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had no suspicion of his parishioner's interest in Greek until he visited him during that illness which ended fatally on June 20, 1919. A devout and loyal member of the Church of England, he found spiritual support in her services, but turned with continual eagerness to the written word. It was a deep disappointment to him that Professor Moulton delayed the completion of his *Grammar*. He mourned his loss with deep regret, and left all his own MS. notes on N.T. Greek to the editor of Moulton's *Grammar* to assist in its completion. Mr. Henry Scott should ever be an inspiration to the unprofessional student of the Greek Bible.

Entre Nous.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Self-consciousness.

1. To be conscious of ourselves, to know how we stand in relation to other selves and to the outer world is of the utmost value to us. Indeed, 'coming to self-consciousness' is the technical expression used by certain philosophers to mean the highest point to which human thought can attain. Yet the very expression 'self-consciousness' is sometimes used to indicate a quite unwholesome state of mind. A person who in a drawing-room is said to be self-conscious is one who thinks too much about himself and about what other people think of him. It is self-consciousness carried to excess and amounts to a disease. The introduction of consciousness into certain of our ordinary acts is often accompanied by a loss of power to do them as well as usual. Running down a long flight of steps is an easy matter if we think nothing about it, but if on the way we begin to consider what we are doing, we suddenly find ourselves in difficulties, and are quite apt to stumble. We often say that we cannot do certain things when there are a great many people looking on. The things are easy enough in themselves, and when we are by ourselves we do them without thinking much about them. But when we are aware that we are being watched we begin to think about how we are doing our work, and confusion follows.[1]

¶ A distinguished French psychologist, Gustave Le Bon, adopts as the motto of a book called *The Psychology of Education* the words, 'Education consists in causing the conscious to pass into the unconscious.'

2. In enumerating the elements of the preacher's power, Phillips Brooks puts 'next to the fundamental necessity of character' the freedom from self-consciousness. 'My mind,' he says, 'goes back to a young man whom I knew in the ministry, who did an amount of work at which men wondered, and who, dying early, left a power behind him whose influence will go on long after his name is forgotten; and the great feature of his character was his forgetfulness of self. He had not two questions to ask about every piece of work he did,—first, "How shall I do it most effectively for others?" and second, "How shall I do it most creditably to myself?" Only the first question ever seemed to come to him; and when a task was done so that it should most perfectly accomplish its designed result, he left it and went on to some new task. There is wonderful clearness and economy of force in such simplicity. No man ever yet thought whether he was preaching well without weakening his sermon. I think there are few higher or more delightful moments in a preacher's life than that which comes sometimes when, standing before a congregation and haunted by questionings about the merit of your preaching, which you hate but cannot drive away, at last, suddenly or gradually, you find yourself taken into the power of your truth, absorbed in one sole desire to send it into the men whom you are preaching to; and then every sail is set, and your sermon goes bravely out to sea, leaving yourself high and dry upon the beach, where it has been holding your sermon stranded. The second question disappears out of your work just in proportion as the first question grows intense. No man is perfectly strong until the second question has disappeared entirely. Devotion is like the candle which, as Vasari tells us, Michael Angelo used to carry stuck on his forehead in a pasteboard cap and which kept his own shadow from being

[1] J. Adams, *The Student's Guide*, 10.

cast upon his work while he was hewing out his statues.'[1]

¶ 'Lord Houghton,' says Mr. Brodrick, 'was most kind to me, as he was to so many younger men, and I once stayed with him at Fryston, but I never was among his special *protégés* or favourites. His insatiable curiosity and perfectly natural desire to know every one worth knowing, added to no ordinary accomplishments and poetical gifts of a high order, made him a personage in English society, and his memory is still cherished with gratitude. But he fell short of the greatness to which perhaps he once aspired, and his failure to attain it is partly explained by the humorous reason which he is said to have given for his doubtful success in the House of Commons, viz., that he could not help saying to himself in the midst of his speeches, "Well, Dicky, how are you getting on?" Probably many other aspirants to fame, if equally candid, would make the same confession.'[2]

3. It is self-consciousness that is the chief cause of mannerism. Cardinal Manning simply identifies them. 'I have had a horror of mannerism, or self-consciousness, which I feel to detect in men by an instinct. It gives me gooseflesh. I heard a sermon lately in which the thoughts were as three, the words as six, and the gestures as nine. And yet the man was a good man, but he had been "taught to preach."'[3]

