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Entre Nous.

The Credibility of the Fall.

It is sometimes said that no one any longer believes in the Fall. Professor David Smith believes in it still. Professor Smith has written a book on *The Atonement in the Light of History and the Modern Spirit* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). He begins with 'Atonement and Evolution.' He says emphatically that if there was no Fall there is no room for Atonement. And so he has to make good the fact of the Fall.

He accepts Evolution. It is the purpose of God that there should be development from lower to higher, from the brute to man, and from lower man to higher man. But how is that possible if man was created perfect? Dr. Smith answers, Man was not created perfect. He was created innocent. And the Fall was a fall, not from the height of perfection, but from innocence to guilt. He quotes the Westminster Catechism: 'Our first parents being left to the freedom of their own will, through the temptation of Satan, transgressed the commandment of God in eating the forbidden fruit, and thereby fell from the state of innocency wherein they were created.' Then he says: 'In its primal state, the state of innocence, the race was in its infancy; and it should, according to the Creator's purpose, have developed sweetly and harmoniously, stage by stage, until it realised its ideal and attained "unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And the Fall was a departure from that course, an arrest of the normal process of moral and spiritual evolution.'

Now if you wish to know what is the origin of the story of the Fall according to those who do *not* believe in it, you may turn to Mr. Edward Moore's *We Moderns*: 'In very early times Man must have had a deep sense of the tragicality of existence: life was then so full of pain; death, as a rule, so sudden and unforeseen, and the world generally so beset with terrors. The few who were fortunate enough to escape violent death had yet to toil incessantly to retain a footing on this unkind star. Life would, accordingly, appear to them in the most sombre tones and colours. And it was to explain this human misfortune, and not sin at all, that the whole fable of Adam and Eve and the Fall was invented. The doctrine of Original Sin was simply an interpretation which was afterwards read into the story, an interpretation perhaps as arbitrary as the orthodox interpretation of the Song of Songs.'

But *does* Mr. Moore disbelieve in the Fall? In another place altogether, though in the same book, he says: 'Has the fable of the Fall still another interpretation for us? Was the Fall of Man the fall from Love? When the feeling of universal comprehension was lost, personality in the individualistic sense arose. And Sin was the child of this Individualism. To the first man bereft of Love, the earth assumed a terrible mien; nature glared at him with a million baleful eyes: he became an outcast in his home. No longer knowing the earth or other men, he experienced terror, hatred, and despair. To protect himself against existence he created Love's substitute morality. And with morality arose sin and perished innocence.' That does not seem so far from Professor Smith.

The Inhabitress of Lebanon.

If you turn up 'Lebanon' in the Concordance you will be surprised to find how often the name occurs in the Old Testament. And it is always with a sense of the national pride in 'the glory of Lebanon.' If the prophets prophesy evil the climax is reached when the glory of Lebanon is touched by it. 'Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars.' That is Zechariah (11[1]). When Jeremiah foresaw the nation's calamity at the hands of Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon, it was as the stroke fell on Lebanon that he felt its severity. 'O inhabitant'—the Hebrew is inhabitress, for he knew that it would fall most severely on the woman—'O inhabitress of Lebanon, that makest thy nest in the cedars, how greatly to be pitied shalt thou be when pangs come upon thee, the pain as of a woman in travail' (22[23]).

The prophecy was fulfilled when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Babylonians. But not as it has been fulfilled in our day. The Babylonians were not so ruthless as the Turks. Mr. William Canton has written a book on Palestine as it is passing through its pangs before our very eyes. He calls it *Dawn in Palestine* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 3d.

net). But it is chiefly of the night before the dawn that he has the story to tell. 'The device of a "holy war" proved to be a fiasco. It was abandoned on the return of Enver to Constantinople. But German *Kultur* and Turkish barbarity were equal to the emergency. Look you, Effendi, hunger is more frightful than the sword, and it is as deadly as the sword. It has also this advantage: the cry and the colour of blood drive some people furious with indignation; but the famished seem to die off with much less noise.

'Yes, they died silently, but those last faint sighs are shuddering through the souls of millions, and millions are taking Milton's passionate prayer for their own—

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered people, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Lebanon mountains cold.

