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Canadian

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Photo by C. L. Paddock, Jr.



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Getting
Childish?**

—●—

**Can the
World
Disarm?**

—●—

**Mother—
The Real
World
Ruler**

SPRINGTIME



I remember, you remember, sweet messengers of Spring,
How lustily the robins in the early morning sing,
The peck-peck of the wood-pecker, the cawing of a crow,
The flooding of the waters in the valley down below.

I remember, you remember, the happiness and thrill,
Of finding sweet hepaticas upon the woodland hill,
Of lacy pussy willows swaying gently in the breeze,
Or the shining of the buckets on the sugar maple trees.

I remember, you remember, the gently falling rain,
The music of the patter-pat upon the window pane,
The green slopes of the hill-side near; a carpet for the feet,
Bejewelled o'er by dandelions where happy children meet.

I remember, you remember, the lilac trees in bloom,
The fragrance of their blossoms sweet pervading every room,
The apple orchard gleaming, dressed all in snowy white,
Her bridal gown so gay seeming a fairy land of sight.

I remember, you remember, the bridge above the creek,
Where happy birdies nested as they sang a carol sweet,
The graceful willows shading where the water-lily floats,
The piping and the chorus of a thousand froggy throats.



I remember you remember, the cow-path down the hill,
Through the shady wooded valley across the laughing rill,
The purple violets nestling close beside the pasture gate,
Where trilliums and adder-tongues and gay sweet-williams wait

I remember, you remember, the beauties of the Spring,
And each recurring season fresh joy and courage bring,
Soon, soon, eternal springtime shall bloom in matchless grace,
With Sharon's rose and Carmel's flowers in every desert place.

—E. M. Piggott.



Canadian SIGNS of the TIMES

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EDITORIAL PAGE

Plant A Garden

IN THIS land of plenty, it is really difficult for us to imagine how there could ever be a food shortage. At the present time we are told there is so much grain in the country that elevators cannot hold it all and some of it is piled in the yards in the West. We have seen apples rotting on the ground—yes, fruit has gone unpicked in this land. We have had plenty to eat and much to spare.

We are warned now that there is danger of a food shortage. Thousands of our boys who have been on our farms have been called to the colours. They are not producing now, but consuming. Our allies are in desperate need of food and clothing. Millions of producers have become consumers and on a large scale. We have become accustomed to depend on the cannery, the grocery for our food. There were days when our mothers and grandmothers canned, preserved, or dried all the fruit for our tables. They canned or dried corn. They canned beets, green beans, peas and tomatoes. It meant more labor of course, but the food cost less, there was always a good supply on hand in the basement, and it surely was just as palatable. I wonder if it were not more nutritious.

Now canned goods are being rationed in the United States, and perhaps will be in Canada. It is not only the matter of foods being available, but there is a shortage of labor to can it, and a shortage of tin as well.

This is a year when every Canadian who can find a piece of soil to cultivate, should plant a garden. If there are several million extra gardens in the Dominion this year, think of what it will mean to our national food supply. A good many of us can grow all the vegetables we need for our own families. Root vegetables, potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, parsnips, can be stored and will keep through the winter. Most of us have empty sealers in our basements. These can be filled with tomatoes, corn, peas, green beans, berries, peaches, plums, pears, etc.

If you have not grown a garden before, you can get plenty of information for the asking. The provincial governments have a good supply of printed instruction, written by experts. You will get a lot of joy and satisfaction in growing your own vegetables. And there will be more satisfaction when it comes time to harvest it for the table. You will get more than vegetables from your garden. Exercise with spade, rake and hoe, will be better than medicine for many who are confined in an office during the day. Both men and women will profit from an hour or so in the garden each day.

It is really a patriotic duty. We should do it this year, whether we like it or not. By the end of the summer, we will no doubt like it. But whether the war goes on or peace (Continued on page 15)

CAN THE WORLD

IN these crucial days it is well to recall those lines by Sir Walter Scott in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" which we learned at school:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly-dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung!"

Jesus, Our Example

Patriotism is not something to be carelessly discarded after the war. Jesus, elder Brother of Christians of every race and colour, has placed the seal of His Divine approval on proper patriotism. He had small use, it is true, for the narrow, selfish nationalism of the Jews, but He loved passionately both the place of His human birth, and the people who dwelt there.

There are lovelier lands than Palestine in this world, but Jesus loved every evidence of His Father's handiwork on the hills and valleys of Judea. Frequently He returned to Galilee, and the Mount of Olives, from His

Shall we as Christians, urge the scrapping of armaments and navies after the war?

By E. A. BEAVON

labours in Samaria and elsewhere. His love for Jerusalem was so great that He "wept" over it. (Luke 19:41.) While His disciples were called to preach the Gospel to "all nations" (Matt. 28:19), Jesus bade them go first "to the lost sheep of the House of Israel." (Matt. 10:6) Of the city of His birth, before His incarnation, He speaks lovingly through the lips of the prophet Micah: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel." Micah 5:2. Just as we say—"There goes a true Canadian!" we find Jesus exclaiming on one occasion: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" John 1:47. Before His advent as the Son of Man He trod the highways and byways of Palestine with the Hosts of Israel on many a weary march. (1 Cor. 10:4, margin. Cf. Ex. 33:14.) He loved every corner

of His native land. Again and again, through His prophets, Jesus called Israel back from captivity to rebuild Jerusalem fairer than before. Though they were a "stiff-necked people," how soundly, through the prophets, did He denounce their enemies. See (Jer. 50:10-13 and Isa. 47:5-15.)

There is nothing wrong with patriotism. The writer is a firm believer in the efficacy of the principles of the Sermon On The Mount, yet he is patriotic enough—the Empire having become involved in war—to desire victory of British arms. He is patriotic enough to serve and sacrifice to that end, but not so race-conscious as to believe that all British, Canadian, and United States politicians are infallible; nor so weak-kneed as to permit any man—be he cleric, soldier or saint—to take the place of conscience when it comes to interpreting the requirements of God. The writer desires victory for British arms, not because Britain or Canada is a Christian nation, but because Christian ideals of government have permitted their subjects a larger measure of civil and religious liberty than is enjoyed by the inhabitants of most other countries. He desires victory for Britain because she is fighting primarily to prevent a ruthless, grossly anti-Christian form of government from dominating the world. This objective is surely worthier than the objectives of her enemies!

