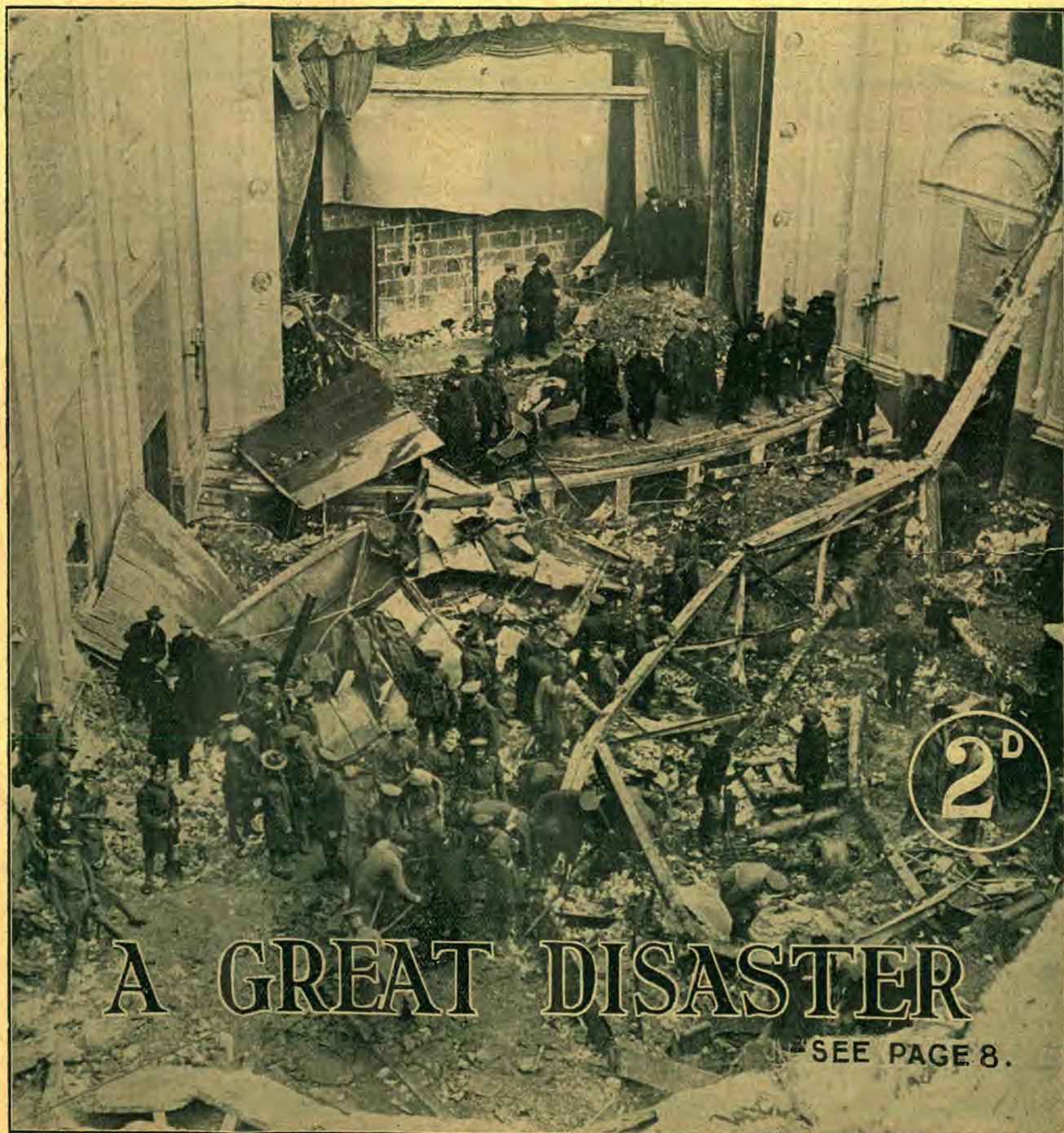


Present Truth

AND
SIGNS of the TIMES
A HERALD of the MORNING



2^D

A GREAT DISASTER

SEE PAGE 8.

Nearly 200 are believed to have perished in the disaster at the Knickerbocker Cinema, Washington, when, during an unparalleled snowstorm, the roof gave way and collapsed on the audience.

What the World is Talking About



Matters of General Interest from Far and Near.

ACCORDING to figures recently published, English brewers are reaping far larger profits than they made in pre-war days. In 1914 the net profits of fourteen of the leading companies were £2,902,157 and dividends of twenty per cent on ordinary shares were paid by only three companies; in 1920 the same companies made profits of £5,882,311 and in 1921 twenty-six breweries paid over twenty per cent dividends.

DURING the latter half of 1919 the draining of the Zuyder Zee—a task which is expected to take twenty years to complete—was commenced. As far back as 1848 this plan, which will give Holland a new province with an area one-sixteenth of that of the whole country, was considered. The cost will, of course, be enormous. A few years ago £25,000,000 was the figure given, but by now this will have increased considerably, though to just what extent it is impossible to state. From statistics given by the Dutch Ministry of Agriculture, however, it would seem that the outlay would be well justified. The land to be reclaimed from the Zuyder Zee (a total of 494,000 acres) is expected to yield every year large quantities of grain, vegetables, green fodder, flax, and hemp. Only those parts where the soil is most fertile are to be drained.

At the recent Air Conference held in London, Major Scott outlined the design and construction of a new commercial airship. He proposed that it should have a capacity of 2,500,000 cubic feet and a gross lift of seventy-five tons. It would then be capable of making a non-stop journey of from 2,000 to 2,500 miles, carrying a freight of twelve tons, and could travel from England to Egypt with thirty-five passengers and seven tons of mail or other goods in fifty hours.

Goods to the value of £3,500,000 were lost by the Port of London last year, announces the Pilferage Company of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, and the pilferage claims paid by shipping companies the year after the armistice were twenty times as heavy as those of pre-war days.

AN automatic telephone exchange capable of accommodating 1,000 subscribers was opened recently at Hull.

NEARLY six million men were disabled during the war, according to statistics compiled by the International Labour Bureau. These 5,911,000 victims were distributed among the belligerent countries as follows: France, 1,500,000; Great Britain, 1,170,000; Italy, 570,000; Poland, 320,000; United States, 246,000; Czecho-Slovakia, 175,000; Austria, 164,000; Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, 154,000; Canada, 88,000; Rumania, 84,000; Belgium, 40,000; Germany, 1,400,000.

