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by past experience alone. Indeed, the most apt description that has been given of experience is that it consists in growing expert by experiment. In the lower animals, development was not postponed until its remoter stages were found fit; in man, as we have seen, knowledge is the outcome of faith, of trying, and of postulating. Thought arose as instrumental to life. Logic may be the test of its validity, but its cause was unrest.

Now the conclusion which we have reached has an important bearing on what I have called the problem of faith. What has been said with regard to the lower realms of the living world, and has been presented only as matter of analogy, may be withdrawn, if so you will, as but embellishment. It is in any case superfluous to the argument which I have been constructing. But it will serve to vindicate the reasonableness of the attitude of faith to have pointed out that, in view of the needs of life and in the light of our rounded knowledge of the world as an apparently purposeful moral order, the will to believe, to hope, or to trust, beyond the limits within which we can coercively prove or immediately perceive, is no anomaly and no irrationality imposed on us exclusively by religion. It will serve to justify the venture, the element of assumption, involved in faith, to have shown that it is the final phase of an ascending order of ventures which are normal, natural, nay indispensable, to man: an order which begins in instinctive credulity but culminates in reasoned and rational conviction. This conviction, moreover, is one for which all our knowledge leaves room, and to which much of our knowledge encourages. I am speaking now only with reference to the fundamental contents of religious faith in general; not as to this or that more precarious detail, which needs to be considered on its own particular evidential merits, but as to the being of God and whatever may reasonably be regarded as necessary corollaries of that belief, such, for instance, as divine self-revelation, divine providence, human immortality, personal inter-communion between God and man. It remains true that faith as to even these fundamental things must always be subjective certitude rather than objective certainty, a venture outstripping knowledge. But the venture is of the kind involved in our very knowledge itself, so that faith is not antithetic to knowledge; and indeed faith is grounded upon such knowledge as we have. If a venture, then, faith is a reasonable venture. And it is further reasonable in that, like our science, it illumines life by finding increased meaning in life as interpreted by faith. And inasmuch as the venture is evoked by life, it must find its subjective and pragmatic verification most chiefly in its enrichment and ennobling of life. Faith is thus the realization of what we have reason to assert to be real; it is the substantiation for man of what, apart from his mentality, has substance, the evidencing of what is none the less actual for its remaining unseen.

Entre Nous.

TWO TEXTS.

Luke xvii. 5.

'But it is Saturday night, and I must turn to my preparations for to-morrow. I am to preach in the morning. My subject will be, "Lord, increase our faith"; my points the following: (1) The incidental testimony to our Lord's divinity—in the request that He will bestow a spiritual gift. (2) The ascription of moral weakness to defect of faith. Christ had laid on them the duty of unlimited forgiveness; they reply, Lord, increase our faith. (3) The *wherefore* of the above—because faith brings to bear upon the soul the motive power of the unseen, the revealed. (4) Divine action on the soul necessary to the production and increment of faith—Lord, increase . . . (5) Yet the human effort is not excluded. Christ retorts: If ye had faith, etc., as if it depended on them.'[1]

James i. 17.

'As usual with him he devoted much time to placing the words in their context and showing how they were led up to in the mind of the writer. He began with the double aspect of sorrow from the Christian's point of view: firstly, as a dispensation of God's, and secondly as a temptation, an

[1] H. J. Piggott's *Life and Letters*, p. 262.

appeal to the baser side of man's nature. He alluded to the view of a late critic that the Satan of the Book of Job is not the Devil, as we understand him, but an angel or minister of Jehovah's, charged with the duty of being the adversary or accuser of the just, somewhat as the Roman Church supports an *advocatus diaboli* at the canonization of a saint. Now the writer of the Epistle denies that God can tempt man to evil, any more than He can be tempted to evil. In enforcing his denial he rises to the counter-assertion made in the text, that every "perfect gift" comes "from above." This raises his eyes upwards and leads him on to the magnificent conception of the "Father of Lights," on whose eternal radiance no shadow is ever cast, either by the revolutions of the heavenly orbs or by the chances and changes of this mortal life.'[1]

A TOPIC.

Exploitation.

