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Entre Nous.

WHAT THEY SAY.

The secret—which is also the reward—of all learning lies in the passion for the search.[1]

The inventions of one age are always in process of becoming the conventions, the tyrants, of the next.[1]

Donne's sermons contain (as I hold) the most magnificent prose ever uttered from an English pulpit, if not the most magnificent prose ever spoken in our tongue.[1]

Nobody reads sermons in these days, and few even trouble to attend them. For reasons which we will examine on another occasion, the once glorious art of preaching has perished out of our midst. The tradition is there—laid up in Donne's *Sermons*: 'laid up, not lost!'[1]

Breaches of the universal moral law, such as drunkenness, theft or fornication, have not caused a hundredth part of the suffering that has been caused by perverse morality, by religious persecution, by fanatical patriotism, by belief in the sacred rights of property.[2]

The Church does not exist to help the State in the maintenance of its morality, of its order, or of itself. Nor does it exist to work any kind of political change in the State or between States. Therefore it is not called upon to take part in any kind of secular dispute, whether it be a war between nations or a class war. Its function is to teach and to practise those principles which alone can put an end to all conflicts between men or classes or nations.[2]

The extension of the family idea involves the belief not simply that we must tolerate one another, but that we must learn to appreciate one another. In the little tribe among the mountains overlooking the Dead Sea, rent by diverse factions, trusting the one to Assyria and the other to Egypt, the vast warring world-powers of the day, there arose a man who had the audacity to proclaim that Israel should be a third with Egypt and Assyria, her two giant enemies. To him it was given to think in family terms of a world rent with war, and he saw through the hatreds and prejudices of his day that each needed the other for the fulfilment of its own best life. That stupendous vision has come down through the ages. Is the world yet ripe for it? Dare we express it in national policies? Where is the statesman who can make it a reality for the relations of America and Japan, Germany and England, Austria and Serbia?[3]

No amount of misunderstanding and vulgarisation and partisanship, not all the bad pictures and hymns, not all the apologies and explanations and flatteries, have availed to make Christ ridiculous to any man. The fiercest atheist may make his jokes about God; he does not make them about Christ, but only reproaches Christians with being unlike Him.[4]

My brethren in the ministry, we must not be carried away by the people who tell you that we shall have to shorten our services considerably and only give ten minutes addresses if we are to get and retain these young fellows. The men who talk that way are the men who do not want to make sermons. It is an insult to the intelligence of these lads. If you want to make strong Christian characters of them, you will have to teach them in the things of God and stir their hearts to gracious impulses. I have spoken for fifty minutes to the men just before they crossed the Channel on one occasion; and I was not telling them stories. My talk was about the grandeur of the life in God: the safety of the life committed to His keeping.[5]

A man who can say the same thing twice is a man who has ceased to feel.[6]

ON CERTAIN TOPICS.

Faith.

The doctrine of Faith is in sore need of exposition. It is a surprise and a joy to read in the writings of a Jew an understanding of what Faith means in the Gospels. In his most recent book,

[1] Quiller-Couch, *Studies in Literature*, 23, 92, 107, 112.
[2] A. Clutton-Brock in *Faith and Freedom*, 263, 294.
[3] Henry T. Hodgkin in *Problems of To-morrow*.
[4] A. Clutton-Brock, *Studies in Christianity*, 80.
[5] George Hooper in *Problems of To-morrow*.
[6] E. T. Campagnac, *Religion and Religious Teaching*, 87.