¶ Bishop Phillips Brooks was himself singularly free from self-consciousness. Viscount Bryce compares his manner with that of other great preachers —Wilberforce, Candlish, Spurgeon, Liddon, Beecher. 'All these famous men were, in a sense, more brilliant, that is to say, more rhetorically effective, than Dr. Brooks, yet none of them seemed to speak so directly to the soul. With all of them it was impossible to forget the speaker in the words spoken, because the speaker did not seem to have quite forgotten himself, but to have studied the effect he sought to produce. With him it was otherwise. What amount of preparation he may have given to his discourses I do not know. But there was no sign of art about them, no touch of self-consciousness. He spoke to his audience as a man might speak to his friend, pouring forth with swift, yet quiet and seldom impassioned, earnestness the thoughts and feelings of a singularly pure and lofty spirit. The listeners never thought of style or manner, but only of the substance of the thoughts. They were entranced and carried out of themselves by the strength and sweetness and beauty of the aspects of religious truth and its helpfulness to weak human nature which he presented. Dr. Brooks was the best, because the most edifying of preachers.'[4]

4. Nervousness is not self-consciousness. Nervousness is a condition of success. We have all a vivid remembrance of our first attempt to speak in public without MS. We can still recall the sudden blank in memory, the dry throat, the swimming head, the indistinct vision, the ardent desire for prompt and complete extinction. These are the heralds of future success. They indicate an excess of nerve-power—the power to impress an audience. No good speaker is free from nervousness. He loses with practice the excess, but to the last, as Martin Luther felt his knees knock together as he went up the steps of the pulpit, the preacher who reaches his people trembles as he faces them. Self-consciousness is very different. It is a subtle form of pride which crushes inspiration, begets affectation, and destroys naturalness. The self-conscious preacher is either haunted by a fear that he will make a fool of himself, or he strains after effect. In either case he ceases to be natural, and forfeits his right and power to be effective.[5]

¶ Of Archbishop Magee his wife says: 'He never thought of self; for though on going into the pulpit he was always nervous the first few minutes, he often said, "After a minute or two I forget that any one is present: my subject has such possession of me, I can think of nothing else." He never wanted to know if he preached well, but if it was a sermon that would do good to his hearers. He was ever anxious that what he said might be blessed to those who heard him.'[6]

5. What is the cure for self-consciousness? The sure and certain cure, says Bishop Chavasse is love—love to God and man. 'If we believe that we have a message to give, and that our message will help our hearers, we shall not think of ourselves. Self will be forgotten in the desire to benefit our people. And still more effectually self-consciousness is cured by God-consciousness. We are sent by God. We are His commissioned teachers. The Word we bear is not ours, but His; and He is with us. In the realization of our

[1] P. Brooks, *Lectures on Preaching*, 51.
[2] G. C. Brodrick, *Memories and Impressions*, 262.
[3] E. S. Purcell, *Life of Cardinal Manning*, ii. 725.
[4] A. V. G. Allen, *Phillips Brooks*, 581.
[5] Bishop F. J. Chavasse, in *On Sermon Preparation*, 130.
[6] J. C. MacDonnell, *The Life and Correspondence of William Conner Magee*, i. 53.

commission, and of His Divine Presence, self passes out of sight.'[1]

President Kern is more definite and detailed. The cure of self-consciousness is self-concentration upon three things.

(1) *On the subject.*—No matter what may have been the kind and amount of preparation given to the sermon,—whether without a single written or memorized word, or resulting in a full manuscript laid in the open Bible before you—the subject is *your* subject; you have it in hand *now*, and are concerned with none other whatsoever. Your thoughts will sometimes flit away, just as they would often play the vagrant in the preparation to preach. But let it be distinctly forbidden. Think your subject and no other.

(2) *On the audience.*—Even the writer cannot afford to be wholly occupied with his theme. In imagination he must see his composition under the eye of the reader, and must so write as to win the reader's attention and convey the desired influence to his mind. Said a poet in old age, writing to a friend concerning his latest book: 'I don't know of any reason I had for publishing it, save a yearning desire to speak to my friends once more.' If it be so with the writer, much more must the preacher in his study see his 'friends' in the congregation, and be talking with them. But, above all, the speaker, when actually before his audience, must be sensitively conscious of their presence.

