

SEPTEMBER, 1951 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

These TIMES

SINCE 1891

THE NEWS



THE CHRIST OF GOD

By **ROBERT HARE**

*Wearied, He walked earth's dusty ways,
Subject to toil and scorn,
Son of the Highest, Son of man,
Earth's only virgin-born.*

*Fearless of men, while demons fled
The pathway of His feet;
Yet all His acts were kind and true,
And all His words were sweet.*

*True dignity marked all His ways,
While love light filled each eye;
He dared the angry frown of men
Who whispered, "He must die."*

*Scorning the power of high estate,
He walked life's humble ways.
To loneliness His hours were given,
To sympathy, His days.*

*He scorned the shining gold of earth
As worthless in its guise,
Knowing the richer gold of heaven
Was all beyond the skies.*

*Unnumbered sun worlds owned His will
And moved at His command,
While fragrant blossoms on the earth
Rose from their dusty sand.*

*Shine on, shine on, O Light of Life,
Love-glory beams employ,
Till peace shall reign evermore
In its eternal joy.*

*Builder of star worlds, let Thy light
Illumine earth's dark way,
Till right shall triumph over wrong
In everlasting day.*

These TIMES

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The Cover

Our cover this month was furnished by Camera
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THREE LIONS

Large industries have been built to furnish the world with salt.

A DECADE or two ago when the farmers on the Midwestern plains did not own deep freezers or have ready access to a locker plant, they used to salt down their meat. When they butchered a calf or some other domestic animal, they packed the meat down in salt that it might keep. Thus, even during the hot days of summer the farmer's wife could go to the meathouse and find well-preserved meat. The salt that had diffused through the meat had effectively preserved it from spoiling in the heat.

In His Sermon on the Mount Jesus said to His followers, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Matthew 5:13. Just as salt preserves, so you and I as Christians are to be preservatives. We are to help save men and women. You and I by our very presence among them should preserve them from destruction and death. Such is God's purpose for us.

There are instances mentioned in the Bible revealing that God's followers were preservatives. The wise men and magicians of Babylon were saved from death because Daniel and his three friends were in their midst. All the men on board the ship that carried Paul to Rome were saved from death in a raging sea on account of Paul.

In the days of Abraham the thousands of people in Sodom and Gomorrah would have been spared alive had there been just ten righteous people. Their misfortune was that there were not enough God-fear-

THESE TIMES, SEPTEMBER, 1951

Salt and Salvation

*Christianity Is the Priceless
Ingredient in the World Today*

By Arnold V. Wallenkampf

ing people among them; there was not enough salt. Hence, they were not preserved alive, but were consumed in fire.

During the recent war, stories from the war-torn countries revealed that non-Christians sought refuge at times with believers, since they felt they would be protected in their presence if calamity would befall. These Christians were fulfilling God's purpose for them; they were looked upon as preservatives by their neighbors; they functioned as "the salt of the earth."

As followers of Christ you and I are to act as salt of the earth. We God-fearing people, though comparatively few in number, are to preserve, and do preserve, the millions of earth from destruction. As in the days of Abraham God is today preserving the many alive because of us.

But as Christians we are not merely to be preservatives for life: we are to be preservatives for eternity. Through our influence men and women with whom we come in contact are to be preserved for the endless ages of eternity because we have been influencing or savoring their lives.

Daniel's savor in the court of Babylon was truly a savor unto eternal life, for King Nebuchadnezzar was finally converted and became a humble child of God. Through Daniel Nebuchadnezzar was preserved not merely for life but for eternity. Likewise, many of those on board Paul's ship were undoubtedly saved not only for life but for eternity as a result of Paul's influence.

This is the kind of salt Jesus desires you to be. He is earnestly hoping that our influence may be like that of Daniel and Paul so that men and women might be impelled to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour because they have known us.

May God give us a plenitude of His Spirit that we may indeed fulfill His purpose for us and truly be "the salt of the earth."

The Way of the King

Do You Love the Lord Enough to Walk in His Steps?

MAYBE you have forgotten that there ever was such a book, but do you know that one of the best sellers of all time—with the exception of the Bible itself—was a book about religion? The book's title is "In His Steps," and it tells the story of several people who made the great experiment of trying to live exactly as they felt Jesus would have lived in their places and in their time. One of the reasons that the book has been so tremendously popular is that we find such a venture always fascinating, even though we might not care to try it for ourselves.

Just how much would some of us have to change our way of living if we were to try such an experiment in our own lives? Probably most of us would have to change quite a little although successful Christianity really calls for this sort of program, doesn't it?

When you stop to think about it, that is what

Christianity is, isn't it? Jesus Himself said, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will My Father honor." John 12:26.

There can be no more exact standard of Christian living than the life Jesus lived. Christian doctrine is really just what Jesus said and what Jesus did.

Suppose we test a rather difficult point of doctrine in this way. Many times people are puzzled about the question of the Christian rest day, for example. Sincere Christian people have noticed the fact that although Sunday, the first day of the week, is commonly observed by almost all Christians, they nonetheless have difficulty in finding Scriptural grounds for such observance.

Of course, if we should discuss such a question as this, there are many who would immediately say,

By Earnest Reed

The example of the disciples in leaving all to follow Jesus should be an inspiration to Christians today.



"Why, that is all settled. There is no use discussing such a question as that when the very fact that almost the entire Christian world is united about it should be pretty good proof that it is already settled."

We must remember the possibility that we might find new light upon the subject if we really attack it in the way that we have suggested: by seeing just what Jesus did and said about it.

Suppose we just take our Bibles and a good concordance and see what we find out.

Here is a text about the Sabbath in Luke 4:16: "And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." Well, that is a start, and it tells us that Jesus' custom when He was here on earth was to go to the synagogue on the Sabbath; and of course, wherever the Bible mentions the Sabbath, it refers not to what we call Sunday, the first day of the week, but to Saturday, the seventh day of the week. But maybe we will find that He attended religious services or conducted them on the first day of the week *likewise*. But upon scanning our concordances diligently we find no reference to any such happening.

Here is another reference to the Sabbath, though, that may help us: "And He said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath: therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Mark 2:27, 28.

That is rather surprising, isn't it? Here it says that Jesus is Lord of the *Sabbath*, but we have often heard Sunday called the Lord's day. And not only that, but some people act as though the verse said that "*man* is Lord of the Sabbath," instead of "*the Son of man* is Lord also of the Sabbath," as it really does.

There is a real difference here—one that is important. The verses we just read tell us that the Sabbath was made for man, as it was. The Jews of Christ's day needed to know that. They had loaded Sabbath observance with so many requirements that it was a burden, and one might have thought that man was created only to keep the Sabbath. The Sabbath was made for man, Jesus said, to be a blessing to him. Still that does not give man the right to do with it as he pleases.

We might illustrate this point by considering the Garden of Eden. God placed the Garden of Eden upon the finished earth as a home for Adam and Eve. He made it *for them*—for man. But God was still Lord of the garden, and when Adam and Eve polluted the garden by their sin, God had to exercise His lordship by driving them out of it and prohibiting their return.

There is a point here that would be well for us all to remember, for we are living in a careless and irreverent age. All God's institutions are given to us for our use and blessing, but they are not to be tampered with. They are to be revered and preserved as God gave them to us, as a sacred trust. We may tamper and

twist and trample upon the laws of God, but one day we shall learn that God is Lord of the universe.

The Scripture tells us that Christ is the creator of the Sabbath. In John 1:1-3, 10, 14 we are told: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him;

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Prayer of the Believer

By H. MacDonald Barr

O *Strength of Life*, whose arms beneath
Uphold the passing soul
When we, like autumn's falling leaf,
Pay back to earth its toll,
Help us in life to earn Thy smile
And Thine approval crave,
Forgiving us as we forgive,
And in Thy mercy save.

O *Lord of Life*, whose love o'erflows
For ev'ry human woe,
Whose full, unfailing watchcare goes
Where'er Thy children go;
Though oft to fall, still pressing on,
Restore our dimming sight
Till confidence becomes our own
And faith our pure delight.

O *Hope of Life*, when shadows fall
As darkness o'er our way,
And black despair, a somber pall,
Shuts out the light of day,
Still let us feel that Thou art near;
Our wav'ring faith renew,
Our wounded spirits wilt Thou heal
As Thou alone canst do.

O *End in Life*, help us to see
The vision of Thy care,
And know the things that are to be
Are most exceeding fair;
Help us to choose the better part
In earth's fast-flying dream,
Content to know that Thou at last
Wilt comfort and redeem. Amen.



IN THESE DAYS of mass production—when just one comparatively small factory can turn out thousands of products in a single day and each one identical with all the others—it is thrilling to consider yourself.

For in all this world there is no one exactly like you. In all the time God has allotted to man since He first created him, there has never been another just like you.

Think of it! Of the hundreds of millions of people on earth today, you are the only one whose being comprises a certain combination of human character-

istics and personality traits. Only you have them.

God knew what He was doing when He created you. He made you of many good things—truth and tenderness and strength and charity and kindness and loyalty and many other precious qualities. He put these together in a pattern He has used for no one else. Manifestly, then, he intended you to fulfill a certain purpose in His plan, a service you alone can render.

And what is that service? Briefly, to do the most good you can, the best you can. That is to be your purpose; it is mine, it is the neighbor's, it is the pur-

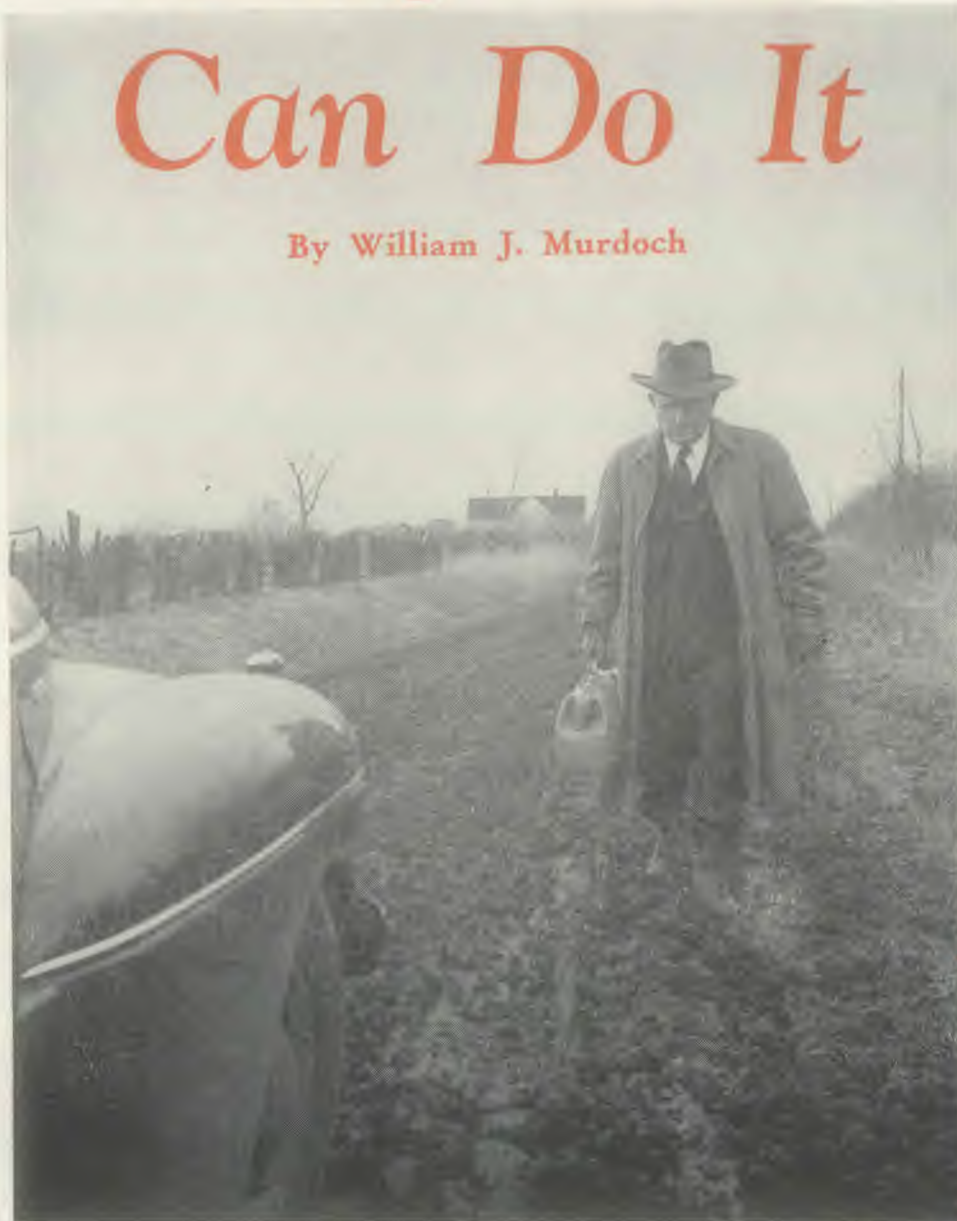
pose of that stranger you passed by this morning and will never see again.

