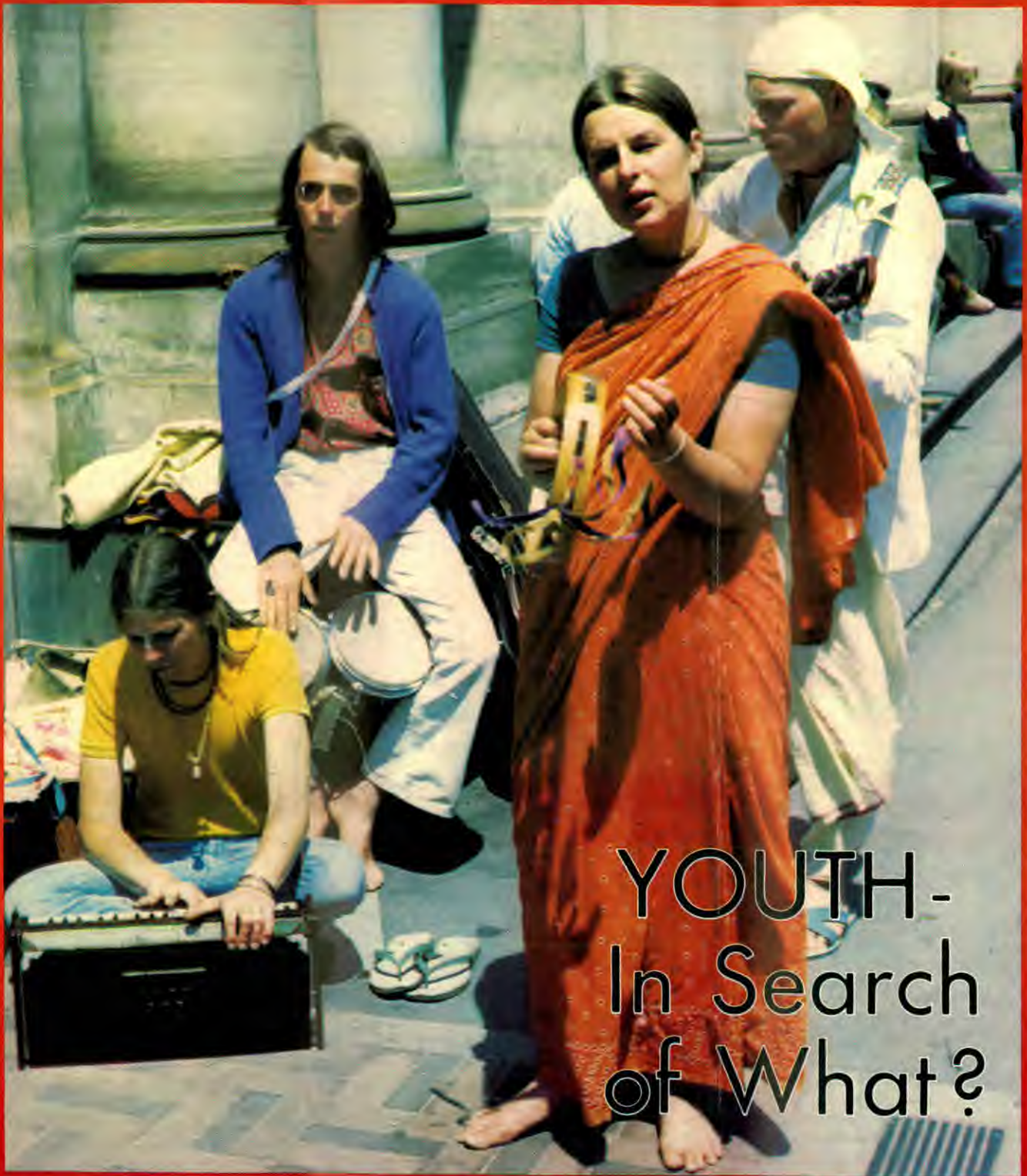


Signs

OF THE TIMES

March, 1973



YOUTH-
In Search
of What?

SPECIAL YOUTH EDITION

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Day-dreams

Oh it would be a sadder day
If poets ceased to dream
Those dreams which fabricate the world
Their eyes have not yet seen.

And it would be a sadder day
If young men ceased to care
For dreaming dreams of "derring-do"
And "castles in the air."

Dreams are the genesis of deeds
Which put those dreams to flight;
Before men stood upon the moon
Boys dreamed of flying kites.

Lord, help me dream those lofty dreams
That dream of helping men.
I'll not do much if all I do
Is dream of dreaming them.

—D. J. Silver



FOR TEN YEARS my thing was drug addiction and crime. It was something I liked to do, and I was good at it. So good, in fact, that, it cost me four years of my life in gaols and prisons.

My thing had caused me to lose my identity, my pride, and above all my desire to live. Many of my friends had left the scene behind an overdose of heroin, and I had many close calls myself. Desperately seeking help, I checked out doctors, psychiatrists, and various rehabilitation programmes, but nothing helped me. It was a merry-go-round, except that it wasn't merry any more; it was just a go-round.

My thing had become a monster that haunted and plagued my life. A force greater than I, was doing its thing by enslaving my mind and eating away at me physically, mentally, and spiritually.

My mother, however, was persistent in her campaign to get me out of this bag; but I was stubborn and rebellious. Finally she succeeded in getting me to at least talk with a friend of hers who told me about the "new thing" that God was doing. In the Bible, God promises through one of His prophets, "Behold, I will do a new thing." Isaiah 43: 19.

Jesus Christ is God's new thing. The angel said to Mary, "Therefore also that holy thing which shall be

in desperate need of a fix. I was using between \$25 to \$100 a day. It was while I was in this miserable condition that I fell upon my knees and repented of my sins, and asked God to do a new thing in my life.

I had spent many hours waiting to take someone off for their bread, or waiting to make connections with a drug pusher, or waiting to get high, or waiting to be sentenced. But I did not need to wait this day, for God was waiting for me.

Instantaneously God did something new in my life. The pains and craving for narcotics left me, and I became a different person. Jesus Christ, God's Son, said, "And ye shall know the truth, and the



DOING MY THING

born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Luke 1: 35. At the time I heard this good news, I was paying my habit dues, which means I was sick, frustrated, and

truth shall make you free." John 8: 32. I was only looking for freedom from the bag, but I found truth, reality, and liberty from the power of sin.

Jesus Christ not only paid the penalty for my sin, but His death on the cross made it possible for you to be free also. The Bible says, "Christ Himself carried our sins on His body to the cross, so that we might die to sin and live for righteousness." 1 Peter 2: 24, T.E.V.

If you are tired of the old things and the consequences that follow, and desire a dramatic change in your life, repent of your sins now and receive Jesus Christ into your heart. If you do, you will be doing the best thing you have ever done in your entire life. ★★

OUR COVER PICTURE: Young people today are searching for something, many of them not knowing exactly what they are looking for. Typical, we believe, are those young people who have turned to Eastern mysticism, believing that therein lies the way to contentment and happiness.

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By Herb Green

MY FRIENDS, THE PIPES

By Jim Pruitt



SURELY a merciful heavenly Father would never condemn us for smoking. But perhaps our refusal to yield the vice is symptomatic of a spiritual illness far more serious than it appears on the surface. Does not a man once reborn have the responsibility of abhorring evil in all its forms as evidence that his rebirth is genuine? And to be addicted to anything is surely to be a slave to it. We all know what the Bible says about serving two masters—it can't be done.

I was a smoker long before I was in the least concerned about my body's being the temple of God's Spirit. Cancer did worry me, and for that reason I managed to switch to pipe-smoking. However, I continued to inhale. I developed the association of pipe-smoking with pensivity, quiet times of contemplation, serenity, maturity.

Yet there was growing within me a nagging suspicion that these associations were only illusions thrown up by Satan himself. My attractive pipes were, probably, the tools of the devil. But how could I sit before the fireplace on a blustery winter's night or trim the hedge in the summertime without a pipe as company?

Pipes had become dependable friends of mine. "Don't try to quit yet," I told myself. "If you start hacking in the mornings or if a doctor advises you to quit, do it then." And if Judgment is tomorrow? Perhaps Christ will ask me to explain how I can claim to love Him when I wouldn't even quit smoking for Him!

All the stock arguments for quitting paraded before my mind's eye, and one by one I cast them aside as inapplicable. A nuisance, that smoking—yes, but a pleasant one; are not children nuisances? Smoking offends others—but let anyone ask me to refrain on a crowded bus or in a poorly ventilated conference room and I would be happy to oblige. Smoking is a wasteful expense—but my tobacco costs only twenty-three cents a package and one lasts me two days; I spend far more on golf and bowling and don't believe I am doing anyone a great wrong thereby.

Do not many of the clergy smoke? C. S. Lewis mentioned his pipe in one of his books. Why, I'd be presumptuous to aspire to outdo him in purity! My real problem may not be smoking at all but scrupulosity. If I succeeded in quitting I could grow

vain, so maybe God permits the habit to hold me back from grievous error. If only I had never begun in the first place! That, surely, is the real sin. Once it is habit a fellow cannot be held accountable any longer.

A Spiritual Washout

Or can he?

My rationalizations failed to salve my conscience and I continued with each inhalation of smoke to examine the dubious pleasure. Was it really so enjoyable? Did it really foster a calmer attitude? I had to admit the answer to both queries was definitely, "No!"

The battle with self raged on. I thought at times it would be far easier to kick the habit and be done with it in a few days rather than battle on endlessly.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matthew 5: 48). The verse, taken in context, refers specifically to perfection in loving others; blowing smoke into unwilling lungs is not the most loving act I could perform.

Finally despair overtook me and I realized what a spiritual washout I was. I stewed incessantly about a petty indulgence, when all through history the saints of

God risked and gave up all for the love of the truth. I should not have a flickering second of turmoil over yielding a useless vice to honour God. Men burned at the stake with words of praise on their lips. Right now missionaries abandon the comforts of home to bring the gospel to places where disease, poverty, and hardship are a way of life.

So, on a perfect spring day I was seized by a longing to be free, to be wholesome and childlike and natural, to be clean for my God's glory.

It is impossible to quit if you

go on hour after hour still trying to decide whether it is really what you want to do. One must not allow the start of renewed debate on the matter, for a moment of reliving the lost "pleasure," and resolution vanishes. What is required is a grown-up attitude towards the inclination to be nostalgic. When I catch myself slipping, I say, "Here now! I've decided to forget about smoking and right or wrong that decision stands! There's no use wishing it were different because it's over and done with now and I can't go back. I expected a few spells

of craving, but they soon pass and then I'm always glad I didn't let them ruin things for me!"

There is no system which can work better than a combination of prayer and firmness with oneself until the physical addiction is past. It goes quickly. During those few days of weaning oneself from nicotine, it seems that time drags and the compulsion is not in waves but continuous. Then, standing on the right side of the issue for the first time, a person shakes his head and wonders how he could have let it bother him at all. ★★

HERE'S A PROMISE FOR YOU

W. A. TOWNEND



EVERY young modern can tap the promise in John 20: 29.

Here's a real promise **for you**. The first simple thing required is that you live after the days when Jesus was on earth. You qualify!

Now that you are in the picture for sure, let us quote the words of Jesus, first in the best known of Bible translations—the King James Version (K.J.V.)—and then in the New English Bible which is popularly identified by the letters N.E.B.

John 20: 29, K.J.V.: "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

John 20: 29, N.E.B.: "Jesus said, Because you have seen Me you have found faith. Happy are they who never saw Me and yet have found faith."

Now for some information fill-in. Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, is mentioned in connection with but three incidents in the

Bible (John 11: 16; 14: 5; 20: 24-29). On each of these occasions Thomas shows up as the seeming pessimist among the disciples.

An almost chronic doubter, was Thomas. In fact, H. L. Vigevano asks in his arresting "Thirteen Men Who Changed the World": "What was he ever doing as an apostle of Jesus? Why was he chosen?" And Vigevano answers, "I don't know, unless Jesus wants to give all kinds of encouragement to anyone who is mulish and melancholy, to anyone pessimistic by nature and full of doubts."

Miraculous healing came to the super pessimist and sickly doubter, Thomas, for he joyfully and vigorously declared Jesus to be "My Lord and my God." And then you come fully into focus with Jesus' promise for **you**—"Because you have seen Me you have found faith. Happy are they who never saw Me and yet have found faith."

How? That's the question.

