





the yard. I  
I have no photos of my self  
that I can send.

Maria Analla

Handwritten notes at top right corner.

RECORD OF GRADUATES AND RETURNED STUDENTS.  
UNITED STATES INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Name Miss Robert G. Marrison (by Certificate Student)

1. Are you married and if so to whom? yes to R. G. Marrison

2. What is your present address? Aguna New Mexico

3. Did you attend or graduate from any other schools after leaving Carlisle? Give names of school and dates if possible. No

4. What is your present occupation? ~~any~~ Taking care of my home

5. Do you own your home? yes

6. What kind of a house is it? Number of rooms? Adobe - iron roof & oiled & plastered  
7 rooms & kitchen - & cellar

7. How much property do you possess? Cows Horses - ~~and~~ children

Stock

Land Interest in Indian Grant and in cattle ranch off the Indian Lands.

Real Estate

8. Do you have money in the bank? *yes* How much? *a few thousand.*

9. Have you been in the Indian Service? In what positions? How long in each? *no*

10. What other positions have you held since leaving Carlisle?

11. Have you done anything for the betterment of your people? Write fully

*yes.*  
all I possibly could in the  
way of setting the best example I could  
& always giving them <sup>the</sup> good council  
as I could. Have helped all I possibly  
could to get my people to take advantage  
of Education & put their children  
in school.

12. Tell me anything else of interest connected with your life

I have been married 17 yrs - ~~I have~~ I have a nice family of children. My youngest is 3 yrs old my children are all in school except the two youngest. I have a nice home + am contented + happy + am proud + pleased with what Carlisle did for me. -





# THE FRIEND.

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## The Bible and Bible Schools.

So long as the Scriptures are not given the place of Him through whose inspiration they were written, there is little danger of their value or importance being over-estimated. An acquaintance with these sacred writings should form a part of the education of every child; and the more thorough and extensive that knowledge, the better. Its importance from the viewpoint of literature has frequently been pointed out by writers who have called attention to the numerous Scripture references in the works of the best authors; for a proper understanding of which, such knowledge is indispensable. The moral and religious is the most important part of education; and as a text book for this no other can take the place of the Bible. The substitutes which are used in some instances have not been more successful in their results, than has been the almost entire absence of such instruction in other instances. A growing tendency to neglect, if not to discard the Bible in public education appears evident. Only in some private and denominational schools is it much used. The late Illinois Supreme Court decision, excluding the Bible from use in the public schools in that state, is very discouraging to those who love and value that book, and has little promise for the morals of her prospective citizenship.

The Christian home ought to be the great school of morals and religion, and in such a home the Bible will not be neglected. But we are compelled to admit that many homes, even in this nominally Christian land, are irreligious. If the children who are being brought up in these are

to obtain a knowledge of the Bible, this must be done through some other instrumentality than the home or the public school. Probably what are called "Sunday-Schools" have done much for some of this class of children. It is believed, however, that the greater portion of the children being taught in such schools come from professedly Christian homes, and that, in many if not most cases, the parents are delegating to others a work which they should do themselves, and for which they are, or ought to be, much better qualified than are young, inexperienced teachers, who cannot have the interest in the children which the parents should have.

If Bible schools and classes confined themselves to memorizing and reciting portions of Scripture, or even to the study of the history and geography of the Bible, it would be difficult to see why the most concerned Friend should object to them. But schools and classes imply teachers—and a teacher is supposed to know, if not all, at least much about the subject being studied. Perhaps there are such schools in which no effort is made at exposition of Scripture, but to the writer it hardly seems conceivable. If interpretation of texts is attempted from a merely intellectual qualification, it would be no cause for wonder if false and misleading views were presented, which, as they could not be refuted by the immature mind, would be accepted by most because of the superior knowledge of the teacher. But wisdom in spiritual truths does not come from scholarship, nor from study, even of the Bible. "The wisdom that is from above" comes by direct Divine revelation; as Christ said to Peter, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven." The diverse interpretations of Scripture, and the various and often contradictory doctrines and practices deduced from a study of the Bible, by persons of intellect and learning, are a sufficient evidence of the need of a Divine Teacher. More dependence upon Him, and less upon human teachers, would result in a closer agreement both in views and conduct.

