

At the corner Erwin stopped, put his arm around the girl's waist, and looked back. Rudolf was walking calmly along on the other side. He did not want to attract attention—he was going to pass his house on the other side of the street. Now he will be past it. Now!

Then Erwin saw two women come out of

Rudolf's house. With long strides they ran across the street toward Rudolf. They took him between them. Erwin and Eva stood rooted to the spot.

'Not—like—that Eva!' Erwin gasped.

The girl gave a shrill laugh. It sounded like the breaking of metal. Then she dragged Erwin on.

II. MARCH 12, 1935

By AGNES DUNKER

From the *London Mercury*, London Literary Monthly

IT WOULD be inaccurate to say that Pfarrer Lorenz had not followed the conflict from the beginning. As early as the summer of 1933, he had attended a district meeting of the clergy and had told his wife Selma of the new movements in the Church. Positively, he said, a new body calling themselves German Christians were demanding the abolition of the Old Testament. Then there were to be changes in Church administration and, said Lorenz, the Union (he meant the German Evangelical Church Union) was taking the matter up and protesting.

But the truth is he did not attach much importance to this cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and did not attend a meeting again for some time. He hardly thought it worth the expense. And one had so little time. There was always something important to do in the parish, or in the garden, which supplied a large part of their fare.

Besides, could it all make much difference in Emdorf? If one overlooked the place from the hill behind it, a little more than village, a

little less than town, with red roofs peeping out of trees, and remembered that the material and spiritual tenor of its existence had been unaltered for at least three hundred years, it was difficult to imagine something so unsubstantial as Church administration or even details of doctrine effecting a change. Nor, in fact, was Heinrich Lorenz himself greatly interested in politics, doctrine or administration. He had left the seminary thirty years ago, settled down in Emdorf, and, except for service during the War, had scarcely left it.

Of course, his son Kurt, who was working with a firm of architects in distant Berlin, was heart and soul with the new régime, and when he came home on brief visits, one got an impression of how things were moving in the world. At these times Kurt would try to rouse his father and find out cautiously whether he was going to come out on the German Christian side. But the discussion hardly even made a beginning, so tepid was Heinrich's participation.

'I don't believe,' said Kurt to his mother on one such occasion more

than a year later, 'that Father has been to a single meeting this year.'

'He says meetings are sterile business,' answered Selma, trying to keep up a show of defending her husband.

'But surely he wants to understand the new Germany and help her. And how can he do so if he remains entirely out of touch with the outside world?'

Selma was privately of the same opinion, and at supper they both tried to persuade Lorenz to attend the district meeting on the morrow.

'Now don't say you can't leave the garden,' said Kurt. 'If there's something very urgent, though I doubt it in October, I'll do it, if it isn't teeming with rain. It isn't the day for the confirmation class, and you haven't anyone to marry, or baptize. You wrote a letter for Grossmutter Winkelmann to her son in America last week—you told me so, and the quarrel about the price of Schatz's donkey has been adjusted. What else is there? Is it the day for old Petersen? I'll go and see him instead and read him a chapter. I'll warrant Emdorf will still be on its legs when you get back.'

Heinrich smiled. He was rather short, had the usual close-cropped head and wore round glasses. His eyes were mild but intelligent, his manner benign but not weak. He was immensely proud of Kurt and could not withstand him.

'I'll go for once,' he returned. 'But, to tell you the truth, I think it all just a passing excitement which will die down before long. Some changes in administration may be made, to be sure, and the clergy themselves are interested there, but the ultimate parishioner is not much affected by such alterations.'

Kurt restrained himself with some difficulty from embarking on a long exposition of the new doctrine. But he found the opportunity after the meeting, for Heinrich gave him an account of it.

'Was any reference made to Hauer's speech?' asked Kurt.

Well, yes, some members had mentioned that Christianity as a directing force seemed to have expired in Germany, but Heinrich thought such sensational views would soon be dropped.

'But you must realize, Father, that there is a great new spirit abroad, and our people need a new spiritual impetus, something that will give them strength, hope, faith in their mission.'

'The same faith is always waiting for them.'

'But that's just it, Father. The same faith is not what is wanted. Something new is wanted—a gospel of strength and self-reliance and joy in the new undertaking.'

'All those things come through prayer.'

'You may be right. But you know how our people were long indifferent to religion. Look at your own empty church!'

'Then they should repent and turn again to God.'

'They *have* repented. They have put behind them weakness, dalliance and sin. They need religion, but it must be a religion suited to the race, to the German blood and spirit.'

'The Christian faith is universal and international,' said Lorenz.

