

The **WORLD OUTLOOK**

**JUBILEE NUMBER
OF 'PRESENT TRUTH'**

6^D



UNEMPLOYMENT

FASCISM

COMMUNISM

WAR PREPARATIONS
CIVIL WAR
RIOTS

REVOLUTION

FASCISM

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

THE BIBLE'S MESSAGE FOR THESE STIRRING TIMES

A Startling Prediction

HAVE you ever wondered about the future?

Of course you have. Everybody wants to know what is going to happen next.

Nebuchadnezzar did. He was so keen to know that he even dreamt about it.

In his dream he saw an image—like the one shown in this picture—with head of gold, chest and arms of silver, thighs of brass, legs of iron, feet and toes part of iron and part of clay.

When he awoke he wondered what it all meant. Then Daniel came on the scene. He said that the dream was from God, and was a summary of world history to the end of time.

To-day we can look back and see how true was his statement.

The four great empires rose and fell exactly in their predicted order. First Babylon (the gold), then Medo-Persia (the silver), then Grecia (the brass), then Rome (the iron).

What was to happen next?

Rome was to be divided into ten kingdoms—the nations of modern Europe.

And then?

You must read that for yourself:

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." Dan. 2:44.

"In the days of these kings." That's where we are living to-day. God is about to set up His kingdom. There is to be a mighty overturning of nations that He may reign supreme.

What a solemn hour is this!



Would you know more of this prophecy and many others in the Holy Scriptures?

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The WORLD OUTLOOK

JUBILEE NUMBER OF PRESENT TRUTH

Edited by Arthur S. Maxwell.



"The sunset burns across the sky:
Upon the air its warning cry
The curfew tolls, from tower to tower.
O children, 'tis the last, last hour!

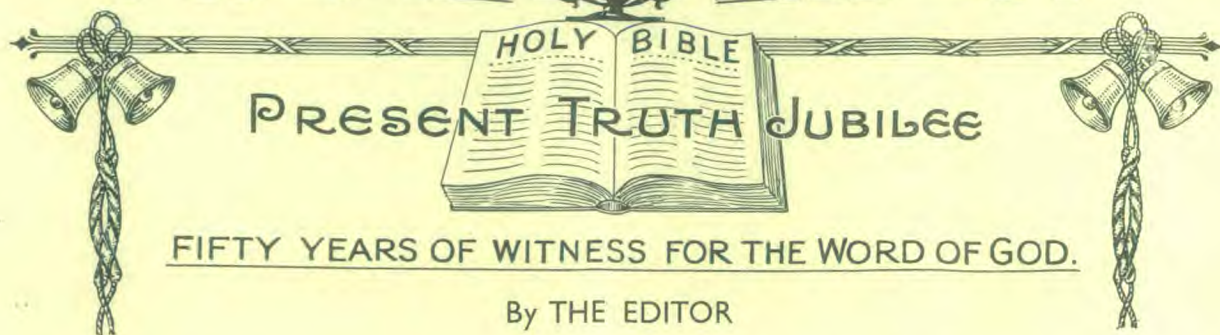
"The work that centuries might have done,
Must crowd the hour of setting sun:
And through all lands the saving Name
Ye must, in fervent haste, proclaim.

"The fields are white to harvest. Weep,
O tardy workers, as ye reap,
For wasted hours that might have won
Rich harvests ere the set of sun.

"We hear His footsteps on the way!
O work, while it is called to-day,
Constrained by love, endued with power.
O children, in this last, last hour!"

Evening on Cromarty Firth.

FIFTY YEARS ON



FIFTY years! Jubilee!

It is an important event in the life of any paper; but for this journal it is one of unusual significance. It marks a definite step towards the completion of its work. With the views that it advocates it can know no similar occasion. We can imagine no centenary for PRESENT TRUTH.

It was in 1844 that the great second advent movement began. In that year a handful of men and women, convinced that certain prophecies in Daniel and Revelation demanded immediate action, raised the cry: "Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come." It was taken up by others and, as the years went by, spread from country to country and from continent to continent. Everywhere it found a response in human hearts and thousands turned to the Lord and prepared for His glorious return.

As the cause grew, the power of the press became more and more recognized. Little papers were started here and there in which the message of the second advent was proclaimed. They struggled on to success.

Forty years elapsed. The pioneers of the movement in Britain put their heads together. How best could the millions of the British Isles be given the glad tidings of the soon coming of the Saviour? Experience pointed to a periodical, and so PRESENT TRUTH was born.

That was fifty years ago. It is now ninety years since the movement began. Small wonder we say that there can be no second "Jubilee." The cause for which PRESENT TRUTH stands must surely

triumph before another fifty years have passed.

A Day of Small Things

Most of those who assisted at the birth of the journal have passed on to their rest. The first editor, M. C. Wilcox, still lives, but has long since retired from active service. Fortunately the "office boy" of those early days is still with us, strong and vigorous still, a veteran in the service of the Lord. On page 15 of this issue he has drawn back the veil of years and enabled us to glimpse the hardships endured by the pioneers in their zeal for truth.

Like the One for Whom it was to witness, PRESENT TRUTH was born in humble surroundings. The kitchen of a private house, to be exact. No fine offices then. No Miehle presses, nor fast composing machines. Hardly any machinery at all, in fact, and certainly no electric power to drive it. Not even gas to lighten the task of the weary proof-reader. And the editor, we are told, helped to work the cutting machine in his spare time!

Yet though it was a day of small things, it was a day of great hope, high resolve, and noble courage. They endured "as seeing Him." They laboured in love. They felt that they were answering the call of ancient prophecies. They considered themselves, despite the smallness of their efforts and the poverty of their equipment, to be champions of God and His holy Word. They dreamed of a new revival—of a Britain moved to the depths by the message of the imminent coming of Jesus.



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A symbol of our time: one of the latest British flying boats. Weighs 38,000 lb. and carries a 1½ pounder gun in its bow.



1914—In Whitehall.

© Topical

Faithfully the message was presented. Events in the world at large, long since forgotten, were presented as signs of the times, harbingers of the coming dawn. Yet the early editors were not blind to facts. As they expounded the prophecies they stated clearly their conviction that there were still some portions unfulfilled. Before the end, they wrote, there would come a great increase of knowledge. There would be a mighty world war, involving all nations, and a universal peace movement. The slumbering East would awake; and the Papacy, wounded almost to death in the eighteenth century, would rise again to world power.

Thus wrote our predecessors in this editorial chair. Consistently, through the years, regardless of criticism and opposition, they championed the Bible as the Word of God, the ten commandments as the Law of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ as the salvation of God. Turning neither to the right hand nor to the left they pursued a course of absolute loyalty to the explicit teachings and commands of Scripture, strong in the conviction that the hour of God's judgment had come, that their message was God's last call of mercy

to the world, and that the day of Christ's coming in glory was at hand.

Vindication

And now fifty years have passed. We pause to look back.

Who dare deny that the past half century has been the most momentous in the history of mankind? The entire face of the world has altered. Indeed there have been greater changes during the past fifty years than in the previous thousand years. Toward the close of the nineteenth century, the stream of life, long flowing serenely through placid valleys, seemed to reach the rapids and hurtled onwards at an ever-increasing pace. Speed, speed, and yet more speed has since been

the cry in every phase of life. On the earth, in the air, in the sea, there has been a rushing to and fro never witnessed before.

These fifty years have seen the coming of the motor-car (the first was patented by Daimler in 1884) and the aeroplane; of wireless telephony and television; of moving pictures and X-rays; and a thousand other marvellous inventions. They have seen the world knit together by innumerable bonds of communication and transport. They have witnessed the completion of the exploration of the uttermost parts of the earth, so that there is now hardly a mountain, river, or desert where



© Newspaper Illustrations Ltd.
1916—Over London.



1934—Outside Westminster Abbey.

© Topical



Nazi demonstration at Potsdam.

© Keystone

man has not been. He has even invaded the stratosphere.

This half century has indeed been an era of enlightenment without parallel. In engineering science, in medicine, in arts and crafts, there have been enormous advances. In almost every country, too, education, so long the privilege of the favoured few, has been offered freely to the masses.

In all this PRESENT TRUTH has been vindicated.

Political Upheavals

Long years ago, when others were painting glowing pictures of the onward march of mankind to the golden age of world brotherhood and peace, this journal, on the authority of biblical prophecy alone, proclaimed that, on the contrary, the world was headed for worse troubles than it had ever known, with wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes of unexampled magnitude and with "evil men and seducers waxing worse and worse." 2 Tim. 3:13.

And what have the years revealed? A world brought to ruin. This half century has seen the greatest war, the greatest famine, the greatest pestilence, and the greatest earthquake of all time. It has seen the invention of the most diabolical death-dealing implements ever devised. It has seen these instruments employed to massacre ten million men and maim countless millions more in the short space of four years. It has seen innocent women and children by hundreds murdered by bombs dropped from zeppelins and aeroplanes. It has seen thousands of ships sunk by the torpedoes of submarines.

Yes, and it has seen the greatest revolutions of

all time—in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, in Mexico, in China—revolutions that have upheaved the very foundations of society and changed the course of history as a dam turns the course of a river into new channels. There has been, too, a veritable cataract of crowns as the ancient dynasties of Europe have crashed to the ground in irretrievable ruin and disaster.

And, alas, it has seen worse revolutions still, the passing of parliaments, the passing of individualism, the passing of liberty, and the rise of new tyrannies that threaten to become more terrible than any the past has known. It has seen, too, in many places, an increase of lawlessness, banditry, and wanton cruelty without precedent in history.

And in all this PRESENT TRUTH has been proved correct.

The Peace Movement

Through the years the writers in this journal frequently referred to the prophecies relating to the development of a world peace movement. To some readers in earlier days it no doubt seemed strange that both peace and war should be the subject of inspired predictions relating to the same period of history. Yet the passing years have shown the full meaning of the prophetic Word. War has come—and so has peace; or at least, all the peace that the prophecy indicated. Never in all history has there been such talk of peace as has gone on in recent years. The League of Nations stands as the most

Editors of "Present Truth"

1884-1887	M. C. Wilcox
1887-1888	S. N. Haskell
1889-1891	D. A. Robinson
1891-1902	E. J. Waggoner
1902-1920	W. T. Bartlett
1920-19—	A. S. Maxwell



© Keystone

The train of to-morrow recently completed in Chicago. Streamlined, and fitted with an internal combustion engine, it can travel at 110 miles per hour.

spectacular peace effort of all history. And next to it is the World Disarmament Conference, now, alas, almost defunct.

The world peace effort *has taken place*. It is now history.

And what shall we say of events in the East? These have not yet come to full fruition, but the past half century has seen the stage set for the enactment of the final scenes. It has seen Japan rise out of almost total obscurity to a place among the Great Powers of the world. It has seen her defeat of Russia, her seizure of Korea, her domination of Manchuria, and her bold challenge to the trade of other nations.

And, besides, it has seen the gathering of forces for what is judged to be an inevitable struggle for supremacy in the Pacific—the massing of the United States fleet on her western seaboard, the fortification of several Pacific islands, as well as Port Darwin and Singapore, and the dispatch of several warships from Britain to augment the Australian fleet. Yes, the stage is set.

A Wound that Healed

When the Pope was taken prisoner in 1798 and died in exile, "all Europe thought that, with the Pope, the Papacy was dead." Europe continued to think so for quite a long time. But the Papacy was far from dead. It rapidly recovered—and so much so that in 1870 it proclaimed itself infallible!

Yet still many thought that it could never again exercise authority over the nations; never again enjoy the prestige of bygone ages. But PRESENT TRUTH was under no illusions. Taking the prophecy of Revelation thirteen as its guide, it unfalteringly declared that some day the Papal power would be restored. Just how, it could not tell; but somehow, some day, before the end, it would surely happen.

Once more, what have the years revealed? Perhaps the most startling vindication of all. They have seen the Pope made a king again! And, amazing fact, Roman Catholic dictators controlling the destinies of Italy, Germany, Austria, and Poland! They have seen, too, almost every na-

tion sending ambassadors to the Vatican and, crowning tragedy, the Protestant British government giving orders to all His Majesty's ships that the Pope and his official representatives are to be given the royal salute!

