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MEDICINE FOR THE MIND

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H. V. ROBERTS

SIGNS
OF THE
TIMES






Current Topics Reviewed

by the EDITORS

FISHERMEN AHOY!

 We gather from our reading of the New Testament that the enthusiastic Apostle Peter was gifted with a fine sense of humour. At least he possessed the characteristics which usually go with it. And again he had opportunity of three years of intimate association with the most genial and kindly character the world has ever known.

What a pity it is that those who clamour so vehemently for the honour of being the chief successor of Peter in these days do not take time off to see themselves in the somewhat ridiculous light in which others see them. A good hearty laugh might help to clear the air. We plead for a revival of Peter's sense of fairness and good humour in the light of the following observations from the *Sunday School Times*:—

"The Papacy refused to listen to the proposal of the World Council of Churches that unofficial Roman Catholic 'observers' be sent to the Amsterdam Council. Pope Pius XII is the alleged successor of Fisherman Peter, and the ring on his finger is called the *Annulus piscatoris* (the ring of the fisherman). The general secretary of the World Council of Churches is Dr. Visser't Hooft, Dutch for 'head fisherman.' He writes:—

"It remains to be seen whether the 'veto' of the holy office means in fact that this new and more hopeful approach is implicitly condemned or whether there is a possibility for continued conversation. From the point of view of the World Council we must hope and pray that real opportunities for fruitful contact [i.e., with the Papacy] may remain in existence."

"So would the head fishermen of Rome and Amsterdam respectively get us all into one boat."


Well, the boat is a bit crowded for us, and besides we have little use for the methods of such fishermen and still less confidence in their high sounding rival claims. Results in fish catching are more important in our eyes. While the dis-

putants are fishing with empty nets, under the blessing of God and in the same waters our nets are so full that we can scarcely handle the catch. We care nothing for gold braid, pompous titles, and empty holds. Our interest is in following the direction of the Master.

"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

R. P. B.

PROSELYTIZING—A SIN?

 THE astonishing statement that proselytism constituted "a restriction of religious freedom, and a sin" was made by Dr. Amílcar Alivizatos, professor of canon law in the university of Athens. Dr. Alivizatos believes that the World Council of Churches should condemn proselytizing carried on by any of its members, and according to *Ek-klesia*, official organ of the Greek Orthodox Church, he plans to propose a

restriction on such activities at the next assembly of the World Council.

This information was contained in a paragraph from the Religious News Service. We do not know if a fuller report would modify or explain what is given here. As it stands it seems passing strange that such a proposal should come in the name of freedom of religion.

The Oxford Dictionary defines proselyte as "convert from one opinion, creed, or party, to another." There is no hint of restriction of freedom here. The reverse is true, for freedom lives only where men are free to study and investigate and make their own decisions according to the mandate of conscience. Freedom also demands that men be free to share their faith with others—to pass on the light and peace that have made their own hearts glad.

In lands where the Church of Rome wields sway Protestant missionaries, if not forbidden altogether, are prevented from engaging in full public evangelism. But in Protestant countries all faiths are free to propagate their religion, and freedom of assembly and of speech is guaranteed to all. Surely the World Council of Churches, predominantly Protestant, will preserve this freedom.

With the Word of God in his hand and the love of Christ in his heart, the Christian minister may feed his flock with the bread of heaven. But some ministers themselves doubt the Word, and have no warm and living message to present to their flocks. Instead they give learned discourses on philosophy,



SIR JOHN COCKCROFT, surrounded by school-boy visitors, operating the Geiger-Müller Counter—a machine which detects the presence of radioactive metals—at a recent exhibition at Central Hall, Westminster.

economics, or current political trends. But their people are not fed; and hungry sheep wander.

God has a living message designed to meet and satisfy every need of the human heart in these days when men are crying out for something more than science, something beyond materialism. This message is declared to be the last sent to earth before the Lord Jesus returns to put a period to human history. Read this message in Rev. 14: 6-14.

It is the "everlasting gospel" of God's full salvation from sin; it is to go to every nation and people of earth; it warns of the work of judgment now proceeding; it calls men to worship God as Creator, thus denying evolution and calling men to an observance of the memorial of creation, the seventh-day Sabbath; it warns against a false system of worship with the most terrible threatenings contained in the Word; finally, it pictures the triumphant climax toward which Christ has been leading His church through two thousand years—His return in glory to gather the harvest of His love and suffering.

If such evangelism, which leads men and women to a personal knowledge of Jesus and to the hope of His return, may be termed proselytizing, then we gladly answer to the charge, believing that by so doing we are fulfilling the gospel commission. M. M. H.

A WAY OF DOING BUSINESS

IN every walk of life men and women who put God first in their lives sweeten and purify their environment. In the business world, where hard, close competition rules and where money-making is a passion, it is particularly refreshing to learn of those who are not devoted to the worship of mammon.

It is no sin to be rich provided the money is made honestly and used wisely. The man who realizes that he is steward rather than owner of the money, and uses it to advance the work of God and to benefit humanity, is filling a part in the plan of God.

Many Christians practise tithing, that is, devoting a tenth of their net income to the work of God. In doing this they feel that they are working in partnership with God, and so can take their problems to Him and claim His help and His blessing.

The latest instance of this we have seen is that of the Kerr canning-jar manufacturers. The story is told in the Business and Finance section of *Time* for February 21, and opens with the text: "And of all that Thou shalt give



SUSPECTED TERRORISTS brought into camp for questioning during combined military and police search for bandits in the Malayan jungles.

me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." Gen. 28: 22.

We quote from the story:—

"To the Kerr canning-jar people, Jacob's tithing vow is more than a wall motto. It is a way of doing business: every time Kerr makes a dollar, God gets a dime.

"The Kerr headquarters in Los Angeles show the marks of the partnership. The walls of the president's big office are covered with religious paintings. A well-thumbed Bible is always on the desk. Behind it last week Mrs. Ruth Kerr, . . . a widow with thirteen grandchildren, started her twenty-fifth year as head of Alexander Kerr and Co. and its subsidiary, Kerr Glass Mfg. Co. . . .

"Ruth Kerr is a blue-eyed, plump, soft-spoken woman who believes that the Lord will provide, but that a body ought to help Him all she can. She increased the company's output elevenfold, partly in making jars for industrial canners. . . .

"Ruth Kerr is a Baptist. 'Anything I've done,' she says earnestly, 'was accomplished because of what God has done.' God has been a partner in the company since 1902, when debt-ridden Alexander Kerr, an obscure wholesale grocery man, took the tithing vow at Portland, Oregon. Three months later Kerr took a chance: he borrowed money to buy a patent on a glass vacuum-jar that could be sealed at home. . . .

"In the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, he was first informed that the factory was 'undoubtedly destroyed.' Instead, the factory was 'miraculously

saved.' After that the Kerrs never doubted that God was on their side." A little later "they took to putting tithing leaflets in every case of jars."

"Mrs. Kerr still has time for prayer meetings and choir practice. In her way of life, religion and business are inextricably mixed."

As a people and as individuals, Seventh-day Adventists can testify to the blessings of the tithing system. It is a sound method of gospel finance, and it provides a continual reminder that all wealth belongs to God and that man is blessed as a faithful steward of his Lord's goods. M. M. H.

BLAME THE ANGLICANS!

A PARISH priest of Spain striking a note of patriotism signs himself *Miles Christi*, a soldier of Christ, to the following:—

"Liberty of worship does not exist here because of those who gave their blood to prevent it, fighting for God and the Fatherland."

