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SIGNS OF THE TIMES



Joyce Bryant, after her conversion, singing to the student group at Oakwood College, "I'd Rather Have Jesus Than Silver or Gold."

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"I Took the Only Road I Knew

BACK TO GOD!"

JOYCE BRYANT

★ *The intimate story of a night-club entertainer who left the bright lights, joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and entered a Christian college to train for a place in the Lord's work.*

ALMOST since the day I became an entertainer in Los Angeles following World War II, my life was a contradiction. I was playing a role for which I had no feeling, no conviction. Although I created a reputation for being a singer of torchy songs, I despised every moment of it.

This matter of following two lives was more than I could manoeuvre. Eight months ago I decided that I could go the broad stretch no longer. I sang the last of those night-life songs; I wore the last of those clothes, the last of make-up and jewellery. With me there could be no more show business, no more of the melancholy off-beat songs. I took then the only road I knew that led to God, and I found, for the first time since I could remember, genuine peace of mind.

To me my new faith means life and purpose, a reason for living. It has taken away fear. It has removed the pressure and the guilt complex under which I worked for so long. I believe that this brand of simple trust is as uncomplicated as the turning of the flower toward the sun and as necessary to all of our souls.

I had no way of knowing when I started out singing in night clubs that I was beginning to worship an insidious form of evil—that which is attractively clothed in fame, adulation, and praise; that which wears as its banner riches, furs, and jewels.

My mother, who was a faithful church member, cautioned me about the snares of an entertainer's career. My own conscience prodded me. But when a contract was waved before me for several hundred dollars a week for doing something which cost me small effort, I closed my ears and dulled their hearing. It was ten years and 10,000 heartbreaks later before I finally heeded the voice of the Spirit to turn toward the riches that do not fade.

The snowball that was show business began to roll, gathering momentum as it rushed headlong. A well-known booking agency began arranging tours for me. I sang all over the nation. I took an apartment in New York overlooking Central Park. I had a personal manager. I had a press agent. I had thousands of dollars in contracts. Surely there could be no more.

But there was more. A "celebrity's" cup contains something other than praise and glowing tributes. A tinge of bitterness began to sully my deep cage-like security. I tasted the pleasant fruits again and again, but I detected a difference between them and what I had known of the fuller life. Occasionally I would attend church service and ponder deeply. Would what I was doing bring me ultimate happiness? A vague disquietude beset me.

I had always sent money to my relatives back in California, but my visits to them were only at rare intervals. Then suddenly I decided that perhaps I was lonely for my people. I boarded a plane for home. My grandmother invited me

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to attend a church service with her. Pastor Byron Spears, whom I believe to be a tremendous Christian, spoke at that service. I was forcefully impressed, and I asked him for an appointment to discuss my growing unhappiness.

During our talk together a strong feeling began to crystallize within me that I did not belong in show business. I began to believe that I was misusing a gift from God. Instead of singing for Him, I was listening to the voice of the siren, and that voice was lulling me to sleep.

When the minister reasoned with me, I took the defensive. "What about my obligations to the people who have helped me?"

I remember well a statement he made to me. "Miss Bryant," he said, "the Holy Spirit is speaking to you. I beg you not to turn from that voice."

Then, in desperation, I tried a new approach. "Do you think it possible to make a bargain with God? If He will give me two years to straighten out my financial affairs, then I'll serve Him the rest of my life."

Mr. Spears assured me that no one could strike a bargain with God, but we could pray. I was given a Bible and some literature, and I began to feel better. In two years I would leave show business—that was the promise I made to God and to myself.

How could anyone have been so foolish? Not even one moment of future time is promised, and I blithely assumed that God would grant me a stay in time. If I could impress one person with the immediacy of time, if I could influence the life of someone regarding the urgency to serve God now—my heartaches will not have been in vain. I have no wonder why the preacher of Ecclesiastes wrote long ago, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Whatever you are doing, if you have the slightest doubt about its being approved by God—today is the day, now is the time to stop it. There was never a more "convenient season" to do right than the present.

For a few months I read my Bible and said to myself, "I will keep my bargain with God." But gradually I became indifferent to its message and I put off any resolute action. It was much easier to ride the dangerous crest of popularity, to make considerable money and buy dazzling frocks, perfumes, and furs. I was swept back into the vast current of mirthful life. I bought imported bags and handkerchiefs with a gay and careless abandon. Everyone else obtained luxuries and seemed to find happiness. I thought that they would bring me happiness also. In this gala frame of mind I pushed farther and farther away my return to God.