(3) *On the object.*—The hearers of Dr. Nathaniel J. Burton would doubtless have said that he uniformly preached 'about something,' and that he did it with remarkable freshness and beauty of thought. But he himself has said: 'It has been the sin of my life that I have not always taken aim. I have been a lover of subjects. If I had loved men more and loved subjects only as God's instruments of good to men, it would have been better, and I should have more to show for all my labour under the sun.' Many men in the midst of their ministry are making the same mistake, with only a half-consciousness of it.[2]

¶ It is entirely possible to lose consciousness of self for the time in the theme or the occasion. Assuming that the preparatory work has been thorough, a man can train himself to fasten his thought entirely on his subject and his opportunity. If his theme is a worthy one and he has given adequate thought or research to it, he can learn to forget himself and his audience in complete surrender to it. Companionship with truth invests a man with a dignity which ought to give him poise and serenity; which will give him calmness and effectiveness if he regards himself as its servant and messenger. An ambassador is held in great honour because of the power he represents; a man who is dealing in any way with truth or beauty has a right to repose in the greatness and charm of that for which he stands. This transference of interest from the outcome of a personal effort to the sharing of a vision or the conveyance of a power has often made the stammerer eloquent and the timid spirit heroically indifferent to self. The true refuge of the artist is absorption in his art; the true refuge of the self-conscious worker is complete surrender to the dignity and interest of his work.[3]

[1] Bishop F. J. Chavasse, in *On Sermon Preparation*, 130.
[2] J. A. Kern, *The Ministry to the Congregation*, 506.
[3] H. W. Mabie, *Essays on Work and Culture*, 239.

SOME TOPICS.

Presbyterians and Unitarianism.

The History of the Church is likely to become a popular study with the rising generation. Their grandfathers went into the study of the Old Testament, their fathers into that of the New. The study of the Church is in the natural order of succession, and the problems which have arisen are those which concern it. Then will men like the Rev. B. Nightingale, M.A., Litt.D., come into their inheritance. Dr. Nightingale has written many books, most of them on Church History, all of them scholarly and reliable. His new book is a short history of the period *From the Great Awakening to the Evangelical Revival* (London: Memorial Hall).

Dr. Nightingale is able to explode some popular fallacies. This is one. 'It is of the utmost importance that we should be clear in reference to the significance of the Salters' Hall split. "The controversy," says Dr. Dale, "had grave consequences. It was the open sign of the great doctrinal rupture between the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists." That is the common historical view, but it is quite a mistaken one. Starting with this error, it is the custom of most writers on this subject to follow it with another equally serious, and contend that it was the so-called Presbyterian Churches that subsequently became Unitarian, whilst the Independent or Congregational Churches remained loyal to Evangelical truth. Dr. Dale again argues

quite warmly for this position; but it will not stand the test of serious examination.'

The Perfect Gentleman.

The Rev. W. B. Hughes, C.F., published some 'very plain talks to men' (these are his own words) under the title of *The Perfect Gentleman* (Skeffingtons; 3s. net). How shall we know the perfect gentleman when we see him? He is courteous—he does not thump a coin upon the counter and say, 'Packet o' Woodbines.' He is honourable—he will never 'do anybody down.' He is clean—General Grant was sitting in a room; a subaltern came in: 'I say, I have just heard a priceless story—no ladies present?' 'No,' said the General, 'but there are gentlemen present.' He is temperate—'It can't be manly to make a beast of yourself, and it isn't done—among gentlemen.'

The Purpose of the Church.

'There *is* an answer to the question what is the true aim of the Christian and the true purpose of the Church. Quite a simple answer, about the meaning of which no one need be in darkness or hesitation. That answer is that the aim of the Christian and the true purpose of the Church is *the Kingdom of Christ in this world.* This is the primary, and for the immediate time being, the one absolute aim of the Christian and purpose of the Church. It does not exclude other aims and purposes, but it makes them secondary. Unity, for example: many are saying that the aim of the Churches to-day should be unity. Unity is eminently desirable; but it will come only by putting first things first. The One Holy Catholic Church of Christ, the goal of the Christian's longing, desire and effort, cannot and will not emerge in truth and reality excepting in so far as it comes prepared and eager for the Lordship of Christ in this world, prepared and eager to revolutionize our social and industrial life into and under that Lordship. When Christ is truly present in the Church, this aim of revolutionizing the social order is open, manifest, and declared: when this aim is not apparent, then the Church is excluding her Lord. Not only so: the sundered parts of the Church will begin to come together in proportion as each part begins to display complete devotion to this primary ethical and social aim, and in proportion as the fire of consecrated enthusiasm for the Kingdom of Christ in this world grows and mounts and burns to the fusing of differences in the flame of unity in aim and ideal. We shall find the unity of the Church in the setting up of Christ's Kingdom in the world, and we shall not find it elsewhere; failure to serve and accomplish this aim is alone capable of finally destroying the Church: success alone can save it.'