He promises one hundred days indulgence if the faithful will read his effusion, and continues with the following precious bit of information.

"The loss of territories which Spain has suffered is due to the Anglicans. This is graven in the hearts of Spaniards. They snatched from us our American and European dominions by right of conquest. Are Spaniards not ashamed to receive religion, inspiration, and commands from those who have tyrannized over the world? Do you wish to be a citizen of another country than your own, you who were born in the heart of Castile?"

Which is a fair sample of the drivel with which the priestcraft hope to blind the reason of their oppressed victims. Just look at it for a moment. First of all he impresses the fact that liberty of conscience has been suppressed in Spain at the behest of his church and by bloody violence. Methinks a long way from the teaching and methods of the Christ he professes to serve!

Note then the attempt to keep alive age-old hatred and enmity. Again it is evident that he thinks that no nation other than Spain had any right to conquest. It is plain that the man has never played cricket. Finally the false assumption that acceptance of the pure religion of Jesus is a repudiation of Spanish citizenship. What puerile nonsense! Yet this is the type of insult to Spanish intelligence which the priests of Rome would offer to free Australians and New

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Why

WE DO NOT NEED THE

BLANK-DAY CALENDAR

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FRANK H. YOST

THE destruction of the historic week, the continuity of which has never been broken in all time, is seriously threatened by a proposed blank-day revision of the calendar.

By reducing the dated and named days of the year to only 364, and making the 365th a blank, lost day, this proposed calendar would destroy the week. In leap years the additional day required for proper solar reckoning, a day which has always been included in the week, would become an additional blank day.

The calendar was changed in 1582 to what was called the Gregorian Calendar, but this adjusted only the numbering of the days of the month. "One idea was never mentioned, viz., the abandonment of the seven-day week."—"Catholic Encyclopedia," Vol. IX, page 251.

The week has never been broken. Says the eleventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. IV, page 988:—

"The week is a period of seven days, having no reference whatever to the celestial motions—a circumstance, to which it owes its unalterable uniformity. . . . It has been employed from time immemorial in almost all eastern countries; and as it forms neither an aliquot part of the year nor of the lunar month, those who reject the Mosaic recital will be at a loss, as Delambre remarks, to assign to it an origin having much semblance of probability."

The single plausible argument in favour of this blank-day revision of the calendar is that it will simplify somewhat the figuring of statisticians and business accountants. But this claimed simplicity is less than a reality. In many busi-

★ In many businesses the activities of even the "blank" day must be accounted for, and records kept of them.

nesses the activities of even the "blank" day must be accounted for, and records kept of them.

But what would it do to the dates and planning and everyday living of the ordinary citizen?

1. It would disrupt all birthdays. A man who celebrates his birthday by the blank-day calendar would not be celebrating his birthday at all. It would be a fictitious anniversary on a falsely named day in a synthetic week. A young man who celebrates his twenty-first birthday according to the blank-day calendar will be at least twenty-five days older than the calendar would indicate. The legal problems thus created in probating wills, etc., have not been explored. It would require a court decision to settle the question in law thus created. Courts would have to determine whether the legal phrase in many laws, "Sunday, the first day of the week," means the original Sunday or the pseudo-Sunday, and the true "first day of the week" or the pretended one.

2. The same disturbance would come to all anniversaries—wedding, national,

or any other. How can fictitious days be recognized in the courts?

3. Furthermore, people will die on the "blank day"; babies will be born; accidents will happen; and even an earthquake or a tornado might occur on such a day. All these events must have a place in any calendar which is to be of any use to mankind. The blank-day calendar would complicate rather than simplify the recording of such events.

4. By making every year start on Sunday, the blank-day calendar would cause to disappear every genuine Sunday, which would wander as a displaced day through the man-made week. The real Sunday would in the first year of the blank-day calendar fall on the new Saturday, the next year on the new Friday, with two shifts within each leap year. It would similarly destroy every other weekly holy day of Gentile, Jew, or Moslem.

This would mean the end of religious liberty. Every conscientious observer of weekly holy days—and there are millions of them—would be compelled by the circumstance of blank-day disruption of



the week either to keep the sacred day of the original week on a different synthetic day each week, or to give up his faith and keep a day never known as holy. This compulsion would not be one of circumstance only. It would be an ecclesiastical forcing of conscience if any church should officially adopt the blank-day calendar, or a forcing of conscience by law if any nation should adopt it by legal processes.

Men would be thrown out of employment for conscience' sake. Children of good conscience regarding a holy day would be denied the benefits of public school education. Churches would be rent apart by dispute over the keeping of sacred days.

The most valuable asset that any nation can possess in its citizens is their devotion and adherence to conscientious religious convictions and their loyalty to sacred things. No nation can afford to trample on the religious convictions of its citizens for any cause, much less for the mere purpose of facilitating business and commerce, the only advantage that the proponents of the new calendar set forth. Nor can the business world afford to advocate the interference on the part of civil authorities with the free exercise of religion, or to trample under foot the religious convictions of the people, or to destroy the religious customs and observations of the nation in order to aid the cause of commerce. Business is dependent upon the carrying out of principles founded on and promoted by religion, and which are made effective only through the conscientious convictions of individual citizens; and when those principles and convictions are undermined, commerce will fail, and all other human relationships cannot but collapse.

Is this the time to disturb the dearest practices and the deepest feelings of men? Within a generation we have passed through a great war, an economic depression which reduced millions to a level of living below the starvation point, then through another world war so terrible that it is called a global war. The problems of readjustments following this generation-long time of trouble are afflicting us now, and have as yet shown no signs of easing. So earnest are our efforts to bring the world to unity that the nations have organized the United Nations, and have pledged themselves through this unity to bring peace to the world.

Do not let these endeavours be neutralized by agitation for adoption of a calendar which is of very questionable value even to business, and would seriously affect many of the deeper, vital relationships and sacred interests of mankind.

A SHEAF OF POEMS

By Peter Bladen

The Humble Heart

Where did the Saviour seek His crown?

Not in the palace hall.

He came to the humble tumble-down,

The dingy hovel and stall.

Where did the Saviour seek His fold?

Not in the garden green,

Not in the city streets of gold,

But on barren hills unseen.

Where did the Saviour go to rest?

Not with the proud and rich.

He was a pilgrim poorly dressed,
His haven a wayside ditch.

Where did the Saviour plant His love?

Not with the cultured rose.

The wilderness with the skies above

Is the humble ground where it grows.

For not in the proud, conceited breast

Does the love of heaven dwell.

The humble heart is its place of rest,

And its home as well.

The Vase

Long I laboured day by day

Moulding vases out of clay,

Turning from them half begun

Till I made a perfect one;

Worshipping my faultless art

Pride awoke within my heart.

Then within the vase I placed

Ferns and roses plucked in haste,

And I called my neighbour's name

Eagerly until he came.

"There's a fine display!" I cried,

And my heart was filled with pride.

Long he gazed, and long his eye

Seemed to praise the symmetry,

While with breath almost abated

For his words of praise I waited.

Innocently he exclaimed:

"Yes, the flowers are all you

claimed."

In my sudden loss of pride

Humbled, hurt, I turned aside.

But a whisper came to me,

Free of pride or mockery:

"God can fashion overnight

Gifts more pure than earth's de-

light."

Corner-stones of Heaven

From the cloud between the stairs,
From the sky between the bars,
From the sunlight patterned squares,
From a single wisp of stars—
How the heart may lift and build
Heavens in majesty fulfilled!