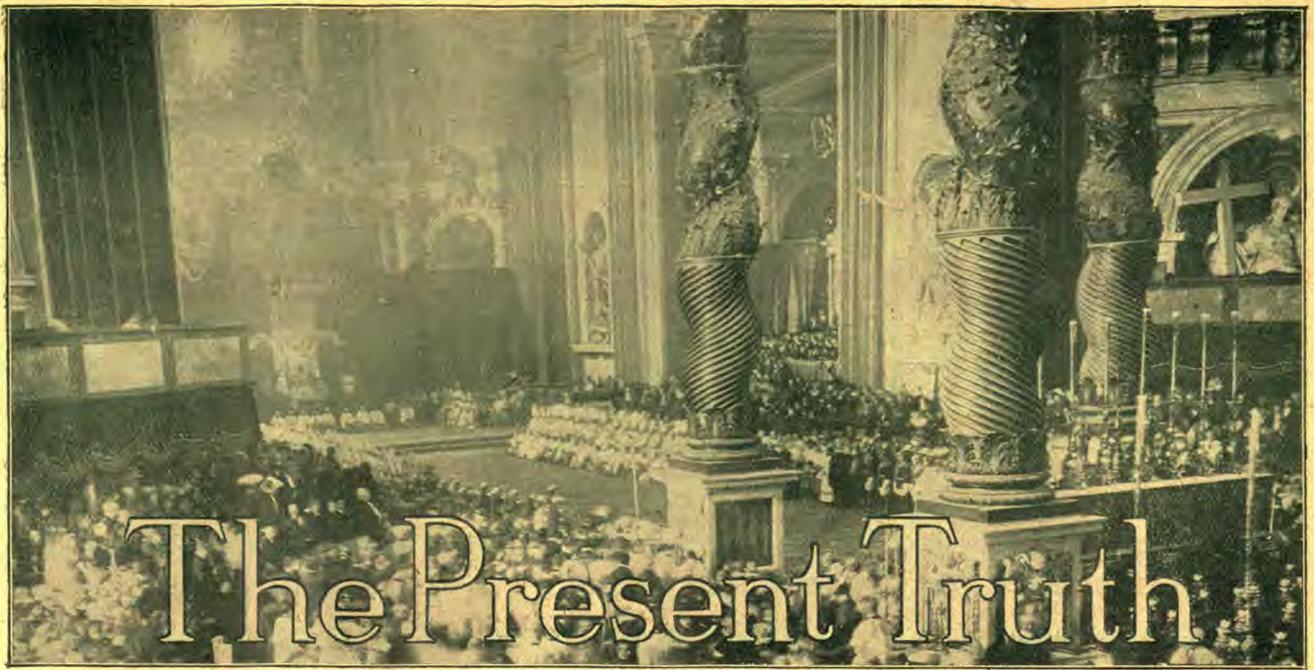
MORRO DO CASTELLO, the hill, 200 feet high, which rises to the west of Rio de Janeiro, is being reduced to a plain by the pumping of water upon it at the rate of 20,000 gallons a minute. In spite of its interesting historical associations the city will be glad to be rid of it, for besides blocking a fine view it occupies space in the city's busiest section which could profitably be used for building purposes. The work was commenced in December by a New York firm of engineers and will be completed in a little over a year. Except for one rock, which will be removed by dynamite, the hill is to be worn down little by little by the water thrown upon it from the three pumps, driven by powerful motors at the base.

CHINA'S foreign trade is said to have increased 500 per cent within the last thirty years.

OF the 37,000,000 acres of land in England and Wales, under 27,000,000 acres are cultivated, and of Scotland's 19,000,000 acres only 5,000,000 are under cultivation.

SWITZERLAND has recently put into operation a scheme for the distribution of electrical energy from that country to various stations in the plain of Lombardy. Part of the supply will pass through the French mining districts of Nancy and Vencey, a distance of over four hundred miles.

INDISPENSABLE as compositors and linotype operators have been considered, during a recent strike the Paris editions of the "Daily Mail" and the "New York Herald" were printed without the aid of a single compositor. On the first day of the strike Mr. P. A. Goudie and Mr. Laurence Hills—the directors of the two papers—decided to unite their journals for the duration of the strike, and soon every available person who could use a typewriter was busy carefully typing the copy in long narrow strips, the width of ordinary newspaper columns. The "dummy" was then "pasted up" and a photograph taken of the page. Then metal casts were obtained by the usual stereotyping methods and the pages were ready for the press. The paper was, of course, much inferior to the usual news sheet in neatness of appearance, but it is possible that the triumph of these two editors may lead some ingenious inventor to produce a special typewriter for use in printing and so do away with the intricate and cumbersome lino. There may even come a day when writers will be required to hand in their copy ready for printing!



IN His memorable sermon on the mount, the divine Founder of the Christian religion proposed a rule by which all teaching and practice may be fully and finally tested:—

“By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. . . . Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them.” Matt. 7:16-20, A.R.V.

That the Master meant to set forth a test whereby men could decide between the teachings of various religious systems seems clear from the words which follow those quoted above:—

“Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father Who is in heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by Thy name, and by Thy name cast out demons, and by Thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity.” Verses 21-23.

Tested, by this divinely pro-

Some Fruits of Roman Catholicism

By EDGAR L. MAXWELL.

(The writer of this article has lived and worked and travelled extensively in South America, and is well qualified to summarize the results of Roman Catholic rule in politics and religion in Latin America.)

posed rule, how does the Roman Catholic system appear? Do its fruits—its activities, its results in the home, the community, the state, and the world—mark it as a good tree? Surely something in the history of the long centuries during which the church—the mother church, as it is sometimes called—grew to power, reigned supreme over the nations, and arrived at its present state, will disclose the answer to our question, Do the fruits of the Roman Catholic Church indicate that the tree is good?

The above picture shows a scene in St. Peter's, Rome, during the coronation of Pope Pius XI. Though at the centre of this system called the papacy there is much pomp and lavish extravagance, at its extremities, as this article reveals, it fosters vice, crime, and ignorance.

BECAUSE THE SYSTEM IS BAD IS NOT EVIDENCE THAT EVERY ADHERENT IS.

To the Catholic reader who may peruse this article we wish to say that it is not for a moment denied that in the mighty sweep of time and in all lands the church has counted in her communion many great and good men. But while we wish to ascribe honour to whom honour is due, we feel constrained to affirm that these rare spirits were not the fruit of the system embodied in the church, but rather manifestations of what the power of Christ can do with an individual in spite of the erroneous dogmas and teachings of a system with which he may be connected. Almost without exception, these men have sought to correct the abuses which have cursed the church in every age. Many times they were persecuted with the full approval of the hierarchy of their times, only to be canonized by that of a later date. The recent case of the canonization of Joan of Arc is illustrative of the fact.

GOOD MEN SOMETIMES BELIEVE ERROR.

Neither do we infer that members of the Roman communion are bad simply because they are members of that communion, any more than we could conclude that

every man is "crooked" who may perchance have to travel over a crooked road. Good men may be mistaken and may innocently believe error. But the error is none the less so because good men may believe it to be the truth. If the fruits of Catholicism prove it to be a corrupt tree, then those who may have grown up under its influence should have every opportunity to become acquainted with the true nature of the tree that seems to shelter them, and in whose shade they hope to find repose.

And what are these fruits? To find them, let us not take Catholicism as it is found in England and in the United States, where an enlightened public opinion, largely formed from the ideals of the Reformation and the keen competition of an evangelical ministry, demands a stricter morality in every human activity—social, political and religious—but let us go to countries where, according to the boast of the

church herself, these reform doctrines have influenced but little the uninterrupted sway of the church over men and nations.

The writer spent a number of years in Spanish America, both north and south of the Equator, has lived in, and travelled through, those countries from the Rio Grande to Buenos Aires, and has become familiar with the language and life of the people. Almost from the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, the Catholic Church has had a free and unhindered hand in shaping the destinies of those countries. They were conquered and settled by Spaniards from the Iberian Peninsula, a country which, in the first third of the sixteenth century, was easily the most imposing and powerful nation of the world.