Can Christians Be Neutral?

It is sometimes said that we should not wish for victory for either side; that true Christians should be neutral in their sympathies; that the best thing that could happen would be for Russia and China to reach a state of equilibrium, and for Germany and Britain, America and Japan, to be stalemated. Such an end to the war would leave civilization perched on top of a live

Director of Public Information



Men of the Royal Canadian Corps signals work efficiently behind the scenes to protect Canada against the approach of the enemy.

DISARM?

volcano. "The chief responsibility of a government is to govern," and civilized nations expect their governments to see that international laws are respected and obeyed.

The writer could not consider neutrality in such a conflict as that in which Canada is engaged. Nor would it be possible for him to believe that God is neutral. Yet it must be recognized that no nation has ever measured up, socially or politically, to the principles of Christ's "Sermon on the Mount." No nation is willing to be crucified on a national cross of shame rather than permit the Boanerges (Mark 3:17) and Simon Peters (John 18:10) to defend it. God never gave to any nation the command He gave to Simon Peter. (Matt. 26:52.) Whatever Christ may have taught His disciples regarding their duty in a corrupt and lawless world, there is no evidence that God ever forbade "nations" making war. Throughout human history, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has directed the course of earthly battles. As for Christianity, it is still a personal matter. Some nations to-day have a clearer conception of the implications of Christ's teaching than others. Some nations have taken greater risks for peace than others. God, and the servants of God, will honour such nations.

A Nation To Be Loved

In the disarmament programme fostered by Mr. Chamberlain, England came closer perhaps to being crucified vicariously upon a cross of shame than any other nation in the history of the world. While she was weakening herself terribly to encourage the world to relinquish resort to war, she was being ridiculed and scoffed at by friends as well as foes, as "afraid," "effete" and "degenerate." No other great nation has ever come so close to sharing the ignominy, scorn and abuse heaped upon Christ by His enemies, who declared, "He saved others, Himself he cannot save." Matthew 27:42. No nation with warrior instincts has ever come so close to appreciating the ethical implications of Calvary, and putting into practice the principles of "The Sermon on the Mount." Should we not love and revere such a nation? Should we not do all in our power to

guarantee that such a country remain inviolate and free? Every Canadian, whatever may be his religious convictions, should surely be asking himself to-day: "How can I help Britain? How can I serve Canada?"

Pacifists Inconsistent

Those who sensed the power of love (1 Cor. 13:8) in the years following the last war, were in a hopeless minority, and few of them were prepared to embrace all the implications of Christ's teachings, which include reverence for all the commandments of God. Only total surrender to Christ could possibly end war. Those prepared to make that total surrender are called, in the Bible, "a little flock." (Luke 12:32.) Their influence in international affairs is negligible. Their lofty Christian conceptions are impracticable for the ordering of affairs between nations only dimly conscious—if conscious at all—of the infinities of unselfishness implied in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Before men and women can call on their governments to practice non-resistance to evil, they must themselves learn to practice charity towards each other;—yes, and towards the infidels in their midst!

Immature Christianity

The efforts of churchmen to secure

the enforcement of Canada's forty-year-old blue law—the Lord's Day Act—is tacit acknowledgment that Canada is far from ready to set an example in vicarious suffering for an ideal. There are men suffering for their religious convictions in Canada to-day. As the Rev. Wm. Manning, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York has stated, "Mere tolerance" for the convictions of others is "not enough." "The word 'tolerance,'" says he, "carries with it a suggestion of superiority or condescension toward others. That is not what we want. We want *deep and strong and fearless religious conviction along with it*; not mere tolerance, but a wholesome spirit of brotherliness, and affection, and respect for those religious convictions differ somewhat from our own."—Yes, we want these graces, but few are willing to be the first to practice them.

Consider our Puritanical Sunday law, enacted way back in 1902. A "broad spirit of brotherliness" cannot be said to exist in Canada so long as this Act exists upon our statute books, dislocating the wheels of industry at a crucial time in our history, and stirring up antagonism against the church. Why should men who evince no interest in Christianity be compelled by law to cease work on Sunday in a time like this? The efforts of the Lord's Day Alliance and the Quebec Sunday Observance League to enforce the observance of a particular day of the week as a rest day, while many conscientiously believe they should observe Saturday, the seventh day, is just one proof that the "Christian" world, including Canada, is still far from ready to deal with opponents in the "Christian" way. The churches themselves are not

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Soldiers of the Canadian Army practising camouflage tactics. Much of our time, effort and money are now being spent in destroying our fellow men.



Director of Public Information

BLIND PANIC

dred merry-makers in the festooned drinking spot, few escaped unscathed.

According to the *New York Times*, "a girl's shrill cry of 'Fire!' precipitated a panic among the festive Saturday night patrons of the club." "At that instant," declared the *New York Herald-Tribune*, "the place was changed from a scene of merry-making to one of blind panic, with men and women screaming and clawing at one another, packed together in a desperate, fighting mass as they rushed from the main floor and from the so-called Melody Lounge downstairs, and hurled themselves against the revolving door. With men and women pushing against this door from either side it could not budge, and as the jam became greater and the panic increased some were crushed to death and others died of suffocation."

"Women were trampled underfoot," another account related. "Their shrieks only made others battle with greater frenzy to reach the doors." One of the graphic stories of the tragedy was related by William Ladd of Boston, who said he saw the flash of flame followed by a cloud of smoke.

"Men and women began to scream," he said. "It seemed that everybody wanted to get out first. Men and

the wicked of the earth when Jesus Christ comes in His glory to bring earthly history to a close and gather His redeemed into His everlasting kingdom. John the revelator vividly describes this scene in these impressive words: "The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" Revelation 6:15-17.

What a picture of blind panic, not in one city alone, but in every part of the world wherever those are gathered who have rejected the saving message of the gospel!

Even as some wise, courageous souls tried to calm the fear-maddened throng in Boston, so, in the day of Christ's second coming, God's trusting children will await the climax with quiet serenity and holy confidence.

In that day, all who truly believe in Jesus will exclaim: "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us." Isaiah 25:9.