'It was in the Lebanon that the fiendish plan was first set in operation. Turkish troops patrolled the roads and were encamped in the villages. The district was harried for food, and no fresh supplies were admitted. The Government seized the plentiful harvest of grain, sent a great part of it to their German allies, and sold the rest to the people at exorbitant prices. Figs, too, were snatched away, and they were the best of an otherwise poor fruit crop.

'The Christian Maronites and their enemies, the Druses, were treated with impartially callous brutality. The pinch of want was soon felt. Old and young—men, women, and children—perished slowly day by day. They died in their homes, they died by the roadside, they died in the fields while they were seeking for berries, roots, weeds to stay the pangs of starvation.

'While making his escape from Syria the eye-witness of these horrors passed through many silent towns in which the only living creatures he saw were birds building their nests in the deserted houses. It was easier, he said, to find death in those places than to find a crumb of bread or a drop of water.

'An American missionary, bravely struggling with the work of relief, takes up the appalling story. In the Lebanon 250,000 have perished. Nowhere in the whole of Syria is there more ghastly want than in the villages of this fair region.'

Baptized for the Dead.

The Rev. C. J. Barry, M.A., Minister of Union Chapel, Islington, is a strong enough preacher to stand the test of skeletons! There is no test like it. The last two volumes of Robertson of Brighton were largely skeletons, and even he could scarcely carry them off. Mr. Barry's book, *The Blurred Mirror* (Stockwell; 2s. 6d. net), is altogether made up of them. One of them is on Baptism for the Dead (1 Co 15^{29}), a difficult enough topic itself. What does he make of it?

'A saying that made History. The early Church, a small army, engaged in a death struggle in a country held in the grip of the enemy. She had to do all her recruiting in that country. She put her soldiers through a severe training *before* she enrolled them.

'Baptism—the solemn initiating rite.

'1. Some of her soldiers in training never reached active service nor even the full status. Some died in training, but the Church then counted them as soldiers and called upon others to fill the empty places. This was being "baptized for the dead."

'2. Some of the Church's soldiers were lost to the ranks of the Church militant by *martyrdom*, in which case the Church felt there was *no recruiting appeal like the martyr's* appeal. For every martyr the Church had dozens who came forward, and some were privileged to take the very name of the martyr in baptism. This was being "baptized for the dead."

'3. The early Church expressed her sure belief in the Resurrection and ultimate Victory. Putting these thoughts together we have: "We must fill up the ranks of the King of Glory if we are to prove ourselves worthy of those whose empty places we see, because we believe in the Resurrection which is the pledge of ultimate VICTORY."

'(Application.)

'(*a*) *The Church to-day.*—Vacant places. Many are at the war simply because they are Christians. What shall we do to be baptized for them?

'(*b*) *The Community.*—The Community is suffering because of the withdrawal of useful lives. What can we do "to be baptized for the dead"? The baptism of privation and self-sacrifice.

'(*c*) *The War itself.*—Many have fallen—most of them good, useful lives. You young men are training to fill their places—be worthy.

'(*d*) *The greater War that never ceases.*—The

War of Truth, Justice, Freedom, Righteousness, and Goodness. Many martyrs in this war and many lives constantly being withdrawn. What will you do? Think of the noble, holy dead. *Will you be baptized into the ranks* of Jesus Christ? We will fill the places of the departed *because we believe in the Resurrection, the pledge of ultimate* VICTORY.'

They did not have Newspapers down in Judee.

In his book *We Moderns*, Mr. Edward Moore is much concerned about Mr. G. K. Chesterton, because Mr. Chesterton declares himself a Christian. A Christian after August 1914! 'Mr. Chesterton says that Christianity has not failed, for it has never been tried. What! After nineteen hundred years, it has not been tried? Then how can we expect to see it tried now? And if it should turn out to be something which *cannot* be "tried"? That is the question.'

And Mr. Moore answers it. Christianity cannot be tried. For now 'the atmosphere cannot be created in which Christianity may grow young again and recapture its faith. The necessary credulity, or, at anyrate, the proper kind of credulity, is no longer ours. For Christianity grew, like the mushrooms, *in the night.* Had there been newspapers in Judea, there had been no Christianity. And this age of ours, in which the clank of the printing press drowns all other sounds, is fatal to any noble mystery, to any noble birth or re-birth. *That* night, at all events, we can never pass through again, and therefore Christianity will probably never renew itself.'

Running.