From the glimpse of strand and willow,
From the line of hill and brush,
From a breath of surging billow,
Or the echo of a thrush,
How the heart may lift and build
Heavens in majesty fulfilled!

From the heart-beat of a Word
Like a single lamp in heaven,
From a promise love has heard,
From a gift of mercy given—
How the faithful heart may build
Heavens in majesty fulfilled!

Advent

THE shadows deepen over the range,
The storm-clouds gather, the seasons change,

To quivering earth the torrents press
And man cries out in his distress.
Anguish! Anguish! All the people
Weep as they gather at the steeple,
Weep as they chant, weep as they pray,
Weep, for weeping is their way.
But I weep not, my eyes lift up,
My joy is filled from a flowing cup.
What though the storms are dark and drear!

The King is coming, He draweth near.

Pestilence walks in lands afar,
And hunger is man's guiding star.
War and tumult, never still,
Breed in man's conflicting will.
Selfish pride and foolish whim
Spur on man, while wounding him.
Tumult! tumult! all the people
Weep as they gather at the steeple,
Weep with misgiving, weep with dismay;
Weep, for weeping is their way.
But I weep not, my heart is filled
With crystal joy, pure and distilled.
What though the tumult surges by!
The King is coming, He draweth nigh.

Keep to the world, to prize and fame,
To empty glory which the flame
Of wrath makes ashen with the dross!—
For all things worldly are but loss.
Say this is all, and, cynic, say
There is no hope in our dismay!
Say that within us, as without
All is useless! I shall not doubt.
No, I shall never heed! Ah, why
Am I so certain He draweth nigh?
Already the King, who leads apart
Stands on the threshold of my heart.



MEDICINE for the MIND

IN the December 6, 1948, issue of *Time* under the caption "Medicine" is this statement from the famed physiologist Andrew Conway Ivy: "Medicine is the handmaiden of science and religion. Religious and spiritual realms overlap more with the healing arts and sciences than in anything else man does. Try as we might to separate them, we can't do it, because that is the way we are built."

Speaking for ministers, E. Stanley Jones says: "A doctor must train . . . spiritually as well as physically. . . . Fifty per cent of the sick persons need prayer more than pills, aspiration more than aspirin, meditation more than medication."

My experience as a chaplain in a sanitarium bears this out. A few months ago a cultured lady, a professor in a university, came to the Glendale Sanitarium. She had just lost a favourite uncle by death. This had given her a tremendous shock. She was tired physically and mentally from overwork, and this bereavement upset her so that she had to be hospitalized.

Seeing that her trouble was more mental than physical, the Christian physician asked me to visit the lady.

When I entered the room, the special nurse introduced me to the patient, who was in a nervous tension. Between moans, she managed to tell me of the death of her uncle. She said: "I refuse to believe it. It can't be true!"

S. O. MARTIN

Chaplain, Glendale Sanitarium and Hospital

To this I replied: "Now draw a deep breath and let me talk for a while. Do you believe in God?"

Her answer was: "Yes, I believe after a fashion, but I don't seem to have anything to hold me in a crisis like this."

"Well," I said, "let us do some analysing. It seems to me that you have refused to admit a fact, and in thus doing you have allowed your mind to get into a state of confusion. What would you think of a person who had a thoroughbred spaniel that liked to swim by the side of his rowboat, and every time the dog came alongside the boat the owner would shove the dog's head under the water? Do you think the dog could endure that long?"

"Not long, I fear," was her admission.

"You are in the same situation," I said, "and if you keep pushing this fact of your uncle's death away from your mind as an impossibility you will damage your mind."

The lady at once sat up in bed and began to think soberly saying: "Well, how can I bear this?"

With this evidence of rational thinking, I said: "Now, I think I can help you to receive aid from God." In order to get her mind off her own problems I began to tell of my missionary work in India, and gradually, remembering that

"a merry heart doeth good like a medicine" (Prov. 17: 22), I deliberately started telling some amusing stories. Finally, when the patient had temporarily forgotten her grief, I switched the subject to religion. After quoting some scriptures, such as, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength" (Isa. 26: 3, 4), I prayed earnestly that God would send His Spirit to keep and sustain her.

When I prepared to leave, the patient was cordial in her invitation to me to come again, remarking: "You have rolled away a great burden from my mind, and I feel that I can now get some sleep."

A few days later, as I was again visiting this patient, her doctor came in. The patient said to him: "Oh, I don't need your medicines any more; this wonderful remedy which the chaplain has prescribed has done miracles. I feel like a new woman." And in a few days the patient left the sanitarium with new vigour of both body and mind.

Dr. Hyslop, speaking before the British Medical Association, once said: "The best medicine which my practice has discovered is prayer. The exercise of prayer in those who habitually practise it must be regarded as the most adequate and normal of all the pacifiers of the mind and calmers of the nerves."

JESUS THE INDIVIDUALIST

*"How glorious it is—and also how painful—
to be an exception!"*

THE Book of Mark is said to reveal Jesus as a servant. One might also say that it portrays Him as an individual.

It may seem strange to say it, but it was so, that in His time Jesus was thought by many to be definitely irreligious. And if being religious means handling carefully all the rules passed down by one's fathers so as not to drop one; or minutely guarding every tradition which time has fastened as links in a chain about a man's neck, then the implication was certainly justified.

In reading the Book of Mark one sees into little details in episodes that betray the unusual in the character of Jesus. He was splendidly original, strikingly individualistic. He hardly defied custom or openly scorned form, but merely ignored them if they stood in the way of His purpose. He did not wait for precedent—the kingdom of God must show the way if no other guide is forthcoming. He called Himself "the Way," and truly His way had often to be beaten out of crude substance and untrodden territory; for Jesus did not merely traverse the roads that other men's labour had charted.

To begin at the eleventh chapter of Mark, one sees Him commanding a colt "whereon never man sat"—no easy feat. Jesus will ride the raw in beast or man and superbly control it. He cannot or need not wait while some other hand trains it.

Pass on to the twelfth chapter, and here Jesus praises a woman whom nobody else would bother to notice. Why? I believe He felt a divine affinity between Himself and this woman diffidently dipping her hand among the many offerings to drop in her mite. She had given her all just as He had. Her purse was empty and so was His. Love had urged her to give and she had responded as had He, withholding nothing. Yet His heart was full, and He felt His wealth; and I feel that something of the same beneficence filled the woman's heart as turning to go away she met a glad response to her act in the face of Jesus.

Truly He was unorthodox. Hear His reply, in the thirteenth chapter, to the remark of His disciples about the temple. They pointed Him to the stones of the building—those stones which it was

almost blasphemy not to praise, those stones which every son of Israel eyed with reverence and adulation. There was only one tone that the Jews could voice in speaking of the temple; yet listen to Jesus, probably the only Hebrew in the city at the time who would have ventured such a remark,



DOWN across the ages the crimson sacrificial stream had been flowing—flowing down to Calvary. There Jehovah planned it should cease, in the life-stream of the One "Unspeakable Gift." That crimson flow was the divine representation of the life given for man—"The blood is the life thereof." At Calvary the once for all sacrifice was offered, and that Calvary stream must represent life for all ages.

Theology often narrows the sacrifice of Christ down to the scenes of Calvary. Be it remembered that the great sacrificial offering was but the closing scene in the 4,000 years drama of sacrifice.

The glory that He had with the Father before the world was, the humility in becoming the earth-born, the wilderness fast, years of toil in the carpenter's shop, the homeless leader of twelve poor disciples, the miracle-worker, and the fishermen's friend—these must all be reckoned in the great Calvary picture of the ages.