For the great majority of us this means devotion to the few at home and to our friends and neighbors. For a lesser number it means public service in the fields of medicine, physics, education, human welfare. To a very small and select group it means spectacular achievements that earn fame and wealth.

It is not important that our service makes us rich and renowned. We can hardly believe that God is concerned over the size of our bank account although we do know He will help us provide for ourselves. Nor can we reasonably

Only You Can Do It

By William J. Murdoch



*It Will Encourage You
to Know That You Fill
a Unique Place in God's
Plan*

The country doctor is an example of those who may serve in obscurity, but whose service is essential and brings blessings to many.

BLACK STAR

suppose He is concerned about the amount of publicity we do or do not attract through our service although we may be sure that He, indeed, is well aware of it. God makes human beings; society makes millionaires and celebrities.

God created you to do the most good you can: not just enough to relieve your conscience periodically, not just enough to satisfy yourself that you are doing as much as the next fellow, not just enough to outdo him by a good deed or two either. These are beginnings, but little more. God put much good in you. It is up to you to try constantly, continually, purposefully to get as much of it out to the world as you can.

It would be impudent of me, certainly, to suggest that you are not living up to your capabilities for good. I, who do not know you, can hardly lecture you for using only a trifling amount of the power for good service that God has invested in you. For all I know, you are doing the very best you can.

But just as a check, try this test. How many good deeds have you done today, this week, this month? One? A half dozen? A score? If you can count them, you haven't done enough. Not nearly enough. Only when your life becomes an unbroken effort for good are you approaching complete utility of the goodness potentiality within you.

Of course, during this period you have just reviewed to check your good deeds, you have had responsibilities to meet. You have a family to take care of, duties to attend to, a job to handle. You scarcely have a moment to call your own. You cannot be expected to spend all your waking hours doing good, can you?

Yes, you can. In fact, you are expected to. Anything less amounts to denying God's estimate of your capability or ignoring His plans for you: to do good always.

Do not underestimate yourself. No matter how obscure you may consider yourself as a human being, how remote the opportunities for worth-while service seem to you, how discouraged you may be over the prospects of getting out into the world and accomplishing big things, do not dismiss yourself by shrugging your shoulders and saying, "Well, what can I do?"

You can do things of tremendous consequences. You are a creature of God. Even though you cannot measure here and now the extent of all the good you do, its effect is never wasted, never lost. As long as you actively serve as an agent of goodness between God and your fellow men, your deeds and words will work their wonders. Slowly, perhaps, and maybe invisibly, but surely.

For good does not have to be spectacular to be good. It may not be exciting to bake a cake for the Girl Scouts, but it is good. It may not be thrilling to weed the garden for that aged woman who lives a couple of blocks over, but it is good. It may not make newspaper headlines or write history when you drop an extra quarter in the collection plate, but it is good.

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Master Model-Train Maker

By Robert M. Eldridge

You would enjoy meeting Mr. Ray Maker if you like folks with boundless enthusiasm and a keen interest in people and things. Mere chance brought us together.

As the Southern Pacific's sumptuous streamliner "Shasta Daylight" gathered speed out of the Oakland, California, station, Mr. Maker came down the car aisle glancing from his reservation ticket to the numbers above the seats. He stopped by the seat next to me and said with a pleasant smile, "Mind a seatmate?" I assured him that I would be happy with his company, and thus began a conversation which I shall long remember.

As our train swiftly skirted the shores of upper San Francisco Bay, we talked of many things—not of cabbages and kings, but of model railroad building and amateur motion picture producing. Mr. Maker (and how well he is named) loves children and railroading; and being a very practical man, he is not content to leave the matter there. He is doing something about both loves.

Anyone who has seen the eager faces of the little ones, and heard their squeals of delight as they ride around the dwarf railroad lines to be found in many amusement parks, knows that children and model railroads are indeed a happy combination.

Mr. Maker believes in realism, and he feels that in these modern times the children enjoy most the closest possible approach to the "really truly." Being a master mechanic with a lively imagination and amazing resourcefulness, he builds his model trains as nearly like the big fellows as he can. Some of his adaptations of standard parts from other full-size machines are interesting indeed.

His trains must not only look the part—they must sound as they should. He uses old auto engines for power and fixes the exhaust so that the sound, giving the illusion of a mighty, deep-throated Diesel, adds its part to the fun. The blast of the air horn is not missing either. Actually he fashions the largest part of the train himself in his own garage workshop. Only the wheels and trucks are specially cast.

As to rails, they could be a serious problem; for his trains, being big enough to carry an adult engineer inside the cab and some forty children in the cars behind, must have a substantial rail. He has solved this, for the present at least, by scouting through the back country of the West for abandoned mines and making shrewd deals for the old trackage.

Mr. Maker owns an auto-trimming and seat-cover factory in Oakland, California, and is an avid amateur

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I Inherited Faith

*Confidence in God's Providence
Will Give You Peace of Mind
and Help You to Be Happy*

By Mary Ann Rheam

WHY, HONEY, the good Lord will take care of you." I was only nine years old when Great Aunt Lou died, but that faith is the thing that I, and everyone else in the family, remember about her.

Her faith was childlike in its completeness, but there was certainly nothing childish about Aunt Lou. She was a woman everyone went to for strength and courage in their darkest moments, and so great was her faith that it flowed freely to those in distress, yet there was always an abundance for the next one who needed her.

Uncle Jim, Aunt Lou's husband, was a minister in a small Texas community. The country was sparsely settled in the 1880's and 1890's, and the need for spiritual guidance was great. It was the day of the missionary preacher with hundreds of square miles in his circuit. Uncle Jim went about the country on horseback, preaching to isolated communities, performing marriage ceremonies, and baptizing new converts.

Uncle Jim and Aunt Lou had been married only a year when Uncle Jim found that he could not be present to preach in his home pulpit the next Sunday, yet the people had been told that there would be services, and were expecting to go.

"Lou," he said to his young wife, "I guess you'll have to preach next Sunday."

"Me preach!" exclaimed Aunt Lou. "Why, what would I say?"

"Just read the scripture and tell them what's in your heart. Tell them that God loves them and wants them to do right and follow His commandments."

It was a timid, shy Lou who took her place in the pulpit that Sunday. She was uneducated except for the bare fundamentals of the three R's. But she had communed with God, and now she told Him, "Lord, I guess you'll just have to put the words in my mouth. I can't let these people come and not hear a sermon like they're planning to."

It was a simple gospel she preached that day: the gospel of faith in God and love for one's fellow man. There was no threat of an irate God in

her sermon although that was the general tone of the sermons of that day. The scripture she quoted was a message from a loving and understanding Father who was ready to listen and help His earthly children.

Uncle Jim was often away on Sunday after that, and Aunt Lou filled the home pulpit very capably. In fact, they say that the congregation was always larger and more attentive when it was Aunt Lou's day to preach.

Aunt Lou was wide of girth, but her heart was bigger than her body. Round blue eyes danced behind silver-rimmed spectacles, and her always-smiling mouth accentuated the roundness of her face. Her inner glow was contagious, and no matter how dire the need or grievous the occasion, the ones who sought strength from her left with reassurance and a smile of contentment.

*Those who rest their
faith on God and His
infallible Word find
peace in any age.*

EWING GALLOWAY





Aunt Lou would never have been voted one of the ten or even one of the ten thousand best-dressed women. A preacher's family of ten children didn't have surplus money for clothes, and it isn't likely that if they had had a million dollars, Aunt Lou would have spent any of it on herself. There were always families that needed food, medical care, and shoes for the children to wear to school.

Yes, Aunt Lou was too busy looking after people's bodies and souls to care whether her hemline was the right number of inches from the floor. Gray-figured calico "Mother Hubbards" were her everyday attire; a "rusty" black taffeta skirt, gathered around her ample waist, and a black shirtwaist were her Sunday best. A beaded jet belt was her only adornment.

Every Sunday after church she gave a blanket invitation to the congregation to go home with her for dinner, and rarely did anyone refuse to accept. The big pots of meat and vegetables were cooking on the hearth while they attended services, and she dispensed food in the same cheerful, hearty manner that she dispensed her religion. She was never critical of human weakness or failure; and sharecropper, black or white, was fed at her farm the same as the land owner and pious church member. Fortunately, Uncle Jim's farm was in rich black land where crops grew abundantly, and as the boys in the family grew, they did their share of raising food.

One winter night a spring wagon drove up to the door, and a worried father shouted for Lou. His little girl was sick—pneumonia, they thought. Would Lou come? Of course. She gathered together her little bag of home remedies and bounced away across the country to the sick child. She didn't have to pack her most reliable remedy, faith, for she always had it with her.

The frantic mother met her at the door. "Oh, Lou!" she cried, "my baby is going to die."

"Sh-h-h," said Aunt Lou, "what a thing to say!" But when she looked at the fever-ridden child,

whimpering as only a very sick child whimpers, she knew that they would have to have divine help to save her.

"Oh, God!" screamed the mother, "don't let my little girl die."

"Now, now," said Aunt Lou soothingly, "that's not the way to talk to God. You don't tell Him what *not* to do. You ask for His help, and if you make Him see just what you're asking for and why, He'll help you."

"But, Lou, I don't know how to pray."

"You don't need fancy words, honey." She laid her hand on the sick child's head and, closing her eyes, she said simply, "Lord, You gave us hands and common sense. Help us to use them in the care of this child. If this is too big a job for us, with what You gave us, then You'll have to step in and help. You had a Son, Lord. You know what this mother feels. In His blessed name, may this child live. Amen."

The child ceased whimpering while Aunt Lou prayed softly. The two women busied themselves, bathing the feverish body and comforting the child. In about an hour the child drifted into a quiet sleep, and Aunt Lou knew that the crisis was past.

"It's a miracle, Lou," breathed the mother.

"You can see miracles around you every day if you'll just look for them," Aunt Lou answered.

Aunt Lou never doubted for a moment that the Divine Physician and Supreme Manager would handle any problem that she turned over to Him. She wouldn't have known what the word "psychology" meant, but she had always known that the negative approach was wrong.

Aunt Lou visited us when she was an old lady. Her husband was gone, her children married, but she was as busy looking after people as she'd ever been. I remember that I wondered why she didn't have wrinkles as most old people do. I know now that her inner peace kept her brow smooth and her face serene.

At this time Aunt Lou's right arm and shoulder were almost useless with arthritis, but that didn't keep people from calling on her for help. A niece became ill and sent for Aunt Lou to come to her. The trip would be an overnight one by train, and all the family protested that she was unable to go.

"Why, Aunt Lou," my mother said, "you can't go alone. You can't even get your arm up to comb your hair. We can't let you go, helpless as you are."

Aunt Lou chuckled.

"Why, honey," she said, "I'm not worried about how I'll get along. The good Lord will take care of me. If you just know and believe that, you don't need anything else."

A letter, written with her right hand after she arrived, proved her point.

"My arm was so much better the next morning,"

(Continued on page 28)

EVENTS

of These Times

DISILLUSION.—Bootleg liquor employs a thousand Nashville, Tennessee, people full time and probably two or three thousand more part time, according to disclosures made recently by the director of the state alcohol tax division. The State of Tennessee is losing in the neighborhood of ten million dollars a year in liquor taxes because of this, it was stated. The reason for the situation was given as the present high tax on liquor. Even paint thinner to the amount of five hundred gallons a week is being sold for beverage purposes in the city.