Fortunate indeed are those who, in moments of extreme emergency, can lean trustingly upon the arm of the Lord. But happier still will be the children of God who, amid the fearful scenes of earth's last hour, look confidently heavenward for divine deliverance. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," is the inspired promise, "whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." Isaiah 26:3.

By **DONALD W. McKAY**

RECENTLY in a Boston night club, hundreds of lives were lost in a fire lasting little more than an hour. Largely because of the blind panic that swept over the eight hun-

women in their panic began tearing clothes from the bodies of each other."

As this scene unfolded I could not help thinking that this was but a foretaste of the terror that will be upon



News
of the day
brings fear
to the hearts
of men.

MOTHER-

The Real

World Ruler

By W. B. OCHS

THERE are many great national days—days of importance, but Mother's Day is unexcelled. Without mother there is no home. Without home there is no nation. Without a nation there would be no days to celebrate. Mother's Day is here to stay, thanks to Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, who is the originator of this day.

The word "mother" is found on the lips and in the hearts of all. When the little child comes home from school, the first thing he asks the neighbour is, "Do you know where my mother is?" The man of the house after returning from work asks the children, "Where is mother?" The afflicted one who is racked with pain, says, "If only mother were here; I need her." Thousands of soldiers on the battlefield today while suffering and in anguish, are heard saying, "Mother, mother!"

It was Henry Ward Beecher who said, "When God thought of mother, He must have laughed with satisfaction, and framed it quickly so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of power and beauty was the conception." Mother is the homemaker, the home builder. She is the presiding genius of the home. The home is her kingdom, and she is the queen. Mother holds the highest position in the development of the human race. No one can fill her place.

The influence of the Christian mother is always for good. There is power in her word or act to keep a boy from being a curse to the community. Her influence reaches the life of the children so they will be a power to lift the world to Jesus Christ. Some years ago there was a man in the Indiana penitentiary, who went under an assumed name. His mother heard about it.

She was too poor to ride there, so she walked. When she met him, she threw her arms around him and said, "I am to blame for this. If I had only taught you to obey God, you would not have been here." Yes, many mothers instead of exerting a good influence are neglecting their duty. We are told that Nero's mother was a murderess; no wonder "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." Thank God for the many good Christian mothers in the land, who are using their influence in building up the home and the community in a way that is pleasing to God.

Edward Bokk made the statement, "A stream cannot rise higher than its source; and the source of home life is the mother, just as truly spiritually as physically." Behind every good man is somewhere a good mother; for men are what their mothers make them. Abraham Lincoln never tired of telling of the debt he owed to his mother. He said, "God bless my mother. All that I am or ever expect to be, I owe to my angel mother." Patrick Henry's mother was eloquent; and her son followed in her footsteps. When Susanna Wesley, the mother of nineteen children, was asked how she held her children for God, she said, "By getting hold of their hearts in their youth, and never losing my grip."

The mother of Moses was in reality the emancipator of Israel. Her faith saved the boy from death. The mother of Moses did more for the world than all the kings of Egypt. Samuel became a man of God through the unconscious influence of his mother. Mother has power to give new purposes, to cause the receiver to walk right, to keep right, and to do right. No wonder the Bible says, "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

The word "mother" stands for wisdom. She has an answer for every perplexing question that may arise in the mind of the child. We need the wisdom of the clergy, the wisdom of the schoolmaster and the wisdom of the doctor; but the wisdom of all these combined is not complete without the wisdom of mother. The word "mother" stands for bravery, courage and greatness. Mothers have always been brave when the safety of their children has been concerned. Fathers often give up, go booing and finally commit suicide; but mother stays home and keeps the little ones together, if she has to manicure her fingernails over the washboard to do it. If men had half as much grit as women, there would be different stories written about a good

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1943 — Rations and restrictions! Lists of rationed goods are growing longer. Canadians are tightening their belts, so are our American friends; we are sharing a bit the sacrifices of our allies across the sea, for in us as well as in our Motherland is the indomitable will to be free. As Brigadier General Lewis B. Hersey, Director of Selective Service in the United States government put it: "We are facing a crucial year, a year in which all the restrictions of our lives are going to be tightened." Cheerfully we accept these restrictions in the hope that they will mean a further step toward the preservation of freedom and religious liberty. We are glad to make these and further adjustments, as they may be necessary, in order that the flags of freedom may continue to unfurl in these few remaining lands of the free.

But there is a life requiring food, clothing, transportation, communication, and power that is not restricted by any rationing board. It is the spiritual life. As far as God is concerned no essentials of the spiritual life are rationed. It is a sad fact, however, that in spiritual matters, man often rations himself. But it must be remembered that man himself and man alone is to blame for any doing without in the spiritual life. God's supplies are for your every need and they are exhaust-

Lambert Photo



less; and "yet," reads the inspired comment of James, "ye have not because ye ask not." James 4:2. Some ask not because they believe not and go without because of their unbelief; others believe but ask not, or ask amiss and receive not. Whence then come the tragic spiritual shortages everywhere so manifest in this modern world? The trouble is with men, not God. Are your spiritual necessities rationed? If so, the solution will be found in your own life, friend. God is not withholding any good thing from you. No angelic rationing board seeks

by the treasurer because the demands were too great. The general complained to the monarch. The disobedient treasurer was summoned. "Did I not tell you to honour the draft of this general" queried Alexander. "But do you understand the amount he desires?" remonstrated the treasurer. To this, it is said, the king replied: "Never mind what the amount is, he honours me and my kingdom by making a great draft." What is the total sum of your spiritual needs? Never mind how great the amount is the Royal Treasury of Heaven is at your disposal, God asks

R A T I O N I N G

to restrict your spiritual provisions. On the contrary they are "ministering spirits" sent forth to minister to your every need. "Because ye ask not," "Because ye ask amiss"—these are the sources of self-rationing in the spiritual life.

Alexander the Great once promised a favourite general the privilege of drawing upon the royal treasury to meet his needs. The general acted upon the monarch's promise but when he presented his request he was refused

you to honour Him by making a great draft to meet your great need. His supply is for you just now.

When James Gordon Bennett sent Henry M. Stanley to search for Livingstone, he said: "Draw on me for a thousand pounds to-day to provide your equipment, and when that is exhausted draw on me for another thousand, and when that is done draw another thousand, and when that is done draw another, but find Livingstone." The exhaustless resources which are yours through Christ provide the spiritual equipment for each day's need. Every day God says: "Draw on Me." If you have faith in the Promiser you will have faith in His promises. Draw on Him for wisdom, grace and power, and when one day's supply is exhausted draw again for His mercies are new every morning.