'True. But you will admit that it takes a different tinge in different parts of the world. Are Coptic Christians quite the same as Scottish followers of John Knox? Peasants in the Balkans believe that saints control the

weather. Does any agricultural worker round Emdorf believe that? You know he doesn't. Perhaps that is why the Church in our country failed, because it did not speak to the race with a German voice.'

'The Church failed!' ejaculated Lorenz.

'Perhaps it relied on a Christianity that was so internationally vague and colorless as to mean nothing national, was out-of-date, speaking a language that carried neither conviction nor encouragement to a striving, living people in urgent need of both. After all, nationalism is the strongest human force in the world today and the official Church does nothing to meet it.'

The Pfarrer stirred uneasily, conscious within himself of a long tale of conventional sermons, taken largely from books none too new, and given at intervals calculated to out-stretch the longest memory. He made an instant resolve to spend more thought on his sermons in future, and Kurt dropped the subject. He left for the city next day, and promised to come again at Christmas.

II

Lorenz saw him off, thinking him a fine fellow, handsome and sure of himself. Of course, if Selma had not been such a splendid wife, they would not have been able to send him to the *Hochschule* to study. But not only did she darn dusters and produce dinners out of nothing. She wrote verses, and got money for them! She wrote cookery recipes too, even more, which appeared in the *Hausfrau*. She seemed undismayed at the prospect of sending Gretel to the university also. Gretel was to take the *Abitur* examination at

Easter. No doubt Kurt would help a little there. Heinrich's face would take on a slight smile when his thoughts hovered around Gretel, his darling. She had been born while he was a padre in the Field, and perhaps that was why, to this day, he felt a special tenderness for her.

Heinrich found it pleasanter to dwell on these domestic matters than on the Church conflict, though he had no doubts about his own position, whatever Kurt might say. Indeed, so as to avoid argument, he had said nothing to him about the manifesto. In consequence of the bitter dispute in Bavaria, a manifesto had been prepared and made known to the recent meeting. The majority of the clergy there were, like Heinrich, Confessionals, and these had agreed to read aloud the document, which asserted their adherence to old principles, from the pulpit on the coming Sunday. Greatly to Selma's private annoyance, Heinrich did this. She discussed the matter with him afterwards, but achieved nothing. For all his gentleness, Heinrich could make up his own mind. The congregation, small, elderly and passive, paid little regard to the reading and perhaps did not understand it.

But when it came to the Declaration of Independence at the end of November, in which the Confessionals declared that they would take no orders from the new Church authorities imposed by the Government, Heinrich's congregation looked startled, and gossiped a good deal outside the church afterwards. Selma was actually angry and made no effort to exclude Gretel from the subsequent scene. 'What would Kurt say?' she asked, when she had accused her husband of stagna-

tion, refusing help to those who needed it, and treachery to the Fatherland.

'It can't make any difference to Kurt in any case. His life is carried on miles from here, and not connected with the Church.'

'But, Father . . . ' began Gretel, in a trembling voice. Indeed, she was quaking from head to foot. Heinrich looked at her in inquiry.

'You know, Father, only about a third of the girls are allowed to go up to the university, of those who pass the exam. . . . All the girls say no one will be chosen who belongs to the Confessionals. Only German-Christians will be given permission to study. Everyone says so.' She began to cry a little.

'Nonsense,' said Heinrich sharply, and went off to his own room.

But before long he became aware that it was not nonsense. In the ensuing week, some of his congregation failed to see him in the street. But some crossed the road on purpose to speak to him. They asked after his family and commented on the approach of Christmas. One or two even congratulated him on the stand he was making, and told him how the cleavage was working in neighboring towns. Some clergy, it seemed, hovered as neutrals, but most had decided one way or the other. Those with children to advance had mostly become German-Christians.

A cold chill descended on Heinrich. He went for a long walk through the fields when he left his interlocutor.

It was the first of many he took that winter, through rain, or wind, or snow. He became very thoughtful, and, against his habit, irritable. Long after she had gone to bed, Selma

could hear him walking his study. But the preparations for Christmas soon drove other considerations aside. There was much to be arranged for in the parish, and both Heinrich and she were fully occupied. Gretel brought home a report from school that made her jubilant, and Kurt arrived in a whirlwind of excitement.

'What do you think, good people!' he cried. 'There's a municipal job going in Altstadt, and I'm going to try for it. What will you say to me when I'm a *Stadtbaurat*, eh?'

They were all greatly impressed.

'Old Schmidtsohn is backing me. In fact, on the fourth of next month I'm going over to Altstadt to see some people he's given me an introduction to. And how's old Emdorf? Still taking in one another's washing for a living?'

III

He accompanied Heinrich on some of his long walks, and it was inevitable, that they should discuss the subject so near to their hearts. Even administration, it seemed, was beginning to acquire interest for the pastor. If reform was needed, the parishes should be built up from below; they should reform themselves. There was no need for a new machinery; the Church in every province and state possessed the necessary constitution.