The author is the Rev. Stanley A. Mellor, B.A., Ph.D. The quotation is from *Jesus Christ and Social Change* (Swarthmore Press; 3s. 6d. net), a book of which we can tell the purpose as simply and as surely as the author tells the purpose of the Church. It is to bring the men and women who see the need of 'something being done' to understand that one thing must be done—the morality taught by Christ must be put in practice, and that both Individually and Socially. Practise it, for it it is practicable.

The Liberty of Prophesying.

'We are no believers in leaving teachers "free"—to let loose crudenesses and ignorances on their pupils. The best teacher—and, as for that, the best preacher too—would be considerably better for having the leading facts and arguments of his subject supplied him. The mediocre or inferior teacher would be immeasurably better.' The author of that strong statement is F. H. Hayward, D.Lit., M.A., B.Sc., an innovator in all things. His great innovation is School Celebrations. He and Mr. Arnold Freeman published a book not long ago advocating the teaching of literature, morality, and even religion by means of anniversary and other celebrations, and they gave specimens. In this book, called *A First Book of School Celebrations* (P. S. King & Son; 5s. net), Dr. Hayward is alone, but Mr. Freeman is with him in spirit still. The book (after a most enjoyable and most revolutionary introduction) contains more specimen celebrations—a Celebration for Shakespeare Day, for League of Nations Day, for Democracy Day, for St. Paul's Day—those from the series entitled 'The Spiritual Foundations of Reconstruction.' Next, three Recital Celebrations—one on Bards and Seers, one on World Conquerors, one on The Samson Story. Then six Expository Celebrations, on Eugenics, on Temperance, and on Commerce. Lastly, two Anniversary Celebrations

(Summer and Flying) and two Memorial Celebrations (Chaucer and Spenser).

The idea has been ridiculed here and there, but open-eyed teachers like Professor Arthur Thomson and Mr. Kenneth Richmond have welcomed it. This is the method. The actors are not the children. They are Director (D), Speaker (S), Master or Mistress (M). Take St. Paul's Day. The whole school rises and sings 'For all the saints.' Passages from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* are played. The Director recites from Carlyle 'Two men I honour and no third.' Then the Speaker, after some discourse about travellers and a quotation from *Othello*, reads the account from 2 Cor. 11 of St. Paul's travelling experiences, and speaks of his conversion, quotes Meyer's 'Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest,' and touches on his teaching. Then the Director reads sentences from the Pauline Epistles bearing on life and conduct. The Celebration ends with the singing of Luther's hymn (in Carlyle's translation)—'A safe stronghold our God is still.'

A Theory of the Fall.

It is now often taken for granted that there was no Fall. The mythical language in which it is narrated is taken as proving that it is itself a myth. But the Rev. Peter Green, M.A., Canon of Manchester, believes in the Fall still. He has written a book on *The Problem of Evil* (Longmans; 6s. net). He cannot explain that problem without a Fall. But the Fall must be better understood than it has been. A theory of the Fall which will help to explain the problem of evil 'must (1) display sin as altogether man's fault; the revolt of a free spiritual being against his creator; and (2) it must be such as to establish a connection between man and the physical universe such that physical suffering may be seen to be the necessary outcome of moral evil. For then God may truly be incapable of putting an end to pain except by putting an end to sin, and incapable of putting an end to sin without destroying the very nature of man, as a free spirit, save by the long process of winning man back to Himself with infinite patience and long-suffering love. And (3) our theory of the Fall must supply some explanation of why the evolution of the world is one of strife and pain, and not the painless and easy growth of a healthy organism in which each part helps each, and all help all.'

Possessing Possessions.

