

have been included under this last head are ascribed to J, who is supposed to have had more than one line of tradition at his disposal, and to have combined what he had.

Since J and E are notoriously more difficult to separate in the later books than they are in Genesis, Rudolph should have had an easier task than he and Volz had in their earlier volume. As a matter of fact, many students will find his position less convincing. The inclusion of variant traditions in J makes that writer a redactor rather than an author, and so merely carries the question of 'sources' one stage further back. More than once the remark is made that additions to the main thread cannot have been drawn from an independent document (*i.e.* from E), because they do not form a connected whole. This would be a valid argument only on the assumption (certainly not made by the

Graf-Wellhausen school) that the redactor ('RJE') must have embodied the whole of all his sources. Several longer pieces (*e.g.* the Golden Calf story) can find no room in the main narrative of J, and we are often left with the feeling that Rudolph's arguments would be valid only if it had been irrefutably demonstrated that E never existed. It will be freely admitted that we have here an alternative explanation of the facts, but a theory can hardly be said to be finally convincing merely because it is not impossible. In the present case it can scarcely be granted that the reasons advanced for the new hypothesis are irresistible, and not a few readers, while fully conscious of their debt of gratitude to Rudolph for his fresh and thorough examination of the details, will still prefer the older view.

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Contributions and Comments.

Deuteronomy xxxii. 25.

מחוז השפלה הרב
במחזרים אימה

THE word אִימָה is here usually translated 'terror.' I suggest, however, that in view of the parallel תִּשְׁפַּל it should rather be combined with the Arabic ^{أيم} 'orbari,' and rendered 'widowhood.'

In support of this interpretation, note that in Is 47⁹ שְׁבוּל is combined with אֵלֶיךָ, as again in the Ras Shamra text, *The Birth of the Gods Gracious*, lines 8-9.

In La 1²⁰ the word אִימָה is replaced by כַּפְזוּחַ. This perhaps reflects a misreading of, or variant to, the original אִמָּת*.

THEODOR H. GASTER.

London.

Entre Nous.

The Master of the Temple.

The title which Mr. Harold Anson has given to his volume of Recollections and Reflections (Heinemann; 10s. 6d. net) is *Looking Forward*. In the preface he says: 'I have called this book *Looking Forward* because I am not without hope that it may encourage those who may read it, to believe, as I myself believe, that life is abundantly worth living,

not only for its own sake, but as a real preparation for the next exciting stage which awaits us, when our work here is done. I am so glad to have lived, and not sorry to be awaiting the new adventures of another world.' This is a volume which sets out to do two things and does them very successfully—to trace the growth of a personality through the impact on it of various movements and events, and

to show us a pattern of customs and modes of living not likely to be repeated in a new age.

Harold Anson was born in 1867 at Sudbury where his father was vicar. His parents, he tells us, were deeply religious people. They would never have thought of questioning that families were sent by God and that they had no right to control their number. He was one of a family of fourteen. His father was not only vicar of Sudbury but a Canon of Windsor. 'The annual move from my father's country parish at Sudbury to Windsor was a colossal affair, almost like Noah's entering into the ark, except that, so far as we were aware, it excluded the unclean beasts. We moved complete with as many of the eleven surviving children as were not out in the world, about a dozen servants, two horses, two carriages, and dogs and cats.'

Mr. Anson's mother was a daughter of the fifth Lord Vernon. She was brought up chiefly in Italy, in a very luxurious way and in an eighteenth-century atmosphere. She reacted in her youth against a moral code, 'which she saw to have brought great sorrow, even although it brought her among many charming and cultured men.' She underwent a puritan and evangelical conversion, and instead of the brilliant marriage which had been expected, she married her cousin 'whose only desire was to care for her, and his simple village flock.' Mr. Anson tells a very pleasant story of his mother, that she always made a practice of putting a sovereign into the plate at the Sunday service, but, 'lest this should be discovered on the open plate, she made a sandwich of two pennies, one on each side of the gold coin, and I only discovered the secret one day, when the plate was held by a sidesman with a trembling hand.'

As a child Mr. Anson was very delicate, as the result of typhus fever. After a year at a public school his health became worse and he had to leave and after that had a succession of tutors. He stammered badly, also, but he was able to overcome this, attributing this fact largely to his own deep conviction that he was *meant* to be a speaker.

At Bournemouth where he went to stay with an aunt he was influenced by the somewhat narrow form of evangelicalism that he found amongst his aunt's family and friends. He underwent an experience of conversion and looking back on it what he vaguely remembers is the tremendous 'incandescence' of that time, but the experience lasted only a very short period and he felt later that it was an 'attempt to short-circuit the slow and natural unfolding of the spiritual life. . . . The throwing off of evangelicalism as I had known it, was a

step in an effort to find a form of religion into which I could build up the whole of my life without leaving anything of real value outside the door.'