To become interested aright for the spiritual welfare of others is certainly an evidence of a measure of the Master's spirit. That

this should draw Friends to make efforts to bring the knowledge of the Scriptures to those brought up in irreligious homes, need not be considered strange. Many adult persons also are as ignorant of spiritual things as children. To get such, whether children or older, to become interested readers of the Bible can hardly fail to be of great benefit to them. Any who are called by the Master into such a service should be encouraged to faithfulness in its performance. Neither Friends nor their children should stand in need of such efforts on their behalf. They should be frequent in a recurrent reading of the Scriptures.

Since becoming a Friend, the writer has attended but one Bible Class, which was in connection with a Friends' First-day School. He was not disposed to criticize, but he came away with the conviction, that the members of that class would have learned more concerning the meaning of Scripture had they spent the hour in the quiet with their Bibles, and with minds turned for illumination to the Spirit which inspired these writings, than they did from the interchange of view as to the meaning of the lesson for that day. He was rather surprised and also pained at what seemed to him a failure to perceive or grasp the spiritual meaning of the Scripture under consideration.

In the present state of religious thought, when criticism, doubt and skepticism are so prevalent among Christian professors, Friends have need to consider carefully, before placing themselves or their children under the instruction of Bible teachers, whether those teachers are likely to promote or to destroy their faith in *The Book* and in the truths of the Christian religion which it teaches.

Bible Training Schools, and similar courses in colleges, can hardly fail to produce a professional ministry. Where this does not already exist, the Society of Friends may well be moved to pray to be delivered or preserved from it.

For though I read the Scriptures that spake of Christ and of God, yet I knew Him not but by revelation, as He who hath the key did open, and as the Father of life drew me to his son by his spirit.—GEORGE FOX.



Editorial Correspondence.

Laguna and Acoma.

The main line of the Santa Fé passes directly by the Indian village of Laguna. For the average traveler this affords ample opportunity of observing the Indian at home. The daylight trains mostly slow up enough to give more than a momentary glance. One of our party, fortunately for us, was much more than the average traveler in her feeling for the Indian. She knew that under a somewhat forbidding exterior, the Indian villages presented a well developed civilization, unlike our own of course, but quite worthy of respect and of study at close range. So it was that we were set down at the Laguna station near midnight. A telegram from Robert Marmon had assured us of shelter and of means for driving the eighteen miles across the desert the following day to Acoma. One other passenger alighted with us at the station. Upon inquiry the agent told us our host's house was just opposite the station. In the darkness we soon saw a small house with a glimmer of light in the lower room. The stranger who had alighted with us led the way, and after some difficulty he found the door. Here he learned that we three were expected, but that no bed was possible for him. A trans-continental automobile party of seven had been stranded, actually stranded in the dry river bottom, near by, and they had occupied all the space in the house not engaged by our wire. So the stranger, who proved to be a good Congregationalist missionary, spent the balance of the night gratefully, on the floor of the station waiting-room. This recital may be of some use in impressing others, bent on unusual expeditions, with the value of telegraphing ahead.

The prospect of our expedition proved a good alarm clock, and we were looking out over the desert from Laguna with the rising sun. The railroad station and two or three houses besides the one in which we had been sheltered composed the village although a fine school-house betokened a much larger population. A quarter of a mile away the Indian pueblo crowned a small hill, and the peculiar three-storied adobe houses seemed placed with much regularity along the streets. In its desert setting it had a weird effect upon us. Robert Marmon had given us lodging, but meals were provided for visitors by the wife of the foreman of the railroad section gang. She had a little four-roomed house, a family of children and duties entirely too numerous for one pair of hands, but a cheerful spirit made her rude provision sweet to our taste. She provided us with lunch for our mid-day meal and we soon found ourselves companions of the Indian driver Hekiah behind a sturdy team of western horses. "Hil," as he was familiarly known, proved to be very much an Indian in his taciturnity and monosyllabic answers to our numerous questions. He spared us the rebuke reported of him by a previous party. They exhausted his patience with questions, and he turned on them with an unexpected, "You talk too much!" Possibly a good share of our leader's store of stick candy may have softened

his feelings for us. Anyway we found him as good a guide as might have been expected of a real Indian. Our course was directly across the desert and as we followed a river bottom we found the sand much in motion so that between sand and sun our faces were well burned. The New Mexico desert as we saw it in this eighteen miles' drive, presented some variety as the Texas desert had from the car windows. A growth of stunted cedar, some piñon pine and occasionally spaces of scrub oak were varied with sand wastes where little life appeared. Our general direction was west and at some distance north and south of us extensive elevated plateaus presented steep and water sculptured sides, that convinced us that we were traveling in a dry lake bottom. The plateaus were in the main of great extent but as we advanced they became more broken and as we saw them across the desert they presented forms like great sphinxes or Egyptian sarcophagi mounted on pedestals. At the top many of these formations are flat like a table, hence the Spanish name Mesa. The desert colors in our morning ride were more than beautiful, they were really impressive. The violet end of the spectrum touched the distant plain and trees, the elevated table-lands and the faraway mountains with a veil of unreality such as we had never seen before. On the homeward drive the other end of the spectrum—the reds and yellows held high carnival. The Painted Desert might be west and north of us in Nevada, but we felt it would be difficult to rival our day's record of color blending in variety or wonder even