How can one who cannot see Jesus in person become an optimistic follower of Him, a true believer? How can this promise of happiness become a reality?

Romans 10: 17, K.J.V.: "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." There's the reliable answer for you! And really, that's what happened to Thomas. He heard Jesus speak.

Today, just where you are, you can hear Jesus speak. He speaks through His Word, the Holy Scriptures (John 5: 39). He speaks to us through His Holy Spirit (John 15: 26). He speaks through the things He made and which are all around us (Romans 1: 20).

Listen to Jesus. That's it. His promise is for **you**. **Now**. "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." What a promise! Tap it! ★★

HE STOOD in front of me in the line at the check-out counter in the PX Food Store. A hippie! Long hair, blue jeans, and an open shirt. In one hand he held a carton of skim milk which he sipped; in the other he held two bananas.

I liked him. I grinned. "Drink it in a hurry," I kidded, "then you won't have to pay for it."

"My breakfast," he said. My eyes widened, for it was almost mid-day. He waved his hand at the tiered cans on the shelves and the vegetable display to the rear. "Sure different from Mexico."

"Better or worse?" I asked.

"Worse. Lots worse. This reeks of the establishment."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. In Mexico, in the rural districts, everyone does his own thing. They could be rich if they wanted to, live like this, but they don't want to. They'd rather be humble, share and share alike."

"I like the sharing part," I agreed.

"Do you feel the same way?"

"It's in the groove, man," he answered. "Myself, I live in a commune."

"A mixed group?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"I don't know," I said, "Morals, maybe. You know, boys and girls, night-time. Things can happen."

He looked at me queerly. "So . . . why not?"

"Ideals, I guess," I replied. "Perhaps my belief in the Lord."

"What's He got to do with it?"

"For me, everything. Did you know that when the children of Israel left Egypt, and wandered in the wilderness for forty years, that in one day He slew three and twenty thousand for the cause of fornication alone?"

"You're a religious nut."

I laughed. "I've been called worse."

Noting my age, he looked me up and down. "What do you think of the younger generation—the generation gap?"

"I call it the generation strap."

"I don't get it."

"It's partly the parents' fault, lack of discipline. In other words, spare the rod and spoil the child."

"Yeah?"

"A Golden Ruler"

"'Proverbs' backs me up: 'Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.' Frankly speaking, train

them while they are young, then they'll have respect for authority when they grow up."

"You're a Golden Ruler," he said.

"The Good Book say anything about these days we're living in?"

"In quite some detail," I answered. "Both the Old and the New Testament declare the times about us. The prophets foresaw down through the ages, right up to the present."

We were now by the cash register. The hippie placed the two bananas on the counter and the nearly-empty carton of milk. Digging deep into his worn jeans, he paid for it with small change. He declined a paper bag for the stuff,

then nodding to me, he turned and left.

I must have shown my surprise when I found him waiting for me by the outside entrance. Dumping his empty milk carton in a rubbish bin, he motioned me over.

"You mentioned the Good Book saying something about the times we're living in," he said, then waved a hand to the newspaper in the rack beside him. "It say anything about that?"

The newspaper picture showed a riot. Police confronting students and a burning building in the background.

"Yes, it does," I explained. "It says that in the last days lawless-



Conversation with a Hippie

By Mark Adams

ness shall abound, anarchy shall reign. Children disobedient to parents."

His eyes widened. "You believe these are the last days?"

"Scripture suggests it. Care to listen?"

"Gabriel, blow your horn. I got ears."

I set my bag of groceries on a pile of cartons nearby.

"I especially like the twelfth chapter of Daniel," I said. "'Even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' Simple words, but mighty potent. Even while we're standing here, look at those cars running back and forth out on

the street. Ships on the sea, ships under the sea. Trains and planes. Running to and fro. And as for knowledge being increased: Son, I came up from the horse and buggy era. I passed through that and into the mechanical era, with the electrical following. And now we're in the atomic and hydrogen ages with the complexities of computerization. Everything's a mixed up mess!"

"On the Skids"

"You're on the beam, man," the hippie declared. "Everybody on trips. Some good, some bad. All wantin' to get in on the act. Everybody beatin' his own drum. And

the country on the skids. In fact, all countries!"

"That states it plainly," I admitted. "It resolves to this: 'And upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.'"

"That takes in a lot, maybe even pollution," he said, and again pointed to the newspaper. Here I saw a short caption, something about another tremor in Turkey, and one in Alaska. "How about that? The shakers, I mean."

"The Lord Himself covered that," I replied. "'And great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven.'"

"You're reading me, man. Famines! In India, in China, and in Eastern Nigeria. Yeah! And great signs in the heavens. Does that include the Apollo trips—man on the moon?" he asked. "Any mention of that?"

"There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon," I quoted. "Man on the moon could possibly be part of it."

"You're cool, man, cool. You swallowed the whole Bible."

I had to laugh. "Not really. More than twenty years of studying and reading. I had my born-again experience in April, 1948."

"Born again?" He had a puzzled expression.

"Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new," I said hurriedly, then added, "It's a little deep."

"Yeah, you're way out, man," he said, and tapped a cigarette, about to light it. Suddenly he replaced it in his pack. "Guess I shouldn't smoke. That is, not in front of you."

"It's not the best habit."

"Anything against it?"

"Like I Need a Bath"

"There is an indirect reference," I answered. "'What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.'"

The hippie gave a low ejaculation. "Cool it, man, cool it," he

said. "You make me feel like I need a bath."

"You look clean enough," I countered quickly.

"I don't mean outside. I mean inside."

"That sounds like salvation," I said.

"Now you're tryin' to hook me," he replied swiftly, defensively. "You're like all the rest."

"I am concerned," I assured him soberly. "After all, 'what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'"

He stared at me, rather hard, I thought. Then: "You're buggin' me. Always quotin' Scripture. Why?"

I smiled again. "You asked for it, so I'll deliver: 'For the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.'"

"You're putting me on, man. Interpret."

"God says His Word shall not return unto Him void, but it will accomplish that for which it was sent out to do. In other words, the Scriptures have captured your interest, you're listening. And the things I am quoting to you are accomplishing their purpose. Eventually, you will either accept Him or reject Him."

He stood there looking at me, jaws clenching and unclenching. "This salvation racket . . ." he said at last.

"I'm a Sinner"

"This salvation racket, as you call it, is the biggest thing in the Bible," I added. "But all too often it scares people. In reality, it is a free gift from God. All you or

anyone else has to do is to accept. It's that simple."

He looked at me suspiciously. "No price tag?"

"You've probably heard it before," I said. "But I'll repeat: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"You don't know me. I got a lot of stuff in my life. Mostly bad. I'm a sinner."

"We all are," I admitted earnestly. "And you've made an honest confession. But Isaiah, the first chapter, has your answer. Verse 18: '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.'"

"You make it sound easy."

"Not me, my friend, but the Lord Himself," I continued. "It was His death on the cross that accomplished it. And in reality it is easy. All you have to do is make up your mind and decide whose side you want to be on."

"Now you're wantin' me to choose sides. I don't get it."

"Either choose God and live, or Satan and die."

"So there is a blackshirt?"

"I'm afraid so. That's the reason the world is in its present state of jeopardy. Satan is the one that 'made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities.' He thought he could improve on God's handiwork, but see what a mess he's made of it!"

"So Satan is the real cause. The devil is behind it all." He seemed to be thinking out loud.

"Now you are speaking with wisdom," I added. "But remember, Satan's time is limited. He is about to be chained and cast into the bottomless pit."

"That brings us back to where we started," he said. "The end of the age! Can you be sure this is the time?"

"One More Sign"

"Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but My Father only," I repeated slowly. "Nevertheless, He tells of the things that are happening about us. And He warns us to be ready at all times: 'For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.'"

The hippie was silent a moment. "Give me one more sign," he said at last.

I smiled. "That's what they asked the Lord Himself to do. But He said He would give no further sign, save only as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so must the Son of man be in the heart of the earth."

He showed his disappointment. "Then there are no more signs?"

"Quite the contrary," I answered quickly. "He was speaking to that generation. But for us, if we search the Scriptures, they are multiplied. For instance, see the picture of that packed football stadium on the front page? People jammed in like sardines?"

He stared at the print. "You call that a sign?"

"If you knew the Bible, so would you," I replied. "For it is written: they shall be 'lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.' That is referring to the time of the end. Not that God doesn't want you to enjoy yourself, but men have gone to excess. At the present time the whole world is pleasure-mad. God is furthest from most men's thoughts."

He nodded his head thoughtfully. "Man, you're way out," he finally said. "You got all the answers."

"Not all," I responded firmly. "No man knows them all: 'For now

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE . . .

The series, "What Can a Man Believe?" continues next month with the article, **"Must Man Respect the Law of God?"** by Dr. E. E. Cleveland.

As the Christian world's thinking turns to Christ and His sacrifice during the Easter month, it is appropriate that we include two pertinent articles on this theme. You will appreciate, **"Why the Cross?"** by John Ralston, and **"The Evidences of the Resurrection,"** by Roy Naden.

Occasionally we run an article on child-training, written by Arch Hefren. These are always appreciated by readers everywhere. For the first of such articles this year, he has chosen the title, **"The Devil's No Gentleman."** And it makes good reading.

we see through a glass, darkly;
but then face to face: now I know
in part; but then shall I know even
as also I am known."

"I'll Be Right Back"

He remained silent for some time. The wind brushed his long hair. A bird sang in a nearby tree. Suddenly he turned to me.

"Mister," he said earnestly, "I'd sure like to know more."

I had an answer on my lips when a rattly car drove up. Giving a short honk, it stopped alongside. The hippie turned, and I followed his look.

A hippie girl, rather pretty, and with auburn hair streaming over her leather jacket, sat behind the wheel. In the rear seat were two fellows and a girl—the fellows bearded, the girl with long hair over her shoulders. They were representative of the up-coming generation.

"Wait here for me," my new-found friend requested quickly. "I'll be right back."

He ran up to the car, and I saw them all lean forward as he talked intently. There was quite a discussion, and several times they stared at me as he went on. Abruptly he scribbled something on a piece of paper, then came running back to me.

"Look, right now we're in sort of a hurry," he said. "But I got an address here. How'd you like to come over some night and talk to us . . . like . . . like you did to me today?"

"May I bring my Bible?" I asked.

"Man alive! That's your pass-key," he answered fervently. "We're all looking for something. Something real! And you got it. We'll be waiting." And giving my hand a hard grip, he turned and went back to the dilapidated car.

My eyes followed them as they cut through the parked cars in the parking area. Almost gone, they turned and waved. The beat generation. The lost generation. Possibly even the last generation. Moisture blurred my sight. Fervently I thanked God that His Spirit was still drawing men unto Him.

It sounded as if the singing of the bird nearby seemed a little sweeter as I walked over to my own car. ★★

Son O' Mine

Pearl C. B. Ellison

Son o' mine, where are you going,
As you wander down the street?
There are many yawning pitfalls
For your dear, unwary feet.
There are sirens coaxing, beckoning,
With their gilded, painted show.
O, son o' mine, be careful
Just where your feet may go.

There are hells at many corners,
Where the wine-cup bubbles red;
For the happiness that's promised
They will hand you death instead.
O, son o' mine, remember
That I asked a Man I know
To always walk beside you
Wherever you may go.

And in my dreams I vision
A wondrous, pleasing sight—
A Hand that has been nail-scarred
That holds on yours so tight.
You are standing by your country,
You are out to meet the foe;
There are other foes more dangerous
Who will follow where you go.

So, son o' mine, hold tightly.
My prayers are where you go;
You will feel the strength and courage
From this Christ-Man whom I know.
He will lead you past the tempters,
From sirens and the inn,
And take you to the Glory land,
Away from all the sin.

Pearl Ellison wrote this poem during World War II, as the latter part of the third stanza suggests. Mrs. Ellison has been writing for many years and her poetry especially has been published in several magazines.

FORGOTTEN HOLIDAY

Why We Should Buck the Establishment to Get It Back

THE most terrifying question we ever have to face is the question of why we are here, of what we are doing on this world of madness and sorrow and mystery.

There are other important questions. How, for example, do you get into university, or get a job if you decide not to go? How do you decide about marijuana? How do you keep your parents happy and still live your own life? How do you decide when and when not to make love?

But this other question is even tougher, even harder to ask. It is basic. If you haven't got a good answer for it, there's no use worrying about the others. They don't even matter.

