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a faded possibility, a soul that might have come to something but was lost. No, 'he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' 'Because I live, you shall live also.' As if to say, surely you know that I share everything I have with you! And do you think I can have life, and not share that; that I can be content without you? So long as I myself have life, you can count upon Me. And you will never die, if only we can get that spark of faith alight.

Well, how is that to be accomplished? Hasn't His gallant trust in you gone far towards it already? Tolstoy once, in a horrible Moscow lodging-house, let slip a word of sympathy and pity for the inmates, not realizing he was being overheard; and from behind the partitions there rose and looked over at him, with a curious, fixed intentness, face on face, till he felt they were rising from their graves, had only been waiting for this word of kindness to become alive. And has not Christ's amazing faith in you, and kindness toward you, that effect on you?

If not, then look at Martha's case. 'Even now,' she said, 'I know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it you.' Can you say that? Even now, if Christ asked it, even yet. Dare you deny that? But we know that Christ is praying for us. Does not the Church picture Him as the great High Priest within the veil, pleading and making intercession for His people. And surely, could we hear Him, He is now asking for you, 'O Father, Thou who givest faith, here is a poor needy soul with none; grant it at least a little, lest I lose this one of those whom Thou hast given Me.' And what Christ asks for He receives. 'Believest thou that?' Or, if your heart is still cold and unmoved, think about this. Christ has a very gracious way of proving better than His promises, of doing more, far more, even than He had covenanted, gracious though that was. As, for example, often He tells us that we must have faith, that we can count upon Him, but we must have faith, or else even He can gain no foothold in our life from

which to work. And yet I can show a case where there was no faith, and it was there He did the most astounding of His miracles. Ask, He kept saying, and it shall be given you; yet I can point you to a group who never asked, and upon them He heaped far and away the greatest of His gifts. 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me.' Yet, once the door was never opened, was kept locked. And still, breaking through His own conditions, He came even then and even there.

Don't you remember that room in Jerusalem where the disciples met after the Crucifixion? They had no faith, no hope, no glimmer of expectation. All was over, and the dream was dead. Badly scared men, they huddled there. 'Keep that door locked,' they said. Dark looks, they felt, were being cast at them out on the street. What was that they were saying, as we passed? Calvary was so near; and crucifixion was so horrible a death. Keep that door locked: we must scatter and separate; are not safe here in this unfriendly city; must bury ourselves somewhere where the ridicule of men will not hoot us through life, and shame and madden us. They had no faith: the door was locked. And yet to them Christ came, and stood in the midst, and said, 'Peace be unto you!'

There, surely, is your chance. 'O Christ, I have no faith, only a cold, hard, heedless heart, and though I hear Thee knocking, knocking, knocking, can't be bothered opening to Thee; or, even if I would, my fumbling fingers can't push back the bolts; and indeed they are stiff and ill to move, and my will won't will when I will that it should will. Cannot Thou to me also, though the door is locked, and my heart dull and dead and faithless, cannot Thou to me also find some way to come in?' Even so, come, Lord Jesus. And at your very side will He not answer, 'I am come that you may have life, and have it more abundantly'?

Entre Nous.

Individualism.

'It is morally impossible to bend in adoration and gratitude before the sacrificial Christ without coveting something of the same spiritual likeness. Is this sacrificial way indeed God's chosen way of

helping and uplifting the world? Then men who number themselves among His redeemed are in honour bound to be His helpers in the task. More and more it becomes apparent that there are no self-contained lives in human society, or rather that

in proportion as men try to be self-contained and self-regarding they remain mutilated and incomplete. To acquire the sacrificial spirit may cost them much: to live without it may in the long run cost them more. "Vicarious suffering," says Dr. Inge, "which on the individualist theory seems so monstrous and unjust as to throw a shadow on the character of God, is easy to understand if we give up our individualism." Be it noted that no Christian is called to give up his *individuality*: there the dignified self-direction of the Master, as we have seen, teaches us a great and unexpected lesson. But every Christian, by the fact of his being a Christian, is called to give up his *individualism*—his tendency to

Live for himself and think for himself,
For himself and none beside,
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
And as if He had never died.'¹

Trust.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have given us another devotional book by Sadhu Sundar Singh—*Meditations on Various Aspects of the Spiritual Life* (2s. 6d. net). As we listen to this great Eastern saint we feel that he has something to say to us out of his own rich experience, and we are not disappointed. The book is divided into twelve chapters. The heading of the first is 'Alone with the Master,' and the last is 'Service and Sacrifice'—which suggests the order. A certain power and devout simplicity are the marks of these meditations.

'Homer has said: "As young birds open their mouths for food, so all men crave for the gods."

'Once on a journey in the Hills I sat down to rest on a rock. Below the rock was a bush in which was a bird's nest, from which I heard the cry of the young birds. I saw that the mother-bird had come with food for them, and as soon as they heard the rustling of her wings they began to cry out, but when the mother had given them food, and had flown away, they were all quiet again. I went down to see the nest and found that, though they were not old enough to have their eyes open, yet without seeing their mother they used to open their mouths at her approach. Had they said, "Until we shall see our mother or our food, we shall never open our mouths, for we do not know if it is our mother or an enemy; or if she has in her mouth food or poison," then they would certainly

¹ J. M. E. Ross, *The Tree of Healing*, 125.

not have had an opportunity, for before their eyes had opened they would have died of hunger. But they had no kind of doubt about their mother's love. . . .

