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questions raised by his recent excavations in the south.

There has always been some uncertainty as to the precise location of Gibeon and the other three cities (Chephirah, Beëroth, and Kiriath-jearim) which together formed a 'Hivite' confederacy at the time of Joshua's entry into Canaan (Jos 9^{17}). The inhabitants of these cities devised a scheme by which they avoided the fate that had befallen their neighbours, but as they had used trickery and falsehood, they were condemned to perpetual service as 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the Israelites. It is now generally admitted by scholars, in accordance with the Septuagint, that 'Hivite' is a Massoretic error for 'Horite' (חוי for חרי). In other words, these cities were Hurrian, *i.e.* their inhabitants were connected by race with Mitanni, in Mesopotamia, from which they must have migrated or been driven. Their tetrapolis formed an 'islet' in the midst of the Amorite population, and led to the Egyptians giving the name *Ḫaru* to the whole country. Recently, Père Abel and others have discussed the location of these cities. The conclusion come to, after a very thorough examination of all the evidence, is that Gibeon is to be identified with *el-Djib*, about seven miles north-west of Jerusalem, as Troilo indicated as early as 1666, and Pococke in 1738. At the same time, the 'great high place' of Gibeon, where Solomon inaugurated his reign by offering a thousand burnt-sacrifices (1 K $3^{4f.}$), must be placed, according to Abel, on the neighbouring summit of *Nebi Samwîl*, which rises to a height of 2952 feet. Chephirah is believed to be none other than *Tell Kefireh* (about five miles south-west of Gibeon), whose ancient ruins scattered over the soil still await excavation. Beëroth corresponds, etymologically and onomastically, to *el-Bîrah*, about five miles north-east of Gibeon (cf. 'Aṭaroth and *'Aṭṭarah*, 'Anathoth and *'Anatah*, 'Azmaweth and *Ḥizmah*, etc.), and this is the location adopted by Robinson, van de Velde, Guérin, Conder, and others. Kiriath-jearim (or Baalah of Judah), about whose site there has been considerable diversity of opinion, is placed by Abel on the *Tell* at *Qaryat el-'Inab*, about seven miles south-west of Gibeon, and quite near to Chephirah. The location of these four cities, all within a few miles of each other, seems to corroborate the Old Testament record of their confederacy. With Gibeon as their capital, they probably formed a small Hurrian state, independent of the surrounding peoples.

Entre Nous.

'He bore the heroic stamp.'

This was the impression that Charles W. Abel, of Kwato, made on one who met him for the first time in 1930 during his last furlough in England. His biography, *Charles W. Abel of Kwato* (Fleming H. Revell; 7s. 6d. net), has been written by his son Russell, who with other members of the family is carrying on the Mission work in Kwato, that small island lying off the Eastern coast of New Guinea or Papua. For forty years Charles Abel had laboured there, and the work needed a man of heroic mould. At first he went in danger of his life from the cannibal Papuans; the low-lying land was so unhealthy until the mosquito scourge was dealt with that he had constant malaria. And the Mission work showed small progress. It was incredibly difficult to bring a vigorous, independent Christian life to the Papuan, who 'is slow and lazy. . . . To see him shamble off to his garden to repair his fence, dragging his unwilling feet through the soft sand, and almost treading again on his own footsteps, makes you yawn and feel tired yourself for the rest of the day.' It was not so difficult to break down barbarism, but the building up of a new and better condition of life to take its place was a long and difficult task. The solution Charles Abel saw was industrial Mission work, and this biography is an amazing record of the results.

It was not always easy to get funds for his plantations, sawmill, and for all the other activities. And the situation was the more difficult because just at the time when he felt it essential to enlarge the scope of the work, the L.M.S. were passing through a time of financial stringency. 'Our white civilization had burst upon the native with disastrous suddenness . . . we are doing what we can to educate him in such a way that his Christian faith may express itself through a life of usefulness and responsibility. He has responded with quite unexpected capacity to the slight effort which has been made to train him in technical knowledge.

