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Entre Nous.

WHAT THEY SAY.

MR. H. L. MASSINGHAM says: 'If anybody should ask why this age has forgotten Christ, the answer should be because it changes the wine of life into peppermint water.'

Mr. Massingham also says: 'Hell, like heaven, has many mansions—some hovels, some jerry-built villas, some neo-Corinthian-Byzantine palaces of mart, some barracks, some factories, but they are all in the same metropolis.'

In David Barclay's letter, written for the benefit of his daughters after their mother's death, referred to in the review of Dr. John Fothergill's biography, there are these injunctions (we quote them from the condensed report of the biographer; the words in inverted commas are Barclay's own): 'Particularly, "prevent if possible my daughters from falling into the prevailing bad custom" of taking snuff; do not hire a servant that uses it. *Cards* were originally innocent, but are "now become the greatest vice of the age." Let his daughters "not be ashamed of declaring in all companies that they despise them, and if this is done *with spirit* it will carry conviction, and they will gain admirers."

For to-day change 'taking snuff' into 'smoking cigarettes.' The 'cards' will stand as they are.

NEW POETRY.

Ronald Campbell Macfie.

There is a poem which has been attributed to Shakespeare almost entirely from internal evidence. It is called 'The Phoenix and the Turtle.' The internal evidence is the manipulation of words. It is believed that no one else was able to use the English language with the same mastery over its vocabulary. In our day the manipulator of words, the master of language, is Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie. There are ideas in his poems, plenty of them, and they are poetical ideas, but the masterful thing is the expression of them. The Quatercentenary Ode which he wrote for the University of Aberdeen could scarcely have been the marvelously impressive thing it is, if its author had had

only an ordinary command of language. It is the perpetual surprise what words can do that lifts it clean out of the company of commemorative poems, even though such poems have been written by Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell. It was inevitable that the Ode should come first in a new edition of Dr. Macfie's poems. *Odes and Other Poems* is the title (Murray; 5s. net). But the poems are quite worthy of their place beside the Ode. Let us quote the poem entitled 'The Isle of Song':

Wan Memories, with patient widow faces,
Looked calmly backwards thro' the withered
years,
And smiled to find, like dew, in distant places,
Forgotten tears.

And in a shadowy grove of cypress-trees,
With ashes on their garments and their hair,
I found a crowd of Sorrows on their knees
Before Despair.

Also, I saw a Dream with misty face,
And heavy languid eyelids lily-white,
Who made a mockery of Time and Space
By day and night.

And Hope I met, with eyes so blue and blind
They could discern the fruit within the pod,
And in the darkness of the world could find
The Love of God.

Queenie Scott-Hopper.

Who will say after reading *Without the Sanctuary*, by Queenie Scott-Hopper (Mowbray; 1s. 6d. net), that the gift of 'sacred' poetry has departed? Every line is 'sacred,' and every line is true poetry. There is not a poem in the little charming collection but could be quoted in evidence. Let us take

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

'Somewhere in France' it was—my Dear! my
Dear!
You kept your Yuletide of the yester-year.
'Somewhere in France'—and more I might not
know,
But wrote my message, trusted it to go
By hands of them who, knowing more than I,
Could speed it on, beneath the alien sky—
Could smooth the way by which it went to find you,
And would not fail the heart left here behind you!

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Could speed it on, beneath the alien sky—
Could smooth the way by which it went to find you,
And would not fail the heart left here behind you!

Somewhere in Paradise—my Dear! my Dear!
 You keep your Yuletide as it comes this year.
 Somewhere in Paradise! No more I know;
 But, kneeling here, I bid my message go
 By hands of Him Who, keeping watch between,
 Can speed it on through far-off realms unseen,
 Can smooth the way by which it fares to find
 you,
 And will not fail the heart left here behind you!

Edward Shillito.

It is a sign of grace in a newspaper that it accepts a poem by the Rev. Edward Shillito, M.A. Not that any newspaper editor is likely to hesitate about the poetry. But every poem of Mr. Shillito's has the gospel in it. That is where the grace is seen. Yet Mr. Shillito's poems are published in *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Daily News*, *The Daily Chronicle*, *The Christian World*, *The Challenge*, *The Sphere*, *The Graphic*, *Scribner's*, *The Observer*, *The Windsor*, *The Venture*, *The Treasury*, *The New Witness*, and *The Woman at Home*. We shall be content to quote one of them:

THE PREACHER.

Behind his faith they marched that Sabbath morn.

Out from the valley of the shadow, brave
 With courage borrowed from his soul; the
 grave

Restored its dead to faith; they saw where, born
 Anew, the boys would wait them; and forlorn

No longer, they beheld God's hands to save
 Outspread on every shore, 'neath every wave,

And from that love the boys could not be torn
 By height or depth. But oh, that day he prayed

With voices in him sobbing; gifts were won
 For others from his ruin'd shrine. For he

Who led them back to God, in pity said,
 'Last night, at midnight, news was brought,

my son,

The jewel of my life, had fallen. Pray for
 me.'

The title of the volume is *Jesus of the Scars*
 (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net).