Now, I am a Christian, so I have my own answer—one that serves me very well—to the question of why I am here. But I have one habit that by all usual standards in Christendom is downright eccentric: I make the seventh day, Saturday, my Sabbath, not the first. And the Sabbath is a central, not an incidental, part of my life.

I have reasons for this, and they are related to the "terrifying"

question with which I began. The Sabbath tells me a lot about why I am here and what I am doing—or **should** be doing—in the world, in society. But before I say more, consider how, according to the Bible, the Sabbath got started.

The Bible says the Sabbath was God's way of capping off His Creation. It was a kind of holiday to commemorate what He had done. Moses, the great prophet and spiritual leader, wrote: "On the sixth day God completed all the work He had been doing, and on the seventh day He ceased from all His work. God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on that day He ceased from all the work He had set Himself to do."

And the Sabbath was not a mere one-time affair, either. When Moses wrote about the Hebrew people's early history, he made it clear that God intended the Sabbath to be a permanent holiday. Once when God spoke, these were His words: "Remember to keep the Sabbath day holy. You have six days to labour and do all your work. But the seventh day is a Sabbath of the Lord your

God; that day you shall not do any work, you, your son or your daughter, your slave or your slave-girl, your cattle or the alien within your gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is in them, and on the seventh day He rested. Therefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and declared it holy."

It is too bad that now the Sabbath has been largely forgotten, or at least fleeced of much of its significance. Jesus Himself made a "custom" of worshipping on the Sabbath, saying once that He was the "Lord also of the Sabbath."¹ And even the Apostle Paul, who became a Christian after Jesus' resurrection, followed the "usual practice" of worshipping in the Jewish synagogue on Sabbath.²

So if we forget the Sabbath, we forget the practice of the original believers—those in the Hebrew community and those in the New Testament church. And if we lose the Sabbath, we lose the meaning of one of the greatest symbols God has given us.

I will tell you now what the Sabbath teaches me, what it means to me, and perhaps then you will see why I think that if you really want a part in the Jesus revolution, you will want to remember the Jesus Sabbath.

• The Sabbath holiday comes to remind me that Someone who is all-powerful and good is in charge of things. A lot of people are nearly overwhelmed by the apparent insecurity of our lives, and our hopes, and our loves. Is there any enduring goodness, any meaning, any ground for hope? On the Sabbath, I remember. I remember that God is the Creator and that He has given meaning and purpose to my life. "The Sabbath comes like a caress, wiping away fear, sorrow, and sombre memories."³

• The Sabbath as a commemoration of God's Creation reminds me that the world is good. Evil is an "intruder," not part and parcel of the world. People who think our goal should be absorption of the soul into some vague spiritual beyond are wrong. They think life in the here and now is "evil." But the Sabbath tells me the truth. God made the world and pronounced it good.

He said we should "till it and care for it," we should participate in its life.⁴ We should not run from the world. We should be activists for what is good and loving and peaceful.

• The Sabbath reminds me that I must not be a slave to cars, airports, sport, and boob tubes. The Sabbath is a day to put aside usual thoughts and usual pursuits, a day to "care for the seed of eternity planted in the soul."⁵

We know now how dehumanizing mass society can be. We know that the consequences of enslavement to technology bring a curse both on us and on our environment. But we could have saved ourselves the trouble of polluted waters, smoke-filled skies, and tattered lives. We could have remembered the Sabbath.

And why not? Why not stop to think, to meditate, to rest? Why not have a real "people's day, a day for music, for celebration? That's what the Sabbath is. But people forgot it. They were too busy to stop. I think it was a mistake.

• The Sabbath holiday reminds me that I am a free human being, that I have a will of my own. The Sabbath is a day I can remember—or not. I don't have to remember it. It is something I can decide about for myself. And if I can decide about the Sabbath, I can decide about other things. The essence of my being, in fact, is that I can decide. I am not a robot. Love is real. And so is hate. I am responsible for what I do.

• The Sabbath reminds me of my relationship to the Creator. It is in God's words "a sign between us; so you will know that I am the Lord your God."⁶ So whatever happens to me—even if it be the worst imaginable—I know that God is with me, and that He, not evil, will have the last word in my life.

• The Sabbath reminds me that I am dependent upon God. If I am to be saved from evil, it will be His doing. I will be saved only if I trust in Him, only if I renounce all claim of being able to save myself.

God not only gives the Sabbath holiday, He demands that all His creatures celebrate it. So the

Sabbath becomes a unique symbol of my willingness to be saved through faith in God, not through faith in myself. Ideally, I will not substitute another day for the one God ordained and Jesus observed—the seventh day. If I do, I imply that God does not know best. I imply that I am almost (but not quite) dependent on God for everything. The whole idea of "salvation by faith alone" is undermined.

Now, if you wonder how the change of the day of the Sabbath came about, the story is a long and complicated one. It is enough here to say that anti-Semitism, accommodation to pagan custom, and devotion to the day of our Lord's resurrection all played a part. The change was slow—even in the fifth century the seventh day was being kept along with the first—but finally complete.

Some of us Christians are wondering now whether it isn't time to buck the establishment, to return to the truer, more meaningful ways of our spiritual ancestors. If Jesus is the very God who made the Sabbath and asked us to remember it, and if He said, "Anyone who loves Me will heed what I say,"⁷ then why continue to disrespect His will? It puzzles me a lot, and I think it should puzzle you, too.

So you see, then, why I think the Sabbath must be a central part of the Jesus revolution. If we lose the Sabbath, we lose a great gift of God and a great symbol, together with the understanding this symbol gives to us. More than that, if we know about the Sabbath and do not recover it in our lives, we disobey. We say, "On this matter I know better than God; on this matter I will depend on myself."

What it comes down to is this: if we lose the Sabbath we may even lose ourselves. ★★

—Chuck Scriven.

¹ Genesis 2:2, 3. Texts in this article unless otherwise credited are from The New English Bible. © The Delegates of the Oxford University Press and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, 1970.

² Exodus 20:8-11.

³ Luke 4:16 and Mark 2:28, K.J.V.

⁴ Acts 17:2.

⁵ Abraham Joshua Heschel, "The Sabbath," page 68.

⁶ Genesis 1:31.

⁷ Genesis 2:15.

⁸ Abraham Joshua Heschel, "The Sabbath," page 13.

⁹ Ezekiel 20:20.

¹⁰ John 14:23.

Two young people speak to their contemporaries...

1

FAITH and PRAYER

IT HAS been claimed that drugs, alcohol, tobacco and sex are used by young people today as props—props to provide a way of escape from the realities of life.

But to turn to any of these as a crutch is to insult God. As young people, we must realize that a God of such infinite wisdom and understanding as our God, would anticipate and make provision for man's every need.

He knew that young people would feel the need of somewhere to turn when no one seemed to understand—or care. He knew that we would seek an escape from the harsh realities of life, and so our God provided prayer. Prayer doesn't help us to escape from life; it helps us to live life—and love it!

Young people are searching for something—but what? Through prayer—communication with God—we can find a purpose in life. We can know what we are looking for, and how to get it. When we have a goal to aim for, this whole business of living seems so much more worth while.

It doesn't matter what you have done, or what you have been in the past. Christ tells us in John 6: 37, "I will never refuse anyone who comes to Me" (Phillips). If we pray in true repentance, God will forgive us completely. We are told that though our sins be as scarlet, we can be made whiter than snow.

We have the experience of David as an example of God's compassion. The son born as a result of David's adultery with Bathsheba died after birth. This left David broken-hearted, and he prayed earnestly: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and put a new and right spirit within me." Psalm 51: 10 (R.S.V.). God forgave him, and David was given another son by Bathsheba. That son was Solomon, who not only be-

came a great king, but he was given the task of building the wonderful temple that David had wanted to build for God.

God understands—and cares. He is never weary of listening to our prayers. When Paul and Silas were in prison, they prayed at midnight, and God heard them—and He delivered them. Paul was a man who knew the power of prayer; so much so that he advises, "Pray without ceasing." 1 Thessalonians 5: 17.

Being young doesn't make us insignificant, especially to God. God will listen to the prayers of youth, just as He listened to the prayers of the ancient patriarchs and prophets. Daniel was only about seventeen or eighteen when he was severely tested in the king's palace. Yet his faith was strong, and his prayers for protection were answered.

This doesn't necessarily mean that we have to have a great earth-shattering faith. Jesus Himself says, "I assure you that if you have as much faith as a grain of mustard-seed you can say to this hill, 'Up you get and move over there!' and it will move—you will find nothing is impossible." Matthew 17: 20 (Phillips).

"Everything you ask in prayer, if you have faith, you will receive." Matthew 21: 22 (Phillips). Yes, that's all we have to do. Ask in faith, believing that God knows best. After all, don't YOU want what's best for those YOU love? God knows all about what has happened in the past, and what will happen in the future. He knows what we really need. We only know what we want.

I want to share what I have discovered with fellow young people. If you want real happiness, all you need is faith in God—and pray always. ★★

—Kerry Dunn.

Kerry Dunn, a young Australian lass, wrote the above when she was in her middle teens. This is her second appearance in our pages.

Testimony

"He" thinks he is happy. "He" thinks life is great. "He" wants to draw in others to live the life that "he" lives, so that they can see how free it is. So I went with him to live his life, to share its happiness and enjoy its carefree gaiety.

"He" lived this life of fun and laughter. I stood and looked on, and I laughed a little, too. I was on his side because I wanted to be. It was exhilarating, and I was swept along in a tide of joy and satisfaction. I sat back smugly and contemplated the life I led. That was where I stumbled. I stopped and thought seriously, and the laughter rang hollow and mirthlessly. The loudness stung my senses and the darkness made me cry out for light.

What could I look for that was better than this? Where could I look? "He" didn't want me to go away, and "he" tried to talk me round, but I was searching desperately for something better than the false security "he" had to offer.

As I groped around in the darkness of confusion and indecision, Jesus presented Himself to me, and as I beheld the beauty of His wonderful promises, I gave myself to Him, and found true joy and happiness which could not be counterfeited.

"He" is the world and all its unreality. "He," the world, is a snare which catches many. The world is a cleverly hidden farce, silently stealing souls which could have gained the hope which I, and many others, have gained. My earnest prayer is that many may look toward Jesus, and turn away from the world, that there may be many to welcome Jesus when He comes to take us Home.

*Melanie Melville.**

*The author is a young Christian—sixteen years of age.

Marriage is a serious business. It requires good common sense plus the untiring desire to make it work. An article for all married folk and the "about-to-be" young people.

8

Commandments for a Happy Marriage

By Norman Mohn

PERHAPS you may think it quite unnecessary to consider any such thing as a commandment in marriage. After all, didn't you take the marriage vows and include all that one might add in the form of rules or regulations?

It seems foolish to tack on anything beyond the initial promises to "love, honour, and obey." It seems equally foolish to break that promise down into trivial items to be followed consciously day by day. Yet, the record shows that most of us forget those little personal dignities that every man and woman wants and needs in life—those needs which were there long before and certainly after the marriage vows were taken.

If you think that these small items do not make a difference in a happy marriage, look at the record. Divorce court statistics show that most cases of incompatibility grow from lack of proper respect for the other person. Such terms as mental cruelty, emotional instability, incompatibility, and infidelity stem from single acts which, taken individually, pose few problems.

A single sharp word here, an unkind act there, a bit of deception, a lie, an inconsideration—all these are not so very devastating if you have only one to contend

with at long intervals. Added together, however, they can become so tremendous and insoluble that no power on earth, no amount of argumentation, and no preaching about "honour" and "duty" can bridge the gap of misunderstanding.

The frightening thing about most cases of incompatibility is that they emerge so gradually and so unnoticed that the final break comes as a great shock to both parties concerned. Then pride and humiliation often make it difficult to mend the breach.

One of my best friends came to talk to me the other day about her newly granted divorce. I asked her plainly for the reasons she and her husband had finally broken up. I remembered how blissfully happy they had seemed only four or five years back. They had little money then. Now, after they had managed to prosper financially and to have a fine home, a car, and all the niceties of life, this calamity had overwhelmed them.

"I don't really know just what brought it to a head," she

answered, turning her face to hide the obvious anguish there. "We were getting along very well, for about three years, and then," she stammered, "and then, well—one thing just led to another."

