

## Entre Nous.

### Offer of Prizes.

Eight prizes are offered as follows:—

For the best anecdote illustrating any text of Scripture—

1. From Biography.
2. From History.
3. From Personal Experience.

For the best illustration, not an anecdote, of any text of Scripture—

4. From Nature or Science.
5. From Art or Industry.
6. From Human Life.
7. From Literature.
8. For the best illustration in verse of any text of Scripture.

In every case the source of the illustration must be stated fully (author, vol., page) and the quotation must be made exactly.

These eight prizes will be awarded in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for June 1911 for illustrations received before the 10th of April.

The prizes offered are—

Any volume of the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, together with the right to purchase the rest of the volumes at a quarter less than the published price, namely, 21s. instead of 28s. net.

Or—

Any four volumes of the *Great Texts of the Bible*.

Or—

Either volume of the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*.

Or—

The single-volume *Dictionary of the Bible*.

Or—

Any four volumes of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series.

Or—

Any two volumes of the 'International Theological Library' or of the 'International Critical Commentary.'

Those who send illustrations should say which offer they prefer if successful. Those who send more than one illustration should name more than one volume or set of volumes in case they should be awarded more than one prize.

Initials only, or *nom de plume*, will be given in the report if that is preferred.

### Sir Andrew Fraser.

The book entitled *Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots* (Seeley; 18s. net) is Sir Andrew Fraser's story of his life in India. A great administrator, he is also, it appears, a great writer. This is a book which would make the reputation of a man of letters. If it were fiction it scarcely could contain more of the thrilling experiences of life. Yet it is fact, the unvarnished, unpolished, plain fact of a civil servant's life, told skilfully but making its impression by its sincerity most of all.

Sir Andrew Fraser is not only a servant of the Crown, he is a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. That explains his pleasure in the following incident.

'I was greatly moved by the following incident. I had assembled many landlords and bankers to receive my thanks for the help they had given to the people during the trials of the famine which I had to fight as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. The famine seemed over, for the Meteorological Department had given us good hope of rain; and I fixed my meeting for the beginning of July, feeling confident that the monsoon would have burst by then. But the rain had not come; and the sky was clear when we went to the meeting. Our hearts were full of anxiety. In speaking of it at the end of a long meeting in which the work of all had been detailed and many had received special marks of approval, I said that perhaps we had another year of trial before us, but that we prayed to the Merciful Father to deliver us from so terrible a visitation. As I drove away from the meeting, the sky was overclouded, and I barely got under cover before the rain came down. As my wife and I sat at lunch there was shouting outside. Thousands were gathered with relieved and thankful hearts. They shouted, "Victory to our Chief Commissioner! He prayed for rain; and it has come." I spoke to them a few words of good cheer, and bade them go home and give God the glory. The scene greatly impressed us. It was full of gladness and of solemnity. They have the faith of little children, and "of such is the kingdom of God."

But perhaps the following event will give a better idea of the quality of the book. Before quoting it, let us say that the volume is well illustrated and in every way most acceptable.

'In the same institution there occurred that morning an incident which gave me really a thrill of horror. The inspecting officer, who was deservedly beloved for his deep interest in the people, and for the courage and devotion with which he fought the terrible battle he had to fight against the plague, was passing through a ward in which some plague patients were lying in more or less serious condition. One of these was requested by the chief promoter of the institution to place a garland of flowers round the neck of the inspecting officer. The patient rose from his bed and, standing beside it, placed the garland as requested. The inspecting officer, with surely a reckless courage, bowed his head and received it. The promoters were fatalistic in their faith, and gave no consideration to the possible consequences of their act.'

#### Olive Schreiner.

A remarkable book is Olive Schreiner's *Woman and Labour* (Fisher Unwin; 8s. 6d. net). Olive Schreiner is a remarkable woman. She tells the story of its origin in a long fascinating introduction. How the first immense manuscript was destroyed in the Boer War, and what it meant to her, will be read with the keenest interest. It is a story that is quite as thrilling as that story of the loss of Carlyle's manuscript which has become so famous. This book is, as it were, a chapter of the great lost book. But it is enough. Here it is certain we have all that we need to have of Olive Schreiner's ideas about woman and her work.