At last Hil could point ahead of him across the desert and say "Enchanted Mesa." We were reminded of the tradition that places the Acoma of long ago on this flat and inaccessible Mesa more than four hundred feet above the plain and seven thousand feet above sea level. Here it is said the tribe dwelt for many years using a natural but very steep stairway to come up from the plain. Finally some sudden convulsion of nature broke down their stairway and left some portion of the unhappy population to perish in mid-air. A regularity of arrangement about the top suggested the remains of the village and helped our imaginations in forming pictures of this tragic history.

Now the real Acoma was in plain sight. Apparently it also was set upon an inaccessible Mesa three hundred and fifty feet above and we wondered how we should reach it. As we came round to the distant side of the elevation a curious provision of nature for our assault on the town became visible. The desert sand had been blown into a gorge of the rock until it made a carefully graded ascent to the lofty cliff dwellings of the city. On the desert at this spot there were two Indian houses of the Mexican type and a somewhat extensive corral for cattle. In one portion of this corral we counted fifty young goats patiently waiting the return of their mothers from the day's desert foraging. Hil took our horses out, fed them and then shared our lunch with us. It was near twelve o'clock and two-thirty or three was proposed for our return.

As the three of us started off to mount the somewhat steep approach of soft sand to the lofty Indian village above, an undefined sense of wonder as though we were entering a wholly new world impressed us. The excitement of it made a steep climb seem trifling, and directly we were standing on the elevated plateau and surveying the regularly planned Indian pueblo of our dreams. For a moment it seemed that the village was deserted but presently here and there forms appeared as by magic and we could see that they were holding pottery for sale. We wished to find Marie Iteye for interpreter, so approaching nearer we uttered her name. After several efforts we were directed to her house by signs. The English language had made little impression upon these Indians beyond the ability to say "ten cents" or "twenty-five cents" as they held out their wares. Acoma is composed of three parallel streets possibly an eighth of a mile in length. A somewhat irregular square near the centre of the town is the enlargement of the cross street at right angles. We went into the centre street and renewing our enquiries soon found Marie Iteye. She was standing at the door of her house on the roof of the second story. She came forward to the ladder that gives access to the roof of the first story. We asked her if we might come up, and we were soon standing with her at her door. Although seven years at Carlisle she was not unlike the other Indians in dress and appearance. Much of the material of their clothing was of American production. The skirts of the women were made with a hobble, which is something of a necessity where a ladder must be constantly climbed and where wind is mostly blowing furiously. It was, however, a surprise to us to find such an origin for a prevailing mode. Practically all the women we saw wore an apron-like appendage suspended upon their backs. In some cases these were made of gaudy silk handkerchiefs. Beads and bracelets and earrings were abundant, and some of the older women had their ankles bound like Swiss guides with a white material. An undoubted advance upon the blanket Indian was observable, but the dress was distinctive and Indian.

Marie Iteye permitted us to enter the third-story room of her house. Small grim openings gave access to the lower stories and we were not encouraged to enter them. One or more Indians ascended with pottery, and we soon discovered that the price in this English-speaking home was higher than we had been asked by the Indians who first accosted us. Marie frankly explained that it was because she spoke English! The presumption was that the information she was able to impart had a money value and must be paid for. Upon inquiry we learned a little of the tragic history of our interpreter. She had been some years married but her husband's mother was not pleased with her, and from giving her daily scoldings had advanced to the point of forbidding her son to enter Marie's house. Apparently Marie was using as much of a Christian spirit as she possessed in bearing a severe trial meekly, and in hoping ardently

ual sense of Truth,—and their divine authority nullified habitually, and in time completely. If on the other hand, the Scriptures be made a *test* of whether a man's guidance is divine,—as is done by Barclay and our present Discipline, p. 14.—this would seem to make the "secondary" overrule the "primary rule." If that guidance only can be admitted as genuine which corresponds to the teaching of Scripture, then Scripture is practically given the dominant place, and in spite of all protests to the contrary is in effect made the primary rule after all, by which even guidance itself must be tested. In other words, individual guidance is placed under the supervision of Scripture. This is one of the fundamental problems of Quaker thought; and we believe it has never been solved to satisfaction.