Just one thing after another? I learned that this divorce resulted directly from inconsideration for each other's little faults. She explained that her husband had begun to let up on his attentions noticeably about a year and a half earlier. Whereas he used to bring her all kinds of little things as a surprise on special days and "unspecial" days alike, he gradually dropped off this practice little by little.

As we talked, I saw the other side of the coin emerging, too. She admitted that she tried to make him overcome his shortcomings by calling attention to the way other men ran their businesses. She thought his clothes were too dressy for working in the office which had no air conditioning. She sought comfort in her own hurts by staying out with her contract bridge friends and coming home too late to prepare any tea. She had too much pride, as did he, to admit any faults, and the resultant outcome was this seemingly unmendable divorce.

Childish, you say? Yes, but the break came nonetheless. Fortunately, they had no children.

Only a very great character will admit a grave fault, especially to someone who knows just about everything you do from how you eat your peas to how you dress and undress yourself. We all have pride and self-centredness, and these feelings can easily overshadow our sense of proportion if we let them go unchecked.

Marriage is a serious business. It requires good common sense plus the untiring desire to make it work. Whenever children are involved, divorce or separation only makes things more miserable and unhappy for all concerned.

Take a trip to any children's home and spend a day there; talk with any child who is a victim of a broken home, watch the anguish of any parent partly responsible for breaking up a home, and you will see more clearly what a broken home can do to people.

I know a man with a warped personality, warped mostly because his parents separated and sent him to grow up with two spinster aunts. True, he had many material advantages—clothes, food, home, education—but he lacked the guidance of a loving father and the tenderness that only a mother can give her son. Not until he had a son of his own did he begin to adjust to the hurt that had haunted him for many years.

If you essentially believe in the implications of the initial marriage vows, you **still** need to take stock in the practical applications of their worth. If you truly want your marriage to be a lasting, worth-while, ever-joyous adventure, try giving some thought to these following commandments. Test yourself. You might be surprised. Even if you already are a very good husband or wife, there are probably avenues of caring and loving and respecting you have overlooked.

1

Commandment No. 1

Respect the privacy of your mate. No matter how much you love your husband or wife,

there are some times when absolute privacy is necessary. For example, working out a very personal problem, taking mental stock on personal achievement, or meditating on spiritual food for enlightenment is, indeed, a time for complete privacy and solitude. It isn't that you love less for allowing this time of "aloneness."

Love is sometimes like the shy bird that rests on the palm of your hand; the more you try to grab it and hold it just for yourself, the more it struggles to be set free.

The length and time for privacy is entirely a personal one. Some people need more time for such things than others. I have known married couples who feel it necessary to spend their entire vacations apart from each other, as much as two or three weeks at a time. Others of my acquaintance set aside one evening a month to go their separate ways.

Many times this means no more than a shopping spree, or a time spent with "the boys," or just a quiet evening alone at home. As the desire to be alone is natural at times, it should be equally natural to grant this privilege.

2

Commandment No. 2

Remember that your mate needs help most when his luck is down.

The marital boat sails on placidly whenever circumstances make it easy to do so. If the job is reliable, if sickness does not filtrate into the family, if relations are compatible because of no undue friction, then your marriage has less threat of breaking up. But character is built upon weathering adversities. The successful marriage is also a result of countless victories over adverse circumstances.

A brick wall doesn't have to fall on a woman to make her realize her mate looks to her first when all doesn't go well at the office. The wife, too, has her ups and downs with the everyday affairs of her home—plus those of her job, too, in many instances.



Job success plays an important role in everyone's life. To the man it indicates his adequacy in his society. He carries his job with him everywhere he goes, even to bed at nights. Failures in his job mean varying degrees of insecurity. Above all, a man needs his wife's encouragement and interest in his work because he reasons his success expresses his love for his family. A sympathetic understanding here often does more to cement up tightly the marriage bonds than any other single action.

3

Commandment No. 3

Don't feel you have to "prove yourself" at all times. I knew a man who never seemed to enjoy a single moment of relaxation. He bent all his energies on demonstrating his capability to succeed, to do as well as his competitors, or even better. Naturally, this attitude soon began to permeate his home relations. Before long he began to be critical of everything and everybody in his family—and all because he feared his status with his wife and children.

One day he overdid himself with some physical activities at the annual company picnic and suffered a mild heart attack. During his recovery I ventured to ask him why he pushed himself

so close to his limits at all times.

"I feel, somehow, as if it is **necessary** for me to do these things," he exclaimed.

"Well," I replied, "what is your reasoning?"

He went on to tell me that his estimate of personal success depended upon weekly, even daily, successes in order to keep the admiration and respect of his wife and children. Now that he was ill and completely devoid of any need to excel, he found his family right close by his side.

"I never realized how much I was just spinning my wheels," he said. "My family loves me despite my inability to excel in everything."

And it is true. A good marriage thrives on love and sympathies, not talents, or ambitions, or things of temporal value.

4

Commandment No. 4

Refrain from employing jealousy to command attention. If you cannot impress your mate with the essential love you have, then no amount of jealousy will accomplish the task. In fact, the employment of subversive methods to accomplish your purposes will oftentimes boomerang into a real issue or catastrophe.

I knew a wife who tried to command her husband's attentions through the means of jealousy. In her attempt to impress him with her power to attract other men she resorted to sly, innocent flirtations. At first the trick worked. Then later, while talking to her one day at a club meeting, I heard her exclaim, "I never should have tried to hold him with my flirtatious antics. It didn't work, anyhow. We just seemed to grow farther and farther apart."

The story didn't end here. When he began to use the same dangerous weapon, it ended up in a serious affair which scandalized the town. It took nearly two years of counselling and readjustments before they really came to know each other as wedded companions again.

In the long run jealousy accomplishes nothing but heartaches for all parties concerned. It only indicates hurt pride in the first place, and it feeds on suspicion and dispels any semblance of trust. Whenever human relations aren't based on complete trust, especially the marriage relationship, disharmony and eventual unhappiness inevitably result.

5

Commandment No. 5

Respect your mate at all times.

Respect simply means honouring the dignity and worth of the individual, whether he be your boss, your casual friend, or the one you promised to honour and cherish for all time.

One man—known for his happy home—did many acts of love and kindness for his wife, acts that you and I have, perhaps, long since forgotten. He didn't wait for her birthday or for a Christmas to roll around before he thought to bring her a small gift. Unexpectedly, he would send his wife some roses, just before he came home from work. He'd sign the usual card with the usual name and then print at the bottom these five simple words: "Just because I love you."

Thoughtfulness? Respect? Mushy? Call it what you will, but show me **one** woman who



would complain of such personal treatment from her husband.

Friends chided a young lady about how much her husband had been away at his job during recent weeks. They filled her mind with countless suggestions as to how he must be spending his time away from home. But she promptly put a stop to their attempts to arouse suspicion by replying, "When I married John, I did it because I loved him. If he chooses to work harder than most men, it is because he equally loves me." Then, adding a clincher to her profession of allegiance, she said, "We've had this kind of mutual respect for each other ever since we were married." John heard about this incident later from one of the girls who did the chiding, and the story strengthened his bond with his wife all the more.

6

Commandment No. 6

Tolerate the foibles and shortcomings of your mate. The far-reaching agreement to accept the other fellow "for better, for worse" has more to it than a fair-weather implication.

Be sure you have first developed the virtue of tolerance before you marry. It is understandable, however, that some differences will show up during the years that follow.

The husband's hair might thin. His shape might gradually change from that of the prime physical specimen to that of the pear-shaped office worker who doesn't seem to advance up the company ladder as fast as he once did.

The wife, too, might keep a few extra pounds after childbirth. She might let down a little in her housekeeping or personal habits. She might become bored with her lot in life.

These things do happen. It is essential that you take stock on the more lasting qualities of your marriage so that the lesser, temporal manifestations of the personal appearance will not become deceiving. Maturity is acquired through a lot of living in most instances. Tolerance works both ways. It has to be earned

on the one hand, and it has to be sought beneath the surface on the other.

7

Commandment No. 7

Encourage and develop the strengths and abilities of your mate.

A person never stays the same. He either goes forward or backward. The wife might deny herself many things so that her husband can earn a college degree, only to find herself a total stranger to him at graduation time.

I've seen this happen more than once. The husband because of his education day by day takes an increasing interest in great music, great paintings, poetry of the renowned men of all time, or landmarks of the giants in the literary field.

And his wife? Though she has scrimped and saved so that such an educational advantage could be possible for her husband, she slowly begins to notice a wall of different interests growing between them.



A marriage is an adventure. It can be one that rocks along without any purpose. But if it has a plan for **both** husband and wife to pursue, it can be a real success. Seek ever new interests and try to discover and develop the talents that you and your mate have. If the husband takes up painting, the wife might do it,

too. If the wife happens to be a good speaker and becomes president of the Parents' Club, then the husband should co-operate. Discover, develop, and encourage the strengths and abilities in each other. A marriage thrives on purposeful activity.

8

Commandment No. 8

Love your mate as much as you love yourself. This last commandment might seem unnecessary at first consideration.

Love has many different connotations, many interpretations. An inborn love is essentially egotistic. After due experiences in life it gradually becomes altruistic to the extent that one ultimately comes face to face with God's great plan for the world.

Marriage helps this learning process from the "I" emphasis to the "you" consideration of all life and living. If you love sincerely, you have the assurance of becoming nearer to God, because you already know that God is love, indeed. ★★

HOMELY HOMILIES

with CONNIE FRENCH

On Purpose and Need

DON'T tell me that infants are devoid of reasoning power.

I was delighted to have my niece visit me, and to see again the carpet strewn with the assortment of toys that an eighteen-months-old girl uses. Yet it was in the high chair that she was most vocal. After her meal one day, with eyes roving over the table, she carried on this conversation with her mother.

"More yum-yum."

"No more yum-yum."

"More grape."

"No more grape."

"More apple, more orange."

"No more apple. No more orange. Nothing more."

"Op down, 'op down."

Some people reason like this, too. As the child knew she was sitting in the high chair for a purpose, and if the purpose was not to be fulfilled she might as well hop down; so it is easy to reason that we are alive for some purpose since we act in that way. If we can-

not find the purpose or act in harmony with life, we might as well stop living.

It seems to be when we feel like quitting that God can talk to us. Oswald Chambers wrote of his experience, "... I was getting desperate. I knew no one who had what I wanted; in fact I did not know what I did want. But I knew that if what I had was all the Christianity there was, the thing was a fraud. ... Then Luke 11:13 got hold of me, 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?' But how could I, badly motivated as I was, possibly ask ...?" He describes being brought to a point of despair, then a dogged determination to take God at His word.

Afterwards he wrote, "Glory be to God, the last aching abyss of the human heart is filled to overflowing with the love of God." A need met, a purpose fulfilled. "The Almighty creates no desires deep in the human soul which He cannot Himself satisfy." ★★

I HAVE JUST been listening with fascinated interest to a popular group of strummers and singers while they performed for a television audience. The fact that I was fascinated does not, I am afraid, mean that I had finally unsquared myself and was getting ready with a little soft, syncopated clapping. The fact is that I was staring into the eyes of a problem while I watched and listened. Why, I was asking myself, do the young people want their entertainers to behave like this? Why do they want them to wear long, untidy hair, and stare out of grandfather spectacles with a dazed, half-awareness and yell so discordantly and gyrate with that monotonous rhythm?

About a decade ago, I used to think that all this odd behaviour

was the result of a peculiar quirk of circumstances, such as sometimes dominates fashion. I thought that it was harmless and ephemeral and that it would shortly be replaced with a new pattern of behaviour that would more accurately reflect the desires of youth. But I was wrong. It has persisted through all these years, and the acclaim of these years provides unfaltering affirmation that this is exactly what the young people want. It must be. But why?

What do they find so appealing about this business of simulating the drug-induced frenzy with the endlessly rolling heads, the exaggerated accenting and the carefully trained voices dedicated so earnestly to the art of cacophony? Is it really a positive art form—the spontaneous reaction of vivid

youth to the discordant voices of this new, menacing, industrialized, polluted world? Is this, in short, the modern equivalent of the music that flowed from the Mozarts and Mendelssohns and the Schuberts of earlier times when they felt the stirring of life in the mountains and the woods and the streams?