'When I was eighteen I had a conversation with a Kafir woman still in her untouched primitive condition, a conversation which made a more profound impression on my mind than any but one other incident connected with the position of woman has ever done. She was a woman whom I cannot think of otherwise than as a person of genius. In language more eloquent and intense than I have ever heard from the lips of any other woman, she painted the condition of the women of her race; the labour of women, the anguish of woman as she grew older and the limitations of her life closed in about her, her sufferings under the condition of polygamy and subjection; all this she painted with a passion and intensity I have not known equalled; and yet, and this was the interesting point, when I went on to question her,

combined with a deep and almost fierce bitterness against life and the unseen powers which had shaped woman and her conditions as they were, there was not one word of bitterness against the individual man, nor any will or intention to revolt; rather, there was a stern and almost majestic attitude of acceptance of the inevitable; life and the conditions of her race being what they were.'

But Olive Schreiner will accept no such conditions as inevitable, and therefore she has written this book. She desires a share in all the works of man. She omits none of them: 'We demand that, in that strange new world there is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was, and all things are assuming new shapes and relations, that in this new world we also shall have our share of honoured and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labour of the children of woman. We demand nothing more than this, and we will take nothing less. *This is our "Woman's Right!"*'

But, it may then be said: 'What of war, that struggle of the human creature to attain its ends by physical force and at the price of the life of others: will you take part in that also?' Her reply is: 'Yes; more particularly in that field we intend to play our part.'

#### The Athanasian Creed.

There are some men who would not be sorry to see the Creed utterly discredited in order that they may be done with it. There are other men who would prefer to believe it if they honestly could. But they must be honest. If there are things in it which the modern Christian conscience revolts from, it is better a thousand times that these things should cease to be recited than that the conscience should be outraged. Is it possible, then, to retain the Creed in the light of modern knowledge and with loyalty to the modern conscience?

The Rev. R. O. P. Taylor, M.A., of All Saints', Edinburgh, believes it to be possible. He has studied the Creed clause by clause and word by word. He has read its history and he has considered the objections which the scholarship and conviction of the present day have urged against it. He has been considerate of the demands made by modern culture. And he has come to the conclusion that it is quite possible 'for one who is the child of his age, not only to retain but to use the Creed; to prize it, not only as a relic of

the past but an instrument of thought in the present.'

The title of his book is *The Athanasian Creed in the Twentieth Century* (T. & T. Clark; 4s. net).

#### The Chaco.

Mr. W. Barbrooke Grubb is one of the unknown notable men of the present day. He is the great missionary to the Indians of the Chaco. After spending some part of his life among the Paraguayans, he crossed the river to its other and uncivilized side and began a career of hardship and zeal which has few parallels in history. And he has been successful. His influence over the Indians is attributed by the Indians themselves to the Supernatural, and no doubt the Indians are right. He is now the chief authority on the Indians of the Chaco. This handsome volume, which has been edited by the Rev. H. T. Morrey Jones, M.A., deals mainly with his life among the Lenguas of the Chaco. It is entitled *An Unknown People in an Unknown Land* (Seeley; 16s. net). The volume is well furnished with illustrations.

Whether Mr. Grubb or Mr. Jones deserves the credit, the book is a pleasure to read. The excitement of adventure is occasionally considerable. And always it furnishes store of information that is welcome. For the Indians of South America are not well known yet.

Their ways, like those of 'the heathen Chinese,' are occasionally peculiar. Thus: 'This was not the first occasion on which the Indians had in this way shown their consideration for me. While at Riacho Fernandez, the old Chief and some of his people repeatedly brought me presents of vegetables, and refused to receive any payment for them. But, being rather softened by such generosity, I insisted upon giving them a present in return, which consisted of rice and biscuits. This went on for several days; but, happily, one night I slept badly, and, feeling irritable, I got up from my bed. Quite contrary to my custom, I took a walk in the direction of my garden, just as the first streak of dawn was appearing. In the dim light I could discern dark shadows moving about in my potato-patch, and, on approaching nearer, I discovered the secret of the Indians' generosity. There was the old Chief, with two others, busily digging up my potatoes, undoubtedly intending to bring them to me an hour or so later

as a present, and in return, of course, to receive a gift of gratitude from me. But the game was up, much to their disgust, but greatly to my satisfaction. I gave them the benefit of my limited vocabulary, and made a mental note of the discovery for future use.'