The virile young king of Spain, Charles V, was master of an empire that included all the richest and most powerful parts of Europe. In the Western Continent

his sailors had just discovered, and his soldiers had just conquered, a new world, rich, extensive, and inviting. He was an ardent partisan of the Roman Church, and to her priests he gave every facility that they might conquer, for the Christ they preached, all the nations of savages and barbarians that filled the New World. Certainly, if the Roman Church ever desired a virgin field in which to flourish and grow and produce her best fruits, the patronage of Charles V and the territory of the two Americas were all that could be asked.

That the church sought to improve her opportunity and that her efforts met with wonderful success in certain lines, is seen in the fact that the language of a handful of Spaniards and the religion of a few hundreds of priests soon became the language and religion of thousands of native tribes. Within three hundred years the peoples of Spanish America had become thoroughly Latinized.

All these circumstances combine to constitute the results of the Roman Catholic conquest in Latin America the best of tests of the goodness of the "tree." And what are these fruits?

HAS IT PRODUCED IDEAL HOMES?

The double standard—one degree of morality for women and another for men—undermines the felicity of the home. The church constitutes matrimony a sacrament, and therefore forbids divorce, even on Scriptural grounds, with the result that spouses separate and contract relations with others, often rearing whole families of illegitimate children. This evil is so general that a large per cent of the children of the countries where the influence of the church has been most pronounced is thus stigmatized. Even the priests make little effort to hide the well-nigh universal concubinage which they practice.

The evangelical missionary societies that have recently begun work in Latin American countries require persons living together without having been married, to be married when they become converted and desire to unite with the mission churches. I have known of instances where twenty and thirty couples have been thus married at one time, after having embraced Protes-



Carrying a crucifix through the streets of Madrid. A familiar sight in Catholic countries. The picture forcibly reminds one of the second commandment.

tant evangelical Christianity. At one time I witnessed the marriage of a man and woman whose eight children, ranging from eighteen years down to two years, were the guests of honour at the wedding.

As a builder of home life and as a support of marital faithfulness, Roman Catholicism has signally failed in those countries where the church has enjoyed full control of the religious activities of the people and the support of the state.

HAS IT FOUGHT IGNORANCE AND ILLITERACY?

Popular education in all these countries has been under the absolute control of the clergy during nearly four hundred years, and yet the masses are unable to read; are, in fact, illiterate. The native races have learned the language of the priests, but they live as they formerly lived, in ignorance, vice, and filth. That they are capable of instruction is abundantly proved by the readiness with which they may be educated in practical lines in the relatively few cases where some of the now liberal governments have taken a hand in educational matters, and where missionary societies have begun work. In the Lake Titicaca region, the Seventh-Day Adventist mission has three thousand children in its mission schools, under the instruction of fifty native teachers, all trained since 1912. These children are hungry for learning, and advance rapidly. As an educational institution, after four centuries of opportunity, Roman Catholicism in South America has failed miserably. The fruit is certainly anything but good fruit.

IT HAS DOMINATED BOTH POLITICS AND RELIGION.

In the matter of political government in Latin America the church has always been a tremendous factor. The colonial governors during three centuries were under the control of the hierarchy which ruled from Rome through the court of Spain. The history of those days is an almost unbroken story of misrule, intrigue, oppression, public robbery, and blood. And even today, owing to the fact that the spirit of the church is opposed to

(Continued on page 14)



The Number of the Beast

By C. P. BOLLMAN.

(The wide attention given recently to the Papacy makes this article of special interest.)

AS between Protestants and Roman Catholics one of the most hotly contested texts in the entire Bible is Revelation 13:18: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six."

To the writer it seems clear that these words refer to the papacy as headed by the Bishop of Rome, whose chief claim is that he is the vicar of Christ, or as expressed in Latin, *Vicarius Filii Dei*—Vicar of the Son of God.

Of course this explanation of the text is stoutly resisted by Roman Catholics, but that it is the true exegesis will appear from the following excerpts taken from a number of the most reliable and authoritative sources:—

"The pope is the vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter, and the visible head of the church."—*Manual of Christian Doctrine*, Philadelphia, John Joseph McVey, 1914, p. 123.

"*Beatus Petrus in terris Vicarius Filii Dei videtur esse constitutus* [Blessed Peter seems to have been appointed the vicar of the Son of God on earth]."—*Decretum Gratiani*, prima pars, dist. xcvi ("Decretum of Gratian," part one, division 96).

"We hold upon this earth the place of God Almighty."—*Pope Leo XIII*, in an

encyclical letter, June 20, 1894; "The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII, p. 304, New York, Benziger Brothers.

"The title Pope, once used with far greater latitude, is at present employed solely to denote the Bishop of Rome, who, in virtue of his position as successor of St. Peter, is the chief pastor of the whole church, the vicar of Christ upon earth."—*The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. XII, art. "Pope," p. 260.

"The kissing of the pope's foot—the characteristic act of reverence by which all the faithful do honour to him as the vicar of Christ—is found as early as the eighth century."—*Id.*, p. 270.

"The number indicated by the letters of his name." Rev. 13:17.—*Twentieth Century New Testament*.

"It means the number which is made up by reducing the numeral power of each of the letters of which the name is composed, and bringing it to a sum total."—*Dr. S. T. Bloomfield's "Greek Testament with English Notes," Note on Rev. 13:17, Vol. II, p. 175.*

"Verse 18. Six hundred sixty-six. The numeral letters of his name shall make up this number."—*Douay (Catholic) Bible, Note on Rev. 13:18.*

"The plain meaning is, that the number 666 would be so connected with his name, or with that which would properly designate him, that it could be determined who was meant by finding that number in his name or in his proper designation. . . The number 666 would be expressed by his name in some well-understood method of computation."—*Dr. Albert Barnes, on Rev. 13:18.*

"The method of reading generally adopted is that known as the *Ghematria* of the rabbins, which assigns each letter of a name its usual numerical value, and gives the sum of such numbers as the equivalent of the name."—*Word Stud-*

ies in the New Testament," Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., note on Rev. 13:18.

"It is to be observed as a singular circumstance, that the title, VICARIUS FILII DEI (Vicar of the Son of God), which the popes of Rome have assumed to themselves, . . . exactly makes the number of 666, when deciphered according to the numeral signification of its constituent letters, thus:—

V	I	C	A	R	I	V	S		F	I	L	I	I		D	E	I
5	1	100	1	5					1	50	1	1			500	1	

"The number of the beast . . . 666." —"Our Bible Chronology," Rev. R. C. Shimeall, p. 180, New York, 1859.

Touching the former practice of using a single character for U and V a widely recognized authority says:—

"U (u). 1. The twenty-first letter and fifth vowel of the English alphabet. It is a cursive form of the letter V, with which it was formerly used interchangeably, both letters being used either as vowel or consonant (like I and J: cf. J). As early as the tenth century, however, V came to be used by preference as the capital initial form, and U as the uncial or cursive medial form. The consonantal sound usually occurring initially and the vowel or semivowel sound medially, V gradually became specialized to represent the former and U the latter, but small U and small V were used interchangeably as late as the fifteenth century. In dictionaries of English, U and V were not given separate alphabetical positions until about 1800."—*Webster's New International Dictionary*, 1913.