About this time an opportunity came for me to travel to South America to sing in Rio de Janeiro. One evening after a singing appointment I rode about the beautiful city in a taxi.

The capital at night is a dream city of piercing lights. Suddenly I became aware of revolving beacons playing upon Sugar Loaf, a sheer granite mountain taller than the Empire State Building, which rises spectacularly from the bay. The lights of Rio appeared like strings of golden beads and waving pendants against purple velvet. I gasped at the beauty of the statue of Christ on Sugar Loaf standing benignly atop the peak.

The great statue looked as if it were descending from heaven, and I had the weird feeling that Christ was coming directly at me—to the one who had presumed to make a bargain with Him and had ignored it. Stricken in heart, I returned to my lonely hotel room and pondered my emptiness and frustration. The vivid impression I had received of the statue remained in my memory. My conscience refused to be quiet. What would I do with Jesus, the Christ?

My state of agitation persisted and became worse. Illnesses plagued me. When I returned to the States, I was struck down by a car in Philadelphia and suffered a broken back. Months of inactivity followed. Then there were pneumonia, bronchitis, two throat operations—my voice was impaired. I began to be desperately frightened and reached the point of wishing I dared pray to God. I was fearful to approach Him. After all, I could not forget that unkept promise.

My health improved somewhat, and my manager booked me for appearances in Europe. Though I was miserably unhappy, I could still sing, and the financial returns from my engagements in Monaco and Italy were fantastic. I bought more frocks, more furs, more perfumes, more bags. When the plane brought me home from Paris, I was in the same mood as when I left—searching, pursuing, unable to find that which constantly eluded me.

Then I did what thousands of confused people do every day. If God did not help me, I reasoned, a psychiatrist could. The one I chose was kind and helpful, but he knew that what I sought was of God, and from none else could I obtain it. He urged me to pray, to return to the church, but I offered him the same old excuse—tomorrow—tomorrow I would.

That night I had a dream. I sat upon a dazzling throne, monarch of all I saw. Great cities, coffers of wealth, every conceivable kind of riches lay before me. I was congratulating myself upon my great possessions when I looked about and discovered that I was completely alone. There was none to share my glory, there was none to talk with me, none to care what happened to me. I began to weep in a kind of heartsick desolation.

Over and over I had this same horrible dream, except that sometimes I was busily grasping and reaching for those things displayed before me.

About that time I met a friend who was a model in New York and who had also once been a member of the church. I told her of my misery and desolation. The two of us had luncheon with another friend from Washington. Our friend urged us to pray. I insisted upon holding to my belief that God would strike me dead if I presumed to speak to Him. The friend from Washington prayed earnestly for us both—two lonely, unhappy girls.

The next Sabbath my friend, the model, and I went to church. It was the beginning of a season of prayer. Pastor R. T. Hudson of Cleveland, Ohio, delivered an impressive sermon and appealed to those who desired prayers. My friend and I left our addresses and telephone numbers for him and requested that he contact us. At my apartment I spent anxious hours waiting by the telephone. Late in the evening Mr. Hudson called and made an appointment with me for the following day. At the meeting I poured out my soul, asking the same question that was posed at Pentecost, "What shall [I] do?"

The minister's reply was the only conceivable answer. "Keep your promise to God."

"But," I insisted, "what about my considerable engagements and obligations? What about my manager? What about my accompanist?"

Kindly Mr. Hudson said, "Miss Bryant, no person can serve two masters. You will have to choose."

That night, terribly upset, I had another dream. I was walking down a road and came to a fork. As I stood and mused over which road to take, a ladder appeared. I climbed up eagerly and, from the topmost rung, I gazed about. Suddenly I knew that my view was one of hell. Chaos and destruction met my eyes upon every hand. There were drunkards, dope addicts, and every kind of evil person and thing. I could not see down the other road. I knew that was the road to God, who allows us to see only one step at a time. But it is a route we need never fear, because Christ leads us triumphantly through to the end.

I wakened weeping and desperate. I wrote a letter to my mother and begged

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On Which Side Are You?

'Tis dividing the world, oh, my friend, it is true.
The dear cross of Jesus, on which side are you?
Are you spurning His grace, like the thief at His side;
Or seeking the mercy of Christ crucified?