This thing is certain, if he does not become an intelligent part of the new progressive force which is making itself felt in New Guinea, that same force is going, in a very few years, to crush him out of existence.'

Here is a description of lads who had risen from savagery. 'There was a great demand in the country for skilled labour, and the Kwato carpenters, under the leadership of Jo, built a number of houses for the Government, for Missions and for Plantations. They travelled as far west as the Fly River district, and Daru, near the Dutch boundary. The discipline and Christian character of these youths were noted by all who met them. They established Kwato's reputation and gave the Mission a name that succeeding generations have to labour hard to maintain. These journeys gave opportunities for important evangelistic work. Already Abel began to see his views in action, of evangelists earning their support with their own hands, after the manner of the Apostle Paul, and at the same time preaching the Gospel, backed by the force of industrious lives.'

The discovery of gold for a time brought disaster close to the Papuans. They never forgot how Abel had stood by them and demanded justice for them against the miners.

'"When I saw Taubada face revolvers pointed by his own angry countrymen, in order to speak out for some Papuans, I knew he was truly our friend," testified an old native eye-witness of an incident at the mines. Walking through the forest many years later in the same vicinity, Abel came suddenly upon a party of women at a bend in the track. The women immediately threw down their burdens and vanished into the surrounding scrub. One of the Mission carriers cried out:

'"It is not a white man, it is only a missionary!"'

'As he repeated this information the women began to reappear, shamefaced and embarrassed.

'"Oh, Taubada, we thought you were a white man!" they apologized.'

Abel's personality was extraordinarily likeable. 'An element of humanity so mingled with his genuine piety that all were attracted by it.' His sense of humour was keen and he loved sport. As he was lying almost unconscious just before his death, he kept remembering that the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was coming on, and that he must not miss it after having been out of England so long. He was a devoted father, and always on the easiest terms with his family. The quotations given from his letters to his schoolboy son make good reading. 'We mustn't be half-and-halfers; we must be out-and-outers.' A frequent conclusion to his letters to his boys at one time was 'Fight the good fight, and don't forget my watchword: Con——.' He wrote to them so often about concentration that it wasn't necessary to write the word out fully.

Although Abel shrank from pious expressions no one could read this biography and doubt that he knew Him on whom he had believed. 'I have a dread of saying more than I feel. I have a shrinking from pious expressions like "It was laid upon me." Even the term "Quiet time" seems to me to be some one else's. . . . I pray that God will so form Christ in me that I shall express Him in thought, and word, and deed, through just the life He would have me live.'

The *Real* is the Spiritual.

Mr. Frederick Watson, son of Ian Maclaren and son-in-law of Sir Robert Jones, the great Liverpool orthopædic surgeon, writes in his biography of the latter:

'I recall that, towards the end of his life, in the library at Belvidere Road, there sat for an evening Robert Jones, Conrad, and Grenfell. It would have been difficult to assemble three men together whose genius had so influenced contemporary human thought and life. Few men possessed so many kindred qualities and ideals as Robert Jones and Sir Wilfred Grenfell. In build, temperament, optimism, and unwearied vitality, they might have been related. Both surgeons, both pioneers, both idealists, a knowledge of the one is like a footnote to an understanding of the other. The boy in Robert Jones admired in Grenfell the capacity of a man to fight overwhelming natural obstacles and carry the benefits of civilization across ice and snow. It was what he would have liked probably more than anything in life to have done himself. Spiritual or physical adventure—or, better still, both united—these he cherished to the end of the journey.

'After his death Sir Wilfred Grenfell expressed in a few beautiful words the spiritual beauty which seemed to pass into his work—"What greater proof can one need," he wrote, "glad as we are of Jeans, and Eddington, and 'current science,' behind us, that the *real* is the spiritual. . . . I never saw yet an orthopædic surgeon who '*always*' had a healing message for everyone who came. That was Sir Robert himself, who has preceded us. In his utterly unselfish love for others lay his unique power."'

