

THE PRESENT TRUTH

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The situation in Ireland becomes worse day by day. No one's life or property is safe. Photo shows burning shop in Newtownards Road, Belfast, during recent riots. More than 120 houses were gutted and total damage has been estimated at nearly a million pounds. Two years after the armistice the world is no nearer real peace than then. What is the matter? Is there no remedy? Read the article below.

What's Wrong With the World?

Two Years Since the Armistice and Still No Real Peace. Why Wars and Strikes Continue.

Two years! A period so full of reconstruction schemes, industrial disturbances, petty wars, and outbreaks of crime and violence, that it seems almost a decade since the Armistice was signed.

Two years! On this second anniversary of the cessation of the greatest war of history one's mind naturally runs back to that day of world-wide rejoicing on which it became known that the last shot of the mighty conflict had been fired. One thinks again of all the high hopes that were then entertained—hopes of world peace, of universal brotherhood, of self-sacrificing, disinterested co-operation

between the nations. One remembers the plans that were made and the schemes propounded based on the expectation that the unifying, class-leveiling effect of trench life would be lasting. One hears again the optimistic speeches of statesmen as they drew glowing pictures of the Golden Age upon which the world was entering. One hears, too, the cheery sermons of state-paid ecclesiastics who echoed the speeches of politicians by announcing the opening of a millennium of peace.

Two years have passed since then. Time enough has been

given to demonstrate the truth or falsehood of the optimistic predictions made on the first Armistice Day. A glance at present world conditions—indeed, at our own Coal Strike—is sufficient to convince anyone that no Golden Age of peace has yet commenced. International conflict may have temporarily subsided, but what nation is there on earth—save perhaps Switzerland—which is not either enduring, or being threatened by, the gravest internal disorders? It was the fighting spirit, and not that of mutual helpfulness and self-sacrifice, which was brought home



Remarkable photo from Belfast showing street battle. Unionists are driving Sinn Feiners (seen in distance) down York Street

from the battle-fields of the world. It shows itself in industrial upheavals, strikes, "crime waves," Bolshevism, uprisings and rebellions. To-day the spirit of strife pervades the masses as perhaps never before. It is the same the world over. No one is satisfied; all are clamouring for further privileges, more of the world's "good things," and threatening violence if denied. Is this peace?

Surely it is time that the nations had learned the secret of peace and exorcised that spirit which breeds contention. But that secret is not yet widely known and that spirit still remains. Some men of influence, however, are at last striking hard at the root of the world's troubles and their words will not be without some effect. Sir Philip Gibbs, writing in the "Daily Chronicle" of September 20, described the present terrible condition of Europe, dealing also with its causes and with the prospects for the future. He went on to say:—

"We have fallen back to cynicism, as nations, as classes, and as individuals. What has become of that old watchword 'the war to end war'? It mocks at us with jeering laughter. We are experimenting with new poison gases. We are bombing Arab villages. The French are hardening their faith in military science as the only safeguard of the future.

"Nationalism, more narrow, more bitter, more selfish than in the world of 1914, has replaced the fleeting hope of many peoples that there might be a real League of Nations in Europe, based upon the commonsense of common folk. There is no such commonsense.

"Within the nations there is a narrow vision and candid cynicism. Where is the old comradeship of the trenches which promised to break down the divisions between classes? It has gone, and those who fought together are now separated by jealousies, and enmities, and selfishness. They are regrouping themselves for class warfare.

"The greatest failure of all, in my judgment, is the failure of Labour. I am all for Labour, having seen its men fighting and dying in great masses for no selfish purpose. Therefore many of



A "Coal Strike" picture, showing miners leaving work after the strike had begun. The pit ponies appreciate a strike if no one else does.

us hoped most from Labour, and looked for leaders in its ranks who would show the way out of our present jungle. We thought they would give a call to a new fellowship of men, overstep the narrow frontiers of national interest, get a new honesty into politics, show the power of open diplomacy.

"But have they done any of these things? I see leaders of small, pettifogging spirit fighting for 'two bob' extra on the wages of their men, while their European comrades are starving for the coal, which at our export rates, is outrageous in price. I see only the selfishness of class interest as greedy as that of the profiteer, without any regard for the welfare of the nation as a whole or for the needs of Europe in distress.

"They refuse to 'dilute' labour in the interests of men who fought for them or with them. Recent history convicts them of secret diplomacy as bad as that of old bad statesmanship. Their Press has not been more honest than the 'capitalist Press,' which Labour has denounced. The appeals of their leaders have been not to the generous instincts of humanity, not on behalf of a world in agony, not to any noble ideal towards which we may all grope our way, but to the same little, tricky, dirty, selfish interests, with an underlying menace of bloody things, which have been the curse of national politics as the game is played by their opponents."

What then is the root of all the evil—the cause of strife at home or abroad? In one word, it is *selfishness*. Instead of men being

willing to give up personal interests for the advantage of the community, instead of their sacrificing selfish aims for the good of others, every man is working for himself; and every class, every section of society, every nation, is scheming for its own advantage regardless of others. Selfishness is the root-error.

Sir Philip speaks of the self-centred policy of Labour. The same is true of every section of Labour. The following incident is illustrative of this fact. There has been considerable unemployment in Leicester recently, but despite the fact that there is an actual shortage of bricklayers, the Bricklayers' Union refuses to allow competent bricklayers' labourers to do simple bricklaying. According to a report in the "Chronicle":—

"The labourers are doomed by their superiors, the bricklayers, to be nothing but labourers all their lives. They are denied all incentive to rise in the world and do skilled work, no matter how adaptable they may be.

"It was hoped when the great necessity was pointed out that the Bricklayers' Union would concede something in the interests of their brother workers, but all appeals in this direction have been in

Bolshevik soldiers guarding a street in a Polish village. Russians and Poles have now signed peace. How long will it last?



Recent photo from Germany showing soldiers in training. All danger of strife from that quarter has not yet died down.

vain. There is work for several thousand more men, and yet hundreds are signing the unemployment register every day."—October 14, 1920.

Apparently the fact that brother workers—with their wives and children—may be on the verge of starvation, makes no appeal to the Bricklayers' Union. The public necessity of the work being done seems also to cut no figure with them. They must look after *their* own interests at any cost—to others. *But is this the way to world peace?* How can anyone expect peace while such miserable selfishness is fostered right here in our own borders? It would be the greatest thing a trade union ever did if the bricklayers were to say to the labourers: "Look here, brother workers, you need work. Here's plenty of it. Come and join us till this crisis is over." Such an example would mean self-sacrifice, but it would send a thrill around the world. It would create a bond between bricklayers and labourers not soon to be severed. *That* is the spirit that makes for peace. It is the spirit of unselfishness.

In his book entitled "What is Coming?" Mr. H. G. Wells gives

a good illustration of how the spirit of self-seeking is working to-day in the British Isles. He refers to the two adjoining towns of Braintree and Bocking. Although the total population of both is only 13,000, each has its own water supply, its own set of schools, its own council and officials. While it would be to the benefit of the whole community if the two places were treated as a unity and governed by one set of officials, yet Braintree will not give way an inch to Bocking nor Bocking to Braintree.

Mr. Wells suggests that the inhabitants of these two places should say: "This is absurd! Let us have an identical council and one clerk, instead of keeping up this silly pretence that one town is two." But he adds, "I see nothing of the sort happening. I see everywhere wary, watchful little men, thinking of themselves, thinking of their parish, thinking close, holding tight."