No one will ever be lost because Christ's blood cannot redeem them. No one will ever go hungry because God's word cannot feed them. None will go unclothed because the robes of Christ's righteousness cannot cover them. None will perish with thirst because the wells of salvation have run dry. God's storehouse is packed with the "boundless resources of omnipotence" and these resources are there for your spiritual needs.

Life

Physical life is rationed over the battlefields of the world but there is no rationing of the spiritual life. Jesus says: "I am come that they might have

There has never been any rationing of spiritual food, of course there is something for us to do to be in the channel of blessing.

DINING

they shall be filled." Matthew 5:6. Thank God we need never be spiritually undernourished. Are you hungry? In God's storehouses there is "bread enough and to spare" so why perish with hunger?

Water

On tropical battlefields water may be rationed out, but heaven's water is never rationed. "And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17. And so abundant are the waters with which God can fill your soul, friend, that out of you "shall flow rivers of living water." John 7:38.

Clothing

J. C. ALLEN

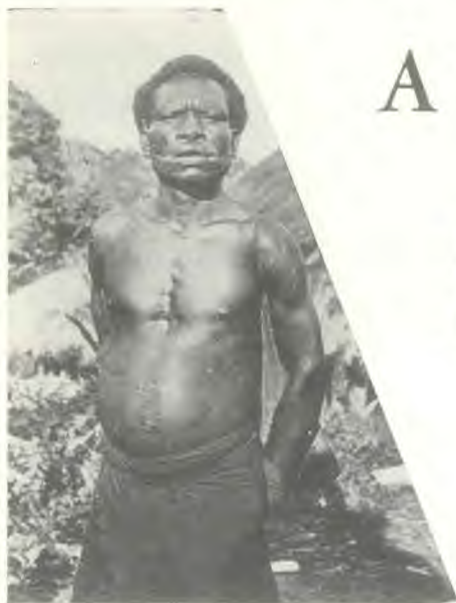
Travel

Power

mighty power that raised Jesus from the tomb is sent from God to man. How exceeding great is that power! Why should the world be filled with living corpses and confined lives when such resurrection power is vouchsafed to all who, although dead in trespasses and sins, may be quickened to live the abundant life? God has not rationed that power. It is stronger than death. It is stronger than the devil. The power of God unto salvation is stronger than the power of sin unto destruction. In Jesus Christ and the Gospel there is power stronger than your sins, power strong enough to enable you to live the abundant life.

Abundant life for those dead in trespasses and sin; food to fill the hungered soul; water to quench the thirst for righteousness and peace; clothing to cover the nakedness of sin; power to live the victorious life—resources abundant and free await the demand of needy man. Faith and surrender will make them yours. How is it with you, friend? Are you dead or alive? Hungry or filled? Thirsty or refreshed? Naked or clothed? Defeated or victorious? Truly "with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plentiful redemption." (Ps. 130:7.) The supply is plentiful and free and God places no restrictions on heaven's blessings when in humility surrender and obedience we seek them in Jesus' name. Would to God that all men would cease rationing their spiritual life. Dear reader, will you not join me in this resolution: "I am determined by the grace of God that during 1943 my life will not be spiritually rationed."

By
J. A. Buckwalter



A True Story Of The SOLOMON ISLANDS

By Mrs. ELDA FINKLE, Missionary

ON the Solomon Islands, about which we now hear so much, Seventh-day Adventist missionaries have long worked. They send Christian natives out among the wild tribes to tell the story of Jesus and to live the Christian life. These native teachers, though more readily received than the foreigner, are often rejected. One tribe to which the missionaries desired to send a native teacher had angrily refused.

Close to the shore of the place where this heathen tribe lived was a small island. When the tide was low, one could wade from one to the other. The natives did not object to the teacher's living here, but forbade his coming across to their shore. So it was decided to build a small hut for Rogosi, the Christian teacher, where he was to live and wait for God to open the way to gain access to the people on the shore.

Rogosi had a little son named Tombi—a happy youngster about seven years old. He and his father prayed daily that God would help them to teach the people about Jesus. One day while Tombi was playing in the shallow water at low tide, he looked across to the shore and saw a crippled boy about his own age pulling himself along on the ground with his arms. When he was quite close, the two boys smiled and began to talk.

"My name is Nunge," said the cripple. "Do you care if I come to play with you sometimes?"

"I would like to have you come, Nunge," said Tombi, "but don't you have any playmates in your village?"

Nunge said sadly, "The boys in my village say I should die, for I am only a burden to my mother."

"They wouldn't talk that way if they knew about Jesus," said Tombi, confidently. "Jesus loves you as much as if you could jump and run and climb trees. When He was here on earth He made people like you well and strong."

"Jesus?—Jesus?" repeated Nunge slowly. "I have never heard that name before. Who is this Jesus? Where can I find Him?"

"He lives up in heaven now," said Tombi, "but He is also here with us, only we can't see Him. But we can talk to Him, and ask Him to help us, just the same as though we could see Him."

Nunge looked puzzled—it was all so new and strange. Then Tombi cried out, "Oh, the tide is coming in. I must get back to father before the water is too deep. But you come again to-morrow, and we will talk some more about Jesus."

That night Tombi and his father had a wonderful prayer time, and they thanked God for beginning to open the way. The next day the boys met as agreed; and before Tombi could say a word, Nunge began to talk. He said, "All night I've been thinking about what you said, Tombi. If Jesus does love us, and if He hears us when we pray, why will He not make my body strong if we ask Him, just as He cured people when He was here on the earth? Won't you help me ask Him—right now, to-day?" Tombi thought seriously, and said, "I believe Jesus can heal you, Nunge. We will ask Him."

Rogosi, the father, was watching from the island, and as he saw the two boys praying, he too, prayed that God would hear and answer their prayer.

When he looked again, he saw the boys turn toward each other smiling. And then, both boys jumped to their feet! While Tombi stood watching, Nunge waved his arms, danced around on his feet for a moment, then bounded up the slope and disappeared through the bushes.