Looking Forward

What thrilling, tremendous years these have been! What a time in which to have lived!

Yet the future will be still more wonderful. We live on the eve of events that will shatter the world again. The forces are gathering for a last titanic struggle which must inevitably bring what is left of civilization crashing down in ruin.

And in the struggle and the conflict and the darkness, what will happen to freedom, and liberty of conscience, we dare not think. Perhaps the day will come when even PRESENT TRUTH will be suppressed! But till then, by the grace of God, we shall continue to proclaim His last

warning message: "Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come."

If ever the world needed the message of PRESENT TRUTH it is to-day. Hope and comfort and courage for the crisis can be found only in God. He is our strength and our shield and will be our "exceeding great reward." Gen. 15 :1.

Thank God, "beyond the belt of darkness, still the years roll on." Beyond the troubles that threaten there is a day of eternal joy; beyond the clouds a silver lining.

The very grandness of the scale of world events betokens the approach of the supreme climax of the ages. There is not long to wait now. We can almost hear Jesus saying: "Surely I come quickly." Rev. 22 :20.

Courage then, child of God! There is naught to fear, and the best is yet to be. Listen to His glorious promise:

"Because you have kept the word of My patient endurance, I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE THROUGH THE HOUR OF TRIAL which is coming upon the whole world to test the dwellers upon earth. I am coming very soon: hold to what you have, in case your crown is taken from you." Rev. 3 :10, 11 (Moffatt).



The Editor.

it should be made known to the human race. If there are those who are not keeping all of the commandments of God and the ordinances of the church of Christ in their purity, as commanded in the Bible, it is certainly the duty of the servants of God to lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show the people their sins. Those who sincerely desire to walk with God and do His will, will hail with joy the light which is sent of God to direct them.

We hope, by the help of God, to speak like earnest Christians; and though we must do so in frankness and plainness, we wish to avoid bitter words. In combating error, let it be understood that we do so to warn and save our fellow-men from its dire results. "We war with principles, not with men." Our object is not to oppose men, but to save them; therefore we must

speak. But do not misunderstand us. Our desire is to save souls for whom Christ died. This must be done in God's appointed way—the way of His truth. We design to teach that way as it is revealed in His Word. To him who has an obedient heart, the truth of God is more precious than fine gold.

We do not teach that men may be saved by simply believing in Bible doctrines. All have sinned before God and come short of His glory. The only remedy for sin is in the blood of Jesus. This remedy does not save mankind *in* sin, but *from* sin. Every man must make an application of the merits of this blood to his own soul by repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. The repentance that is acceptable to God leads man to forsake sin; and true faith in Christ will be made manifest by good works. True faith will

lead men to obey the holy commandments of God.

Our only rule of faith is the Bible. In that is our creed. If we do not bring the clear testimony of God's Word in support of the doctrines we teach, we ask no one to believe. God gave the Bible, not to befog our minds, but to instruct us in the way of righteousness and life. Those who examine it with care will find that it is its own best interpreter. It will prove a lamp to the feet and a light to the path of all who with honesty of purpose and sincerity of motive diligently seek to know what God would have them to do.

When we wish to know what the Bible teaches concerning a certain doctrine, it is needful to bring together and compare all the passages of Scripture which seem to teach that doctrine. When figures and symbols are used, they are explained either



"The only remedy for sin is in the blood of Jesus."

by the context or other portion of the Bible. A true interpretation can only be arrived at by comparing all the scriptures which apply to the subject; and the interpretation which most naturally follows such a comparison will be the correct one.

To the subjects which will appear in these columns, we invite the serious attention of all. We ask those who love the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ to examine the evidences of its nearness. We request those who love and fear God to consider their duty as regards His commandments. We beseech those who desire a home in the kingdom of God to seek to know the means whereby it can be obtained. We entreat those who are walking in rebellion against God to become reconciled to Him through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We hope for the aid and co-operation of those who love these great truths. Our prayer is that this journal may be an honoured instrument in the providence of God in bringing many souls to Christ and life. To this end we pray that God may give us His Holy Spirit, without which our work shall prove a failure, to direct and inspire us in the accomplishment of this great object. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Muddling into Heaven

THE Bishop of Chelmsford had some straight things to say to the clergy of his diocese the other day.

"There is a great deal of frothy religious sentiment which does duty for religion," he said.

"I have tried," he went on, "to formulate this religious sentiment in a creed. I think it would run something like this:

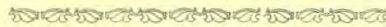
"I believe in God, the Father, because I feel sure that there must be a God of some kind: a sort of eternal good nature and easy-going tolerance.

"I believe that Jesus Christ lived a holy life which I ought to admire, and I believe that I ought to obey the

teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. I am not quite clear what it contains, but I imagine no one can really be expected to live up to it. I have great reverence for the Cross, but I do not pretend to understand what it means.

"I am not quite sure whether I believe in life everlasting, but if there is such a thing I believe that somehow or other everything will turn out all right for everybody in the long run; at any rate, I hope so. Amen."

"This 'religion,' which means in practice that we shall all 'muddle through into heaven' and that we must all subscribe to the local hospital to cover a multitude of sins, is certainly not Christianity," added the bishop. "I have heard it described as 'the religion of the hot water bottle.'"



BE NOT AFRAID

*"Let not your heart be troubled,"
Gently the Saviour's voice
Speaks to comfort our sorrow,
Making our hearts rejoice.*

*"Let not your heart be troubled,"
Nor let it be afraid,
For He is near to help us
With His almighty aid.*

*"Let not your heart be troubled,"
When Jesus is so near,
Nothing can ever harm us,
Why should we yield to fear?*

*And as we trust our Saviour,
Peace in our hearts shall reign,
His love, His power, His wisdom,
For ever shall remain.*

M. JEEVES.

"It creates a feeling of snugness and somnolence. It has affected a large number of churches, and this is one of the principal reasons why so many people have abandoned church-going. No one wants a religion which does not make serious demands on one's life."

That is exactly what PRESENT TRUTH has been advocating for half a century. We thank the bishop for his support. There are far too many people expecting to "muddle into heaven." There is need for clear conviction to Christian duty, of obedience to the simple commandments of God. The way of salvation is plain enough. The way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein. If we follow with sincerity the straightforward teachings of the Holy Scriptures we shall be sure of heaven in this life and the next. There will be no muddle about it—none at all. The Holy Scriptures, says the apostle Paul, "are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." 2 Tim. 3:15. Search the Scriptures—as Jesus Himself said—and the way to heaven will become clear as the noonday sun.

A.S.M.

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DRAWING NIGH

By W. T. Bartlett

FOR more than one-third of the fifty years during which PRESENT TRUTH has been published, it was my lot to edit the journal, and my aim to keep it true to its significant name. The expression "present truth" occurs in Peter's second epistle: he writes in it concerning his assiduous labour to keep the church always in remembrance of the things he had preached to them, even though he is confident that they know them well, and are firmly established in the present truth. (2 Peter 1:12.) "The truth which is with you," runs the Revised Version.

Evidently Peter felt that Christians could not hear the present truth too often, or be too firmly established in it. There is truth which never grows old, but abides with the church throughout its whole career. This truth is the message that Christ Himself preached, and that will be preached by His wise and faithful servants to the end of time.

There is a widespread but loosely reasoned idea that in view of the great changes that have taken place in human thinking, the tremendous advance of science, the church ought in these enlightened days to revise its message and fit it better to modern moulds. Truth is eternal. Like its Author, Who is its embodiment, it is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Through all the shifting scenes of time, through changing fashions of thought, endures the present truth. It was to bear witness to that truth that this

*A message
of comfort
and good hope.*



© Newton

journal was and is published. Its mission is not to court popularity, but to be faithful.

During the last fifty years many gospels have been offered to men, gospels of spiritual self-culture, of physical healing, of evolutionary progress, of world-peace. These mushroom gospels appear and disappear. PRESENT TRUTH remains faithful to the one everlasting Gospel.

The half century has witnessed the apparent triumph of the evolutionary theory, the development of the higher criticism, the advance of Romanism, the great international campaigns on behalf of peace, the horrors of the world war, the disappointments of the League of Nations. Today the peoples of the world are suffering in the world-wide distress predicted by the Saviour. (Luke 21:25, 26.) Leaders of thought admit that the problem is not so much material as moral, but, knowing well what ought to be done to terminate the distress, lack the moral power to take the necessary steps. Disarmament is known to be essential if civilization is to escape utter overthrow,

but the world drifts on, heavily armed but morally weak, to a certain doom.

Yet, facing the dismal facts with open eyes, we see no reason for pessimism. We look for a decided change in the affairs of men, an end of war, a lasting victory over all the economic ills that afflict the race; we look for a complete triumph over the subterranean forces of organized crime. Unscrupulous intrigue, and the credulous folly that furnishes it with victories, are soon to disappear. Present truth speaks a message of hope. While it testifies faithfully against all corruption, and holds out no hope to wilful impenitence, it bids us view the bright side of the dark clouds that now enwrap mankind: "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Luke 21:28.

Multiplying Signs

Many years ago we saw the predicted signs beginning to come to pass, and we began more confidently to lift up our heads. As

the years passed the skies grew darker and more ominous. We did not close our eyes to the omens, but recognizing and understanding them, we lifted our heads higher. To-day, the situation is indeed dark. The lessons of the world war all unlearned or unheeded, the nations, in face of the plainest warnings, are repeating their follies. Their own statesmen are denouncing the madness of their course, and proclaiming a certain overthrow of civilization if it is persisted in, but class war, political bitterness, and race hatred seem to have dethroned reason. The events that were beginning to come to pass are now hastening to their certain consummation; the harvest ripens fast: still the more earnest comes the voice of the present truth: "Look up, and lift up your heads," "redemption draweth nigh."

Yet how can a true Christian, with a heart of pity, contemplate with any satisfaction an end of evil that involves the destruction of millions, yes, hundreds of millions, of women and children? The answer, to-day, is that it is better for a ruined world to fall into the hand of God than to perish lingeringly in its own corruption. Perverted human wisdom is to-day contemplating, and planning for, the destruction of whole cities of non-combatants. It is a common-place of modern military ideals that, in a future war, the contestants will have blotted out each other's main cities before the populations fully realize that war has begun. By poison-gas, with its frightful tortures, by unquenchable conflagrations, by shattering explosions, warring nations will destroy utterly every living thing that stands in their way to ruthless victory. When civilization thus prepares its own ghastly suicide, when human beings plan for their fellows, by millions, a ten-times more frightful fate than all the prophets of the Old

Testament combined have ever pictured in a day of divine wrath, should not a Christian find comfort in knowing that God will take into His own more merciful hands the sad task of executing judgment on a lost and reckless race?

Full Salvation

"Your redemption draweth nigh." So redemption is not yet fully unfolded. There is place for



W. T. Bartlett.

Editor of "Present Truth": 1902-1920.

present truth. The Gospel is yet to reveal all its glory. Christ is yet to appear, as mankind has never known Him.

The old message of full salvation, wrought by a divine Redeemer, is to be more fully preached as it draws more nigh. Men may, in earth's darkest hour, witnessing the collapse of all that human wisdom and strength have builded, yet be able to lift up their heads because their hearts rejoice in the experience of an indwelling Saviour, bringing into captivity rebellious thoughts, instincts, and passions. While civilization is sinking under the weight of its own achievements, demonstrating its inherent weakness, Christ's followers will know that He is building up in their own

hearts an enduring kingdom that is founded on truth and sceptred in righteousness. That transformation, wrought out in redeemed lives, is yet to embrace in its scope a ransomed world. Human selfishness shall not always mar God's creation and frustrate His gracious purposes. The whole creation is to be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and in undreamed-of ways is to enter into the glory of the liberty of the redeemed sons of God.

Coming of the Golden Age

It will be a wonderful world over which Jesus of Nazareth reigns. When the Teacher Who spoke on the Mount, and taught the people by parables, shapes the policies of His own world, and develops the new civilization to its utmost possibilities, it will be bliss only to live in that new day. But when, with powers of heart and mind set free from the hindering limitations of selfishness, when with undimmed vision and restored strength of intellect, we are privileged to enter into the plans and purposes of our once-crucified Sovereign, and co-operate in His vast designs, then indeed will it seem to us that it had never entered, and could not have entered, into the heart of men, to conceive what satisfying joys the Redeemer was making possible for His brethren when He consented to pay the heavy price for their redemption.