'He that believeth shall not make haste' (Is 28^{16}). That is one of our favourite texts. It reproves enthusiasm. And although we do not now call that which we disapprove of enthusiasm, it is enthusiasm that we disapprove of. Does Isaiah? In this text? Did Christ? What is all that, then, in the Gospels about running? Professor J. F. McFadyen of Hislop College, Nagpur, notices it in his book on *Jesus and Life.*

'Life as Jesus saw it was a serious business, to be taken lightly at our peril; and so we find throughout the Gospels an atmosphere of earnestness, of eager haste. The young man *running* to Jesus to ask Him how to get eternal life is an emblematic figure. Shepherds hasten to Bethlehem to see the new-born Messiah. The thousands whom Jesus fed had reached the spot running. After the miracle, when Jesus reached Gennesaret, there was tremendous haste through a whole district as the people brought their sick friends to Jesus. Zacchæus runs on in front of the crowd and climbs a tree to get a glimpse of Jesus; and on the resurrection morning there is much running to and fro—Mary running to tell Peter and the other disciples of the empty tomb, Peter and the other running to the tomb to see for themselves. Jesus loved the runners of the Gospel story.'

Edward Henry Blakeney.

The first volume of poetry this month is quite unique. We have never had the like of it, and we have no hope of ever having the like of it again. For the author, Mr. Edward Henry Blakeney, is poet, printer, and publisher. Mr. Blakeney is Headmaster of King's School, Ely, and an old contributor to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. But who would have guessed the possession of so many gifts? The printing and the publishing are highly artistic work, quite out of reach of the professional craftsman in either craft. Those who have an eye for a rare volume had better secure their copy at once, for only sixty-five copies have been printed, and the little book is sure to become scarce and very scarce. In our copy two trifling misprints have been mended by the author's pen, and so mended as to add to the value of it. The title is *Poems in Peace and War: 1912–1918.*

The poetry? We must not forget the poetry, though the price at which the book will be quoted by the antiquarian bookseller will have little to do with the quality of it. The poetry is both true and melodious. Following our usual way we shall quote one poem. But in doing so we say quite frankly that it is by no means the best in the book. We quote it for its quotableness and for its brevity:

THE CITY OF PEACE.

Beyond the verge of the iron years,
Where the Past and Present meet,
Where the dreams we dreamed in the golden days
Hover on shining feet,

Lies, foursquare, in a land of calm,
Untravelled, strange, untrod,
A City set on the heights serene—
The timeless City of God.

Here, in the region of strife and storm,
Weary, perplext by Fate,
With journeyings sore, in perils oft,
Our spirits watch—and wait;
Yet ever, above the clouds that veil
That pathway still untrod,
The Gates of the City stand unbarred—
The Gates of the City of God.

John Rickards Mozley.

The Rev. J. R. Mozley is a theologian; his book, *The Divine Aspect of History*, is sufficient evidence. He is also a poet. *Seven Lyrics* are issued together (Heffer; 6d. net). The first, 'In Time of War,' is a prayer to God for two gifts—first, courage to win; and next,

that hatred ne'er
Harden our hearts within.

There is a fine sonnet in memory of Lord Roberts, and this brief tribute to Lord Kitchener:

O silent chieftain, resolute of heart!
From the dread billows of the northern sea
To every soul born of our race thou art
Eloquent now, and evermore shalt be!

H. W. P. Danter.

An early lyric in *The Hill of Daydreams* (Macdonald; 2s. 6d. net) tells us that Mr. Danter is a clergyman. Is this his first volume? It has promise; not yet all the finish of performance. There are words and phrases which are less melodious than they should be. But the root of matter is in him. We quote this

SONNET

'This have I done for thee.
What doest thou for Me?'

I did aspire by false ambition fed
To have my name in golden letters writ;
To hold a place of high renown and sit
Empinnacled above the famous dead.
A fadeless laurel wreath to marble wed
Should cap a chiselled bust relit
To animation by the praise, most fit,
Of countless worshippers. By shadows led
I dedicated pain of nights and days,
I lavished all my care upon my dream.
When on a while a piercèd hand did raise
My self-filled head; a gentle voice did seem
To plead in love. And I in deep amaze
Beheld a tortured figure on a beam.

Bernard Gilbert.