A little later back through the bushes came Nunge and his mother, the boy walking straight and strong by her side. Behind them came a great crowd of native men and women, their eyes big with wonder, and their faces full of awe and reverence. They wanted to know about this Jesus who could heal a crippled boy in a moment.

So Rogosi and Tombi went to the village to teach the people about the great God who created the heavens and the earth, and about His Son, Jesus.

To-day warplanes are dropping bombs on the Solomon Islands and on many other islands, cities, and countries all over the world. But many of those native people are not afraid now;

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FIRST AID FOR WOUNDS

By
H. O. SWARTHOUT,
M.D.

ACCIDENTS at any time, as well as military incidents in wartime, are liable to result in wounds. Wounds are of five kinds—abrasions, incised wounds, lacerations, puncture wounds, and bruises. Abrasions are made by rubbing or scraping the skin or mucous membranes. Automobile accidents often cause such wounds. They are not deep; and they bleed little, if at all; but they easily become infected. Incised wounds, or cuts, are made by sharp objects or instruments. They may be shallow or deep. They usually bleed freely, but they are not so likely to become infected. Lacerations are made by more or less blunt or jagged objects. Many war wounds are of this type, being made by fragments of shells or bombs. Accidents occurring while operating machinery may also cause lacerations. Such wounds are likely to be severe and to be characterized by the presence of much damaged or crushed tissue. They do not bleed as freely as do incised wounds of similar size, but they are exceedingly subject to infection. Puncture wounds may be caused by nails, pieces of wire, or bullets. They rarely bleed much, but are hard to clean out and are liable to become infected. Bruises do not bleed at all externally, though blood tends to collect and stagnate in the damaged tissues, forming a black-and-blue spot; and they rarely become infected.

Methods of controlling bleeding have been dealt with in a previous discussion. This month we shall consider what the first-aid-er should know and be able to do with respect to other factors in the problem of wounds, the chief of these factors being the liability to infection.

By infection we mean the entrance of germs into the body,—in the present discussion, their entrance into a wound,—their establishment and multiplication there, and the production of inflammation and tissue damage because of this multiplication. Infection in and around a wound manifests itself by heat, redness, swelling, pain, and the formation of pus. If the multiplying germs find their way into the blood stream, septicemia, more commonly called blood poisoning, is liable to result.

No wound involving a break in the

skin should ever be neglected, because no matter how small it may be it is large enough to admit germs. Whether or not their entrance will result in infection depends on the number of germs, their virulence or vitality, and the resistance of the body. It is impossible by means of an ordinary examination of a wound to measure these factors accurately, but one thing we may know: Bruised, crushed, or otherwise damaged tissues have much less resistance to germs than healthy tissues have; and the presence of such damaged tissues in or around a wound makes the problem of caring for it much more difficult.

Part of the first-aid-er's efforts should be directed toward limiting the number of germs that enter the wound. The wound should not be touched with hands, lips, clothing, or any other nonsterile object. Only sterile gauze or other sterile fabric should be used as a dressing. It is best not to attempt to wash out the wound. An experienced physician may do so with safety, but a first-aid-er is liable to spread over more territory the germs already in the wound and to move others in from the tissues surrounding it.

Theoretically, the use of disinfectants in a wound should aid in controlling infection, since such substances can kill germs. It is true that germs that can be reached by them can be killed by them, but disinfectants cannot ordinarily penetrate deep enough to reach more than a small proportion of the germs in the wounded tissues. On the other hand, they are likely to damage or devitalize living tissues; and damaged or devitalized tissues not only cannot fight germs, but later they form good soil in which the germs can multiply. Many modern surgeons prefer to have the injured persons brought to them with their wounds merely covered with amply large and thick sterile dressings and not treated with any disinfectants at all; and if the patient can reach the surgeon within a few hours at most of the time of the accident that caused the wound, this amount of first-aid treatment is enough. Small wounds, not extensive in area and not deep enough to go through the skin, may safely be swabbed with a little mild tincture of iodine; but such wounds



seldom need the attention of a physician.

Anything that can be done to make effective the natural resistance of the body to infection, or to increase this resistance, should have a part in the treatment of wounds. A first-aid-er may not be able to do much along these lines, but he can do at least a little. This little should be directed primarily toward maintaining or increasing the circulation in the injured part, because resistance to infection is largely a function of freely flowing blood. Taking care to apply bandages so as not to interfere with the circulation, therefore, is one point that should by all means receive the first-aid-er's attention. Judicious application of enough heat to prevent chilling of the injured part will help in a similar way.

Though controlling infection is not a factor in the first-aid treatment of a bruise, influencing the circulation is of prime importance. In the early stage the aim should be to reduce the circulation so as to decrease the amount of blood that settles and stagnates in the bruised tissues. Cold compresses or ice bags will accomplish this purpose. If cold compresses are used, change them often. If an ice bag is applied, follow the rule: "Ten minutes on and five minutes off." Later, when the acute stage is past, massage and alternate hot and cold applications will help the surrounding tissues to absorb and clear away the stagnant blood.

Having followed this discussion thus far, the reader may think that it has done more to discourage the first-aid-er than to encourage him in his efforts to care for wounds. But in this, as in several other lines of first aid, while to know what to do is important, to know what not to do is even more essential.

ARE YOU GETTING CHILDISH?

HOW would you feel if someone told you you were getting childish? Most of us wouldn't like it. We don't like to think of this second childhood.

But did you stop to think that we must all become as little children if we expect to get into the kingdom of heaven? The Saviour has told us so in Matthew the eighteenth chapter and the third verse, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

He didn't mean, of course, that we must cultivate peculiarities, or try to be childish, as we usually think of that term. He did mean that we should cultivate in our lives some of the beautiful traits so common in childhood.

He meant that we should seek to build into our characters the stones of faith and trust that we find in the life of a little child. He would have us to weave into the cloth of our lives some of the golden threads of forgiveness which we find filling the shuttles which fly back and forth in the loom of childhood.

Some of us have gone far from childhood's ways in these characteristics. We set us cliques and castes. We hold grudges against our fellow men. We distrust God. We show no faith in our Maker and Creator. Not so with little children.

A little fellow about two and a half was at our home the other evening. He and his father and I went to the basement to look after the furnace. On the way back upstairs, his father wanted to take his hand to help him up the steps which were far too far apart for his short little legs. The father knew there was danger of a mis-step by those little feet, and a possible fall to the cement floor below.