Interesting statements may be made, to reduce the acuteness of the dilemma. The alternatives may be analysed and parts of the question shown to present no difficulty. But a serious and deep-seated problem always seems to be in the background unsolved. Thus, it may be claimed that the relative importance of guidance and Scripture depends on the degree of one's religious experience,—to children and those weak in the faith the Bible is naturally of foremost importance as being the more knowable and obvious guide; while to the Christian of full experience, baptized and filled with the Spirit, the primary fact of life is his communion with God, and the primary rule and standard is God's immediate guidance. So that neither Bible nor Spirit should be on the whole placed first, but they should go together as parallel authorities, the Spirit always interpreting the Scriptures, and the Scriptures helping to interpret the guidance. Or it may be said that the Spirit is certainly the source of our spiritual life, and in that sense is the primary fact of religion; but that in the details of doctrine and conduct, the Scriptures come to the front in importance. It may even be claimed that in practice very little trouble results from this problem, and that it is merely an abstract question, scarcely worth discussion or solution. We are by no means convinced of this; the two great and disastrous separations in our Society seem to have been at bottom caused, or at least helped, by this difficulty; the lines of cleavage in these two cases seem to be along the lines of the two opposite sides of the dilemma just stated. So that similar difficulties may arise again, and some solution of the problem may be related to our very existence as a people.

To simplify and clear our thought, and secure a right line of vision in this matter, we must look back at some considerations of past history connected with it.

The Seventeenth Century in England was a great time for mystical sects, as also were the preceding century and other countries of Europe. Friends were one of the later sects who laid emphasis upon the mystical or inward type of religion. Why is it that Friends are practically the only one of all those sects, at least in any considerable strength and number, who

have survived down to this Twentieth Century? Was it not because George Fox, while placing the chief emphasis upon interior religion, gave due place to certain aspects of outward religion also? All the mystical sects had believed in an inner light, an immediate guidance, which must be followed; but so long as this operated unchecked, and each man pursued his own lights, visionary extravagances of thought and action were usually the result; no two saw alike; there was not enough unity, coherence and co-operation to make a body of people substantial enough to endure. Such names as the Ana-baptists of Munster, the Fifth Monarchy Men, the Ranters, suggest to us the resulting types. This simply indicates that individual guidance is not infallible,—that our human interpretation of the Inward Light is subject to error if unaided. But George Fox was of a saner and more practical vision. He believed not only in the interior religion, with illumination and speculation such as Jacob Boehme's, but he believed also in its active outward promulgation, and in strong practical works of goodwill to men,—in other words, in "evangelism" and philanthropy, as important phases of his outward religion. He believed moreover not only in inward individual communion but in outward social combination; he believed men should unite for the above purposes: hence the Discipline, and organization of regular meetings,—another phase of outward religion. Above all he believed not only in the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit as the source of action, but also in the counsel and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures as normalizing and harmonizing the guidances: hence he elevated the Bible into a more nearly co-ordinate place with the inner light or sense of personal guidance. He enunciated the principle, so evident and so sound when once stated, that inward guidance and outward Scripture, in so far as they are both genuine and in so far as both are correctly interpreted, must agree; for both come from the same Spirit and the one Lord. This is the fundamental thought to be held in mind and never distorted or made one sided,—that the two things are at bottom *one thing*, and for purposes of interpretation, since our interpretation of neither can be infallible, neither one must lord it over the other, but each must take counsel of the other; our conclusions in any case should be derived from both.

Yet even with this plain thought firmly held in mind, we must go a step further. The old terms "primary rule" and "secondary rule," and the relation between them, remain undefined. We must glance a stage further back into the history.

What really is the Bible? With George Fox's statement in mind what is it composed of? It is the record of revelations to men of the past. And what is our guidance? It is the experience of revelations to men at present. And the two are *one thing*. So long as we believe in one Lord, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, who forever loves his children, and forever sends forth his light and his truth to lead them, we must believe that these two are the same

in kind. And since human nature is always much the same, the mode of the experiences, the reception and interpretation of the overtures of the Spirit of God, must be much the same then as now, and now as then. The call and mission of Isaiah in the Temple, the guidance of Paul to Troas and Macedonia, cannot differ greatly in kind from the experience of God's most devoted ones to-day. Revelation and inspiration are continuous; they are also always mingled; to-day is of one piece with three thousand years ago. So now when a man's guidance is to be "tested" by the Bible, what is the nature of the act? What its purpose? It should be an act performed simply in order to *pursue this continuity, safely and truly*, and should take the form of letting a revelation of to-day gently take counsel with like revelations in the ancient past.