'Let us consider if we, who are called the noblest of all creatures, are not inferior to these insignificant nestlings, for often we have had doubt in our minds about the existence and love of our heavenly Father. Jesus said, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."'²

'Lord, let us see the Father.'

'The other day (I ask you to believe me!) two perky tiny animalcules in my blood took to debating the meaning of that in which they lived out their little day. It was impossible for me to tell them: there is no speech or language in which our several voices can be heard of each other. Had there been, I could have told them that their Reality was a system of blood, muscle, nerve, and the rest of it, but that real Reality was Me, a Man! But they had to fight it out between them without my cosmical wisdom. The one of them declared that the whole business was simply an indecipherable flux, without rhyme or reason. The other contended that there was certainly rhyme in it, that there was "system," that there must be something in which the whole thing coheres or "subsists" (he had got hold of that word somehow), but whether it was a blind force, or an *élan vital*, or a "will to live," or the like (he was a learned little beggar for his size!), or whether it was something of the nature of his own animalcular intellect, he was baffled to say. A third little fellow, with a vaguely poetical look about him, intervened to say that he had had a dream in which it somehow came to him that the secret was something called Me; but the others pushed him along the artery, saying that his speech reminded them of nothing so much as a cat on the tiles! . . . Now, the first of those tiny disputants is dead. Mr. Richard le Gallienne chanted his demise. That poet tells of him and how

He cried, "There is no Man!" . . .
Yet all the while his little soul
Within what he denied did live—
Poor part, how could he know the whole?
And yet he was so positive!

He is now dead. . . . But the second is very rife.

² Sadhu Sundar Singh, *Meditations on Various Aspects of the Spiritual Life*, 6.

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There is Something in and through all Reality, its source, coherence, and impulse; but what it is, is still to seek!'¹

NEW POETRY.

Bridges.

The Clarendon Press has just published a small volume of poems, by the Poet Laureate, in a most attractive style with white boards and gold lettering. The price is 6s. net. They announce also an edition on hand-made paper at 21s. net. The title is *New Verse written in 1921*, by Robert Bridges. In addition to its other claims to recognition, this collection of poems forms a most interesting study of styles of versification, from William Stone's quantitative prosody to Accentual measures and Neo-Miltonic Syllabics. It contains also a number of poems in recognizable old styles. The poem which we have chosen to quote is not perhaps the best in the volume, nor perhaps the most representative, but it has commended itself to us for its personal note:

VISION.

How should I be to Love unjust
 Since Love hath been so kind to me?
 O how forget thy tender trust
 Or slight the bond that set me free?
 How should thy spirit's blithe embrace,
 Thy loyalty, have been given in vain,
 From the first beckoning of thy grace
 That made a child of me again,
 And since hath still my manhood led
 Through scathe and trouble hour by hour,
 And in probation perfected
 The explicit fruit of such a flower?
 Not ev'n the Apostles, in the days
 They walked with Christ, lov'd Him so well
 As we may now, who ken His praise
 Reading the story that they tell,
 Writ by them when their vision grew
 And he, who fled and thrice denied
 Christ to His face, was proven true
 And gladly for His memory died:
 So strong the Vision, there was none
 O'er whom the Fisher's net was cast,
 Ev'n of the fearfullest not one
 Who would have left Him at the last.
 So 'tis with me; the time hath clear'd
 Not dull'd my loving: I can see
 Love's passing ecstasies endear'd
 In aspects of eternity:
 I am like a miser—I can say
 That having hoarded all my gold
 I must grow richer every day
 And die possess'd of wealth untold.

¹ A. Boyd Scott, *The Twelve Take Stock of Us*, 85.

Armel O'Connor.

Mr. Armel O'Connor—perhaps best known by his collection of poems 'The Exalted Valley,' to which Mrs. Meynell drew such favourable attention—has now published *The Little Company* (Mary's Meadow Press, Ludlow; 5s. net). A number of the poems have already appeared in Catholic journals, in 'The Westminster Gazette,' and one, 'The Word,' came out, we think, in a small volume called 'Peace-Makers,' which Mr. O'Connor prepared in collaboration with his wife. Most of the poems are religious; they are marked by sincerity and freshness of thought, and often by a delightful play of fancy and considerable art in expression:

SPRING: 1915.

Benedicamus Domino!
 For sun, and winds that kinder blow,
 For this new heart of mine aglow,
 For this new world to learn and know,
 For dimpled skies and river's flow,
 Benedicamus Domino.

Benedicamus! loud I sing,
 There's One, Who died to give us spring,
 Drawn close to me and everything;
 While death lies buried with his sting,
 And urges beauty blossoming.
 Benedicamus, marvelling.

GARDENS.

The old, old ache o' the world . . .
 In the first garden was it started,
 Spoiling a happiness pure-hearted.
 Who brought it in?
 'I,' said the serpent steeped in sin,
 'Into the morning garden darted,
 Spoiling a happiness pure-hearted—
 The ancient joy o' the world.'

The old, old ache o' the world . . .
 Yea, in a garden was it daunted,
 In a dim garden sorrow-haunted.
 Who drove it out?
 'I,' laughed the Man Who knew not doubt.
 'Beaten and crucified and taunted,
 I of the broken Heart undaunted,
 Died for the joy o' the world.'

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