Continues Mr. Wells:—

"This Braintree-Bocking boundary which runs down the middle of the main road is to be found all over the world. You will find it in Ireland and the gentlemen who trade on the jealousies of the north side and the gentlemen who trade

on the jealousies of the south. You will find it in England among the good people who would rather wreck the Empire than work honestly and fairly with Labour. There are not only parish boundaries, but park boundaries and class and sect boundaries. You will find the Braintree-Bocking line too at a dozen points on a small scale map of Europe. . . . These Braintree-Bocking lines are the barbed wire entanglements between us and the peace of the world."—Page 92.

Here, again we are brought face to face with the chief cause of the world's sorrows—the sin from which all others spring—selfishness, that grab-all spirit which schemes and works and fights for personal interests regardless of the feelings or desires of others. If this spirit is not banished from the hearts of men no industrial or international peace of long duration need ever be expected under the present order of things. Rather, worse evils will yet come upon the world. Says Mr. H. G. Wells:—

"Mars will sit like a giant above all human affairs for the next two decades, and the speech of Mars is blunt and plain. He will say to us all: 'Get your houses in order. If you squabble among yourselves, waste time, litigate, muddle, snatch profits and shirk obligations, I will certainly come down upon you again. I have taken all your men between eighteen and fifty, and killed and maimed such as I pleased; millions of them. I have wasted your substance—contemptuously. Now, mark you, you have multitudes of male children between the ages of nine and nineteen running about among you. Delightful and beloved boys. And behind them come millions of delightful babes. Of these I have scarcely smashed and starved a paltry hundred thousand perhaps by the way. But go on muddling, each for himself and his parish and his family and none for all the world, go on in the old way, stick to your 'rights,' stick to your 'claims,' each one of you, make no concessions, no sacrifices, obstruct, waste, squabble, and presently I will come back again and take all that fresh harvest of life I have spared, all those millions that are now sweet children and dear little boys and youths, and I will squeeze it into red pulp between my hands, I will mix it with the mud of trenches and feast on it before your eyes, even more damnably than I have done

with your grown-up sons and young men. And I have taken most of your superfluities already; next time I will take your barest necessities."

This terrible picture is almost too ghastly to contemplate, but it is not coloured too highly. The next war when it comes will be the most frightful occurrence in the history of the world and surpass in horror the worst tragedies of time. Although Mr. Wells does not profess to believe in the inspiration of the Bible, yet in this striking passage he states a truth which the Bible voiced centuries ago. In that Book divine prophecy foreshadowed that these "last days" would be full of selfish strife and every kind of evil (2 Tim. iii. 1-5); and it

of peoples burying old hatchets, wiping out old villainies, and co-operating in a much closer mutual help under the direction of a League of Nations made democratic and powerful by the free consent and the ardent impulses of the Common Folk.

"Before that can happen there must come new leaders, new enthusiasm for the ideals of life, a new spirit of unselfishness and service for the commonweal—and just now we do not see them coming!"—"Daily Chronicle," Sept. 20, 1920.

Would that these words might burn their way into the soul of every citizen of this country! "There is only one cure for the woes of Europe—and our own. . . . It is the reconciliation of peoples burying old hatchets, wiping out old villainies" and the incoming of "a new spirit of unselfishness and service for the

needed. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12. Unless the world opens its heart to Jesus Christ it is lost.

So now, as the second anniversary of the Armistice is being celebrated, and many are lamenting over disappointed hopes and the absence of real peace, it is for Christians to point out the only means by which that peace may be realized. The majority of men may turn a deaf ear to the instruction and try other remedies for the world's disorders—and the world hurry on to its doom: but some honest hearts will heed the lesson

IS IT PEACE?

By R. HARE.

"PEACE!" and the war-drum throbs aloud no longer;
The tocsin sounds no more across the hill;
The cannon thunders die in distant echoes;
The crimson sword is sheathed awhile, and still.

The blood has dried upon the field of slaughter;
The vulture seeks no more its dainty fare;
The heather blossoms o'er the scene of battle;—
Oh, God! is hate and rage all buried there?

"Peace, peace," the nations are proclaiming
O'er shattered homes and fragments of the dead;
The banners wave in joyful declamation,
But have the call and thirst for vengeance fled?

The heart of man, proved toy of vain ambition,
Has it learned patience in the war and strife?
Learned to be nobler in its mad destructions,
Or kinder through the sacrifice of life?

"Peace?"—with the world volcanoed by its passion
And blood-stains marking every upturned sod?
"Peace?" with the sword but hidden in deception?
"Peace?" with the heart a stranger to its God?

Say is it "peace"?—a dream of fancy rather!
The seeming promise as of words divine;
True peace is more than merely hush of cannon—
A Christ must live within your life and mine.

Peace-chimes ring only for a little season,
Earth's muffled Armageddon lies before;
The battle-tide must lift one mighty billow,
Then sink in silence deep for evermore.

Say is it peace?—vain mortal, cease reposing;
Bind thy heart closer to its God to-day;
Walk undismayed by scorn or idle seeming;
Be true to Heaven; thy King is on His way!

told how that wickedness would lead finally to a universal war without precedent in the world's annals—"a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time." Dan. xii. 1; Rev. xvi. 12-16. And this war will surely come—unless men's hearts are changed. This is also the opinion of Sir Philip Gibbs:—

"We are truly in a sick state," he says, "and I think there will be great agonies to go through unless there is a complete change of heart, tremendous spiritual revival, among the peoples of Europe.

"Not by ceaseless strikes nor bloody revolutions are we going to find a remedy. Those will not increase production, nor lessen prices, nor stop wars, as we see by the Russian adventure. Not by an intensification of national egotism, for that creates new hatreds and does not open new markets. Not by domination of other races.

"There is only one cure for the woes of Europe, and our own—not easy, but bound to come unless we are looking for a downfall. It is the reconciliation

commonweal." Sir Philip Gibbs has laid his pen upon the root of the world's troubles, and has fearlessly told of the only remedy. He might have gone one step farther and told how only the cure can be wrought. Man in himself is quite unable to effect a change of heart. A selfish man cannot become unselfish by sheer force of human will. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." Jer. xiii. 23. Before a change can take place in a man's heart a new power must come in from outside. He must be "born from above."

This is why the greatest need of the world to-day is for Jesus Christ. Only He can change men's hearts and bring in that "new spirit of unselfishness and service for the commonweal" which is now so desperately

and, finding Jesus Christ, will find the peace of God.

There is little prospect that the whole world will be converted, its inhabitants become entirely unselfish and wars and strikes die out. Indeed the Bible reveals that men will become "worse and worse" until, amid the last great international upheaval, Christ will return in glory and power to destroy all who cling to sin—an event now near at hand. Nevertheless it is still the duty of every Christian to work for peace in every way possible. He is the ambassador of the Prince of Peace and should be seeking citizens for His kingdom of peace. The best way anyone can aid in this glorious work is to stand loyally by the lofty, self-sacrificing principles of his profession and show forth the graces of Jesus Christ in the everyday round of life. A. S. M.



CARRYING WATER FOR BUILDING PURPOSES IN EAST AFRICA.

THE KING'S COMMISSION

A Story of Service and Sacrifice in East Africa.

By F. A. SPEARING.

SYNOPSIS.

