

that Paul, having proved his independent authority, goes on to argue the case from first principles: and in support of this suggestion it may be pointed out that Paul, after his account of his first two visits and of his rebuke to Peter, bursts out without any pause into his passionate appeal—so vehemently, indeed, that it is difficult to distinguish

clearly where rebuke ends and appeal begins. The Council's decisions, which have not produced the desired effect, are brushed aside in the heat of the moment, and the unfinished tale of events, once interrupted, is never resumed.

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Entre Nous.

Saints of Humanity.

In 1898 Dr. Edwin W. Smith spent a year as the guest and pupil of the French Evangelical Missionaries at Morija in Basutoland. Forty-one years later he finished his biography of Adolphe and Adèle Mabile, and the volume has now been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (10s. 6d. net). In 1898 Adolphe Mabile had already been dead for four years, but his all-pervading influence was still there; the institutions that he had founded were flourishing; his translations of the Scriptures and of religious literature were in constant use; his hymns were still sung. Mrs. Mabile was still taking an active part in the missionary work, and Dr. Smith was deeply impressed by her personality. In telling the story of *The Mabilles of Basutoland* and the conditions under which they lived, Dr. Smith has also written the political history of Basutoland. Its founder was the great Moshesh. He it was who conceived the idea of confederating the many scattered tribes. He made his capital in Thaba Bosiu. Its natural position made it almost impregnable and Moshesh fortified it strongly. He beat off attacks by the Zulus, by the Matebele, and others. Of the latter campaign it is told that, 'when after a fruitless effort they were retreating, messengers driving fat cattle overtook them. "Moshesh salutes you!" was the message; "supposing that hunger has brought you to this country he sends you these oxen that you may eat on your way home." "We will never attack him again," the Matebele said, and they kept their word.'

'That is the kind of man Moshesh was. Chaka used to say: "To govern men you must kill them." Moshesh used to say: "I am Moshesh and my sister is named Peace." If fighting were forced upon him he would fight right valiantly; but if a peaceful way out could be found he was always ready to take it.'

When in 1833 the first three French missionaries reached Basutoland they were warmly welcomed

by Moshesh. They were Thomas Arbousset Constant Gosselin, and Eugène Casalis. Twenty-six years after, Casalis was succeeded by Adolphe Mabile who had married his eldest daughter, Adèle. She could turn her hand to anything, and of her husband she wrote, 'Adolphe is also trying all sorts of handicrafts, and he does not do them badly. In turn he is preacher, printer, translator, mason, shoemaker, carpenter, etc. Happily other missionaries can do all these things equally well, otherwise we might become over-proud of our talents.'

Mabile laboured and prayed for conversion and regeneration. 'Whatever may have been the inclination of some of his colleagues, past and present, towards a "church of multitude," for him it had no meaning. He demanded conversion. Unless a man or woman accepted the faith wholeheartedly and proved acceptance by consistent living, Mabile refused to open the door of the church to him or her.' Not a numerous church but a pure and zealous one was his ideal. 'Did any show zeal: he asked whether outward manifestations of zeal were not taking the place of a growth in soul. Did they carefully abstain from pagan practices: he asked whether it was for pure love for Christ, or through fear of ex-communication. No man more welcomed a spirit of fervour or rejoiced more over an assembly of enthusiastic believers. But he measured progress by growth in brotherhood and, in his elders, by evidence of compassion rather than rigour in dealing with erring members.'

Towards the end of his life Moshesh was converted. 'After our return to Morija,' Mrs. Mabile writes, 'some time went by without any news of Moshesh. At last one afternoon an express message from Mr. Jousse asked your father and Uncle Eugène [Casalis] to go immediately to Thaba Bosiu. After they had exchanged greetings with the Chief he said to your father: "Tell me

the age of the little child which your wife had in her arms when she came last time." "Three months," replied your father. "Then he is the same age as myself," said Moshesh. "When you told me of the birth of that child I also was coming to birth. It is only now that I am beginning to be a man." He asked your father if he could certify that what the missionaries had taught him was the truth. "Yes," your father answered, "I have that certitude myself; I know it is the truth." "That is all right," said Moshesh, "I believe so too."

Dr. Smith has been particularly successful in his picture of Adolphe Mabille, a man of prayer and of works. "What funny people they are," he remarked one day of certain folk who, after making an effort, talked about repose, "*sont-ils drôles*: they think that to be tired is a reason for not working!" He himself laboured incessantly and found rest only in a change of occupation. . . . Yet amid all this laboriousness certain hours of every day were dedicated to prayer and quiet meditation. He rose early so that the first fresh hour might be spent alone with God. . . . It was their regular custom to retire to their room immediately after the midday meal, not for a siesta, but for prayer together.'

Adèle Mabille wrote down her memories for her children and grandchildren. From these Dr. Smith has been able to get that wealth of detail that makes the biography alive. We have no hesitation in saying that this volume—packed with matter—is not only outstanding amongst missionary biographies but will also prove an invaluable contribution to the political history of that part of the British Empire known as Basutoland.

Stanley Jones.

