

previous attempts at reconstruction: 'But they did not win victory. The leader who should carry all before him (*der fortreissende Fuehrer* again) and the all-powerful idea were denied them.'

This phrase '*der fortreissende Fuehrer*' then seems to be all that Stephan has to say about Adolf Hitler; which after all is not surprising in a book about theology! It is moreover a judgment of fact and not of value. The first time I read 'a man who knew himself called to leadership' I thought the words might still cover a possible doubt in other people's minds about the validity of the call. It would be a speculative undertaking, however, to try to determine Stephan's private opinion of the Fuehrer. Dr. Garvie has noted how impersonal are his estimates even of the theologians who are his proper subject. More pertinent would be his real attitude to 'the national revival under National Socialism,' in its religious aspects. The conclusion Dr. Garvie quotes is immediately preceded by this sentence: 'Here the feeling of decline is replaced by new joy in creating, the will to unite and organize is renewed, courage and opportunity are provided for the strenuous ordering

of social and economic life, and therewith a firm ground for efforts after the ethical education of the nation.' A German should know best how far this is true, and I do not know that any of us would be concerned to deny these results. I can only record my own impression that the qualification contained in the words Dr. Garvie translates—'in so doing it has brought about a revolution in relation to the culture of the last centuries, the moral and religious reach of which cannot yet be estimated'—covers a very large doubt indeed in the mind of a man who writes a book on the scale of this '*Geschichte*' precisely to help present-day theology to link up profitably with the theological culture of the past after the Barthian interruption.

JAMES BROWN.

Colmonell.

These references, which I must have noticed as I read, must have escaped my memory when I wrote the review, and the absence of the name from the index misled me. I am grateful to Mr. Brown for calling attention to them.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

London.

Entre Nous.

'The Expository Times.'

Readers will note this month that the magazine is reduced in size from 48 pages to 40 pages. The publishers have postponed this reduction as long as possible, but the extension of the War to Norway has added so much to the paper difficulty that it is now inevitable. Every effort will be made to include all the usual items and to make the most of all available space.

Claude Goldsmid Montefiore.

Shortly before his death the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher wrote a delightful Foreword to Miss Lucy Cohen's *Recollections of Claude Goldsmid Montefiore* (Faber & Faber; 12s. 6d. net):

'Nothing is so uncommon in this world as religious genius. Some few only having this deep inward grace of the soul are known to me and one of them was Claude. Despite great affluence and famous lineage, and though he was always much involved in practical affairs, he was a saint. Religion

was his life, profound, exalted, and all pervading, and this his friends could not help always feeling, far withdrawn as were his deepest thoughts on the deepest things. . . . The influence of Benjamin Jowett, which had powerfully affected him ever since he came up to Balliol as an undergraduate, no doubt combined with the proclivities of a naturally liberal mind to bring him on to that high table-land where all religions meet, so that he found kindred spirits—men such as James Martineau and Hastings Rashdall and Von Hügel—in many churches other than his own. . . . His own task was to break down the barriers which separated Jew from Christian, to show the Jews what they might learn from the New Testament, and to teach the Christians what depths of religious truths and beauty might be found, not only in the Old Testament, but also in the Rabbinical literature of the Middle Ages.'

Claude Montefiore belonged to some of the foremost Jewish families. His father was a Montefiore; his mother a Goldsmid, and his grandmother a

Rothschild. Born on the 6th June 1858, he was delicate for many years and was educated privately ; he went in 1878 to Balliol College, Oxford, where he was greatly influenced by A. C. Bradley and R. L. Nettleship. When he left Oxford he found it impossible to follow the calling of an orthodox Rabbi as he had intended. He became a leader of Liberal Judaism in this country. Montefiore wrote prolifically—six pages of the volume are occupied with the lists of his books, lectures, essays, reviews, and papers. Miss Cohen's memoirs deal very little with this or indeed with Montefiore's public life. They give rather a picture of his everyday life, his friendships (' I do not wobble in my affections '), and his sense of humour. Miss Cohen was his contemporary—she is his second cousin—and she had many letters from him, and quotations from these fill a considerable part of the volume.

Montefiore's hope was for the assimilation of the Jews with the peoples of the countries of their birth, their only distinction to be that of religion. He was much opposed to Jewish nationalism, and saw clearly that it would only lead to greater anti-Semitism. ' He did not wish for any Jewish State ; he felt himself to be so much of an Englishman that he wished to owe allegiance to no other state. Why should not the Jews be a purely religious body ? Yet on his death one of the Zionist papers wrote a eulogy of him, adding that in spite of his known opposition to the cause he was one of the first men to enclose a cheque after the riots, with the remark that help would no doubt be required to repair their ravages.'

Few men have been more generous than Montefiore. ' I feel it incumbent,' he once said, ' as a Jew, to do just a little more than is absolutely necessary.' It was a pain to him if any other wealthy Jews did not act in like manner.

Fraudulent Mendicity.

Readers will have noticed in *The Times* a series of letters on street begging and the best way of dealing with the evil, it being generally realized that many applicants are unworthy of help. But it does not seem to have occurred to any correspondent to cite the Gospel and Rabbinic views about this matter. They would seem to have been in agreement that help must be given. This surely is the meaning of the saying which was afterwards so distorted, ' lend freely, never despairing.' And on the Rabbinic side we meet very frequently with the following : ' we must be grateful for fraudulent beggars and show charity even to deceivers, for if it were not for them a man might be asked for

alms by a genuinely poor man and he might refuse. How dreadful would his guilt then be ' !