Liberal Judaism and Hellenism, Mr. Claude G. Montefiore says: 'If the teaching of Jesus is prophetic in its passion, it is prophetic too in that unqualified and limitless trust or faith in God, by which English words we seek to translate the Greek word "*Pistis*." That faith, as Jesus used the term, was not faith in himself, or belief in any theological propositions as to his nature or his office, but it was primarily faith in *God*, and only secondarily faith in God's messenger and servant which Jesus conceived himself to be. It is the same spiritual quality which is extolled and enjoined by the Psalmists: confidence in God, in His rule, His righteousness, His wisdom. But the quality, the virtue, is deepened, as Jesus uses the term. By faith he seems to mean a spiritual power, a confidence which enables men to *do* things that otherwise they could not do, that lifts them, as we say, above themselves. But it is also a confidence that God will help them to do things, that He will give them strength to do things, and therefore that they will be enabled to do them. And, lastly, this confidence or trust, when it is evoked, appears to be regenerative; it can be the basis and beginning of a new moral life: it turns the heart towards goodness: it gives the power to the will to quit the life of sin and to begin the life of virtue. Justly may the past sins of a man, who has begun to have faith, be forgiven, because by the strength of that faith he will be enabled to overcome his sinful tendency and to free himself from its bondage. Is not this doctrine psychologically true? If a man has any right and ardent conviction about God, either, for instance, that God will surely help him, or that God greatly desires his repentance, this conviction can become a power unto him, enabling him, on the one hand, to conquer his sin and, on the other hand, to fulfil the commands of God. Faith causes works and precedes them. It can be a saving faith, leading both to noble action and to happy peace. This seems the doctrine not so much taught as *implied* in that frequent laudation of "faith" which we meet with in the sayings of Jesus. And this doctrine seems good and true, and only an extension and a deepening of doctrine which is already taught within the pages of the Hebrew Scriptures.'

Mr. Montefiore's exposition of Faith in the Gospels needs finishing off. It omits the miracles. Take that in from Dr. Anderson Scott's *Dominus Noster*: 'In some cases He acknowledged its presence: in others its absence is noted as preventing the working of miracles. But this "faith" was not belief in Himself as this or that; it was an attitude towards Himself of confidence and expectancy, a readiness to receive, not alone the physical boon, but the boon and the message, the revelation of which the miracle would be the vehicle. Men who had taken up such an attitude to Jesus were thereby in such relation to Him that His power could be manifested on their behalf without danger of its being regarded merely as a demonstration, a boon without meaning beyond itself.'

Rhythm.

All manual or bodily labour is enormously increased in effect, when timed to rhythm. So a regiment marches to a band; so the tramp of a column crossing a light bridge has to be broken lest the timed impact wreck the structure; so in the Peninsular War a British regiment heaved down a wall apparently immoveable, by lining against it and applying bodily pressure in successive rhythmical waves. So I, who have lived most of my life over a harbour, have seen and heard crews weighing anchor at windlass or capstan, or hauling on ropes, to a sailors' chanty, the solo-man intoning

We have a good ship and a jolly good crew!

the chorus taking him up

And away, away Rio![1]

A Debt to the Dead.

I am profoundly conscious of the grave practical difficulties which the policy I advocate would involve. Its adoption, more especially with regard to the fixing of minimum wages, would impose a heavy burden upon all those responsible for the conduct of industrial life, and agriculture would confront a yet more intricate problem. Yet I venture to submit, in all seriousness, that the nation must choose either difficulty or disaster. I submit that the day is past in which we could afford to compromise between the desires of the few and the needs of the many, or to perpetuate conditions in which large masses of the people are unable to secure the bare necessaries of mental and physical efficiency. I submit that when the war is over, with its record of infinite sacrifice, it

[1] Quiller-Couch, *Studies in Literature*, 25.

will leave us not only with huge monetary obligations, but with a debt to the dead which must be paid to the living, in terms of life and health and opportunity. We cannot refuse to discharge that supreme debt.[1]

Alors—it moves.

If I ever thought I could change the conviction of a French peasant, I don't think so since I have lived among them. I spent several days last summer trying to convince Père that the sun did *not* go round the earth. I drew charts of the heavens — you should have seen them — and explained the solar system. He listened attentively —one has to listen when the *patronne* talks, you know—and I thought he understood. When it was all over—it took me three days—he said to me: '*Bien*. All the same, look at the sun. This morning it was behind Maria's house over there. I saw it. At noon it was right over my orchard. I saw it there. At five o'clock it will be behind the hill at Esbly. You tell me it does not move! Why, I see it move every day. *Alors*—it moves.'[2]

God's in His Heaven.

There are many men for whom God has gone from His heaven because they cannot find an ancient and venerable form of words (the same perhaps as we ourselves have been wont to repeat) adequate to embrace and keep in coherent order the tumultuous warring facts of life as it is to-day. Gone, I said, from His heaven—but not that; gone rather from *their* heaven, *i.e.* from the heaven in which *they* used to find Him; retreated now into a vaster realm, in which they cannot now find Him, but may at last find Him, after much searching and long and painful travelling.[3]

Purgatory.