PASTOR and Mrs. Frank Pearce and Mr. Newman are missionaries bound for British East Africa. They sail from Southampton on the "Melbourne Castle," and soon make friends with a Mr. Medway and a Mr. Tomlinson, fellow-passengers. After a voyage full of interest they arrive at Mombasa. They travel by train up country, finally reaching the I.M.S. headquarters at Victoria Mission. From here Mr. and Mrs. Pearce proceed to the Nyanza mission. About this time he receives a letter from his home church, calling for information regarding mission work, which he presently answers. On reading his answer the home church is so impressed that it decides to start a campaign to raise £1,000 for missions. The members meet with extraordinary success, over £1,300 being gathered in. The scene again changes to Africa and a meeting takes place of Messrs. Pearce, Newman, and Medway at the Victoria Mission. Mr. Medway recounted recent experiences and how he had now given his heart to God. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson arrive on the scene and tell how they have now accepted the Sabbath truth. Plans are made to open up new mission stations.

Chapter 23.

"We will call it the 'Eaglesford Mission.'"

So said Pastor Everett when the question of the naming of Mr. Pearce's new station was being discussed. Various names were suggested but none seemed so fitting as this. For had it not been for the splendid achievement of the Eaglesford (England) church in raising over £1,400 for mission work in East Africa, and for the impetus which this noble example gave to the cause of foreign missions, the International Missionary Society could not have undertaken to "enlarge its borders" to the extent that it was now able to do. The home church appreciated very highly this naming of the Mission, and the brethren and sisters who composed the membership asked Pastor Thornton, the minister in charge, to write to Brother Everett stating this fact, also that they had decided to put forth, with the help of God, stronger and more vigorous efforts during the second campaign than in the first.

There was nothing "mission-like," however, about the piece

of land that had been granted to the International Missionary Society, when Pastor Pearce and his fellow-workers arrived. There were no trees, no plants, no roads, no hedges, no buildings, nothing at all except the bare ground: but the missionaries saw in it wonderful possibilities. With the eye of vision which every true missionary possesses, they could see a great transformation. They saw the trees, the plants, the roads, the hedges and the buildings. And they saw something more: they beheld scores and hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, seeking the way of truth! No wonder, when they saw such scenes as this, they were determined to work with all the powers of their being to get the Mission "under way" at the earliest moment possible.

Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Tomlinson accompanied their husbands on their trip to the new site, in spite of the many objections raised by the latter against this

course. The men attempted to reason with their wives and to point out that it would be wrong to allow women to endure the hardships, and run the risks that would necessarily be involved in a several weeks' stay under canvas, in a tropical and unhealthy climate, with no furniture, few utensils, only a small supply of foodstuffs, and no adequate means of preventing or combating sickness. But their arguments were met at every point, and arguments more skilful than their own were presented showing why it was right and proper, and even necessary, for the ladies to accompany the gentlemen!

"You see, dear, we can prepare the meals every day and enable you and Brother Pearce to

decided to say no more. Mrs. Pearce had argued in a way similar to her sister in the faith. Her most telling point was: "Who would take care of you if you were to fall ill, I'd like to know?" This was considered by the questioner to be unanswerable, though her husband did not share this view.

Apart from the sixteen natives who carried the ladies (eight to each chair, four working at a time), the missionaries' porters were boys from the Nyanza and Victoria Missions. The sixteen were discharged as soon as they had deposited their precious burdens on the sacred spot, but all the others were retained for several weeks, and some of them for a much longer period. While

tively easy reach of scores of villages, and thousands of precious souls. The soil promised to be as fertile as any the missionaries were acquainted with.

Not far away was a hill which afforded a certain amount of protection from the elements, and from the summit of which one could see a stretch of country probably somewhere in the neighbourhood of a thousand square miles in extent. The shimmering waters of the Victoria Nyanza Lake, many miles distant, could be distinctly seen. Altogether the place seemed a veritable land of promise to the missionaries, though each one recognized that in order to possess the land disappointments would have to be faced, obstacles overcome, discouragements fought, and battles waged constantly against the prince of darkness, in whose dominions they had pitched their tent. However, they were not likely to flinch at the first little trial that came their way: they would not allow "light afflictions" to hinder them from carrying out their purpose, which they felt was also God's purpose.

The natives from the neighbouring villages were naturally very curious. Some of them had never seen a white man before, and many who gazed upon Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Tomlinson with something akin to awe and reverence, saw white women for the first time in their lives. On the day the white teachers arrived, and on every day after for many weeks, groups of admiring men, women and children, all scantily clothed (some wearing nothing more than a few strings of beads), and nearly all dirty or greasy and evil-smelling, watched with interest as the white people and their dark-skinned associates worked in various ways. Every one of these latter, as well as the missionaries, had enough to do to keep him busy all the time from sunrise till sunset.

Building operations for a temporary dwelling-house were commenced at once, and within a few weeks the "house" (which was made roughly of mud and sticks, and composed of three rooms, after the style of the one in use at the Nyanza Mission) was ready for occupation. An outside kitchen, which, with the centre room of the larger building, was shared by the two families, was built in a similar fashion. The missionaries were unable to com-



A NEW MISSION STATION.

accomplish much more than you could expect to do if we stayed behind," said Mrs. Tomlinson,

"Well, we thought we would take Ezra with us. He's a fine cook you know, and —"

"You don't mean to compare a native boy's cooking with our's do you?" The scorn in her voice was well-feigned.

"Oh, no, of course not," replied Mr. Tomlinson hastily, fearful lest his wife should think he had underrated her value as a cook. "Ezra couldn't begin to compare with you! But he'll manage to look after us all right."

"That settles it, then," replied Mrs. Tomlinson triumphantly. "If Ezra can't begin to compare with me, it's very evident that I ought to come."

Mr. Pearce had followed his friends' dialogue with a half-amused, half-perplexed expression on his face. He had already been "vanquished" himself and

they could not be called "skilled workmen"—skilled workmen are very hard to find in this section of the country—they were much more valuable to the missionaries than raw natives would be. In the first place a number of them had had considerable experience; then they had learned and become accustomed to the missionaries' ways; and what was of chief importance, they had, for the most part, the cause of the Mission at heart. One half of them were Christians—and a native Christian is in no way inferior, from the spiritual standpoint, to believers in the homeland—and most of the others were eagerly learning about the religion of the Bible.

The spot chosen for the new Mission was well located. It was situated on rising ground, not far from a small river, in close proximity to a piece of wooded country, and within compara-

mence cultivating the land immediately, but they did not leave this very important work any longer than they could help. Plans for the erection of a church-building, a workshop, a boys' house, a girls' house, and a permanent place of abode for the missionaries themselves all had to be given serious attention as did also a hundred and one other things that are usually met with in connection with life on a mission station.

"Recruiting" for the Eaglesford Mission commenced on the very day the party arrived. Tired and footsore though they were, the missionaries did not neglect the opportunity that presented itself of telling the natives just why the Mission was to be established, and of inviting them to come and learn about the white man's God. In this they were ably seconded by the boys they brought with them, who, clad in clean white apparel, were much admired. This work of "recruiting" went on every day; but the day of days in this particular, as in many others, was the Sabbath, which was observed as a day of rest from labour and of spiritual refreshing as its Author meant it to be. Early on the Sabbath morning the boys went out in all directions with the object of inviting the people to come and hear what the white teachers had to say. Long before the hour of service, a large crowd had gathered outside Mr. Pearce's tent; and when the actual moment of starting arrived, the numbers had increased greatly. The two ministers and their wives stood, or sat, just inside the tent, and the boys, arrayed in their white Sabbath gowns (which they had washed in the river the day before) just outside, so that they came between the speaker and the people generally. But for their black faces and hands and feet they would have passed very well in the distance for a surpliced choir from an English church—until they began to sing!