Stanley Jones never fails in his writings to interest, to stimulate and, at times, to provoke. His latest book, *Along the Indian Road* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), he speaks of as a sequel to 'The Christ of the Indian Road,' written fourteen years ago. It is, we venture to say, the finest book he has written. It is largely autobiographical and like his former book abounds in striking incidents connected with his round-table conferences in India. These conferences may be apt to give an altogether too favourable view of India's attitude to Christ, but the writer recognizes that much of it is lip-service. 'You can raise an Indian audience off its seat in appreciation and applause, and then when you ask them whether they will do

something about it they will reply, "Oh no, but it's all very lovely and we will hear you again." It should also be noted that his contacts are practically all with Hindus and that the Muhammadan problem is hardly touched. One of the most interesting chapters deals with the character and views of Mahatma Gandhi, for whom Stanley Jones has a profound but not indiscriminate admiration. He believes that by his non-co-operation movement Gandhi has given to the world the moral substitute for war. He lets it appear, however, that the British authorities have treated the non-co-operators with great consideration. 'We can thank our lucky stars,' said one of them, 'that we are fighting the British and not some other nation, for the British have something in the inside of them to appeal to.' The question may fairly be raised how they would fare if they had to deal with the German Gestapo or the Russian GPU, or what would become of them if left to the mercy of the fighting races of the North-West. There are admissions that the use of force cannot yet be dispensed with. Mr. Jones speaks of communal riots—'riots which would set India ablaze were they not put down,' while Gandhi says, 'We have frequently to depend on the police and sometimes even the military.'

An important chapter, entitled 'Clogged Channels,' deals with the handicap of a divided Church, and Mr. Jones, while firmly repudiating a mechanical union, strongly affirms spiritual unity and outlines a scheme for what he calls a 'Branch Unity Plan.' In this connexion he launches a formidable attack on the Madras Conference for putting the Church in the foreground instead of Christ and the Kingdom of God.

One admirable feature in his work is the frankness with which he declares himself an evangelist, out to convert men to Christ. In this he differs from some others who in seeking brotherly fellowship with Hindus tend to keep distinctively Christian truth in the background. The question was asked the other day regarding a distinguished missionary, 'Does he maintain the finality of Jesus?'; and the answer given was, 'That depends on how many yards he is away from Rabindranath Tagore!' No such criticism could be made of Stanley Jones who is first and last an evangelist. Let high ecclesiastics note that he regards as one of the most merciful escapes of his life the day when he was elected but declined to be a bishop! Whatever may be thought of some of his interpretations of Christ's teaching and of its application in political and economic spheres, this is emphatically a book to be read and pondered in all the churches.

Belief.

'To hold that all religions are the same is to practise mental abdication. This is not mental liberality; it is nonsense—and unscientific. Science does not wave its hand over all theories and say they are equally good and equally valid. . . . "What is the object of these lectures? What are you trying to do? Convert us?" asked a Hindu at question time. "Of course I am," I replied, "what do you think I am here for if not to convert you? But I am convertible, and if you have something better than I have, I am a candidate for conversion." They laughed and we were friends. They expected me to apologize, but respected me when I did not. "Thank God for somebody who believes something," said a Columbia University student as he came away from a meeting. He was tired of sitting on the horns of a dilemma, and was grateful for someone who dared to choose.'¹

An Evangelist.

'"Why is he so happy?" asked a Hindu fellow-pilgrim on the Indian road. "What diet does he take?" "I'll tell you why I am so happy and what diet I take: I'm happy because I'm on the Indian road and happier because I bear Good News within my heart, and cannot help but speak of what I've seen and heard. I'm an evangelist. My diet is the will of God—when I feed on that I live. That's why I'm so happy."²

Confidence in God.

'Not infrequently I meet in these days an attitude of mind which has in it, I suspect, some such "irreligious solicitude for God." People talk as though we are saddled with the dreadful responsibility of looking after the concerns of a God who is not too capable of looking after them Himself. Surely the right emphasis is that God looks after our concerns, rather than that we look after His! No doubt this right emphasis can be made in a wrong way. It does not in the least imply, though it can be all too easily taken to imply, that we can sit still and leave everything to God. I am sure that the service of man counts in the achievement of God's purpose. I am sure it is in some way indispensable. But it is not in the least degree adequate, and therefore its defeats and setbacks are not the irremediable tragedy we sometimes are tempted to take them to be.

There is paradox here, as there always is in the

¹ E. Stanley Jones, *Along the Indian Road*, 124.

² *Ibid.*, 244.

deep things of God's relationship with man and His world. Yet it is paradox which burdens thought only. In the life of faith and obedience it is hardly felt. We must work, as the hymn says, as if on that alone hung the issue of the day, yet we can only work effectively if we preserve a quiet confidence in God, a quiet confidence, that is to say, that on our efforts the issue of the day hardly depends at all, but upon Him.'³

Richmondhill Sermons.

Simultaneously there has been published by Hodder & Stoughton a volume of sermons by Dr. J. D. Jones and one by Dr. Short, his successor at Richmondhill Congregational Church, Bournemouth. Dr. Jones has chosen nineteen sermons that he preached there on great festival days. The title of the volume and its message is *Keep Festival* (7s. 6d. net), for so the people will be reminded of the great facts that lie at the heart of the Christian faith. He gives some astonishing instances of complete disregard of Church festivals. 'I heard of a service on a recent Easter Sunday on which there was no reference to the Resurrection either in hymn, or prayer, or sermon. I myself attended a service on Whit Sunday in which there was no mention of the Holy Spirit either in hymn, lesson, prayer, or Sermon.'

Dr. Jones has published many volumes of sermons and this one does not need our commendation.

All Things are Yours (6s. net) is Dr. Short's first volume and so he rightly shows us where he stands. 'I hold fast to a theology of redemption as the sole, satisfying theology. By a theology of redemption I include the need for the redemption of society as well as of the individual. A radical change is called for everywhere. Only God in Christ is adequate to the situation in which we live.' The volume falls into three parts, a series of studies on the Beatitudes, the Ways to the Kingdom, and All Things are Yours. By his sermon in the November number Dr. Short, if this was necessary, was introduced to the readers of this magazine. One of the Beatitude studies is given in abridged form this month and one of Dr. Jones' Christmas sermons is chosen for that day.

³ H. H. Farmer in *The Christian World*, Nov. 9.