A missionary, a lady doctor, who was for some years in India, tells me that a nurse in a mission hospital in Hyderabad told the parable to a group of patients, and asked them which son did the will of his father. They answered without hesitation: 'The one who *said* he would go, for he was polite to his father, while the other son answered him churlishly.'

May not this Eastern attitude of mind be the origin of the reading of D, etc.? It may be explained in one of two ways. Either the authorities adopted this attitude, and this reading gives their actual answer to Jesus' question (or perhaps the answer was originally given by the bystanders); or the usual text is original, and the D reading was made by a scribe who thought, like the Indian hospital patients, that the son who was polite to his father was the one to be commended.

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Adam and Enosh.

THE use of the name Adam for the first man in Genesis raises two difficulties: (1) Adam first occurs as a proper name in 4^{25}. Previously he is consistently referred to as 'the man,' although Eve is already named in 3^{20} 4^{1}, and the transition is made at 4^{25} without warning. (2) While Adam is the regular Hebrew word for 'man,' his grandson ($4^{25f.}$ J $5^{6ff.}$ P) is called Enosh, another word for 'man,' rare in Hebrew but common in Aramaic and other Semitic languages. It is generally assumed that Enosh originally figured in tradition as the first man.

There is considerable disagreement over the analysis of J in 1 and 2; but it is fairly certain that 4^{17-24} and $4^{25f.}$ 5^{29} (5 P) are duplicate versions of the same genealogy and therefore from different sources. 4^{1} goes with 4^{17-24}, since its use of Yahweh contradicts 4^{26} (cf. $3^{1ff.}$ 4^{25}), while it is probable that 4^{25} in its primitive form excluded Cain.

In 4^{25} the first man is Adam and his wife is unnamed; in the parallel source he is 'the man,' while Eve is named (4^{1}). The same applies to the only other reference to Eve (3^{20}). This raises the possibility that 'the man' in 3^{20} 4^{1} is not Adam and that we have here the tradition which called the first man Enosh.

In favour of this are (1) the parallel source, as reproduced in P (5^{3}); here the father of Cain (Kenan) is Enosh. (2) The puzzling use of 'the man' in 2–3 4^{1}. Since both Adam and Enosh mean 'man,' the redactor of the two sources might easily smooth over the inconsistency by reading 'the man' for both.

If this conjecture is accepted, it strengthens the case for a non-Israelite and probably Kenite origin of $4^{1.\ 17-24}$. It also makes it necessary to regard this as the earliest form of the genealogy; $4^{25f.}$ 5^{29} are the remains of an expanded version, which adds Adam and Seth unnaturally before Enosh. It is just possible that it is derived from the Sethites possibly referred to in Nu 24^{17}; if so the Sethite heroes Adam and Seth have been inserted deliberately before the Kenite heroes Enosh and Cain.

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Entre Nous.

Frustration.

'The noblest power that humanity possesses, and the most satisfying, is capacity to enrich the common welfare by the creative exercise of brain, hand, and strength in labour, so earning an honourable and independent status within the community. That is basic to the healthy growth and fulfilment of personality. Manhood is realized when a man earns by toil. If the right to gainful labour be denied, the wrong that is done is essentially a wrong to the soul; powers that God gave to be released in service are shut up in prison. . . .

'Across the divine affirmation of what his life was made to become society flings its denial; utters the command "Thou shalt not work," and that prohibition takes precedence of the will of God. The moral and spiritual effects of that upon personality are frightful. The energies that are prevented from their rightful exercise may easily seek expression in bitter and violent activity. Unemployment creates irresponsibility, degradation of character, madness and crime. . . .'

The Rev. G. Oswald Cornish has written a small book—*Crusade* (Independent Press; 1s. net)—

to give the answer of the Christ and Unemployment Crusade to the unemployment problem. It is his own personal contribution to the Crusade, and he hastens to say that the book must not be considered official. We may take it, however, that this does express the mind and purpose of the group, of which Mr. Cornish was one of the original members. It is their contention that unemployment is not a misery from which society is bound to suffer, but it is an evil for which we are responsible. To those who are afraid of imperilling the social structure by a radical policy against unemployment, Mr. Cornish pleads that prudential considerations urge us to action. 'If evil goes on to self-destruction because men refuse to abjure it, it perishes to the accompaniment of violence and catastrophe.'

The elements of a programme are laid down and no one would quarrel with them, except possibly with the fifth proposal, 'Legislative action to prohibit the exploitation of casual and under-paid labour and of women's work.' Reading the last four words in the light of the first paragraph which we quoted, this must surely bear a different meaning from that which appears on the surface. Speaking broadly, in industry women are usually found in the less responsible posts, where there is little opportunity for advancement. From much of the more skilled and consequently more highly paid work they are already barred by Trade Union restrictions, and perhaps one might say by prejudice. One would like to think that the members of this Crusade are planning rather to remove these disabilities than to intensify them.