That golden age is now soon to begin. The darkest hour precedes the dawn. The present truth is shining with new lustre. Soon the shadows of kingdoms will pass away in all their revealed futility before the glorious appearing of the true King. The word for to-day is that word that comes to us from the beginning:

"Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

More Sure than Ever

A Powerful Personal Testimony

By Edgar Brooks



Edgar Brooks.

One-time assistant editor of "Present Truth."

Just when I first began to hear that our Lord was soon to return in glory to this earth to put an end to its sin and misery I do not know. My parents believed this before I was born, as also other biblical teachings for which PRESENT TRUTH stands. Their faith had its origin in that powerful Advent movement that shook the whole civilized world in the years 1820-1845, and was defended in England by such famous preachers as Irving, Bickersteth, Birks, Freemantle, McCaul, Nisbet, Dallas, and Bonham. But the burning zeal of those early heralds of our Lord's return had disappeared. There was uncertainty and a lack of conviction in the teaching as we then held it.

In clear relief against this vague background stood out the concise, bold, convincing doctrines concerning His soon coming that we heard from a humble couple of lay members of the

Advent movement. There was no longer the feeling that we were dealing with a more or less daring theory. It came to us with a modest but very firm "Thus saith the Lord." We went away from the Bible studies in that humble home with hearts that burned within us. Our whole outlook was changed by the wonderful truths we heard, and they changed the whole tenor of our life. As we turned over in our minds the solemn and lofty themes discussed, we saw plainly that the new teaching was from God, and there was nothing to do but accept it.

Over thirty years have slipped away since that momentous decision was made, and they have taken me to many countries and through varied experiences. It has been my lot to study this faith in the favouring atmosphere of colleges devoted to its support, and also alone in a South American city far up in

the Andes cordillera, where, with God's Word as my only source of information, and prayer as my only recourse in moments of perplexity, I passed in review all the fundamental doctrines of my faith. It was not that I doubted, but I was in a new and strange atmosphere, one of easy, tolerant ridicule of religion, and I wanted to show my very likeable young friends the why and wherefore of the everlasting Gospel. How did that thorough examination work out? It led to many discoveries that to me were wonderful, and in the end my faith was strengthened manifold.

I have seen that faith break down the smouldering enmity of the Indian of Peru toward the white man. Poor Indian! Once he was the lord of that country, proud of the remarkable civilization and very effective government under whose protection he lived. Then came the white man, with his terribly effective weapons and methods of warfare and his unscrupulous rapacity. And the white man made himself master of the red man's country, bore away across the sea the riches for which the red man had sweated, took the best of the red man's lands, sated his passion with the red man's wife and his daughters. The best of the land which the red man



Campa Indians, among whom the message of "Present Truth" has wrought great good.

cultivated with such unsparing toil was appropriated by the white man. And then the white man set up his government, whose laws the red man could not understand. He only knew that in practice they always worked out to the benefit of the white man. Beaten and defenceless before the superior power and intelligence of the white man, he bowed his head in humble submission, but in his heart burned slowly but unquenchable a sullen resentment. He would lend no service to the white man except such as he might be forced to render. But the white man quickly grasped the situation, and there arose the familiar Peruvian proverb: "*Para el indio y el burro, el palo*" (For the Indian and the donkey, the stick).

Then came to the red man the Adventist missionary. He tended the red man and his womenfolk and children when they were sick, and wonderful were the cures he wrought. He established schools in which the younger red men and the children might learn to read and write and calculate. And these Indian youth learned quickly. The missionary taught a new religion—a comforting and uplifting and stirring religion—and the red man found that, according to that religion the white man was his brother. From his heart the old bitterness was quite melted, at least as far as this particular kind of white man was concerned, and the stern, deeply-lined face learned to smile. Instead of running away from the white man in order not to have to serve him, the Indian now ran to embrace him. This new religion changed him from a poor, unlettered, unwashed, unkempt, vermin-infested, drunken brute to a man, a man clean of person and of clothing, whose humble home was now orderly and clean, and contained the treasured Bible and hymn-book.

On the other hand, in the great cities of South America I have seen men in high rank in the professional world won by the clear teachings of God's Word as set forth in publications similar in character to PRESENT TRUTH. In the face of ridicule and more or less good-humoured badinage, these men have shown themselves whole-hearted and enthusiastic followers of Jesus. I have seen an honoured statesman, twice governor of an important province of one of the leading South American republics, who has been offered the presidency of his country, send his sons to an Adventist college for their education because he found in that college elevating influences at work which he could not find in other educational institutions.

And at the other end of the social scale, I have seen a poor little Italian labourer, a hopeless drunkard who had many a time been found lying in drunken sleep in some filthy ditch, raised by the influence of this same faith to a life of honour and usefulness. Not a drop of liquor now passed his lips, and every Sabbath day found him in his seat in the church, ready and eager to take his humble part in the service of the day. At home there was not much sympathy with the "old man's" strange notions. But the lusty, loud-voiced daughters and daughters-in-law treated the little old man with rough tolerance—"For he's so wonderfully changed from what he used to be."

In a word, I have seen this message filling the need of high and low, learned and unlettered, and in every case it made them better men and better women. It led them to shun the cloying pleasures that are breaking down the morals of society and opening the sluice-gates of sin. It led them to fill their lives so full with the noble and the pure and the uplifting, that that which

was evil and corrupting could find no room.

For twelve years before the great war I heard the Adventist message warning the world that the logical outcome of world-wide preparation for war was a world war. And in 1914 the world war broke loose—more pitiless, more cruel, more deadly than imagination had painted it even in its most extravagant moments.

And through all the turmoil of the great war, in the midst of all sorts of perplexities and against overwhelming odds, I saw the work of Adventist missions hold steadily on. The times became leaner and leaner, and here and there set-backs occurred and for a time our work was hindered. But in the long run there was steady progress, both in the lean years and the fat.

When I arrived in Peru in 1911, there were only about two hundred members in all Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, and the Indian work had only just been started, there being some fifty baptized Indian converts in all. In the twenty-two years that have passed since then, that small group of believers has been multiplied over and over again, until now there are 9,000 baptized believers in the land of the Incas, of whom some 8,000 are Indians.

And what has taken place in the corner of the world in which the Lord called me to labour for Him is duplicated in every part of the world.

In a word, if I had reason thirty years ago to accept the message which PRESENT TRUTH had then been publishing for twenty years, much more reason have I for believing now that the day is not far distant when the heavens are to roll back as a scroll, and the glory of the Son of Man shall flood this poor groaning world with the light of heaven. What I then accepted with fear and trembling, I now

and the uplifting, that that which rejoice in and long for.

MEMORIES of EARLY DAYS

The Humble Beginnings of "Present Truth"

By H. W. Armstrong



The early home of "Present Truth" in Grimsby, with members of the staff. H. W. Armstrong is seen on the extreme right.

As I have been connected with the life and work of PRESENT TRUTH from its early beginnings, the editor has kindly invited me to write out the story of early experiences and conditions which are still fresh in my mind for this special Jubilee number.

I left home at a very early age to join the small staff of workers as office boy in the publishing house, and for over thirty-five years remained within the walls of the home of this witness of the Gospel of Christ and the herald of His soon-coming kingdom.



H. W. Armstrong.

The founders of this journal had a very definite conviction of its purpose and timely

message in God's great programme, yet they only faintly understood the great need it would supply to seekers after truth. Other men and women, building upon their foundation, have enlarged its usefulness, until to-day it stands among the foremost of prophetic witnesses to this generation, a lighthouse to guide wayfarers to a haven of rest, and is looked to by thousands as an aid to Christian living.

It must be borne in mind that practically all that we think of to-day as being necessary to equip a modern printing and publishing house was totally unknown to us in those far-off days.

It was in Grimsby, Lincolnshire, one of the great fishing ports of the world, that PRESENT TRUTH was first launched. This was in May, 1884, and the first

issue was a sixteen-page monthly at 2/6 per year.

The staff was quartered in a double-fronted house rented at about £40 per year including rates. Two of the small back rooms comprised our printing office, one the type-room, the other the folding-room. The editor was M. C. Wilcox, and the proofs were read in his own private living-room. The office staff comprised seven persons, including the editor and office boy, but half of these (those working in the folding-room) had only occasional employment, as the paper was published monthly.

The papers were folded by hand, and hand-sewn with needle and thread. Then the edges were trimmed by a hand-pulled lever cutting knife, the editor taking his place at the lever until the office boy got into harness! The edition was about 5,000 copies. About 1,000 copies were subscribed for, and then young lady colporteurs began a house-to-house campaign in allotted districts for the paper, which took another 2,000 to 3,000 of the edition, the balance being wrapped and sent to names and addresses, written by hand, copied from the post office directory. These were sent as sample copies with a circular letter soliciting an interest in the paper, and again many times followed up by a personal letter. Thus its
(Continued on page 17.)

THESE FIFTY FLYING YEARS

Evidences of the Rapid Finishing of God's Work in the World

By W. A. Spicer

FIFTY years ago it was the day of small things, of meagre facilities, but of faith in a great truth—the special Gospel message of preparation for the second advent of our Lord.

Even as late as 1887—when I joined the staff of this journal—we could count but eight or ten similar periodicals, in all the world, sounding the same message. As I recall, all told we were then working in not more than seven languages.

At the end of the fifty years what do we see? The latest statistical report of this great second advent movement shows



485 languages in use by voice or printed page. Doubtless the actual figure, by now, is well over 500; for the record shows one new tongue added every ten days, on an average, over a period of six years.

Thus the message that emphasizes the Gospel truth that is "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord" is speeding on toward the goal set by the prophecy:

"Having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come." Rev. 14:6, 7.

These fifty years have been crowded with events fulfilling prophecy. Things that we looked forward to fifty years ago are now in the past. We have lived to see the beginning of the last signs that Christ foretold in the

prophetic outline of events to usher in His return in glory.

And Jesus says to us now:

"When ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." Matt. 24:33, 34.

And the greatest sign of all is the speeding on of the Gospel message of the coming kingdom. The Saviour said:

"And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.

Fifty years ago this definite message of the kingdom and of the judgment hour already passing in the heavenly temple—the closing work of Christ's priestly ministry before He comes—had not a representative, I believe, south of the Equator. The great Catholic lands—Roman and Greek—and the vast non-Chris-



W. A. Spicer.

On the editorial staff of "Present Truth" in the 1890's. Famous author and world traveller.

tian (or heathen) lands were not only beyond our view, but, I fear, almost beyond our thoughts and plans. But these fifty years have been years of enlarging vision. The prophecy of the judgment-hour message had marked the course—"to every nation, and kindred, and tongue." God has opened the doors of access. Every year, now, thousands are joining in this work from among Catholic peoples—new thousands year by year. Other thousands every year are taking their stand in the heathen lands, and a small but cheering fruitage comes from the Moslem peoples.

Still the Gospel of Christ is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." What changes are wrought in the remotest corners of the earth. Only recently, for example, an island of devil-worshippers in the South Pacific changed to the new life so suddenly as to make the transformation seem almost unbelievable. Within a twelve-month 2,000 of them—the entire population of the island—had put away evil habits, burned their idols, destroyed the devil shrines, and were building chapels for the worship of the living God. Let a British official tell what he saw as he visited these people:

"I am astonished at what I have seen. I cannot realize that such a change is possible. The people have taken hold of your religion with a fervid zeal that cannot be described. I have never seen, read, or heard of such a movement before. What is it that you have done to the people? They are changed. They seem to be living now for something which I cannot understand. I marvel, and I say, It is a miracle."

It is a miracle of Christ's redeeming power. Fifty years ago we used to read the prophecy of the closing Gospel work:

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out

My Spirit upon all flesh." Joel 2:28.

In those days, fifty years ago, we read this as a prophecy of latter rain yet to come, in the closing work, just as the outpouring of the Spirit attended the opening of the Gospel era in apostolic days. But now we see that the time of the latter rain is already come. These experiences of refreshing occur, here and there, in the great island fields, in Asia, in Africa, and in Catholic lands, even in places where in former years our missionaries were stoned and our books burned. A new time has come. God is pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh. The times we looked forward to and talked about are come. We shall see the fulfilment of the promise:

"He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." Rom. 9:28.