Another great feature in the sacrifice lies in the fact that the Son of God became the Son of man, so to remain for ever! Dressed in human flesh, united with the one fallen race in the universe, and finally to be king of this little

"Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

Consider His act of the fourteenth chapter. He desired to direct His disciples to the place where they would hold the Passover, and so He told them that in a certain part they would meet a man bearing a pitcher of water. They were to follow him. For a man to be bearing a pitcher of water in the East was a most noticeable act, this being the task of a woman. Why the man did it we do not know, whether as an act of kindness to some woman or of necessity, but

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THAT WONDERFUL SACRIFICE

★ ROBERT HARE

world and hold the place from which Adam by transgression fell, this also finds place in the great sacrifice.

Oh, for a vision wide enough to see it all, and a heart tender enough to feel it all! But the cost cannot be told. The gold and silver of a world would not count in the life balance alone, to say nothing of all that was renounced and endured in the wonderful sacrifice for man.

In the volume of the Book it is written that Christ came to do the Father's will, and to show by His obedience to that will, the way back to friendship with the God of heaven.

God so loved the world that He gave His Son. It was not a loan but a gift that can never be recalled. Christ loved so that He gave Himself in the work of redeeming the clay man and his homeland from the ruin and power of sin.

History speaks of a great chasm that opened in the forum of ancient Rome. The inhabitants of that empire city were terrified at the prospect of what that great opening should mean. Their scientists gave the decree that Rome's most precious offering must be cast into the fatal dungeon before it would close. Treasures of great value were cast into the blackness, but the dreaded opening closed not. Finally young Curtus, one of Rome's heroic sons, spurred his war-horse and threw himself into the dark chasm. Then, it is said, the great opening closed.

Calvary threw its Christ, the most precious gift of heaven, into the dark abyss yawning between God and man, and it will be closed for all who truly believe.

THE establishment of a world government upon this earth among divergent nationalities, races, and religions is a precarious business. The experiment has been attempted repeatedly. The Assyrian empire ruled the world for many centuries. So did the Babylonian, the Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman empires, and all passed into oblivion or fell apart into divergent nationalities.

The ostensible purpose of uniting all these divergent nations, races, and religions into one world government was to bring about unity, harmony, and a permanent reign of peace on earth among the warring nations. Each attempt in the creation of a new world government was for the purpose of inaugurating a new age and a new order of things that were to insure universal freedom and peace for all the people. The motives were most laudable and praiseworthy, causing great rejoicing, and raising high hopes among the people that as a result of these unified efforts our world statesmen would be able to frustrate future wars and establish a permanent reign of peace among men on this sin-cursed earth.

Our present world statesmen are holding out the same hopes in the creation of a new world government under the regime of the United Nations, and the inhabitants of this earth are assured that this new creation will succeed in granting the people of all nationalities a heritage of peace and of civil and religious liberty such as has never been enjoyed before in the history of this world. They tell us that the creation of this new world government is the only remedy to cure the ills which are afflicting the world and is the only solution for the danger of wars in the future.

All these fair promises and assurances of a better hope for peace and freedom in the future may calm the fears of the casual student of current events who closes his eyes to the lessons and the mistakes of the past. But these assurances only increase the fears of the student of history who knows that this same experiment has been tried more than once in the past and has miserably failed each time, and instead of being an effective instrument to prevent wars and ensure greater freedom to the people as a whole, has constituted the greatest menace to peace and freedom. Instead of producing universal freedom such plans and schemes have always created universal fear, suspicion, irritation, and difference of opinion, resulting in hostilities among disgruntled nations; and the inevitable consequences led to the establishment of powerful tyrannies which crushed every semblance of liberty

WORLD GO

What Are the Difficulties Con

C. S.

out of the lives of the individuals in the endeavour to put down all opposition to world supremacy over the people. The world governments of the past, instead of banishing wars, promoted wars, and political strife that was a constant threat of war.

These world powers of the past, in order to forcibly put down and subdue all opposing elements, were compelled to create a vast military force. They had to adopt means and measures which deprived the people of their inherent rights and essential liberties in order to nip every uprising in the bud. A state of emergency always existed, requiring military measures which paved (as they always have paved and will pave) the way to military tyranny and the universal control of all the activities of the individual and the smaller nations and minority groups so that they could do nothing to nullify the plans and powers of the world governments. The individual had no rights which were his own. He was a mere cog in the wheel of a vast military machine of the deified state that could do no wrong. The state was everything, and the individual nothing. He merely existed for the benefit of the state, to be used as cannon fodder. The universal state ruled all men in all things, both temporal and spiritual. No man could call his soul his own.

Those who favour the creation of a new world government today are compelled to admit that all world governments of the past have failed and come to naught. They claim that the reason these world governments in the past failed was because they were not composed of the right kind of personnel who exercised absolute power and authority over all nations and all divergent races and religions. They say that all that is needed is the right kind of personnel and right ideals and the scheme can be made a success.

But a mere change of personnel in world governments does not solve the problem unless there is a radical change in the character and motives of the personnel who are to be entrusted with the exercise of supreme authority over all men and nations. Unless these men have been born again and have been changed



VERNMENT

nting Such an Organization ?

GACRE



and transformed by the grace of God, the mere change of personnel, no matter how well qualified they are otherwise to run a world government, will not insure a permanent peace nor a greater measure of liberty to the people. Human nature left to itself, though refined and educated, is the same in all ages.

History testifies to the solemn fact that selfish men, controlled by carnal natures and lustful desires and with warm blood flowing through their veins, will fight under provocation, and will abuse power when entrusted with the exercise of absolute authority over all men and all nations. It is just as impossible for selfish, covetous, aggressive human nature to keep from becoming intoxicated with supreme power when entrusted with its exercise as it is for human beings to keep from becoming intoxicated with strong drink when indulging too freely.

If there is one lesson which history teaches with unerring accuracy, it is that "free nations cannot govern subject provinces" for long without stirring up resentment when denied equal privileges and natural rights. As an eminent historian aptly said: "The early Romans possessed the faculty of self-government beyond any people of whom we have historical knowledge, with the one exception of ourselves. In virtue of their temporal freedom, they became the most powerful nation in the known world; and their liberties perished only when Rome became the mistress of conquered races, to whom she was unable or unwilling to extend her privileges."—J. A. Froude, "Cæsar," page 1.

The same historian continues: "There are courses of action which have uniformly produced the same results; and the wise politicians are those who have learnt from experience the real tendencies of things, unmisled by superficial differences, who can shun the rocks where others have been wrecked, or from foresight of what is coming can be cool when peril is upon them.

"For these reasons the fall of the Roman republic is exceptionally instructive to us. A constitutional government, the most enduring and the most powerful that ever existed, was put on its

trial and found wanting. We see it in its growth; we see the causes which undermined its strength, we see attempts to check the growing mischief fail, and we see why they failed."—Id., page 3.

The reason the Roman republic failed is that when it conquered other nations, it was unwilling to extend the same constitutional privileges and fundamental liberties to subjugated nations as it granted its own national citizens. When the Roman republic embarked on the plan to govern all nations, it created many perplexing problems and emergencies that required the Republic to deny its own national citizens many rights and privileges they enjoyed before, and the liberties they surrendered as Roman citizens were never given back to them. The Republic still functioned in the name of the republic when in reality it was an empire. As the historian Froude says: "The highest offices of state were open in theory to the meanest citizens; they were confined, in fact, to those who had the longest purses, or the most ready use of the tongue on popular platform. . . . Patriotism survived on the lips, but patriotism meant the ascendancy of the party which would maintain the existing order of things, or would overthrow it for a more equal distribution of the good things which alone were valued."—Id., page 5.