The little man refused help. "No, I can go," he said, and went climbing up the stairs on hands and knees. Right behind him, but unnoticed by the little fellow, went the father with his arms outstretched, ready for any mis-step or fall. The steps were steep and

long, and the stairway a bit dark. He didn't seem to fear at all, even though he was going it on his own. As he went scampering up the stairs, I thought to myself, "How often our heavenly father protects us from dangers. We often insist on having our own way, we go alone. But our heavenly Father watches over us."

I heard a cry of distress in our back yard one evening, and hastening to the

rescue, found three-year-old Bob crying lustily. Large tears were chasing one another down his cheeks. Between sobs he managed to tell me that his little playmate George, who lived across the street, had driven him out of his yard and would not play with him. "George hit me too," he said. I looked him over for marks or bruises, and failed to find any evidence of bodily injury on the surface; but it was plain to be seen that his little heart had been broken. I dried away the tears, and turned his attention to other things.

Half an hour later, I found Bob and George playing together on our front porch, having the time of their lives, the past entirely blotted out—not only

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THE STORY OF A

BROKEN MIRROR

By **ASHLEY G. EMMER**

SOME years ago there lived on the shores of an African river a princess most hideous to behold. But she did not know it, so the story goes; for her subjects dared not tell her the facts. Rather, they flattered their ruler. And even had she been willing to know the truth concerning herself, the queen had no means of checking on her looks, except as she beheld her reflection in the stream where she washed. So she lived on believing in her beauty.

Then came a white trader. One day, to gain the woman's favour, he handed her a mirror. He hoped, no doubt, that this gift would gain him access to her territory. But herein the salesman made a great mistake. For when the queen beheld her swollen lips disfigured by heathen custom, she was enraged. She dashed the looking glass to the ground, and ordered the astonished merchant to begone!

Could it be that many so-called Christians attempt to dispose of the law of God for essentially the same reason?

An individual thinks, perhaps, that he possesses an excellent moral character; but has never seen himself as he really is. Then a preacher or a friend comes along, and in all good faith draws his attention to the Ten Commandments.

There is trouble right away. For the now enlightened person, "is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass." He sees his deficiencies as he looks "into the perfect law of liberty," but is not willing to do anything about it. James 1:23-25; 2:10-12.

Instead, his pride hurt, he hunts around for a theological mallet. He may pick up a verse in Colossians that was never intended to be applied to the Decalogue, the scripture in question reading, "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross." Colossians 2:14.

Let us notice the folly of attempting to use this scripture as a weapon with which to destroy the eternal obligations of the Decalogue. To hold that the moral law is part of the Mosaic code, and that the whole law expired when Christ died, raises many serious difficulties.

If such teaching were true, the Bible would be inconsistent, the apostles contradictory, and Christ undepend-

able. For instance, we would find Paul claiming to "serve the law of God" (Romans 7:25); and at the same time announcing that Christ "abolished . . . the law" (Ephesians 2:15). In one letter we would find him telling the Romans that "the doers of the law shall be justified" (Romans 2:13); and in another informing the Galatians that "by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Galatians 2:16).

But contradiction of Scripture is not the only objection to the one-law-nailed-to-the-cross idea. If the moral law condemned sin only up to the time of Christ's death, then God Himself is charged with folly; for, if that theory be true, He condemns some sinners for breaking the law, and indulges others equally guilty—all on the basis of whether they lived before or after the crucifixion of Christ! So time, rather than character, becomes the basis of appraising moral worth. Obviously, such doctrine casts a shadow upon the justice and wisdom of God.

But supposing the Bible teaches, as indeed it does, the existence of two laws—the one temporary, and the other eternal? What then?

Simply this: The transitory code, known as the ceremonial law, expired at the cross; while the moral law is perpetual. Thus the Scriptures are not inconsistent, nor are Jesus and Paul in theological deadlock.

That there are two distinct codes, the Bible clearly teaches.

There are, first, the Ten Commandment statutes which stand "till heaven and earth pass" (Matthew 5:18), being the pillars of heaven's government that Satan and his angels tried to move. Compare Ezekiel 28:16; 2 Peter 2:4; 1 John 3:4. While standing "fast forever and ever" (Psalm 111:8), from eternity, they were written at Sinai by God Himself on two tables of stone (Deuteronomy 4:12, 13; 5:22), and placed by Moses inside the ark under the mercy seat (Deuteronomy 10:5; Exodus 40:20).

Secondly, there is the ceremonial law, dealing not with moral duties, but with "meats and drinks, and divers washings." Hebrews 9:10. This had to do with the temple sacrifices. It was not written with the finger of God, but by the pen of Moses. Deuteronomy 31:

9. It was not inscribed on tables of stone, but was recorded "in a book." Verse 24. It was not kept under the mercy seat, but in a pocket "in the side of the ark." Verse 26.

While the Decalogue exists "forever and ever," as we have already observed, the law of animal offerings and feast days was "added because of transgressions, till the seed ["Christ"] should come." Galatians 3:19, 16. Thus, after the violation of the moral law in Eden, the lamb slain by Abel was intended to depict the penitent's faith in Jesus, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Revelation 13:8.

Evidently, then, "the law of the burnt offering," and the incidental ceremonies of the temple service systematized at Sinai, "which the Lord . . . commanded the children of Israel to offer" (Leviticus 7:37, 38), was imposed on the Israelites only "until the time of reformation" (Hebrews 9:10). For when Jesus, "the Lamb of God" (John 1:29) died, what further need was there of the Passover, new moons, and yearly sabbaths "beside the Sabbaths of the Lord" (Leviticus 23:38) enjoined in the Decalogue? The Seed had come. Therefore the sacrificial law, added because of sin, was no longer needed. It was nailed to the cross. So, when our Lord expired, "the veil of the temple was rent in twain" (Matthew 27:50-51), indicating that the service of types and shadows had ended.

But not the Decalogue. This law it is that Paul obeyed "with the mind" (Romans 7:25), and called it "holy, and just, and good" (verse 12); while still proclaiming "the handwriting of ordinances" (Colossians 2:14) a "yoke of bondage" (Galatians 5:1), nailed "to His cross" (Colossians 2:14), and "abolished" (Ephesians 2:15). Thus it is the ceremonial sabbath of the latter law, and not the weekly seventh-day Sabbath of the Decalogue, that Paul condemns; for he himself says that he delights "in the law of God." Romans 7:22.