As recently as 1915, a Catholic priest and editor, of Huntingdon, Ind., in answering a question, "What are the letters supposed to be in the pope's crown, and what do they signify, if anything?" said:—

"The letters inscribed in the pope's mitre are these: *Vicarius Filii Dei*, which is the Latin for 'Vicar of the Son of God.' Catholics hold that the church, which is a visible society, must have a visible head. Christ, before His ascension into heaven, appointed St. Peter to act as His representative. Upon the death of Peter the man who succeeded to the office of Peter as Bishop of Rome, was recognized as head of the church. Hence to the Bishop of Rome, as head of the church, was given the title 'Vicar of Christ.'" — *Our Sunday Visitor*, "Bureau of Information," Huntingdon, Ind., April 18, 1915.

The writer does not insist, however, that even this statement from an unquestioned Roman Catholic source is positive proof that the words in question are, or ever were, inscribed upon the papal tiara. It is positively stated that no such title now appears upon the triple crown. It is not customary thus to inscribe a crown, though it may be that this title has thus appeared upon special occasions. However, little importance need be attached

to such an occasional appearance of this title, nor yet to its entire absence, if that should be established. It is not denied by anyone that *Vicarius Filii Dei* is one of the titles of the pope; yea, in respect to its meaning and importance that it is the very chiefest of them all; and this fact is not rendered either more or less significant by its presence upon, or absence from, the papal regalia.

The use of the title is not denied, but admitted rather, and this is confirmed by the efforts of the papacy to break the force of

The Day's Work.

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him to-day?
This day is almost over and its toiling time is through;
Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend that came along,
Or a churlish sort of "howdy" and then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along the way,
Or is someone gladly grateful for a word you paused to say?

Can you say to-night, in parting with the day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or lose it; was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say
You have earned one more to-morrow by the work you did to-day?

—Edgar A. Guest.

the fact by showing that the number six hundred threescore and six can be just as readily made up from the numerical letters of other names. The number is, however, only one of several marks of identification. One writer has called attention to this fact in the following clear statement:—

"He [the beast of Revelation 13] that hath all the characters of antichrist's doctrine, and hath a name which, in the numeral letters, makes up 666, he is antichrist; but to the pope both these do agree."—*Mr. James Durham, professor of divinity in Glasgow (1658), on Rev. 13:18, "Exposition of the Book of Revelation," John Bryce's edition, Glasgow, 1764.*

Another writer makes a similar statement, thus:—

"The reference of this numerical mystery to Nero, which seems to be opposed by the weightiest reasons, decides nothing on the main question, since in any case this so mysteriously significant name cannot be simply a personal name, but a designation of the essential characteristic."—"Biblical Theology of the New Testament," Dr. Bernhard Weiss, comment on Rev. 13:18, Vol. II, p. 257.

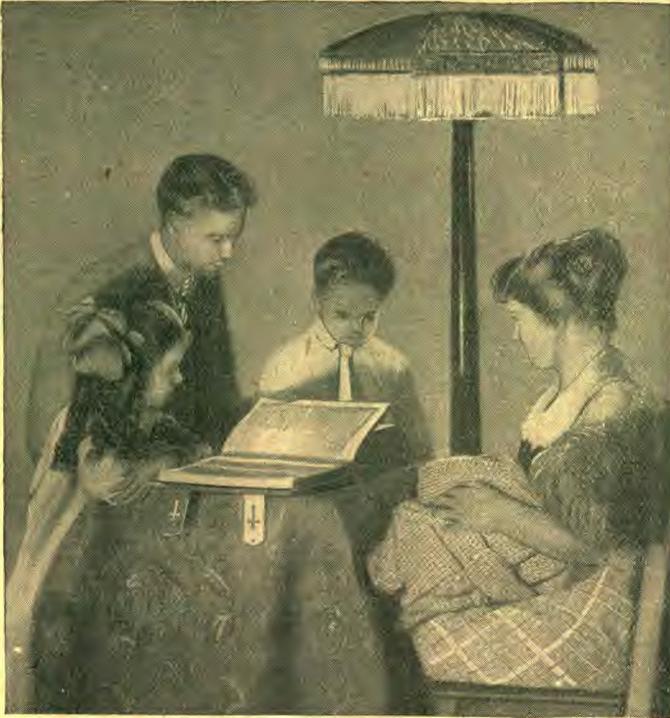
Here is the real touchstone; does the pope, the head of the papal system, bear a name or title the numerical value of which is 666? and is this in addition to the other characteristics pointed out in the same prophecy? If so, there can be no mistake in asserting that the name or title is *Vicarius Filii Dei*, and that the papacy is the system described in the prophecy of the thirteenth chapter of the book of Revelation and denominated the "beast."

People Who Are Loved.

THE people who win their way into the inmost recesses of other hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-forgetfulness, and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better natures of others. Most of us know of persons who have appealed to us in this way. We have many friends who are most beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the plain-faced man or woman who never makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency. And if it came to a time of real stress, when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should choose above all to go to this plain-faced man or woman, certain that we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position and difficulties, and a readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take. If you could look into human hearts you would be surprised at the faces they enshrine there, because beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face or form, and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unaffected human goodness and sympathy.—*Selected.*

"LEARN the luxury of doing good."

Half Hours with the Bible.



The Love of God.

1. WHAT is God declared to be?

"God is love." 1 John 4:16.

2. How great is God's love for the world?

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

3. In what act especially has God's love been manifested?

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." 1 John 4:9.

4. In what does God delight?

"Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy." Micah 7:18.

5. How are His mercies continually manifested?

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is Thy faithfulness." Lam. 3:22, 23.

6. Upon how many does God bestow His blessings?

"He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Matt. 5:45.

7. What did Jesus say of the one who loves Him?

"He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself unto him." John 14:21.

8. Into what relationship to God does His love bring us?

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." 1 John 3:1.

9. How may we know that we are the sons of God?

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. . . . The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. 8:14-16.

10. How is the love of God supplied to the believer?

"And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Rom. 5:5.

11. In view of God's great love to us, what ought we to do?

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." 1 John 4:11.

12. With what measure of love should we serve others?

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." 1 John 3:16.

"Sanctify
them
through
Thy truth:
Thy Word
is truth."



13. Upon what ground does God's work for sinners rest?

"But God, Who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Eph. 2:4-6. See Titus 3:5, 6.

14. In what other way is God's love sometimes shown?

"For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Heb. 12:6.

15. In view of God's great love, what may we confidently expect?

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Rom. 8:32.

16. What is God's love able to do for His children?

"Nevertheless the Lord thy God would not hearken unto Balaam; but the Lord thy God turned the curse into a blessing unto thee, because the Lord thy God loved thee." Deut. 23:5.

17. When men appreciate God's love, what will they do?

"How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings." Psa. 36:7.

18. How enduring is God's love for us?

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. 31:3.

19. Can anything separate the true child of God from the love of God?

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8:38, 39.

20. Unto whom will the saints for ever ascribe praise?

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, . . . to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Rev. 1:5, 6.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets." Amos 3:7.



Compare your newspaper stand the

A Great Disaster.

PERHAPS not since the day when Samson brought death and destruction upon the Philistines has so great a disaster befallen an assembly of people as that which occurred recently in the city of Washington, D.C. Some hundreds of people were gathered in one of the newest and largest cinemas when suddenly the great roof, unable to sustain the weight of snow gathered upon it, collapsed, the whole structure of steel and concrete crashing down on the audience below. For the majority of the merry-making crowd death was instantaneous, although many lingered all night beneath the wreckage until the rescuers could cut their way through. Our cover picture gives some idea of the scene of devastation the morning following the calamity.