'Tis dividing the world, look again and behold
The armies of Satan, defiant and bold;
With the weapons of sin, they exultingly stand,
Obeying the captain of sin's dark command.

'Tis dividing the world, look again! You will see
The dear cross of Jesus, oh, yes, it is He.
'Tis the Saviour of men who arose from the dead;
Now glory and honour encircle His head.

On which side are you? On which side are you?
Arrayed with His enemies, or friends tried and true?

AN EDITORIAL SURVEY of

CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS

Dead or Alive?

IT read like a horror story from the pen of Edgar Allen Poe. The details of this experience were so gruesome, so macabre, that rightly they belonged to the pages of fiction, but there they were splashed in bold type across the front page of the daily newspaper! It appears that a 45-year-old woman, while waiting in a Melbourne suburban tram shelter, fell heavily and struck her head. An ambulance conveyed her inert form to hospital, where, in the casualty ward, a doctor examined her. Her eyes were open, but she was very cold and there was no sign of animation, whereupon the doctor pronounced life to be extinct and issued a death certificate.

The body was placed in the ambulance for transportation to the morgue. On his way there, the driver stopped at police headquarters to pick up a policeman, and a young constable who had been sworn in only three weeks previously was assigned to the case. The body was placed on a steel trolley and wheeled into the reception room at the morgue. Said Constable Sutherland, "I was standing beside her, and was about to begin a search of her for valuables which are always removed for safe keeping. Suddenly I was astounded to see one of her eyes close and open again. I watched closely and her face muscles began to twitch ever so slightly."

The astonished constable and the ambulance driver rushed her back into the ambulance instead of into the freezing chamber toward which she was heading. A few moments later she was struggling to get off the stretcher and sat up and asked, "What's wrong? Am I dead?" Just two hours after the doctor had pronounced her dead, she walked away from the hospital unaided. No one would want a closer call than that. Nor do we envy the lot of the doctor concerned. Of one thing we are sure, he will more rigidly apply the standard tests of pulse and respiration, etc., before he pronounces life to be extinct on the next occasion.

But leaving the gruesome details of this unfortunate experience we wonder if it is always easy to tell when life is extinct. In this we are not thinking primarily of our physical life, but rather of spiritual life. Take the Christian church as a case in point. Never in the whole of its somewhat checkered history has it faced issues so grave, a situation so fraught with far-reaching possibilities. But how do we find it facing up to these tremendous times? Do we find it boldly challenging the opposing forces of wrong "terrible as an army with banners"?

The heavenly Physician straining His ears can scarcely pick up the faint heartbeat on His divine stethoscope. There is little in its appearance or its demeanour that would suggest that it is a living entity. At one stage of the church's history God was forced to say concerning it, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." Rev. 3: 1. Has it lapsed back again into this sorry state of suspended animation? As God views the church in these closing days of earth's history, in what condition does He find it? To the last, or Laodicean Church, He is forced to say, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot." Rev. 3: 15.

Instead of warning a doomed world, instead of proclaiming the imminence of our Lord's return, instead of preparing men and women to live with God throughout eternity, we find the church as a whole more concerned with its internal politics, more concerned with the preaching of a social gospel, more interested in administering soothing syrup to its adherents than a vitally necessary stimulant.

But the world has not heard the last of the church—not by any means! It might appear to the casual observer that she is headed for the freezing chamber, but that smouldering spark of life is yet to be fanned into active flame. Just as a light shines more brightly the greater the surrounding gloom, so God's Word leads us to believe that in the midst of the Stygian darkness of the last days the light of the true church of God is to shine forth in all its pristine purity and brilliance. Whether you triumph with the church or not will depend upon your relationship with the Lord, and the way in which you treat each ray of divine truth He sheds on your way. Are you prepared to follow wherever He might lead? If so He will lead you on to ultimate triumph.

R. C. P.

Anthropology and Guesswork

IN his very readable column in the Melbourne Herald, Professor Murdoch answers with wit and wisdom a wide assortment of questions sent from all over Australia and beyond. A recent question was, "What do you know about prehistoric man?"

Professor Murdoch replies that he knows practically nothing about prehistoric man, and asks further, "What can anyone really know about him?"

"It was, if I remember rightly," he continues, "somewhere about sixty years ago that a distinguished scientist found embedded in the bank of a river in Java, parts of the most ancient skeleton known to science.

