among the bats and stare
At miles and miles and miles of moorland bare
Lit only with last shreds of dying day.

Not all the world, not all the world's gone by:
Old man, you're like to meet one traveller still,
A journeyman well kened for courtesy
To all that walk at odds with life and limb;
If this be he now riding up the hill
Maybe he'll stop and take you up with him. . . .

'But thou art Death?' 'Of Heavenly Seraphim
None else to seek thee out and bid thee come.'
'I only care that thou art come from Him.
Unbody me—I'm tired—and get me home.'

Alan Seeger.

Alan Seeger was an American who happened to be in Paris when war was declared and forthwith joined the Foreign Legion. He fell at Belloy-en-Santerre on the 4th of July 1916.

Alan Seeger was one of the unaccountably numerous educated men and poets whom this greedy war has devoured. He wrote poetry when he was at Harvard and again when he was in Paris. What he wrote has been published now in one truly beautiful volume, entitled simply *Poems* (Constable; 5s. net), and with as truly beautiful an introductory memoir by William Archer. That which was most characteristic of Alan Seeger was his enjoyment of life. He regarded the war as an opportunity for the fullest joy in living. This is how he wrote of it to his mother:

'You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. Everybody should take part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect, not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. There should be no neutrals, but every one should bear some part of the burden. If so large a part should fall to your share, you would be in so far superior to other women and should be correspondingly proud. There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than

what I did, and I think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier.'

Of the poetry Mr. Archer rates highest the 'Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers fallen for France.' It is from that Ode that we make this quotation:

O friends! I know not since that war began
From which no people nobly stands aloof
If in all moments we have given proof
Of virtues that were thought American.
I know not if in all things done and said
All has been well and good,
Or if each one of us can hold his head
As proudly as he should,
Or, from the pattern of those mighty dead
Whose shades our country venerates to-day,
If we've not somewhat fallen and somewhat gone
astray.

But you to whom our land's good name is dear,
If there be any here

Who wonder if her manhood be decreased,
Relaxed its sinews and its blood less red
Than that at Shiloh and Antietam shed,
Be proud of these, have joy in this at least,
And cry: 'Now heaven be praised
That in that hour that most imperilled her,
Menaced her liberty who foremost raised
Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette;
And when of a most formidable foe
She checked each onset, arduous to stem—
Foiled and frustrated them—

On those red fields where blow with furious blow
Was countered, whether the gigantic fray
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,
Accents of ours were in the fierce mêlée;
And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires

The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers:—
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave
drops;

Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were
ours.'

A. Gordon Mitchell.

The Rev. A. Gordon Mitchell, D.D., has written 'a sequence of sacred roundels' for the benefit of 'all who suffer bereavement through the great war.' The title is *Susurri Viatoris* (Paisley: Gardner). Take this example:

All the way, my Saviour and my Lord,
Keep my soul that is so prone to stray,
Go before, and keep Thy watch and ward
All the way.

That I may be faithful in the fray,
Place within my hand Thy conquering sword,
In the battle be my spirit's stay.

Trusting in Thine everlasting word,
Lightened by Thy boundless mercy's ray,
Safely I the stream of death shall ford
All the way.

Stephen Reid-Heyman.

In his most recent book Sir Rabindranath Tagore tells us why we believe in immortality. It is not because it can be scientifically demonstrated, still less because it can be captured from the whirl of a turning table. It is because the personality of man has more in it than itself. There is enough to live by and something over. And that overflow of personality is consciousness of the infinite.

Without thought of Tagore Mr. Reid-Heyman has *A Vision of Immortality* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) and writes it down poetically. The man in him is not content to eat and to drink, because he knows that to-morrow he will *not* die. His capacity is more than one world can fill.

For the poetry, as pure poetry, take this song:

I hover
Over the heart of a rose,
And over
Every bud of the field that blows,
Every blossom that peeps and springs,
All the beautiful woodland things.
There, where the dappled orchis grows,
Hide I a moment, close, so close,
None but the honey-bee may discover.
Snatch I a kiss from the thyme, my lover:
And, as the tasselled catkin swings,
Dry I at dawn my dew-drenched wings.
Breath am I of the scented clover;
Heart of the bird that mounts and sings;
Soul of all swift and lovely things.
Seek for me, follow me. Where I go
Only the wisest shall ever know.

Eight Writers.

The new volume of Mr. Blackwell's series 'Adventurers All' is *At a Venture* (2s. net). It contains poems by eight writers—Lucy Hawkins, Edward Storer, Marian Ramié, Emma Gurney Salter, C. E. Sharpley, Doreen E. A. Wallace, Leo French, Beatrice Llewellyn Thomas. Let us offer as example—though it is impossible to make one of these poets represent another—Emma Gurney Salter's

A WOMAN'S LIFE.

You had not called her lot unblest,
She had all care and comfort meet,
Yet still an inward sigh confess'd
The life was dwarfed and incomplete,
It wanted somehow zest.

No poverty her scope confin'd,
No poignant grief had dimm'd her sun,
Faces and speech around were kind—
And yet it seemed her life lagged on
Lonely, and blank, and blind.

For its own bitterness the heart
Knoweth alone, nor stranger may
In its most sacred joy have part;
None cared to know when she was gay,
Nor when her tears would start.

Ah, the lost hopes for which she yearned,
Vain purpose, unattained delight!
Her garden to a desert turned,
All glow and colour faded quite
Where once the halo burned!

The dark, dead waters of her soul
Love's angel came not to bestir,
Love might have made the half-life whole,
But she must fight (ah! pity her)
Blind forces that control.

She watched her youth fade from her, year
By year, the way grow still more steep,
Her pilot-stars all disappear,
The lengthening shadows onward creep,
Without or joy or fear.

'O to have drained in one glad breath
Life's rapture—to have known one day,
Even one, of fullest life (she saith),
But souls that faint beside the way
Give thee good greeting, Death.'