We who wrought in the earlier times cheer on our successors in the blessed task of heralding the coming of our Lord as "even at the doors."

Memories of Early Days

(Continued from page 15.)

influence spread. All these were carried by the office-boy in either parcels or sacks to the railway station or post office about three-quarters of a mile away.

Our composing room, under the direction of Alfred Mason, with a girl helper (a part-time

worker) and the office boy, was in a small back bedroom, and was as limited in outfit as in size, having only a meagre supply of type faces and very small founts of type. We did not have enough type to set up the whole of the paper, so that some of the pages were made up and others had to be adjusted afterwards. Half of the pages were sent in a hand-truck to the *Grimsby News* office to be printed, and the other half were completed when the first half were returned. Many difficulties were experienced until we got sufficient material to "lock up" and complete the "formes" in our own office.

We had no printing machine at first, but later on a small "Peerless" jobber for small handbills was installed in the outside annexe scullery. The office boy found it pleasant to indulge in the products of the cooking stove, especially doughnuts, while he treadled off an edition of 500 or 1,000 handbills.

In 1887 we moved our small printing plant quarters to 451 Holloway Road, London, and again in 1907 to Stanborough Park, Watford, during which time, under the guidance of God, we entered into a new era of progress.

Looking back with satisfaction at the great development and improvement in the paper, we give God the glory and pray that greater things than ever before may be accomplished through the little journal we all love so dearly.



The splendid modern home of "Present Truth" at Watford, Herts.

TRIED AND TRIUMPHANT

No book in the world has been attacked more than the Bible. From the earliest centuries of the Christian era enemies have sought to invalidate its teachings and destroy its influence. But never has the battle been so fierce as during the half century through which we have just passed.

How dark the outlook seemed to some fifty years ago is indicated by the solemn utterances of prominent leaders of the church at that time.

Canon Liddon, lecturing at Oxford in the late sixties, thus expressed himself on the situation in this country:

"The vast majority of our countrymen still shrink with sincere dread from anything like an explicit rejection of Christianity. Yet no one who hears what goes on in daily conversation, and who is moderately conversant with the tone of some of the leading organs of public opinion, can doubt the existence of a widespread unsettlement of religious belief."

Christianity in the Melting Pot

In the University of Aberdeen about the same time Professor Macpherson declared:

"All religious questions seem to be at present once more thrown into the crucible to undergo a fiery trial."

While Dr. Gerhard Uhorn speaking at the Evangelical Union, Hanover, summarized the situation on the Continent in the words:

"Since the first days of the church, when she had to defend her faith against heathen calumny and heathen science, the attacks upon Christianity and the church have never been so manifold and so powerful as at the present time. The contest is no longer upon single questions, such as whether this or that conception of Christianity is the more correct, but the very existence of Christianity is at stake."

How Modern Scientific Research the Hasty Conclusions of the Critics and Proved the Bible True

Higher Critics Launch Attack

This tremendous crisis was the result of the convergence of two streams of attack which for a century had been gaining strength and now combined in one mighty flood.

On the one hand a school of destructive critics of the Bible had been developing chiefly upon German soil. Starting with the assertion that the books of Moses were not written by him under inspiration of God but were an edited collection of earlier myths and legends, they sought to prove that the whole Bible was a purely human composition in no way different from any of the so-called "holy books" of other religions. According to these critics the historical narratives of the Bible were mythological and legendary, the characters fictitious, and the chronology entirely out of harmony with the historical records of contemporary nations. All references to miracles and the supernatural were put down as primitive conceptions of the barbaric mind.

On the other hand the study of the sciences had developed along materialistic lines and an attempt was being made by speculative theorists to explain the universe as a purely mechanical system showing no evidences of divine interference at any stage in its history. To them also miracle, revelation, and even the

supposition of a personal God was anathema.

Darwinism's Staggering Blow

When, in 1859, Charles Darwin gave to the world his epochal work, *The Origin of Species*, propounding a theory of the evolution of all living forms from some original primitive organism by the accumulation of minute variations over an immense period of time, both schools of opposition to the Bible felt that the final proof of their theories had at last been placed in their hands.

The speculative scientists immediately enlarged Darwin's biological theory into a comprehensive explanation of the evolution of the universe from an original gaseous nebula or fire-mist to mankind without any need of external activity. The destructive critics similarly proceeded to elaborate their story of the evolution of religion from primitive magic, through animism and polytheism, to belief in one god. The Bible was a record of the gradual and purely natural development of the Hebrew conception of a divine Being and His relation to the world. It was valuable as a record of evolutionary development, but the modern mind was clearly not expected to accept its archaic conception of origins, its miracles, its legendary history and chron-

By W. L. EMMERSON

s Refuted

ology, or its spiritual teachings, except where they harmonized with the enlightened consciousness of our time.

Many Ministers Turn Modernist

If this onslaught upon the trustworthiness and inspiration of the Scriptures had come entirely from outside the church its effect might not have been so calamitous, but when avowed Christian ministers became inoculated with such teachings the man in the pew naturally began to question whether the Bible was much use after all.

Yet in spite of the doleful prophecies of some observers of half a century ago and the defection of many professed ministers of the Gospel into the "modernist" ranks, the Bible has weathered the storm and withstood the heat of the crucible. Further research has overthrown practically every one of the hastily formed conclusions of the critics and has vindicated the trustworthiness of the Scriptures down to the very smallest detail. The tables have been completely turned and now the critic and not the Bible is against the wall.



Unconquered still.

Back to Creation

Take the question of the origin of the physical universe. The evolutionist confidently asserted that matter was eternal and therefore needed no supernatural Creator. But about the beginning of the present century the discovery of radium and radioactivity proved that matter is slowly but surely breaking down and being dissipated as energy. The obvious conclusion was that the universe is not a fixed, permanent, and eternal thing, but is actually running down like a clock, and given sufficient time in the future would eventually come to a dead stop. Tracing the argument back in the opposite direction it was clear that if the universe could have an end it must have had a beginning. So that there must have been a creation

at some time or other in the past and consequently there must have been an external intelligent Creator.

Sir James Jeans expresses the almost unanimous view of modern science when he says:

"Everything points with overwhelming force to a definite event, or series of events, of creation at some time or other. . . . The universe cannot have originated by chance out of its present ingredients, and neither can it always have been the same as now."—*Eos*, pages 52, 55.

Life Only from Life

The biologists of three-quarters of a century ago believed that living organisms were capable of springing from non-living matter by purely natural processes, so they saw no difficulty in life coming into existence on the earth without any external intervention.



Sir James Jeans.

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One of the greatest of modern scientists. He affirms his belief in creation.

But the epochal researches of Pasteur struck a death-blow at the doctrine of spontaneous generation and corroborated the Bible axiom of "life only from pre-existent life."

Speculative scientists have since juggled with all possible kinds of chemical reactions to show how the living might arise naturally from the non-living, but in vain. Science has been able to find nothing to disprove the Genesis record of the creation of life by the divine fiat.

Death of Darwinism

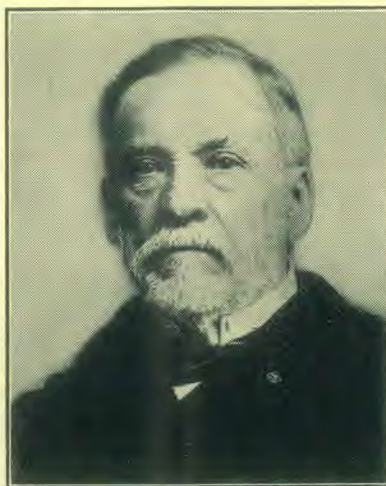
When the glamour of Darwin's evolution theory began to wear off scientists discovered that it was not so satisfactory an explanation as they had imagined. The minute changes upon which he relied to transform a single-celled amoeba into a man were found to be far more limited than Darwin supposed, and worse still, to be *non-inheritable*. So the whole argument for the transmutation of one species into another fell to the ground, and although scientists have been trying to fill the gap raised by the collapse of Darwinism, every discovery has told against instead of for the possibility of transmutation, and confirmed the statement of Holy

Writ that all the great groups of human organisms were created "after their kind."

The Bible and the Spade

As physical and biological research have demolished the premature conclusions of evolutionary theorists, the spade of the archaeologists in Bible lands has completely overthrown the higher critical accusations against the accuracy of the history and chronology of the sacred Record.

Several workers had made a promising start in Egyptian archaeology by the middle of the nineteenth century, but the chief impetus to research in this field



Louis Pasteur.

© Topical

The famous biologist who finally vindicated the Bible principle of life only from life.

was the founding of the Egypt Exploration Fund in 1883, the year before PRESENT TRUTH was first published. The work of the Fund, under the direction of M. Edouard Naville, immediately began to bear fruit, and as a result of the excavations of Sir Flinders Petrie at ancient Zoan, Tahpanhes, and Bubastis, and M. Naville himself at Tel-el-Maskhuta, the ancient Pithom, the sites connected with Israel's sojourn in Egypt and their exodus were conclusively identified, and the authenticity of the Bible record established.

In 1887 excavators were led

to a place called Tel-el-Amarna on the banks of the Nile midway between Memphis and Thebes, as a result of the accidental discovery of some ancient clay tablets by a native woman. Digging there they unearthed some 400 more tablets from the archives of one of the Egyptian pharaohs contemporary with the establishment of the Israelites in Canaan. The facts elicited from these tablets shook the castle of the critics to the very foundations.

The critics contended that the story of Joshua's conquest of Canaan was a purely fictitious narrative and they absolutely denied the existence of the Hittites, who, according to the Bible record, were a very powerful people in the north of Syria when Israel entered Palestine. Now many of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets proved to be letters addressed by the Syrian chieftains to the pharaoh of Egypt frantically appealing for help against invaders from the east and the north.

The chieftains of the southern provinces spoke of the coming of Habiru, who will be immediately recognized as the Hebrews, and many of their letters are strikingly reminiscent of details in Joshua's campaign. In one of



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Professor G. M. Price.

A well-known critic of the theory of evolution.

the tablets recently translated the actual name of Joshua was found!

The letters from the north of Syria, on the other hand, declared that the provinces there were being overwhelmed by the Kheta, none other than the Hittites of the Bible.

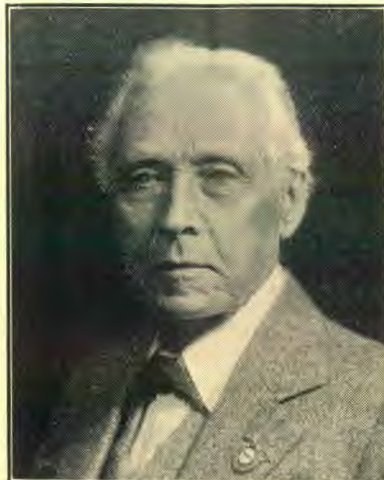
Some years after the discovery of the Hittites in the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, a German archaeologist, Dr. Winckler, exploring in Asia Minor, discovered the ancient capital of this people at Boghaz Keui and unearthed there the royal archives of this very period. Among them were a number of tablets confirming the references to the Hittites in Egyptian and Bible history and showing that this nation, whose very existence was denied a few decades before, at this time dominated practically the whole of Asia Minor and succeeded in fighting the mighty Egyptian Empire to a standstill in North Syria!

Argument from Ignorance

The critics were particularly sure that the story of the fall of Babylon in the book of Daniel was inaccurate, for the later Greek historians, almost without exception, referred to Nabonidus as the last king and nowhere

mentioned any king named Belshazzar.

But since then more than five hundred tablets making special reference to Nabonidus and Belshazzar have come to light, revealing that Nabonidus had a son Belshazzar, who associated with him on the throne; Nabonidus spending most of his reign at his Arabian capital, Tema, while Belshazzar had the oversight of the province of Babylonia at Babylon. Nabonidus was taken captive probably as he was returning from Tema to help in the defence of Babylon and Belshazzar was killed in the capital when the Persians entered.



© Vandyk

Sir Wm. M. Ramsay.