A suggestive chapter is the one on Dedication. Not benevolence is wanted, but a costlier way. 'He did not scatter riches; He shared our poverty. A descent to our low estate there was, but we did not see it; though strange rumours of a God Who stooped to dust have blown about our ears since then. But we only saw Him where men are, in a need as great as theirs. "It's only the poor that *can* help the poor," cries Lizzie, in Maurice Hewlett's *Mainwaring*. With reverence, God found it so, and "laid His glory by".'

Modern Poetry.

We had pleasure some time ago in drawing attention to Miss Dallas Kenmare's 'Study of Browning.' Miss Kenmare has now published, through the Shakespeare Head Press, a collection of literary essays, which she had contributed to 'The Poetry Review,' 'The Modern Churchman,' and 'The Christian Pacifist.' The title is *The Face of Truth* (3s. 6d. net). Most of the essays deal with modern poetry. A paper on the Jesuit poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, is noteworthy. 'Nevertheless, it seems to me a mistake to class Hopkins as a devotional poet in the ordinary sense of the word. His approach to God, and through God to poetry, in some indefinable way transcends the devotional. All the passion, the burning intensity that in other men would have found an outlet in human relationships, was in Hopkins transmuted into a passion for God and for nature: by no means a *substitute* for human emotion, nor even exactly a sublimation, to use the favourite word of psychotherapy, but the intensely real *transmutation* possible only to certain types.'

It is Miss Kenmare's contention that, as his inner experience deepened, Hopkins found it outgrowing the usual methods of expression. His use of language and rhythm sprang from the thought. She suggests a number of poems, which might be read to show his progress from the early traditional poetry to the later, full of awareness of mortal pain and its only solution. Readers might perhaps choose 'Heaven-Haven,' followed by 'The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo,' 'Carrion Comfort,' one of the sonnets dealing with the reality of spiritual suffering, and end on a note of triumph with 'Hurrahing in Harvest.'

Another paper deals with T. S. Eliot. This shows his development from the early poems, with their sordid imagery, 'a poet sick of an overmastering spiritual and emotional nausea.' In 'The Waste Land,' there is the tension of extreme pain and the horror has worked itself to a climax. Five years later 'Ash Wednesday' appeared—a transition-poem 'admittedly religious, yet there are still traces of exhaustion, of doubt, though not a suspicion of the sordidness of the early work and of "The Waste Land" . . .'

'And this is the last conclusion of a man who has suffered too much: "consequently I rejoice, having to construct something upon which to rejoice." The only other solution would be death.

> And pray to God to have mercy upon us
> And I pray that I may forget
> These matters that with myself I too much discuss
> Too much explain.
> . . . . . .
> May the judgment not be too heavy upon us.'

Miss Kenmare then traces T. S. Eliot's develop-

ment in the later poem: 'The Rock' and the drama: 'Murder in the Cathedral.' 'The pilgrimage is ended, and there is peace; but a peace not even hinted at in the early poems and "The Waste Land," paradoxically stressful, "worried reposeful," the happiness of Christianity which inevitably includes the Cross.'

Knowledge of God.

'Unless my analysis of my memory is altogether at fault, the knowledge of God first came to me in the form of an awareness that I was "not on my own" but one under authority, one who "owed" something, one who "ought" to be something which he was not. But whence did this awareness come to me? Certainly it did not come "out of the blue."

'I heard no voice from the skies. No; it came, without a doubt, from what I may call the spiritual climate of the home into which I was born. . . . I cannot remember a time when I did not already dimly know that what opposed my own wilfulness was something much more than mere wilfulness on my mother's part. I knew she had a right to ask of me what she did; which is the same as to say that I knew that what she asked of me was right and that my contrary desire was wrong. I knew, therefore, that my mother's will was not the ultimate source of the authority which she exercised over me. For it was plain that she herself was under the same authority.

'Indeed, it was not only from my parents' specific demands on me that this sense of authority came to me but from the way they themselves lived.

'I cannot remember a time when I did not already know that what my parents demanded of me and what they knew to be demanded of themselves were in the last resort one and the same demand, however different might be its detailed application to our different situations. I cannot remember a time when I did not know that my parents and their household were part of a wider community which was under the same single authority.

'Nor, again, can I recall a time when I did not know that this authority was closely bound up with, and indeed seemed to emanate from, *a certain story*. . . .

'I could not hear a Bible story read without being aware that in it I was somehow being confronted with a solemn presence that had in it both sweetness and rebuke.

'It was, then, through the media of my boyhood's home, the Christian community of which it formed a part, and the "old, old story" from which that community drew its life, that God first revealed Himself to me. This is simple matter of fact.' [1]

Religion More Real.

'Duty, service, sacrifice—these are, as it were, streams of cleansing water amid a turbid flood, and they can make glad the city of the soul. . . .