A full breadbasket was valued by the poor in Rome above their constitutional liberties. A world empire was coveted by the rich and opulent above a Roman republic. A dictator, clothed with supreme authority over all people and nations, was preferred above the slow processes of democracy, and the rule of the people to meet world crises. The absolute will of the dictator was enforced upon all dissidents in all things human and divine, temporal and spiritual. Totalitarianism prevailed in all the functions of government. Regimentation, administration, regulation, and control dominated all the activities of life in both the political and spiritual realms. As the noted historian Gibbon says: "The empire of the Romans filled the world, and when that empire fell into the hands of a single person, the world became a safe and dreary prison for his enemies. . . . To resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly."—"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Vol. I, pages 99, 100.

There were times when the citizens of Rome endeavoured to regain the liberties they enjoyed under the republic. They slew their tyrants, but the spirit of tyranny in the hearts of their rulers still survived, because the people had bargained away their liberties for a mess of pottage and material comforts when

emergencies arose; and liberties once surrendered are exceedingly difficult to regain.

It is proposed by the advocates of the United Nations or a revised world government that every consideration and activity of life, whether it is economic, political, military, utilitarian, medical, educational, social, financial, civil, or religious, be placed under the rule and management of this new world government, and subordinated to the decisions of a few men whose decrees are to be sustained by a world military force which is not only to police the atomic bomb and its uses, and similar dangerous weapons, but incidentally and in particular is to police everybody and everything else. It is to be a truly totalitarian form of government. That is the price that is to be paid for our security, namely, regimentation of all our wants and control of all our activities.

Imperialism and world domination in Rome led to the destruction of the Roman republic and constitutional popular government, and with its demise went not only democracy but civil and religious liberty. As always, popular government and civil and religious liberty stand or fall together.

The present movement to bring about unity and harmony both in the political and spiritual realms is undoubtedly motivated with good intentions and high ideals. But leaders and governments are subject to radical changes at times, and less benevolent and charitable dictators may be at the helm to direct future affairs. There have been times when uniformity with and conformity to the plans and decisions of the world governments in the past were the only alternative choice between life and death for the dissidents. This was the case with the last government when life and liberty were maintained only for all conformists and the individual and minority groups possessed no prerogatives, only submission in all things.

If there ever was a time when our fundamental rights and liberties in the American Republic and the British possessions were in greater jeopardy than in the present era of flux and change, we have failed to discover it. If a new world government is to be perfected and controlled by a few men, clothed with absolute power and fortified with military might to hold in check all opposition, our liberties will be doomed just as those were in the Roman Republic after it was transformed into a world empire. A totalitarian government is destined to nullify fundamental rights for all dissenting minorities. All our liberties will be remolded in the crucible of conformity.

Since the last world government

passed into oblivion numerous attempts have been made to re-establish world empires, but all failed in their endeavour. Charlemagne, Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon, and Hitler tried it, but all failed when seemingly on the brink of victory. In their attempts they all destroyed every vestige and semblance of individual freedom, not only in civil matters but in the domain of religion. Why did they fail? The Lord of heaven and earth gives us the answer. He said: "The Scriptures cannot be broken." There is a divine prediction in the Bible that after the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, and Roman empires had borne "rule over all the earth," the nations were to remain "divided," and "they shall not cleave one to another" until "the God of heaven [shall] 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 [earthly] kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." Dan. 2: 39, 43, 44.

That prophecy has stood in the path of Charlemagne and all other pretenders to world dominion, and it will continue to stand in the way of all future aspirants to world domination, "until He come whose right it is," and God "will give it Him"—"the Prince of Peace"—the rightful Sovereign of the world that is to come.

Then all the universe of God will say: "We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power, and hast reigned." Rev. 11: 17.



REDUCING

CAROLINE EELLS KEELER

WHAT a popular topic about dining-room tables! "Oh, dear, I must not eat this—the calories, and my avoirdupois." But we eat it, for many, many times the slogan is "Tomorrow we diet." And we keep our superfluous pounds and our sighs and regrets when we look in the mirror, or try on a new dress in the store, and wish that we could once more wear a size S.W.

There are many ways of reducing. Some reduce rapidly by going on a string-bean-lettuce-grape-fruit diet; others reduce by "fits and starts," usually remaining the same; and some follow a sane method of reducing. They stop eating the foods that are not good for them to eat, and these are usually the fattening

things—fried foods, sweets, too many starches, and too much cereal and bread.

It really is a good thing to try to reduce if you have excess flesh, not only good for your health, but excellent for your will power. And how many have found that they haven't an atom of will power, not a drop—just weak children of the flesh, with plenty of flesh.

That is the way some go about putting away sins, reducing, if you please. They reduce a little today, but are back at the old sins tomorrow; and they remain the same, always with a little excess sin to carry about. Tomorrow we reduce—some more convenient day. But today let me have my chocolate eclairs, my pie and whipped cream, my fried potatoes with mushroom gravy—that kind of sin, the luxurious little sins.

But to really reduce our sins and be normal Christians we must rightabout-face, and diet today! Today go back to the diet of spinach, and tomatoes, and whole-wheat bread, and cottage cheese, and baked potatoes, that makes a hardy Christian, with the right amount of muscle, bright eyes, a discerning mind, and a loving heart. Then we can climb heights never before attained, without puffing and panting by the wayside, and sitting down to rest before the resting time comes.

There are diverse ways of reducing, but the excess baggage to which we have clung in this life must be dropped, for the way is hard and the gate is narrow, and every necessity will be waiting us when we reach the end of the trail.

Today we diet!

What Is YOUR AGE?

D. H. Kress, M.D.

SOMEONE, being asked, "How old are you?" replied, "Six thousand years." He no doubt felt like it. In reality that was his age. It is your age, and it is my age. As a race, we are six thousand years old, and our age is telling on us, for we today are suffering the results of our own sins and the accumulated results of our ancestors' sins.

Man, at the beginning, lived to the age of more than nine hundred years. Had not man been endowed with a degree of vitality of which we today are strangers, the human race would long ere this have been extinct.

The race is becoming weaker and more infirm. The century mark is now seldom reached. We age prematurely. Deaths from organic diseases are on the increase, and few reach the age of one hundred, ninety, or even eighty years.

I hear someone say, But, doctor, is it not true that the average age of life has greatly increased during the past half century? Yes, that is true, but while the average age of life has increased, the maximum age has decreased.

Dr. Haven Emerson, former health commissioner of New York City, U.S.A., tells us that "in the City of New York during fifty years the mortality from scarlet fever diminished ninety-nine per cent, diphtheria ninety-five per cent, pulmonary tuberculosis seventy-nine per cent, acute respiratory diseases fifty-three per cent." This looks most encouraging. It is an accomplishment of which we may justly be proud. But while the mortality in infancy and from germ diseases diminished, he tells us that mortality from cancer during the same period "increased 176 per cent, from heart disease 187 per cent, from diseases of the arteries 663 per cent."

There are individuals here and there who have succeeded in living to the century mark. At the age of ninety-nine years, Stephen Smith, one of the founders of the American Public Health

Association, in addressing the members of the organization at their annual meeting in New York City, at a banquet given in his honour, said:—

"Others were associated with me in the founding of this organization; but, like the servant of Job, I can say, 'I only am left to tell thee.'" All his former associates, he said, were more robust than was he, and should have been with him on the platform.

A young woman stepped up to him before he went onto the platform and asked, "Dr. Smith, how does it feel to be old?" to which he replied, "I don't know."