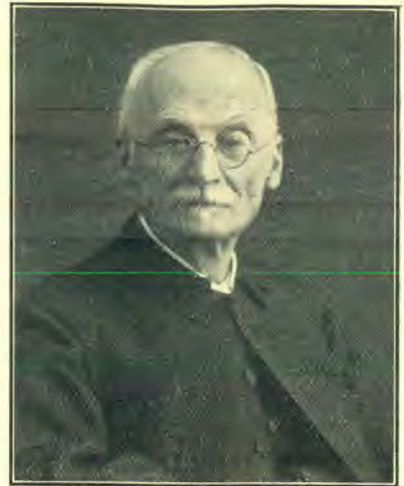
Went out to Asia Minor a higher critic, but came back a firm believer in the trustworthiness of the Bible.

So in one of the most recent works on this period of ancient history we read:

"These new contemporaneous sources of information have thrown so much light upon the period under investigation, that it is necessary to revise former critical and historical conclusions."—*R. P. Dougherty*, in "Nabonidus and Belshazzar," page 14.

What the Stuffed Crocodiles Revealed

Because there were many words in the New Testament which were unknown in classical Greek the critics declared that the gospels and epistles were written in bad Greek by uneducated persons.



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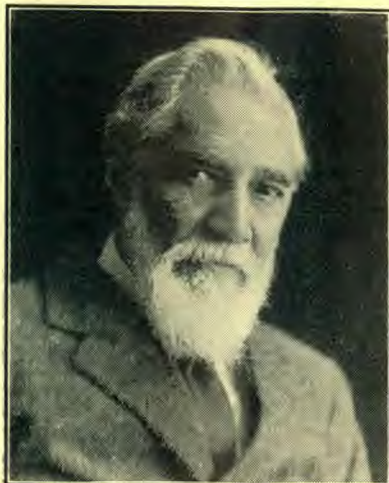
Professor A. H. Sayce.

Confounded the critics by rediscovering the Hittite Empire.

In 1884, however, just half a century ago, Professor Adolf Deissmann of Berlin was idly looking over a Greek papyrus dating from early in the Christian era when he noticed the similarity between its language and that of the New Testament. He was so impressed that he devoted much of his time during the next few years to a study of the papyri of the first centuries of the Christian era and made the remarkable discovery that the New Testament Greek was none other than the vernacular or spoken Greek of Christ's day, the language which the common people could best understand.

Soon after the publication of Dr. Deissman's book, *Light from the Ancient East*, two archaeologists, Grenfell and Hunt by name, were working in the Fayum, a great depression in the Egyptian desert on the west bank of the Nile, and came across large numbers of stuffed crocodiles, evidences of the worship of the crocodile god in this district from very early times. As they were searching for papyri the crocodiles were thrown away as valueless. But one day a workman in his annoyance at finding more crocodiles in one of the tombs,

(Continued on page 34.)



© Maull & Fox

Sir Flinders Petrie.

Has spent seventy years excavating in Egypt and Palestine.

BREAKING ONE means BREAKING TEN

By Edwin W. Webster

IN the neighbourhood where I once lived, there was an infidel whose chief delight it was to invite ministers to his home and then confuse them with his infidel arguments. He boasted that he always silenced them and sent them away worsted. He had tainted nearly all the young men of the community with his infidelity, and was generally dreaded by the church people.

In due time, his invitation came to me to take dinner with him on a certain day. After prayerful consideration, I accepted it. During the meal we chatted upon the usual topics of conversation, such as the weather, crop prospects, matters of social interest, and one or two political questions. Religious themes were studiously avoided, until the atmosphere became as tense as the calm before a storm. As we arose from the table and took the easy-chairs in the sitting-room, the storm suddenly broke.

The Law Declared a Schoolboy's Composition

"I want to ask you a question," came from the infidel, whom we shall call Mr. Jones. "Where did Moses get that law, the Ten Commandments? I would be ashamed to write such a law. If I had a schoolboy coming to me who could not write a better law, I would send him home."

I was somewhat startled by his direct and unusual attack, but replied: "Is that so? Did you ever study that law very carefully?"

"I should say I have, until I



By A. Dudley

Moses descending Sinai breaks the tables of the law.

© S.P.C.K.

am convinced that it is nothing but a childish effort to intimidate an ignorant people and dupe them into submission to a selfish, tyrannical, ambitious leader. I think it beneath the dignity of

the one you call God to give such stuff to mankind, and to pretend to come down and write it with His finger on stone."

"Yes? Would you mind studying it with me for a little while?"

"Well, I can, to please you; but it will not do any good. What can you get out of a document so primitive and brief and simple and childish as that?"

"To begin with," I replied, "inspiration says that this law is spiritual—so spiritual that it discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart; and so comprehensive, yet so closely related, is each commandment to every other one, so interlocked is each one with every other one, that if we offend in one point, we are guilty of all. I read: 'The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good.' *'The law is spiritual.'* Rom. 7:12, 14. 'The Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a *discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.*' Heb. 4:12. 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is *guilty of all.*' James 2:10. If I understand it aright, no human mind could conceive of such a code, or write one that would so thoroughly reach, every part of it, into the very citadel of human thought as well as action.

"Let us, for example, start with the fourth commandment, and see with what infinite accuracy and wisdom this law is constructed.

"The fourth commandment reads: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sab-

bath day, and hallowed it.' Exod. 20:8-11.

The Eighth Commandment Broken

"If a person works on the seventh day of the week, he has broken the fourth commandment outright, has he not?"

"I suppose he has, if you believe the Bible," Jones replied.

"But the commandment says, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.' It is His; it is not ours, or any man's. Now, when a person takes for himself what belongs to another, what is he doing?"

With some show of surprise, he said, "We call that stealing."

"Yes, sir. Then has he not, in breaking the fourth, broken the eighth also?"

"I suppose that is the one you mean," he answered.

"But," I continued, "before he steals, he always has an intense and illegitimate desire for the thing he steals, and in such desire, what commandment has he broken?"

"It may be that you would call it coveting."

"Yes. Then he has broken the tenth commandment also; three of them broken in transgressing 'just one.'"

His eyes opened wider; he moved uneasily in his chair.

"When a man puts himself so entirely *first*, so fully *before* God, as to covet what is His and to steal from Him, what other commandment does he break?"

"Do you mean the first one?"

"Yes, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.'"

"But man is not a god; why do you suggest so absurd a thing?" Jones retorted.

"Well, he has put himself first; he has considered his own interests more to him than his relations to his Maker. Not only can a man become a god to himself, but I read of some who think so much of their appetites

that it is said of them, 'Whose God is their belly' (Phil. 3:19); just as we say of others, 'Their god is money.'

Making an Idol of Himself

"There is another commandment so closely related to this, that I must ask right here, If a man thinks so much of himself and his own desires as thus to place himself before God, does he not make an idol of himself? And in that case, what other commandment does he break? What commandment forbids idolatry?"

"I don't know, unless you mean the second, the one against making images. But I do not see how he has broken that one; he had not made a graven image of anything."

"It is true that he has not made a literal, tangible image; but all image worship is nothing more or less than a certain conception of the worshipper's own mind and heart embodied in a visible image and worshipped—really worshipping himself, or making a god or an idol of himself. What difference does it make whether one worships one's self in a stone image or in one's own person? It is idolatry just the same. Two more commandments broken in breaking the Sabbath commandment—five already!"

The man moved about with ill-concealed agitation; his eyes opened wider; he scratched his head.

"But this is not all. God's name is in the fourth commandment. It tells us that He is Maker of heaven and earth, the great Creator. That distinguishes Him from all other gods. It is the only place in the Decalogue where He has affixed His name to the wonderful document—just at the close of the first table of the law, those commandments which tell of our relations and obligations to Him. Now, when

we treat His precepts in such a reckless, vain way, are we not using His name in vain? And what does the third commandment say?"

"Oh, well, that commandment pretends, or tries, to prohibit swearing; but what you say is not swearing, or profanity—if there is such a thing."

"But this commandment forbids more than outspoken oaths. Any vain use of God's name—whatever would tend to break down our own or another's sense of reverence for God and cause us to forget Him and His Word—is also forbidden."

"And that is not all. Many persons say, 'It makes no difference which day you keep, provided you keep one holy.' But God says, in the commandment where His name is signed, that the *seventh* day is His Sabbath; in it we are not to do any work. Then, is it true that it makes no difference which day you keep? Is it not a *vain* use of that commandment, and of God's name in it, to take such a position—really a violation of the third commandment?"

He looked rather chagrined, and made an effort to speak, but failed.

"Again, if the individual has not told the truth about it, what other commandment has he transgressed?"

If We Sin Against Man, We Sin Against God

"I see what you mean; but that commandment says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' What has that to do with the being you call God?"

"It is true that that is the letter of the law; but you must remember that we read that God's law is spiritual. To lie is to lie, whether to one or to another; and it is far worse to lie to God than to man."

"Now, in regard to this saying that it makes no difference which day one keeps, I want to suggest

one or two more thoughts on that point: If we want to keep God's rest day, we must rest on the same day as He did; and He rested on the seventh day of the week only. His resting and blessing made that day the Sabbath; for 'Sabbath,' you know, means rest. Man's rest counts for nothing in making a day holy. If all the people on earth should rest on another day, that would not make that other day God's rest day. Man's rest day could never be God's rest day unless he should rest on the same day that God rested on at creation."

"In Genesis 2:3, I read, 'God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made.' He put His presence into that day in a separate sense from that in which it is in other days, just as that sacred presence is in some individuals and not in others. His presence in the burning bush made the ground about it holy, as it did also the place where the Captain of the Lord's host met with Joshua. (Exod. 3:5; Joshua 5:13-15.) Although we may not outwardly discern any difference between the seventh and the first day of the week, the fact that God's presence is in the seventh day makes all the difference in the world. His presence may and should be with us and in us every day of the week; but quite aside and separate from this it is in His holy day. And when that sacred presence in the day and in the individual meet, there is in that heart a sense of holiness and sacredness that is felt and known only by those who know this truth and have this experience."

"I wish that all might see that there was but one day that God blessed and sanctified, on which He rested, and into which He put His presence, and that therefore it does make a difference which day we keep, and that it is not the truth to say that it

makes no difference which day we observe."

We Dishonour God by Breaking His Law

Seeing some signs of excitement on his face, I said quickly:

"Let us go another step. God claims, by virtue of creation and redemption, that He is our Father. In thus openly dishonouring Him, what other commandment has been broken?"

"You certainly are not so simple as to mean that he has violated the fifth commandment. That is only for children—for them to honour and obey their parents. It is a command, by the way, that is entirely superficial and useless; for what parent does not know enough to make the children mind?"

"Not so fast. God calls us His children; for, as I said, He made us. Especially does He promise those who will separate from sin and turn to Him for forgiveness and salvation, 'I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters.' 2 Cor. 6:17, 18. And will He allow us to show Him less respect and honour than we show our earthly parents? If the letter of the law is broken by a child's disobedience to its earthly parent, is not the spirit of it broken by our disobedience to our heavenly Parent? This makes eight commandments broken in transgressing 'only one.'"

With an astonishment he could not conceal, Jones said, "I confess I never heard or saw such things before."

Committing Suicide

"We have not finished; there are two other commandments. But I wish first to refer to three or four other texts. 'The wages of sin is death.' Rom. 6:23. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Ezek. 18:4. 'Sin is the transgression of the law.' 1 John 3:4. This law of ten commandments

is the law that points out sin, and without which we could not tell what sin is. (Rom. 7:7.) In this wholesale transgression of God's law, what is the sinner bringing upon himself? What is he doing to himself?"

"Do you mean that he is taking his own life?"

"I do. Is not his course leading him to certain death—unless he repents and turns to God and secures the forgiveness of his sins? Of what commandment is killing, even if it be self-destruction, a violation?"

"I suppose it must be the sixth, as you Christians call it: 'Thou shalt not kill.' But you can't get in the seventh commandment on this argument. There is no possible way in which one can break the commandment forbidding adultery in breaking the fourth."