Now a word on their religion. 'Their whole mythology is founded upon their idea of the Creation, of which we know only the bare outlines. The Creator of all things, spiritual and material, is symbolized by a beetle. It seems that the Indian idea is that the material universe was first made. The Creator, in the guise of a beetle, then sent forth from its hole in the earth a race of powerful beings—according to many, in an embodied state—who for a time appear to have ruled the universe.'

'Afterwards the beetle formed man and woman from the clay which it threw up from its hole. These were sent forth on the earth, joined together like the Siamese twins. They met with persecution from their powerful predecessors, and accordingly appealed to the creating beetle to free them from their disadvantageous formation. He therefore separated them, and gave them power to propagate their species, so that they might become numerous enough to withstand their enemies. It then appears that some time after this, or at this time, the powerful creatures first created became disembodied, as they never appear again in the tradition of the Indians in material form. The beetle then ceased to take any active part or interest in the governance of the world, but committed its fortunes to these two races, which have been antagonistic ever since.'

#### D. C. Macnicol.

*D. C. Macnicol: Some Memories and Memorials* is the title that has been given to a selection of sermons by the late Rev. D. C. Macnicol, M.A., of Edinburgh (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 2s. 6d. net). The 'memories' are contributed by Mr. W. W. Hunter, the Rev. D. M. M'Intyre, and the Hon. Lord Guthrie. Says Lord Guthrie: 'He preached a sermon entitled, "A man of Sorrows," in which he used these striking words: "Our national history is a stern story; clots of red blood are found on its best pages. The heather is stained in Scottish annals with a colour to vie with its own. In our theology, as in our social history, is traced a strain of sorrow. There are times when the mood of that whistling schoolboy,

Robert Louis Stevenson, jars on one, and when his unquenchable gaiety is an affront. How can any man or woman be heart-whole in a world like the present? A broken and a contrite heart, a walk humbled with our God, become those who dwell amid so much sorrow and sin. Dante, greatest interpreter of Jeremiah, was able to interpret both the prophet and the world, because he not only had the mournfullest face man ever beheld, but he was a man of a tristful spirit—the man who had been in hell! It is because there is so much in the world hidden from us that we can go light-heartedly along. The terrible insight of a prophet brings its penalty of sorrow, the burden of the Lord.”

#### The Ideal.

There is some good poetry and much pleasant verse in *The Moonlight Sonata* by M. A. B. Evans (Putnam; 3s. 6d. net). Take this:

#### THE IDEAL.

With just a touch of grace ideal,  
To what is worn, or said, or thought,  
A hint of something vague, unreal,  
There comes a glory new, unsought.

We cannot find its secret power,  
Although we search the sea and sky,  
When clouds of storm and trouble lower,  
Or when the sun shines out on high.

Th' Ideal ever flees before us,  
And yet beneath its sway we bow.  
We feel its mighty magic o'er us,  
But what it is, we may not know.

#### The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustrations this month have been found by Professor Eb. Nestle, D.D., Maulbronn, to whom a copy of Cooke's *Progress of Revelation* will be sent, and by the Rev. John Fish, Poynton, Cheshire, to whom a copy of Walker's *Cross and the Kingdom* will be sent.

Illustrations for the Great Text for May must

be received by the 1st of April. The text is Ps 37<sup>7</sup>.

The Great Text for June is Ps 51<sup>17</sup>:

'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:  
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

A copy of Skinner's *Genesis*, or Richard's *New Testament of Higher Buddhism*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for July is Ps 68<sup>18</sup>:

'Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led thy captivity captive;  
Thou hast received gifts among men,  
Yea, among the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell with them.'

A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts of the Bible,' or of the 'International Theological Library,' will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for August is Ps 90<sup>12</sup>:

'So teach us to number our days,  
That we may get us an heart of wisdom.'

A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts of the Bible,' or of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for September is Ps 103<sup>1, 2</sup>:

'Bless the Lord, O my soul;  
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.'

A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts of the Bible,' or of Scott's *The Kingdom and the Messiah*, 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. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, St. Cyrus, Montrose, Scotland.

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