That the Bible does teach the existence of two laws, one temporary and for the Jews; the other, universal and eternal, is quite generally recognized by most church authorities. For instance, the Church of England, in its *Articles of Religion*, draws this distinction between the two codes:

"Although the law given from God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites do not bind Christian men, . . . yet notwithstanding, no Christian man whatsoever is free from the commandments which are called moral."—Article Seven.

This statement is incorporated almost verbatim in the *Methodist Epis-*

copal Church Doctrines and Discipline in Article Six on page 23 of that book. And why not? For John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, differentiated concerning the two laws as follows:

"The ritual or ceremonial law, delivered by Moses to the children of Israel, . . . our Lord indeed did come to destroy, to dissolve, and utterly abolish. . . . But the moral law contained in the Ten Commandments, and enforced by the prophets, He did not take away."—*Sermons on Several Occasions*, Sermon 25, "On the Sermon on the Mount."

Martin Luther, while declaring that "the ceremonial law was abolished because it was no longer necessary" (*Shorter Catechism*, edition of 1834), clearly affirms in his work, *Spiritual Antichrist*: "I wonder exceedingly how it came to be imputed to me that I should reject the law of Ten Commandments. Whosoever abrogates the law must of necessity abrogate sin also."

Alexander Campbell, Albert Barnes, and many other theologians also believed in the binding nature of the Ten Commandments.

To attempt to destroy God's mirror is to display dishonesty and false pride. Instead, let us take a square look at our lives in the light of its teachings. If convicted of sin, let us not try to do away with the Ten Commandments; but rather, let us apply the blood of Christ for our cleansing.

Mother—

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many homes. If you want to find greatness, do not go to the throne, go to the cradle, for the nearer you get to the cradle, the nearer you get to greatness.

The word "mother" stands for faith. Her faith remains when all else fails. Her faith sees a way through life's darkest Gethsemane. Moses got his faith and his backbone from his mother.

When we think of "mother" we think of love. There is no love like mother's love. Her love is born in sacrifice. It is never consumed. Her love is compared with the love of God. Her love stands by when all else fails. When Jesus was hanging on the cross, He looked about and the record says, "When Jesus therefore saw His mother standing by." What a wonderful picture, "Standing by." Mothers always stand by in the crisis hour. The reward that the godly mother will receive will be great. Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother of Moses, "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will

give thee wages." These wages may not always come in dollars and cents, but in the final reward given to the faithful mothers. God's bank never goes bankrupt. He will give just dues. When we reach eternity, we shall read the names of mothers in God's hall of fame, and see what they have meant to this old wicked world. Mothers will wear the brightest crowns in heaven. May God bless our mothers!

Are You Getting Childish?

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forgiven, but forgotten.

This text flashed into my mind, "Except ye be converted and become as little children." There is so much of hate in our world today, personal hate, racial animosities, national grudges. What a different world this would be if we could forgive and forget as these little children had done! If someone says an unkind word about us or to us, it seems to make a wound that is slow to heal,—in fact some of them never heal. Grudges are often carried to the grave. We say we can forgive, but we cannot forget. Some have carried malice to their deathbed, and then, as they breathed their last, tried to make things right. We may be sure of one thing—we cannot carry them into the kingdom of heaven.

Often as I have stepped out into the darkness with a little hand reaching up to hold on to mine, I have felt the grip of those little fingers tighten as we passed from the light into the darkness. There was no real fear in the heart of that little child while daddy was by his side. I have often longed for that same child-like faith and trust in my heavenly Father.

These are days of stress and trial. We are finding plenty of storm and blackness. There are troubles everywhere. Hearts are failing for fear. Dread seems to permeate the air. When the sun is shining and our skies are bright it is easy enough to believe that God loves us, that He is directing the affairs of our troubled old world. But these are dark days. Suffering, sorrow and death are abroad in the land. The clouds of uncertainty hang low. Can we not now grasp His hand just a little tighter and remember that He has promised to go with us "even unto the end of the world." He is still ruling the world. He is our Father.

In the heart of a child there is no distinction between classes, or races. We find the son of the millionaire playing with the children of his father's chauffeur, if the parents do not interfere. One of my boys, when three

years old, had a little coloured boy for a playmate. The difference in the colour of their skin did not matter to them. If our little boy ever thought about it he did not mention it. When we get older we set up a sort of caste system in our hearts. We draw lines, create classes. We place ourselves above others of our fellow men.

Money draws lines these days. It divides us into groups. Creeds sometimes segregate us from the rest of our fellow men. The man with a bank account feels he cannot associate with the poor man, who may be richer by far in character and Christian virtues. Because we belong to a certain church we sometimes shut ourselves away from the man who does not belong to the church, even though he may crave companionship.

Yes, these little ones have some virtues we ought to cultivate again in our lives, for "except" we become as little children in some of these things, we cannot expect to get into the kingdom of heaven. P.

Solomon Islands

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for they know about Jesus and His love, and are expecting Him to come soon and take them home to the "better land" where there will be no sickness or sorrow or death. This is the "blessed hope" they have in common with all who love and obey God the world over, and often, as the Bible says, "A little child shall lead them."

Editor's Note — In spite of war, death and destruction, our missionaries are carrying on their work. We have many mission stations in the Solomon Islands and in the war area of the Pacific. These missionaries must have our support. If you desire to help in this work, send your donation to Editor, Canadian Signs of the Times, Box 398, Oshawa, Ontario, and it will be sent on through the Mission treasury.

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The Editor

SIGNS OF THE TIMES, Oshawa, Ont.

Plant a Garden

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comes, there will be need for tremendous quantities of food. Millions of starving people must be fed. You and I can help to feed the world by raising a garden this year. You will enjoy it, and you will help not only your own nation, but our allies.

Our boys are in the armed forces. They must be fed. It would be a tragedy if any of them should go hungry because we failed to do our part. They are doing their bit on the battlefield. We must not fail on the homefront.