Or is it all negative and rebellious and full of the intoxication of rejection? Is it all part of a determination to turn their backs on the world of their parents? And is there deliberate cynicism behind the urge to replace beauty by such strenuous rhythms, and to bury melody beneath so much noise? Do the young people simply want to say: "We don't care what we've got, so long as we have succeeded in dismissing what you had?"

Dr. Lionel Turner

youth / in search of



Or, is it, on the other hand, something ever so much more primitive, ever so much less consciously striven for? Do the youth of today feel as no other generation has ever done, a strong urge to go back to more primitive times before this machine-dominated, noisy, politically pressured, insincere, polluted world had begun to scar the face of nature and fill the earth with so many alien forces that make a mockery of freedom? Is it an expression of the need to bypass the present and dig down deeply into the self where the rhythms of life join into wild, confused music that is all energy? And is this why singers persist in using the voice tones and the idioms and the vocabulary of the least sophisticated members of the Negro race?

Widening the Gap

Frankly, I don't know. But these are the questions that fill my mind as I watch and listen. One thing is clear, however. There is nothing quiescent about the youth of today. They scorn the idea that they should pass through an experience in the world of work before they are qualified to assume the role of activists and leaders. They are not waiting to arrive. They believe that they have no right to deny the world the use of the pristine years before the onset of maturity begins the slow decline of their powers.

Another thing: they are more aware of their peers in all parts of the world than were any generation before them. For them the gap between generations is infinitely wider than the gap between race and race, creed and creed. All

over the civilized world they are restless and dissatisfied, and ready to turn militant faces upon the establishment. Already, indeed, they have succeeded in making this word, ESTABLISHMENT, a dirty word. Even to adults it is beginning to have an ugly and provocative ring. It suggests that whatever is, must go just because it is. And this is the mood of revolution.

What, one cannot help wondering, is behind all this restlessness and dissatisfaction? Many things, I fear, and what they add up to is something profoundly disturbing.

New educational horizons have had not a little to do with it. Even in the early high school years, children are now taught to look speculatively into every aspect of life, to question accepted attitudes and to give expression to their own ideas



even when the ideas are only half-formed and held only tentatively. No doubt this kind of exercise is stimulating and developmental, but it puts what may well turn out to be an unwarranted premium upon individuality. It is certainly breeding a new race of socially conscious and potentially active adolescents.

Again, the proportion of young people undergoing some form of tertiary education is increasing all over the world. Here, too, a greater emphasis upon scanning and criticizing all that is social and procedural has greatly changed the individual and group life of campuses. But some of the inevitable side-effects have not always been fortunate. Students have tended to become mesmerized by the facility with which opinions are polarized in their little university world, and exaggerated estimates of their own importance as a group have led to a lust for power in some.

There is unwarranted expectation that the world would listen and even cringe a little. In more than one university, student extremists have felt that they were the ones most capable of drawing up syllabuses of study, teaching procedures, methods of assessment, and anything else that is important to the functioning of a university. As far as I know, no one has yet advocated the abolition of the teaching staff, though more than one student leader has relegated them to a position of grudging equality in the new university democracy that they envisage.

Parental Witch Hunt

Another unfortunate side-effect of this new emphasis on critical appraisal is that it very easily becomes a virtue to discover a new fault. In the eyes of such a trainee, everything soon becomes much more wrong than it really is. And there seems to be something very satisfying about a witch hunt among the generation of their parents. Indeed, many a student's knowledge of history is so sketchy that he has come to believe that everything began to go wrong twenty-five years ago. I suppose this is why the art of protesting has become so important, and why protests are fired by such evangelistic zeal. In any case, students seem to be attracted to protests as a light, any light, attracts moths.

So what it amounts to is this: We are living in an era of accelerative change so rapid that it seems that only the youth can keep up with it. Consciously or unconsciously we are training them to take over. Already they constitute the most interested and consequently the most restless and dissatisfied members of our society. They are more unified than most groups. They are more keenly critical of our social structure and more confident of the rightness of their views and their power to change things. They look for a better world with an almost poignant desperation.

But here is the really significant thing: A growing army of youth wants change and improvement in the most intimate part of life. They want a new kind of mental and spiritual environment.

Today's youth have arrived on the planet at a time when science and technology dominate everything. It is the most pragmatic and materialistic age the world has seen. Magnificently controlled cognitive processes have, by a new magic, metamorphosed into incredible structures with legendary powers. **And the stature of man has grown till it has cast a shadow on the concept of God.** As man moves out into space, everything is becoming explicable, and the climate for worship more forbidding. It is becoming commonplace to believe that no matter how far we may penetrate into the depths of space or how far backward or forward we may move in the baffling realms of time, we will find everything to be explicable in terms of scientific thought. We will not need the God of the Bible or any other God. We will not need the stance of worship or the majesty of faith. Scientific logic is the highway into the capital of truth and it is so broad that there is no need of another. Fifty years ago, students, awed by the clamouring voices of science, found it hard to hold on to the God of Fundamentalism. Today they find it hard to remember God at all.

A Mysterious Conviction

But there is something about the human spirit that rebels against all this. Deep down within us all, there is a mysterious conviction that the processes of thought by which we build concept upon concept, shuffle common factors, apply

the processes of induction and deduction, are NOT the be-all and end-all of awareness. Even some of our greatest philosophers have felt that, if we could only still the mind long enough, and allow the spirit to reach out for unnamable forces that sweep like great tides through the universe, we might, like some eastern prophet, experience a new kind of awareness and find another kind of truth. And even scientists with their interest in Extra-Sensory Perception have walked thoughtfully around the idea. Christ talked of it as faith, and insisted that it constituted the only pathway into the kingdom of heaven.

It is not strange that we should see youth taking the lead in crusades to recapture such highways into the infinite. In his ode "On Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood," Wordsworth insisted that children retained memories of the eternity from which they came, and that there were still traces of this awareness in youth. However wrong he might have been, it is a matter of record that young people have always been prominent in religious revivals and experimental forays into the world of the spirit.

So I cannot but wonder if there is a common factor in all this off-beat behaviour of the youth of today: in the way they use music to carry them into a mindless state of physical exhilaration, in the urge to "take trips" into the weird world of drugs where cognitive processes are subdued in the kaleidoscopic changes that follow cell destruction, in the hippie cults that reject materialism and almost everything else, in their fierce protests against the establishment, in their interest in eastern religions with their chantings and exotic dress and aestheticism, and in their preoccupation with the person of Jesus and the rediscovery of power through spiritual intensity and joyous communal living.

Just before His death, Jesus asked a question: "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" He did not answer His own question, but there is more than a suggestion here of a time like this when faith is being trampled out by this new godless culture. Could it be that it will be rescued by this same generation of restless, dissatisfied youth? ★★

poems with power

■ Each month a selection is made from readers' favourite quotations. No original matter please. Include source, author, and your own name.

CRYSTAL BOWL

Hold your life before you—
The empty bowl lift up;
Let God pour beauty in it
And fill the brimming cup;

A clear and sparkling beauty
From everlasting springs;
Now gaze into the crystal depths
And view the happenings.

Perhaps the bowl was muddy
With shame and fear or doubt,
But as the clearer stream flows in,
The cloudy filters out.

When overflow has cleansed it,
The purity endures;
Then other lives are lifted up
To catch some drops from yours.

Bess Foster Smith (Miss I. Greedy).

THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a priceless gift
that cannot be bought or sold,
But its value is far greater
than a mountain made of gold—
For gold is cold and lifeless;
it can neither see nor hear,
And in the time of trouble
it is powerless to cheer.
It has no ears to listen,
no heart to understand,
It cannot bring you comfort
or reach out a helping hand;
So when you ask God for a gift,
be thankful if He sends
Not diamonds, pearls or riches,
but the love of real true friends.

Helen Steiner Rice (Mrs. Martha Kross).

LORD, TEACH ME

Lord, teach me to profit by the suffering that comes
across
My path; let it not embitter me, or harden my heart
So that I do not see another's need.
Lord, teach me patience in all things—in the
unfaithfulness
Of those in whom I have relied and trusted.
Teach me not to harbour grievances, but to forgive my
enemies.
Let me serve Thee with a willing heart.

Lord, teach me the quality of compassion and of mercy.
Teach me to hide my heartaches and pains, and not to
complain.
Never, oh, never, let me be too busy to see another's
need
For a loaf of bread, or need of comfort and understand-
ing;
To all a good Samaritan let me be. Give me the wealth
and wisdom
Of Thy teachings, my Lord, so that I may be a better
person today.

Author Unknown (A. O'Reilly).



ARCH HEFREN TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Aerial Architects

ARE YOU looking for a profession that demands no academic prerequisites, needs neither training nor degrees, and can be practised equally well by young or old, city dweller or country resident? The chances are that you are already an aerial architect but you do not realize the fact. Of course if you are not as given to euphemisms as your columnist you probably use a less pretentious title. You call it building castles in the air. Your parents even more devastatingly refer to it as day-dreaming.

We all follow the art. That is why it accepts practitioners from young and old alike. From almost the cradle to the grave we attempt to remould the world nearer to our ideas of what it ought to be, for our benefit, of course. I mentioned the fact that you probably did not know that you were an aerial architect. Therein lies the greatest danger. We can go on for years taking refuge from uncomfortable facts in the evasion found in dreams, failing to realize that our greatest possession, time, is rapidly slipping away.

Contrary to general opinion, if we are to judge by the contemptuous tone in which people speak of this profession, it is a perfectly legitimate and worthy one if . . . Ah, there's the rub. If! It is not the profession that is faulty, but the practice of it. Every invention in this world has been made by a dreamer—day or night is irrelevant. Take such a simple thing as the self-starter on the car, which saves you cranking a stiff motor on a cold morning.

A worthless day-dreamer would have pondered in bed one frosty morning on what a wonderful thing it would be if some good fairy

would swing the starting handle for him and get the motor running. A mechanic naturally thought of flicking a switch instead of rubbing Aladdin's lamp. An aerial architect began to consider how to crank the motor by an electrically driven small gear rotating with considerable torque. Result—the Kettering self-starter.

Many years ago a young man of my acquaintance got a job as a clerk during the depression at the magnificent wage of two pounds ten shillings per week. Now he might have day-dreamed about the Holden Premier or the Datsun 240Z he would buy with the money he would make when he was the head of the office. Instead, he wandered round the works in the meal times and tea breaks. One of the processes of the plant demanded the painting on each side of their metal sheets. He worked on an idea that came to him in day-dreaming. It ran something like this: Wouldn't it be wonderful if, instead of painting the sheet on one side, letting it dry, and then turning it over to paint the other side, you could paint both sides at once. I said he worked at it. Remember, he was only a junior clerk with no mechanical training, but he did belong to the A.A. Society. No, not Alcoholics Anonymous!

He came up with a scheme which did the double painting job simultaneously and used less paint into the bargain. He got a bonus and a raise in pay. When he quit the firm years later he was its managing director. He left only because someone else needed his A.A. degree so badly that they were prepared to double his salary.

Do you see what makes the vital difference between day-dreamers

and aerial architects? Both dream, both envisage what other people, often lazy people, declare is impossible; but the A.A. does something to turn his dreams into realities. Joseph's brothers dismissed his behaviour with scorn. "Behold, this dreamer cometh." Genesis 37: 19. In fact, they called him a "master of dreams." What they did not realize was that, by the grace of God, he was the master of himself. His character did not fail under test. The day came when they cowered before him in needless fear when he was the master of Egypt. Christ was undoubtedly sneered at as a visionary and a dreamer, but the fulfilment of these dreams rescued a lost world.

Day-dreamers depend on luck; aerial architects on work. Both need inspiration but the latter supply perspiration, a necessary ingredient of success. To graduate from D.D. to A.A. may mean going to night school or working long hours in a backyard garage. Luck is the most fickle lady I know, but vision plus determination has a great habit of producing the goods. Don't be discouraged by your handicaps. Demosthenes had a speech defect, but practice in speaking to the waves on the seashore produced a great orator. Paul had a defect which made him subject to ridicule, but he had a deathless conviction which made the attempted mockery of Festus sound desperately hollow.

If you are a day-dreamer scorned by your fellows, do something to make your dreams come true. If they are genuinely impossible of such fulfilment then give them up and shoot for a nearer star. But graduate from D.D. to A.A. ★★

QUESTION BOX



Young People's
Questions Answered

by GORDON BOX

Looking for Something

I find I'm missing out on something but I don't know what. I'm unhappy. Can you help?