"We shall see," I replied with confidence. "There are many figures used in the Bible by which God illustrates to us the relations existing between Him and us. I read in Isaiah 54:5: 'Thy Maker is thine Husband; the Lord of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called.' He is the husband of all whom He has made. Israel backslid from God, uniting with the nations around her. Of her, God said, 'Surely as a wife treacherously departeth from her husband, so have ye dealt treacherously with Me, O house of Israel, saith the Lord;' also that she had 'played the harlot,' 'and committed adultery.' Jer. 3:20, 8, 9. And in James 4:4 I read, 'Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?' This spiritual adultery is forbidden by the seventh commandment just as truly as is the carnal. As a spiritual law, it detects the sin in the thoughts and in the heart. (Matt. 5:27, 28.) Therefore, in transgression of the fourth command-

ment, the seventh is broken as well as are the other nine."

I pitied the poor man, for he looked ashamed and confused; but I felt that it was really necessary to carry my reasoning to its conclusion.

The Argument in a Nutshell

"I wish to ask you a few questions now. First, to sum up all in a nutshell, I want to ask a question on each of the commandments; then on the law as a whole.

"How can a man take God's Sabbath (fourth commandment) for his own selfish use, ruthlessly breaking it, without stealing also (eighth commandment)? How can he steal a thing without first coveting it (tenth commandment)? How can he thus put himself first, even before God, without having another god before the Lord (first commandment)? And how can he make such an idol of himself without breaking the second commandment? How can he so heedlessly and vainly use the commandment in which God has placed His name, without taking that name in vain (third commandment)? How can he show such disrespect to his heavenly Father without breaking the fifth commandment? Or how can he commit such sins, when God has said that the sure result of sin is death, without being guilty of knowingly and deliberately taking his own life (sixth commandment)? How can a person do all this, and by his actions and his words of self-justification, say that his course is all right, and be telling the truth (ninth commandment)? And last, How can he go so completely away from his spiritual spouse as to join the sinful world, living with the world as with a beloved, congenial companion, without being guilty of adultery (seventh commandment), as God said ancient Israel was in doing the same thing?"

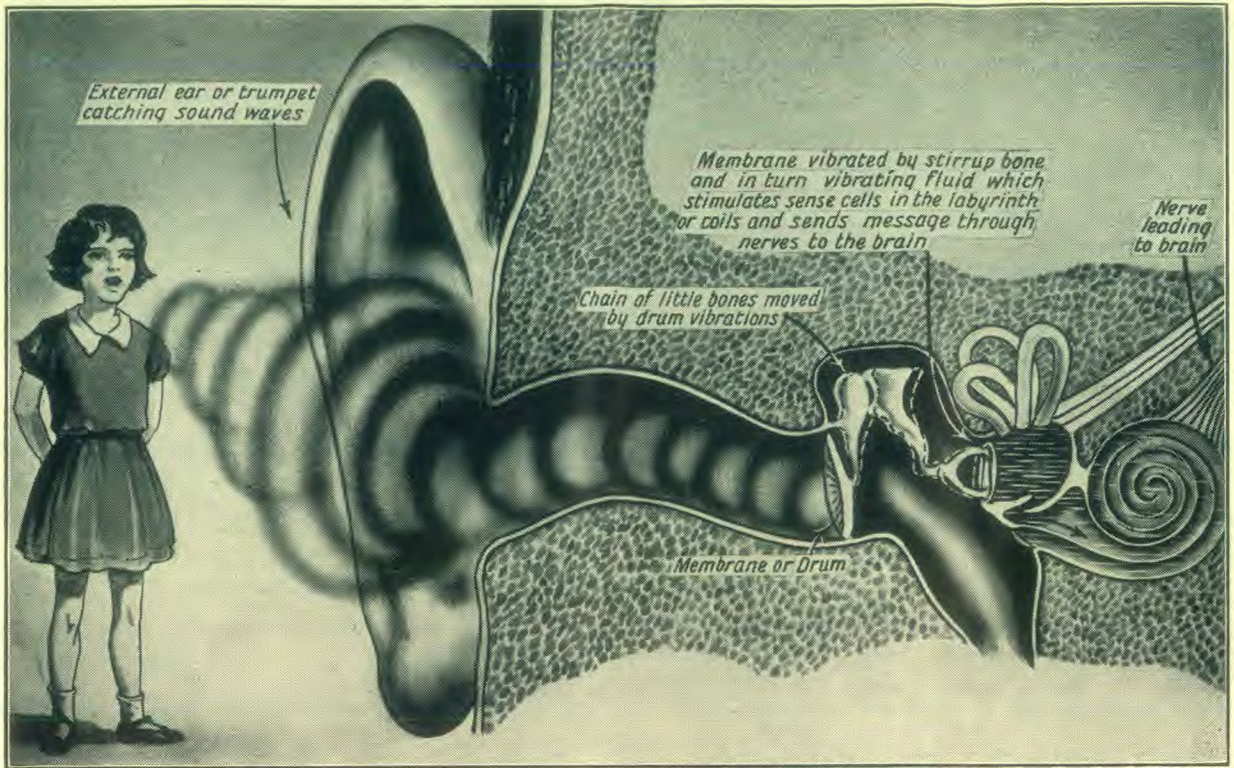
"Can you now think that the fourth commandment is of no consequence, and that it makes no difference which day we keep? Really, is it not the very heart of the law of God, the greatest of all the commandments—if it is possible that one can be greater than another? Does it not matter if we do keep another day, concerning the observance of which God has said nothing in His Word, when the discarding and disregarding of His day involves the violation of every commandment in the Decalogue? And does not the substitution of another day in its place, without His direction so to do, add greatly to the guilt of the transgressor? How would you like it if someone should steal your fine new car boldly before your very eyes, and give you instead an old second-hand car and say it was just as good?"

The Infidel Convicted

Without realizing what he had done, the infidel had stood, moved his chair nervously, and had seated himself again where the better light from the window, falling upon his face, revealed a great surprise, and evidence of a deep conviction.

"Now for some questions on the law as a whole: In all candour, sir," I asked, "did you ever see any other law so brief, yet so comprehensive? While each section, or commandment, is so distinct and complete in itself, the whole is so entirely one, each so related to every other, that it is impossible to transgress one without transgressing every other one in the same act. I would like to ask you, Where did Moses get that law? Can you tell? Do you think any human mind devised it? Can you write as good a law?"

There followed a few moments of uncomfortable silence, then he said: "I must admit, sir, that this is the first time I have ever
(Continued on page 34.)



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The marvellous mechanism that enables you to hear.

YOUR WONDERFUL EARS

A Masterpiece of the Divine Architect

By Arthur Warren

It was certainly odd!

I was walking down the crowded street of a seaport town on the Continent. The hubbub of voices in a foreign tongue was all around, but as my thoughts were elsewhere I took no notice of these sounds.

But suddenly, clear as a bell, I heard a voice saying in English: "Yes, I suppose that's true," or some such commonplace remark.

The speaker was a little distance away—a perfect stranger—talking to a friend in quite a natural voice. How in the world did my ears pick up those familiar sounds from the tumult? Why did those syllables knock

at the door of my brain so loudly and so promptly?

Yet anyone's ears would have done the same under the same conditions.

It would seem as though the mind has a special automatic alarm signal from the ears for the use of all those sounds which have become precious during the life. This "house telephone" always takes precedence over the other wires.

But the power of the ears is not limited to sounds near by. During the Great War men in the Cambridge fens could actually hear the guns of death boom-

ing away in France two hundred miles away!

In these days the wonders of wireless are probably making many think a little more of the wonders of the ears.

You turn the black knobs of the radio set and there floats into your room a voice from far-off Italy. Then another from London. Or a song from Paris, or stranger still, music from the manger at Bethlehem itself! One has cause for saying:

"Wonderful invention, this radio!"

Yes, and yet if it were not for your ears—those two dainty little receiving sets on the right and

left of your own head, you wouldn't hear a word.

Not a solitary word!

The same is true of the telephone. A man takes up the black receiver and hears the voice of a friend at Bournemouth, or at Paris, or across the Atlantic—yes, even in Australia.

But without that delicate mechanism in the ears one couldn't get a sound out of the telephone.

It would be as mute as a brick.

As you think of it, these receiving sets of ours have an almost weird faculty for recognizing particular variations of sound. They instantly announce to the brain, "It is a lady speaking," even when the voice from your cabinet has been transmitted from Budapest and is speaking in a foreign tongue. If half a dozen roosters begin crowing in the night your ears will promptly tell you which is which, so that your brain will be able to express itself suitably through the voice as to the virtues of each chicken-keeping neighbour.

You will be proud of your ears if you make a list of the different sounds they can detect.

You can probably recognize: a thousand different voices; a thousand different tunes; and two thousand other sounds.

Probably more than two thousand—humming, buzzing, singing, chirping, purring, dripping, whistling, clanking, clinking, chinkling, jingling, rattling, squeaking, squealing, sighing, sobbing, laughing, singing—yes, more than two thousand.

Just test your power by closing your eyes while someone is doing a simple thing like making a cup of cocoa.

You will distinguish the footsteps, the rattle of the cup and saucer, the rushing sound of the gas, and the escaping of the steam from the boiling kettle.

Those sensitive ears will inform you next that the gas has been lowered. A clink and a hol-

low sound together will come as the lid is taken from the cocoa tin. Then there is the chink of a spoon on the tin and the rustling of parchment as the cocoa is extracted; the sound of another spoon in sugar and a light thud as the sugar bowl is replaced. No one can mistake the pouring sound of the water as it flows from the kettle nor the noise of the stirring in the cup.

During this time the ear may also have recorded two or three different voices, the ticking of the clock, a sparrow's chirp from the roof, and the noise of a motor outside.

Yes, the ears are wonderful receivers. Often wide-awake and sensitive even when they appear to be "off duty."

Notice the power of your ears to distinguish the direction from which sounds are coming. Right or left, behind or before, the ears tell accurately every time. And we think nothing of it.

But cover one of your ears—especially the one on the noisy side, and mark now the sense of uncertainty which comes over your mind. Evidently the Great Designer had a definite purpose in giving His creatures a pair of ears and not one alone. This was no chance or evolution!

And what an electrical effect the ears have on the emotions! One word tapping on that membrane will wreath the face with smiles. Another will bow the frame with sorrow.

Music is to some ears the sound of deep-running rivers of joy. Falling on other ears it tunes in the mind to the sounds of paradise.

"I thought I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself," cried Handel, when he had written the last notes of his triumphant "Hallelujah Chorus."

That vision of angel singers which Handel saw depicted in the Revelation of John! If it be true—oh, God! if it be true that

there exists such a heavenly choir of thousand times ten thousand, and if it be true that the beauty of those voices excels those of earth as the glory of the sun excels that of the moon—what delights of song await these ears!

But most of us scarcely give a thought to these ears which are even now the avenue of so many joys. Through long possession of this miraculous gift of hearing our sense of its value has become dimmed and blurred.

But if you were deaf! Oh, if you were stone deaf!

What price, then, for the blackbird's song? What price, then, for the stirring music of the "Hallelujah Chorus"? What price, then, for the voices of those you love?

You see their lips move, you see them smile, but you hear no beloved voice. You are out in the woods in spring, you see the branches of the trees swaying in the breeze, but no rustle of leaves is heard nor song of birds.

Not for you is the sound of music now; not for you the enjoyment of Mozart, Schubert, or Sullivan, not for you the voice of friends. No more the lapping of the waves nor the sound of the foaming waterfall. No more the voice of children or the cooing of babes. Never again the excited bark of a happy dog or the purring of a cat!

"Horrors! It sounds like a description of inferno!" you say.

Then suddenly the great gift is handed back to you—and you hear again.

Price! A thousand pounds? Two thousand? Ten thousand pounds? You would pay it with joy for this wonderful power.

And it's yours!

Free!

Thank God for His precious gift of those two little receivers perched high up on the walls of the Castle of your Intellect.

Thank God for the gift of hearing!

UNKNOWN CONQUESTS

WE were a big crowd—Americans, Canadians, British—all of different beliefs, different vocations, and we had never met before. We knew little or nothing of each other save that for almost three weeks we must all share the same ship, see only the same few faces, sail the same eternal sea, play the same games, eat the same kind of food, and all feel the same sluggishness and apathy descending on us. We felt it coming already, though we had scarce settled down! What heat! What a stench! Rotting peanuts, bags of them, and tens of thousands of badly-tanned hides. If only, at least, we could push away from this wharf! When *would* she start?