During prohibition days those opposed to the amendment stated that it was responsible for bootlegging, and called upon the people to "destroy this prohibition Frankenstein." Today it is apparent that the only way to stamp out bootlegging would be to remove all control from the liquor traffic, and this

would be comparable to repealing the law against murder, to do away with illegal killing. It has been proved again that dealing with the liquor traffic is always a losing game for organized society. We certainly do not advocate repealing existing restrictions of the liquor traffic unless more stringent laws were to take their place.

MECHANICAL BRAINS.—The first models of electronic "thinking machines" to be produced by production-line methods are now available. Built and designed by Northrop Aircraft, Inc., the machines can surpass the efforts of a thousand expert mathematicians working together. The economies effected in making this production model available will make it possible for many colleges and universities to have such equipment. Known technically as a magnetic drum digital differential analyzer, the machine has been named "Maddida," a word coined from the technical description quoted.

Able to work fantastically complex problems with great speed, this electronic brain is another example of pyramiding technical knowledge which enables college students today to attack and solve problems incomprehensible to mature and expert minds less than a generation ago.

UNHAPPY BIRTHDAY.—"To Daddy—happy birthday," was the inscription found on two birthday cards found with a half-eaten birthday cake and a little candy in the Sanchez apartment in New York City the other day. These pathetic remnants were found with the bodies of Anthony Sanchez, fifty, his daughter, Evelyn, eleven, and his son, Anthony, Jr., seven.

Estranged from his wife, Sanchez and his children had moved into the Bronx apartment only a few days before. Someone, apparently watching him move in, said the wrong thing.

So Sanchez went to work. He cemented all the cracks around the doors and windows and then piped gas into the living room from the kitchen. Before he turned on the gas, he wrote a note: "I'm sorry. Somebody in the building do not like I bring my babies here. . . . I do not like to bring trouble to nobody that is in the place. Goodbye. We must go where we don't molest people."



ACME

The first "production model" of the electronic "thinking machine" will be cheap enough so that it may be purchased by many colleges and universities.



H. A. ROBERTS

Happiness Is a Perfume

Happiness Does Not Come to Those Who Seek It Selfishly

By Ruth A. Pray

IT IS only human to want to be happy. From earliest babyhood, as soon as we can stretch our tiny fingers toward some bright and noisy bauble, until our eyes are hazy and our fingers are gnarled and unsteady with age, we continually reach out to grasp hold of happiness—a happiness that is as elusive as a firefly.

Dozens of books roll from the presses each year, telling us how to be happy. Newspaper columns and street-corner pamphlets promise happiness if only we'll follow certain rules. Yet chances are that you and I have probably not been completely happy for more than an instant or two at a time during all the past year—because we've tried too hard.

It does little good to set out deliberately after happiness like a hunter after a rabbit. It does little good even to ponder, "Am I happy?" If you stop to think about it, you will almost always answer, "No, not just now."

Take Doris, for example. Before she and Bill were married, she just knew that after the wedding their lives would fall into a blissful pattern of undimmed happiness. But days grew into months, and months crept into years, and still Doris kept looking for happiness—pursuing yet not finding it. For the most part she was always thinking about herself, reaching out selfishly, clutching thoughtlessly for something more.

"If only I had a larger home with nicer furnishings, I'd be happy," she would say. Bill would work a little harder, and after a while she would have a larger home. Then she would want a better car, more clothes, dancing lessons for the children, help with the cleaning, washing, ironing; and she was sure she would be happy. Without a word of complaint Bill supplied her with everything she thought she wanted. Still she was not happy. She was not unhappy, you understand—just not quite happy.

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Out of the Rubble-- *Perfection*

*God's Ultimate and Far-Seeing Purposes
Are Not Defeated by Man's
Destructive Propensities*

LAST SPRING I traveled through the western part of Germany. Crossing the city of Hamburg on the train, I noticed wreckage on every hand. There were heaps of debris where formerly impressive buildings had stood. These scenes of devastation were monuments to the destructive forces of war.

In the midst of the wreckage, however, there were smaller but even more impressive monuments to God's unchanging program of beauty and love. Small but colorful spring flowers had managed to push their way through obstacles and ugliness, furnishing a most welcome touch of color and life in a colorless field of devastation. I could almost hear the voice of the Creator proclaiming to His created beings, "You may destroy the surface of the earth that I have made, but you cannot prevent Me from growing beautiful flowers."

Yes, God's unchanging program is one of beauty and love, and the springtime of the year furnishes an annual reminder of this fact. From seemingly lifeless soil spring forth beautiful flowers, green lawns and meadows, inviting trees with delightful shrubbery.

Because of the inroads of sin upon our planet God's program for this earth will not be carried out in its fullness until sin is done away with. That condition will not prevail until the new earth, which the exiled Apostle John visualized, is established. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." Revelation 21:1.

The Bible clearly teaches that someday Satan and

By C. A. Edwards

his angels, with all the members of the human family who have been deceived by the enemy of souls, will be destroyed. Their destruction will be accomplished by fire, according to Revelation 20:9: "And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them." The earth will then be a sea of fire. The same fire which destroys the wicked purifies the earth from sin and sinners, and it becomes the eternal abode of God's redeemed.

The Lord created this earth to be inhabited and not in vain, according to Isaiah 45:18, and His plans have not changed. Evidently the proud, the arrogant, the mighty in their own strength will be conspicuously absent in the new earth; for the Saviour said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Matthew 5:5.

Naturally we wonder what life will be like on the new earth. The Bible throws considerable light on this subject. Although our finite minds are unable to comprehend the glory and beauty of the place, God's Book gives us glimpses of this better land, which greatly encourage the inquiring soul.

The people there will be good neighbors, for "in their mouth was found no guile; . . . they are without fault before the throne of God." Revelation 14:5. We won't expect to find any jails or prisons there, and policemen as such will not be occupied.

Intelligently directed activity will be the order of the day. The prophet Isaiah wrote: "And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of My people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." Isaiah 65:21, 22.

"As the days of a tree are the days of My people." The tree here referred to is evidently the tree of life, which will endure throughout the unending ages. The wise man, Solomon, called attention to this tree in Proverbs 11:30: "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." The souls won for Christ will abide forever even as will the tree of life, and they are here spoken of as "the fruit of the righteous."

There will be no foreclosures in this land of peace, and we who are saved will evidently be able to do constructive work. We won't need to insure our houses against fire hazards or other hazards because there will be no destructive agencies at work. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord," wrote the prophet in Isaiah 65:25. "Neither shall they learn war any more." Isaiah 2:4.

Freedom from fear will be a reality there. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock," continued the prophet in Isaiah 65:25. Perfect love will find full

expression there, for "perfect love casteth out fear." (1 John 4:18.)

Since sin will have been abolished, it naturally follows that there will be no death, for "the wages of sin is death." Romans 6:23. Sickness, pain, and sorrow—all related to the death family—will consequently not be there. The exiled apostle, John, makes this plain in Revelation 21:4: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

In answer to the question, If we are faithful, will we meet our faithful loved ones there, and will we know them? the apostle has this to say: "Now we see dimly as in a mirror, but then we shall see face to face. Now is my knowledge in part, but then I shall know fully, even as I have been fully known." 1 Corinthians 13:12, Swedish translation. As a mirror reflects our likeness and the likeness of any other person, so we shall recognize loved ones in the new earth. No

(Continued on page 27)

The Trees That Knew the Lord



I think of palms as trees that knew the Lord,
For over there in Galilee they must
Have stood about His home and looked on Him,
A little lad. They must have close companioned
All His questing youth, and comforted
His spirit with their rustlings. All their waving,
Sunlit greenness spoke to Him of God;
And ever more and more their murmurous music
Must have lifted up His soul to breathe
A heavenly air, when all below was dark
With tragedy.

It seems as though they must
Have brought His blessing down the years from tree
To beauteous tree, as if they held a mystic
Sense of sweet companionship with Him
That awed them evermore. They seem to say,
"Go softly! We are they who knew the Lord!"

O Palms, so stately tall against the sky,
Breathe down on me that fragrant air you bring
From Galilee. For I would learn from you
The secret of His presence. Let me share
Your blessing. Make me one who walks with Him,
O Trees that knew the Lord!

—OLIVE VINCENT MARSH.

I AM BOUND to confess there was a time in my evangelistic work when I had an idea that Christ could satisfy the man who was down there in the slums, but I was always a wee bit afraid if into the inquiry room there came a man of position and culture," said G. Campbell Morgan; "and I tell you the Lord gave me one of the most wonderful illustrations of the absurdity of my fear that I ever had. . . .

"There came into the inquiry room a rag picker, a great, gaunt old man who had grown hoary in the service of sin and Satan. . . . There in our inquiry room he knelt, and I knelt by him, and I felt quite at home as I spoke to him of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. . . .

"I looked around; and there, kneeling next to me, was the mayor of the city, a man about as old as the rag picker, but a man who had all the marks of culture and refinement. I happened to know that some time before, the mayor had sentenced the rag picker to a month's hard labor; he had got out a month ago. There they were side by side. Presently the light that had broken on the rag picker broke on the mayor, and I found that the blood needed there was needed here, and I found that the life sufficient there was sufficient here. When the men rose, the mayor said to the rag picker, 'Well, we didn't meet here last time.' No, we will never meet again like we did the last time, praise God!"

There is no difference. One obtains his passport by humble supplication at the foot of the cross as does the other. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Therefore, it is needful that all—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—go to heaven by the way of the cross. It was there that Jesus wrought out, at unspeakable cost to Himself, the hope that abides in the hearts of millions today, and the hope that may abide in the heart of every man.

Sin created an enmity between God and man. It put within man a fearful and hostile nature toward God. That was first manifest when Adam and Eve hid themselves from the presence of God in the garden. Sin became the separating element, and no ordinary means could correct this condition. It took an extraordinary means, but that God provided.

"And, having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven." Colossians 1:20.

The entrance of sin created a gulf, impassable as far as man was concerned, between God and himself. Man, through sin, came to possess a different nature—a sinful nature. Therefore, before man could again be at peace with God, this nature must be changed. This change was accomplished for every man who would avail himself of it in the blood of the cross. It was

The Cross

*There Is No Royal
Road to Salvation*

there that Jesus made peace between God and man. It was there that He made possible the reconciliation of all things to Himself.

Peace was effected between Creator and creature by the "power of the blood." Reconciliation was wrought out. Enmity, even between men, is heart-rending, but reconciliation is heart-mending. Once enmity came between a husband and his wife. They separated and did not see each other for a number of years. Then one day the husband, passing that way, stopped at the graveside of their only son. There, hat in hand, with downcast eyes and heavy heart, he heard someone behind him. Turning, he saw that it was his estranged wife. There was a moment of tense, strained silence, then they clasped hands.

Reconciliation had been effected between them by the power of the grave, by the power of their mutual interests which lay in that desolate cemetery. The cross is the divinely appointed meeting place for God and man. It is the place where they can meet as one. To be sure, the sinner cannot come in his own merit; but when he comes in the merit of the shed blood of the Son of God, there is no question about his reception. It is guaranteed when he comes the blood-sprinkled way.

Sin has power, confining, binding power, that man

By Dallas Youngs

does not know until he tries to escape from its bondage. Sin has deceptive strength. The sinner is fooled into thinking he can break the bonds at any time he so desires. But many a sinner has found that to "lift himself by his own bootstraps is an impossibility." "The heart is deceitful . . . and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Jeremiah 17:9.

The sinner has as little power to cleanse his own heart as the leopard has to change his spots, or the Ethiopian has to change the color of his skin. The struggle between man and sin has raged for six thousand years, and man has gained no ground—rather he has lost ground. Job questioned, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." Job 14:4.

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Points Homeward



CHARLES LANDELLE, ARTIST

The meeting place of all mankind must be at the foot of the cross, for there must our sins be laid down.

Paul in his day said that he delighted in the law of God after the inward man, but he found another law in his flesh warring against the law of God. That was the law of sin, the poisonous injection into the blood stream of the human race which Satan effected by leading Adam and Eve into disobedience. Although man had power to "fall into sin," he has no power to "fall out of it." He is shackled, bound to Satan's chariot wheel, and is destined to perish unless he avails himself of the power of the blood of Jesus.

On one occasion Martin Luther had a dream. During the course of the dream he saw himself standing in the judgment, and the great adversary, Satan, standing by to condemn him. Charge after charge was

hurled by Satan. Fault after fault was depicted. Sin after sin was laid at his door. There was no doubt of it: Luther was a guilty sinner, and the reformer was in despair. At last he remembered the cross and the blood of Jesus. Said Luther, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

The power of the blood of the cross is sufficient to rebuke Satan. Any sinner who has availed himself of the merits of the blood of the crucified One is protected and sheltered from the attacks of the enemy. Satan is well aware of the fact that he can exercise no force or power or influence against the man who in the judgment is covered by the blood.