We do not in this for a moment maintain that the Bible is not a unique record; it certainly cannot be freely added to, or subtracted from, according to later revelations. It may be possible, but we profoundly doubt if the human race, or the Church of Christ, will ever or can ever agree upon any book to add to the Bible from later writers. For that single specialized movement or current of history, beginning with Abraham, concluding with Paul, and reflected in the Bible, is at an end (not that revelation is at an end); and the seed of the Kingdom, so long treasured and tended in the little seed-plot of Palestine, has since then been sown broadcast over the whole earth: the revelations are now broader and more varied, as well as gentler in degree, though still the same in kind. They can never flow together again in such a book as the Bible. So that the Scriptures maintain their uniqueness, both by their place in history, which can never be repeated, and by the degree of their power which was poured forth by God to meet those crises of history. The Bible therefore remains forever as a sort of norm, not to dominate faith and practice, but as a counsellor, to recall us to the simpler, single principles of the origins of our religion.

We see then, in the light of this Truth of the continuity of revelation, and that Bible and guidance are in point of kind of one piece, that our "primary rule" (divine guidance) is the modern end, and our "secondary rule" (or Scriptures) the ancient beginnings, of the one divine process. Is it not clear from this that the one should not be arrayed against the other, in a controversy as to which shall hold supremacy over the other? The object of holding Scriptures and guidance together and comparing them in mutual counsel is to keep things steady, to preserve a true continuity, a right course and steady development of truth and true action; that so the great eternal and one plan of God may proceed steadily, harmoniously, and triumphantly by means of all of us. And if the question be asked, Is there then any "primary" and "secondary" in the matter, we may answer: The Scriptures have priority in point of time, the advantage of age in counsel; but the Spirit of God

for the return of her husband to her. By this time we had arranged for Marie to conduct us through the village. She took us first to the open square where the altar is arranged for the annual religious ceremonies. Flat paving stones were laid with a regularity and evenness that might do credit to a modern city contractor. By this time we were well surrounded by children—the older of them, girls eight to twelve years of age, usually having a baby swinging from their backs. We had already observed the absence of man and were told that they had gone to Acoma to plant their corn. The children increased in number as we progressed. They had found out that the leader of our party had a good store of candy. This open sesame to the Indian heart seems to have taken the place formerly held by beads. At the opposite extremity of the town from that at which we entered Marie showed us a set of natural steps giving access to the plain. It made our heads swim to look down them but she assured us they were used without accident.

Our desire was to be taken into the houses and to see more of their mode of life. We hardly remembered how we ourselves should resent such intrusion of strangers upon our home privacy. In a few instances the houses had been so far modernized as to have doors from the first story rooms to the street. At one such door a squaw past middle life was awaiting our approach. Some candy and other pleasantries were dispensed and we were finally admitted to the room. In one corner some smouldering embers with dishes of Acoma pottery about them gave us a hint of the dinner that had recently been served. A table and a chair or two made up the furnishing of the room. A cavernous apartment behind the room was evidently a place for stores and for household treasures as some rare baskets were brought from its recesses. One marriage basket took the eye of our expert but the woman would name no price for it. She said through our interpreter that she had a granddaughter who must have it as marriage! A liberal use of whitewash had sweetened these subterranean rooms and while the critical housekeeper could see dirt, the general effect was of order and cleanliness. Having thus broken the ice we were soon guests at another house. Here as once before we found a blind man who seemed bent on making as complete an exhibition of pottery as possible. Two or three covered jars in this house had some evident connection with the pottery industry but the Indians did not intend that we should see too far into the mysteries of their art.