It is said of Armelle Nicolas, the maidservant and mystic, whose biography has just been translated into English, that 'Among the graces which God bestowed on her in her tender youth, one of the most important from the effects it produced, was the giving her a clear knowledge of the sufferings of Souls in Purgatory. This knowledge was vividly impressed on her mind, without her knowing by whom, nor how: but she felt a great compassion for these poor Souls and a very great desire to be able to help them. Therefore all the good works she did, or the pains she endured, were all directed to that end. If in the heats of summer while minding her sheep she was oppressed by the heat, or by the cold in winter, she rejoiced that by this means she might relieve her brothers (for thus she used to call the Souls in Purgatory). If she had to sweep, or perform the hardest work in the house, it was with the same intention. Often she exposed herself to the heat of the sun, or to that of a great fire, holding out as long as she could, in order to diminish what they endure. At her meals she deprived herself of what she liked best, often of everything, to give it in alms to the poor, with this same intention. She used to say to herself as a stimulus to helping them, 'If I saw one of my relations in a great fire from which he could not get out, and that I was able to get him out, should I not be very cruel to leave him burn there and suffer? How much more then should I assist the Souls of my own brothers, who are cruelly tormented and cannot help themselves.'

That passage 'leaves to think,' as Dr. Rendel Harris would say.

Specializing.

For company I have an occasional commercial traveller. They are a strange race, knowing as a rule only one subject, such as leather, or coals, or the insides of watches, or whisky; and even on these subjects their knowledge is limited to the prices of varying qualities. And although, by their wandering life and frequent dealings with men, they might be supposed to know something of human nature, their sole aim seems to be to find out and recollect ever after what weakness each embodiment of said human nature is most liable to. So to one man they rail at Voluntaryism in a superficial way, to another they narrate the most authentic gossip, to a third they offer 'a stiff one,' or, as they facetiously call it, 'a bottle of lemonade.' To me, after they have found out my line, they lament the low state of commercial morality, of which their previous revelations of their own business afford as a rule most ample illustration. Some of them are singularly decent fellows, and all have a push and go about them that make me feel very stupid.[4]

[1] B. S. Rowntree, *The Human Needs of Labour*, 144.
[2] M. Aldrich, *On the Edge of the War Zone*, 146.
[3] E. T. Campagnac, *Religion and Religious Teaching*, 47.
[4] *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.*, 91.

Time and Place.

Miss Jex-Blake visited Emerson when she was in America. She says: 'Mrs. Emerson talked a little about "women's questions," female franchise, etc.—and spoke of the wonderful blinding power of habit,—as in slavery question,—looking to Christianity in its advance to set all to rights. I remarked that few had done more harm to the cause than St. Paul by some of his words. She replied very truly that the fault lay rather in those who would rigidly apply such words and consider them binding out of all connection of time and place.'[1]

The Trinity.

We do not see the real meaning of the doctrine of the Trinity, namely, that personality exists only in relation to other personality, and that, if God were alone, He would be inferior to man as He would be lacking in personality. Therefore, if God exists, He is not alone, but a society; and the Athanasian Creed is not a mere lunacy of logic but an effort to express this paradox, with a little bad temper caused by the difficulty of expressing it. But if God is a social being in His relation to God, He is social also in His relation to man. His desire is to rescue, not individual men only, but the society of mankind, of the universe. His desire is that all men shall be possessed by His Grace; nor is it possible for any one man to be possessed by it fully until all are possessed by it.[2]

His Vocal Organs.

Every literature being written in a language—every great literature commanding a masterly style of its own language and appealing to an almost infinitely delicate acquaintance with its meanings, an almost infinitely delicate sense of its sounds, even to semi-tones and demi-semi-tones — no foreigner can ever quite penetrate to the last excellence of an unfamiliar tongue. I know this to be a hard saying: and I utter it very reluctantly because it is wormwood to me to own myself congenitally debarred—though it be in common with all modern men — from entering the last shrine of beauty (say) in a chorus of Sophocles. But I am sure that it is so. Lovely as we may divine the thrill to be (or rather to have been for those who have ears to hear)—educative as it may be even in tantalizing our thirst—I am sure that no modern Englishman can ever quite reach back to the lilt of a Sophoclean chorus; still less to its play of vowel notes. I doubt even if by taking most careful thought he can attain to the last beauties of a sonnet by Leconte de Lisle or Heredia.

