

of lectures and miscellaneous papers. It will astonish, perhaps shock the more naïve Gentile to see how radically, thoroughly, utterly Jewish the gospels are, to be shown how our Lord was a Jew to the very finger-tips. Well, of course he was, a Jew of the house of David, and why should the naïve Gentile be shaken to find that he taught and thought, and we might say suffered and rose again on a Jewish Rabbinic pattern? What ought to cause the naïve Gentile perpetual astonishment is the fact that Christ, this Hebrew of the Hebrews, has thrown open to him, the Gentile, membership of God's chosen people.

Professor Daube makes it clear, of course, that the Rabbinic Judaism of the Christian era, a thing precisely distinct and cut off from Christianity, is not by any means wholly identical with the Rabbinic Judaism of New Testament days, out of which both it and Christianity grew, and grew apart. But the later Judaism is, much more than Christianity, the material heir of that common matrix, and can provide us with invaluable evidence to supplement our knowledge of the New Testament and its historical, religious context.

Professor Daube carries a learning of stupendous proportions with unflinching urbanity and wit. He leads us through this strange and formless world (this is the naïve Gentile speaking) of Rabbinic lore with a lawyer's clarity and a historian's sympathy, though not always with a theologian's anxious care for pious ears. Finally this volume reveals a quality without which these material assets would be scarcely usable, a real understanding of both the Jewish and the Christian mind.

EDMUND HILL, O.P.

ABOUT THE BIBLE. By Frank W. Moyle. (Geoffrey Bles; 16s.)

This book opens with a truism: 'The Bible was once every Englishman's book'. Now this state of affairs no longer is, though, mysteriously, as many Bibles as ever are printed and apparently sold. Yet Bibles remain so often unread, and religious indifference has grown apace.

Frank Moyle's work is yet another about the Bible. We may sometimes grow impatient of work *about* the Bible, and yearn for more understanding and reading of the Bible. Still, the present work may be necessary in order to break through a crust of ignorance and indifference. Certainly if skilful and lively writing can help, then this work can help. But the wise, guiding light of the Church's teaching is missing; so we get for example reaction against fundamentalism combined with excessive latitude: 'that all the first eleven chapters of Genesis belong to the mythical type of literature and that they must be read as folk-tales and not as fact' (p. 7). 'A great deal of unnecessary controversy would have been avoided if only people would recognize

that the sayings of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount (and elsewhere) about divorce, for instance, are not absolute laws forbidding it under all circumstances but simply broad general statements of the *ideal* of a life-long indissoluble relationship . . .' (p. 123). Manifestly such statements in the book preclude it from being any help to a Catholic's knowledge of the Scriptures.  
R.D.P.

A TIME TO KEEP SILENCE. By Patrick Leigh Fermor. (John Murray; 15s.)

A passion for monasteries is not necessarily a sign of any deep understanding of their real function. They represent in the modern world a unique retreat from noise and neurosis, and the writings of Thomas Merton, for instance, have made them familiar to many who would hesitate to begin to believe in the truths they exist to proclaim. Mr Leigh Fermor has already revealed a real sympathy for the pattern of monastic life, and his present book—an account of visits to the abbeys of St Wandrille, La Grande Trappe, the Rock Monasteries of Cappadocia, and with a final chapter written at Farnborough—is subtle and observant, elegantly written and pleasantly illustrated. Even so, fifteen shillings seems much to pay for ninety pages, however distinguished.

Mr Leigh Fermor remarks on the discretion of the monks of St Wandrille, who never enquired into his own spiritual convictions. He is a detached observer, yet captivated by the peace and organic rhythm of a life so timeless and yet so filled at each moment with abiding meaning. He remains, in particular, 'perplexed and uncertain' about the life at La Trappe, so much harder to discern for the visitor than the human moderation of the Benedictines. And writing his postscript in the improbable setting of Farnborough, with its *mélange* of Napoleonic grandeur amidst the red brick semi-detached houses of an outer suburb and with supersonic bangs from test planes overhead, he finds intact—here as everywhere else subject to ancient monastic fidelity—'an ancient wisdom exorcizing the memory of the conflict and bloodshed of the intervening centuries, that brings its message of tranquillity to quieten the mind and compose the spirit'. His book is itself a peaceful one, yet monasteries are more than quiet places: their peace finally springs from the hard allegiance of a truth accepted and served.  
I.E.

THE WAY IT WORKED OUT. By G. B. Stern. (Sheed and Ward; 10s. 6d.)

This sequel to Miss Stern's *All in Good Time* continues the story of her Catholic experience. It is not the story of a conversion but reflections on this and that with little order to speak of by one who has been a short time in the Church. To some extent it reminds one of Miss