At Oxford he was influenced by Gore and Scott Holland. He threw himself into social work, was president of the Christian Social Union, and later was for a time co-editor with Scott Holland of *The Commonwealth*. His interest in Christian Socialism never waned, but he gradually moved from the Anglo-Catholic position towards Modernism.

Mr. Anson has a pleasant touch of humour and there are a number of stories in the volume. Some are rather old and some rather exaggerated, and here a little gentle pruning would certainly have been an improvement. But one of the stories relating to Christ Church we confess to have a weakness for. 'Just before my time, there had been an old Canon, known as "presence-of-mind" Baner. This name he owed to a story which he was always delighted to tell. You began by asking him if it were not true that he had once nearly suffered shipwreck. "Indeed, yes," he would answer, "I and my friends were rowing on a lake, and one of the party fell overboard. In his struggles to re-enter the boat he nearly capsized us all. But *with infinite presence of mind* I caught him a sharp rap on the knuckles, and he sank, and we all got safe to shore." He was particularly proud to be able to recount this bold deed.'

Mr. Anson's experiences have been unusually wide. He was a parish priest in town and country. He had a period in New Zealand where he ministered first in a very scattered area and then was Principal of a Theological College for a few years. On return to England he had no settled charge but was chaplain of the Guild of Health. In this connexion his treatment of 'Spiritual Healing' is suggestive. In 1935 he succeeded Dr. Carpenter as Master of the Temple.

But what Mr. Anson is interested in and what we are interested in is the result of his long and varied experience of people and movements—his thought on the subjects that vex men to-day, his attitude to its many crying problems. This we find in his chapters on 'Marriage Problems,' 'Prayer,' and, especially, in the concluding chapter 'A Credo.' Readers will turn to this for themselves, but we take leave to quote a few sentences on personal immortality. 'One is often asked to-day whether one believes in personal immortality. . . . I certainly don't wish to be "absorbed into the Godhead"—whatever that may mean—it seems to me to argue not only a very low idea of what I am, but also of what God is—something like a vast

sponge. Nor is the immortality of the human race a cause which brings me any enthusiasm. So far as I can see, the power behind the universe has taken great trouble to make human beings different. I cannot replace my friend, if he dies, as I could replace my canary, or my pot-plant, by another exactly alike for all practical purposes. It would appear that personality is the highest effort of that great Purpose which the simple-minded of us still call God. Those people that we call the highest and best are most acutely different from one another. Their happiness does not consist in being absorbed into one another, but in remaining consciously separate, though united in love. Why should we then suppose that the universe wants to melt down this elaborate work, and reduce it to the undifferentiated lump? It seems to me exceedingly unlikely. It would appear likely that the quality which is most personal in us is destined to go on to some ultimate perfection.'

The Gospel of Creativeness.

'We are not called, and this I see more clearly than I did, just to imitate Jesus. All imitation is bad, and Jesus would not have us be mere copyists. "Take the holy spirit," He said. We have to grasp His spirit, and become creators of good ourselves, and not copyists.

'If there were no doctrine of the Holy Spirit in Christianity, we might become merely imitators of a past age, looking back continually to the circumstances in which Jesus lived, instead of facing our own circumstances in His spirit.

'It is not the Will of God that we should merely be faithful copyists of a model, pre-ordained for our meticulous efforts to repeat, world without end. We are created to be creators ourselves. Heaven is not a place where we shall enjoy eternal changelessness, but a place in which we shall share in the eternal energy of creation, where God "makes all things new."

'I am sure that this gospel of creativeness needs to be preached far more than it has been in the past. I do not wish to lay less stress upon the redemptiveness of Christianity, its infinite capacity for healing wounds and driving out sin. "Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven" ought to be a very real experience to every Christian; but that is the beginning and not the end. The end is that he who is ransomed and healed should himself become a creator of new values, through being a partaker in the creative spirit. The neglect of this teaching has made so many religious people listless and dull, and Churches so pathetically anxious as to what they

should do next. I have heard good clergymen say that they can't think what to preach about on Whit-Sunday, having already preached many times about the first Pentecost.'¹

The Problem of Hell.

In the summing up of a discussion in *The British Weekly* on the problem of hell, Dr. Garvie offers a 'provisional conclusion.' We quote a few paragraphs.

'This problem confronted me as a youth sixty years ago, and I cannot forget what toil of mind and travail of soul it cost me, until the Spirit of truth guided me to what for me at least appears to be "the truth as it is in Jesus." . . .

'The words relied upon regarding hell (Mark 9^{47, 48}) are a quotation from Isa 66²³, which is a description of the valley of Hinnom, into which the bodies of criminals were cast, and are evidently used figuratively to describe the penalty of unrepented sin in the future life. That there is such penalty none who accept Christ's authority can question; but a symbol must not be turned into a definition, a metaphor into a dogma. . . .

'It is the revelation of God in Christ which raises the problem. It is many years now since I made it the guiding principle of my theology that I will not believe anything about God inconsistent with the Son's revelation of the Father, nor refuse to believe what can be inferred from that revelation.