His advice to one who was anxious to learn the secret of his long and useful life was, "Take care of your stomach the first fifty years of your life, and the next fifty the stomach will take care of you." He himself did this. With him this was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, because he had by inheritance a frail constitution. In his address he expressed the hope of living to the age of 120 years; and, since he had a feeble and infirm constitution and succeeded in living to the age of nearly one hundred, he said he could see no reason why a robust person, living as carefully as he did, should not live even longer than that, and why the expectancy of human life should not be raised above the popular expectancy of three-score years and ten.

Thomas Edison lived to an advanced age. Had he died early in life, it would have been chargeable to himself and not to his ancestors, for his great-great-grandfather lived past the century mark. His grandfather lived to the age of one hundred and three years. To him were born seven children, all of whom lived to advanced ages. Samuel, the father of Thomas, reached the age of ninety-



seven years. His excellent heredity combined with careful living was responsible for the useful and long life of Edison. Speaking of himself, Edison said: "I keep my health by dieting. People eat too much and drink too much. Eating has become a habit with almost everyone. It is like taking morphine; the more you take, the more you want. People gorge themselves with rich foods, use up their time, ruin their digestion, and poison themselves." He added: "If the doctors would prescribe dieting instead of drugs, the ailments of normal man would disappear. Half the people are food drunk all the time. That is the secret of my health. I always live abstemiously. It is a religion with me."

Doctor Elliott, who for years was president of Harvard, and one of America's foremost scholars and educators, at the age of eighty said: "That I have borne much labour and responsibility without ever suffering even a temporary breakdown seems to me to be due, after the inheritance of a sound constitution, to my possessing a good muscular and nervous system, preserved by open air exercise and the habit of moderate eating. This may have contributed to the fortunate result, and at no time of my life have I ever made habitual use of any nerve stimulant, like tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol."

Some men are older at forty than others are at sixty. A man of forty with sclerotic or hardened arteries is, in reality, from a medical standpoint, older than is the man of sixty whose

arteries are still soft and elastic. It is not merely the arteries that undergo sclerotic changes in old age. The liver, the kidneys, the heart, the brain, the muscles, and even the bones undergo similar changes. This hardening of the tissues determines the age of the individual. The number of years a person of fifty is capable of living may be determined by the condition of these structures.

When the tissues and organs of the body undergo these degenerative changes, they are no longer capable of functioning as in youth. Glands, which have to deal with the poisons that are introduced into the system or formed within it, are no longer capable of neutralizing or eliminating them perfectly. In time the function of these organs is interfered with to the extent that death results from the retention of poisons.

Someone has said, "To live to the age of one hundred years it is necessary to

develop a chronic disease early in life, and then take care of it," or possibly it may be necessary to be rejected by a first-class life insurance company. The man who has a chronic ailment and knows it, gives attention, as a rule, to his habits of living. Living more carefully than the one who by heredity has robust health, he may outlive his boastful neighbour who affirms, "I can eat anything." For this reason it is the apparently robust who are as a rule cut off suddenly in life without remedy.

It is possible by careful living to be permeated with a feeling of well-being so that there will not exist the inclination to resort to the use of unnatural stimulants such as tobacco, tea, coffee, and so forth, which the masses feel they must have to keep going. It is lowered vitality that calls for stimulation. Only subnormals feel the need of stimulants, but they, above all, should abstain from their use.

The fact that stimulants are so universally sought is in itself evidence that the human family is subnormal. It also affords the explanation why our girls and boys, because of this defective heredity, are becoming addicts of the cigarette and narcotics. Not much can be hoped for the future. The constantly increasing mortality from heart disease and other organic diseases will continue. To my mind we are in a fair way of depopulation unless some very radical changes in the habits of our people are made speedily.

To improve the race physically and morally, thought must be given to wrong physical habits. A religion that does not direct attention to causes in the effort to get rid of results is of little or no permanent value. It is not enough to say, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." To this must be added, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."



The City on the Hill

PETER BLADEN

Far shines the light of the city at night—
The city on the hill;
And it seems to say to the faraway
Traveller, Peace be still!

For the city that rests on the highest
crests
Can gather the fullest light
From the sunset sun, and the day begun
To scatter into the night.

There, the dwellers' eyes are rich and
wise
With daylight visions afar;
And their lamps at night reflect the light,
And every lamp's a star.

Over lonely plains when the twilight
waned
Sings the city on the hill;
And the song is told of the streets of gold,
And the traveller's heart is still.

NEW MOON

LAST night I saw the new moon born.
From my upstairs windows I love
to gaze out upon the sunset, for
one knows not what artistry the great
painter, Nature, will portray for one's
eyes. Yet not always do the demands of
the working day permit that margin of
time or that convenience of place where
one may linger to watch the slow sun
sink to rest.

But last night, being Sabbath eve, I
had leisure to stand and watch the
horizon. Eyes over-shot the nearer land-
scape of shadowy field and dusky streets
to the verge where the dim domes and
spires of the city swam in a sea of gold
which suffused its brilliant tide over the
landscape. The sky was fair and serene,
delicately tinted like a calm sea at low
tide. The sun had set; dusk was settling
in, and my eyes withdrew from the out-
side scene. But before drawing the
blind, again I surveyed the outer picture.
Strange, my eyes did not go to the
horizon where the sun had left its trail of
light, but rested on a spot about one-
third between that and the zenith; and
there lying upon the smooth bosom of the
sky lay the frailest of new moons.

Impalpable as breath, it seemed;
hardly discernable; the merest white
shadowy line. So faint was it, I marvel
that I saw it—only my eyes were drawn
there, perhaps by the brilliance of the
lovely star that sat beyond its right cusp,
like a guardian angel closely guarding

this delicate new-born child. The star,
shining like a glorious diamond, looked
bewitchingly watchful and alive; the
moon, a little elfin ghost, seemed breath-
lessly slumbering.

And I wondered at the amazing love
and skill of God, that He should make
His massive heavenly bodies appear to
the eyes of men as mere ornaments; and
that man should gaze upon these weighty
worlds and read there a frailty matching
his own, a symbol of constancy and care
hung by God's own hand to staunch his
own heart's desperate longing.

How marvellous that God makes old
things new; that the moon, an aged and
scarred body, appears as fragile as the
latest-born bud; that the evidence of
God's might is a portrayal of His tender-
ness and artistry; and that His omni-
potence is the harbour of man's frailty!

E. M. A.



Days of Youth



David Livingstone

LORA E. CLEMENT

I THINK that I shall never lose the thrill of that late afternoon hour when I stood in old London's Westminster Abbey beside a black marble slab set in the floor, while mellow sun streamers, coming in through the tall coloured windows of the venerable old building, touched the gold lettering lovingly, and read:—

Brought by Faithful Hands
Over Land and Sea,
Here Rests
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist
Born March 19, 1813,
At Blantyre, Lanarkshire.
Died May 4, 1873,
At Chitambo's Village, Ilala

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa, and where, with his last words he wrote:—

"All I can say in my solitude is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Who was this man that holds a central place of honour in this lovely famous temple dedicated to the world's great? The son of humble, devout Scottish parents, who had little to give him by way of material possessions, but who were honest, industrious, and able to teach their children lessons in economy and thrift which proved of lifelong help to them.

David was apprenticed as a "piecer" in a cotton factory near his home at the age of ten; and in his twentieth year, his biographer tells us, the embryo missionary and explorer was led to accept Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. Within a few months his interest was centred on the needs of lands beyond the sea where Christ was unknown, with a special burden for China.