There is no question of the power of those verses (he would not thank you to call them poems) which Mr. Bernard Gilbert has gathered out of many magazines into one fierce democratic volume with the title *Rebel Verses* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net). This is the Rebel:

I live in music, in poetry, and in the life reflective.
I seek intellectual boldness in man, I worship mental swiftness in women.
I have no love for lawyers, priests, schoolmasters, or any dogmatic men.
I am with poor against rich, labour against employer, women against men; I fight beside all strikers, mutineers, and rebels.
I welcome foes; I desire criticism.
I loathe prejudice, either social or national; I repudiate all claims.
I demand freedom of action and leisure for reflection.
Facing Death, I would say: 'I have tasted all, tried all, dared all, suffered all, and I repent nothing.'

There is no more than that in the *manner* of Walt Whitman, but the *spirit* goes to the end. What is the creed? It is, Do well, but with no assurance that it shall be well with you. Only, Do ill, and there is assurance enough that it shall be ill. The short piece 'Remorse' is relentless as George Eliot's 'Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul.'

Eleanor Farjeon.

First in *Sonnets and Poems*, by Eleanor Farjeon (Blackwell; 3s. net), come eighteen sonnets, 'A Soul's Biography.' There is the sense of power without the opportunity, then the advent of love, the passion of it, and the fulfilment. For here as elsewhere life is just learning the lesson of how 'love may be, hath been indeed, and is.' The poems that follow are variations of one theme,

one that admits so many variations, the outward world's amazing beauty. But not apart from men; least of all from little children. We shall quote one of the eighteen sonnets:

Certain among us walk in loneliness
Along the pale unprofitable days,
Hazarding many an unanswered guess
At what vague purpose wastes us on our ways.
We know that we are potent to create,
We say, I could be such or such or such,
And lo, indifferent death swings back the gate;
And life has never put us to the touch.
So woman with the aching will to bear
Still to the barren grave must barren go,
And men that might again like Titans dare
Angelic secrets, die and nothing know.
Alas! why were we born to woe and bliss
If life had no more need of us than this?

Eleanor Deane Hill.

The chief poem has the story of Demeter and Persephone for its theme, hence the title *Demeter*, by Eleanor Deane Hill (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). The story fits the style; perhaps it has done something to make the style what it is. Here is a fine free rendering of one familiar thought:

And like a yellow butterfly, adrift
Ere the Spring warrants, lovely Proserpine
Came speedily towards the little wood;
Blown by her haste, her garments, primrose-hued,
Clung to her limbs and showed her shape divine.
And as she ran
With motion sweet and swift,
Around her naked feet the Spring began
To swell the buds and stir the sap within;
The earth gave out a savour, and the stream,
Breaking its leashes, woke to happy strife,
And all the land with melody was rife.
Wherever fell her tread
New flowers sprang, the children of the snow,
Like her in durance, sad, with drooping head,
But, still unseen,
Hidden within, for hope, a thread of green.

In the last of all the poems which follow, the author reveals her life here as she expresses her hope for the life beyond:

These things, Oh Lord, in the next world I crave:
Of work I love, enough to fill my hands,
And time and space to answer its demands;
This, and no guerdon for it, I would have.
I would not ask, in that Beyond-the-Grave,
That my hand answer all my brain commands,
So should I wither, self-involved in bands
Strangling all growth, my own most helpless slave.

Let me believe my labour is not vain,
Give me still hope that honest work is prayer,
I am unapt at orisons and bedes;
But give the eyes to see, if I attain
Some pale result, perfection still more rare,
More distant stars, more light, more flaming deeds.

Geoffrey Faber.

In the Valley of Vision: Poems written in Time of War, by Geoffrey Faber, Captain (Blackwell; 3s. net). Every one of them has the war, in some aspect of it, throbbing through its lines. And for the most part painfully—the waste, the ugliness, the anger, the guilt. One of the strongest is a picture of the authors of the war looking at themselves with eyes that are to be given them when it is over. And yet there is a morning coming after this night:

Every day comes
Newly the Sun.
We light up anew our homes,
When work is done.

And as after darkest night
'Tis brightest dawning,
Gladder is the window-spark
For the day of our mourning.

Have Faith; it burns
Through present grief,
Thitherward undoubting turns
All our belief.

We will win back
More than of old:
All that we lost and lack
A thousand-fold.

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