The question is a bit vague for a really constructive answer. Sounds to me a bit like a case of chronic selfishness, OR drinking from what the Bible calls "broken cisterns" (usually referring to a craze for pleasure or materialism), OR loneliness, usually cured by being friendly, and responding to those who offer friendship, OR lack of any spiritual dimension in your life, cured by coming to grips with the claims of Christ, and an acknowledgement of the existence of God and our responsibility to Him and our fellow men. Sorry, this is the best I can do. Admittedly the answer is like your question—a bit vague.

The Marriage Game

Is it wrong to marry someone of a different nationality?

Not wrong, but there are a number of problems that **could** apply, and you should check these out if you want to make an intelligent decision.

1. If there is a difference in skin colour, think of the problems your children may have. They may not be insurmountable but have a good look at them. (The problems, I mean.)
2. Social background differences. Once again very important if they are too different from your own.
3. The possible rift within either family. Recognize it and check it out.
4. Religious differences—very important! (If you are interested

in happiness.) None of this is casting any reflection on any nationality. I agree with Paul in this matter, when he said "there is no difference," but he wasn't talking about marriage when he said this.

The Star-gazers

Is astrology devilish? Is it good or not good? Why are people interested in it?

In ancient times astrology was associated with heathen worship, as is mentioned in Daniel 2. It goes back to Babylonian times, and there are tablets referring to the "art" dating back to 410 B.C. Since it does not proceed from God (according to the Bible), and since it is directly traceable to false systems of worship, I don't think it would be stretching the point to say that it has its origin with His Satanic Majesty. This doesn't mean that all those who look up their horoscope are worshipping the devil because most of those who do this don't take the matter seriously. If they do, then that is a different matter.

Is it good or not good?

If you are looking for a reliable guide to the future it is very bad!! If you are reading it to pass the time, then there are other more profitable ways of amusing yourself. (My personal view is that it is a "load of rubbish," but that is unimportant.)

Why are people interested in it?

You had better ask them.

A guess would be that they would like to know what is going to happen to them in the future, OR that they think it is a bit of fun.

For a source of information on future events try the words of Jesus (say Matthew 24), or the second chapter of Daniel.

Wandering Brother

I have a brother who has recently left the church. My mother believes she has failed us both, as she has tried very hard to bring us up in the way we should go but we haven't gone that way. What can I do to help?

If you believe in the standards you have been taught by your mother, then why not start living up to them? If you honestly don't believe the things you have been taught, you should have good reasons for rejecting them, and you should tell your mother these reasons. Then, since you recognize that she has done the best she could for you both, you would be a good daughter if you showed your mother that you really do appreciate the training you received as a youngster.

If you are a Christian and you are mainly concerned about your brother, then it would be wise to point out to your mother that she cannot know for a long time yet if her training has failed. Many young people wobble about trying to discover themselves, and once they do they are much more stable than before.

Your mother should be reminded that you don't know who has won the war until it is over. There are many ebbs and flows during the battle, but until it is over, we don't know who will win. See that you are on the side that is fighting for the right, no matter how strong the opposition may be. And remember, one with God is a majority.

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD

SEPTEMBER 16, 1963, was a memorable date! We were in Calcutta, the largest city in India. This was the day we had scheduled to visit the temple of Kali, the goddess of destruction, calamity and death! The day before, we had awakened before dawn and had gone down to the Hooghly River, a tributary of the Ganges. We had witnessed with keen interest the hundreds of devotees standing waist-deep in that "holy" river, facing east in adoration of the rising sun.

Because Calcutta used to be named Kalighat, some historians believe that this great city owes its name to the Hindu goddess Kali. As we approached the temple that day, the court was crowded with worshippers. Our guide made a way for us up to where the idol was located. What a surprise we had as we beheld this goddess of calamity! The idol is black, with four arms and red palms on the hands, red eyes, with a long tongue protruding from her open mouth. Her hair was matted, and her teeth were fang-like. In one hand she held a sword and in another the head of the giant she had slain.

We were told that this idol is not satisfied with an offering of rice and flowers, but only with blood. In the centre of the court we saw the guillotine where the goats and water buffalo were dragged and beheaded. This was all done with just one stroke of an enormous knife. The blood is scooped up and smeared on the foreheads of the people. We were told by our guide that at certain festivals as many as a thousand goats and eighty buffaloes have been offered

to appease this goddess of destruction.

In early centuries, human sacrifice was essential in this worship. Such sacrificial rites are known throughout the history of religions and have assumed a multitude of forms. Blood has always been recognized as the sacred life force in man. Therefore its great power has been utilized through sacrifice for a number of purposes such as purification, earth fertility, and so on.

The ancient Greeks sacrificed black animals to demons of the underworld. They would present some of their finest horses to the sun-god. The Syrians sacrificed fish. Human sacrifice, however, was universal. Among the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, more than 20,000 human beings were slaughtered

each year on altars dedicated to their gods. In battle they would capture their enemies and sacrifice them to the sun-god, opening their chests and tearing out their hearts with bare hands. The Mayas also practised human sacrifice, though on a limited scale. Worshippers would draw blood from various parts of their bodies, particularly from the tongue and ears, to offer to their gods. All of this shedding of blood had the prime purpose of appeasing the gods and purging the devotees of guilt.

The Significance of Blood

Why is blood so important? It is a mysterious substance. Without it the human body cannot function. Each of us has approximately five quarts of blood, circulating every twenty-three seconds. This is what furnishes nourishment to



every tissue and cell of the body. In every age there has been an emphasis on blood. In every battle, blood is shed. On television we see blood being shed. When crimes are committed on the streets of our cities, blood flows.

According to the Bible, blood is important. "Indeed, under the law almost everything is purified with blood, and without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness of sins." Hebrews 9:22.

Here the Bible speaks of the great poisoner of human blood—sin. Adam, the first man, had this problem; and since God "made of one blood all nations," Adam's blood is coursing through our veins. With this blood comes the sentence of death. The Apostle Paul writes about it in Romans 5:12. "It was through one man that sin entered the world, and through sin death, and thus death pervaded the whole human race, inasmuch as all men have sinned." New English Bible.

Sin came in as a result of man's rebellion against his Creator. The very first revolt against God was on this matter of the shed blood, and Cain was the rebel. He refused to recognize God's plan. He brought vegetables and fruit instead of a bleeding lamb.

Later, after God had led His people out of the land of Egypt, a lamb was slain at the Passover season and its blood applied to the two sideposts and the upper doorpost of each house. God's promise was, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Exodus 12:13. The blood was to be there on the doorpost, not to satisfy the household, but to satisfy God. God's promise was not, "When I see you . . ."; it was, "when I see the blood!"

A New Theology

During the past two or three generations, a new theology has been popularized which rejects the blood sacrifice of Jesus Christ as necessary to salvation. Yet it is interesting to note that these same generations have had their hands dipped in the blood of their brothers. What a paradox to see a race which considers itself too cultured, too philosophical, and too sophisticated to accept the plain

teachings of Scripture that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, and yet has shed more human blood than any other in history. We must not minimize or ignore these words by Robert Lowry:

"What can wash away my sin?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

What can make me pure within?

Nothing but the blood of
Jesus."

All the money in the world cannot purchase our pardon for a single sin. All the good deeds of a man, from the time of his birth to his death, could not secure the forgiveness of the smallest transgression of the constitution of God's government . . . His law.

Sin is the poison that has polluted man's blood, and the blood of Jesus is the only antidote. There is cleansing from sin only through the blood. "As we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

Any philosophy or religion which rejects Christ's atonement has no pardon or hope of salvation to offer its followers. It leaves them to die in their sins. "I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." John 8:24.

Why So Important?

The reason the blood of Christ is so important is that it represents His life which was given for ours. Blood represents life. Our lives are forfeited because we have all "sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Romans 3:23. How difficult it is for us moderns to understand why the Creator of mankind would give His life and become our Redeemer—but it is true. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Romans 6:23. What a gift this is—His life for our life! He died my death that I might live His life.

Some might say that it doesn't seem to make any difference whether or not one believes in the atonement of Christ on the cross. How was it in ancient Egypt? Those who believed in the blood on the doorpost were safe and were shielded from the sword of judgment. Without that blood the

people were defenceless, and were destroyed by the destroying angel. One thing alone sheltered the first-born in the land of Egypt, 3,500 years ago, and one thing alone will shelter sinners today from the condemning judgments of God, and that is the blood!

Remember, just as in those days the blood of the slain Passover lamb saved those under its protection, so today "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Corinthians 5:7.

Do we accept His blood? Have we applied it to the door of our hearts? One author speaks of it like this: "The sacrifice of Christ as an atonement for sin is the great truth around which all other truths cluster. In order to be rightly understood and appreciated, every truth in the Word of God, from Genesis to Revelation, must be studied in the light that streams from the cross of Calvary. I present before you the great, grand monument of mercy and regeneration, salvation and redemption—the Son of God uplifted on the cross."—"Gospel Workers," page 315.

Reconciles and Redeems

The antidote for the disease of sin, the blood of Jesus, reconciles the creature with his Creator.

"And, having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself. . . . And you, that were sometimes alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unblemished and unrepensible in His sight." Colossians 1:20-22.

This blood of Christ not only reconciles but redeems! "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

During the Middle Ages, Paulinus of Nola spent his whole estate in redeeming Christian captives who had been taken by the Barbary pirates. Finally his wealth was all gone. At last he offered his own person to redeem the son of a poor widow. The barbarians were so moved by his benevolence that they sent him back and released, not only the widow's son, but other

Harold M. S. Richards, Jr., is a radio evangelist in the United States whose radio audience each week runs into millions.

captives. You see, he was willing to give himself to save others.

"To redeem" is to buy back. That is what Christ did on the cross. He purchased us with His own blood. "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Ephesians 1:7.

The believer is also justified by Christ's blood. "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him." Romans 5:8, 9.

How wonderful to know that God loved us while we were still dead in sin, when we could do nothing to save ourselves. He gives us His spirit to make us alive in Christ. In accepting Christ's death in place of ours, God justifies us. It is the blood that justifies, that makes us just and righteous in the sight of a holy God. You see, every sin must be accounted for. We must all die for our sins, either with the wicked at last or by faith on the cross with Christ. What a loving God to make it possible for the believer to be reconciled, redeemed, justified by the blood!

Forgiveness and Salvation

The blood also gives forgiveness! "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Colossians 1:14. It was the cross, it was His blood, that made forgiveness possible.

Next, the believer is cleansed by the blood of Christ. "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

Every teaching, every suggestion, every doctrine, every cult that denies or sets aside or minimizes the blood of Christ—in other words, His death for us—thereby rejects the only means of redemption, of forgiveness, of cleansing from sin, of salvation, of access to God, of atonement, of justification, of holiness and victory.

Have you received this antidote for blood poisoning? Remember, it isn't what you are in your lost condition that counts, but what you will be through the redemption that is in Christ. God sees you as you will be in the glory of your Redeemer.

John Ruskin, in his book, "Ethics of the Dust," says: "Well, what is mud? First of all, a little water,

and then some other little bits of matter we call clay. When God takes it in hand He transforms the clay into a sapphire, for a sapphire is just that; and the sand into an opal, for that is the analysis of an opal; and the soot into a diamond, for a diamond is just carbon that has been transformed by God; and the soiled water into a bright snow crystal, for that is what crystals are when God takes water up into heaven and sends it back again."

It is really incomprehensible what God can make out of some of the material that He takes. It is a miracle of God's grace that transforms a sinner into a Christian. Philosophy cannot explain it; neither can psychology, nor any human theory. From sin to grace is just as great a miracle and just as great a change as the process of metamorphosis by which sand is made into an opal, or soot into a diamond.

How many millions over the years have tried to find remission for their sins by appeasing the gods! That day in Calcutta, as I stood there at the temple of Kali, it seemed I could hear the cry of the human race, "Who can wash away our sins?" I had the answer: "Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

★★

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MYRTLE O'HARA's
STORY FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS

The Milkman's Horse

"IT'S a shame," Dean said as he came into the house carrying the morning milk. "That horse is twenty-seven years old and should not be working at his age. I can't understand why the milkman does not put him in a good paddock and allow him to live the rest of his life in peace and quiet. I guess he is just too mean to buy another horse. He won't be satisfied till he works the poor old thing to death. He should be reported for cruelty."

"I think you are wasting your sympathy," Mum said. "I've watched that horse for years. I'm sure he enjoys his work and I think he would be unhappy with nothing to do all day."