The blood of the cross creates a common meeting ground for God and man. There they may meet. There they may commune. There the sinner may lay down his burden of sin, through confession on his part, and through forgiveness on God's part. Through the blood of Christ the enmity between God and man is destroyed, and the two become as one. Thus we have the atonement.

Any man who undertakes to come to God in any way other than by the way of the cross comes presumptuously. He comes, as the man at the wedding feast, without a wedding garment. And as the man at the wedding, he will be cast into outer darkness. There is but one approach to God the Father, and that is the approach of the cross. Cain, in his day, offered a presumptuous offering, which God rejected. It is not different now.

The law of God condemns the sinner. According to the law, which is righteous, just, and good, he must die—die because he has violated its holy precepts, and because the "wages of sin is death." There is but one recourse. God, unwilling that man should perish, provided the cross in the gift of His Son. There the shed blood has power to grant remission to the repentant, contrite sinner and to cause him to stand before the law as though he had never sinned.

God's original purpose for this earth will ultimately be realized. The time will come when it will be populated by a race of holy, sinless human beings. This, however, will not be accomplished until after the eradication of the sin problem. Nevertheless, the time will come when God will show forth the exceeding riches of His grace toward us through Christ Jesus. All eternity will not be too long for God to visit His rich gifts upon those who will now avail themselves of the sacrifice of Jesus.

Time and again in our prayers we ask God to for-
(Continued on page 28)

FREEDOM of SOUL

Appreciation, as Well as Eternal Vigilance, Assures Us of Our Liberties

LIBERTY is a thing of the spirit—to be free to worship, to think, to hold opinions, and to speak without fear—free to challenge wrong and oppression with surety of justice,” stated the only living ex-President of the United States, Herbert Hoover.

Have you ever thought what a privilege it is to have freedom to worship? To our younger generation it is a commonly accepted fact, but to those who lived a few generations ago it was a boon that was bought through sacrifice.

All too often today we accept the freedom of spirit as a legacy of the centuries, when in actuality it came into being only recently.

Across the sea in a land behind the Iron Curtain, we watch a group of Christians gathering together to worship God. From one direction we see two folk coming quietly. They go to the basement door of a war-demolished building. A few minutes later another person appears from a different direction. These do not carry Bibles under their arms. They are not even dressed in the proper fashion for church attendance. Quietly they enter this humble place of worship.

Five minutes later two elderly ladies come with bundles under their arms. They, too, enter quietly. After a period of an hour or more all the worshipers have arrived. In whispering tones they open their service. There is no singing of the great hymns of the church. Prayer is made in undertones. The one who preaches speaks very softly. Why?

If perchance a member of the police or someone allied with the government discovered this Christian meeting, all in attendance might be placed in jeopardy. Imprisonment would probably be their lot. Their meeting place might be destroyed or at least forbidden for use in the future.

Finally the service ends. There is no singing, only a quiet benediction asking God's continuing protective power; there is prayer for their fellow men in bondage and slavery, prayer for their "enemies." As silently as they came, one by one they slip away. It takes a long time to assemble and depart. But their worship is cherished, for they are gathering together to en-

courage one another and to strengthen their faith.

Would you care to trade places with these people? I am sure that you thank God for the precious privilege which is yours to be living in a land of soul liberty.

America came into being in the providence of God. The founding fathers laid a more lasting foundation for this mighty republic than they anticipated. But their work was not done alone. They were aided by the Spirit of God in formulating the fundamental principles in our Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

Notice the wise words of the 1st Amendment to our Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

What is it that makes a man free? Jesus Christ declared, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8:36. What joy there is in being free in Christ! Our Constitution does not make us free, but it recognizes that inherent freedom and allows and grants to us the privilege of choice. It is Christ who makes us free. Still, a man cannot be free unless he really knows Christ and has a living

fellowship with Him. The Apostle Paul stated it this way, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Colossians 1:27.

Yes, Christ brings soul freedom. He sets the captive free. He breaks the chains of man in prison. He puts a song in his heart and on his lips. For a man to be a prisoner of sin is cruel torture. But when he is free in Christ, he is free indeed.

Long ago man was caught in the meshes of sin when he yielded to the subtle temptation that suggested a false freedom. The words of the serpent to Eve in the Garden of Eden were, "Ye shall *not* surely die." God had said not to touch the fruit of the tree, and Satan in the guise of the serpent declared boastfully that she would not die. In fact, he promised superior wisdom, superior intelligence. Man has always sought out iniquitous inventions. From the day

By Fenton Edwin Froom

of that first lie, when man succumbed to the temptation to be like God, to the present we find that many would rather believe a lie than the truth.

But such gullibility does not make one free. It makes one a slave to his desires. Modern ideologies suggest similar false securities which make men the deceived slaves of ruthless masters. To barter soul freedom for price or privilege is folly. Too many have sold their birthright for a "mess of pottage." And the fruitage is tragedy.

Soul freedom cannot be bought, borrowed, or bargained for. Soul freedom is a gift. And how can one receive this gift? The Sacred Record announces, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." 1 John 5:12.

Religious tyranny drove the Pilgrim fathers to our shores from across the Atlantic. Yet the Puritans sought to force worship upon all: those who desired it and those who did not. The same spirit of force and prejudice from which they fled they retained and forced upon others.

One of the early mistakes of our youthful nation was the establishment of blue laws. This method of legislation by the state in matters religious interfered with man's soul freedom. Through this avenue, designed to foster religion, man was placed in bondage. Even today occasionally someone resurrects an ancient blue law to use to demand that one shall cease to do labor and worship God. But no true desire to worship God comes from without. It springs from within! "He that hath the Son hath life."

Roger Williams, a stalwart defender of the rights of man's conscience, saw the evils of puritanical persecution. He raised his voice against the subjection of man's conscience to the dictates of civil law. Because of his strong belief in the separation of religious and civil liberty, he broke with the commonwealth of Massachusetts and fled to the "wilderness" and formed a new colony, called Providence, which later became Rhode Island. Rhode Island became an asylum for men who truly wanted soul freedom.

Today, if a man has a conscientious conviction regarding a certain matter

and desires to believe in and to support his conviction, we guarantee him that right.

The Saviour of mankind said that His work was "to preach the gospel to the poor; . . . heal the brokenhearted, . . . preach deliverance to the captives, . . . set at liberty them that are bruised." Luke 4:18.

There are many today who are brokenhearted, who are captives, and who are bruised by sin. Will you let this Saviour give you that peace which "passeth all understanding"? Will you let Him break every fetter and set you free?

The church is an instrument used to draw men to Christ. It is to uplift the Saviour. If it fails to uplift Christ, it condemns itself. The church should be the entrance way for man to learn to know Christ fully. When a man knows Christ, then he will know what soul liberty is.

Let us thank God for the privileges we enjoy in this wonderful land of worshipping our Maker. In attending church we receive a blessing and share the blessing we receive with others. Let us not forsake "the assembling of ourselves together." May we ever thank God for the privileges of soul freedom.



Freedom is one of the priceless heritages left us by the founding fathers of our nation.

H. M. LAMBERT



INTERPRETING

In the Light

By t

★ Liberty Is Not Convenient

THE twelve-year-old boy living in the next block down the street wants a new bike, but his parents are financially unable to buy it for him. Remembering his own boyhood days, his father suggests that the boy earn the money for a new bike by taking subscriptions to a popular weekly magazine. The publishers of the magazine offer liberal commissions, especially for new subscribers, and upon inquiry from the lad furnish him with all the supplies and instructions needed for the project. He starts out bravely to establish himself in business, a shining example of American initiative. He deserves, you would say, the commendation and assistance of every kindhearted person in the community.

Anything wrong with this picture? Nothing except that in 440 towns and cities in the United States he



UNATIONS

Perhaps the first pair of shoes he has ever had are tried on by this boy. They were made available to him through the United Nations organization.

would be breaking the law and would be punishable by fines, imprisonment, or both. And the law in those 440 communities is now backed up by a decision by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The opinion handed down by the majority—the decision was by a six to three vote—is interesting in its wording. “Subscriptions may be made by anyone interested in receiving magazines without the annoyances of house-to-house canvassing.”

No doubt the citizens in the communities having these laws passed them and are supporting them with the best intention in the world. But we wonder whether they have seriously considered the possible consequences of this step, which we believe to be a step away from freedom. Is it worth the possible avoidance of annoyance to trifle with the right of an American citizen, boy or man, to earn his livelihood in an honest and enterprising fashion? How lazy and selfish are we, the American people, getting?

We recognize that there are high-pressure salesmen who make a nuisance of themselves, and dishonest salesmen who defraud their customers. But are there no nuisances in commercial life other than door-to-door salesmen? What about boresome, even nauseating, radio commercials that invade our homes, the billboards that spoil the beauty of our countryside, and the newspaper and periodical advertisements for liquor and tobacco? Are these not nuisances also? If we insist on doing all our purchasing downtown, are we thus assured that no one will put pressure on us to buy, and that we will never be defrauded?

There was a day when we Americans thought we could take care of ourselves and any book agent or magazine salesman who came to our doors. Now there are too many who want all their problems solved by law. Is it not possible that too late we shall find that not only have our problems been taken away, but our liberties have also vanished with them. If the government furnishes the boy in the next block with a free bicycle and free bicycles for everybody instead of allowing its citizens the freedom to earn their own, can we be sure that the bicycles will be worth more than the freedom they have lost?

This decision of the Supreme Court makes it possible for every town and city in America to stop all door-to-door selling. Thus, the decision comes to bear on religion. Certain Christian denominations in the

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THESE TIMES

Bible Prophecy

ditor



United States make door-to-door selling of both periodicals and books a major endeavor in their programs of evangelization.

To some of these bodies such efforts are carried on, they believe, in obedience to the dictates of the Bible and their consciences. If they ask money for the printed material they distribute, it is largely for their own livelihood; they are self-supporting Christian workers and not essentially in a different position in that respect from the minister who causes an offering to be taken so that his salary will be forthcoming. The fact that they sell their wares does not make them any the less religious workers, nor does it mean that they are not doing the work that they are doing for reasons of conscience. The Apostle Paul wrote, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." 1 Corinthians 9:22. We do not doubt that this text might be quoted by this class of worker.

These people may be honest, conscientious, and fervent in their work. They may be selling nothing more objectionable than the English Bible—many of them do. Are we to ban the distribution of the Word of God from our streets? It is done in some parts of the world. Those who may be hindered by law from this sort of work might well say, with the Apostle Peter, "We ought to obey God rather than men." Acts 5:29.

Let us not forget that the 1st Amendment to the Constitution states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Read those words carefully, American citizen; they are priceless. Three of the nine Supreme Court justices thought that this decision was an *infringement* of this amendment.

It may not be convenient to have door-to-door salesmen knocking at your door. Liberty is not always convenient. It was not convenient to the men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," that we might be free today. It was not convenient to the soldiers of Valley Forge, or Belleau Wood, or Omaha Beach. It is not convenient to those who have served in Korea. But there are many who think it is worth inconvenience, discomfort, even death. May we, the American people, likewise cherish it.

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ACME

Man should not forget, even if he could, the meaning of the atomic cloud here pictured.

★ Another Step Toward Eternity

MORE ENERGY was released in the Eniwetok atomic explosion than had ever been concentrated in one place by man since the dawn of human history. No exact figures have been disclosed as to the power of the explosion, but some comparisons were permitted.

The Hiroshima bomb was equivalent in power to 20,000 tons of TNT. A bomb two and a half times that size would have power equivalent to 100,000,000 pounds of TNT. To develop that much power would take enough dynamite in sticks stacked up to encase completely a sixty-story office building covering four city blocks. The Eniwetok bomb was more powerful than this.

"I had a feeling that I was standing at the gates of hell looking into eternity," said Representative Edward Hebert, the only person with a newspaper background to see the Eniwetok test. "It looks as though we are playing with things which belong only to God," he stated further.