"There was much excitement among those capable of being excited by such discoveries; and the being to whom the skeleton had belonged was named—a rather belated christening—Pithecanthropus erectus. . . .

"The remains consisted of a part of the top of his skull, and his thighbone! also part of a lower jaw, and three teeth. Now, assuming that all these remains were parts of the same skeleton—which, seeing that the skull was found forty-six feet away from the thighbone, seems to be a rather airy assumption—what can we say about their original possessor?

"Supposing you, in a really serious motoring accident, were so shattered that only one of your thighbones and a bit of your skullcap could be found, would the passing stranger be able to deduce from these fragments any conclusion about your habits, your character, your manners, or even your personal appearance?

"Even with one of your lower jaws and a handful of teeth thrown in, I for my part would hesitate to declare categorically that you were virtuous or vicious, wise or silly, a Sunday school teacher, or a ruffian capable of robbing a child's money box. I should admit that your bones told me nothing about you that really mattered. . . .

"Of palæolithic [old stone age] man, as we call him, we do know a little. His bones are definitely human; he could walk on his legs and use his hands for other purposes, such as making tools, including the rude stone axe of which the poet sings:

" 'It neatly split the marrow bones
He loved to suck so well;
It quickly soothed the children when
They wanted to rebel.
It seemed to serve for everything,
As near as we can guess;
And when the tribe had company
It served for evening dress.'

" 'As near as we can guess' is the right phrase. Of prehistoric man we know practically nothing; but we guess a great deal; and we call our guesswork anthropology."

Professor Murdoch emphasizes how little we can really know of prehistoric man, when our only source of material is a few bones and teeth. It is inevitable that interpretation of such data should often be wide of the truth, particularly when the attempt is made to fit the interpretation into the pattern of the preconceived theory of evolution. Assuming that over the ages man has evolved from ape-like ancestors, every new find of prehistoric

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The CHURCH CREED and the EVOLUTIONARY THEORY

WALTER R. L. SCRAGG, B.A.,
Associate Speaker, Voice of Prophecy Broadcasts

THE THIRD ARTICLE IN A SERIES OF FOUR, DEALING WITH THE CHALLENGE OF EVOLUTION

The vicarious sacrifice of Christ is one of the many cardinal doctrines of the church challenged by the evolutionary hypothesis.

NOW the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called." 1 Tim. 4: 1; 6: 20. Thus Paul threw down the challenge to those who in his day were attacking the Christian faith because they claimed it was unscientific. In the era when Christianity was in its birth throes, the whole of the civilized world was agog with ideas—religious, philosophical, and scientific. These ideas were influencing the infant church and so Paul wrote strongly against them. Unfortunately, the influence of Greek science was never finally eradicated, and the modern so-called theistic evolution is a heritage from Greek philosophy via Augustine and the Catholic Church. The recent papal encyclical "Humanis Generis" is a restatement of this theory.

The challenge to our faith today from the learning of the universities is the greatest that has ever been faced by the Christian church. That it has as its able proponents some of the leaders of the great churches of Protestant Christendom, as well as the largest single church body, does not make it any less difficult to counter. We have already seen how this theory can, if believed, undermine the great story of the atonement. However, the white-anting does not stop there. Practically every article of faith that is dear to the Christian is challenged and weakened by this theory of evolution.

Peter, in meeting the same challenge that Paul had met, and which we are meeting today, reminds the believers of the fact that just as God destroyed the earth by water at the time of the Flood, so the day is coming when He will halt what some imagine to be a continual evolutionary process by a day of judgment. "Whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water perished: but the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. . . . But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night." 2 Peter 3: 6, 7, 10. There is no need to believe in a day of judgment when you hold the idea of continuing progress. In fact one of the reasons why the doctrine of the second coming of our Lord, so prominent in all church creeds, is forgotten today, is that such a belief is ludicrous in the light of the theory of evolution. When a man believes that the sins and weaknesses of the human race are only relative to his stage of progress in relation to the evolutionary scale, judgment by an interfering God is out of place and meaningless. To believe even further, that God is going to suddenly halt the process of millenniums of evolution because it may seem to our fragmentary section of the story, to be out of hand and evil, is to deny the very basis of the natural selection theory. Even those who believe in what is called theistic evolution, that is, believing that God started life and has controlled it ever since, are at a loss to explain the necessity of a sudden return by the Lord. In the light of this it is easy to understand why the plain "Thus saith the Lord" of the Scripture is spiritualized into something that God certainly did not intend. How much better to accept the history of the world as told in Genesis and preserve our faith!