"But he is a thoroughbred," Dean said. "He deserves a better fate than to drag around a milkman's cart, year in and year out." Dean went to the window and watched the horse pacing down the street. The splendid animal held his head high. He carried himself with pride and pulled the cart as if it were a golden chariot. "It is only his spirit that keeps him going," Dean said. "He'll drop dead in harness one of these days, you'll see. I think I will talk to the milkman next time I see him."

"I wouldn't do that," Mum said. "The milkman is very fond of his horse and takes care of him. They are good friends and he doesn't abuse him in any way. It isn't wise to meddle in matters that don't concern you, son."

The days slipped by and one morning Dean saw a new horse pulling the milkman's cart. "Where is Prince?" he asked.

"He's retired," the milkman said. "I felt it was time for him to have a rest, but oh, how I miss him! I'll never get another horse like him. I've had him for seventeen years and he has never given me a moment's trouble." The milkman rested his arms on the gate and seemed in no hurry to move on. "He was a race horse, you know. I bought him when he was ten years old. I wondered how he

would take to pulling a cart around. But he was wonderfully sensible. He seemed to think: 'Well, if this is what you want me to do, I'll do my best.'

"I had a round of 469 houses, Dean. Before long Prince knew every one of them. As I ran in and out he suited his pace to mine and was always waiting at the next house so that I could get the milk without wasting any time. I never had to drive him. I just tied the reins to the front of the cart and allowed him to do his work in his own way. And do you know," the milkman said, "I never had to catch him in the mornings. He was always waiting at the paddock gate for me. When I opened it he walked out towards the cart and backed into the shafts and waited for me to put the harness on him. Then off we would go, Prince stepping proud and high. He was almost human, that horse. Well, Dean, I'd better be going or my customers will be wondering where I am."

A week later Dean called excitedly: "Mum, Prince is back again!" He ran down to the gate and out into the street. "What happened to your new horse?" he asked the milkman.

"Nothing," he replied.

"Well, why are you using Prince again?"

"It was like this," the milkman said. "He was so upset the first morning when I put the new horse in the cart that he jumped the gate of the paddock and started to run beside the cart when I started off on my round. I talked to him and told him I wanted him to have a rest, and led him back. He drooped and seemed very despondent."

"Oh, the poor old fellow," Dean went up to Prince and patted him.

"As the days went on," the milkman continued, "he refused to eat. He just stood by the gate and watched me go each morning and was still there when I came home again. I couldn't stand it, Dean, so this morning I said: 'Come on,

Prince, you can have your job back.' Up went his head; there was a new light in his eyes. Fresh life seemed to surge through him and he paced along in fine style. I hope he lives for another seventeen years."

Dean carried the milk to the kitchen and in a voice filled with wonder and excitement, he told his mother all that the milkman had told him.

"He makes me think of a horse my grandma told me about," Mum said. "He had been a whim horse at one of the mines and had spent years trotting around in a circle as he unwound a rope that lowered a bucket into the water that seeped into the mine. Then he trotted in the opposite direction and as the rope wound up, the bucket was drawn to the surface and the water emptied out."

"What monotonous work," Dean said.

"We would think so, but that horse enjoyed it. He knew when the bucket reached the water and always stopped of his own accord. He loved the whim boy who looked after him and he was content. At last his owners thought he was too old to work so they put him in a paddock and imagined they were doing him a good turn. But each morning when the mine whistle blew, the old horse started on his self-appointed task. He went to a corner of the paddock and did his "shift" of work. Round and round he trotted till at last there was a well-worn track in the grass."

"They should have taken him back to the mine," Dean said. "He would have been happier there."

"I think so, too," Mum agreed. "Work is one of God's greatest blessings," she said.

Dean said nothing but he thought a lot. He wasn't fond of work, but each day as he watched Prince proudly doing his milk-round, it made him feel ashamed of himself, and he made up his mind that he could at least do as well as a horse, if not better. ★★

THE DOUBT

THERE was once a Very Famous Man.

No, it doesn't really matter what his name was, or even when or where he lived—just that he was rightly famous for many things: he was a writer of profoundly wise books, had painted many beautiful paintings, composed much noble and inspiring music, and had made several extremely important scientific discoveries.

However, most of all, he was known as a Man of Peace, a man to whom no person ever came for help and went away empty, a man of simple faith, joy, strength, gentleness . . . one of those rare human beings who seem to have the Light of Heaven shining out of them on earth.

His fame and goodness spread to the farthest corners of the most distant kingdoms . . . and a Mighty King heard of him, and decided that he simply **had** to look upon the face of this man. So, this being in the days before jets and television by satellite, he sent his best portrait painter on the long and dangerous journey to capture that face on canvas.

A year later, when the painter returned with the portrait, the King gathered together all his Wise Men and Counsellors, all his Elders and Priests, and the portrait was unveiled.

There was a gasp of horror!

The face was that of a cruel and wicked man, full of pride and passion, lust for power, consumed by ambition, inflamed with anger . . . mean and selfish . . . the face of an old and ignorant man, untouched by any thoughts of beauty or goodness.

"Is this a true likeness?" demanded the King.

"Yes, your Majesty," said the painter, "so far as my skill allows."

It was impossible! How **could** such a face be that of **such** a man!

So the King decided to make the long and dangerous journey to see for himself. . . .

And, when they eventually met, even the very first glance convinced the King that his painter had painted a true likeness: in fact, if anything, the face was **more** cruel and wicked than any painter could possibly capture on canvas. . . . The King had never seen such destructive pride and passion, such lust for power, such anger and selfishness, such brutal ignorance, such lack of beauty and goodness. . . .

But, before the King could ask the one question which was uppermost in his mind, the Famous Man smiled . . . and the smile transformed him: **there** was the Light of Heaven shining on earth!

"I know what you are thinking," he said to the King. "How **such** a face **could** be that of a man about whom you have apparently heard so much? It is really very simple. I am truly all you see in my face—though far worse than any words can tell. Only God knows how cruel and wicked I really am in my heart; only **He** knows the depths to which I could sink."

"But," began the King . . . and stopped, because he didn't want to embarrass him by speaking of his fame.

And the smile shone even brighter: "On my face," said the Famous Man, "you can see and read what I **am**—but in my life, inadequate though it has been, you can learn a very little of what God can do with a man."

And the King smiled, too, and understood. ★★



**OGG'S
VIEW
OF...**

The Challenge of PORNOGRAPHY

LICENTIOUSNESS is the special sin of this age. More than 19,000 illegitimate babies are born yearly to Australian mothers. Behind that figure is a tremendous amount of heartbreak. It is claimed that at least 1,000 new victims of gonorrhea and syphilis infections occur every week of the year in Australia. Out of the same survey emerged the fact that 32 per cent of cases were teenagers. In one state there has been a 17 per cent increase in the incidence of venereal disease in one year. Now there are twice as many victims as ten years ago.

Our permissive society is likely to condone irregular sex contacts. But the penalties of permissiveness have not been removed by the Pill and penicillin.

Strange that today's man may be a nuclear giant and at the same time a moral dwarf. Pornography is big business. One European city boasts of having 200 retail outlets calling themselves "sex boutiques." Racketeers in America garner an estimated five hundred million dollars a year from obscene literature and indecent movie films which are sold for "private showings."

The so-called progressive countries of Scandinavia have become the suppliers to the world of pornographic materials. To advertise their filthy wares these merchants of vileness have gained publicity by holding the infamous "Sex Fairs." These are put forth as educational enterprises for those who are not too narrow-minded. It was possible to join a club at the fair, and twenty-four hours after obtaining that membership card, the new members had the dubious privilege of observing a couple performing the sexual act.

"No nation has ever lived in the sexual gutter like we have and gotten away with it," states evangelist Billy Graham. The former head of the American F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover, has said that investigation

of sex crimes has convinced him that "pornography is a major cause of the rising tide of sex crimes."

"The rapid and prolific rise of pornography within the past few years is an alluring device of Satan to involve the youth in the general ruin that is coming upon the world," writes C. B. Howe. That is why every parent must join wholeheartedly in the fight against the sale of smut. The child you save may be your own.

This is an age when corruption is teeming everywhere. The lust of the eye and corrupt passions are aroused by beholding and by reading. Psychiatrist Dr. Max Levin, of the New York Medical College, asserts, "The reading of a pornographic book—or any book—will generate a stream of fantasies. . . . No one can doubt that some youngsters are affected adversely by the torrent of pornographic literature that overflows the news-stands. Their imagination becomes defiled. In the words of a modern religious writer: 'The mind takes pleasure in contemplating scenes which awaken the lower and base passions. These vile images, seen through defiled imagination, corrupt the morals and prepare the deluded, infatuated beings to give loose reign to lustful passions.'"

Filth poured into the mind is not easy to discard. The mind is not equipped with a garbage disposal system. Exposure of the mind only to what is good is the best protection available.

Days similar to those of the antediluvian world are upon us, when wanton sensuality and illicit pleasure dominated the thinking of men. Of that licentious age God said: "The wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. . . . The earth . . . was corrupt. For all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth." Genesis 6: 5-13.

Jesus warns, "For, just as in the days of Noah, so will it be at the coming of the Son of man." Matthew 24: 37 (Twentieth Century). Our times declare His coming must be close at hand. ★★





Mimi's Way

RECENTLY we stayed in a university college of the National University in Canberra. Things have changed somewhat since we dug and delved into the mines of wisdom that such halls of learning provide. Even the notices on the notice boards were different. For instance, in our student days, this one (copied exactly as it appeared) would certainly not have been publicly displayed:

DOMESTICATED MALE requires room in house with two females. Part-time resident only but will pay full weekly rent. Useful around house and garden. Ring ———.

We do not know whether the young man obtained suitable accommodation at the first reply or whether he is still trying to sift through a mountain of applications for his services as a full-time-payer—part-time-resident (with additional services thrown in). What we are concerned about is that the members of the intellectual stratum of society have such little care for moral values.

True, the advertisement makes no suggestion of immorality; from what is said, it **could** be deduced that this young man is looking for a few home-cooked meals in exchange for mowing the lawn. But the appearance of this arrangement would be highly suggestive to the purest mind. The young man would be assumed to be there for other than pleasures gastronomic—else why wouldn't he seek out some little old lady who would offer him **real** home cooking with a quiet atmosphere in which to study?

Of course, it becomes obvious that we are "square" when we so much as mention such a minor aberration and make something of it. Today's young people have been "liberated" and we have not caught up with the fact. That will surely be the reaction of many of today's modern generation. But this matter of a tiny advertisement on the notice board is but the tip of the iceberg—though "iceberg" is hardly an appropriate term for something that generates so much heat.

Mimi's Philosophy

The bald statement of an eighteen-year-old girl, "Mimi" as given in "Time" (21/8/72) is so close to the norm these days that it is frightening to those who can look back from the maturity of middle-age. She says: "Girls can score just as many times as boys, if they want to. I've gone to bed with nine boys in the past two years. It's a natural thing, a nice thing and a nice high. It sure can clear up the blues."

Mimi, as is so often the case, is partly right and partly wrong. Girls **can** "score" just as many times as boys, if they want to. And this is an increasingly common philosophy. By "score" we take Mimi to mean that girls can successfully make a pass at a boy and seduce him. Mimi is perfectly correct here; but what she does not realize is that she is cheapening something that ought to be held in high esteem: half the human race—the female portion of it.

In the very nature of things, women are made to be wooed and won; in the very nature of things men should be the ones who seek out a mate and woo that mate until she agrees to marriage. Whenever the roles have been reversed, society has weakened its structures, and the staple of society, the home, has fallen into disarray.

The second sentence of Mimi's statement is, however, indicative of a trend that loses none of its dangers simply because "everybody's doing it." In two years, Mimi, at eighteen, claims to have gone to bed with nine boys—different boys, of course. There is a word for this, and it is **PROMISCUITY**. Mimi probably refers to this as "making love." She will, if not boast, then certainly claim, that "nine different boys made love" to her. She would be quite wrong. This is not "making love." This is the indulgence of animal passion (to use a phrase from way-back), and really has nothing to do with love.

Love is something deep and abiding. You do not turn it on and off like the shower tap. Love is something that develops and grows between two people. Love is that which binds a man and a woman together in a permanent and increasingly meaningful relationship; it has spiritual overtones; it has nothing to do with gravitating to the nearest convenient bed with a casual acquaintance simply to work out pent-up sexual feelings.