The long sunny afternoons and evenings will soon be here again. We haven't the gas to get out into the country as we have in other years. But we can get out next to nature in our own back yards, in our gardens. And if every Canadian who can secure a piece of soil will plant a garden this summer we will receive a double or triple blessing from our labours. If you have a backyard, dig it up and put in some seeds. If you have no backyard, try and rent a plot of ground nearby. There are many vacant lots in all our cities. They usually grow up to weeds.

Plant a Garden.

P.

Can the World Disarm?

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prepared; and governments, while protecting the rights of minorities, must carry out the wishes of the majority or cease to be democratic.

Facts That Must Be Faced

Let us face the facts by all means. We are not living in a Christian world. The world we live in needs armies and navies as much as it needs policemen, and prisons, and insane asylums. What is practicable for the "one-hundred-per-cent Christian" is not practicable for a semi-Christian nation, nor for a three-quarter pagan world. Pacifist ideas are not only impractical for a worldly standpoint; when urged upon governments, they become positively dangerous to the security and peace of a world still skeptical of Christ's teachings, ignorant of the claims of God's law, and therefore in opposition to the government of God; a world which, through its rejection of Christ, is still dependent for any *measure of peace at all* upon the sanctions of brute force. Nations which help to make up a world in rebellion against divine government have no alternative

but to arm against all possible opponents. They must be ready to resist oppression. The Government of Canada must protect the interests of all its citizens. Under God governments are established for "the reward of those that do good, and the punishment of those that do evil." Canada has demonstrated a greater appreciation of, and interest in, Christian ideals of peace and human brotherhood than those nations against which she has declared war. For this cause she deserves our love and loyalty.

The Position of the Christian Minority

Let us recognize that true followers of Christ cannot dictate to the "powers that be" how they shall keep the peace between robbers and criminals, hypocrits and lukewarm Christians. Governments ruling over men and women who, for the most part, have never experienced a spiritual re-birth, must do their best to ward off all those tyrannies under which the life of the majority of their peoples would be an insupportable, tragic, melancholy "existence."

While the one-hundred-per-cent Christian may be meek under provocation, live joyfully in slavery, sing in prison, face bayonets and machine guns with equanimity, live with a contentious mate and not seek divorce, bless his persecutors, gain spiritual strength from adversity, the worlding—without the spirit of God—would, in such circumstances, either pine away and die, or go insane, or adapt himself to the vicious system which sanctions intolerance, and finally become a part of it. How could anyone encourage his fellow-countrymen outside of Christ, to bow to such a fate?

If Jesus were here to-day, He would not urge His followers to oppose the state. He who refused to sanction revolt against the Roman tyranny, would certainly not lead a campaign against our Government. He would still urge His followers to "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." (Matt. 22:21.) He would urge His disciples to content themselves with being "witnesses" to a better way of solving problems than governments can be expected to adopt in earthly affairs. He would urge His followers to demonstrate the power of love in *their homes, in offices, and factories, in church relationships and in all those every-day relationships* where example counts.

Jesus would no more approve of Christians' endeavouring to dominate the policies of the state than He would approve of Matthew—after he had re-

ceived a higher call—continuing in the employ of the state *for the influence he might exert over it*. He would no more approve of churches telling governments of a lawless world how to suppress international brigandage than He would approve of Peter and Paul urging non-Christian Jews to practice non-violence. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," was the message preached by Christ's disciples. (Acts 16:31; John 6:47.) Before the world can disarm, it must "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." There is no suggestion in Scripture that the world will ever do this.

Following Christ, but "Afar Off"

We of the British Commonwealth of Nations have been following Jesus, something like Peter, "afar off." (Luke 22:54.) Yet we *have not wholly deserted Him*, and therein lies some hope for the world. The British and Canadian people at least know that "The quality of mercy is not strained; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." British philosophers have not openly declared Christianity to be a "religion of the weak," — "a religion for slaves and imbeciles!" Few British writers have glorified war for war's sake. There may be pagan professors in our schools, but no deliberate attempt has ever been made by any British government to paganize a whole generation of youth. The leaders of Britain and Canada still invoke the name of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ in prayer, thanking Him for victories won, and blaming themselves for disasters suffered. One of the most imperialistic of British poets echoed the sentiments of the majority of the British people when he wrote:

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In a reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Have mercy on Thy people Lord—
'Lest we forget!'"

Bulwarks of Liberty

As Christians and as Britishers, let us work and pray for a British victory. May George VI be "victorious, happy and glorious!" May the United States and Canada stand as bulwarks against the tide of cruelty, and oppression, and duplicity sweeping over so large a part of this world. May you and I be willing to serve and sacrifice to this end, each serving where he can serve the best. And may the Cross of Christ shine ever brighter against the background of gloom spreading over the skies of earth, until He come and reign "Whose right it is." (Ezek. 21:27; Rev. 5:12, 13.)

A MAN'S MOTHER

By KENNETH W. McCOMAS

MAN, if you have an aged mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Hold in yours the work-knotted hands. Kiss the faded lips.

Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble, inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all your bouquets on her grave; make her heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, one tithe of the love and appreciation you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle-aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but that he is doing his full duty by his poor old mother who lives in his home, and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his efforts; but that is all.

He neglects her.

He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attentions.

When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories, as elderly people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In a thousand unintentional ways the aged mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which everyone will be glad to be rid. Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking.

Ah, if I could only say something that will make him think! If I could only say to him: "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother! Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman who

never forgets you."

Of course, the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, overworked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often irritable through sheer physical weariness and overstrain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man; and, from the day she married him, she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not on the eight-hour or the ten-hour day of the union, but on the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime; in the night she was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say things that spurred on your ambition.

She never forgot to cook the dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows.

Stop, man, and think what your life would have been to you if your mother had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in her old age.

Suppose there had been no warm, caressing mother love.

Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong. Would it not take away from you the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life?

Is there anything so pitiful on earth as the little child who is motherless, who is an alien in a strange home? who has no one to love it?

Yes, there is one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child, and that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she has reared, and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotion, her labours, her sacrifices, forgotten.

Remember now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all; but pay something on account this very night.

Go home, put your arms around the shrunken form. Give her a real kiss instead of a perfunctory peck on the cheek. Tell her that she is the greatest mother a man ever had, and that all you are she made you.

This will cause her soul to leap with joy, and make the world a radiant place. Life itself will be one "grand, sweet song" for her.

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