The last sentence might very well have been spoken of Sir Wilfred Grenfell himself. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published a fascinating book written by him for which he has found the apt title *The Romance of Labrador*. It ends with a chapter 'Apologia pro vita mea,' where in vivid pictures he makes the scenes of his forty years in Labrador pass before our eyes. 'Arrears of surgery during the first few years occupied most of our energies. Among the high lights, I still remember the blank look of a red-headed Irish lad, with one foot almost completely upside down due to a simple neglected deformity at birth, when I suggested to him that we might make that foot as good as the other. . . . Could I do it with a pill? No, I couldn't. Could I "charm it"? Yes, I could, but only if he was asleep. So we "charmed it" during sleep that they had never heard of, with a knife that left no poisoned wound, and with a wrench that the famous Sir Robert Jones had sent us. The leg had to be covered up in plaster while "the charm" was working, but at the end of a month Paddy was already crazy to dance a jig for our benefit.' Or again, 'That year over 2000 patients received treatment. But for the fact that they had no money this would have been a remunerative practice.' Hospitals and nursing units were founded; an agricultural department came into being; schools and co-operative stores were built. Every means was taken to assist the fishing industry. 'Our survey from the air, begun and carried on for two years by volunteers, has been recognized and assisted by England, Canada, and America. When a volunteer American plane carried British Naval Survey officers over our coast to help afford our fishermen reliable charts to guide them, a new international note was struck of that chord which alone can ensure permanent peace on earth.'

We have only been dealing with the last chapter. The first thirteen chapters of *The Romance of Labrador* give an account of the history, zoology, and geology of the country. But this is no dull history. Each chapter is a 'pageant,' and so, to quote some of the titles, we have 'The Pageant of the Rocks'; 'The Pageant of the Indians'; 'The Pageant of the Eskimo'; 'The Pageant of the Big Four'; 'The Pageant of the Animals'—the latter containing fascinating stories of the dogs on whose intelligence the traveller in the snow fields of Labrador is so dependent. 'Once a snow-blizzard overtook us suddenly when we still had eight miles to go to reach hospital. We had placed poles to mark the way, about two hundred yards apart on the upland barrens, but of course we could not see two yards. Our leader, however, went so straight for home that several times we had to stop and sling some dogs round a pole, the team having gone some on one side of it, and some on the other.'

The Romance of Labrador distils the romance not only of the past but of the present and the future, for it is written by one who 'admires greatly Mussolini's dictum, "We must not be proud of our country for its history, but for what we are making of it to-day."'

The beautiful illustrations must not be forgotten, and the price is only 10s. 6d. net.

The Bible in School.

We have just received the fourth number of *Religion in Education*, the quarterly review which is published by the Student Christian Movement Press, and edited by Dr. Basil Yeaxlee. We are glad to see that the editor is able to say 'our first year has been a good one'—the circulation the magazine has already attained enables them to look forward to an enlargement in the size of the magazine. This number contains an interesting article by Dr. F. J. Rae, the Director of Religious Education at Aberdeen Training Centre, whose work is already well known to the readers of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. The purpose of Dr. Rae's article is to contribute some observations on the use of the Bible as an instrument of religious education. He makes three points: (1) 'I should set very high in my demands on a teacher that he believes in the Bible as the Word of God. This does not imply a belief in its inerrancy or its verbal inspiration. But it does mean a recognition of the fact that the Bible is the only record of the redeeming love of God, and that in its history and personalities God has revealed His nature and His will for our salvation. A "word" is simply a bridge between one mind and others, and the Bible is God's Word because it is the bridge over which has passed to us the sure knowledge of God.' (2) 'Another point which it is necessary to emphasise is that Bible-teaching should be religious and not merely historical. Probably the most serious defect in the "religious" instruction given in our day schools is that the "facts" are taught (and admirably taught) while the meaning of the facts is ignored. . . . The historical facts are merely the teacher's instrument through which it is his business to convey to the child's mind the

