

A.D. 52, including in it sayings of Jesus in vv.<sup>3-6</sup>. 9-12, 21-23, 28-37, and changing the 'abomination of desolation' from an allusion to a statue to a reference to a personal Antichrist under the influence of Paul in 2 Thessalonians.

(3) This revised Apocalypse was incorporated

into Mark's Gospel because it fitted so well into the time in which he was writing—the time when Nero was persecuting the Christians mercilessly and when Paul was either in prison or had been put to death.

LYLE O. BRISTOL.

New York

## Entre Nous.

### Winifred Holtby.

A biography eagerly waited for is *Testament of Friendship* by Vera Brittain, just published by Messrs. Macmillan.

In the last year of her life Winifred Holtby was invited to write her autobiography by three leading London publishers. 'I don't see how I can write an autobiography,' she said [to Vera Brittain]. 'I never feel I've really had a life of my own. My existence seems to me like a clear stream which has simply reflected other people's stories and problems.' While that impression is untrue, as the biographer says, the outstanding feeling that one gets is the selflessness of her life. For example, there is her work for South African natives. Anything which savoured of injustice or inequality stirred her not only to indignation but to devoted help. She was responsible for sending William Ballinger out to South Africa to organize the natives, contributing £100 yearly herself towards his salary, and she wrote 'literally millions of words about Ballinger.'

*South Riding* was undoubtedly Winifred Holtby's finest literary work, and when she wrote it—it was only published after her death—'her radiant life had not reached its prime nor her vital work its zenith.'

After she learned from a London specialist that she might not have more than two years to live, she went to the country to Monks Risborough. 'On one of the coldest mornings of that spring . . . she went for a walk past Clare Leighton's cottage to a farm farther up the hill. She felt tired and dejected; her mind, still vigorously alive in her slow, impaired body, rebelled bitterly against her fate. Why, she wondered, should she, at thirty-three, not yet in the fullness of her developing powers, be singled out for this cruel unforeseen blow? . . .

'Just then she found herself standing by a trough outside the farmyard; the water in it was frozen, and a number of young lambs were struggling beside it vainly trying to drink. She broke the ice for them with her stick, and as she did so she heard

a voice within her saying: "Having nothing, yet possessing all things." It was so distinct that she looked round, startled, but she was alone with the lambs on the top of the hill. Suddenly, in a flash, the grief, the bitterness, the sense of frustration disappeared; all desire to possess power and glory for herself vanished away, and never came back. . . . She always associated it afterwards with the words of Bernard Bosanquet on Salvation:

"And now we are saved absolutely, we need not say from what, we are at home in the universe, and, in principle and in the main, feeble and timid creatures as we are, there is nothing anywhere within the world or without it that can make us afraid."

### Jewish Thought.

During the last war an anthology was prepared by the Chief Rabbi. It has now been revised and re-issued by him for the use of His Majesty's Jewish soldiers, sailors, and airmen. The title is *A Book of Jewish Thoughts* (Edward Goldston, 43 Russell Square, W.C.; 2s. 6d. net). It is a fine collection, and especially in these days of anti-Semitism we would recommend it for the reading of Jews and Christians alike. The first of the two selections chosen for quotation is by Mr. Moses Gaster, who died last year and who will be remembered as a contributor from time to time to this magazine. The second quotation is by the seventeenth-century mystic, Isaac Luria.

### JEWISH HISTORY.

'The high-road of Jewish history leads to wide outlooks. That which is great and lasting in Jewish history is the spiritual wealth accumulated through the ages; the description of the fierce battles fought between the powers of darkness and light, of freedom and persecution, of knowledge and ignorance. Our great men are the heroes of the school and the sages of the synagogue, not the knights of the sanguinary battlefield. No widow was left to mourn through our victory, no mother for her lost son, no orphan for the lost father.'

## A SABBATH TABLE SONG.

Treasure of heart for the broken people,  
Gift of new soul for the souls distrest,  
Soother of sighs for the prisoned spirit—  
The Sabbath of rest.

*This day is for Israel light and rejoicing,  
A Sabbath of rest.*

When the work of the worlds in their wonder  
was finished

Thou madest this day to be holy and blest,  
And those heavy-laden find safety and stillness,  
A Sabbath of rest.

*This day is for Israel light and rejoicing,  
A Sabbath of rest.*

**Thy will be done.**

'Thy Will: I accept the rule of God, whatever it may be, for myself, as well as working for it—the prayer of docility. That means a total capitulation to the mysterious Divine purpose; war declared on individual and corporate self-centredness, death to an earthbound, meticulous or utilitarian piety. It asks of the soul a heroic and liberating dedication to the interests of Reality; that, transcending the problems and needs of our successive existence, we may be made partners in the one august enterprise of the Spirit. This, says St. Paul, is the very meaning of the Passion: "that they which live shall no longer live unto themselves . . . wherefore, if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature"—his interests have become identical with those of the supernatural world. "Our wills are ours to make them thine" is not a mere bit of Victorian moralizing, but an almost perfect description of man's metaphysical state.'<sup>1</sup>

**Canon Hannay.**

'Like many others I have been beset all my life by doubts and questionings. Only, like Browning's prelate, I have deliberately chosen to live "A life of faith diversified by doubt," rather than the other alternative. "A life of doubt diversified by faith." One of the two I had to live and the choice was mine. Only, having chosen, I have ever in my heart the prayer of the father of the epileptic boy, "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

'There may well be others, perhaps many, whose position is like mine. It may comfort them to know that the passing of years dulls the doubts, even if it does not answer the questions. The

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn Underhill, *Abba*, 42.

choice of the life of faith justifies itself more and more. The chess-board—it is Browning's metaphor—ceases to be simply black and white. The white squares predominate. The black squares fade. And this is, as I believe, not the result of a weary decay of mental powers, but the answer to the repeated prayer. He has helped my unbelief.'

This is from the Preface to *The Potter's Wheel*, a small book of essays by Canon J. O. Hannay (George A. Birmingham). The publishers are Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (3s. 6d. net). The essays—Thoughts on the Ways of God with Men—are eminently readable and are varied in subject, dealing with Old Testament and New Testament themes.

**Bible Reading.**

'In the far interior, where the cult of Islam is widespread, young men were making merry over an old one who was a zealous reader of the Koran. "You will soon know your Koran by heart," they said. "Don't you get sick of always reading the same thing?" "For me," he replied, "it is 'by no means the same Koran. When I was a boy I understood it as a boy. When I was a man in my prime I understood it as a man, and now I am old I understand it as an old man. I read it again and again because, for me, it always contains something new.'"<sup>2</sup>

**Rejoicing in His habitable earth.**

'In all the accounts given by natives who have returned from Europe I have always noticed that it is not railways and aeroplanes, but the cultivation of the soil that makes the greatest impression. My own experience on my way home is the same. The city, the hotel, the railway all seem at once familiar again. But then to travel across the country where field follows field—that is so unusual and seems to me so grand a thing that I am stirred to the very depths of my being. In Europe man is lord over the earth. In the primeval forest of Equatorial Africa he is a creature that with difficulty wrests a bit of land from the wilderness. His plantation is always surrounded by forest and sooner or later the forest will swallow it up again.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> A. Schweitzer, *From My African Notebook*, 109.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 131.

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