G. O. Warren.

A true poet is Mrs. Fiske Warren of Harvard, who writes under the name of G. O. Warren. We need not hesitate to call Mrs. Warren a great poet. She is moreover a sacred poet. To prove our case we shall depart from our usual custom this

time and quote two of the poems from her new book entitled *The Sword* (Oxford: Blackwell; 6s. net). Let the first be:

I DREW THE HEART FROM OUT MY BREAST.

Beggared he crept unto my door,
 And there beneath the drifting moon
 I saw his ravaged, leprous face,
 His thorn-rent hands, his bloody shoon.

'*This is the end,*' he said, '*and naught
 Is left that even Christ could save;
 This body spent and stained with sin
 Not all the ocean's brine can lave.*'

I drew the heart from out my breast,
 I wrapped him in its yearning flame,
 Then from his spirit's golden ore
 There fell away the dross, the shame.

And with my tears I washed his feet,
 I bound white peace about his head,
 And knelt in loving awe to see
 His soul awake as from the dead.

The wind whose song had slept, the trees,
 The dreaming willows by the shore,
 Brought back to him the voice of God
 He thought was dumb for evermore.

The moon unfurled a silver sail
 Like ship on blessed errand bent,
 And bearing all his past away
 Slow o'er the night's deep waters went.

Take for the second:

MY SOUL LIVES NOT IN EAST OR WEST.

My Soul lives not in East or West
 For when upon the Tree
 Christ turned Him to the hungry thief,
 He whispered too, to me.

And I who write these words to-day
 Walked on the Mount with Him.
 I touched His garment blazing white
 While all the worlds grew dim.

And now beneath my coat of silk,
 Thrilling within my side,
 Unhealing, deep and bittersweet
 His self-same wound I hide.

John Oxenham.

Mr. John Oxenham is without doubt the most popular poet of our time. Even Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox he leaves behind. Do not his

publishers announce the 100th thousand, the 120th thousand, the 203rd thousand, even the 228th thousand of his various little volumes. And of the latest, *All Clear* (Methuen; 1s. 3d. net), they print, they tell us, 25,000 copies to begin with. But it will not be one of the most popular of his books. It is individual lyrics that secure popularity. This book contains only two poems, and although there are lyrics interspersed, they hang on to the theme of the long poem and can scarcely be quoted separately. Still, let us try one:

In silence and in quietness
God's mighty works are wrought,
Unheard, unseen, His workmanship
Is to perfection brought.

Deep in the earth, and high above,
His unknown powers display
Their multiform activities,
And all creation sway.

Ever at work, unheard, unseen,
He is, in everything,
Cause and effect at once in all
That is or e'er has been.

Help us, O Lord, in quietness
To do our work, like Thee,
And our souls brace with Thy sweet grace
Of high tranquillity!

That is both pleasant and popular enough.

R. H. U. Bloor.

Through the enterprise of Mr. Blackwell, Oxford is recovering something of its former glory as a publishing centre. There is probably no house in the kingdom which has published more poetry, at any rate during the war, or is publishing more poetry now. Mr. Blackwell's latest enterprise is a new quarterly. Its title is *The Christian Church* (6d.). Its editor is the Right Rev. Bishop Herford, Elmswood, Oxford. Its object is to promote Christian unity and applied Christianity. And it is addressed both to Catholics and to evangelicals. The first article (after an introductory one on 'Our Aims') is on the Eucharist as a Drama of Brotherhood. Its author is the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley. It is followed by an article on Christian Reunion by the Principal of Mansfield College. Dr. Selbie has the advantage of Mr. Adderley. He does not speak of Mr. Adderley and his friends as 'a little group of heretics.'

There follows an article by Miss M. D. Petre on Rome the Uncompromising. Compromise is worth considering. We had thought that the Roman Church was the most compromising church in Christendom. After a practical paper on the Garden-city System this first number of *The Christian Church* ends with a poem by R. H. U. Bloor on the Angelus Bell. We take the liberty of quoting it:

The man and the woman his wife, and made in
the image of God,
As coarse as the earth of the field, as rough as
the furrow's rough clod,
With feet that are weary with work, and hands
that are hardened with toil,
And bodies the long years have bent in the
slow, stubborn strife with the soil;
Alone in the shadows they stand, unknown in
their work or their care,
And evening comes over the hill, and the
Angelus calleth to prayer.
One day more of labour gone by, and one day
the nearer to rest—
Bow low and uncover the head, beseech with
hands clasped on the breast;—
O Mary the Virgin be kind for the sake of thy
sorrowing Son!
O pray for us, Mother of Christ, for the love of
the Crucified One!

O sweet is the Angelus bell with the music of
peace on its tongue,
The glory of GOD in its mouth, on its lips
what the angels have sung;
But where is its music fulfilled, and where doth
earth echo its song?
'How long?'—cried our fathers before us, their
children are crying, 'how long?'—
For the strong hath divided the earth which the
preacher hath said is the Lord's,
And dire is the hunger for bread, and hate
muttered horrible words.
For the shame of the man and his wife by the
burden of labour oppressed,
Bow low and uncover the head, beseech with
hands clasped on the breast;—
O Mary the Virgin be kind for the sake of thy
sorrowing Son!
O pray for us, Mother of Christ, for the love of
the Crucified One!

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary com-
munications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings-
Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.