The appeal to personal godliness based on the knowledge of the coming day of the Lord, constitutes the strongest possible grounds for living close to the Lord. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness." 2 Peter 3: 11. One of the reasons for the breakdown in public and private morality that is so prevalent in the world today, is that there is no consciousness of coming judgment. Faced with the thought of æons of time in the past and the prospect of further ages to come, before the world runs down of its own accord, meeting the Great Judge is far from humanity's thinking. Judgment, if it comes at all, is the chance happening of nature, and not the work of a Creator who, after every possible step has been taken to save sinning mankind, turns reluctantly at last to mete out justice and bring man to account for his deeds done in the flesh.

After we have all stood at the judgment seat of Christ (Rom. 14: 10) God has stated that with a sudden and glorious act He will sweep away the dregs of our spent civilization, and will establish in its place a new and beautiful world without the results of the accumulated wickedness of man. Peter says, "Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter 3: 13. This hope of the new earth without the curse of sin, has been the hope of the human race ever since God spoke to Adam and Eve of the promised Redeemer. In telling the flock that the solution to our problems lies not in God's intervention but in the countless ages of a slowly improving world, Modernism has bankrupted millions of lives of a legitimate hope. The thought of ages under the threat of the atomic bomb has led many to the "devil-may-care, eat, drink, and be merry" attitude that characterizes so much of today's living. It is no wonder that millions are turning from the hollow hopes of evolution to the more solid, age-old faith in God's Word.

"Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless." Verse 14. Peter here draws our attention to the blameless life in Jesus. What makes us blameworthy is the fact that we have transgressed God's commands. These commands, whether they be the ten great words of Mount Sinai or the other commands that God expects us to obey, have sunk into insignificance in the light of modern psycho-analysis, based on theories of sin developed from evolutionary ideas. Today guilty man is told that all he needs to overcome the sense of sin is a proper understanding of the subconscious, where this feeling is generated. More than that, he is told sin is only relative to the culture and environment that the person knows. Against these ideas that have opened the flood-gates of iniquity, is the real reason for the sinfulness of sin brought forward by Paul, "Was then that



A. U. Soord — Autotype Fine Art Co.

which is good made death unto me? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good; that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful." Rom. 7: 13. Sin is sinful not just because we have been taught so, but because God has defined sin by His commands. No wishful thinking can change the nature of sin.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Eph. 2: 8. What a wonderful thing is the transforming, redeeming power of the grace of God! Yet the very fundamentals of evolution are works, self-improvement, salvation through anything that man may be able to do; but certainly not through the supernatural power of God. This had led to a denial of the blood-atonement. Recently the pastor of one large modernistic church described the old hymn, "O Now I See the Crimson Wave" as a "gory monstrosity," and "offensive to all who love God." What is truly offensive, is not the shedding of blood for the remission of sins, but this strange teaching that would deny the sacrifice of our Lord and do despite to the Spirit of His grace. We need to remember that it is only the power of a loving Creator that can re-create sinful lives in holiness.

It is no wonder that Peter writes to stir up their minds about "the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets." 2 Peter 3: 2. For the Word of God is mutilated, attacked and changed by those who base their ideas on the unproved theory of evolution. One gets the impression that some scholars are embarrassed by the simplicity of the record of the beginning of things as found in the Scripture. To declare in a simple way "In the beginning God created," is not sufficient for the obtuse minds of the great men of science. If it were only the Book of Genesis that suffered it would be bad enough, but unfortunately the Bible is a unit and the attack on the first book is felt at every turn of the page until Revelation is reached.

There is no better counsel for twentieth century Christians than that found in the Second Book of Peter: "Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness." 2 Peter 3: 17. How important is the faith once delivered to the saints! The major doctrines of the church on which almost all Christians are agreed, stand to suffer at the hand of this pernicious and unproved theory. The Godhead and its nature, the creatorship of God, the incarnation, the atonement, the sinless life of Jesus, the resurrection and ascension of Christ, the commandments of God, the forgiveness of sins, the grace of the Lord, the intercessory work of Christ, the judgment . . . in fact it seems every doctrine that we hold dear is either attacked, undermined or made useless by this unproved theory. So much so that the thinking Christian is very soon forced to choose between his faith and the surmisings of men who have no regard for the revelation of the Scriptures.