The sad event will doubtless go down in history as one of the greatest of cinema disasters. But great as was this tragedy we believe there is a greater. We think of the millions, the world over—many of them young boys and girls—who visit day by day these schools of sin. We see them pouring out in their multitudes, with minds soiled, consciences seared and moral standards lowered. Was there ever so great a disaster as this? In a time when men and women of sterling character, pure minds and lofty ideals are needed as never before, the youth of our country are being daily fed upon the unholy productions of debased minds. What will be the harvest?

A few days ago the "Times" published a special cinema supplement dealing with various phases of this modern industry. One

article dealt with the censorship of the film, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor gave a list of sixty-seven varieties which he, as film censor, condemns. We would not soil our pages by printing the odious catalogue of bestiality and crime. Of course these are the classes supposed to be banned, but we are of the opinion that scores are produced, despite the censorship, which should never appear before the eyes of man.

One will argue that all films are not wicked. We agree. There are many that are educational and of great value, but, unfortunately, they are usually so intermixed with others that are vile that one must needs be poisoned while awaiting the good. If we would preserve the purity of our minds and prevent the greatest of disasters befalling our souls we would do well to find our education and recreation elsewhere.

Solving Labour Problems.

THERE are not many large industries in this country which can boast of having come through the past three critical years without suffering from strikes or some form of industrial unrest. But in the United States there is one firm at least which has known no labour troubles during this trying period. The secret of this success has been made public by the president of the company, and business directors in this country might profitably take a leaf out of his book.

The firm is the A. Nash Company, clothing manufacturers in Cincinnati, and the following testimony is given by Mr. Arthur Nash, the president:—

"I do not say merely that the applica-

tion of the Golden Rule in our factory has solved all the labour troubles. It has done more. It has driven out hatred, strife and selfishness; it has ushered in goodwill, co-operation, and happiness. The initial year of our experiment, 1919, was a year of strikes. *We* had none! The following year, 1920, was a year of non-production. The A. Nash Co. increased production over 1,000 per cent. We made several increases of wages during 1919, but we found our profits so large that we had to make another increase and propose a profit-sharing system. Then an unparalleled thing happened. Instead of our proposal that each worker's share should be in proportion to his wages, the higher-paid workers drew up a petition urging that the lower-paid workers receive the same surplus as they, on the ground, they said, that this would be in better accord with the Golden Rule policy of the Company."

Evidently it pays to bring Christianity into commerce.



A remarkable photograph shows the past ninety years. The picture De Witt Clinton, the first railway engine, is a striking commentary on the great increase of knowledge in the

INTERPRETED

your Bible and under-
the times.



*"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place."
2 Peter 1 : 19.*

Burying a Battleship.

It has been suggested that as a symbol of the peace work done by the Washington Conference the Americans are going to take one of their battleships out into mid-ocean and, after an elaborate funeral service, send her to the bottom with colours flying.

The doomed battleship is said to be the Kentucky, an obsolete vessel. If it were to be the Tennessee or the Maryland, the latest additions to the fleet, the value of the symbol would certainly be greater.

But in any case let not anyone imagine for a moment that the sinking of this vessel will mark the end of strife. We remember that quite a number of battleships were sunk in much the same way

not many months ago at Scapa Flow—without making a very substantial addition to the cause of peace. It may be good to sink battleships but is it not the sins of the world—that make wars possible—which need to be sunk in the depths? The peace of the world will ever be commensurate with the extent of its conversion.

We admire the zeal of our American friends for peace, and pray God's blessing on their efforts; nevertheless we cannot shut our eyes to the revelations of prophecy which tell us that to the end of this sinful age there will be strife, culminating at the last—despite all efforts for peace—in the mighty international conflict of Armageddon. Rev. 16.

A Great Civilizing Agent.

In these days when Higher Criticism abounds and it is more popular to ridicule than to uphold the Bible, it is profoundly gratifying to find one of our leading dailies speaking in terms of highest praise of this Book.

The eulogy appeared a few weeks ago when the British and Foreign Bible Society was appealing for funds to enable it to carry on its work. Said the "Daily Telegraph":—

"Few institutions deserve as much commendation and support as the British and Foreign Bible Society. It has carried on its activities for some 117 years, and refused to let the grass grow under its feet in the way of new translations of the Bible into alien tongues. It engages in no disturbing polemics. Its aim is throughout a single and effective one—a distribution of the Bible throughout the world. . . .

"At the present time the amount of work which has been done is simply stupendous. Over 500 different languages have been successfully dealt with, and the Bible, or parts of the Bible, have

been distributed in something over 450 different countries.

"Unhappily, owing to difficulties of printing and the general cost of production, the Society has found itself hampered in many ways, because, for example, its popular editions now cost three or four times as much as they did before the war. A sum of £75,000 is needed in order that the efficiency of the work may be maintained. We can hardly imagine in the case of an institution like this that it would be allowed, not to perish, for that is impossible, but to have its value lessened. For in what words can we justly celebrate the work of a society which for 117 years has placed the Holy Scriptures before multitudes of different readers, encouraged as they are to become students and to acquire some Gospel of hope and consolation?"

"In the first place, the Society is a great civilizing agent, and in this respect the whole of the civilized world and the British peoples, especially in Africa and Asia, are their debtors. Language is one of the great civilizing instruments, and the formation of a grammar and a dictionary is the first step to the further reforms with which the Society is primarily concerned.

"Not merely on material grounds, however, do we welcome the missionary zeal of the Society. Its own programme of work always keeps steadily in view its great and august object, which is that the Gospel should be preached to every creature, whatever be his race or colour, whatever barbarous region he may inhabit. Nor, indeed, ought we to omit to add that at the present crisis the circulation of the Bible throughout the world would seem to be a most hopeful feature."

Following this the writer went on to intimate that only by the promulgation of the Gospel of the Book could the discords of men be healed and goodwill established on the earth.

So infrequently do our newspapers dare to insert anything of a "religious" character, that this comment is particularly pleasing. If only the press would endeavour to print more matter of this sort it might itself become, in a new and better sense than it is at present, a "great civilizing agent."



progress made in locomotives during
en on the ninetieth "birthday" of the
rated in the State of New York. The
s of the prophet Daniel foretelling the
Dan 12:4.



HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

"They made Him a supper; and Martha served." John 12:2.

"Yea, Lord!—Yet some must serve,
Not all, with tranquil heart,
Even at Thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
May sit apart.

"Yea, Lord!—Yet some must bear,
The burden of the day.
Its labour and its heat,
While others at Thy feet,
May muse and pray.

"Yea, Lord!—Yet some must do,
Life's daily task-work; some
Who fain would sing must toil
Amid earth's dust and moil,
While lips are dumb.

"Yea, Lord!—Yet men must earn,
And women bake the bread,
And some must watch and wake,
Early for other's sake,
Who pray instead.

"Yea, Lord!—Yet even Thou
Has need of daily care.
I bring the bread and wine,
To Thee, O Guest Divine
Be this my prayer."

—J. R. Miller, D.D. in *"Come Ye Apart."*

Cold Storage Homes

By I. H. STEVENS.