The late Right Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham, attended the Keswick Convention in 1919, and preached two sermons and delivered four addresses. These sermons and addresses have now been published with the title *Christ and the Christian* (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d.). Keswick never was better served or better advocated. In the very first sermon Dr. Moule quotes Murray McCheyne's summary of the Gospel, 'Christ for us is all our righteousness before a holy God; Christ in us is all our strength in an ungodly world'; and then says that that is the Gospel which Keswick stands for. A feature of Dr. Moule's addresses is their illustration. One of them has for its text Ob 17, 'Then shall they possess their possessions.' This illustration is used: 'I happen to know for certain the matters I am going to mention. Long years ago there was left a widow whose husband was a merchant in Manila; he died on a business voyage, and was buried by an uncle of mine, who was then chaplain at Singapore. My uncle came to know the widow *à propos* of the burial, and told me this story. The lady, the widow, was left in very straitened circumstances at Manila. They had a little landed property in Australia, and she wrote to a business friend there to dispose of every bit of the ground, if he could. He sold it all, except one little plot that seemed so barren, and was so much out of the way for building, that nobody would buy. Well, so it was at first. She still owned the useless little plot of ground, rather against her will. But in 1850, two years later, they found gold in Australia, and in that little good-for-nothing field was discovered a gold mine. It was not a large one, but it was a gold mine, and it was enough, by its proceeds, to lift anxiety off the widow's heart. She told the story to my uncle, who told it to me. And so she had her possession all the time; the gold was every ounce of it under the ground all the time; but till she realized that it was there it was exactly to her as if it had not been. At last she possessed her possession, as a glad discovery, and it made a great difference to her life.'

No Miracle, no God.

A reply to Professor Bethune-Baker's book on the Creed (reviewed in these pages some months ago) has been made by the Rev. A. J. C. Allen, M.A., sometime Fellow and Assistant Tutor of

Peterhouse, Cambridge. The title is *The Christ of the Future* (Scott; 2s. net). It is not an effective reply, but there are good sentences in it. This is well said: 'The reality of miracle flows from the reality of God. God works through the ordinary course of nature. He reveals Himself there day by day, but man could never grasp that fact if He had never revealed Himself in startling ways, what we call miracle. No miracle, no God, at any rate no God Who is in any real sense transcendent, is a truth that has always commended itself to the religious consciousness, and will go on doing so so long as that consciousness remains alive.'

POETRY.

George Adam Smith.

It is not generally known that Sir George Adam Smith is a writer of poetry. For he has not written much or made it known. Gifted as he is with a prose style more exquisite than most of our professional literary men, it does not follow that he is possessor also of that indefinable, though much defined, thing called the poetic gift. Read the poem which Mrs. and Professor Alexander Lawson have included in their selection of the poetry of Scotland—*A St. Andrews Treasury of Scottish Verse* (A. & C. Black; 7s. 6d. net). The title is 'Old Aberdeen,' and the date October 1915:

Mother of trees and towers and ancient ways,
  And homes of studious peace; to whose grey Crown
Thy lads come up through these October days,
  Come up again the while thy leaves fall down—
Rustling about the young and eager feet
  As if the spirits of thy crowded past,
Mustering on high those latest ranks to greet,
  Did down their ghostly salutations cast—

Ah, this October many come no more
  Whose trysted faces we had looked to see;
For on the fields of Flanders or that shore
  Steep and fire-swept of grim Gallipoli
They fell like leaves, innumerably fell,
  And tho' still quick and keen and fain for life,
With as ripe ease and gentleness of will,
  As the sere leaf from out the tempest's strife—
Ready for Death and their young sacrifice
  By faith in God, by love of home and land,
And the proud conscience of the ungrudged price
  Their fathers paid at Freedom's high demand.

Though through thy stripped trees, trailing with the mist,
  The mournful music of the pipes comes creeping,
Mourn not for those who only failed thy tryst
  Because they kept a holier—and are keeping.

Mrs. and Professor Lawson (we follow the order on the title-page) have dared comparison with two selections of Scottish poetry which were published very like one another in appearance (both in blue cloth with gilt borders after the manner of Quiller-Couch's English book) and very near to one another in time (one in 1910, the other in 1911)—Mr. Macneile Dixon's *Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*, and Sir George Douglas's *Book of Scottish Poetry*. They follow the chronological arrangement of both those books; their advantage over both being that they are later. And being later means that they profit by the criticism passed upon those books and that they have a few poets and a good many poems to select from of the last ten years. Neither Mr. Dixon nor Sir George Douglas had the name of Mary Symon, for example, in the list of authors: Mrs. and Professor Lawson give us two poems by that true and truly Scottish poet.