It may be that the public is becoming tired of hearing about atomic research. It is a characteristic of human nature to become rapidly indifferent to things which when first encountered aroused the deepest

(Continued on page 33)

SYNOPSIS: Kondima, a little girl of the Borneo jungle, accidentally had a large thorn run into her eye. With no medical care the eye festered and became useless, and her other eye was threatened. The white Tuan (missionary) visited the village and wanted to take Kondima with him to the city for treatment; but Kondima's parents, not fully converted to Christianity, and not having full confidence in the white Tuan, refused to let her go. Kondima's life had become miserable and now seemed almost hopeless. Could nothing be done to relieve her suffering or her humiliation because of her appearance?

JUNGLE

*"But thousands and thousands who stumble and fall
Never heard of that wonderful home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all
And that Jesus has bid them to come."*



King of the Centipedes

NO, THEY won't let her go." Alijah drew herself up to her full height. She was the center of attraction for the moment, and she meant to make the most of it. "Kondima, you tell them what the Tuan said. Tell them why your father won't let you go to the Tuan's house."

Kondima hung her head and said nothing. She had come to the spring to wash the rice for dinner. She squatted down where the stream of clear water trickled from the bamboo trough into the pool, and began washing the rice.

Kokit's daughter lifted her full bamboo. "No wonder," she sniffed. "Who knows what medicine those white people would use on a small child?" The group of women at the spring seemed to disagree in their opinion. Even as the village was part heathen and part Christian, so the talk of the women followed a divided pattern.

"If the Tuan offered to take my child to his house, I would be very glad," Mookit's mother said as she let down her long dark hair and began washing it with a bar of red soap. "As for medicine, I think our own medicine men have much to learn from the white men. Does not your own father use the Tuan's rubbing medicine?"

The daughter of Kokit set her heavy water bamboos down again. "Look here, my friend, have you never heard how the white people steal the brown children of the forest, and they are never heard of again? It is a well-known fact that they use their hearts and livers for medicine." After saying this the heathen woman gathered up her bamboos and departed from the spring in scornful dignity.

"Do not be angry with her," said the mother of Mookit; "the poor thing has had trouble enough. Fancy having borne three boys and losing them all. No wonder she is sour. I hope this little one lives." She waved a graceful hand toward the retreating figure of Kokit's daughter with a small brown baby tied to her back.

It was true as the women at the spring had said. Kokit's daughter had lost her three older children—all boys. Her heart had been well-nigh broken by these sad bereavements, as everyone in the village knew, and she would not allow the new baby out of her sight lest some harm come to him. He was a fine boy, just old enough to reach for bright objects with his fat little hands.

"Older sister"—it was Kondima's voice at the door—"may I come in and play with the baby?"

"Oh, do come in," called the voice of the young mother. She laid the baby down on a mat. Kondima unstrapped Baby Bani from her own shoulders, then spent a gay half hour with the two tiny folk. Kondima found much satisfaction in playing with the babies. They were too young to notice her eye. They loved a soft voice and a gentle touch, and they laughed and gurgled as generously as babies do anywhere in the wide world.

"Today we go to the baboolian (witch doctor)." Kokit's daughter began laying out a change of clothing, also some of the baby's new garments received the day before from Teacher Daud.

"No one is sick," said Kondima; "why do you go to the baboolian?"

"It is this way," Kokit's daughter smiled. "You see our baby is a fine healthy fellow. I am very anxious that no harm shall come to him. His father is going to give a water buffalo to the baboolian so that he may make powerful charms that will protect our baby from all evil things."

THORN

By Norma R. Youngberg

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD MUNSON

"That is nice." Kondima patted one of the baby's fat legs. "When will you return?"

"We will return tomorrow, and will you please ask Chaya to feed our pigs tomorrow morning?" The young woman bustled about making preparations to depart.

"Older sister," Kondima hesitated, "why is it bad for me to go to the Tuan's house? I want to go very much."

Kokit's daughter paused a moment in her preparations. "Why don't you come with me to the baboolian? He would make medicine for you."

"Could he cure my eye, do you think?" the little girl questioned with eager interest.

"Well," the young woman evaded, "it would be a difficult thing to do. Perhaps he could if your father was willing to give him a couple of water buffalo and his best brass gong. Really I don't know, Kondima. The baboolian has taught me to fear the white man's medicine very much."

"Father," began Kondima when her father was seated before his evening plate of rice, "do you think the baboolian could make medicine for me?"

Father lifted his eyes with an apprehensive scowl. "Who has been talking to you about the witch doctor?" he demanded.

Kondima hung her head. "Kokit's daughter is taking the baby over there to have the baboolian make charms and medicine so he won't get sick and die

like the rest of her children. I just wondered if he could do my eye."

"Kokit's daughter runs too much to the baboolian." Father began eating again. "It is true he makes powerful medicine; but since we began to follow the Jesus teaching, I much distrust the charms and witchcraft. I would not allow the baboolian to make medicine for any of my family."

Next morning mother prepared a plate of warm food for blind Kokit. She knew he would be alone all



day. The food was sent over by the hand of Chaya, who was also delegated to feed the pigs.

"Why is it I hate pigs so much?" Chaya made a wry face as she climbed the ladder into the hut. "I just guess pigs are the dirtiest animals in all the world. If it wasn't for pigs, our village would be nice and clean."

It was true as Chaya had said. The pigs were a genuine curse to Durian village. None of the Christian people kept pigs, but all the heathen did. The filthy razor-back animals had the run of the place. Chaya and Kondima had received a little packet of flower seed from the Tuan. They had planted it with ambitious hope, even building a little fence about the plants, but all to no avail. The pigs had broken through and rooted up every little green shoot. From that day forward both girls hated pigs with a deep and bitter hatred. It was a real cross for Chaya to feed them even though mother reminded her that it was a necessary courtesy.

"The daughter of Kokit has returned." Chaya looked out the one window of the hut into the late afternoon sunshine. "I will run over and see what charms she has brought." She hurried down the ladder. At first Kondima started to follow, then she turned back sadly.

Mother noticed the child's hesitation. "Why don't you go, too?" she asked, and her eyes looked warm and kind.

"No, Mother, many people will come in to talk, and they will all look at my eye. I will not go."

In about an hour Chaya returned breathless with excitement. "Oh, Mother, Daddy, may I go tomorrow to hunt centipedes?"

The parents looked at each other in surprise.

"Why do you want to hunt centipedes?" mother questioned.

"The baboolian gave Kokit's daughter three power-

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HAPPY HOMES

The Lunch Box

IT IS September again; and as I hear the first dingdong of the school bell, it seems I can also hear the mothers of America sigh, "Oh, dear! school lunches again!"

Much of the nuisance of lunch making will disappear if proper preparation is made.

When a family is expecting a new baby in the home, they make preparation for him; they provide a place for his clothes, a warm, comfortable place for his bath and his little bed. Putting up lunches is really a newcomer among the household tasks, and must be given proper space, too. Just any space will not do. Since lunches must be put up during the morning rush hour, the job must be done with dispatch.

A good-sized drawer and ample counter space should be reserved for lunch supplies. Waxed paper, cardboard squares, string, sandwich envelopes, plastic bags, rubber bands, and paper napkins should be available there.

A storage place for lunch boxes close by the kitchen door, or on the porch, saves clutter and confusion in the kitchen. Such a storage place may be made of orange crates. Suppose there are four children in the family. Place one orange crate on top of the other and nail the two together. Line each section with a different color oilcloth for each child. Each child's name should be placed on his particular section. Each lunch box could be painted a different color to match the oilcloth. This plan will save a great deal of confusion in the morning and keep kitchen counter space free for preparation of the evening meal.

Lunch boxes have been much improved by the invention of plastics. Containers of all descriptions with tight-fitting covers make it possible to carry a great variety of foods without spilling. Plastic spoons never tarnish in the lunch box. Plastics are so light that weight is not added to the child's burden.

If the school which your child attends does not serve a hot lunch, a thermos bottle with a hot drink or soup should be provided. As a rule this drink or soup should be made with milk. This is especially true during the cold winter months.

For the preparation of hot drinks or soups a special

kettle should be kept so that it is always available at that hurried morning hour. Measure carefully just how full this kettle should be to fill exactly the required number of thermos bottles.

Much of our enjoyment of food comes through the eyes. Food that is fresh and colorful tempts the appetite. Food, however nourishing, is not palatable if served on a poorly set table or on a soiled cloth. Eye appeal in lunches is therefore important. Be very sure your child will never need be ashamed to open his lunch in the presence of his friends. No matter how simple the fare it should be made attractive.

Achieving neatness is easy, but how to make a lunch interesting and attractive takes more thought and planning. There is no law that says we must always use white napkins in a lunch box. Napkins may be had in every color imaginable. Napkins in story-book designs, those with fruits and flowers painted on them appeal to children. Little touches such as this are very attractive to children.

Another way to add interest to the lunch is by using gummed stickers to seal the wrapped sandwiches. The dime stores have them in many clever designs. Perhaps this little touch could be saved for the day after Nancy eats all her lunch even though something in it may not have been just her favorite dish. Or perhaps Benny has for several nights remembered to open his lunch box and rinse his thermos bottle without being reminded. Children love rewards.

Sometime try sending olives or radishes stuck on the ends of brightly colored toothpicks. They are much more fun to eat that way, and nothing pleases a child more than to be able to prove his mama is really quite clever—just as he has been telling his companions all the time.

Lunch interest need not be confined to packaging. Vegetable cutters that make fancy shapes of carrots and turnips make it possible to add a festive touch.

Cookie cutters are helpful, too. Sandwiches cut with cookie cutters are devoured with much more gusto than those of ordinary shape although the filling may be the same. Just a hint in making these cut-out sandwiches. Butter the bread, but do not put in the sandwich filling before cutting out. The scraps

of buttered bread are easily used up in crumbs and dressing. Soft, easy-to-spread fillings are best for these fancy sandwiches.

Variety in the lunch keeps it interesting. If your children are like all those I know, they never fail to beg a piece of this or that fresh vegetable while dinner is being prepared. This craving for foods just as they are, with no dressing or mixing, can be capitalized upon in lunch preparation. Tiny plastic bags such as we get our fresh vegetables in are ideal for sending fresh vegetables to school. Wedges of lettuce and cabbage, tender leaves of parsley, sprigs of water cress, fresh new spinach leaves, and even a handful of tender green peas in the pod or flowerettes of cauliflower add interest and vitamins to the school lunch.

Carrots, radishes, and celery are old stand-bys, but why pass up the lowly turnip? Turnips are a good source of vitamins, and although they are not a favorite vegetable cooked, most children greatly enjoy them just as they come from the garden. Green pepper rings or green pepper boats filled with cream cheese are good also. Tomatoes are always a favorite the whole year through.

Fruit keeps the lunch from being dry. Fruit supplies a healthful dessert. Fruit adds flavor and color, vitamins, and minerals and is easy to prepare. Fruits come in endless variety the year around in our fine markets, but in too many school lunches you would scarcely guess anything but oranges and bananas ever grew. It

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Safe in the Rock

By Inez Brasier

ARE YOU going to tell us a story this morning?" Johnny asked as he and grandmother greeted their pastor.

"I surely am."

"I am so glad! Aren't you glad, too, Grandmother?" asked Johnny.

"I think the grandmothers and grandfathers and fathers and mothers like to hear our pastor's stories as well as the boys and girls," continued Johnny.

Grandmother and Johnny went to the seats where they had sat ever since the time Johnny was very little.

Their pastor opened his Bible and said, "'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I. . . . He only is my rock and my salvation.' When I read those verses this morning, I thought of something that happened to some missionaries a number of years ago. Some Indians in another country wanted to know more about Jesus. The missionaries could not get into their car because this was before there were cars. They could not have used a car if they had one, for there were no good roads. They hitched the horses to wagons. They traveled fourteen miles over the rough, bumpy road. But they were happy because those poor Indians were so glad to hear about Jesus.

"They started to another place where more Indians wanted to hear about Jesus, too.

"'Oh, look at the black clouds!' one of them said.

"Sure enough! The sky was soon covered with big

black clouds. A very bad storm was coming toward them. 'What shall we do?' they wanted to know.

"'There is a great rock, larger than many, many houses, ahead of us. If we can get to it, the rain and storm cannot harm us,' said the man who was driving the horses.

"He made the horses hurry faster and faster over the rough road. The missionaries held on tightly to the wagon seat as the wagon went over the bumps.