truth about God and life that is in the narrative. I have heard many Bible lessons given in school, but I have very seldom heard religious education given.' A logical sequence from the above, Dr. Rae feels, is that there should be neither examinations in this subject nor inspection of it. 'The better a teacher of the Bible does his work, *i.e.* the more he devotes himself to teaching religion and not merely history, the less examinable is his work and, for the same reason, the less can his work be inspected, at least in the ordinary fashion.' His third point is that 'one of the teacher's main tasks is to make the Bible interesting, and he can do this by making it real. . . . The actual narrative is our medium, and we need all the help of method and research to make it interesting.' In this connexion Dr. Rae utters a protest on the habit of improving on the Bible stories, and gives the following amusing incident from his own experience. 'I heard a lady on one occasion telling the story of the Garden of Eden to a large infant class. The children evidently knew the lesson well, for they chanted out the answers to all the teacher's questions without any hesitation. After receiving a considerable amount of information about Adam and Eve which was new to me, I was staggered by the final question and answer: "What did Adam say when God brought Eve to him?" "Oh, how lovely!" solemnly chanted the forty infants. Possibly they were right, but the Bible does not say so, and I should regard this as an illegitimate exercise of the imagination!'

Balance.

'"Oh, for light and heat united!" cried John Wesley. Knowledge and emotion were equally balanced in Robert Jones, and of how few great men can that be said? That he was ahead of his age in freedom from superstition, fear, and hatred is true. The immense and lasting miracle of his life and personality lies to a high degree in its spiritual release from the props and fallacies which inspire and control even the most advanced thinkers. But he had in its perfection a less dramatic quality. It was the quiet virtue of which John Galsworthy has spoken so hauntingly when in *A Portrait* he said: "As I remember him with that great quiet forehead, with his tenderness, and his glance which travelled to the heart of what it rested on, I despair of seeing his like again. For with him there seems to me to have passed away a principle, a golden rule of life, nay, more, a spirit—the soul of Balance. It has stolen away, as in the early morning the stars steal out of the sky. *He* knew its tranquil secret, and where he is, there must it still be hovering."'[1]

Their Religion.

'There is another story told me by an officer—at the time it happened, he was Foch's liaison officer—of a visit by President Poincaré to the front. He arrived one morning at G.H.Q., and there was no Foch to receive him. The staff became rather flustered and went to look for him. The liaison officer, also a Catholic, knew where to find him. Mass had been said much earlier, but Foch was expecting a long and troublous day, and the officer was confident that he had felt the need of longer prayer.

'Sure enough, Foch was found kneeling alone at the altar-rail, not exactly praying, said the officer, but looking as though he were offering his soul to the crucified Christ. To the liaison officer the sight was so inspiring that, forgetting why he had come, he knelt with his chief and, as he said to me, "I tried hard to look and feel like him."

'Foch never moved his eyes from the cross above the altar. A long moment passed. The officer could not capture the moment of exaltation. "How could I," he asked, "with the knowledge that the whole staff was fuming and fretting just outside?"

'So, very respectfully, he leant towards Foch and whispered:

'"*Mon Général, we are making Monsieur Poincaré wait. . . .*"

'Foch never moved, not even a glance.

'After another long moment he felt that the chief had finished praying; he rose and stood waiting. Foch rose slowly, looked once more at the cross, made the sign of the cross, bent his knee once more before the altar, and, with one of his swift movements, turned upon his liaison officer:

'"What do you mean—making Monsieur Poincaré wait?" he snapped. "Am I expected, then, to say to Notre Seigneur: 'Sorry, there's somebody more important than you outside. I'll finish praying another time, when it is more convenient?'"'[2]

[1] F. Watson, *The Life of Sir Robert Jones*, 318.
[2] A. J. Russell, *Their Religion*, 84.

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