NOTED writer has the following to say about home: "A home where love is expressed in words and looks and deeds is a place where angels love to manifest their presence and hallow the same by rays of light and glory." As I read that I thought to myself, what a warm, cheerful place that must be—a home hallowed by the light and glory of the angels!

And then I thought again—this time with a feeling of sadness tugging at my heart—of the thousands, millions, perhaps, of homes where love is *not* expressed in words and looks and deeds, homes where rays of angelic light and glory never enter; where kind words, sympathy, and praise are crushed out by scolding, criticism, and family quarrels, where the affections are studiously repressed, to be demonstrative being considered a weakness and undignified.

Such homes always remind me

of cold-storage factories. Did you ever visit one?

CHILLED TO THE BONE.

Two hours' ride by train from Argentine's capital, Buenos Aires, is located the city of La Plata, considered to be the most beautiful and artistically laid-out city of its size in the whole republic. Armour's have an immense cold-storage factory there, where thousands of tons of meat are stored for shipping.

Upon entering the establishment great padded doors shut behind you, preventing a breath of warm outside air from entering. Once inside the ice chamber, so radical is the change of atmosphere that one feels as though he had passed from a midsummer's day into Greenland's icy mountains. There in long rows hang hundreds of beeves frozen stiff. It needs but a few moments to make one feel chilled to the bone—your blood seems to fairly coagulate. Shivering and all a-

chatter you beg the guide to open the doors. What a relief to get out into the sunshine and thaw a bit!

Now too many homes are just like that—veritable refrigerators where the atmosphere is enough to "freeze the genial currents of the soul." So much time is taken up with pointing out the failures, faults, and blunders, that the kind, tender words must go unsaid.

NOT FOR THE HEART.

Of course, cold-storage has its place. It is the best known method of preserving food and annihilating offensive odours; but it never was intended as treatment for human hearts in the home. It takes the sunshine of smiles, the warmth of the tender embrace, the breath of kind, gentle words, and the dew of praise to draw out the sweet fragrance of the flowers of the human heart, and give to them their delicate tints.

Why, I wonder, should we be so sparing of our words of love and praise in our own homes? The whole world is suffering from war, sorrow, and pestilence. Never before has it so needed the soothing touch of love. And our homes need it most of all.

Do we realize that all about us—right around our family hearths—thousands are starving for the word of love, praise, or sympathy that is due to them? Why should we withhold that which costs us nothing to give and means so much to them?

Strange that we should find in business and society so much affectation of politeness and formal courtesy, and in the home a dearth of tenderness, love, and Christian courtesy. Why should we be so sparing with our praise among those nearest and dearest to us, and at the same time lavish favours and compliments upon those we scarcely know?

WOULDN'T HURT ANYBODY'S FEELINGS.

In "polite society" when a thing is good, or beautiful, or well done, we do not hesitate to say so, and with emphasis. In fact, the tendency is to go too far in the matter of praise, often stretching our sense of truth or conscience in order to make a complimentary remark. That is only "good form," we say. Of course, we do not want to hurt anybody's feelings.

Oh, that there were more "good form" in the family circle—that we were so thoughtful of the feelings of those who love us most! As Margaret Sangster puts it:—

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for 'our own' the bitter tone
Though we love 'our own' the best."

And why do we do it? If courtesy and praise are helpful and necessary to the success of any business—and we know they are—how much more do we need them in the home, the cradle of all virtues and the model of society?

Home, home! sweet home! How restful, how soothing, the sound of that wonderful word, A little kingdom, a paradise, a heaven itself within four walls. That is what our homes may be if we pour into them all the love, praise, kindness, and courtesy that they will hold, and more—let them overflow with it.

"I Envy You."

By M. M. BROWNLY.

TO-DAY I received a letter from a friend who said she envied me. "I always wanted to do literary work," she wrote. "It was the dream of my girlhood, the ideal of my college days. But you know Charles and I were married a week after graduation. The next year the twins came, and since then there have always been clothes to make and mend and wash, numberless meals to get, and dishes—oh, endless dishes to wash! How I envy you! With time to write and leisure to read—you who are free, with someone else to get your meals and wash your dishes; you who can be dressed up morning as well as afternoon! Of course, Charles is the best man in all the world, and I love him, absent-minded, busy doctor that he is; and Barbara and Robert and little Peggy Lou are darlings, noisy and trying as they are; but oh, if I only had time for some of the finer things of life! If only my family didn't always and for ever have to be fed and clothed! Yes, I certainly do envy you—with an envy that might be qualified as green!"

And when I had finished reading, I folded the letter with a tiny sigh, as this homely old verse flashed through my mind:—

"As a rule a man's a fool:
When it's hot, he wants it cool;
When it's cool, he wants it hot—
Always wanting what is not."

That's just the way we are! This woman envies me because I have time to write—which as a matter of fact I haven't—and because I can "be dressed up morning as well as afternoon!" By which I suppose she means that I can wear the habiliments of the business world to my office, instead of a pretty cotton dress or bungalow apron about the house!

I wish she could steal along beside me some evening, unseen and unknown as I go home from work, and know—just for her own sake—how my courage sinks, and what a wave of heartsick longing comes over me as the lift door clangs shut, and as my latchkey opens the silent, unlighted apartment I call "home." Oh, yes, it is cosy,

and there is no one to disturb its perfect order, but I must either eat a lonely meal—which, by the way, I prepare myself—or go out to a restaurant. I love my work, taxing as I find it. I am comfortable in my part of a house, lonely as it is. I am happy in the companionship of a multitude of friends, and the best that is obtainable in art and literature. Yes, I have every creature comfort, I suppose, but that a woman who is the centre of a home should envy me—Oh, no, never!

If only happy women could know when they are happy, what a change it would make in this old world! If my friend would only stop to think how really trivial are the things which annoy her! What it would mean to her not to have the big-hearted, adoring Charles coming eagerly home when office hours are over, hoping he may enjoy an evening with her undisturbed; or the noisy, hungry little children rushing in from school or play! If only she would stop to do this, I am sure she would quickly clutch her happiness to her heart lest it escape her.

The woman with what you home-keepers please to call a "career," must make her happiness out of her philosophy. She knows—even if she will not admit it—that she has missed the most wonderful thing in life, and so she takes the next best, and makes the most of it. A successful career is something of which to be proud. In her work she is serving others, and in this consciousness finds serenity, joy, and a measure of contentment. But she knows that the little neighbour whose husband hurries home to her at night, whose children rush in with "mother" on their lips, whose name may never find its way into print, is a far happier woman than she.

Envy me? O happy-woman-who - doesn't - know - it, *don't!* There are many flowers to brighten the solitary way, but those of us who are travelling it have all the reason in the world to envy you, who have for your own the greatest thing in the whole wide, weary world.



As Others See Us.

HELEN is writing a book on etiquette," said my young nephew to me the other day, casting a smiling glance toward his sister.

"A book on etiquette!" I exclaimed.

"No, I'm not, auntie," Helen hastened to defend herself. "I'm just adding something to my self-improvement notebook."

"Which sounds even more interesting," I replied. "You have not told me about this, Helen. Another new idea of yours?"

"Well, yes," said Helen laughing, and as we are the best of chums, she settled herself beside me, book in hand, and allowed me to look over her notes.