'The crying sin of to-day is *exploitation*. The sins and weaknesses of the people are exploited under our modern civilization on a scale hitherto undreamed of. Only in these modern days of "progress" have men on the make discovered what an illimitable source of revenue is to be tapped by this means. It is the sin of *pandering*, and pandering on the Napoleonic scale. Men have sunk their capital in it, and created powerful vested interests. The poor weakling who is caught in the snare, or who succumbs to the lures spread for him on every hand, may end his days in prison or workhouse, or be quietly and decently put out of sight to die in infirmary or asylum; but the men who have traded on him, and waxed fat in so doing, are courted and fawned upon by their neighbours, and "kow-towed" to by the tradesmen and others who seek to bask in the sunshine of their ill-gotten wealth. When was the real landlord of a West End brothel ever brought to justice? When were the wife-beatings, the child-starvings or other crimes of the drunkard ever brought home to the men who have traded on his appetites? What author or cinema proprietor was ever adequately punished for first insinuating into the mind of lad or girl the thing that has proved their undoing? If the drunkard is to lose his immortal soul, what shall become of the drunkard-makers? And what shall become of the souls of those "Lords Spiritual" and other supporters in the House of Lords who, on the plea of "vested interests," have ever been the implacable enemies of measures dictated by mercy and directed to the helping and the saving of the people?'

[1] H. J. Piggott's *Life and Letters*, p. 267 f.

That is a quotation from Arthur Bertram's *In Darkest Christendom and a Way out of the Darkness* (Allen & Unwin; cloth 5s. net, paper 3s. 6d. net). It is a book which, if read, is bound to do good; for it cries aloud and spares not. And it is being read. Published in 1919 it has already been reprinted twice.

NEW POETRY.

Victor Chard.

Mr. Perkin Warbeck of Cambridge continues his 'Florin Series' of modern poetry. Mr. Victor Chard's *Tushery* is number four. It is a flattering example. This poem, for example, flatters the series though not this number of it.

Eternity.

Like as a child upon the sea-girt shore,
That builds, with eager heart and busy hand,
A mimic fortress in the yellow sand,
Until the turning wave creeps up and o'er,
And lays all smooth again the ocean floor:
So Man, so Life, so Time, that would withstand
Inexorable Fate at Hope's demand,
Toil at their futile task for evermore.

For evermore! While suns shall wax and wane,
And pale cold moons await their final doom;
While new worlds nebulous begin to be,
Within the circle of Eternity.
For evermore! Weaving upon the loom
Of Endless Being, all their tale of pain.

Jocelyn C. Lea.

This is another of Mr. Warbeck's poets. We dare not call him frivolous, but he is certainly light-hearted. Quite serious, however, and therefore not quite representative is this:

Pruning Song.

Trees with the wind in their waving wands humming,
Dream they those wands all in green shall be gowned?

Here with their pruning knives see the men coming—

Praying for Harvest,
To God for good Harvest,
And apples to last them
Till Easter comes round!

Come to the orchard now while the light lingers,
See how the waving wands litter the ground!
See how the apple trees hold up stiff fingers—

Praying for Harvest,
To God for good Harvest,
And life for their children
Till Easter comes round!

The title is *Purple Boggarts*.

Ralph Cleworth.

Another of the 'Florin' poets. The simple title of the volume is *Leaves*. You will find the story but search in vain for the moral in it. You must be content with this as its note, and no doubt a very charming note it is.

MADELINE.

She came into the lecture late
And flung her haughty glances where
Each gallant undergraduate
Drank deeply of her willowy air:
Tell me, you wise, why is it thus
That ugly people in good time
Secure their seats without a fuss
And figure not in rhyme?

One chair, the only empty one,
Next me, she took. '*Last time*,' said he,
'*I traced*' . . . the weak-eyed morning sun
Played round her lips: futility
I saw in all but . . . '*Aspect two*'—
Her hands were white, her hair was brown.
'*Note this*' . . . Her eyes—yet there are few
So bold but they look down.

'*Three periods, I distinguish here,*
The first.'—Mysteriously I sigh.
'*But we must get the issues clear*'—
O heart, I thought, beat once and die!
An inkdrop from her fountain pen—
My blotting-paper? Well, not *mine*,
But . . . O what mortal things are men
When women are divine!

T. S. Cairncross.

Mr. Cairncross does not write in the Scottish language, but he is very much a Scottish writer. The title is itself Scottish: *From the Kilpatrick Hills* (Paisley: Gardner; 6s. net). We quote a few verses of

THE CONTENTED MAN.

How happy he who in unfeigned content
Bides in the humble cottage by the brook,
Beholding morning dawn and red sun set!
Among the fields his wandering hours are spent,
And in the shade he finds a bowered nook
For deep communion, where sweet violet
And hill-side blue-bell tell him secret things,
And rustling leaves are full of angels' wings.

