have the mission of the seventy disciples to the seventy nations (Gn 10; see Creed on Lk 10[1]). The Jewish Christians obviously treasured the Five Thousand Feeding as a type of the Christian agapé; in John it is the only Eucharist. 'The evening hour, the people disposed in orderly eating companies (συμπόσια), as when Christians gathered for the love-feast. . . . the Twelve acting the part of deacons in the service and afterward in collecting the remnants (as we know was done at the Church observance),' all bring out the parallelism with the later ritual.[1] Similarly, the Hellenists and Gentiles would naturally take the variant of the Feeding as giving the origin of their sacred meal, and adapting the basketfuls to the number of their seven administrating deacons. Both Jew and Greek sought the authority of the Lord.

If the above suggestion is valid it must be admitted that the question in dispute is not made wholly clear in the Synoptics. Luke does not use the second feeding, and in omitting the whole section has been thought to act rather on critical grounds. Possibly the Gentile interpretation of the second feeding was unknown to Luke, or he may have omitted it in accordance with the principle, which he observes in the Acts, of toning down controversial matter. Mark places the first feeding, if not in Galilee, at least to a Jewish audience; but the Four Thousand are definitely fed in Decapolis, and therefore, by inference, to an audience largely composed of non-Jews, or people of mixed blood. Matthew has obscured this geographical move in order to keep Jesus within the bounds of Jewry. But it is not necessary to assert that even Mark wished to stress the definitely Gentile bearing of the doublet. It is likely that he incorporated the two versions because both had become well known and the duality was fixed; he may, indeed, have had two written sources before him. The double version was originally due to difference in the testimony of eye-witnesses; but the preservation of the second narrative was probably of considerable importance to a large section of the Christian community. But, after the early days, the principle for which they contended was accepted. The double reference, however, was still recognized in patristic exegesis which compared the five loaves of the Law given to the Jews, with the seven loaves of the Spirit given to the Gentiles.

Porto Novo, Dahomey, French West Africa. E. G. PARRINDER.

[1] B. W. Bacon, *The Story of Jesus*, 152–153.

Entre Nous.

E. C. Bentley.

In *Those Days* (Constable; 12s. net) Mr. E. C. Bentley is concerned with the past—from the '80s to the last War. He avoids praise, for he is too good a journalist and man of letters not to know that praise of the past is boring. He tells us that he is concerned merely to tell about the past, but there is no doubt that for him 'those' days are better and happier than 'these' days.

'But if any one should declare his conviction that better times are coming, I should agree with him. It is a question of faith, without which nothing can be done: it is a necessity just as much as facing hard facts is a necessity, and neither of them is of any use without the other.'

Mr. E. C. Bentley was for years on the staff of the 'Daily News' and then on the 'Daily Telegraph' and so most of his writing has been anonymous. But, to readers of detective fiction, he has been known for a quarter of a century as the author of that early thriller, 'Trent's Last Case.' And when it is remembered that he is also the author of 'Biography For Beginners,' wherein originated those amusing verses, somewhat similar to limericks, his versatility will be appreciated. We expect *Those Days* to be eminently readable and so it is. His own account of the book, given in the Preface, is chapters strung together on a thread of personal experience, some parts of the book being plain autobiography, 'but these have been included as possessing (I hope) some interest of their own, apart from the subject of Me: they are stories in a book which consists very largely of stories.'

At Oxford, Bentley made many friends, in especial F. E. Smith, John Simon, Hilaire Belloc, and John Buchan. Of the latter he says, 'Buchan had a great affection for his friends; he did not care much for those who lacked that kind of feeling. "So-and-so has a heart like a dried pea," I remember him saying, "If you shook him you would hear it rattle".'

Frank Lenwood was at Oxford with him and was elected President of the Union. It was the custom that a newly-elected President should give a dinner to his Committee, with any other guests that he might choose—this naturally included ex-Presidents, who were in residence and this included F. E. Smith. Bentley tells a fine story of the courage which the

late Reverend Frank Lenwood showed, even in those early days, in maintaining his principles.