"They looked at the clouds. The rain was almost upon them. But just then they reached the great rock. Right in front of them was a big open place in the rock. They rode into the open place. The rain poured down, and the wind blew very hard, but they were safe in the rock.

"You know, when I read that story, I thought that the rock was just like Jesus. He is our safe rock. When we feel cross and we say things we should not, when we are tempted to do bad things, we may run to Jesus. He will hide us safely. He will keep us happy. He will keep us from doing things that are wrong.

"Now I would like you to learn Psalm 62:2 for your verse today. Please say it with me. 'He only is my rock and my salvation.'"

"I shall remember that verse when I feel cross and don't want to pull weeds in the garden," said Johnny as he and grandmother went home.

Why I Believe in

DENOMINATIONS

Part II

*It Will Pay Us to Take a Careful
Look at Proposals for Church Union*

By Lee Peters

A DISTURBING criticism of denominationalism is that it is administratively inefficient and therefore wasteful of human and economic resources. On the other hand, however, it is possible that, after subtracting the waste, we still have far more to work with than we would under the proposed united church. The latter might tend to become complacent and would certainly lose much of the spontaneity and drive we now possess. Who can say that we do not get far more done under a system that makes it possible to use adroitly the appeals of denominational tradition and belief?

Of course, we do not know how things would be if there were only one church or a few churches in the United States. But judging from the experiences of countries that do have "established" or virtually monopolistic religious bodies, we have many reasons to be proud of the work that is accomplished here.

American churches, for example, have been in the forefront for the past five or six decades in foreign missionary activity, an unselfish enterprise that in church circles is usually considered a reliable index of spiritual health.

Over half of the people in the United States are church members under our system of freedom and diversity. In England, where Christianity has been planted much longer, church members make up only slightly more than one sixth of the population. England has an "established church," an almost equally strong Roman Catholic element, and several smaller Protestant denominations, but nothing comparable to our diversity.

The vitality of our churches is increasing. The managing editors of the Associated Press, in their convention in Atlanta last November, generally agreed that they saw a growing interest in religion. They pointed, among other things, to the setting up or enlarging of departments of religion in many colleges.

In many of our cities our so-called "decadent" churches are so crowded with eager worshipers that two identical services must be held every Sunday morning to accommodate them.

Our churches are playing a vital role, too, in efforts to ensure the peace. Speaking before the 1946 sessions of the World Council of Churches, John Foster



MONKMEYER

A part of the American way of life is the privilege we have to choose our place and mode of worship. It is worth preserving.

Dulles, now Republican adviser to the State Department, asserted that it was the churches of England and America that made the United Nations possible.

These signs of vitality indicate beyond any reasonable doubt that denominationalism has not interfered too greatly with the work of the churches. The burden of proof should be upon those who maintain that a united church would produce greater results.

Another effective criticism of denominationalism is theological: divisions in the Christian church, it is

said, are contrary to the ideal of fellowship and brotherhood. The New Testament pictures the church as "the body of Christ," and it is intolerable for that body to be divided.

It should be remembered, however, that there are other kinds of unity than uniformity. Unity of purpose, mutual respect, and active co-operation can and do exist in the churches without actual union, just as they do in business or politics or research or anywhere that two or more parties agree to work together for their mutual benefit.

There is, as a matter of fact, more of this unity of spirit among the churches than they are generally credited with. Church "councils," which include representatives of most of the Protestant denominations, are found in almost every community in America. Co-operative enterprises are not unheard of even between Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Essential Protestant unity was demonstrated dramatically in the formation of the World Council of Churches in 1948. On December 1, 1950, the formal inauguration was held of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Its aim, incidentally, is to co-ordinate more efficiently the missionary, social, evangelistic, and other activity of the Orthodox churches and the major Protestant denominations.

This kind of unity is seen further in the fact that a leader like John Wesley is honored by Episcopalians as well as by his own Methodists, books written by Baptists or Lutherans are read by Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and theologians like Reinhold Niebuhr and Karl Barth belong to the whole church and not to their own denominations alone.

This is the kind of unity we should seek to extend, and this is the kind of unity we can have. The one-church goal, if it is ever realized, is a thing of the distant future. Unity of spirit, preserving as it does the richness of diversity, is a thing of the present.

You may be saying, "This is all very well, but how does it affect me?" If you are a church member, you may feel that it does not matter a great deal whether you belong to a denominational or a united church. If you are not a church member, your interest may be even less.

But it does affect you. Even apart from the benefits that flow into your life from a healthy religious movement, we are very much concerned these days with our freedom and all that it implies. One part of that freedom, whether you are exercising it or not, is freedom of religion—the right of every man to worship God "according to the dictates of his own conscience."

It has been due largely to this principle that the system we know as denominationalism has developed. It has given us such a variety of churches that any person, who sincerely desires to do so, can find in any American city at least one church that is compatible with his thinking, tastes, and background. Would your religious freedom be worth as much to you if

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A Teacher's Prayer

*Lord, give me faith lest aught I do
Should contradict the thing I say,
Or be a stumbling block to those
I fain would help along the way.*

*And make me quick to see the good,
Eager to praise, but slow to blame,
Considering lest the fault be mine
If I have somehow missed the aim.*

*Season my life with laughter, please,
Nor let me dwell in sombre guise
As if I mattered very much,
Or felt myself so wondrous wise.*

*Teach me to win the heart of youth;
Teach me to learn their upward look,
With loving zest their aims to share
As well as truth in text and book.*

—JULIA W. WOLFE.

this prospect were changed by the uniting and eventual leveling of the churches?

It should also be of concern to you that the separation of church and state be maintained in your country. Even though it be unintentional, the concentration of a major portion of the religious forces of our country into one massive bloc would weaken this "high wall," as the Supreme Court has called it. The church would become a political force to be reckoned with, whether it desired to be such or not.

Yes, I believe in denominations. Balancing losses against gains, I doubt that a broad merger of the churches is either necessary or wise. I want to keep the benefits that are mine because we have a religious order that permits a man to worship according to the dictates of *his own* conscience. I do not think he could truly worship any other way.



Let's Ask the DOCTOR



The answers to health questions are supplied to the readers of *THESE TIMES* by Owen S. Parrett, M.D. Address your queries to him in care of this magazine.

Are the allergy skin tests of value in determining the foods that must be avoided in one troubled with asthma?—J.L.

Theoretically such tests would seem to be of some value, but their practical working out often leads to disappointments. I am now treating a little girl who has had numerous tests by an allergy specialist who has made a vaccine that I am giving her regularly, as he has ordered. I believe that we have had some helpful results although many of the foods that she was reported allergic to are taken without any bad effects as far as the asthma is concerned. Unfortunately the list of safe foods is so limited as to present a nutritional problem in a little underweight lass such as this. The most frequent allergy in foods is from wheat, eggs, and milk. Discarding these for a time might be helpful in determining whether any benefits might come from avoiding allergic foods. Rice is safer as a cereal, and most fruits and green and yellow vegetables should be safe. Observing the general rules of correct diet and looking well to the elimination should be helpful in controlling the attacks. Especially helpful is the light supper at night eaten early and consisting mostly of fruits or a vegetable soup with crisp toast or crackers.

Will the taking of eight thousand units daily of vitamin A and eight hundred units of vitamin D result in hardening of the arteries when taken over a long period of time?—W.S.

No; there should be no danger of this amount doing any harm whatsoever even when taken for a prolonged period. It is thought, however, that the taking of vitamin D in very large amounts, such as fifty to a hundred thousand units daily taken over a prolonged period, might result in excessive calcification or other untoward effects.

I suffer from a condition known as hyperinsulinism or hypoglycemia. Two close relatives have the same trouble. I am told it means I have too much insulin in the blood and that a low carbohydrate and high

protein diet is necessary to keep from spells of fatigue or collapse. Need I eat meat to carry out this program? I was told egg white and gluten of wheat were of no value and that legumes were too starchy. I prefer not to eat meat if it is safe to abstain from it.—M.H.M.

This peculiar condition is probably more common than we think and may account for some of the afternoon or late morning fatigue complained of by some people. Since carbohydrates, as starch and sugar, are supposed to stimulate the secretion of more insulin, more protein, which is slowly converted to carbohydrates in the system, thus supplying a more even supply of energy and avoiding an up and down curve to the blood sugar level, is advised. Such proteins can as well be derived from foods other than meats, and since meats tend to overburden the kidneys and other eliminative organs, there should be a distinct advantage in getting proteins from such other sources. Among these we might suggest milk and buttermilk, cottage cheese, the gluten of wheat made up as meat substitutes, soy beans and other legumes, all kinds of nuts and eggs, the whites of which are complete proteins of good quality. If you depend largely on meat for protein, you are liable to complicate your problem by adding high blood pressure, vascular disease, or kidney complications to the picture. Whatever carbohydrates you may use should be unrefined and unprocessed, such as natural fruits and vegetables, fresh salads, etc. Use little or no sugar and not too much starch. A glass of milk or buttermilk between the meals might be helpful to avoid fatigue shocks.

Just what is meant by enriched flour? I make bread at home and use white flour.—E.W.

Enriched flour is the name given to white or nearly white flour that has added to it one or more vitamins as a substitute for the many vitamins, chemicals, and normal roughage or bulk of which it has been robbed. Thiamine chloride, or vitamin B₁, is the vitamin most often added because of its importance, as well as the fact that it is not very expensive. The

whole idea is more or less a fraud, for when one considers that there are now two dozen different vitamins under the "B" heading, it is seen how meaningless is the term "enriched," a term which might better be applied to the one who manufactures and sells the almost worthless product rather than to the product itself.

One must consider that not only is the flour robbed of most of its vitamins, including the precious vitamin E of the wheat germ that supports the body's reproductive forces, but that it is bleached until the product is now known to produce fatal running fits or dog hysteria in dogs fed on white flour products. Added to this is the fact that chemicals are used in the baking to prevent bread molding and to make it light and moist. Recently one of my patients, who drives a bakery wagon for a large, well-known bakery, told me that hog growers in a near-by city lost two hundred hogs that were fed stale bread. They were able to recover damages in a lawsuit involving the excessive use of these preservatives. A defense lawyer was reported to have argued that after all the bread was made to be consumed by humans and not hogs. The only bread worth eating is that made from the entire grain freshly ground, nothing added or removed.

Happiness Is a Perfume

(Continued from page 11)

Then one morning at breakfast Doris happened to look at Bill. She saw him as if for the first time in a long while. His curly black hair was streaked with silver, and his forehead was etched with deep lines, but there were laugh-crinkles about his mouth. Kindness shone from his eyes, and when he spoke, his voice rang with his love of life.

Yet Doris could not remember when she had asked him what he would like to do for a change. She could not remember when she had considered anything that he might especially want.

"Bill, are you happy?" she asked suddenly.

He laid down the paper he had been reading and looked at her in surprise. "Of course I am, honey. Why?"

"You have so little time for yourself. You're always so busy providing for the children and me, and doing things for us that—well—I just sort of wondered," she ended lamely.

Miraculously all the lines were smoothed out of Bill's face, and there was a sparkle in his eyes. "That's what makes me happy—doing things for you and the kids," he said enthusiastically.

After he left for the office, Doris sat still, thinking. "All these years Bill's been working hard for us, thinking mainly of us, yet he seems to have been happier than I," she mused.

Then she remembered reading in school that hap-

piness is like a perfume, a few drops of which you cannot help getting on yourself when you are busy sprinkling it on others. That is it, she decided. If you forget yourself and concentrate on others—sprinkle the perfume of happiness on people around you—you cannot help having its fragrance wafted back to you.

Doris suited her actions to her thoughts, and today there is no lovelier, happier person anywhere. Life is sweet with the perfume of happiness she sprinkles so generously on others.

Out of the Rubble--Perfection

(Continued from page 13)

doubt we shall also recognize loved ones and friends by their voices. Has it ever occurred to you that no one else in the entire world has a voice just like yours? If I were to come into a house where a closed door without windows would separate me from an adjoining room, and if I were to hear the voice of my friend A. E. Millner behind the door, I would say, "Why, that's my friend Millner in there. I know him by his voice."

The new earth will be a real place, with real people doing real things. A well-known writer has written as follows: "Every faculty will be developed, every capacity increased. The acquirement of knowledge will not weary the mind or exhaust the energies. There the grandest enterprises may be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations reached, the highest ambitions realized; and still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of mind and soul and body."

