

to descend into Sheol, for capable men are so few that He cannot afford to lose the services of even one such man. He had, I remember, nothing but praise for Schechter, and no one was more rejoiced over that distinguished scholar's rich discovery of ancient manuscripts in an unmentionable place in the old Cairo synagogue. But other scholars, Margoliouth, for example, he distrusted constitutionally until he came to know them. Some, like old Schiller-Szczinessy, the Cambridge Talmudist, he disliked to the point of fear. We always had a half belief that he more than half accepted Schiller-Szczinessy's stated conviction that, as knowing the correct pronunciation of "Jahweh," he had the power of the evil eye. These little weaknesses made him all the more human.

I trust that I have not dwelt unduly upon these quaint contradictions in my old friend's character. It was these largely that made him so lovable, that drew his friends so close to him. You may admire, you may wonder at that which is flawless: you cannot love it. I am so far an orientalist that I demand some small imperfections as a necessity for supreme human accomplishment. And this, I think, in our heart of hearts, is the case with all of us, although we imagine that our neighbour is only satisfied with absolute perfection, wherefore most biographies become platitudinous and unreal.

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