Frank Lenwood.

'When I was Librarian of the Society a president was elected—F. Lenwood—whose principles and practice as regards alcoholic liquor were exactly opposed to those of F. E. Smith, whom Lenwood invited to his dinner as a matter of course. When the invitations had gone out, I doubt if it occurred to any of the guests—it certainly did not to me—that Lenwood's opinions would stand in the way of his deferring to custom in the matter of wine. However, when we were seated, with F. E. at the new President's right hand as being the most eminent of his predecessors then in residence (he was in fact a Fellow of my own college), our host arose and announced that he could not reconcile it with his conscience to offer his guests any intoxicating drink, and that he hoped they would not very much mind. I do not suppose that most of us did very much mind: to me, and doubtless to others, it was a declaration that compelled respect, considering what courage was needed to make it. Unfortunately, F. E. minded a great deal, and showed it. He turned his shoulder to his host throughout the dinner; and he called loudly and frequently for glasses of milk. I repeat that this action, done by a younger man who was entertaining F. E. as a distinguished guest, and who knew all about him, his opinions, his tastes, and his capacity for making himself unpleasant at need, showed moral courage of the highest order.' [1]

A Lion in the Garden.

G. B. Stern is at her light-hearted best in *A Lion in the Garden*. It is the story of typical old-fashioned servants and principally Norman Pascoe.

In Chapter One we are told how a trio of lions got loose from a travelling show and one came trotting towards Spinny Mead Lock; discovered that the gate of Norman's garden had been left swinging open and strolled up behind him 'where he was intent on clipping the privet hedge, and announced itself with pleasant purring noises.

'"Puss, puss," said Norman absently. "Pretty puss . . ."

'The purring went on, strangely loud.

'He turned and saw the lion.

'It was a large lion, and not behind bars.

'His description to the local paper said, at this point: "I did not stop to think, though it was as close as you are to me. I enviggled it into the kitchen and shut the door."'

[1] E. C. Bentley, *Those Days*.

This brief encounter with the lion, which happened twenty-five years before the other events in the story, gives the book its title and supplies the motif—courage. Telling the story to his friends and hearing their chorus: 'Well *done* old man! Couldn't have handled it better meself!' he has dreams of fine behaviour; of faithfulness, and especially of courage, to him the best of qualities.

Pascoe's second brave act is his espousal of the cause of Polly Brooks the housemaid. She chose to spend a legacy on 'high cockalorum'—a trip to the south of France. Pascoe speaks up for her at the risk of losing his job.

The third brave act alters the course of his future. He is now engaged to Gwennie, a pretty young maidservant, who is attracted to the insignificant Pascoe, because she believes that he not only 'knows *everything*' but also 'he can do everything too.' At this period, the family have a property on a small island and Norman is Houseman. Gwennie is entertaining her brother and sister-in-law, who have come to see her, bringing their little boy of four. They are proposing to leave him for a few hours with Norman, while they visit relatives. But Roysie is a venturesome little boy, who insists on playing on the edge of the island. '"He'll be all right with Norman," Gwennie reassured her. "Won't he, Norman?"'

'Fred Dyson said: "Mustn't make a ninny out of the boy. If Mr. Pascoe don't mind diving in and pulling him out of the water every few minutes——"

'"Not a bit," replied Norman, cheerful and obliging.

'Yet he turned his back on the little group, and walked to the prow end of the island, where he stood a while looking down into the rushes as though lost in thought.

'Presently he returned and said gently:

'"Better not risk it. You see, I can't swim."'

And so Norman loses Gwennie—however much of a loss this may be, for she was not the kind to understand when she saw him turn and come back to them across the lawn 'and heard him say in front of her, "I can't swim," that she was witnessing the third brave act of his life: an equivalent to the lion act, to the Mrs. Herrick act, but even more desperately courageous, done under the gaze of his beloved.'