Pastor Tomlinson gave a short address, in the course of which he spoke of a God Who loves His creatures with an intensity far surpassing the affection of a fond mother for her child. He told his hearers that the heart of the Creator yearned after His children; that He longs to save them from the death which lasts for ever.

(Continued on page 14.)



SATAN'S FINAL ASSAULT UPON
THE KINGDOM OF GOD

"They went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about," Rev. 20:9.

The Doom of Israel's Enemies

The Concluding Study in the Book of Zechariah (Chap. xiv. 12-21).

By W. T. BARTLETT.

WHAT about the besieging hosts who come up to encamp against the Holy City, and if possible to make it a prey, after it has come down from heaven? Alas, that there should be human hearts so given over to the love of sin that in the great day when God completes His good plan it should be

themselves with transgression.

What is the manner of the exit which these lost souls now make from the world where God at last rules unquestioned? At least we may be thankful that a merciful and loving Father does not, as some teach, inflict unending torment on the wicked beings who have rejected His gracious offers of pardon and restoration. Here is Zechariah's description of the miserable end of Israel's enemies in the day of the Lord: "This shall be the plague wherewith the Lord will smite all the people that have fought against Jerusalem; their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth. And it shall come to pass in that day, that a great tumult from the Lord shall be among them; and they shall lay hold every one on the hand of his neighbour, and his hand shall rise up against the hand of his neighbour." Verses 12, 13.

It is clear from the latter portion of this statement that it would be unnecessary for God to take any active part in destroying the enemies of His people, marshalled against the Holy City. Over and over again God's enemies, given over to the influence

(Continued on page 13.)

COMMENCING SHORTLY.

A remarkable series of
articles expounding the
Second Chapter of Daniel

. . . By W. T. Bartlett . . .

Look out for the 1st number

necessary for Him to destroy some of His creatures because they refuse to be included in His wise and loving purpose. Down to the end there will be those who will fight against Jerusalem, and do all in their power to destroy it with its holy inhabitants. These rebellious children have sold themselves as slaves to sin; the spirit of Satan has been poured into their hearts; and they rejoice rather in iniquity than in truth. When God rises up to make an end of the iniquity that has invaded His universe, it becomes His painful task to blot out those who have obstinately identified

The TRUTH

The Fourth



The great Mormon temple in Salt Lake City. It is 160 ft. long 99 ft. wide, 222 ft. at greatest height. Completed in 1893 after forty years' labour. Cost about £1,000,000.

EARLY in the nineteenth century, an American, Joseph Smith by name, proclaimed to an astonished world that under the direction of an angel he had dug from the earth some brass tablets in the state of New York. These tablets, so he averred, were covered with strange inscriptions quite dissimilar from anything before known. The angel in question gave him the key to the mysterious hieroglyphics in the form of two transparent stones, which, when put on his head under his hat, gave him the necessary inward light to understand the writings on the tablets. Some claim that he fixed the stones up in spectacle frames and thus "saw" the interpretations. After the translation was made the angel very judiciously removed the brazen plates to heaven or to some other place far removed from the vulgar curiosity of sceptical investigators.

The "translation" is now known as the "Book of Mormon" and from this the sect receives its name. This book professes to give the history of America from before the time of Christ until some centuries afterwards.

It begins with the adventures of a Jewish family or two who leave Jerusalem and embark on a ship which lands them ultimately on the shores of what is now known as America. The descendants of these early navigators become two mighty nations. The Lord Jesus makes His appearance among them and teaches much as He did in Palestine. In later times the two nations, which are widely different in character, fall out with each other and they gather their entire strength in men and women and children for a decisive battle. This conflict rages with amazing fury until both nations are wiped out. The last survivor of the righteous nation before he dies writes out a full history of the whole affair on brass tablets from the first landing of the original colonists until the day of the extermination of their descendants. He buries these records and then he also is gathered to his fathers. As stated before, it falls to the happy lot of Joseph Smith to dig up these records. This story is spun out in a most tedious manner through the few hundred pages which constitute the "Book of Mormon." It is

written in a clumsy imitation of sacred style.

Mr. Smith's story is rather spoiled by the acknowledgment of a Presbyterian minister of that day who declared that the "Book of Mormon" is nothing more nor less than an adaptation of an old rejected manuscript of a novel which he had written years before but which no publisher would consent to publish. He had thrown the manuscript away and by some means it had fallen into the hands of the enterprising Mr. Smith who saw immense possibilities in this yarn if used as the sacred book of a new religion. With characteristic shrewdness he went at it and developed his "find," and the Mormon church of to-day is the product. Anyone who has ever had the patience and courage to read the "Book of Mormon" through will commend the good sense of the publishers who refused to take chances on it as a religious novel.

It is a tribute to the solid character of the British people that this religious fraud known as Mormonism has failed to make much progress in these islands. However, Mormon elders have succeeded to some extent in influencing many among the ignorant and superstitious, particularly of the servant girl class, luring them to Salt Lake City, the "Zion" of the "Saints." Here they have become entangled in plural marriage and other equally unclean practices. A general exposure of Mormonism some years ago drove this sinister movement to take cover, but in these unsettled days it is again cautiously raising its head in the hope that in the general confusion that prevails, it may carry on its work again without attracting undue attention.

The antichristian teachings of Mormonism are many and varied. Polygamy stands out in the popular mind as the worst feature of the system, but there are others which are no less disastrous to the soul that accepts them.

Brigham Young, who succeeded Joseph Smith as president of the Church, and who was elected "prophet, seer, and revelator," taught that polygamy was

About MORMONISM

cle in a series on Modern Satanic Delusions.

By M. N. CAMPBELL.

required of the "saints," and that women could not be saved unless married—and he set the example by relieving a large number of women of the danger of eternal damnation by taking them as wives. The writer has seen on several occasions the curious building he erected in Salt Lake City for the housing of his numerous wives and his still more numerous progeny. It must have been a veritable hornets' nest, for polygamy invariably gives rise to fearful discord. This has been inseparable from this foul institution. Brigham Young backed up his teachings by "revelations" and by appeals to Old Testament history. He paraded the example of Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon before his followers, and severely admonished any of the brethren who hesitated to lengthen their list of wives. Strong pressure was brought to bear to compel them to enter the polygamous state, and a steady stream of girls was brought from Europe to keep up the supply.

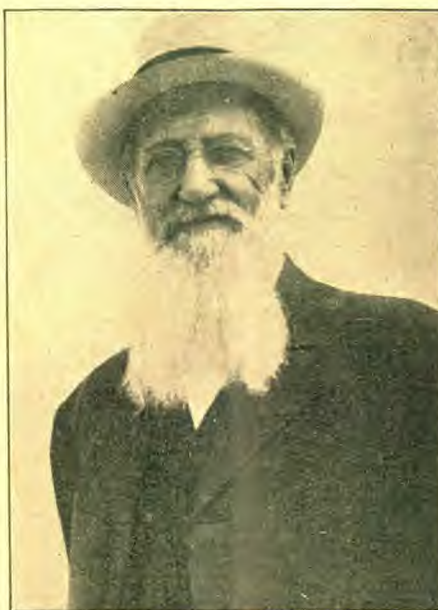
One of Brigham Young's "wives," the twenty-eighth if the writer's memory serves him, has written a book unveiling the horrors of Mormon polygamy and it has had the effect of curbing the activities of the movement wherever it has been read.