'The present is a time when many people—not unbelievers, but people within our churches—are finding it increasingly difficult to make their religion what I may describe as adequately real. War is shatteringly real; and, in comparison, what is spoken about in sermons—while, no doubt beautiful and ideal, and, possibly, not untrue in some better world—seems, in this world, unreal or, at least, less real. Now, I believe—indeed, I shall presume to say that I know—that one way of making things of religious faith more real is to take hold of them not by intellectual reasoning, nor by devotional feeling, nor even by spiritual vision, but on their ethical side. Here is what is actual, graspable, doable; moreover, it is something surely of God—if God there be.' [2]

3 John 11.

Mr. H. Gordon Garbedian, whose biography of *Albert Einstein* has just appeared, says that the most extraordinary honour bestowed upon him was 'his adoption as a saint and a seer by one of the greatest and most beautiful Protestant Churches in America.'

When one New York outstanding Baptist Church, Riverside Church, was nearing completion, and the sculptors were ready to decorate the tympanum of the entrance with carved figures of the immortal leaders of the human race, the Trustees of the Church decided that they could not possibly omit Einstein.

'In the centre of the tympanum was the figure of Christ, surrounded by symbolical figures of the four Evangelists. Moses, Confucius, Buddha, and Muhammad appeared in rings of the doorway arch, and such scientists and philosophers as Hippocrates, Euclid, Newton, Darwin, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Spinoza surrounded the figure of the only living man on the tympanum.

'"How does it feel to find yourself among the saints?" asked a friend of Einstein. With a whimsical smile, the scientist replied with characteristic humility: "I must be very careful not to do any foolish thing or to write any foolish book, in order to live up to that distinction. I am proud

[1] J. Baillie, *Our Knowledge of God.*

[2] P. Carnegie Simpson, in *The British Weekly*, November 23, 1939.

of the honour, not on my account, but because I am a Jew. It certainly marks progress if a Christian Church honours a Jewish scientist."

'A furore was created by Einstein's presence among the immortals of history over the portal to Riverside Church,' says the author. 'Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the pastor, explained in a sermon that the scientist belonged there because of his noble character and creative achievements, and because he was a supreme example of that New Testament description of the saintly: "He that doeth good is of God".'

Sin.

'We are being more and more forced to take a serious view of the evil in the world. All trite evolutionary theories of sin have been shattered by the grim reality of the present horror. We no longer sit in comfort spinning theories of the origin of evil, secure in the knowledge that we are on the crest of a great wave of human development. . . . Every now and then the curtain sways apart and we hear the snarl of the Beast from the wings. Often when we listen to the news we are driven to the uneasy conclusion that we are listening to the Devil's orchestra playing the overture of Hell. So there seems to be an evil which is behind and beyond the control of mankind.' [1]

Joy.

'The New Testament, with all its realistic background of stake and arena, is throbbing with the singing note of victorious love. And where do we turn to-day to hear the note of spontaneous joy? To the petulant ululation of the crooner, the sobbing swan-song of a decaying culture? To the contemporary novelist with his naked insistence on the pageant of human folly? To the marching armies of Fascist enthusiasm, with rubber truncheons and castor-oil? Or is it to the citadels of Christian faith where the Hallelujah chorus still finds an echo in the heart of man?' [2]

Indian Religious Poetry.

Mr. C. F. Andrews tells us in *The Inner Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) that he has now reached the fiftieth year since he gave his heart to Christ. The purpose of this, his latest book, is the realizing of the abiding presence of Christ in daily life, and in it he describes the lessons of quietness and peace which have come to him from his Indian Christian friends. The last chapter deals with Indian religious poetry which has helped him and he chooses a number of Tilak's poems for quotation. We give the first of these, translated by Professor Nicol Macnicol.

A Cradle Song.

Hush thee, hush thee, baby Christ,
  Lord of all mankind;—
Thou the happy lullaby
  Of my mind.

Hush thee, hush thee, Jesus, Lord,
  Stay of all that art;—
Thou the happy lullaby
  Of my heart.

Hush thee, hush thee, Home of peace,—
  Lo! Love lying there!—
Thou the happy lullaby
  Of my care.

Hush thee, hush thee, Soul of mine,
  Setting all men free,—
Thou the happy lullaby
  Of the whole of me.

The Christian News-Letter.

The News-Letter is a modern development, but it is obviously meeting a need, and there are several varieties in circulation, each understood to have a considerable body of readers. The latest is *The Christian News-Letter*, issued under the auspices of the Council on the Christian Faith and the Common Life. We have pleasure in drawing attention to it. The subscription rate is 3s. for three months or 10s. for a year. Would-be subscribers should write to 20 Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, London, N.W.1. There should be no doubt about the value of the News-Letter when it is known that Dr. J. H. Oldham is the editor, and when the weighty list of collaborators is seen. The first six names may be taken as representative: The Archbishop of York, the Rev. M. E. Aubrey, Professor John Baillie, the Master of Balliol, Canon F. R. Barry, Dr. S. M. Berry.

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[1] D. H. C. Read, *The Spirit of Life*, 57.
[2] *Ibid.*, 201.

Printed by Morrison & Gibb Limited, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. Clark, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to The Editor, King's Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.