Means of Grace.

Religion is a state and activity of the soul, and theology but a partial and blundering effort of the mind to explain it. The life of God in the heart of man is quite independent of any theories or explana-

tions of it that may be offered. It is of real importance that such theories and explanations should be true, but, true or false, they can never be a substitute for the life itself. Therefore to make a man's theology the criterion of his religion may be most misleading. It is notorious that men who are very jealous for the correctness of their theological opinions are often wholly irreligious, while some of the most truly devout and religious persons may be quite innocent of anything that can be called theology.

It is much the same with things ecclesiastical. A man is not made a Christian by joining a Church. Christ must be born in him first, and when that has happened his only concern about Churches will be to know which of them will help him best to nourish this divine life in the soul. . . . Let no man despise what are sometimes called the means of grace. Our church and chapel services, with all their crudities and imperfections, are for most people the only available means of coming into touch with the eternal and unseen, and so of cultivating the life of the soul. It is their task to keep religion alive in the land and to save us from the ruin that must overwhelm a godless nation in the end. It is a task in which all men and women of goodwill can help. By making the worship of our churches more devout and appealing and by maintaining in them a high standard of Christian character and witness, they can prove the power of religion and help to keep alive the soul of England.[1]

No Racial Boundaries.

After his death 'on Sunday morning 11th January 1931 the family of the great philanthropist, Nathan Straus, called me by telephone from New York, saying it was their unanimous request that I make the address at his public funeral.

'I took the train to New York and at the station entered a taxi to be taken to the beautiful Temple Emanu-El for the funeral exercises. When I gave that address to the taxi driver, he said, "Then you are going to the funeral of one of the best men who ever lived."

'Not many days before his death I had a remarkable conversation with Nathan Straus. He was on his deathbed and he knew it; yet as I bent close to his face, he whispered, "I am one of the happiest men in the world, for although I am weak and hopelessly ill, I know that I have done the right thing with my wealth, in giving so much of it away while I was alive and well. . . . John D. Rockefeller has been so wise in this respect. He is a man of the noblest and finest character. He has shown us all what to do with our wealth."

'He repeated to me one of his favourite quotations: "Money given in health is gold; money given in sickness is silver; money given at death is lead."

'Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Straus were devout and deeply religious Jews; their charity and love for mankind knew no racial or theological boundaries.'[2]

[1] W. B. Selbie in *The Christian World*, 18th April.

Modern Poetry.

In Mr. E. W. Parker's new anthology, *Modern Poetry* (Longmans; 2s. 6d.), there has been no attempt, he says, to make any well-balanced survey of modern poetry but rather to display its range and variety. This has been accomplished with success, though we doubt if Christina Rossetti, Hardy and Meredith can come under the category of 'modern' poets. We value them too much, however, to quarrel with their inclusion. The poets of to-day are many in number and several whose work we admire are not represented, but Mr. Parker's taste is sound and A. E. Housman, Victoria Sackville West, and Siegfried Sassoon are given a place. We find also 'The Tower' of Robert Nichols, omitted from too many anthologies, and T. S. Eliot's lovely 'Song of Simeon.'

Lord, the Roman hyacinths are blooming in bowls and
The winter sun creeps by the snow hills; . . .
Grant us thy peace . . .
According to thy word.
They shall praise thee and suffer in every generation
With glory and derision,
Light upon light, mounting the saint's stair.
Not for me the martyrdom, the ecstasy of thought and prayer,
Not for me the ultimate vision.
Grant me thy peace.
(And a sword shall pierce thy heart,
Thine also).
I am tired with my own life and the lives of those after me,
I am dying in my own death and the deaths of those after me.
Let thy servant depart,
Having seen thy salvation.

[2] William Lyon Phelps, *Autobiography with Letters*, 849.

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