'That is an old framework,' returned Kurt. 'It dates back a long time, and reflects the innumerable little states and principalities of before the War. There ought to have been a unified Church long ago. What would your plan mean but lots and lots of meetings, just as all the different bodies had at the beginning of the Republic? And precious little came

out of them. Why, you yourself have said meetings are sterile. No, Father, what we want is men, not meetings. We have established the leadership principle in the State and undoubtedly we want it in the Church too. We want one Church throughout the land. I have heard you say that a nation must be founded on religion—obviously it must be one religion, and expressed by living men, not resolutions passed at meetings.'

It was extremely difficult to answer him. 'Surely the doctrine held by the Church leader must be acceptable to all?'

'The Leader must lead,' said Kurt doggedly. 'And, mind you, Father, it's bound to come. It's perhaps natural that elderly people should not want to change', (Heinrich winced) 'and we're willing' (we!) 'to exercise patience, if they don't make things too difficult. But if one regards the matter without sentiment or prejudice, it's obvious that beliefs must change with time as other ideas do. Who believes the Bible literally nowadays? Perhaps a limited sect here and there. No one else. So compromise creeps in; awkward bits are explained away; symbolism, mistakes made by oral tradition, and what not, account for what we don't like. Much better to be honest, I think, and say openly that the doctrine of self-sacrifice is out of date—we have no use for resignation and submission. A spiritual *modus vivendi*, which was founded by poor Eastern fisherfolk, can't offer enough to a twentieth century nation in the West.'

'Kurt, you don't know what you are saying,' said his father. 'Pray, what spiritual *modus vivendi* have you to offer in exchange?'

'Don't get angry, Father. Whatever it is, it must have the characteristic German impress, embody German ideals and give scope for German spirit. It must stand on German soil.'

'Is not Christianity larger than that?' groaned Heinrich.

'Dear Father, this *is* Christianity. I beg of you not to misunderstand it. It is Christianity tinged with Germanism, so that it may help Germans.'

They argued for hours. Kurt's position sometimes seemed to his father contradictory and sophistical; sometimes his patent sincerity carried Heinrich with him. Once it leaked out that his application for the new post would be strengthened if all his connections were German-Christian. "'Those who want to advance their children are German-Christians,'" thought Heinrich.

Another time it leaked out that Selma was in an agony of fear lest Heinrich's 'obstinacy' should reach the ears of the authorities, and that he would be sent to a concentration camp, or be superseded by a pastor of more amiable persuasion. What then? Selma's cousin was married to a Pfarrer in Westphalia, and Hedwig's husband was in camp. Hedwig had been obliged to go home and stay with her parents. Selma's parents were dead long ago. What could Selma and Gretel do in such a case?

On the night preceding Kurt's departure for Altstadt, Selma heard her husband walking half the night in his study. She wished they had more carpets in the house.

Of course, everyone went with Kurt to the station, and it was while they walked ahead of the two women that Heinrich took the opportunity to say quietly, 'I won't do or say publicly

anything that would injure your prospects, my boy.'

Kurt's heart gave a leap. He glanced at the face beside him, and thought it looked older. He said 'Thank you,' in a low voice.

A few days later he wrote to say that the actual appointing in Altstadt was postponed for a few weeks. The old jossler who was to be replaced had rallied somewhat, and though the end could not be far off, it was felt unkind to engage in any public act about his successor. Kurt had seen the people old Schmidtsohn knew and thought he had made a favorable impression.

IV

Heinrich's sermons changed after this. They were new-written, touched on the problems of the nation, and urged industry, economy, and self-reliance. In fact, the congregation increased a little, and it became known that he was associating himself with various organizations of Government color. People who had latterly failed to see him in the street now spoke to him cordially. A few old friends dropped off.

Sometimes circulars came for Heinrich from the Prussian Confessional Synod. Selma did not refer to them, but she noticed that Heinrich fingered them, turned them over and then put them away. He went to no more meetings.

'Surely you are not going for a walk today?' she said once, as he was setting off in pouring rain.

'Yes, yes, much better. If I don't get enough exercise, I don't sleep. Even that doesn't do it always.'

He came home wet through and developed a high temperature. Selma

kept him in bed for a few days and gave him homely remedies. Gretel used to sit by him when she came in from school, and tell him schoolgirl gossip and ask about homework: Together they counted the weeks till the examination. Gretel thought she would be successful. Heinrich was sure of it.

When he went about again, he felt extraordinarily tired. Selma surrounded him with cossetting care, and yet there lay a constraint between them which they had never known in the past, though Selma had long dropped the discussion of Church affairs.