They were neatly written and well arranged. The classification was unique. Some of the headings were, "Things I Like in Other People," "Things I Don't Like in Others," "Things I Don't Like in Myself," "Helpful Criticisms." Besides these, there were classified columns of clippings on the correct ways of doing things—in fact, all kinds of useful information.

"Maybe you think it is not a good idea to write these things," she said, indicating the heading, "Things I Don't Like in Others," "but I do it merely for my own benefit. It helps me to avoid doing those things myself."

I glanced over the column. It interested me. Some of the items were as follows:—

"1. Miss A has a most disconcerting way of examining my clothes from head to foot while talking with me. I shouldn't mind the casual survey—in fact, I like that quick appraising glance some folks give—but the critical 'I-must-re-

member-how-that's-made" examination makes me feel decidedly 'censored,' and I almost forget what I'm talking about.

"2. I don't like the way Glenna says, 'Oh my, isn't she all dressed up!' (with a rising inflection on the 'isn't') just because I happen to be wearing something new.

"3. I don't like Ellen's pointed questions about my personal affairs. After I have been with her for an hour, I hate myself for my lack of ingenuity in evading her queries. But it is hard to do, because Ellen is such a good girl, and does not realize the seriousness of her fault.

"4. I don't like Jack Cameron's way of being friendly and pleasant whenever he meets me, and then saying little, disparaging things about me to the other boys.

"5. I hope Mary will never ask me to deliver another note for her. She sealed it before handing it to me, just as if she feared I would read it.

"6. I don't like to sit near anyone who deliberately and unblushingly reads what I am writing, when he knows it is not intended for him.

"7. I don't like Henrietta's way of always appearing to be planning something just for me, when in reality she is pleasing herself. I do like frankness in people.

"8. I do not approve of the superior airs Janet Marks assumes toward her younger brother. She treats him like a child, and I think he hates it.

"9. I really think Marie takes delight in being cruel sometimes. I have actually seen her coolly watch the face of a person to whom she has given an unkind thrust. And though she professes to love me dearly, she has dared, in my presence, to make cutting remarks about my very best friends.

"10. It was hard to forgive Ann when, after entrusting her with a special bit of confidence, she exclaimed unfeelingly, 'Oh, that's nothing!'

"Misplaced confidence is one of the most humiliating things in the world."

"Helen," I exclaimed, "your notebook is a decided revelation."

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselfs as others see us!"

ARLINE LENON.

Some Queer Facts.

HAVE you ever thought how curious are some insects, fishes, and animals, when we come to examine them?

A starfish, for instance, has no nose; but it uses the whole of its underside with which to smell.

Another curious creature is the "coat-of-mail" shellfish, for its eyes are not on its body, where we should naturally look for them but on its shell. The surface of the shell is, in fact, full of eyes, and they glisten like crystals.

A brill fish moves its eyes from one part of the body to the other. When first hatched, the brill has an eye on either side of the head; but as it grows, one of the eyes actually passes over the head, stopping when alongside the other, so that the creature has two eyes on one side of the head, and none on the other side.

Some insects also are very queer. An ant has five noses, all placed in its feelers. It uses these noses for different purposes. One tells the ant whether a nest is its own or not; with the second nose, it tells the difference between the odours of other ants; its third nose discerns the scent laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may be able to retrace its way quite easily; the fourth nose smells the larvæ and the pupæ; while the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy.

The dragon fly has 12,000 lenses in its eye. These enable it to dart from angle to angle very rapidly, and without hurting itself.

The giraffe's eyes are so placed that it can see as well behind as in front; and anyone trying to approach this animal from behind is seen, although the giraffe may seem to be looking the other way.

The hare never closes its eyes. You see, it is not provided with eyelids, though it has a thin membrane that covers the eye during sleep.

Tortoises and turtles have no teeth, and horses have no eyebrows.

G. H. HOLDEN.

The Wonderful Trunk of the Elephant.

IN many ways an elephant's trunk is the most wonderful part of a wonderful animal. Besides its smelling ability, it can do many other things.

Your arm moves in many ways

at your shoulder, but you cannot begin to move your arm as many different ways as can the elephant his trunk.

It can turn in any and every direction, and has great strength whichever way the elephant moves it. There is no bone in the trunk, but it is made of muscle and sinew so tough that it can hardly be cut by a knife.

With this trunk the elephant can shoot a stream of water that will put out a fire; lift a tree trunk weighing a ton, and throw it easily; or he can pull just one blade of grass with it. He drinks with his trunk, feeds himself with it, smells with it, and sometimes fights with it.

We hear people say that an elephant is afraid of a mouse; but wise men say that if a mouse should run up an elephant's trunk the elephant would blow it out so hard that it would go a long, long way. There is nothing like an elephant's trunk anywhere else in nature.—*Selected.*

Another Interesting Letter.

A LETTER has reached us lately from Northampton and we are glad to print parts of it for other little readers to enjoy. We thank William for his suggestion and are glad that he still remembers the serial stories of "Uncle Arthur." I shall always be glad to hear from any others who may have suggestions or problems to pass on and will send a pretty Bible calendar to the writer of the best letter.

M.S.

Dear Miss Stockford,

As you have expressed your pleasure in hearing from any of the readers of the children's two pages of THE PRESENT TRUTH, I thought I would write to you.

The PRESENT TRUTH is the most interesting periodical that I read, and the children's two pages are more interesting to me than any other pages in the paper.

How often I look back some years to that wonderful serial story, "Denver & Co., Ltd.," and wish that there was one of those old-time serials in the children's two pages! As you have told us to be free to make any suggestions, may I suggest another serial for the children? The stories that you now print are very interesting, but how nice it would be for the children to look forward each fortnight to the next chapter of a nice serial! I am sure that we would look forward in eager anticipation for the next chapter of the serial.

With Christian greetings and hoping for the future success of the PRESENT TRUTH,

I am,
Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM D. RIDGE.



How Rich Was Mary Haven?

THE voices of the little girls out on the verandah drifted in through the living room windows. Mrs. Winslow smiled to herself.

They were boasting of their riches in a manner as old as humanity.

"I'm going to have a bracelet watch on my birthday. Uncle Jack's going to give it to me." That was Queenie Kern. It was as inevitable that Queenie should have a bracelet watch as that a humming bird should have a jewelled throat.

"I've been to Scotland in a motor-car," Madge Tyson declared triumphantly. "It was grand. We stayed at hotels at night."

"I've an uncle on a farm—that's nicer. I can ride horseback and feed the sheep. We have the most fun. Motor-cars are stupid—you can't do anything with them." That was Anna Louise. Trust her to take the wind out of anybody's sails!

Then Mrs. Winslow held her breath; it would be Nancy's turn next. Did Nancy care most about jewellery and motor-cars? Nancy's voice clear and serene, answered her question.

"My daddy's the best doctor in the world. He knows everything. And he takes me out with him lots."

The listener relaxed happily. She might have been sure of Nancy. Then she realized that little Mary Haven had not yet spoken. The others turned upon her clamorously.

"What have you, Mary Haven?" they asked.

Mrs. Winslow half started from her chair—little Mary Haven, whose mother did such exquisite laundry work. Children could be so cruel all unconsciously. But already Mary was answering.

"Mother and I have the loveliest times. We keep Violet Day and Rose Day and lots of others. There's something nice almost always."

"But what are they? I never heard of Rose Day!" Anna Louise exclaimed.