'The doctrine of *eternal punishment* in any form is to my Christian reason, conscience and heart an intolerable denial of the love of God as the grace of Christ has imparted it to me, for whom He is Saviour and Lord.

'The doctrine of *conditional immortality*, as often presented with a crude literalism, regarding the meaning of "death" or "eternal" is no less repugnant, although what I shall offer has an apparent resemblance to it, but a real difference. The "larger hope" of *universal restoration*, that at last all shall be saved, may be cherished as a hope, but cannot be affirmed as a certain truth. . . .

'The physical event of death cannot destroy personal identity and continuity of experience and character, nor are we warranted in believing that it must arrest all development, whether for good or evil, or fix finally eternal destiny.

'After death there will be penalty for impenitent sin more severe, manifest and constant hereafter, it may be, than here. There is a terror as well as a tenderness of the Lord. The greatness of God's

¹ H. Anson, *Looking Forward*, 287.

love in the Cross of Christ to save from sin, the urgency and intensity of the appeal of Jesus for penitence and faith, the awfulness of His warnings of what sin involves, all combine to forbid the too sentimental presentation of the Fatherhood of God, which is responsible for a good deal of moral laxity and licence. God's love is holy love; its end is to make men holy.

'As regards the finally impenitent, if such there should be, I am forced to the conclusion that, as the organism which does not respond to its environment perishes, they will, without any divine intervention to annihilate, fade out of personal existence or suffer the eternal death as unfit for, and unworthy of, the eternal life. But it is not the will of the Father that any should so perish.'

Relativism.

'The outstanding characteristic of our time is the complete disappearance of all absolutes, and the victorious but dreadful dominion of the spirit and attitude of relativism. . . . Of course there are ideals. The world bristles with idealisms, noble and ridiculous, pure and demonic, because man cannot live without them. He is an amazingly fertile creator of idealisms, for without them he starves and degenerates. Absolutes, however, there are not, only pseudo-absolutes. These pseudo-absolutes—race, nation, classless society, a "holy" or "eternal" country—clearly demonstrate that man cannot live on bread, on relativism, alone. When he has, consciously or unconsciously, abolished God, he makes another god, because the need for the divine "word" belongs to the essence of man's nature, for he was created by God and unto God. Notwithstanding that, the rule of the spirit of secularism and relativism is unbroken, the modern pseudo-absolutes are even the acme of this spirit, the most intense expression of it.'¹

Isaiah lxxv. 25.

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, writing in *Time and Tide*, says: 'There are ways and ways of celebrating the summer solstice. In England a small number of enthusiasts gather yearly at Stonehenge to watch the sun rise over the great monolith known as the Friar's Heel. In Germany the longest day is celebrated by pilgrims who climb the Hesselberg, Hitler's "Holy Mountain," and after lighting a huge bonfire on its summit, cast their sins, metaphorically speaking, into it and descend, "purged" for the year. At Stonehenge the ceremony is scientific,

¹ H. Kraemer, *The Christian Message in a Non-Christian World*.

traditional, and strictly non-political. No High Priest officiates. On the Hesselberg the ceremony is Nordic to the nth, and has a High Priest whose threats and outbursts this year against Priests, Jews, Czechoslovakians, foreign countries, and the League of Nations were strictly political and combined to make a hymn of Hate which far outdid the venom in the old hymn of that name.

'The prophet Isaiah, when he lifted up his eyes to the hills of his native country, received a very different impression from them than Herr Streicher received from the Hesselberg. How does it run? "And they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my Holy Mountains. . . ."'

Thanksgiving for Trial.

'The mother of John Gurney's beautiful wife,' wrote Amelia (wife of John Opie, the Painter), 'whom he lost a year after marriage—that mother was now following him to his last home, and seeing him deposited by the side of her adored child and husband.' We stood opposite to this interesting group, and I could scarcely bear to look at them, yet I could scarcely avert my eyes from them. Then Priscilla (sister of Elizabeth Fry) fell on her knees and uttered I think one of the *very finest thanksgivings for trial*, and mercy vouchsafed the departed dear one, that mortal tongue could speak or mortal mind conceive.'²

'Our Father.'

'A friend of mine, still happily alive, was one day speaking to her friend, the daughter of Karl Marx,' writes Father Vincent M'Nabb in *The Listener*. 'The talk turned, as serious talk so naturally turns, to religion. The daughter of Karl Marx said: "I was brought up without any religion. I do not believe in God." Then she added a little wistfully, "But the other day in an old German book I came across a German prayer, and if the God of that prayer exists, I think I could believe in Him."

"What was that prayer?" asked my friend. Then the daughter of Karl Marx repeated slowly, in German, the "Our Father."

² J. Menzies-Wilson and H. Lloyd, *Amelia, The Tale of a Plain Friend*, 181.

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