Yet, out of, and perhaps even because of this unbridled assault on belief, has come a newness of certainty, that the Bible is inspired. This is because we are not following cunningly devised fables. God has placed about His Word such a wall of protection that it cannot fail. He has written into it the truths of science. All that is needed is for man to stop and reconsider his ideas and the proofs of them in the light of what is revealed.

When they were building the great bridge that spans the Golden Gate between the cities of San Francisco and Oakland, the constructing engineers were very anxious that the bridge be 100 per cent safe. They carefully calculated the normal stress that the structure would be expected to bear. Then with storms and earthquakes in mind they doubled that figure. Conceiving the possibility of a combination of events beyond their ken, they doubled that figure again. Since they wanted the bridge to last for eternity they again doubled this figure and added the original figure to the total. So when the bridge was finally designed it was not just strong enough, but nine times as strong as it needed to be. God is equally determined that His truth will not fail. He has foreseen every possible attack on it and even before the sceptic mind had begun to think of a line of attack, He had the answer ready. This is just as true today as it was in Peter's time. All we have to do is to study the Word and we will find the complete answer, as God gives it, to this, the central heresy of the twentieth century.

(To be concluded)



Guiding Lights

A STEAMER bound for New Zealand hove to one night off Tahiti, then proceeded slowly in through the opening in the reef that surrounds the harbour.

Next afternoon, as she steamed out on her way south, the passengers, on seeing how narrow was the opening, wondered how the captain had taken his boat through without a mishap. A young man stepped forward and asked how the feat was accomplished.

The captain smiled and pointed to a hill back of the town. "Up there," he said, "is a light; and a little farther back is another. If I keep those lights in line, I can put the ship safely through the opening. If I deviate ever so slightly from the course, I'll wreck the ship."

Christ our Pilot has left us two such guiding lights, which, if followed, will bring us safely into the harbour of heaven. They are the Word of God and the Holy Spirit.

The precepts of the Bible provide a true code of moral conduct. Christ says: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." John 5: 39. Then, on leaving this earth, He promised the Holy Spirit, who speaks to the conscience. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things." John 14: 26.

If we keep these two great lights in line, our progress to the kingdom of glory will be safe and sure..—*Edwin W. Amys.*



BACK TO GOD

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her prayers. I urged her to ask Mr. Spears to pray for me.

I recalled Mr. Hudson's reminding me, "Seek . . . first the kingdom of God." Jehovah had been patient; He had been merciful to me. I started to pray, "Lord, have compassion upon me. Please show me the way."

My Bible, which I had been grasping, fell open. Distraught, I looked at the words which rose before me. "O ye of little faith." Magnetized by their mute import, at that moment I had the strength to choose. On my knees I vowed to God that from that exact moment in time my life would be dedicated to Him. Prayer began to rise like a fountain from my lips. "Please, Lord, keep Thy hand upon me and guide me. I will do everything in my power to serve Thee. Lord, not my will, but Thine. . . ."

My tremendous struggle was over. The troubled, rebellious spirit was conquered. A mysterious calm replaced my confusion. For the first night in months and years I slept soundly.

Most of my associates were notified the following day. Though some said, "She's a mental case; she needs a psychiatrist," I never wavered. The psychiatrist had been one of the first to show me that I would never be happy until I chose the road back to God.

The best wishes of famous newsmen, noted actors, and actresses, followed me, and I believe these folk are still my friends. I am inexpressibly grateful for every word of kindness spoken to me, but my joy is that I have chosen to serve God. The false symbols of success that money can buy mean less than nothing to me. It is my peace of mind that is now of the greatest magnitude.

Why do I tell this story?

I know that inching toward what we term "success," we are all restless with ambition. But as my thoughts turn to the full life, I know I have received through the fire of experience a deeper sense of His power, a glimmer of the gentle way He moulds a soul. I have felt His sure hand in my personal life.

The God I now know is a God of bounty and wisdom, of hope and kindness, of testing and trusting. He is, above all, a God of all-discerning mercy and love. I know at last out of my own search for faith that my heart is ever restless until it rests in Him.



ANTHROPOLOGY AND GUESSWORK

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bones is fitted into its place in the pattern existing in the minds of these scientists.