Suddenly there came a diversion. Evidently he knew some one of the party, and he burst in on us like a whirlwind, a cyclonic personality. He was gone almost as quickly as he had come, nevertheless he was introduced all round, and our turn, though we were not eager, came in with the rest. He saluted us boisterously. He, himself, was a mountainous creature, and everything to do with him, his handshake, his voice, his laughter, they all corresponded. And as, when the wind blows, we draw our coats the closer, so we found ourselves withdrawing into ourselves before this overwhelming man. We always do feel that we can be more free with the timid, uncivilized bush-inhabitant than we can with his more wealthy, be-trousered countryman.

He was a Mr. —, well, no matter what his name, but a very prince-of-merchants in the city, our fellow-traveller told us, and towards missions and missionaries a very liberal-hearted man.

And then the surprise came.

The Fruitage of Fifty Years of Silent Ministry

By M. J. Vine

"Mrs. Vine," introduced our fellow-traveller.

Immediately there came more than good fellowship into the great face beaming down on us; there came recognition.

"A-haaaa," he said, and only they who have heard the Yoruba people give voice to this expression can form any idea of the intonation they put into this wonderful word, "A-haaaa!" It is the dawn of a revelation.

"Mrs. Vine," repeated this prince-of-merchants, "A-haaaa—PRESENT TRUTH."

The company, of course, looked on in wonderment. They knew we had never seen this man before. Where was the connection? Eventually he explained. He had been reading PRESENT TRUTH, he said, every issue, and every word of it, even the Home Corner, for ten years, and he was as amazed as we at finding, at such a time, in such a place, others who both loved and enjoyed the paper.

We have, however, marvelled more than once at the unexpected work done by PRESENT TRUTH, indeed our first welcome to Africa was the warmer because of it. We needed no introduction, they said; we were already friends. But how often, right in the bush, we have been surprised.

"Please Sah," or "Please Ma, I would like for you to give me some copies of PRESENT TRUTH," they have pleaded, and here and there, in all sorts of odd corners, in the hands of all kinds of odd people, we have come across odd

copies, some dating back to our childhood, yet still, though yellow, carefully preserved. "Where *have* they come from?" we have asked, and, "How can they"—for it seems incredible—"have lasted so long?" It is amusing, yet very significant, and withal very reminiscent of the days when we ourselves used to wait breathlessly for the regular appearance of our beloved paper, when a woolly-headed black man tells us he would like to read some more of that "fine-too-much" story, "Denver and Co.," producing as he speaks some very tattered pages which brought it all back vividly to our minds.

Certainly, not in our wildest dreams, as we used to sit imagining back there in the office, did we ever think of the paper penetrating into by-ways such as this. We saw doors, thousands of them, through which it would pass, doors into the houses of the rich, doors into the houses of the poor, red doors, green doors, white doors, doors with portals and servants for their opening, doors to be reached only by endless steps, doors emitting stale and nauseating smells, doors kicked and scratched, all these we could picture easily.

But Michael's door, Michael who came begging for old spare copies because he wanted to make his mind sweet for God! And Ebenezer's, and Ogunrumbi's! It is all so foreign—a native house, low, mudwalled, practically windowless, and roofed with palm-leaves. To

hunch one's self in a chair made from the crooked branch of a tree, to sit awhile there in the dimness and watch them grinding peppers, pounding yam, frying some huge species of grasshopper maybe, and then to discern on the blackened walls those old familiar cover pictures of *PRESENT TRUTH*, it seems as though they have taken something of one's self and pasted it there. It brings England and all those other doors and homes wonderfully near.

And yet it should not seem so strange. *PRESENT TRUTH* celebrates its golden jubilee this month, and that it has travelled so far and done so much is surely but natural, but as it should be. For what of the dear, dead hands that prepared those first editions? What enthusiasm they put into them! What hope! And what of the prayers that were lifted up? We see but the response.

If, at this hour, there could be a gathering of all those who have come to accept the Saviour and His truth for these last days through the influence of *PRESENT TRUTH*, what a mixed and multitudinous throng it would be. We are fortunate, at the moment, to be living in a home where, for these almost forty years *PRESENT TRUTH* has been loved and cherished, and here they are, practically every copy, a grand pile. One wonders, as one looks at it, which particular copy it was which sent this man careering off to that far corner of the earth, and which page it was that this rough sailor found jammed in a case as packing and which for ever changed the bent of his life. Perhaps it was in this very issue, so yellow now.

"Perhaps my soul, nor song nor star
Shall lead thee to the manger bed,
For numberless God's chariots are,
And men by different paths are
led."

Miraculous that a sheet of paper, so apparently insignificant,

could be the means to lead so many.

For, truly, it is an unbelievable story. A torn sheet of print picked up on a ship far out in the ocean, and a little man reading it, nay devouring it. He is rough, uncultured, but he has discernment, he can see. He realized at once that he must do more than read, he must obey. Then there follows what it only needs a Hans Anderson to make into an enthralling history. We recall those bright pictures of our childhood. A golden egg, a boy who cannot let it go. Then one comes and catches him by the arm, and he, too, is magnetized. Then another, and another, a farmers' wife, a youth and a clergyman, a ludicrous crowd at last, and not one able to get away. And it is the same now except that the picture is much more and increasingly colourful, for here the long trail has not yet reached its end. For there, hanging on tight to the little man is his wife, and behind her are many hundreds of them, different from what many of us have ever seen, great, strapping coloured men, shock-headed and hugely muscular, head-hunters and man-eaters—until they became fascinated by this small, small man and the frail white woman and the paper. While close on them—but the story goes on and on. The great cannibal chief, himself, travels and tells his story, and a hundred young and glowing hearts are stirred to service in America and in other parts, and the little man, too, comes home, and the thrilling tale, as it comes from his lips, inspires many a one to surrender himself. We, ourselves, are acquainted with one, and he, just as Livingstone felt the blood surge in his veins as he listened to Moffatt and afterwards went out and gave his life in that same cause, so this one, too, was set on fire and has since sailed far seas in the pur-

suit of that great business of netting men. And who can tell where it will end, the trail? Even now it is circling the world. White, black, yellow, and red, they are all fettered and enslaved.

The marvel of it!

And what a glorious pastime it will be when, in the kingdom, we are enabled to trace all the out-working of the influence of *PRESENT TRUTH*. It was one of this very pile before us that started the hopeful train which we ourselves are following. We know whose spirits we caught; some, we trust, too, will some time cling to us; but we shall probably be amazed, in that day of clear-seeing, to find how much greater a work even that one number did than anything we have conceived of, so widely its influence will have spread.

What a jubilee it will be in that memorable day! What a gathering! Thanks be it is not far distant. Thanks be the sands of time are wellnigh run. There is too much sorrow everywhere in the world for us to wish it to last longer, and man, with all his devices, is not succeeding in making it better. Every heart hides some secret woe, does it not?

Let us help to hasten that Jubilee day, and let us ourselves prepare more zealously for it. To stand among that gathering; to see the vast and mixed, yet holy, multitude, who will stand around the throne in that white dawn on which night will never again descend: to hear the Lord, Himself, sing over us; it is worth striving for, is it not?

♦ ♦ ♦

WHEN you get into a tight place and everything goes against you till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide will turn.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

The Children's Four Pages

Conducted by Uncle Arthur, author of "Bedtime Stories"



Where Angels Weep

By Uncle Arthur

WOULD you like to spend a day at the Hoxton Mission in the midst of slumland?

If so, come with me. Only bring a handkerchief, lest you need to shed some tears.

And bring strong legs and a brave heart, too, for it is going to be a strenuous time.

We arrive about eleven in the morning. Mr. Burt, the kindly, enthusiastic secretary, beams upon us in welcome. If I were sure he were not going to read this I would call him "the man with the heart of gold." He introduces us to his two visiting sisters, one of whom, Sister Florence, is to be our guide.

While waiting to start on our journey a poor mother enters with her little boy. Could the Mission help with some clothes for him?

He surely needs them. I never saw such an assortment of rags on any human being. As for socks, he has none. His shoes by their appearance must surely have belonged to a girl—and one twice his age, for they wobble up and down as he walks, and he has to slide to keep them on.

One of the Mission helpers comes forward and seeks to find garments that will fit. We hope he will be successful, though we cannot wait to see.

Our first appointment is with the unemployed, who are given a daily meal of soup and bread in one of the Mission buildings. We speak a few words of cheer to them and then pass on. Sister Florence leads the way and we wonder what surprises are in store for us.

We approach a narrow street

of small mean, musty-looking houses.

"You see that house over the way," says our guide, pointing cautiously to one where a torn blind has been drawn down as far as it will come and the one unbroken shutter has been closed by reverent hands. "There is to be a double funeral there tomorrow."

"Oh!" we exclaim.

"Yes," she adds. "Mother and little daughter; both died of starvation."

"Starvation?"

"Yes. They said at the hospital that she had had 'insufficient nourishment,' but it means the same."

Starvation! In Christian England, too!

We turn down a narrow passage and knock at a door. It is opened and we are immediately welcomed. Sister Florence's knock, by the way, is like an "Open Sesame"; for there is no door that will not open to it.

The room is small, not more than ten feet square, and seems full of furniture, though it possesses but a double bed, a fold-up bed, a chest of drawers, a small table, and one or two chairs. Hanging crookedly above the head of the bed is Copping's famous picture of Christ gathering the children of all nations to His arms. From lines stretched across the ceiling droop sundry and divers garments, evidently hung up to dry.

In the little bit of space between the bed and the fire stands a woman, with a child by her side. She tells us that she has four children under nine years of age and that they all, with the

father, live in this one room. Her income is nil but for a little poor relief and gifts from the Hoxton Mission. What a home!

Yet, brave mother, she utters no complaint. "We must make the best of it," she says, with a faint smile.

"But isn't it absolutely bedlam when all the children come in here from school?" I ask sympathetically.

"It is, rather," she replies, "but God is good to us, and we get along as best we can."

Marvellous courage!

But now to a basement.

You see that window down there, well below the level of the pavement—the one with the blind all askew and a piece of rag doing duty for a curtain? An old couple with their son live down there.

But how to get there is a problem, for the iron gate leading into the area is locked, and the handleless door down below has obviously not been opened for years.

Seeing our dilemma a woman beckons us to follow her. Entering by the main door of the house we follow a passage, which gets darker every moment, and then descend the cellar steps into almost pitch darkness. Then along another passage to a door, which, when opened, reveals a sight as dreadful as the approach.

In a corner stands a bent old woman, literally crippled with rheumatism. She is trying to fix herself more tidily to meet her visitors, but in vain. Her poor, diseased limbs will not respond. She sits down upon the bed—a frightfully bumpy bed, covered with an ancient patchwork quilt—and asks us to feel the swellings on her elbows. They get corns on them, she says, through constant attempts to clamber up the stairs. Do we think they will get worse? Are her bones wasting away?

Poor old dear! How can we tell? It is a case for the hospital;

and the special treatment required costs too much, she says; so she stays at home and suffers in silence.

The husband gets 10/- a week old age pension, of which 9/9 goes to the landlord as rent. For food the two old people are utterly dependent on their son, who gets casual labour at the docks one or two afternoons a week and, if lucky, brings back from five to ten shillings.

"Are you not often without fire?" I ask.

"Of course; many times," replies the old man. "We would have no fire now but for the gift of coal from the Mission."

"But what do you do on the cold winter days without a fire?" I ask again.

"Make the best of it," they reply bravely, in unison.

"But, you know," adds the old lady kindly but proudly, "we don't like to talk about our troubles."

"Gallant souls!" I whisper as I clamber up the stairs.

But there is more to see—much more.

A knock on another door brings us face to face with a gaunt, pale-faced man who ushers us into a small room almost entirely filled with a table and chairs. Around the table sit five children, four boys and a girl, just finishing a meal. We learn that the number will soon be six.

His family, explains the man, occupies four rooms, two on the ground floor, and two in the basement. Until a fortnight before they had all lived in the basement, but had taken the extra rooms because of the expected event. For these four rooms, out of a total income of 33/- unemployment benefit, he has to pay no less than 21/- in rent.