Nevertheless, the Council of Social Service might find much to learn in the relief provisions of the Early Church and of the Rabbis : for the latter, see the chapter on Charity in Montefiore and Loewe's *Rabbinic Anthology*.

HERBERT LOEWE.

Cambridge.

Creed or Chaos.

' The thing that is in danger is the whole structure of society, and it is necessary to persuade thinking men and women of the vital and intimate connexion between the structure of society and the theological doctrines of Christianity.

' The task is not made easier by the obstinate refusal of a great body of nominal Christians, both lay and clerical, to face the theological question. " Take away theology and give us some nice religion " has been a popular slogan for so long that we are apt to accept it, without inquiring whether religion without theology has any meaning. And however unpopular I may make myself, I shall and will affirm that the reason why the Churches are discredited to-day is, not that they are too bigoted about theology, but that they have run away from theology.

' Between Humanism and Christianity and between Paganism and Theism there is no distinction whatever, except a distinction of dogma. That you cannot have Christian principles without Christ is becoming increasingly clear, because their validity as principles depends on Christ's authority ; and the Totalitarian States, having ceased to believe in Christ's authority, are logically quite justified in repudiating Christian principles. If " the average man " is required to " believe in Christ," and accept His authority for " Christian principles," it is surely relevant to inquire who or what Christ is, and why His authority should be accepted. But the question, " What think ye of Christ ? " lands the average man at once in the very knottiest kind of dogmatic riddle. It is quite useless to say that it doesn't matter particularly who or what Christ was, or by what authority He did those things, and that even if He was only a man, He was a very nice man, and we ought to live by His principles : for that is merely Humanism, and if the " average man " in Germany chooses to think that Hitler is a nicer sort of man with still more attractive principles, the Christian Humanist has no answer to make.'¹

¹ Dorothy Sayers, speaking at Derby on 4th May—Church Tutorial Classes Association.

Power.

In 1929 a book was published which became a best-seller in America. It told the story of a certain Dr. Hudson who tried to obey literally the Gospel teaching. We gave some account of 'Magnificent Obsession' in 'Entre Nous' at that date, recounting the story of Dr. Hudson's death.

Just ten years after this the author, Mr. Lloyd C. Douglas has published another religious novel which purports to be a translation of *Doctor Hudson's Secret Journal* (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net) telling how the philosophy of power that he lived by came to him, and how it affected his life and the lives of others that he encountered in his work as a brain-specialist and as head of a large hospital.

The story begins with Dr. Hudson's meeting with a brilliant sculptor who told him that he himself 'had victory.' 'I now have everything I want and can do anything I wish! so can you! so can anybody! all you have to do is follow the rules!' He showed him a page from the New Testament, 'You will notice there,' pointing to the page in my hand, 'that this first step towards the achievement of power is an expansion—a projection of one's self into other personalities . . . you have to do it so stealthily that even your own left hand—.' The sculptor went on to tell Dr. Hudson how, after fulfilling all the conditions required of him for receiving power, he asked and received the capacity to do a creditable work of statuary, and so Dr. Hudson decided too on a new way of life, and learned that the secret of it was service stealthily done, and hidden sacrifice.

This way of 'making investments' in others spread. Dr. Hudson 'invested' in a younger colleague—Tim Watson, and he again in others.

'You will credit me, I hope, with a fair attempt to explain Watson's youthful arrival at a high rating in his profession, on the ground of his exceptional opportunities—plus his alert mind and indefatigable diligence. My own belief is, however, that all these fortunate factors in combination could not have made Watson what he is to-day without another's upbuilding. Tim unquestionably has the inner glow—or whatever this peculiar radiance may be called—that is to be had by one means only.

'This strange motivation began to show up in him about a year ago last September. He never confided anything about it to me, but I think he knew that I knew that he knew, judging from chance remarks that tumbled accidentally into our intimate conversations. That he was making sacrifices on somebody's behalf was apparent. His modest

stipend from the hospital was going somewhere; for he never had any money, never went any place, had no social life at all; yet seemed smugly satisfied to live on nothing, and could stand any amount of chaffing about his parsimony.'

Self-respect.

There is nothing worse that can be done to an individual than the destruction of his self-respect. Of course, if he wrongs you, it is just and right that he make amends. But I think great care should be exercised that his personal pride is not destroyed. In the heat of passion, you may get some satisfaction from seeing him down on all fours with his chin in the mud, confessing that he is a lousy scoundrel, unfit for association with decent men. But the trouble is that after you have done that to him he has nothing more to lose; and a man who has nothing to lose makes a very mean antagonist.¹

There is One God.

"Mother," he said, "I too have a God. You would hardly be able to understand Him, even if I tried to explain Him to you." . . . "My God is the young, vigorous Christ. He is the young man's noblest conception of life and eternity. He opens the way and leads to victory. He punishes only with an understanding smile, and He forgives everything. He does not force us to our knees but lifts us up, and you can look on Him as a comrade. Something like that, Mother, is my notion of Christ, and I know that He will lead me to victory." . . . At the same time she was happy that her son at least had a faith; so she only said very quietly, "There is one God, but He reveals Himself in many forms—to you in this form simply because you can understand His existence better that way."²

¹ *Doctor Hudson's Secret Journal*, 199.

² The story of several generations of the same family and of their struggles is told, in *The House of Markku*, by Unto Seppänen, the great Finnish novelist. The quotation is from the newly translated English edition (p. 457).