But as a surgeon carefully selects the instruments with which he works, so it is ever with the divine Physician; and though Livingstone was eager to enter his chosen field, Providence led him to tarry for a little while in preparation. During this time of waiting he put into practice the motto which in later life he gave to the pupils in a Sunday school, "Trust God and work hard." Four years of untiring effort brought to him a medical diploma; and he wrote, "With unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe."

Then he set about securing the necessary theological training, and in time was duly accepted by the London Missionary Society as a candidate for China. But just then came his providential acquaintance with Robert Moffat, home on furlough from Africa; and at a meeting which he addressed, the young physician heard him say that he had seen in the morning sunlight the smoke of a thousand villages in the dark continent where the sweet old story of redeeming love never had been told. This came to David Livingstone as a challenge, and he readily answered, "Here am I; send me." The change of fields made slight difference in his plans and preparations. To Africa he went!

Both Livingstone and his wife early learned the secret of power that comes from living *with* the heathen rather than merely *among* them, and the people to whom he had given his life came to know him as their friend as well as their teacher. Under his loving care heathen chiefs became Christian leaders of their own people; Christian customs replaced heathen practices; and peace settled down where trouble had been rife.

But this man was not content to settle on a mission station and stay there. The terrible slave trade was a burden upon his heart, and he asked, "Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave trade carried the trader?" So, right through the centre of the continent he marched, from the east coast to the west, carrying everywhere a knowledge of the redeeming

Christ and illustrating by his own kindly life and words and deeds the loving mercies of the Lord.

Indeed, the physician, the scientist, the minister, the explorer, and the reformer were all combined in this one purposeful man. He left on record in his priceless journals invaluable data of rivers, lakes, streams, treacherous bogs, and boiling fountains; plants, animals, seasons, products, and tribes, together with wonderfully accurate maps. He explored the mighty but then unknown Zambezi River, and discovered for the world the great Victoria Falls.

His visits home to the British Isles were infrequent and short. He felt that he had a task to do, and that, because his health was feeble, he must finish it quickly. For years at a time he was parted from his family as he travelled under great hardships.

Finally his strength utterly gave way; and reduced to a living skeleton, he reached Ujiji after a perilous journey taken expressly to secure mail and supplies. But none were there! Records say that for eighty days he was obliged to keep his bed, and that during this time he read his Bible through four times. On the flyleaf of the Book he wrote, "No letters for three years. I have a sore longing to finish and go home if God wills." But even then his buoyant spirit rose above hardship and his Scotch pluck smiled at impossibilities. "I will go anywhere," was his motto, "provided it be forward."

At last he reached the village of Ilala at the southern end of Lake Bangweolo, so ill that his attendants were obliged to carry him. And there he died, alone in his tent, kneeling by his bedside, his head buried in his hands upon his pillow in the act of commending his loved ones and his beloved Africa to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost.

The courageous Christian warrior's heart was buried where he fell, but his faithful servants carried his body to the coast, and thence it was taken to England and Westminster Abbey.

Do you wonder that I was thrilled and awed to stand by that grave? May God give the youth of His remnant church faith to go, courage to do, yes, and devotion to die, if need be, for Him!

Remember, "the debts we owe to God are payable to man"; and really, we owe Him *everything* that we have and are, don't we? You know He gave *His* all for us! What we give we keep—perhaps not here, but it is banked for us in the hereafter—but what we keep we are bound to lose at the last accounting. Rather a serious thought, isn't it?



The Puppy that Helped Nancy

VIOLET CHAMBERLAIN

NANCY was usually careful and she had not left her doll Lolita on the seat more than a few moments.

But when she came back, it was gone!

"It couldn't have just disappeared," Nancy said, her lip trembling as she tried not to cry. "Maybe I took it into the house with me." So back she ran into the kitchen, but the sleeping-doll was not there.

It was not in the hammock under the leafy elm. It was not on the porch or anywhere around the seat where Nancy knew she had left it. Where could Lolita be lying?

Nancy searched and searched. She looked all about the front of the house but she could not find her only doll. Lolita was lost!

"I'm sure I don't know what could have happened to her," sobbed Nancy, who knew it would be a long time before she would get another doll.

"What will I play with now?" Nancy asked herself, for Nancy had few toys, and the farmhouse where she lived was some distance from the next farm. And anyway she did not know the new folks who lived there.

Bravely, she wiped her blue eyes and blinked back the tears. And just at that moment she heard a short "Woof!" Around the corner of the house dashed a furry ball of a puppy. He stopped in front of Nancy and cocked his saucy head to look at her.

He looked so comical, Nancy laughed right out loud. "Where did you come from?" she asked as she petted the fuzzy brown puppy. The dog half tumbled over his big feet as he came closer, whining a little.

"Did you come to stay? Oh, maybe you're hungry!" Nancy guessed, and picking the puppy up in her arms, she carried him back into the porch just as her mother hung up the telephone receiver and came outside.

"Why, Bob and Mary, the Watson children on the next farm, just called saying they had lost their dog. That must be the puppy," said Nancy's mother.

Nancy nodded slowly. She had begun to hope that she might keep the puppy for her own now that Lolita was lost.

But she knew she must return the little brown dog, for its owners would miss him as she missed Lolita.

"I'll take him back to the next farm," Nancy said, trying to be happy that she could safely return the puppy. But it was hard to remember that when she came back she would have no one to play with now that her doll was lost.

What fun it was to skip through the field with the fuzzy puppy! For a little while Nancy laughed and played as the brown dog scampered at her heels or ran ahead of her as she neared the Watson farmhouse.

The two children, Bob and Mary, were waiting as Nancy and the dog came into the garden. They hurried forward to greet the lost puppy.

Mary said, "Thank you ever so much for returning Fuzzy!"

"Yes, we'd be lost without him for a playmate," added Bob.

And then, as Nancy turned to go homeward, her heart was heavy with loneliness. She had taken but a few steps, when Mary called to her.

"Please don't go yet, Nancy," she begged. "Let us take you home."

"Take me home?" asked Nancy, wonderingly. How could two children her age take her home?

Mary and Bob did not reply at once. Mary laughed and said, "If you'll wait a bit, Bob will be back and we'll all go home with you."

So Nancy sat down on the bench with Mary and the two little girls got acquainted. It did not seem long at all when they heard a clippity-clop. There was Bob, proudly sitting in a pretty red cart drawn by a dainty, dappled Shetland pony.

"All aboard for Nancy's house!" he called and in scampered Fuzzy, onto the seat beside the driver.

Nancy had so much fun on the drive, she nearly forgot that soon she would be all alone again, and there would be no Lolita to play with.

The dappled pony stopped near Nancy's house and as she climbed out of the cart, Fuzzy, the puppy, bounded down too. Away he ran, yippity-yip, around the house, and when he came

from the back garden, he ran right in front of Nancy.

She stopped to catch her breath as Fuzzy dropped something at her feet. "Lolita!" cried Nancy. "My lost dolly!"

While she was hugging the dolly to her, out tumbled the whole story of the lost doll. Bob and Mary laughed with Nancy as Bob scolded Fuzzy good-naturedly. For it was the puppy that had taken the doll and hidden it in the back garden.

"Oh, don't scold Fuzzy," begged Nancy, petting the little creature. "If it hadn't been for the puppy I wouldn't have known you and Mary."

And Mary replied, "And if you hadn't been willing to return our lost puppy safely, we would all have missed the fun we're going to have together."

Everyone was happy. The lost had been found and not only that, Nancy had found some new friends. She could share Lolita with them!