The glory of that blissful place can be but faintly pictured here, but enough has been revealed to fill our hearts with a longing for citizenship in that land of heart's desire. The statement by the Apostle Paul as recorded in 1 Corinthians 2:9 is pertinent, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

God's planned home for the faithful of all ages will be located upon this earth in its renewed state. "In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called a country. There the heavenly Shepherd leads His flock to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are ever-flowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the wide-spreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home."

I Inherited Faith

(Continued from page 9)

she wrote, "that I even combed my hair and lifted my suitcase. You see, if you trust in the Lord, He'll take care of you."

With the inheritance of Aunt Lou's indomitable faith, how can I fail? All who knew her did not inherit her absolute faith. They seemed to think that it was something that belonged to Aunt Lou alone. But I know that Aunt Lou's Supreme Manager is mine, too. That jolly, unlined face comes to my memory through timelessness; and I hear, "Why, honey, the good Lord will take care of you if you just ask Him." And He always has.

The Cross Points Homeward

(Continued from page 15)

give our sins for Christ's sake. That is, in fact, the conventional closing for almost every man's prayers. Why do we do this? Because we know that we have no merit by which we may obtain the forgiveness of our sins, or by which we may at all supplicate the throne of God. We know, when we think of it, that the only way we can gain the ear of the Father is by an approach through the Son.

When we do this, the implication is, and indeed it should be an established fact, that we have availed ourselves of Jesus' sacrifice. What does it mean to avail oneself of the merits of the blood of the cross? How may this be done?

It is not difficult. First, the sinner must be convicted of his sins. In other words he must realize that he is hopelessly lost. Secondly, he must come to the cross in a spirit of repentance and godly sorrow. Thirdly, he must confess his sins in that same spirit. The next thing is the fulfillment of 1 John 1:9: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

When this transaction has been consummated, what is the sinner's relationship to God? He is at peace. He is now reconciled. He is now at one with God. This has been done not by any works of sacrifice or gifts of charity. It is not something that the sinner earned or purchased. It has been accomplished by the "power of the blood of the cross."

The way of the cross leads home. That is to say, it does provided a man is going home, provided he aspires to life everlasting. If not, the cross is an offense to him, and foolishness. This is a spiritual thing, and spiritual things are spiritually discerned. However, though it be spiritually discerned at this time, it will lead to that eternal new-earth home which is literal—yes, even as literal as this present sinful earth. The invitation is still being sounded, "Come, sinner, come."

The Way of the King

(Continued from page 5)

and without Him was not anything made that was made. He was in the world, and the world was *made by Him*, and the world knew Him not. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." And again the creatorship of Christ is emphasized in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "I was made a minister . . . to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ." Ephesians 3:7, 9.

When Christ said that "the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath," He knew well of what He spoke, for He knew that He was *both* Lord and Creator of it.

A Responsibility

Let not a mote within my eye
Obscure one tiny bit of sky
That's in my range, for I would see
The farthest star that's meant for me!

—ROSE LEWIS.

When Christ created the Sabbath, He gave it a unique place in the catalogue of sacred institutions. Two institutions (which were in operation *before* man sinned) come down to us from the Garden of Eden—marriage and the Sabbath. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." Genesis 2:1-3. The command is plain. With the week, God did somewhat as He did with the Garden of Eden, which He presented to man with the sole reservation of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. God gave the week to man. The Sabbath, the seventh day, out of the whole week He set aside. The reference says He "blessed" it and "sanctified" it. He made it holy. Surely we could not fail to know, then, that God intended that it should be revered.

Of all the commandments of God, the Sabbath is unique. The other nine of the ten might be arrived at by any man's seeking to do right. Reason might tell me that if I stole from my neighbor, lied about him, sought to murder him, he might retaliate; and there would be no peace for me. Reason might point out to

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me the one God and how to do Him reverence and to honor His name. But the Sabbath commandment is different. It is based solely upon the Word of God. It tells us that things which are right to do upon other days of the week are wrong if done on this one. It is the only one of the commandments, it seems, that a man would keep *solely* because he loved the Lord, and for no other reason. It points out a man's desire to do honor to the Lord and His wishes. It is interesting to find that God has pointed this out in the Bible.

When the children of Israel left Egypt and arrived in the outskirts of the wilderness, they were led toward Mount Sinai. Before they reached the mountain, however, they began to run low on food; and in answer to their complaints God announced to Moses that He would give them the manna that was to be their staple food for forty years. The announcement and its consequences are interesting.

"Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that *I may prove them*, whether they will walk in My law, or no." Exodus 16:4. (Italics mine.)

Notice that God says He is going to use this arrangement to *prove* the obedience of the Israelites. If they would obey Him in this, He felt that they would obey Him in everything. The manna that God was to provide was to fall upon the ground six days, the *first* six days of each week, but upon the seventh there would be none. The people were to gather only as much as they could use each day at a time, with the exception of the sixth day when they were to gather a double portion, for there would be none on the seventh day of the week, the Sabbath.

What happened next would not be hard for anyone with a knowledge of human nature to guess. First, there were those whose faith was weak, but whose greed was strong. On the first day that the manna fell these gathered all they could store away, with the result that it immediately rotted and became offensive and had to be disposed of as garbage. Then when the sixth day came, there were those who refused to gather any extra, pointing out what had happened to those who had heretofore tried to keep it. Then it was, when they found that there was none to be had on the seventh day, that Moses preached them a brief but pointed sermon:

"And he said unto them, This is that which the Lord hath said, Tomorrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake today, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning. And they laid it up till the morning, as Moses bade: and it did not stink, neither was there any worm therein. And Moses said, Eat that today; for today is a Sabbath unto the Lord: today ye shall not find it in the field. Six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the Sabbath, in it there shall

be none. And it came to pass, that there went out some of the people on the seventh day for to gather, and they found none. And the Lord said unto Moses, How long refuse ye to keep My commandments and My laws?" Exodus 16:23-28.

Notice that God did not refer *just* to the Sabbath commandment here; He asked, "How long refuse ye to keep My commandments and My *laws*?" God knew that this commandment was a pivotal point upon which the loyalty of His people would rest. If they would honor Him in this respect, they would honor Him in all else; if not, they would be found in other errors as well.

He who would walk in the steps of the Master must be submissively willing to do by faith exactly what Jesus has told him he should. There is no other way to be a true follower of Christ.

Bird Song at Eventide

A brown bird sang in evening glow,
And its song was a call to prayer
Through the still forest, clear and low.
A brown bird sang in evening glow
A song that angels surely know,
And its music hushed all my care.
A brown bird sang in evening glow,
And its song was a call to prayer.

—MARY MILES.

Only You Can Do It

(Continued from page 7)

Even so negative, or at least so passive, a deed as refraining from criticizing someone who is not present may not be the most soul-satisfying experience in life, but it is good, very good.

Never forget, you are a creature of God. Whatever you are, you are because God planned you that way. This, remember, is the real you, the you that God made. Time and circumstances and society may have twisted you into something entirely different from God's plan. Your own honest self-analysis will tell whether the real you of God's creation has been thrust into the background by the superficial you that worldly forces have fashioned. A continuing effort for good can bring the real you to the fore and keep you there.

And there you should be. You are a unique being that God created to further His purpose among His children, your fellow men. He needs the force for good He invested in you. He needs you all the time, here and now.

The Lunch Box

(Continued from page 23)

is real economy to use fruits in season, beginning in the spring with tender pink sticks of rhubarb and fresh strawberries with stems on for easier eating. In the fall use peaches, pears, plums, and grapes. Save the apples and oranges and bananas for January and February. Even then tangerines and winter pears can add variety. Peeled and sectioned grapefruit may be sent in cellophane bags.

Dried fruits are real favorites with children and easily take the place of candy and other less healthful sweets. Tenderized, pasteurized prunes and figs, dates, pears, and apricots make excellent additions to the school lunch. Miniature packages of raisins appeal to children. Dried fruits add necessary minerals and cause the child to take more time to chew his food.

Canned fruits are fine for school lunches, and with plastic containers there is no fear of spilling. Nuts make a nutritious addition. Use all the different kinds.

Sometime when you are fixing popcorn in the evening for your family, save out a generous sackful for each lunch. Send it in sealed cellophane bags. We have found the best tool for sealing cellophane bags is the old-fashioned electric curling iron. It works like a charm, cools quickly, and takes little space in the lunch drawer. The new honey-coated prepared cereals make good lunch desserts. Children enjoy eating them like Cracker Jack.

Never depend on leftovers for the school lunch. Bake individual casserole dishes in pyrex custard cups especially for the lunch boxes. Baked beans or lentils, rice or bread pudding are appetizing and easy to prepare in custard cups.

A discussion of school lunches would hardly be complete without bringing up the matter of sandwich fillings. The best sandwiches are thin, moist, and well flavored. Buttering each slice of bread to be used in making the sandwich is a good rule to follow even though it takes a little more time. This simple precaution keeps sandwich fillings from soaking into the bread.

Cheese, eggs, and nut butters are stand-bys for sandwich fillings. Cottage cheese and cream cheese are more healthful for children. Cottage cheese may be flavored with chives, chopped walnuts, minced green or ripe olives, finely chopped celery or pimento. Cream cheese is good with any of these variations, but our special favorite is cream cheese with walnuts on one slice of bread and red raspberry jam on the other.

Even though the child shows a distinct preference for one particular kind of sandwich, that kind should not be sent day after day. Children's tastes can be narrowed by constantly being catered to. Avocado sandwiches are healthful and available at almost any season.

If the child is particularly fond of tomato sandwiches, they can be managed. Make the sandwiches of bread and butter and mayonnaise, and send thinly sliced tomatoes in a plastic container. Thin slices of young cucumbers may be used also.

Avoid always making egg salad filling just the same. Vary it with a small amount of onion juice, minced green olives, or dill pickle.

Most children enjoy peanut butter plain or with honey or jelly, or perhaps with sliced tomatoes. Sandwiches spread with butter and peanut butter and filled with fairly thin slices of bananas are delicious. These should be carefully wrapped to prevent banana odor from spreading in the lunch box. Cashew butter is even better than peanut butter, we think, and is more easily digested by some people.

Perhaps next to fruit, cookies are childhood's favorite lunch-box dessert. I think this is largely true because children like to take the last bit of their lunch and hurry off to play. Filled cookies are at the top of the list for lunch cookies because they can be kept so well, are healthful, and never dry. Cookie recipes using honey, molasses, and corn syrup are better for the child than those calling for refined cane sugar. Cookies filled with nuts and raisins, figs and dates for flavor are far better than spice cookies.

In home menu making a list of all available foods is desirable. In lunch preparation this is even more true. Make a card listing the possibilities; then check it frequently to see if you are measuring up to them.

I have taught in schools where some children's lunches consisted only of a cold *tortilla* carried in a dirty pocket. I have known of others where a chunk of heavy dark bread and the school fountain furnished the entire meal. In America where we have so much, let us have the strongest, healthiest children in the world. Adequate, wholesome school lunches can help.

Jungle Thorn

(Continued from page 21)

ful charms for the baby," Chaya began, "but none of them will be any good unless they can find a centipede with rainbow colors in its back, and it must be as big as this." She measured a full twelve inches on her slender brown arm.

"Did they give the baboolian the water buffalo?" father inquired.

"Oh, Father, of course they did. How would he be willing to make all the charms unless he was satisfied with the water buffalo?"

"But, child"—Father stood up and looked down at his small daughter—"what is the use of the centipede? What will they do with it?"

Chaya returned her father's gaze with steady courage. "That is a secret, Father, but Kokit's daughter told me that her husband will give a roll of fine black cloth to whoever finds the best centipede."



"I suppose all the village children will hunt centipedes tomorrow. Very likely no one in the village will do anything else." Mother looked disgusted. "You may go tomorrow, but one day is enough to spend at such business."

"May Kondima go, too?" Chaya looked at her little sister.

"Yes, in fact I shan't let you go without her." Father spoke with firmness, but he smiled at Kondima as he picked up Baby Bani and tossed him in the air.

On the following day, as mother had predicted, every child in the village hunted centipedes. Every old log in the clearing was turned over. Some of the braver of the children even entered the edge of the jungle to tear the bark from the old trees. Some of the men joined in the hunt, for the reward offered was attractive.

The day closed with many centipedes found. They were of all sizes and shades of color. Gooloon, the husband of Kokit's daughter, carried the whole collection to the baboolian. Mookit begged to go with him and was allowed to carry the basket of centipedes. Kondima and Chaya watched them until they were out of sight.