Early in March Heinrich received a bulky official letter, with which he at once retired to his study. Selma waited a while and then knocked at the door.

'Heinrich, your coffee. It is cold. Shall I heat it and bring it here for you?'

'All right. Yes.'

She brought it, and set it on his writing table. The sheets he had read lay strewn about. She did not care to look at them, but lingered.

'Read it if you want to,' said Heinrich, and resumed his pacing.

A manifesto to be read on the Sunday following receipt, by all those who associated themselves with the Reich Council of Brethren of the Confessional Movement—against the attempt to impose a bi-denominational system on the Church, of German Christians on the one hand and Confessionals of the older doctrines on the other—this would eventually come to mean an undenominational Church, secular and racial—the Protestant Opposition must close its ranks for a renewal of the conflict—this so-called 'new religion' must not conquer. . . .

Selma dropped the papers and looked at her husband.

'Well, there it is,' he said, with a sort of shrug. 'There's no sitting on the fence possible. If I read it, I go back on all I have said and done since the New Year, and apparently injure all three of you. If I don't read it . . .'

After a brief silence, he went on, 'When all's said and done, I *did* take an oath at my ordination.'

'Oh, but the circumstances now. . . .' began Selma.

'There's one possibility,' he continued, disregarding her. 'The police may intervene and seize the manifesto. I fancy, if it's done at all, that no pastorate will be omitted this time. Today is Tuesday. They will arrive, if at all, on Friday at the latest.'

Selma did not know what to wish. She only knew that every knock at the door that week made her heart beat, so that she could almost hear it. Yet, in the evening, when she sat sewing and realized that the day had passed without police intervention, she felt almost more agitated. For how easily would that have solved their difficulty!

On Friday nothing happened. Heinrich gave no sign. Again he paced his study more than half the night. Selma heard every step. She slept a little towards morning and saw that Heinrich was doing the same when she got up. But he came down soon after and inquired for the post.

The morning dragged on somehow. At three o'clock he went off for his Saturday walk, and stayed away longer than usual.

'Come, Gretel, we will have supper. Father would rather we did not wait,' said Selma, when it became dark. But

as they were seating themselves, there came a knock at the front door unlike all the other knocks of the week, and Selma started up in response.

The police. Was the Herr Pfarrer at home? Very sorry to disturb, but duty compelled. The Herr Pfarrer had received some documents this week. They regretted extremely, but had high orders to demand that they be handed over. If the Herr Pfarrer was not at home, could the Frau Pfarrer perhaps find the papers?

They followed Selma to the study. The papers were not locked away, she thought. She opened this drawer and that, and heard their voices say that the document must on no account be read in church tomorrow, and if the Frau Pfarrer could not find it and could give that assurance . . .

As Selma found and drew it forth, there came another knock at the door, long yet trembling, insistent yet half-hearted.

As they came from the study, Gretel opened the door.

There were men whom they knew standing round the door. They began to explain something rather slowly, helping one another out. It was several minutes before Selma began to understand them, and to become aware of some object behind them.

And at last they could improvise no longer, and when the word 'water' had been uttered often enough to prepare anyone, they parted and brought nearer a sort of hand-cart. Selma and Gretel saw the two officials each remove his shako. And then they looked down and saw the quiet features of Heinrich without their accustomed glasses, shining damp on his coat, and water dripping from the edge of it.

A young Englishman goes to Brazil to investigate political conditions, and sees a good deal more than he contracted for; a fellow-countryman, visiting India, describes the Bramaputra River and the motley crowd crossing it.

Englishmen ABROAD

I. BRAZILIAN MISADVENTURE

By RICHARD FREEMAN

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THROUGH the odd behavior of the Brazilian police I and my two companions were recently given the chance of seeing the inside of a Brazilian political prison.

Last February Lady Hastings and her sister-in-law, Lady Marian Cameron, went to Brazil to write a book about that country, and took me with them as their secretary. The book was to be as comprehensive as possible and my job was to collect, sift, sort and arrange all the Government reports and statistics and any other available material.

We were met at Rio by members of the Special Police, who insisted that we were a delegation 'sent from Moscow to investigate their political prisons.' Our luggage was searched and I was taken to the police station

to be questioned; but the police had to admit that there was no evidence to support their statement. After ten hours with the police I was released with the warning that 'if we made any attempt to get into touch with political prisoners we would be kicked out of the country or put in gaol, but that otherwise we might see anything we pleased.'

For the next week the constant interference of the police made it impossible for us to see anything of Brazilian national life. If anyone came to see us, they were intercepted and told that they would be much wiser not to, or even occasionally, more peremptorily, that they might not see us.

At the end of the week the British Ambassador was prevailed on to in-