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Entre Nous.

Sixty Years with the Bible.

PROFESSOR W. N. CLARKE has written his autobiography. It is a history of his interest in the Bible. Whether things happened to him, or were done by him, not recorded here, we cannot tell. It seems as though Professor Clarke had lived his life with the Bible. *Sixty Years with the Bible* is his autobiography (T. & T. Clark; 4s. 6d. net).

Is he a Bibliolater, then? He is not a Bibliolater. His autobiography is a record of emancipation. He began with a doctrine of inspiration which did not admit the very possibility of contradiction in the Bible itself or between the Bible and any other true thing. He ended with a full acceptance of the historical method of its study.

His autobiography is a history of Bible study during the last sixty years. It is personal enough, but the personal in it is thoroughly representative. Only in one respect is it singular, that he has been so faithful. As soon as he saw the light he walked in it.

The influences were partly from without, partly from within. Of the outward influences, he refers to certain men without naming them. He refers also to Scrivener's *New Testament*, to Meyer's Commentaries, to *Essays and Reviews*, to Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*. Regarding the inward, he tells a most fascinating story of his discovery of the doctrine of the Atonement when he was forty years of age.

Here is a thing he did in the early days of his ministry: 'I asked my people to read the Bible through with me in a year, three chapters a day and five on Sunday, and promised them help from the pulpit as the reading went on. A good number accepted the invitation, and though some fell out by the way, Bible reading was a prominent feature in the life of the congregation in that year. I accompanied it with a course of Bible sermons, as I called them, each treating of a book in the Bible, or of a group of books.'

Perhaps the discovery which impressed him most was the discovery that the Canon of the Bible is not yet closed. Let him tell it: 'One Sunday evening there strolled in, to hear me a pair of scientists with whom I had a slight acquaintance, one of them rather eminent in his generation.

Afterward I wondered what they thought. I do not remember what my text was, but it was one of the condensed expressions of truth that abound in the First Epistle of St. John. I spoke of this Epistle as later in origin than the book that stands at the close of the Bible, and as occupying a place at the very end of the long course of divine revelation. I appealed to its testimony as the last and highest word, the ripened fruit of God's great revealing process, the very climax of that which has come from Him to His world of men. I spoke, in fact, as if nothing had been heard from God since that Epistle was written. I did not know at the time how far away I was putting God from His world. But the retributive power did not overlook me. After a while a wave of remembrance swept over me, to my humiliation, and I wondered what my scientific acquaintances thought that I, a Christian minister, believed about the living God. If they believed in God at all, as I think they did, they believed in a God who did not close His work of self-expression and betake himself to silence eighteen hundred years ago, but who "worketh hitherto," a God self-uttering as the light; and I had been addressing them as if God had been silent to men through all these ages. I wish I might have the opportunity of preaching to them now; but one of them is gone to the other life, and the other I shall never meet.'

In one place, near the end, he tells how it came about that he had to write and wrote the book which made him famous (he does not say it made him famous), his *Outline of Christian Theology*. 'In the next three years I rewrote my treatise three times, enlarging it each time. In the fourth year I rewrote it again, and printed it. A few years later I revised and enlarged it once more, and it was published.'

Point and Illustration.

A book on *Labrador: The Country and the People* (Macmillan; 10s. net) may seem an unlikely quarry for the preacher, unless he remembers that the Moravians are there, or discovers that the writer of the book is Dr. Wilfred Grenfell. Wilfred T. Grenfell, C.M.G., M.R.C.S., M.D., (Oxon.), is the writer of the greater part of the book,

but there are chapters by other men in it—a chapter on the geology by Mr. Reginald A. Daly; a chapter on the Indians by Mr. Williams B. Cabot; chapters on the birds, the flora, the insects, by other men; and a chapter on the marine crustacea by a lady, Mary J. Rathbun. Every chapter, in short, is the work of an expert. And the full-page illustrations, which are many, are the work of an expert in photography. Therefore, if we do find illustrations in this book, we shall know that they are both original and reliable. Here are some of them.

Six Days shalt Thou Labour.

Canadian fishing vessels visiting Labrador from the lower provinces, are fewer than twenty years ago. Americans from Maine are more numerous. These, the finest fishing vessels by far that come amongst us, are always welcome. Their crews are a generous, open-handed crowd of men, thorough fishermen, and splendidly fitted out. Our own humble vessels look poor and sorry beside them. Only for one thing do we regret their advent, and that is due to their indifference to what we consider the laws of God. They go fishing and working on Sundays among our people, who, though poorer and far more needy of material wealth, are wise enough to know that life does not consist in the abundance of things man possesses. The joy of life on our coast comes of a peace of mind due to a real faith in God's Fatherhood and our sonship, and from every high ideal realized on that premise. Without any theories it is the simplest 'simple life.' There is no room in Labrador for persons affected with the 'dementia of owning things.' If ever by elimination of their faith, or by the introduction of the 'habits of civilization,' our people are deprived of that faith, life would be little short of a purgatory to be endured. So strongly do our people feel on this matter of keeping Sunday strictly for rest, that one of our laws runs that 'no person shall, between the hours of twelve o'clock on Saturday night and twelve o'clock on Sunday night, take or catch in any manner whatsoever, any herring, caplin, squid, or any other bait fish, or set or put out any contrivance whatsoever for taking them,'—just such a law as prevailed one hundred years ago about salmon-catching in Ireland. Oddly enough the law does not prevent catching the cod them-

selves, so we cannot prevent the long lines being hauled by our cousins from 'civilization.' When remonstrated with, however, they have almost always shown enough good feeling to give way to the wishes and customs of our people.