You may urge that, Latin and Greek being dead languages which we are agreed in various ways to mispronounce, this disability may apply to them, but does not extend to our modern Babel. I answer, first, that if only by structure of his vocal organs a German is congenitally unable to read our poetry; that his eye, perusing it, cannot translate it to any part of him capable of reproducing its finest sound. The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton once illustrated this from a few lines of Tennyson's *Claribel*:

Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall: . . .
At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone: . . .
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

Now to an English critic with a musical ear the whole consonantal secret of that little poem resides in the labials, with their suggestion of moonlit lapsing water, and the low 'th' sounds in which one feels the very breath of eve softly wafted:

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone.

But a German simply cannot compass the soft 'th' sound. He *has* to introduce his own harsh hiss upon the twilit quiet where never a full sibilant was allowed. As this:

At eve ze beedle boomess
Aswart ze zickhead lon;

while as for the continuous hushed run of the soft guttural to lip and tooth ('Claribel,' 'throstle,' 'thick-leaved ambrosial,' 'the hollow grot') he must rest content with his ancestral habit which has not yet evolved even labials beyond the throat: 'Sick-leaved ambhrosial':

Ze hollo ghrot hrepliez
Hwhere Chlaribel hlow hliez.[3]

[1] *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 166.
[2] A. Clutton-Brock, *Studies in Christianity*, 130.
[3] Quiller-Couch, *Studies in Literature*, 310.

Social Shame.

The great revival of religion which ushered in the public ministry of Jesus seems to have come to Him, as to thousands of others, as a call to repentance. Scholars have cast about for some explanation why He, the sinless, underwent John's baptism of remission. John was preaching corporate righteousness for Israel, appealing to men in their callings as soldiers, tax-farmers, religious leaders, to change their minds that they might fit into the new order which God was about to set up in their nation. Is not the simplest explanation that Jesus felt, and felt far more keenly than any other, social shame and a craving for the new life of His people with their God? To-day, whether burdened or not with a sense of personal wrong-doing, men are faced with the frightful results of corporate transgression. God's judgments on national greed, on trust in organized brute might, on contempt for Christlike love, are abroad in the earth, and have come home in unutterable suffering to millions of hearts. The guilt for this must be brought home as personally.

> We are all diseased,
> And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
> Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
> And we must bleed for it.[1]

NOTES ON TEXTS.

Exod. iii. 5.

'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' The most pathetic thing I have seen on all the battle front was a solitary soldier's grave. It was different from all others because it was absolutely alone. The man had died on the march and was buried by the roadside. A simple cross marked the place. The country around was flat and dreary, and not a human habitation within sight. Truly he lies there in lonely glory, but there is no gainsaying the glory.[2]

Psalm iv. 8.

I have had such a happy, holy evening with two or three of the girls. . . . And God seemed to give me such wonderful power to help them, and I believe He has helped them. And in all this—I know not how, but I wake up at their departing . . . to find that somehow God has rolled away my burden utterly. I had forgotten it and myself altogether, and now I can find neither. I can hardly believe in the pain and misery of the morning, it seems a dim, far-off memory. I do not know when I could so fully and entirely say, 'I will lay me down *in peace* and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.'[3]

John xxi. 20.

'That disciple which leaned back on His breast at supper' (R.V.). I like the text very much. John lay and looked up the way a child does on its mother's knee. Christ had a dreadful hour before Him, and John didn't understand it, and yet Christ let him lean his head on His breast. And years after, when Christ was in glory, He makes John write down that bit about 'leaning his head,' as if He wanted to show He was not ashamed to be called his Friend as well as his God. That was the closest man ever came to Christ—except when Judas kissed Him—and it is the hour of John's highest honour, but it was also the hour of his sorest trial. Christ was to be betrayed by Judas. We get nearest Christ when we are partakers of His sufferings, or, at least, we have to get near Him then in order to be sharers of His glory afterwards.[4]

Psalm cxvii.

The Psalm that came in course was the 117th, the shortest chapter in the Bible, and also the middle one—594 before it, and 594 after it; and it is full of praise. I said it was like a commanding ridge from which we looked back on all the chapters of past providence and forward on all to come, and there was eternal truth and loving-kindness. It was the Psalm Cromwell's men sang when the Scotch were defeated at Dunbar. I said it might, by God's grace, commemorate Christ's victory over us; like the rock Meloria, of which the Genoese Admiral said, 'A defeat rendered it famous; a victory would render it immortal.'[4]

RECENT POETRY.