Mimi may or may not be boasting when she makes her statement about her nine sexual partners. She is, however, making a statement that brands her as having a moral code which is more in place in a barnyard than in a decent society. But Mimi is not to blame. Not entirely, at any rate. Mimi is the product of her society and her age—an age where the very concept of God is called in question by even those whose chosen work it is to lead men in the worship of God. The devil has practically been laughed out of existence by popular consent and the encouragement of many of the clergy. The Bible has been held up as a bundle of myths and pretty stories. The next and logical step has been that, to call some aberration **SIN**, is to invite ridicule and to have oneself pilloried in the market place of public opinion.

"A Nice High"

Yet sin still is sin, and the sooner we recognize that fact of life, the sooner the permissiveness, the vice, the immorality of this present age will be brought under control. For, apart from the fundamentals of the Book, there is no code of morality, no system of ethics worth

Mr. Rodney Plewright. For the past year, Mr. Plewright has been the editorial assistant in our office, but he has laid aside his pen to return to his native Western Australia where he will be engaging in further study and teaching. We wish him success in his new sphere.

the candle; men and women must have a star to steer the frail barque of life across the turbulent waters of time, and no one has yet come up with anything to match the Holy Scriptures.

It may be considered old hat to speak of chastity and morality; but the path to happiness lies along such a road. Mimi thinks that she has a sure-fire way of solving her hang-ups. From the wisdom born of her experience, she declares, "It is a natural thing, a nice thing and a nice high. It sure can clear up the blues." Without downgrading the intelligence or the perspicacity of this young lady, we would point out that, at the age of eighteen, all the wisdom and experience has not yet come to anyone. Yes, sex IS a natural thing. As a matter of fact, God created sex and sexuality. However, He created it to be a pleasurable experience within the bond of marriage. But promiscuous sex has always brought its frustrations and heartaches, **and it always will.** Mimi may think right now that she has all the answers, but in a very few years she could be lamenting the very attitudes that she now extols as bringing her "a nice high."

Clearing Up the Blues

She claims that her promiscuous association with the opposite sex "can sure clear up the blues." What she does not know is that she is setting herself up for the greatest attack of the blues that can overwhelm anyone. As the years tick by, this panacea that she thinks she has discovered will cease to be the magic touchstone of her life. She will recognize that what she thought was pure gold was tawdry tinsel. She will suffer frustrations and guilt complexes and regrets that today seem so far away as to be non-existent. All this if she escapes an unwanted pregnancy or venereal disease or abortion-induced sterility, mark you. If she is ensnared in the net of one or more of these, her remorse and her regret will be so much the more. (And do not let Mimi think that she is immune from these things: the incidence of V.D. increased in her country, among girls of her age group, by 144 per cent between 1960 and 1970; illegitimate births rose from 8.3 per thousand teenagers in 1940 to 19.8 per thousand in 1972; in the U.S. the college pregnancy rate is from 6 per cent to 15 per cent of the female

students; and there were 1,500,000 abortions in that country in 1971—a third of them performed on teenagers. That is the league Mimi is playing in!)

"Hurting No One"

There may be some who read this who feel somewhat snug in that their pre-marital sexual activity is limited to their particular boy friend or girl friend. Glibly the word is, these days, "We're hurting no one, not even ourselves. We know what we are doing. One day we plan to marry." This, at best, is a flimsy argument. True, the "promiscuous" tag cannot be affixed to you, but what you are doing is wrong, and what you are doing IS hurting you and your partner more than you know.

The sex relationship was ordained by God to be part of the marriage relationship. Outside of marriage, the Bible calls sex indulgence fornication. And that is exactly what it is. And God has condemned this practice roundly. Notice: "Shun fornication. Every other sin that a man can commit is outside the body; but the fornicator sins against his own body. Do you not know that your body is the shrine of the indwelling Holy Spirit, and the Spirit of God's gift to you? You do not belong to yourselves; you were bought with a price. Then honour God in your body." 1 Corinthians 6: 18-20, N.E.B.

One more text must suffice, though many could be quoted bearing the same message. The message is that God does not lightly regard this sin. He who will one day judge you says, "Anyone can see the kind of behaviour that belongs to the lower nature: fornication, impurity, and indecency. . . . I warn you, as I warned you before, that those who behave in such ways will never inherit the kingdom of God." Galatians 5: 19-21, N.E.B.

The trouble with modern, sophisticated man is that he has ceased to see sin as sin. Rather he sees it as "something to clear up the blues," as Mimi put it. But however you may describe it, sin remains abhorrent in the eyes of a loving Father. He bids those who would find true happiness recognize the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and turn from it, and live. That way, and only that way, is the road to true happiness and eternal life.

ROBERT H. PARR.

Gwyneth Strong is thirteen years of age, and hence is too young to see the most recent film showing at the Kensington Odeon Theatre in London. So, because the film's certificate specifically stated that anyone of her age could not be present at a public screening, the Odeon's management put on a private showing of the film, just for Gwyneth. Here she is in all her glory absorbing the delights of forbidden fruit. Did somebody say, "What were her parents thinking of?"





BIBLE QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Readers' Questions Answered by DESMOND FORD, M.A., Ph.D.

Tongues Speaking

If the gift of tongues is limited to known languages, why were some of the disciples who spoke in tongues on the Day of Pentecost thought to be drunk, and why didn't Paul condemn the Corinthians for speaking in UNKNOWN languages? 1 Corinthians 13: 1; 14: 2, 5 suggests that there is a heavenly language which is worth while seeking, albeit useless in the church without the further gift of interpretation. Do you know of anyone who has received what you would regard as a "genuine" gift of tongues who might be consulted on this subject?

D.M.

In view of the modern charismatic movement with its emphasis on tongues, your question is most pertinent. My reply should be taken as a personal opinion only, inasmuch as Bible students are greatly divided over these issues, not because of the inadequacy of the New Testament evidence but because of the strong power of prejudice and the prevailing habit of pragmatic decision-making.

First, let it be said that the whole trend of Paul's discussion in 1 Corinthians, chapters 12-14 is to pour a douche of cold water over enthusiasm regarding the gift of tongues. He places it last among the gifts of the Spirit. See 1 Corinthians 12: 30. (Note that "tongues and interpretation of tongues" belong together.) He stresses that the injudicious use of this gift will bring reproach on the cause of Christ. (1 Corinthians 14: 23.)

Furthermore, he adds the safeguards of requiring that indulgence of the gift should only be permitted in an orderly fashion and when the gift of interpretation is present. See chapter 14: 27-33. The same Paul emphasizes that the display of tongues can lead to pride, and that the supreme object of search should not be the gifts of the Spirit, but rather the fruit of the Spirit, and love in particular. This he calls "the more excellent way." See chapter 12: 31 and the whole of chapter 13. It is expressly pointed out that only some Christians have specific gifts such as tongues—it is not to be thought mandatory for all. See chapter 12: 30.

In harmony with this relegating to a lowly place of the gift of tongues by Paul is the fact that only this first epistle to the Corinthians out of the entire twenty-seven letters of the New Testament even makes reference to tongues. Similarly, only one of the Gospels mentions the gift, and does so in a passage whose textual authenticity is disputed. See Mark 16: 17 in the K.J.V. and compare with the R.S.V. and the N.E.B.

In the historical Book of Acts, references to tongues occur, but are few, and they cease after the gospel has been presented to those who become the "first-fruits"

of Gentile believers. (This fact harmonizes with another, namely, that miraculous gifts operate usually in times of crisis and transition only.)

It should next be noted that there are various kinds of tongues, i.e., there are varieties of this particular gift. See 1 Corinthians 12: 10. Almost all leading exegetes of the Greek New Testament point out that the tongues referred to in 1 Corinthians are a different type from those mentioned at Pentecost, and that they did not consist of national languages. See for example, the commentaries of F. F. Bruce on Acts and 1 Corinthians. This conclusion springs from the evidence of the chapter itself.

It is said in chapter 14: 4 that the only person who derives benefit from the Corinthian type of the gift of tongues was the individual himself. This would not be true if his words could be understood by others. Interpretation is absolutely necessary if others are to benefit. See verse 13. This would not be true in a cosmopolitan city like Corinth if the language was a national one. However, in Acts 2 we are distinctly told that the type of tongues there mentioned embraced national languages which could be understood by others.

The next thing which must be kept in mind is that tongues-speaking, "glossolalia," as it is technically called, is not limited to professing Christians. Paganism has always known this phenomenon, and with good reason. Ecstatic speech can be psychologically induced in a large number of people by very simple means. Any stress on the emotions and simultaneous hindering of the rational processes can pave the way for tongues-speaking in one who desires it. The result should not be thought of as proceeding from the Spirit of God. On the contrary, God wills that "the kingly power of reason, sanctified by divine grace, should bear sway in the life."

I personally believe that the speaking in tongues so prominent in the modern religious climate is, in the vast majority of cases, NOT the true gift spoken of in the New Testament. This is not to say that the people who participate in this phenomenon are devil-possessed; it is only to suggest that even believers can err emotionally as in other directions.

In answer to your specific questions:

1. The gift of tongues included more than one variety and is therefore not limited to known languages.

2. The disciples at Pentecost, though using known national languages, were speaking God's praise in an ecstatic way and were therefore mocked as being drunk.

3. Yes, some passages in 1 Corinthians 13 and 14 assert that there is a gift of tongues which is from

above and that it should be manifested only if there is an interpreter present.

4. No, I know of nobody whom I regard as having received the genuine gift and whom I could personally interview on the matter.

I would refer the enquirer to a rare volume called "Facsimile of Early Adventist Periodicals" which contains a historical record of what I believe to be an instance of a genuine manifestation of the type of tongues referred to in 1 Corinthians 14.

Israel Restored

I believe that the promises made to the descendants of Abraham will yet be fulfilled to the Jewish people. The Old Testament constantly foretells the restoration of latter-day Israel, and modern events are fulfilling the prophecy. Is this the way you interpret the Scriptures on this matter? M.R.B.

Many Christians think as you do but I am unable to share their conviction. The New Testament teaches that all who believe in Christ are numbered as Abraham's descendants and that all who have persistently rejected the divine will have been "broken off" the covenant tree. See Romans 11: 17; 2: 28, 29; Galatians 3: 26-29; 6: 15, 16. Note particularly the following extracts from these passages: "... He is not a Jew which is one outwardly; ... but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."

"And if ye be Christ's then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."

Christ foretold the rejection of national Israel as a result of their rejection of Him. Likewise He foretold the establishment of the Gentile church as the new Israel. See Matthew 21: 43 and compare 1 Peter 2: 6-10. However, the same apostle who spoke of "the Israel of God" as composed of all believers in Christ, assured us that national Jews will be welcomed back into the covenant if their unbelief in the Messiah is surrendered. (See the whole of Romans 11.) No man is better or worse for having been born as a member of a specific country or race. That which marks him in Heaven's eyes is his attitude to God's great gift of salvation in Christ.

Divorce and Remarriage

Where does the Bible teach that the innocent party in a broken marriage may remarry?

See Matthew 19: 9. Where adultery is not involved, remarriage is permissible only upon the death of one's partner. See Romans 7: 1-4.

A Pun on Peter?

Is Christ making a play upon the meaning of Peter's name when he speaks of the rock whereon the church is to be built (Matthew 16: 18)?

Undoubtedly He is doing just that. Peter in Aramaic (the language Christ spoke) means "rock man"; and Christ often refers to this to remind Peter of his great need to live up to his name. Peter's confession is the foundation rock of gospel truth, Christ

Himself (concerning whom the question in the context arises—see verse 13) being the personal rock-like foundation of the church. Some misinterpret this passage as though verse 13 reads: "Whom do men say that you, Peter, son of Jonas, are?"

Signs

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The Teen Commandments

1. Stop and think before you drink.
2. Don't let your parents down—they brought you up.
3. Be humble enough to obey—you will be giving orders yourself some day.
4. At the first moment turn away from unclean thinking—at the first moment.
5. Don't show off driving—if you want to race, go to the track.
6. Choose a date who would make a good mate.
7. Go to church faithfully. The Creator gives you a week—give Him back an hour.
8. Choose your companions carefully—you are what they are.
9. Avoid following the crowd—be an engine, not a carriage.
10. Even better, keep the original Ten Commandments.

—Contributed.

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