We ask to see the basement. He willingly agrees, and leads the way down a

flight of rickety stairs into a dismal hole, more like a dungeon than a kitchen. Beside it is another room, with slightly more light, but still horribly gloomy and cold. A sack does duty for curtain over the broken glass in the door that once opened on the area. Huge rat holes yawn in the bare floor boards, and one can see where others have been covered with flattened tin boxes. Outside the back door is the one water closet used by the twenty-five occupants of the house.

There is a fireplace in each room, but it is impossible to light either of them without smothering the basement with smoke, so badly blocked are the chimneys.

From the crevices between the boards and from under the fireplaces swarms of beetles sally forth at night to add to the discomfort of the family.

In one of these rooms is an old iron bedstead.

"Surely," I suggest, "no one sleeps down here now!"

"Oh, yes," replies the man. "That's the children's bed."



At the door of a Hoxton slum.

"What!" I cry in horror; "among the rats and beetles?"

"There's no other place," he replies. "We can't have them in our room with the wife unwell."

"And I haven't yet lost my faith in Christ," he goes on to assure me. "The owner of this house wants to sell it, and offered me £5 for myself if I wouldn't tell about the rats and beetles and would say it is a good place. But he can't corrupt me. I am a Christian still."

What valiant hearts still live in these vile dwellings!

As we stumble up the dark, narrow stairs I wish I could meet the landlord who is charging these poor people 21/- a week for this wretched den. I would have somewhat to say to him.

But it is long past dinner-time. In fact such scenes as these drive hunger far away. We return to the Mission and, after a light repast, commence the afternoon's programme. First there are meetings for women—three of them running concurrently, and all crowded. Then the children come in to be fed—with spiritual as well as ordinary food. Then a Band of Hope meeting, followed by a Gospel service for adults, followed in turn, at nine o'clock, by a visit to the boys' club. What incessant activity! There is not an idle moment. In fact there is scarcely time to breathe.

And now the day is over and we are about to leave.

But stay! Here is Sister Florence. Where is she going at this late hour?

To the house of mourning—where the double funeral is to be held on the morrow. Would we like to accompany her?

Of course. Who dare think of weariness in such ministry?

Another knock. Sad eyes welcome us. We enter and are shown the room where the family of six had lived before this tragedy befell them.

Believe it or not, that room is

but nine feet square. Just nine feet. It has one window, looking out over a small, dismal yard. There is no fireplace. The wall-paper is a mass of ugly patches. The floor bends under my weight, the supports having rotted away. A piece of three-ply covers what was, until recently, a gaping hole in the floor-boards.

Between the door and the window stands the coffin—the under-

Sunbeams!

WHEN you have dried your eyes after reading "Where Angels Weep," you will surely want to do something to help bring some rays of sunshine to these poor boys and girls of "darkest London."

Well, we are planning to take some of them on a trip into the country when the days get longer. If we have enough money we may invite some of the old folks, too.

We have plans on foot also to start some other welfare work for the poor and needy and will tell you about this as soon as we can.

Would you like to help us? Mother would, I know, and p'r'aps Father—anyway, ask him and send along as much as you can just as soon as you can.

Where to send it? Of course to your old friend **UNCLE ARTHUR,**

c/o PRESENT TRUTH,
The Stanborough Press Ltd.,
Watford, Herts.

taker having been afraid to put it elsewhere for fear that its weight might cause the floor to give way.

A relative approaches and draws back the lid. We gaze upon the marble features of a comparatively young woman, and turning to the brass plate notice that she was only thirty-one. Thirty-one! And dead of starvation!

She had tried to keep her little home going on 31/6 unemployment benefit, out of which she had paid 10/- a week in rent. Her last few weeks of life had been spent trying vainly to find a better place for her family to live.

In the next room two of the children are in bed. A third is

away in a convalescent home and the fourth lies dead in the mortuary.

Beside the bed is a cupboard, and beside the cupboard a cat. All alert, with hair bristling, it awaits the nightly visit of the rats.

There is a movement in the bed. One of the children wakes and turns his sleepy eyes upon us. He seems to be wondering who these strange people are who have come to see him so late.

I look down on him with dimmed eyes, wondering if he knows what has happened—if anyone has told him about his mother and his little sister—and what will become of him now.

And as I look I seem to hear a strange and distant sound. Surely it is—it must be—the sobs of angels.

♦ ♦ ♦

Our Sunbeams' Corner

(Continued from page 33.)

old garments fingered as if they were costly robes!

And here we are back home again, in 1934!

We want to do big things now that we have reached the proud age of ten, don't we? With our 1,900 joyful members, we ought to make 1934 a year full of really practical kindness.

Have you noticed Uncle Arthur's message on this page? That's a big scheme we are planning for the summer.

Down in Hoxton, as Uncle Arthur has described to you, there are deep, black clouds of gloom and poverty hanging over everything.

Won't you help us to bring some of those who live there out of the darkness for one day into the freedom of the country?

Come on, all of you! Help us to chase away those clouds for a while, and all join hands under our new banner,

"WE BRING SUNSHINE."

Yours affectionately,

ELLA PADMORE.

OUR Sunbeams' Corner

My dear Sunbeams,

PRESENT TRUTH is feeling quite important. We've been making a fuss of her now that she's fifty years old, and have given her a new dress to wear on her birthday.

We hope you'll give her a real welcome when she comes to your home this time. Sit with her by your fireside and let her talk to you. She is just brimming over with stories of when she was a little girl, and of all the events she has seen happen as she grew up. In fact, we've seldom found her in a more reminiscent mood.

Should you ask her to tell you something about your own Sunbeam Band, I know she'll only shake her head very wisely, and say, "You're only a baby yet. Now when you're as old as I am —."

You see, we cannot boast any grey hairs, like herself, so she thinks we're not very important.

And, of course, it is *her* birthday, and not ours, so we mustn't make ourselves too conspicuous. But we do hope that some will notice us tucked away in Our Corner. For we are a ten-year-old baby, after all!

We have quite a history, too. I'm going to take you back with me to our "birthday," and give you a peep at the Band through the years. So shut your eyes tight! — And now open them again!

It is June, 1924, so the calendar says. Miss Stockford—why, of course, many of you remember her!—is telling her Cornerites about the new *Sunshine Company Ltd.* that is going to make lots of happiness for others. New Sunbeams are joining every day, and are planning

many good deeds to scatter, like sunshine, all around them.

1925—and the Band still in its babyhood. Yet, what are all these Sunbeams doing?

They're busy packing up parcels of old toys to send to the "Bundle Lady" for the poor children of East London. And look at the pile of pennies saved up for the Mission Fund! The Sunbeams are making friends afar as well as at home.

1926—another happy year of kindness, many treasures finding their way from the Sunbeams' toy-cupboards to the unfortunate little mites of East London.

1927—why, here's our old friend, Uncle Jack—with some fresh plan for the Sunbeams, as usual!

See, he has led us away to the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies, where these tiny tots are dancing for joy around the gramophone. How beautiful the music sounds! And it is one of the Sunbeams' own records—one of many that have been sent to cheer these little ones in their eternal darkness.

Now, Christmas has come round, and parcels of every size and shape, containing such mysteries, are being delivered at the door of Queen Mary's Hospital, for unknown friends who cannot run about like the rest on Christmas Day.

1928—what a lot of happy faces, and what a noise! It's the happiest day of the year for the lucky ones in East London. This is the first poor children's outing given by the Sunbeams, and there never was more fun or laughter crowded into one day! No wonder Miss Petavel arranges for another one in



1929. Pale faces grow rosy in the sunshine and fresh air, and we wish they need never go back to Slumland. But the great day is over and the children return home, yet staying in our thoughts all the year through.

1930—merry shouts ringing through the air once more, this time from our little friends in Hoxton Market. Many of them are tasting the joys of the countryside for the first time in their lives. What tales they will take home to their friends!

As in 1928 and 1929, scrap-books and picture puzzles, made by the Sunbeams themselves, help to shorten the weary hours for the tiny patients lying in bed in hospital at Christmas time.

1931—and Miss Wallis comes to meet us! Nearly everyone will remember her, I am sure, for she only left us at the end of

1932, and you would think she was the "Bundle Lady" herself from the number of precious parcels passing through her office to the poor children during those two years.

1933—the year just passed! Who is the busy man in a red cap and white whiskers? It is the Father Christmas of Hoxton, giving away the Sunbeams' gifts to the ragged, toyless children who live there. Even the smallest toy is received with delight, and

(Continued on page 32.)

Breaking One Means Breaking Ten

(Continued from page 25.)

been beaten by a minister. I have no more to say now; I must take time to think of this more seriously."

"This is not my wisdom; I do not gloat over 'beating' you," I quickly assured him; "it is only the little knowledge I have of God's Word and His law, aided by His Holy Spirit, that enables me so to reason. 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.'" Psa. 19:7, 8.

— — —

Tried and Triumphant

(Continued from page 21.)

threw one forcibly on to the ground. It burst and out fell a number of rolls of papyri which had been used as stuffing! The other crocodiles were hastily recovered from the rubbish heap and were also found to contain an immense number of papyri belonging chiefly to the first three centuries of the Christian era. Enormously enlarging the material for the study of this age of Greek literature they corroborated Dr. Deismann's discovery and have thrown light on many New Testament expressions.

Mistakes of Luke Vindicated

As with practically every other part of the Bible the critics essayed to find fault with the geographical and historical references in the Acts of the Apostles, particularly with Paul's travels in Asia Minor.

Sir Wm. Ramsay went out to Asia Minor about 1880 a confirmed follower of the Wellhausen school of German critics to find more destructive evidence, but after many years of research changed his views completely and declared, "Luke's history is unsurpassed in respect to its trustworthiness."

Sir Wm. Ramsay's experience provides a striking commentary on the statement made by Sir Robertson Nicoll shortly before his death:

"The significant fact is that the great first-hand archæologists, as a rule, do not trust the higher criticism. This means a great deal more than can be put on paper to account for their doubt. It means that they are living in an atmosphere where arguments that flourish outside do not thrive."—*"Sunday-School Times,"* November 8, 1913.

Space does not permit reference to the host of other thrilling discoveries of the past fifty years which have added their testimony to the truth of the Bible, but within the short period of the past decade we have had Leonard Woolley's work at Ur throwing light on the wonderful Sumerian civilization of Ur in Abraham's day, Sir Flinders Petrie's work

at Gerar and Gaza increasing our knowledge of the Hyksos kings who ruled Egypt in the days of Joseph, Melvin Grove Kyle's and Alexis Mallon's work on the site of ancient Sodom and Gomorrah proving their destruction by fire and not by flood.

Certain it is that no half century in the Christian era has produced such a wealth of evidences for the truth of the Bible than that which has elapsed since the first number of PRESENT TRUTH made its appearance in 1884. In the providence of God, their revelation coincided with the fiercest onslaught ever made upon His holy Word. At the very time when its champions were most sorely pressed, they came suddenly to the rescue and with overwhelming force hurled back the enemy all along the line.

And now, towering o'er the wrecks of time, and the discredited remnants of its fallen foes, the Book shines forth again, and with yet more resplendent glory, tried and triumphant.

THIS special double number takes the place of numbers 8 and 9. PRESENT TRUTH number 10 will be dated May 10th, and will appear in the usual form.

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JESUS went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed by sickness and sorrow.

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Those who would be His disciples to-day must follow in His steps. They, too, will find life's greatest satisfaction in helping to lift the burdens of the poor and needy.

In this spirit, and with this vision, the proprietors of this journal, who have already established 108 hospitals and clinics in various parts of the world, have now decided to found

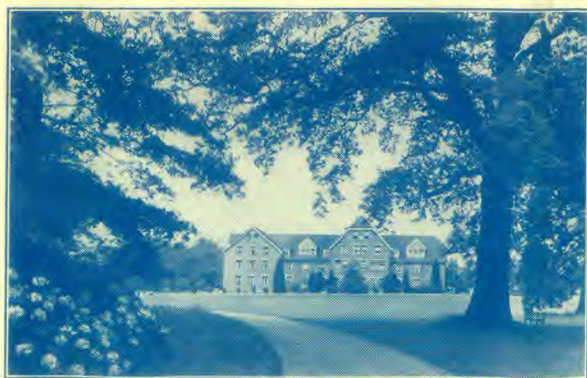


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A large part of the proceeds of the sale of this journal are to be devoted to this new hospital, and to welfare work for the poor.