He needs no company in his solitude;
Nature suffices him in all his cares;
The lonely place breathes comforting like balm;
Here builds he high in every changing mood
A temple for his soul with incensed prayers,
And here himself he finds amidst the calm;
Ambition still keeps calling from afar
From out a world remote as any star.

. . . . . .

Be this my choice, though heaven itself rain gold,
To be in love with Nature and with God
And keep good terms with the frail sons of men,
And so to keep my soul. The age grows cold
With stubble bare upon the gleaned sod,
For time reaps treasure from the heart and pen
In his long harvest; sheaves are lonely set;
So much has vanished I would fain forget.

Ah, no! though much is taken much remains;
Kings perish and their empires fall in flower;
Love festers and the yellow idol rules;
The world in birth-throes struggles through its pains
Where heroes fought and fell in their great hour;
And with them died content; now futile fools
Fight, die, and are immortal for a creed
Which, giving all, still leaves all men in need.

Here will I dwell then by the hill-side green,
A king imperial though the board be bare;
For the contented heart all places shine;
And angels on the heavenly ramparts lean
To point the lowly to their altar stair,
Making the hard road now a track divine
To him whose heart burns in him by the way,
Since love has shown him heaven in common day.

Norman Cross.

The most memorable poem in Mr. Norman Cross's *Songs after Sunset* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) is a dramatic dialogue between David and Bathsheba. David's fascination as a singer—which must have been what Bathsheba finds it if tradition is true—is expressed thus:

Bathsheba. Your voice is beautiful . . . I do forget,
Listening, I am so near a reverence;
A pendulum between two reverences,
—One, rich with life, the other, strange with death—
A pendulum, and slowing to life's pull.

The poem is memorable, not leaving the memory after all the rest are read. But this on the Rainbow in the Cloud is more quotable:

Thou hast laid thy chains on the flood,
Thou hast set thy curb on the sea,
And thy bow in heaven has understood
No more the wrack shall be.

Thou guard'st the walls of the moon,
And the fountains of the sky,
That not of thine anger late or soon
A race of men shall die.

And thy storms rise up, and roar,
And wet winds gather again;
But the clouds that carried a curse before
Drop . . . drop . . . in gentle rain.

Gregory Thornton.

The words of the *Sonnets of Shakespeare's Ghost* (Sydney: Angus & Robertson; 3s. 6d.) are said to have been 'procured' by Gregory Thornton, while the ornaments were made by Willem Blaeu. Shakespeare is troubled that men should say his Sonnets were not writ 'from the truth of his heart but from the toyings of his brain, and that he devised but a feigned object to fit a feigned affection': this is his answer. We quote one of the new Sonnets:

Some hold it strange that love like thine and mine
'Twixt two in state so sunder'd should be bred,
That he who did all worths in him combine,
Birth, beauty, wit, wealth, me thus honourèd,
Me, the poor motley, maim'd by Fortune's spite,
Sear'd and o'erworn with tyranny of time,
Whose wit was but the wit to learn to write
When thou, my Muse, inspir'dst my pupil rhyme.
Thou wert the wide world's pride, but I his scorn;
His pattern thou, I his poor toy and tool;
Whence therefore should that tender love be born
'Twixt Fortune's minion thee, and me her fool?
O know they not that all such outward things
Hold lowest count in the soul's reckonings?

A. J. Young.

The Poet and the Christian Minister are rarely one. The minister is likely to write 'sacred poetry,' and 'sacred poetry' refuses to be written. Yet after long waiting the unexpected comes. The author of *Boaz and Ruth* (London: Wilson, 77 Queen Street, Cheapside; 2s.) is a poet. The proof that shuts the last sceptic's mouth is the poem which gives its title to the book. One scene only in the story of Ruth is taken. It is the one difficult passage in it, the scene at the threshing-floor. It is difficult no longer; it is true and beautiful. But it is not to be quoted. There are shorter poems in the book. One of these is called

CREATION.

God plucked a golden quill
From Michael's wing:
The host that had before been still
Began to sing.

He spread a sheet of light
Before Him; then
Deep down into the pot of night
He dipped His pen.

Earth and the sea and air,
Sun, moon and stars,
All things of power and beauty were
His characters.

The mighty word was penned
Age after age;
And, each age coming to an end,
He turned a page.

And last, to make all sure,
(Read it who can!)
He set thereto His signature
And called it Man.

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