"Rose Day," Mary Haven explained, "is when the first rose comes. We pick it and put it under father's picture. And mother makes little cakes with pink icing, and we each have one, and then carry the others to somebody sick. Mother says it's one way in which we can thank God for all the beautiful things He has made."

There was an embarrassed silence on the verandah. Somehow Rose Days and bracelet watches did not compare. Then Mrs. Winslow called out:—

"Mary Haven, come in here a minute!"

Mary Haven stepped shyly through the long window and stood before Mrs. Winslow.

"I want you to take something to your mother, Mary," she said. "I want you to tell her that I think her daughter is the richest little girl I know. Do you think you can remember?"—*Youth's Companion.*

Some Fruits of Roman Catholicism.

(Continued from page 5.)

republican institutions, in that the hierarchy is now, and has been ever since the time of Hildebrand, monarchical, absolute, and irresponsible, those who receive their education in the schools of the friars, once they are elevated to the chief magistracy of a country, can rarely ever be unseated except by a revolution. Instead of following the instruction of our divine Lord in the separation of church and state, the priests of the church have striven to control the policies of the state, with the result that both church and state have miserably failed. The fruits of the political branches of the Roman Catholic tree are bad, very bad. The decadence of Spain since the days of her greatness four centuries ago, and the backwardness of her former colonies, due to the unopposed domination of the Church of Rome, constitute damaging evidence of the inherent badness of the tree that produces such fruit.

And in the field of religion, the peculiar province of the church, what have been the fruits? a spiritual uplift, a moral tone, a practical Christianity? We sadly turn from the scene presented by the religious activities of the church in Latin America; a scene of great ceremony and greater sensuality; of multiplied services and shameful superstitions; of crosses, and scapulars, and processions, and gilded temples, and vice, and ignorance, and immorality.

A gentleman of Puno said to me one day as we were passing a village where a religious feast was in progress, "The priest will sell all his liquor to-day at an advanced price and to-morrow will collect the remaining dimes of his dupes for the masses that he will say for the pardon of their sins and excesses." A Peruvian senator told me of a custom of the priests of the interior towns. It was that when a person died, his relatives were given the privilege of burial in a cemetery that was conveniently divided into three parts, "heaven," "purgatory," and "hell." The price varied according to the place chosen. Naturally the ignorant and superstitious natives would resort to every possible means to get together the exorbitant price

asked for the burial of the loved one in "heaven."

INTOLERANT OF OTHER RELIGIONS.

Great and good South Americans have seen the baleful effects of the irreligious religion of Rome, and have denounced her interference in politics. The

Loving Too Late.

Love twines its fairest blossoms for the tomb,
Where rests the dreamless head in calm repose,
And pours its sweetest incense on the stone
That love's last memories disclose!

Too late! alas, and evermore too late!
Love's alabaster cheers not in the grave;
Why not unseal the spikenard sweetness now,
And help the living to be brave?

The moss-grown panels of yon headstone tells,
In graver's art the loss that love has found,
But all in vain the spirit breathes its prayer,
To hearts beneath the silent ground!

Yon blossoms, scattered by the autumn winds,
Once all love-twined, their lessons teach—
"Speak to the living and be kind,
The dead lie all beyond thy reach."
R. HARE.

great Bolivar threw the force of his mighty intellect and influence against it; but a hundred years after his time, Peru still remained in the clutches of the hierarchy. I was living in Peru in 1915 when a small measure of religious liberty was granted after a fierce struggle and a revolution. The fourth article of the Peruvian Constitution then read as follows: "The nation professes the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic

Religion, and protects the same, and forbids the public exercise of any other." An act of the national congress suppressing the words, "and forbids the public exercise of any other," precipitated all the trouble. The act was covertly denounced from Rome; it was condemned by the highest church authorities in the country; and a tremendous effort was made by the various church interests of Lima to intimidate the national congress. But the act was passed, and stands.

In Latin America, where nothing has interfered with the growth of the Roman Catholic tree, and where, therefore, it can be judged the most accurately, its fruit is bad. Judged by every standard, it is bad. Given the most favourable soil in which to develop, it is unmistakably bad. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Little Stumbling Blocks.

It is usually little things that cause us to stumble. We do not fall over a barrel, but we may slip on a piece of orange peel. We should not stumble over a bale of cotton; but if one flaw in the pavement projects a third of an inch we might be brought to grief. We can avoid the bigger things: we are careless about the trifles. The little things cause us to stumble. "Look carefully how you walk." Recollect the importance of details. Life is made up of steps, and incidents, and trifles.—Selected.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of £7 from H.E.S. for the free distribution of PRESENT TRUTH, etc. which will be applied as directed.

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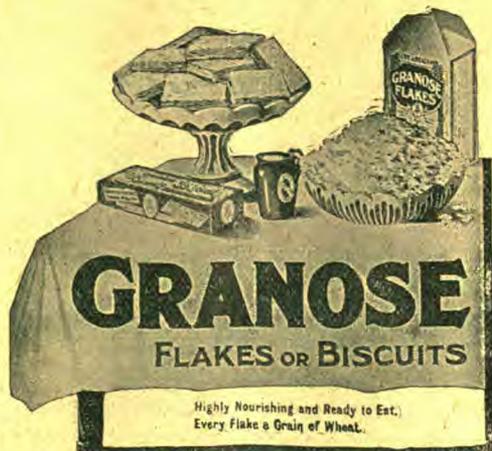
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AS THE MOUNTAINS ARE ROUND ABOUT.

By AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS.

FROM my garden I can look down into the blue waters of the beautiful Lake Geneva—at least they are usually blue—to-day they are dull slate with white wings. Across the lake are the French Alps, and all about us on the other side too are mountains. One grows to depend on them, to feel secure in their permanency, their serenity, their protection. Then suddenly one morning, you awake to find the mists have blotted out your mountains. For days you will not see them. You almost forget their look. You are doubly bereft—in that you lose your sense of loss. So you plod on without their inspiration, forgetting that you once had it.

Then again one morning, just as suddenly, they come back to you—white with snow and purple with shadow. You had forgotten how majestic they were, clear cut against the morning sky.

"Ah, you have come back!" you cry.

"Oh, no, we never left you. We are here always. Only sometimes the mists hide us. We may be hidden again to-morrow; but we are here always."

On another day they are not to be seen. You remind yourself that they are there—only hidden. But before the day is over you find you have lost consciousness of their presence. And again when the mists have lifted, you say, "You have come back to me."

"No," they answer; "We are always here, only you cannot always see us."

You are very slow learning. It is a way of mortals. Weeks go by before you finally trust them—before you learn to be sure—in your heart—that they are always there. At last you learn. Then the mists have no gloom. For you they no longer exist. You have your mountains—your joy, your courage, your inspiration, your peace.

We have that sort of experience about God. For years we are either flushed with gratification at feeling Him with us, or downcast because we cannot find Him. Over and over again, when the mist is lifted, we acclaim His return.

"No, My child," He tells us, "I am always here. You cannot always see Me, but I am always with you."

This is one of the lessons we have to learn of ourselves. Only the marching days—clear or grey—serve to teach us. When at last we learn, we go on gladly, secure in His constant presence. It is a blessed experience which comes to us then. In it we are capable of doing our best work. In it comes peace—the only peace we may be assured of nowadays. That peace is sufficient; for—

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear Him."