The state of Utah was admitted into the American federal union on the express condition that its constitution should make polygamy for ever unlawful within its bounds. This safeguard has been only partially successful. It is a well-known fact in America that Mormon concubinage is still covertly practised, and the cult still teaches that it is a divine institution.

The Lord permitted both polygamy and slavery among His ancient people in order that they might test out both institutions under the most favourable circumstances and learn by experience that both these things are evil. The scripture record gives abundant evidence that they are evil and productive only of evil. The homes of those ancient polygamists were transformed into earthly hells and there is no pos-

sible excuse for men in these times following such practices with the Bible record open before them.

Mormons teach that Adam was a polygamist and that he was a god. A sermon in which Brigham Young repeatedly denies the divinity of Christ, by asserting that He had two human parents, leaves no doubt as to who their venerated, Mormon-man-god is. Invested with all his "divine authority," Brigham Young declares:—



JOSEPH SMITH.

"Now hear it, O inhabitants of the earth, Jew and Gentile, saint and sinner! When our father Adam came into the Garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, one of his wives, with him. He helped to make and organize this world. He is MICHAEL, the Archangel, the ANCIENT OF DAYS! about whom holy men have written and spoken—He is our FATHER and our GOD, and the only God with Whom we have to do. Every man upon earth, professing Christians or non-professing, must hear it, and will know it sooner or later."—*"Journal of Discourses," volume 1, page 50.*

Mormons also teach baptism for the dead. That is, a "saint" may go through the form of baptism in behalf of a person who died unsaved and that will avail for his salvation. In a Mormon publication, "Rays of Saving Light," No. 11, the following statement occurs: "If those who die unbaptized are to obtain sal-

vation the necessary ordinances will have to be attended to by proxy." They reject the scriptural testimony that "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." Psa. xlix. 7.

Among the most dreadful of their teachings is that of "Blood Atonement." The following citations from standard Mormon authorities will give the reader an idea of what is involved in this horrible doctrine. The statements are found under the heading, "The Doctrine of Blood Atonement," in a work published as late as 1905 by the Mormon Church itself:—

"What is that doctrine? Unadulterated if you please, laying aside the pernicious insinuations and lying charges that have so often been made, it is simply this: Through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel. . . But man may commit certain grievous sins—according to his light and knowledge—that will place him beyond the reach of the atoning blood of Christ. If, then, he would be saved, he must make sacrifice of his own life to atone, so far as in his power lies, for that sin; for the blood of Christ alone under certain circumstances will not avail."—"Blood Atonement and Plural Marriage—A Discussion," pages 55-57.

"I have known a great many men who have left this church for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation, but if their blood had been spilled, it would have been better for them. The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid these principles being in full force, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force.

"This is loving our neighbour as ourselves; if he needs help, help him; and if he wants salvation, and it is necessary to spill his blood on the earth in order that he may be saved, spill it. Any of you who understand the principles of eternity, if you have sinned a sin requiring the shedding of blood, except the sin unto death, would not be satisfied nor rest until your blood should be spilled, that you might gain that salvation you desire; that is the way to love mankind."—*"Journal of Discourses," volume 4, page 220.*

A few lines farther on, as a closing exhortation to these remarks, the Mormon prophet exclaims, "Now, brethren and sisters, will you live your religion?"

Brigham Young was not the only prominent Mormon leader to advocate this blood-doctrine. In a sermon delivered before a large gathering on September 21, 1856 the doctrine was confirmed by President J. M. Grant, counsellor to Brigham Young:—

"I say, that there are men and women that I would advise to go to the president immediately, and ask him to appoint a committee to attend to their case; and then let a place be selected, and let that committee shed their blood. . . I would ask how many covenant breakers there

(Continued on page 14.)



THE HOME

Where we deal not only with matters of value to parents, but with items of general interest to every member of the family.

"A home with love in it, where love is expressed in words and looks and deeds, is a place where angels delight to manifest their presence."

A Word to Girls.

EVERY girl, in greater or less degree, desires or will sometime desire the attention of the opposite sex. We cannot avoid the fact, for it is natural and nothing to be ashamed of. Pretending indifference is affectation. Meet the issue squarely, but do not be betrayed into wrong ways of attracting that attention. Mistaken methods produce the altogether too large number of silly, flirtatious girls. These are not bad girls, but they evoke unpleasant criticism and bring disrepute upon themselves and others. I am thinking especially of those girls who, in groups of two or three, go idly along the street, chattering and casting inquiring glances about, seeking returning glances of admiration. They may catch the eye of some undesirable male, but real admiration, such as any right-minded girl wants, will never be theirs.

Every girl should make it her aim to be as inconspicuous as possible. Loud talking in street cars, giggling together at public meetings, or making any commotion that will render her conspicuous, is all wrong. These things are an offence against good breeding as well as a taint upon maidenhood. I speak of these frankly because I know so well that often they are the result of a certain nervous condition that becomes almost hysterical through self-consciousness.

Occasionally, these offences receive deserved reproof. In a

certain town the girls were in the habit of going to the railway station to see the through express, which stopped ten minutes. A passenger, out for exercise, passed a group of these girls several times. Each time the laugh of one became a little louder, her glance at the man more self-conscious. In her vanity she thought she was attracting favourable attention. Just before the train started, he stopped in front of her.

"Young lady, have you a mother?" he asked.

"Why—y—yes," she stammered.

"You go home and tell her to keep you there until you know how to behave in public," and then he swung on to the already moving train.

Whenever I hear a girl making a remark to a companion in a tone to reach other ears while the pert miss looks around to see what effect she has produced; when I hear a loud laugh ring out startlingly, or a voice rise uncontrolled, or catch the roving conscious glance of a pair of beautiful eyes, I wish the travelling man of my story were there to administer just reproof.

It is only right that every girl should look ahead to the time when some fine man will offer her the privilege of becoming his wife. When that time comes, she will wish to be able to give herself in all the freshness of perfect womanhood, the bloom untouched by thoughtless familiarity—without finger-marks. That should be interpreted literally, too. In the give-and-take play of childhood, you knew no difference between the touch of boy or girl; now all is changed. When,

in your own feeling, you recognize the difference, the time has come to be on your guard. In a way too subtle to describe, your own budding womanhood will throw about you a reserve that, in most cases, will be sufficient; if it is not, then in the nicest way you can command, let the inconsiderate offender know that he offends and that any approach to familiarity displeases you. A rare book or a choice picture loses in value if there are finger-marks upon it. Perhaps that is a good catch sentence to keep in mind: "Beware of finger-marks." Each of you can read into it her own lesson.

On the other side of this question lurks the danger of taking offence when none is intended. This type of girl will easily keep possible admirers at a distance and often will stampee the whole lot. There is a way of doing an unpleasant thing pleasantly—an accomplishment worth studying.

Then there is the hail-fellow-well-met kind of girl. She hobbles with all the boys, can give and take with the best of them, is always ready to companion this one or that on all sorts of expeditions. The boys all like her, and none of them think of making love to her.

The girl of this sort whom I knew best was named Daisy, a queer name for such a type. She was a general favourite with young and old, men and women alike, and no one had any but the pleasantest things to say about her. One by one the girls in her set married and Daisy was bridesmaid for all of them, but there was neither marriage nor rumours of marriage for Daisy. I asked one young man who knew her well, why girls far less attractive married while she remained single.

"Daisy's all right," he answered, "but—well—she's too

much of a good fellow. A man wants a wife to be different, more *woman*, you know. I think you understand what I mean."