Henry Newbolt.

The little volume, *St. George's Day* (Murray; 3s. 6d. net), contains some at any rate of our favourites. It contains 'Sacramentum Supremum' and 'Farewell.' It also contains 'The Toy Band,' a fine version of that strange moving story of the drummer who found himself and his company without heart or hope or any band instruments and bought a toy drum (or was it a penny whistle?) and led the men triumphantly into the battle again.

Bertram Lloyd.

Mr. Bertram Lloyd is the editor of a volume of *Poems Written during the Great War, 1914–1918* (Allen & Unwin; 2s. 6d. net). They are peace

[1] H. S. Coffin, *In a Day of Social Rebuilding*, 65.
[2] J. A. Patten, *The Decoration of the Cross*, 133.
[3] *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 97.
[4] *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.*, 150, 152.

poems, some would call them pacifist. They are poems to drive to thinking. Take this by A. E.:

TRAGEDY.

This, of all fates, would be the saddest end,
That that heroic fever, with its cry
From Children unto Mother, 'Here am I!'
Should lose the very faith it would defend;
That the high soul through passion should descend
To work the evil it had willed must die.
If it won so, would that be victory,
That tragic close? Oh, hearken, foe or friend,
Love, the magician, and the wizard Hate,
Though one be like white fire, and one, dark flame,
Work the same miracle, and all are wrought
Into the image that they contemplate.
None ever hated in the world but came
To every baseness of the foe he fought.

Lance-Corporal Cobber.

Mr. A. St. John Adcock edits this book entitled *The Anzac Pilgrim's Progress* (Simpkin; 3s. 6d. net). His editing consists of a note in which he tells us that he is not allowed to tell us anything about Lance-Corporal Cobber (not even his Christian name?), but that we may learn something if we read between the lines of the poems themselves. The poems, then, are autobiographical. The first poem describes how the news of the War came to Australia in August 1914, and how Mr. Cobber enlisted. The next how, after much tribulation, he was made into a soldier. Another, how his regiment marched out of camp on the way to embark. But it is time we had quoted a poem. Let us quote this one. It is called

UNDER ORDERS.

The pick of ancient bouncers, both Greek and Roman too,
Were sons of gods an' took no odds as common mortals do;
Whenever they were cornered or worsted in a fray
Their parents came in cloud or flame an' sloped them safe away.
It's easy to be heroes when gods are loafin' round
To help you slap the other chap an' keep you safe an' sound,
But we don't git the luxuries they gave to heroes then:
We're the mortal man Australian—we're men, an' sons of men.

But we're comin', Kaiser Bill,
We are comin', Kaiser Bill,
When you see our Emu feather
You can look for stormy weather,
We are comin' all together, ripe an' ready for a mill:
Some with feathers, some with none,
Every man a fighting one—
We are out to set things hummin'
When we come, and we are comin',
We are comin', comin', comin', Kaiser Bill!

We're not *your* brand o' swaddy, machine-made goose-step things
That have to fight if, out o' sight, you choose to pull the strings;
We rule our kings, we're freemen, who call their souls their own,
Not serfs that must go stouchin' just because a bugle's blown;
We know, for we're no dillys on guff and guyver fed,
The reason why we do or die before we're done or dead;
We know that Deutschland über alles would not sit light an' soft
An' we'll take care she's never there—until she goes aloft!

Not rattled, bullied conscripts, no War Lord we obeyed:
We tilled the soil, or used to toil in every kind of trade
As grocers, stockmen, miners, as lawyers, peaceful blokes
Who perched on stools or taught in schools, as shop an' factory folks,
As axemen, artists, writers, as coves that printed books,
As bushmen, bakers, undertakers, actors, chemists, cooks—
But we've chucked the desk, the bench, the store, the paint-pot and the pen,
Hammer an' plough, an' we're soldiers now, and fust-class fighting-men.

And we're comin', Kaiser Bill,
We are comin', Kaiser Bill!
You have set the drum a-rattle,
So we've done with crops an' cattle,
If you're wantin' bloody battle, Gawd, but you shall have yer fill!
'Fore you boss the earth, ole toff,
We'll be there to shove you off—
We have done with schools an' summin',
Done with shearin', clerkin', plumbin',
And we're comin', comin', comin', Kaiser Bill!

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