No Policemen.

Thousands of our fishermen are absolute abstainers on principle, and a very strong anti-liquor sentiment prevails almost universally. The results are obvious in the fact that we have not one policeman stationed along the whole coast; not one among twenty-five thousand. We have no penitentiary, and there has not been, to my knowledge, a conviction for drunkenness. During sixteen years I have personally not seen one fisherman drunk. It is very different among the North Sea fishermen. Alcohol has there been the downfall of some of the best men. It has cost the lives of more than one of my own friends. It has ruined and starved many families I have known and loved.

A careful study of the health conditions of the coast by the doctors of our staff all these years has shown that there is no need for liquor whatever in these subarctic climates; that, on the contrary, the first man to go down in hard physical conditions is almost always the drinking man. Among men on the sea the dangers from its use are enormously enhanced. As a method of making money, I can conceive of few that are so despicable, so inhuman, as this liquor traffic!

A Moravian Missionary.

The missionary in charge at present is a splendid specimen of humanity, broad and strong far beyond the average man, with merry blue eyes, and the abundant light hair of a Viking. He has a capacity for work, and an accuracy of mind rarely equalled. His hospitality and generous manner toward strangers, along with all his other splendid qualities, make him the ideal man for the environment. One could imagine that he had dropped off an ancient 'war swan,' and had persisted ever since those days on these seemingly God-forsaken rocks. The man's scorn of physical conditions, the hard things that he has moulded to his will, and the absolute happiness he always seems to enjoy, have shown to me, each time I have visited the station, how man, as God would have him be, towers above his circumstances. One leaves the station regretting that so few

should be there to benefit, humbled and glad that men of such type still live to adorn the human race.

Looking after strayed Presbyterians.

The Rev. Donald Matheson, who is doing most successful work in Oxford in connexion with Presbyterian undergraduates, is credited, says the *Christian World*, with a pleasant wit. At a University reception, the Archbishop of York, who is an old schoolfellow of Mr. Matheson, introduced him to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and while the three were chatting together, Dr. Lang asked Mr. Matheson, 'What are you doing now in Oxford?' 'Oh,' replied Mr. Matheson, 'just looking after strayed Presbyterians.'

A Higher Critic.

It was in a Scotch schoolroom, where a class was being examined in Scripture knowledge by H.M. Inspector. 'Can any boy or girl here tell me how Noah would be likely to use his time while in the ark?' asked the Inspector. There was silence for some time, but at length one boy timidly showed his hand, and, on being asked what he thought, replied, 'Please, sir, he wad fish.' 'Well, yes, he might,' admitted the Inspector. Presently another little fellow was seen to wave his hand excitedly, and on being asked to speak, said, 'Please, he couldna fish verra lang.' 'What makes you think so, my little man?' asked the Inspector. 'Because there were only twa worms.'

The Mother.

The Atlantic Monthly, Feb. 1910.

You struggled blindly for my soul
 And wept for me such bitter tears,
 That through your faith my faith grew whole
 And fearless of the coming years.

For in the path of doubt and dread
 You would not let me walk alone,
 But prayed the prayers I left unsaid
 And sought the God I did disown.

You gave to me no word of blame,
 But wrapped me in your love's belief,
 Dear love, that burnt my sin like flame,
 And left me worthy of your grief.

HESTER I. RADFORD.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustrations this month have been found by the Rev. J. Rose, M.A., Glenberrie, and the Rev. W. J. Grant, B.A., Katoomba, N.S. Wales, to whom copies of Scott's *Pauline Epistles* and of Dykes's *Divine Worker* will be sent.

Illustrations for the Great Text for May must be received by the 1st of April. The text is Rev 21²⁷.

The Great Text for June is Rev 22^{3, 4}—'And there shall be no curse any more: and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and his servants shall do him service; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads.' A copy of Walker's *Gospel of Reconciliation*, or Downer's *Mission and Ministration of the Holy Spirit*, or Leckie's *Authority in Religion*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for July is Rev 22¹⁴—'Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to come to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city.' A copy of Walker's *The Spirit and the Incarnation*, or Downer's *Mission and Ministration of the Holy Spirit*, or Oswald Dykes's *Christian Minister and his Duties*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for August is Rev 22¹⁷—'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely.' A copy of Gordon's *Early Traditions of Genesis*, or of Scott's *Pauline Epistles*, or of Walker's *Gospel of Reconciliation*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for September is Ps 1³—'And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.' A copy of Clarke's *Sixty Years with the Bible*, or Adams's *Israel's Ideal*, or Downer's *Mission and Ministration of the Holy Spirit*, will be given for the best illustration.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful.

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