He answered the question for all time. Every man wants the woman of his choice to retain her femininity. This is entirely possible, no matter what her position. The spirit of the girl determines it. The girl who is trundled about in motor cars with no greater obligation than to make herself charming, may lack it utterly; the girl who works in office, shop, kitchen, hospital, or school, may possess it in high degree. With every walk in life open to women, they are learning that dignified femininity is a valuable asset.

Other problems will arise. When they do, remember that a mother is "a very present help in trouble." I say this knowing only too well that often there is not the sympathy between mother and daughter which makes for close, intimate confidence. Many girls have said to me, "I can't talk to my mother as I can to you; she doesn't understand."

Yes, I know that sometimes mother does not understand, but in many cases she would and could *if daughters would give their confidence*. Often a mother respects the daughter's reserve and is unwilling to intrude, and this reserve raises a barrier. Try to overcome your reticence and open your heart to your mother; you have no better friend on earth, and none who will understand better, if the barrier is once broken.—*To-day's Housewife*.

The Big Penny.

A LITTLE boy had just earned his first penny, and was very proud of it. At his play he tried experiments to see how large his penny was. Holding it up at a little distance from his eye, he said: "Mamma, my penny is larger than that mountain." Then drawing the penny a little nearer, he said: "Why, mamma, my penny is larger than that great field over there. It shuts it all out so I cannot see a corner of it." Then pressing his penny into his eye, he exclaimed: "Mamma, my penny is bigger than the whole world!"

How like the little boy's penny are our troubles, if held too close within the vision of life's experi-

ences! How like the penny, also, are the failings of our friends—the noble men and women who work by our side in the toil and struggle of life! If their errors are held close within the range of our vision, and we concentrate our minds upon the "little penny failings," instead of covering

them with the mantle of charity, they may shut out from our vision a great and noble life. How unfortunate if we spend our time criticizing others for little things, which by the prominence given them, may have been magnified out of proportion to their importance. E. R. PALMER.

The Broken Saw.

MR. JONES was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time in search of boys, although the work was not very hard. At last, Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

Sam had been there but three days, when, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "He never makes allowance; I never saw anything like him. Bill might have stayed, only he jumped in a hen's nest and broke the eggs. He dared not tell of it, but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till he couldn't stand it and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy; "he was afraid; Mr. Jones has such a temper."

"I think he'd better have owned up at once," said Sam.

"You'll find it easier to preach than to practise," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him," and he turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with the broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out into the garden, and then went up to his little room under the eaves.

"Oh, Lord," said Sam, falling on his knees, "help me to do right."

It was late when Mr. Jones came into the house, but the boy heard him. He got up and crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"I should think morning soon enough to tell of your carelessness. Why do you come down to-night?"

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to tell a lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it; but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands; I'll trust you, Sam. That's right; that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear, I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones; that if the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how this is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind and faithful master.—*Selected*.

"If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life forget your neighbour's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them."

The CHILDREN'S TWO PAGES.

Conducted by Uncle Arthur.

Mother's Apron-Strings.

"I PROMISED my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron-strings—!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know that I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just behind the two boys.

They turned to see an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron-strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace; for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother, I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late"—and now there were tears in the old eyes—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron-strings, in a dark room, with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it; and when advised to cut loose from her apron-strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will ensure you a noble future; for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively,



and both said "Thank you," at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the grounds together, silent and thoughtful. —Selected.

Keep Tied.]

WHEN I was but a verdant youth,
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate.
And none my soul so sadly tried,
Or spoke such bitter things,
As he who said that I was tied
To mother's apron-strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away,
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay.
But I have sighed and I have cried
O'er all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron-strings.

O happy, trustful girls and boys!
The mother's way is best.
She leads you 'mid the fairest joys,
Through paths of peace and rest.
If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest springs,
O, keep your hearts for ever tied
To mother's apron-strings.

—Nixon Waterman.

The Unread Letter.

A PRODIGAL son had entered the army and was quartered in India, where he was a leader in a worldly set, regardless of God, going deeper into sin, extravagance, and debt. One day a letter from home was given him. Finding it contained no money, he returned it unread to the envelope, and thrust it into his box,

saying, "Just a scolding again, I suppose."

Sometime afterward he was stricken down with a serious illness. Lying in the hospital alone and sick of heart, he thought of the letter, and asked a comrade to bring it to him. When he opened and read it, he moaned, "Too late! too late!" The letter was from his father, telling him that arrangements were made for the purchase of his discharge, that his passage home was taken in a certain ship, that his debts would be paid, that if he returned, he would inherit a fortune and be restored to his rightful position in the family, and that his mother was longing to see him once more. Poor fellow! How bitterly he cried, "If I had only read that letter!"

That is just the trouble with a good many people. A far more important letter has been sent to each of us, but so few people read it that they are still going down to death without the knowledge that God has a fine mansion ready and a fortune awaiting all who read His letter and turn around and come back to Him. Read God's letter, the Bible.—Sel.

HAPPY and strong and brave shall we be—able to endure all things and to do all things—if we believe that every day, every hour, every moment of our lives is in His hand.—Henry Van Dyke.

Knocking Out The "T."

I DON'T know what his name is, or where he lives, or where he goes to school, or what he wants to be; indeed I know practically nothing at all about the boy in the picture. But I do know this—he is going to make a success of life. He has energy, courage, determination and high aim; and these four qualities together will carry a boy almost anywhere.

You, of course, understand what he is doing. He has just come up to some great problem which at first sight looked too much for him. Then, instead of sitting down and crying over his "bad luck" he has summoned up his courage and is tackling the difficulty in the spirit of a conqueror.

As to the nature of the problem facing him I am not prepared to say. Possibly he was at school and a stiff sum puzzled him. Instead of giving up and going out to play—or copying the answer from the boy next to him—he has said to himself, "This sum *can* be done; and I am going to do it if it takes me all night."

Or he may have been at home in father's workshop, doing some carpentry, and found that after long, careful work the joints wouldn't fit. Instead of throwing the whole thing on the scrap heap in disgust, and vowing life-long hatred of saws and chisels,

he has faced the position bravely, saying, "I've made a mistake somewhere; I'll try again. It *can* be done."

Any boy who would succeed in life must learn the art of knocking out the "t." All the men who have done big things in the world have first learned that "can't" is not in their dictionary. You have all heard of the enormous difficulties faced by the builders of the Panama Canal, how they had to combat disease, cut through mountain ranges, divert streams and rivers, and solve a thousand other immense problems. What really brought them to final success? This verse from the "Song of the Panama Canal Builders" will give you the answer.

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?"

We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing the thing which no man can do."

Every man of the Bible who did a great work for God believed that there was nothing "wholly impossible." Moses led Israel through the Red Sea. Joshua took the next generation across the dry bed of an overflowing Jordan. Elijah brought both fire and water from heaven. Elisha performed equally marvellous miracles. In New Testament times Peter, John, Paul and others accomplished other "impossible" things. But, you say, God helped them. True; but they had to believe the things

could be done, by God's help. Having asked for this help they attacked the problem in hand confident of triumph. They knew that "with God all things are possible"; and when a "can't" presented itself they promptly knocked out the "t."

Here, then, is one of the first essentials one must have who would make a *real* success of life—confidence. Not self-confidence but God-confidence. One must believe that "all things are possible to him that believeth." When any problem or difficulty arises, however small, or however large, one must say as did

Paul, "I *can* do it—I *can* do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Having asked the help of Jesus one can attack any obstacle confident of victory. There were no "t's" on Paul's "can't's"; he had knocked them all off. "Go thou and do likewise." Knock out the "t!"