BLAME THE ANGLICANS!

(Concluded from page 3)

Zealanders were they in the saddle of government here as in Spain.

Every Anglican (and we regard ourselves as such in the truest sense of the term, both by prayer book and tradition) should carefully note the real sentiments of the Roman priesthood toward us, and resolve in mind and action to forestall such an eventuality by promoting the abounding freedoms of the gospel of Christ.

R. P. B.



JESUS THE INDIVIDUALIST

(Concluded from page 7)

it was the kind of thing that the Master Himself would have done. His surprising adaptability must have, at times, endeared Him to human hearts.

T. E. Lawrence would wear Arabian dress so that he and the Eastern people might understand each other better; and Jesus would assume any attitude, if by it His kingdom's cause might be promoted. Outward conventions, customs, forms and ceremonies—the merely external things—must all be bent to make way for the coming of the grace of life.

Still the kingdom advances, and still its citizens must stalk over ancient barriers, scale hoary impediments, roll away venerated, lifeless "stones"; venture into untrod territory; risk the issue of untried ways, or exhibit that "rugged individualism" which was found in their Lord.

E. M. A.

NEWS in brief

► **POTASSIUM** chlorate, an oxidizing agent that keeps lighted cigarettes from going out, also causes most of the nation's destructive fires, a fire prevention expert declared in an interview at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York, according to the New York Times. "This chemical ingredient, a derivative of saltpetre, used in making gunpowder, generally is fused in with cigarette tobacco and gives off oxygen as it becomes heated," said Percy Bugbee, general manager of the National Fire Protection Association. Hence, he added, our cigarettes are fast-burning rather than slow-burning. "It sells cigarettes faster, but it's harder to put the fires out," he commented. Careless smokers were responsible for 130,000 fires during 1947, he said, and the number in 1948 was expected to total about 150,000. Property loss in 1947 totalled \$470,000,000 and probably reached \$700,000,000 in 1948, taking more than 11,000 lives, he estimated.

► **THE** first of the great pipe lines for Middle East oil, thirty to thirty-one inches in diameter, should be ready by January of 1951, General Manager M. G. Gamble of the marine department of Standard Oil (N.J.), stated recently. The larger one, thirty-four to thirty-six inches in diameter, he expects to be finished later. The lines will be 1,100 miles long.

► **NEARLY** 700,000 people in the United States are patients in mental hospitals. An additional 300,000 are forced to remain in their communities, since they are unable to gain admittance to such hospitals.

► **RUSSIA** is spending seventeen per cent of her income for armaments, compared with 10 per cent in 1936. The United States is spending 6.4 per cent now, compared with 1.6 per cent in 1936.

► **THE** possibility of future Arctic warfare has led to a study by the Californian Institute of Technology on how the Arctic animals resist the intense cold.

► **ITALIAN** volcanoes have long plagued the country, but at last their power is to be put to some practical use. Underground water, heated by red-hot lava beds, is to be tapped near the city of Milan, and the steam used to operate turbine electric motors.

► **A WEEK** or two back Pan-American Airways gave Britain a look at a giant "strato-cruiser" which is going on the Atlantic run, and, according to a London correspondent of Wall Street Journal, it drew "envious sighs" from those who inspected it on the ground or cruised comfortably at 20,000 feet on guest-flights. "This big double-decker plane," he added, "symbolized the vast gap in development between commercial aviation in the U.S. and Britain's nationalized airlines." Seven of the giants will be on the New York to London run, and "thus far Britain has failed to develop an aircraft to meet this stiff competition."

► **To live in a beehive** is anything but pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Clappitt, of Buckingham County, England, ought to know. For weeks there was a swarm of bees in the chimney of their thirteenth-century cottage, and nothing they did discouraged the bees. These industrious creatures began operations just after dawn, and set up a two-way traffic system throughout the house, which nearly drove the Clappitts to distraction. They built fires in the grates; fumigated with sulphur, carbolic acid, and ammonia; and even called the police; but without result. Professional beekeepers finally built a box trap atop the chimney and lured the bees into it so that they could be carried away.

► **THE** banning of the weekly journal, *Nation*, from New York schools, because last spring it had published articles criticizing the Roman Catholic stand on certain issues, has stimulated further turmoil. A recent issue of the *Nation* contains an open letter signed by 107 educators, lawyers, clergymen, and writers, saying, in part, "Criticism of religion can certainly take forms which are unsuitable to schools, . . . [but] if the suppression of the *Nation* is allowed to stand, . . . newspapers and periodicals will be obliged to omit news and comments which any group in any denomination, Catholic or other, regards as objectionable, or run the risk of being suppressed in the public schools." The *Nation* is taking the problem to the New York State education department.

Signs of the Times

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"As WHITE AS SNOW"



Charles L. Paddock

COME now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1: 18.

Had I not been permitted to live for a time where winter holds things in its icy grip for part of the year, where the thermometer dips down below zero now and then; where the blustery, biting, cold winds sweep down off the ice of the Arctic; where snow covers the earth for almost half of the year, I might not have understood the full significance of my favourite Bible text.

For twenty years and more I was privileged to live in Canada, and never did I see a fresh snowfall without its making me think of Isa. 1: 18.

On a winter evening I have walked to my home through the snow, when everything seemed to be soiled and sordid and dirty—ready for a thorough cleaning. It hadn't snowed for days. Dust, and soot, and grime had made the snow a smudgy, dingy grey. There were foot-prints everywhere. Motor-car tracks and debris of one kind and another were in evidence. There was very little in sight that was beautiful. It doesn't take us human beings long to mar the natural beauties about us.

I felt that I would like to do something about it—to clean up my little corner of the world. It was sort of depressing. But while I slept that night, my wishes were granted. For quietly, softly, there fell from the heavens several inches of beautiful, fluffy, white snow.

When I looked from my window next morning, everything had changed. The world appeared to have been made over, to have had a thorough cleaning, as if some miracle had been

performed. The ugly things of the night before were covered with a blanket of the whitest white that one could imagine. There was not a foot-print, nor a soiled spot, not one bit of grime or ugliness anywhere. As far as my eye could see there lay that spotless, pure white mantle. The air had a fresh, clean smell. The world had been changed, and what a change it was!

When you and I take time to look into our lives, we find a lot of unlovely things. Of course, we know more about ourselves than anyone else knows; and if we really take a correct inventory, we find that we are far from perfect. We have made many mistakes. There are many weaknesses in our makeup. It is so easy for us to do wrong. Life seems to be just one mistake after another. We may have a bad disposition, a violent temper, and selfish tendencies. We have inherited some weaknesses, and through the years have formed some unlovely habits. As we look into our hearts, we are inclined to feel a bit discouraged. We would like to have a new experience, to live a new life. We would like to be cleaned up. We wish we might blot out all our mistakes and sins and begin life anew. And we can.

In this wonderful verse, I think, God meant to assure you and me that no matter how wicked or bad we have been, that regardless of how far we have wandered from the right path, and however vile and unclean we may be, He can cleanse our hearts and lives. Then we will be like the sordid old earth when it is covered with a blanket of fresh snow. Black as our record may be, and though our sins may have been of a hue as deep as scarlet, He can make them "white as snow." I have never seen anything any whiter than that. A poet says:—

*"I know a soul that is steeped in sin
That no man's art can cure;
But I know a Name, a Name, a Name
That can make that soul all pure."*

God has promised that "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1: 9. Our sinful hearts can be cleansed as white as the untrodden snow. I am thankful God inspired Isaiah to put this verse into the Bible.