Marie now conducted us to the chapel enclosure where a large cross marked a burial place. Her mother she explained in plaintive tones that betokened grief had recently been buried there but no graves were visible. The chapel was so large it might almost be called a cathedral. It was locked however and the absent governor of Acoma had the key. We knew it dated from the seventeenth century and remains to our day as a monument of the great hold the early Spanish Jesuits had upon this

credulous people. Later in our visit Marie brought us back to this enclosure and down the rocks behind it to the sheltered space where the pottery is fired. Our first request to see these arrangements was not complied with, but confidence toward us seemed to grow in our guide as she became more acquainted with us. A second visit to Marie's house proved most timely. Her next door neighbor had gone for water. In her absence her husband arrived with burros loaded with wood. As he had released the great burden from the animals his young wife appeared with a large water jar on her head. Her steady step and graceful form lent themselves most kindly to the weird environment and as she mounted the ladder and then the steps from the second story to the third without touching the jar with her hand we stood in breathless amazement. She appeared from the house directly and proceeded to store away the wood her husband had brought to her door. We should have liked to make the young man's acquaintance but evidently he was not at home to visitors. Before his arrival however we had been in the second story room of his wife's house (an Indian husband is always a guest at will in his wife's house) and had inspected the arrangements for grinding corn. The operation was suspended upon our arrival, but Marie showed us how it was done. The meal had a peculiarly sweet taste so that one could not doubt the quality of Indian corn bread. As we passed out from the house and down the ladder to the street we had opportunity to observe the dome-like ovens placed at convenient distances along the street but it was not until we had reached Marie escorted us by the most direct way from the village. As we turned from one of the streets she called our attention to a lone figure watching us from the opposite end of the street. That she said was the scolding mother-in-law. Our farewells were said and we were well on our way down the sand-dune path when we noticed that an Indian woman had taken a shorter way and was preceding us to our vehicle. When we arrived, this woman had a store of pottery to exhibit and while some of it had decorations we had not seen the workmanship seemed more rude than that which we had bought of Marie and her friends. She turned from us with a disappointed look when we declined to buy, and we realized that in all probability she was Marie's mother-in-law.

Our return ride over the desert was a time of almost solemn reverie. At the Grand Canyon a famous artist-photographer had a picture called "The Vanishing Race." We realized when we saw it that we had been under the spell which inspired this title.

The eighteen miles of our return journey completed, there was time to wander about the streets of Laguna. If it had the isolation of Acoma it would seem to belong more nearly to aboriginal civilization. The frequent Santa Fé trains at its base and the small white settlement near by have a marked effect upon it. There was rest from our day's labor at Robert Marmon's comfortable home. We then met his Indian wife and found the up-to-date home comforts that she had prepared for us had had their

inspiration in Carlisle. She was glad to talk with any who knew General Pratt and to tell them that in her judgment the Indian never had a better friend. A half hour in her refined and intelligent company presented an unexpected sequel to our experience with the Cliff-Jewellers in isolated Acoma.

J. H. B.

For "THE FRIEND."

### Relation Between Divine Guidance and the Scriptures.

ALFRED OGARRETT.

Sometimes it is stated that in all essentials of doctrine Friends' views are the same as those of their fellow Christians of evangelical protestant faith. On the other hand it is answered that in the fundamental points of the ultimate basis of authority, Friends differ radically from other protestants, and that this appears not so clearly in their attitude toward the Scriptures.

If it was the characteristic protestant position, established soon after the Reformation, and held at least popularly till almost our own day, that "The Scriptures are the only sufficient and inalienable rule of faith and conduct," then it is clear that the first Friends differed radically from this position, asserting emphatically that this is not so,—that the primary rule of all religious life, faith and conduct, is the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the individual heart; and that the Scriptures are only a secondary rule.

In consequence of this principle the attitude of Friends towards the Bible has been different from that of other protestants. How shall we describe it? They have pursued a somewhat precarious middle path, perhaps we may say—On the one hand the Scriptures are not to be over-estimated, as seems to be done by many protestants in exalting them into a second law by literalism and dogmatism in their use; on the other hand they are not to be underestimated, as critics and skeptical persons do, or in another sense, as Catholics seem to do. The Scriptures are the most precious writings in the world, of Divine inspiration and authority, only they are not the primary or inalienable rule of life, and must never usurp the function of the Spirit in the individual soul. God is greater than the book he made. The book must never take his place; for we are to know Him for Himself.

This would seem clear enough. Nevertheless in practical application the relation between a sense of guidance within, and the authority of the Scriptures without, has often been a strained relation. The above statements have never solved the problem of just what this relation should be. If the guidance within is believed to be divine, yet the Scriptures without are also of divine authority, and if they differ, as does sometimes seem to happen, what is the conclusion to be? If guidance is the "primary rule," then, one may urge, it should overrule the Scriptures or "secondary rule." But in that case the Scriptures, or parts of them, could be brushed aside at will,—that is, according to the individ-