U. A.

The Doom of Israel's Enemies.

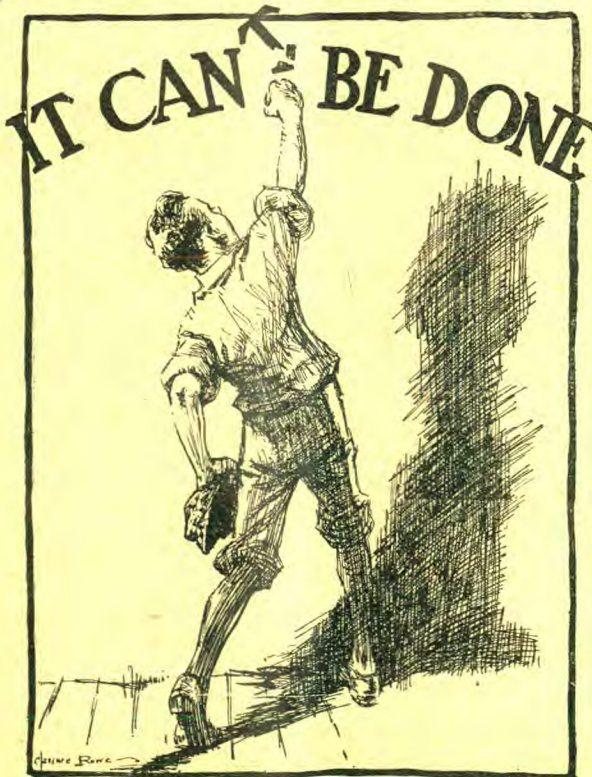
(Continued from page 7.)

of evil angels, have turned their fury against one another; and in the day of His wrath, when the spirit of Satan is fully developed in the children of disobedience, it would be quite sufficient to leave the lost to wreak on one another the fiery hate which rages in their souls. But God is more merciful than fallen men, and the end of the wretched multitudes of the unsaved is swift. A divinely-kindled fire consumes the wicked, so that even while they stand on their feet, engaged in the work of mutual slaughter, they are already passing out of existence. The same end is described in the words of the Revelator: "fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them." Rev. xx. 9.

"Judah also shall fight at Jerusalem." With what weapons? Will the spiritual Israel mingle in the mêlée and join in the grim slaughter wrought by sinful hands with carnal weapons? Or will the redeemed be trusted in that day to wield weapons drawn from the divine armoury to hasten to a close the sad tragedy of human transgression? The saints have judged the lost during the thousand years (1 Cor. vi. 2, 3); now they partly execute the judgment written. Psal. cxlix. 9.

The destruction from the Lord overtakes all that is found in the camp of the lost. All the wealth and vain-glory of the heathen world is consumed in the great conflagration. Nothing emerges from that devouring furnace that is tainted with sin. Verse 14.

Before the prophet turns from this scene of utter destruction he bids us view it under another aspect. In the purified new earth is found the anti-type of the Feast of Tabernacles, that crowning festival of the Jewish year when, its labours ended and its harvest gathered in, its Day of Atonement in the past, a happy people gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the manifold bounties of



heaven and, in anticipation of the better country to which God was leading the children of Abraham, dwelt in booths and arbours adorned with the boughs of goodly fruit-trees. Zechariah, viewing the New Jerusalem in its glory, the centre of a beautiful and fertile new earth, sees that the anti-type of the Feast of Tabernacles has come. This was what God had been calling the nations to. No yoke of bondage this, but a paradise of joy! All who survive of the peoples that once warred upon God, His spiritual people, and His holy city, now reap the rich reward of their wiser choice as they keep the Feast of Harvest. They also are citizens in the Israel of God. From year to year they come up for ever to worship the King they love. Not that their worship is confined to annual gatherings. Isaiah saw all the saved gathering before the Lord every month, and even every Sabbath. Isa. lxvi. 22, 23; Zech. xiv. 16.

Those of all the families of the earth who are not now found keeping the Feast of Tabernacles with the spiritual Israel are those who never received the spiritual blessing, the rain of the tenth chapter, and upon them instead of that refreshing shower has now fallen the same scorching deluge that once blotted out Sodom and Gomorrah. That was the alternative to the anti-typical Feast of Tabernacles. Verses 17-19.

And what of those who have now entered into the full joy of the Lord? Is there any danger as in Zechariah's time, that any of them may fail to appreciate the sacredness of the spiritual privileges they enjoy, and that a declension in spiritual life may one day rob immortality of its bloom? No. There is no more unreality to be found among God's people. As John was shown, there is no longer need of a temple building to teach a carnal people how to worship; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of the New Jerusalem. The bells on the horses are holy; every pot in Jerusalem is a sacred vessel. Never again is an unsanctified foot to tread God's courts. He has so wrought for Jerusalem that never again shall aught that defileth enter within her walls.

The visions of Zechariah, with their clear delineation of the work and triumphs of the Messiah still await their final realization in

the blood-bought, blood-washed church of Christ. Much has already been seen, but there is far more yet to be enjoyed. The invitation is still extended to ask of the Lord that latter rain that will quicken our souls, that gift of His holy Spirit which will equip us for the last combat, and bring nearer the glorious consummation when our Messiah shall reign over a ransomed people and the whole earth be filled with His glory.

END.

The Truth About Mormonism.

(Continued from page 9.)

are in this city and in this kingdom. I believe there are a great many: and if they are covenant breakers, *we need a place designated, where we can shed their blood.* . . . I am speaking to you in the name of Israel's God."—"Journal of Discourses," volume iv, pages 49, 50.

This particular teaching is a revival of the old pagan worship of Moloch pure and simple; the only difference being that this manifestation is cloaked under the garb of Christianity. In that ancient and horrible form of paganism men and women were urged to offer themselves and especially their children as human sacrifices. In this age there seems to be a general revival of the old pagan cults under the guise of a new Christian revelation. We have evidently come to the world's crisis. The prince of darkness is summoning to his aid every form of delusion and error that has served him in the past in his effort to take the world captive. All the ancient forms of religious, political and philosophical darkness are being recalled to do service in the cause of Satan. This should arouse Christians to a renewal of their consecration to God that He may endue them with power from on high to meet the onslaughts of evil and to hold the citadels of truth for Christ.

Much more might be written on this subject but what has already been presented from Mormon authorities is sufficient to demonstrate that this cult is one of the most dangerous of the numerous delusions of the present age. May God preserve the honest in heart from it.

The King's Commission.

(Continued from page 7.)

Pastor Pearce followed with a few words of exhortation. He

The Present Truth.

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informed his audience that services would be held every seventh day—the term "Sabbath-day" they would not understand—and invited them to come and hear more about the wonderful God concerning Whom Pastor Tomlinson had spoken. He said, too, that a mission school was to be started almost immediately, and urged the fathers and mothers present to allow their children to attend, in order that they might become personally acquainted with the One Who is a Father and a Friend as well as God, and in time be able to teach others what they themselves should learn.

The chief of the district surrounding the new station was said to be favourable to the missionaries and their work. He had expressed himself as being quite ready to have the white teachers come to his neighbourhood, and he promised them his support. But he was not present at the first meeting. Whether he would be as good as his word remained to be seen.

(To be concluded.)

Harvest Ingathering for Missions.