But human history does not emerge from a jungle of abysmal blackness. Rather, it has its origin in the surpassing light of divine revelation. Of God's last work on the sixth day of creation we read: "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them. . . . And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." Gen. 1: 27, 31.

M. M. H.

Story for the Children

God Made Everything

INEZ BRASIER

IT had rained and rained all the morning. Collin and Shirley were tired of playing in the house.

"Why don't you play outside now? The sun is shining and the grass will soon be dry," mother told them.

"We can make mud pies," Shirley said as she ran to get her box of dishes.

"I shall make marbles," declared Collin. He helped Shirley carry her dishes out to their table under the big tree.

They went to the place where father had been digging holes and here they found ever so much mud.

"This will make nice dishes," said Shirley.

"I will put mud in my truck and bring it to you." So Collin filled his truck with mud. He pushed the truck across the grass to the play table. Then he helped Shirley make mud dishes and mud pies.

"Now the sun will dry them so they will be nice," Shirley told him.

"They will be nice if we don't drop them," added Collin.

They rolled and rolled more mud to make marbles. But somehow their marbles were not so round as the pretty blue and green ones. They tried again. This time their mud marbles were quite round.

"See what we made, daddy," called Shirley. She pointed to the dishes and pies and marbles. "They are not very good, but we made them."

"You did very well for a little boy and girl. Do you know what they make me think of?"

"What, daddy?" asked Collin.

Daddy answered that question by asking another. "Do you know who made this world?"

"Jesus made this world. You told us that," said Collin.

"Yes, Jesus made this world. He made the birds that sing."

"Like our robins that have their nest in our garage?" asked Shirley.

"Yes, He made our robins. He made the green grass and the trees that grow for us. He made all the flowers, too."

Shirley ran to mother's rose bushes to look at the red and the pink roses. "Did Jesus really make them?" she asked.

"He surely did. He made all these beautiful flowers because He loves us and wants us to be happy," said daddy.

Collin and Shirley thought about it.

"We could give Jesus our mud pies and our marbles only they aren't pretty like the flowers."

"Oh," cried Collin. "We can give Him our pretty pansy flowers."

"How can we do that?" asked Shirley.

"We can give them to others to make them happy. That is giving them to Jesus, isn't it, daddy?"

"Yes, it is, and He is glad when we share our beautiful things He has given us with others," daddy told them.

NEWS in brief

► LIFE expectancy at birth in most of Asia is only about thirty years.

► NORWEGIAN railways are now using concrete sleepers instead of wood.

► A NORTHUMBERLAND miner has become potato-crisp eating champion of the world. He ate 29 packets in 62 minutes—all without a drink.

► TONS of steel and hundreds of electric motors have been salvaged from the German battleship *Tirpitz*, which was sunk in 1944 by British bombers in a Norwegian fjord. One salvaged Diesel generates power for the village of Honningscag, Norway.

► ALBERT PARK in the Belgian Congo embraces a remarkable variety of physical and climatic conditions in its more than 4,000 square miles. There are lakes, hot plains, dense jungles, and steep mountain slopes that tilt up to perpetual snows. Near the park's southern end new terrain is still being formed from volcanic lava flows.

► FIRST photographs taken as far as three miles below the sea's surface have been successfully recorded by a 100-pound camera invented by Dr. Harold E. Edgerton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Used in the experiment was a nylon cable less than one quarter of an inch thick, the strength of which was proved when it snagged on an obstruction 10,000 feet under water and pulled backward the ship from which the camera was lowered.

► THE revived interest in hypnotism, especially as a cure for some ailments, has brought a warning from a New York psychiatrist. Although he believes that it has its place in the hands of a qualified person, Dr. James A. Brussel says hypnotism can be "downright dangerous" when used by an irresponsible practitioner. Then he gave three principles to which medical science subscribes: (1) Where hypnotism removes symptoms, an illness may be obscured and prolonged, since causes are not treated. (2) Where hypnotism treats emotional symptoms instead of causes, more serious personality defects may occur. (3) Where hypnotism evokes delusions, habits of thought as harmful as drug addiction may be formed.

► AN electronic device used by United States policemen to check the speed motorists travel works from a pair of rubber tubes. The tubes are laid across the road at a predetermined distance apart. When a car's front wheels touch the first tube a switch is closed and a stop watch starts. When the wheels go over the second tube, the watch stops, and the officer takes the rate of travel from its dial. Manufacturer Roy D. Scheske, of Marshall, Michigan, says, "There have been over 1½ million arrests, and we haven't lost a case."