One is 'After Neuve Chapelle.' This is the first verse:

We'd a hefty second horseman, fae the braes on Deveronside,
An' twa bit college birkies like to burst their breeks wi' pride;
There was Lauchin' Tam an' 'Curly' an' the ane we ca'ed 'The Loon,'
Wi' his sowf an' pech an' fosel, fit to wreck the hale platoon.
An' they're a' deid or deein'—I've a gey bit clour mysel'—
But I winner fat they're thinkin' i' the Glen o' Neuve Chapelle.

Claude L. Penrose.

Claude Quayle Lewis Penrose was born in 1893 in Florida, but lived most of his life in England. He was a precocious child. 'Once when he was

four years old, seeing a likelihood that some forbidden adventure was about to be discussed, he made an adroit attempt to turn the conversation into safe scientific channels with his never-forgotten suggestion: "Let's talk about evolution."

'A little later came the inevitable outcome of too much attention. Mr. Arnold Bennett had arrived to spend the week-end. Lunch was in progress, when suddenly a bomb was dropped: "Mr. Bennett, do you know my daddy said a most horrid thing about you before you came?" Dead silence—suspended breath—then: "He said he was sick of the sound of your name!"'

But he outgrew all the terror and retained all the charm, pleasing everybody by his unselfishness and sympathy. When war broke out he was already a professional soldier and went. He believed and others believed that he carried a charmed life. But on the last day of July in 1918 'he was in his B.C. post with one of his subalterns when the post was hit in the only spot on which it was possible for a shell to take effect.' Next day in hospital he died. He was buried at Esquelbecq.

And now a most handsome and luxurious volume has been published to his memory. Its title is *Poems*, by Claude L. Penrose (Harrison & Sons), for it contains his poems together with a long biographical preface. We have already quoted from the preface, let us now quote one of the poems:

THE GOAL.

Let us not think, 'What lies beyond the end?'
  Lest we should faint and fail and turn aside,
Dizzy and tremulous as men who bend
  Over some high rock, cleft agape and wide,
  And hear below the lap of rising tide.

My soul all weary with strange wayfaring,
  (What I have grasped is far from my desire)
I press along, still straitly following
  The cloud of smoke by day, by night of fire.
  I know my goal; my seeking shall not tire.

Nicol Macnicol.

To the 'Heritage of India' Series, Dr. Nicol Macnicol has contributed a volume entitled *Psalms of Marāthā Saints* (Oxford University Press; 2s. net). Take this short psalm with the title of 'The Besetting God':

Of God my meat and drink I make,
  God is the bed on which I lie.
God is whate'er I give or take;
  God's constant fellowship have I
For God is here and God is there,—
  No place that empty is of him.
Yea, lady Vithā, I declare,
  I fill the world up to the brim.

The God of the Marāthā saint is Vithoba, and he can be worshipped in a female form, the lady Vithā. But what is 'I fill the world up to the brim'? It is the very heart of the Marāthā creed. The lines, all but the last, express a feeling that has all the appearance of being parallel to that daily comradeship with Christ which Christian saints have ever sought, but the last line shows that 'the psalm is no more than a metaphysical affirmation of identity with the All.' In his valuable Introduction Dr. Macnicol compares the Marāthā with the Hebrew Psalms. The difference goes deep down. It is the difference between morality and insensibility.

Eva Martin.

If we had poems to publish we should send them to Messrs. Philip Allan in Chancery Lane. For having published Eva Martin's so irresistibly (the white page bordered by light blue and the initial letters like miniature pictures), they will be able to publish other volumes as attractively. The poems in this case are worth it. Take this example. The subject is itself poetical and it is expressed poetically:

When we must die—we two who captured love,
And dwell with him while yet we tread the
  earth—
Forsake me not in that far, strange re-birth,
But let our climbing souls together move.

Let there be no dark thought to part us then,
No faint desire to draw our steps astray,
No dim and secret memory shut away
In either heart, hid from the other's ken.

Let our untrammelled spirits merge and meet
Where fire divine melts mortal locks and bars,
And climb the white road laid among the stars
In comradeship grown perfect and complete.

But if fate wills that one of us shall find
The pace too quick, the starry path too steep,
Let it be mine to linger and to weep—
I could not live if thou wert left behind!

Better for me to fall beside the way,
To tire and faint, to perish in the dark,
Than to be swept to heaven, a soaring spark,
And know thee lost in spaces vast and grey.

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