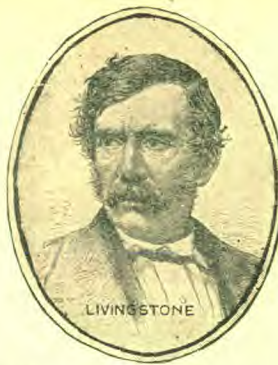
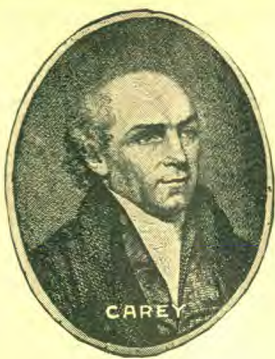
We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following sums:—

H. E. S.	£3 12 6
J. S. H.	1 0 0
Mrs. S. K. Wilson	5 0 0
Old Reader	10 0 0

Starving Children Fund.

Previously acknowledged	£321 17 11
Miss E. Pierce	1 0 0
Mrs. Horne	2 6
Per O. M. Dorland	5 0
T. H. Cooper	1 0 0
C. C.	1 0 0
W. G. C.	1 0 0
	£326 5 5

THE following sums have also been received and will be applied as requested: £4 4 0 from B.J.A., £4 from M.B.J., £1 from H.M.B.C., £1 from E.B.



Pioneers of the Missionary Movement.

Have you read The Story of Missions

as told by the lives of the men whose pictures appear at the head of this page? Have you read of their devotion and of their sacrifice which they counted it a privilege to make for the conversion of the heathen? Have you read of the hardships and trials they bore; of the grief they suffered through lack of sympathy and support from their home fields? These men are now honoured the world over, yet the attitude of many professing Christians to their work was very much like that of some people to-day. Dr. Ryland was replying to a question asked by William Carey at a conference of ministers at Northampton. "Young man," said the doctor sternly, "sit down: when God is pleased to convert the heathen world He will do it without your help or mine." But Carey was not to be turned aside from his purpose, and six years later he so impressed the ministry with his appeal for missions that this same Dr. Ryland deplored "the criminality of our supineness in the cause of God."

To-day there is a movement in the mission fields that constitutes

One of the Greatest Signs of the Times :

the Gospel is being preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations. This great work is entrusted to human agents; it is your privilege, dear reader, to have a part in it. Now is our golden opportunity; difficulties that once existed have vanished; all over the world the heathen are willing to hear the Gospel, new schools are being established, and medical missionaries are showing thousands how to live pure, clean lives to the glory of Jesus. You cannot go yourself, perhaps, but you can help to support those who have gone. In the words of Pastor W. T. Bartlett, until recently editor of this paper and now a missionary in Africa, you can "hold the ropes."

A world-wide movement called The Harvest Ingathering for Missions is now being conducted. Funds are urgently needed, and we appeal to our readers to help as much as possible. But please remember that the help is wanted AT ONCE, so if you feel disposed to give something, don't put it off,

DO IT NOW.

Send your contributions to:

The Editor of "Present Truth," Stanborough Park, Watford, Herts.

All sums will be acknowledged in the paper.

THE NEWS INTERPRETED

"When ye shall see all these things,
know that He is near, even at the doors."

England's Dark Hour.

WE have reached one of the most critical periods in the history of this country. The very foundations of law and order are being threatened. The workers' organizations are trying their strength against that of the Government chosen by the majority of the population. It is nothing less than a form of that most terrible and disastrous of all conflicts, civil war.

As we write this, the coal strike is in full swing, a railway strike is threatened, factories are closing down, and the numbers of the unemployed are increasing by leaps and bounds daily—and starving unemployed are a dangerous element in any State. We sincerely hope that some settlement will be speedily arrived at and the crisis safely passed. Yet we fear that whatever the arrangements made, they will only be temporary. The danger will be averted only to be met again a few months later. What is needed to-day is an attack with the right weapon on the root of all the trouble—which root we have dealt with elsewhere in this issue. Only the power of Jesus Christ can eradicate from the hearts of men that spirit of selfishness which is the cause of all strife. National leaders would scorn the remedy but it is the only one that could effectively cure the world's disorders.

And if this remedy is not applied? Then the future of this country and of the world is dark indeed. Mr. H. G. Wells, in a recent article on "The Probable Future of Mankind" has said:—

"Without a great effort on our part (or on someone's part) that current which swirled our kind into a sunshine of hope and opportunity for a while will carry our race on surely and inexorably to fresh wars, to shortages, hunger, miseries, and social débâcles, at last either to complete extinction or to a degradation beyond our present understanding."—*Review of Reviews*, October, 1920.

It is a gloomy picture, but yet

one largely substantiated by Bible seers. If men reject Jesus Christ to-day there is nothing for them but misery and death. For those who accept Him, however, the darkness is lightened by a great star of hope. The rejected Saviour is soon to return, crowned and glorified, to save the righteous, destroy the wicked, and bring earth's history to a close. "Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be. . . . Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

The Seeds of War.

DURING the second week of October, peace was signed at Riga between the Bolsheviks and Poles. The general opinion is that this peace will not be of long duration and that the taking over by Poland of non-Polish territory has only sown the seeds of future wars.

Says the "Nation":—

"At Versailles, on June 28, 1919, a professor, a solicitor, and a journalist, together with a number of other gentlemen, signed a document which 'settled' Europe, created a League of Nations, and by its tenth article provided that 'members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.'"

"In the second week of October, 1920, in the Schwarzhäupthaus, at Riga, a Polish peasant and a Russian Jew signed a document establishing a frontier between the Republic of Poland and the Socialist Federative Soviet Republic of Russia.

"The seeds of a European war were no less certainly sown last week at Riga than they were by the series of events in Vienna and London.

"And when in five, ten, fifteen years' time the seeds have germinated, and, in the middle of a black July and a European crisis, some English Foreign Minister feverishly struggles to prevent the inevitable war, the time for action will have passed; there will be the obligations of national honour in black and white over the signature of Mr. Lloyd George, and the Joneses and Smiths will march away once more from Peckham, this time to Poland or to Timbuctoo, where they will be fighting the great war to end war. The only time for action, for defining clearly both to the world and to ourselves

where we stand and what our obligations are towards the other nations of Europe, is to-day."

The writer reminds us that the signatories of the Peace of Versailles are pledged to preserve intact the boundaries of Poland—which now stretch across miles of Russian and Lithuanian territory. He goes on to say:—

"According to Article 10 of the Covenant we are bound to preserve the territorial integrity of Poland as a member of the League. If the eastern boundary of Poland, as defined at Riga, is now recognized by us and by the League, we shall be bound under the Covenant to guarantee that frontier from external aggression. Any attempt by Russia to alter that frontier will be external aggression.

"It is not difficult to imagine, when the sudden crisis comes, how the matter might be represented to an ignorant public. The sanctity of treaties, a little nation of twenty millions threatened by a great nation of 100,000,000, the authority of the League of M. Leygues flouted, and Jones and Smith would be marching cheerfully away to fight for Polish independence."

Whether the next war will be brought about in this way or not, no one can tell, but divine prophecy makes it very plain that further international strife must be expected. The great battle of Armageddon (Rev. xvi. 16) has yet to be fought. But, thank God, the terrors of war will not recur indefinitely. The "seeds of war" are to be for ever destroyed. Beyond the darkness lies the dawn; beyond the worldly strife and turmoil there is the wonderful calm of the kingdom of eternal peace.

The prophet Daniel's angel informant was referring to these last years of world history when he said: "There shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time." Then, viewing the glorious return of "the great Prince" he added: "At that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book. . . . And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."