► A NEW and revised edition of the ancient Talmud will be printed this year by the world Academy in Jerusalem, an institution devoted to Talmudic and Biblical research. Publication will be in 30 volumes of 600 large folio pages each, and the first volume is expected to be issued next autumn. The Talmud embodies Jewish moral and spiritual teachings based on Biblical precepts and laws covering a period of about 1,000 years.

► HOLDERS of the Victoria Cross, believed to number about 400, gathered in London in June to commemorate the 100th anniversary year of the founding of the decoration, the symbol of ultimate courage.

Signs of the Times

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What family would like to see its brand new car entered in one of the current car-wrecking trials?

Reliability TRIALS

FEW things have caught the national interest in the last few years like the motor-car Reliability Trials which various organizations have held. Although the routes may not have been identical, the general pattern has been the same. It goes something like this. A hundred or so motor-cars, manned by expert drivers, set off on the trip that will tick up six or seven thousand miles on their speedometers, and tear six or seven years off the life of the car. The idea is to start at a given point, whizz around the continent, and get back to the starting point, with the loss of the minimum number of points.

But why am I explaining the elementary details of something so well known that even a toddler of three years can chatter (almost) intelligently about it? And even housewives, whose only interest is normally the women's magazines, what to give the family for tea, and how to make the household budget spin out, find themselves caught up in the excitement, whether they like it or not.

"Reliability Trials!" one mother exclaimed to me, "I'm sick of the sound of the words. I get them for breakfast, dinner, and tea. If they never hold another one, it'll be soon enough for me! Anyway, I've got my own permanent 'reliability trial,' " she added, with a significant nod to her teen-age son. "He's all trial, and not much reliability."

Of course, Australia is not the only country which goes in for motor-car Reliability Trials. Europe and America have long since known all the excitement, danger, and thrills of such trials. Each nation claims that its own particular circuit is toughest, and each is convinced that, to negotiate its circuit requires that "little bit extra," that distinguishes its particular trial.

However, let me tell you of history's toughest course. It is not in Australia, despite our horror stretches; it is not in Europe, in spite of the icy conditions, the snow, and sleet; it is not in America, despite the extravagant claims. I assure you on the authority of history, that the most gruelling trial of all, where competitors fell out literally by the million, was between Egypt and Palestine.

The first trial over the course was a small affair. A man called Abraham, his wife, and a handful of servants, negotiated the course, and returned to Palestine, but not without loss of points.

Then there was one organized by Joseph, who had his family come down from Palestine to Egypt. It took them a long time to complete the circuit. In fact, when they reached Egypt from Canaan, they stayed in Egypt for over 400 years. It appeared as though this trial would never finish. The trouble was, the organizer, Joseph, died, and the competitors lost interest, until it was too late.

However, eventually another organizer, a man called Moses, having some influence with the Pharaoh of Eyypt, talked the ruler into sponsoring yet another trial over the same course, and the Israelites set out.

It was during this trial, from Egypt to Palestine, that the course took the biggest toll. Here it was that "reliability" was the foremost element of success, and those who lacked it never checked into the home base. Moses himself, the greatest trial organizer of history, unfortunately had to withdraw from the trial, in sight of the prize, a very disappointing thing indeed.

This trial is noteworthy for the fact that, in the course of its running, the competitors' fuel ran out, and God had to supply them with a special brand of His own. It was called manna. This trial is also famous for the fact that God, always interested in the reliability trials of human nature, had to re-issue the rules in the form of ten commandments, because obviously some of the "competitors" had forgotten them.

Perhaps the trial over the circuit which received least publicity at the time was the most important of all. It occurred some nineteen hundred years ago. The mode of transport was a little donkey, and there were only two competitors, a man called Joseph, who took his wife Mary and their infant Son along. The other competitor was Satan himself, whose means of transport is not disclosed. However, Joseph won, reached Egypt, stayed there for a breathing spell, and returned later to his home base, without the loss of one point, a truly wonderful performance, underlining the fact that the fuel one carries on such occasions is all-important. Would you like to know the name of Joseph's powerful fuel? It is still available. You can get it still, in spite of these days of inflation, at the same price. It is called "The Oil of the Holy Spirit." And it's free! But you'll find, as Joseph did, that it must be sparked with faith.

ROBERT H. PARR