"How I wish I was a boy!" Kondima said as she pulled her long skirt tighter around her brown legs. "I would love to see what the baboolian will say when he sees a whole basket of centipedes."

It was some hours before the travelers returned. Mookit was swinging the empty basket, and Gooloon looked tired.

"Tell us, what did the baboolian say?" The children were upon Mookit before he could get to his own doorway. In fact, he was in no great hurry to get anywhere; he had a story and was eager to tell it.

"The baboolian said that none of the centipedes we brought were any good. He just waved his hand like this"—he made a broad sweep of both brown hands—"and he said, 'Take these miserable things away! Not one of them is suitable! The king of the centipedes must be found; no other will do!'"

"What did you do with the centipedes?" Alijah took the empty basket from her cousin's hand.

"I just emptied them under the baboolian's house. They were of no value."

"Oh, Mookit!" Kondima clapped her hands. "Then we will have to hunt again. Maybe I will find the king of the centipedes."

The next day fewer people joined in the hunt. On the third day only three continued. Gooloon raised the reward to two rolls of black cloth and a

brass gong. This stimulated the fading interest of the people, and a larger crowd joined the search on the fourth day.

By this time the whole area near the village had been well searched. Mookit's family were going to their rice field that day. It was in a small clearing about a mile from Durian village. Kondima begged to go along and was allowed to accompany the family. This was not at all unusual. Often several of the village children would go along on such excursions to the new rice field. There were many things small folk could do. On this particular day the small folk

(Continued on page 32)



THINKING TYPEWRITER.—This new machine types the regular typewriter-size letters, but electrical impulses change them into any size and style of newspaper type needed. The typewriter, which is produced by the Graphic Arts Research Foundation, Inc., eliminates all type, all typesetters, all linotype machines, and all the casting of type. The type comes out, complete, on photographic film, ready for the engraved plate that is used to print newspapers and magazines.

SIMPLE DIAGNOSTIC TEST FOR CANCER.—A new synthetic substance has been developed which, when mixed with blood serum, shows the presence of cancer in early stages. An accuracy of more than 98 per cent has been obtained. Such a test could be used in the mass screening of the population for detecting cancer early, when it is still a curable disease. The finding was disclosed at the recent annual meeting of the American Association for Cancer Research, Inc.

PLASTIC BOOKMARK.—This flexible device, which comes in many colors, shows both page and line at which reading ceased. It is a flat arrow with a flap grip on one end, to fit over the top of a page, and a slidable disk on its shaft with a pointer to indicate any particular line.

RUBBER-FABRIC DRUMS.—These drums, suitable for replacing the metal drums now widely used in shipping liquids, have been developed by the United States Rubber Company. They have capacity for fifty-five gallons, and after shipping can be returned for re-use. When empty they collapse. Some 2,500 of the collapsed drums can be shipped in a single boxcar that would hold only 300 of the common metal drums. This means a great saving in freight costs.

Jungle Thorn

(Continued from page 31)

had no intention of doing anything but hunt. They were going to hunt for the king of the centipedes. Now these were Christian people, but they saw no harm in looking for the centipede even though the heathen witch doctor wanted it for a charm.

Mookit and Kondima turned over all the small logs in the clearing. "Father, help us turn this big log." The small boy tugged at a thick slab of black, wet-looking wood. Whosh! Over the log went with a plop! And there under it was the largest centipede any of them had ever seen.

"Look, look, Father, the king of the centipedes!" Mookit darted after the creature which was slithering away under another log. He headed it off, and father plumped a piece of bark down over it until he could devise some way of capturing it alive and without injury. The baboolian had said the centipede must be perfect.

When the planters returned to the village that afternoon, Mookit carried a tight bark bundle. He headed straight for the house of Kokit.

"Oh, Mookit, what have you in the package?" Alijah hurried up to him. Several other children joined her. Mookit spoke not a word to any of them, but he called, "Gooloon, Gooloon, come out."

Gooloon's shaggy head appeared in the door.

"I have brought the king of the centipedes," Mookit announced with pride. The excitement of the gathering crowd of villagers mounted by the second. Gooloon descended the ladder and took the bark container from Mookit's hand. He drew a deep, tight basket from the wall of the hut and proceeded to open the parcel over the big basket. The evening sunshine fell on an enormous centipede nearly fifteen inches long. Its dark body shone with iridescent colors in the evening light. A cry of admiration and wonder burst from every beholder.

"What a centipede! Verily the king of them all!" Gooloon rubbed his hands together with satisfaction.

"We will carry it to the baboolian tomorrow, Mookit," Gooloon assured the small boy. "If he approves it, you shall have your two rolls of black cloth and the brass gong."

Mookit retired to his own house covered with glory.

Through Kondima's dreams marched the king of the centipedes. He was bigger than a water buffalo, and she counted his legs over and over, but there were always more than she could count.

Gooloon and Mookit hurried to the baboolian the next day and returned late in the afternoon. They went at once to Gooloon's hut; and when Mookit came out, he was carrying the reward. Gooloon's face was wreathed in smiles.

"The baboolian was very pleased," Mookit said as he sat with Kondima on the ladder of his own hut.

"His eyes glittered, and he rubbed his hands together like this." Mookit bent over and bared his teeth and mimicked the baboolian. "He told Gooloon to grind the centipede between two stones until it is a soft paste. Then he must make a warm broth of it and feed it all to the baby. The baboolian says no harm can ever come to the baby after he has eaten such powerful medicine."

"I think Gooloon is grinding the centipede now," said Kondima, shuddering as she heard the noise of two heavy stones at the rear of Kokit's hut.

Teacher Daud had been visiting in a neighboring village for a few days. Kondima saw him return just as the sun went down. She wanted to tell him about the centipede, but it was already dark when she and Mookit had finished talking. There was no light in Daud's hut.



"He must have been very tired and have gone to bed already," thought the little girl. "I will get up early in the morning and be the first to tell him."

So it turned out that Kondima was sitting on her ladder when Teacher Daud passed by on his way to the spring the next morning. His towel and soap and toothbrush were all rolled up together under his arm. He called a cheerful "Good morning" as he passed. Kondima started to run after him.

At that moment the voice of loud wailing broke out in Kokit's hut. Daud dropped his towel and toothbrush and sprang through the door.

"Adoh! Adoh! my child, my child!" It was the voice of Kokit's daughter.

Kondima crept up the ladder and peeked in. The daughter of Kokit sat on the floor with her baby dead in her arms. Her long hair hung in wild confusion around her pale and terror-stricken face. Kondima joined her small voice in loud wails, and within a few

minutes the whole village had assembled. The lamentations that grew louder every moment would have melted the heart of the baboolian himself.

Little by little Teacher Daud drew the story from Gooloon. The broth of the centipede had been fed to the baby the night before, and he had gone to sleep at once. It was not until morning that they had found the baby dead under his little blanket. Daud's tears mingled with those of the parents. He reproached himself for having been away.

"I could have prevented this," he said over and over again.

With tender sympathy the Christian villagers comforted the sad parents. Daud buried the baby with a few words of exhortation to the villagers.

"My poor suffering friends," he addressed Gooloon and his wife as he sat with them the following evening, "come with us and follow Jesus. He loved the little children. He will give back your little ones. Forsake the hard way of the baboolian and find peace to your hearts."

All the neighbors bowed their heads and wept anew. So it came about that from that day the daughter of Kokit and Gooloon, her husband, began to listen to the Christian teaching.

Since their huts were close together, the daughter of Kokit came often to Kondima's house. She found much comfort in playing with Baby Bani. Little by little she revived from her deep sorrow and talked much with mother about the Jesus teaching.

(To be continued next month.)

Master Model-Train Maker

(Continued from page 7)

movie producer. He told me that he had so much fun making model trains and shooting pictures of them that he was seriously considering turning his whole plant over to this work and letting the automobiles take care of themselves.

Since returning to Tennessee I have thought a number of times of Mr. Maker and his trains. We had so much



THESE TIMES, SEPTEMBER, 1951

of common interest that when we parted, both of us fully intended to keep in touch with each other; but time is so full of things immediately at hand, it seems unable to accommodate many things that we would like to do.

Imagine my pleasant surprise one day recently when I came upon this picture of Mr. Maker in a routine shipment of photos from the New York bureau of Acme News Photos. The ingenuity and skill of my seatmate on the "Shasta Daylight" had come to the attention of a great news-picture firm, and I fully agree with them that here is a man whose accomplishments in connection with his love for children and railroading is worthy of note.

Another Step Toward Eternity

(Continued from page 19)

emotions. This should not—must not—be so in this respect. There is no doubt but that atomic fission is the greatest single material threat ever to have been discovered by man.

It is not enough that we have the atomic bomb and are constantly striving to make it more deadly. We seem to be rapidly approaching the time when we shall have the means of mounting this weapon in new and fearful ways. We hear of thirty-six-inch guns capable of hurling giant projectiles eight miles straight up, and pictures of such weapons have been released to the press. Now we are told that we have rockets capable of reaching the moon, and that it is well within the range of possibility that we can soon establish military outposts there. Once established on the moon, these outposts could fire rockets carrying atomic war heads at any designated spot on the earth. Because of the relatively small gravitational pull of the moon and the powerful pull of the earth, not much rocket power would be needed for this. Radar control, or improvements upon it, would take care of direction.

Thus, we are reminded again that mankind stands on the brink of the abyss. Only a step or two separates him from final disaster. We live in the time when "the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2 Peter 3:10.

Such a time need not be a time of terror for those who worship God. It is at this time that God calls His people together for protection. "Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain." Isaiah 26:20, 21.

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GOD'S TWO BOOKS

By Mary Hunter Moore

Cirsium Lanceolatum

My father was a flower lover with a sense of humor, and our home garden in northern Illinois was a show place. One spring he cultivated three "weeds" in strategic spots, "to see what would come of it." Considerable did. For each one he learned the scientific name, which he used in the hearing of visitors. The six-foot mullein in the middle of his canna bed puzzled people who tried to figure out what kind of canna it was. A milkweed near the street made a handsome "rubber tree," and passers-by were often exclaiming: "Look at that rubber plant! We didn't know it would grow outdoors in this climate!"

But his chief fun was with his *Cirsium lanceolatum*, which grew near the rose bushes under my mother's bedroom window. About six feet tall, heavily branched, its deeply cleft leaves were dark, sparkling green above and densely woolly white beneath, each angle ending in one of the needle-sharp yellow spines from which the plant derives its second name (*lance-olatum*).

By August it was crowned with orchid flowers, the calyxes of which were gracefully vase shaped, formed of many overlapping green scales, each ending in a tiny "lance." The clustered tubular florets in each vase were of a beautiful lavender color, each whole cluster perhaps three inches across. The black-and-gold bumblebees tumbled in crooning intoxication over those purple pastures, imbibing nectar and dodging lances. My father reveled in displaying to us children the plant's graces and lovelinesses, until we regarded it with mingled admiration and respect; and in the years since, its memory has helped me more than once to discover the good in some *human* weed.

Then one day it served another purpose. The chief "character" of the vicinity was a certain Mr. Bohl, an English-American of German descent, who combined the harshest qualities of all three nationalities. He slapped down the opinions of everyone he met, and was in general the most heartily detested "Mr. Know-it" of the neighborhood. One Sunday afternoon he and his British cane were taking the air in our garden, he as usual talking down everything my father said or did. Suddenly confronted by this large, flower-covered "weed," he aimed it a blow with his cane that would have demolished it, saying scornfully, "What do you mean by having a common thistle in your garden?"

My father swiftly intercepted the blow, replying sternly, "What do *you* mean by trying to destroy my *Cirsium lanceolatum*?"

Mr. Bohl's deflation was complete. He said apologetically, "Oh, I thought it was just a common thistle." My father did not enlighten him, and Mr. Bohl's manner was much chastened for the remainder of the call. We youngsters, listening inside the window, fell over ourselves in soundless mirth; and the anecdote, discreetly circulated, rocked the immediate community with laughter.

Yes, *Cirsium lanceolatum* was "just a common thistle." Next time you see one, study its marvelous beauty; then go home and read 1 Corinthians 1:27-29.

Interpreting These Times

(Continued from page 33)

★ Think on These Things

ONLY a two-inch news item in the daily paper brought to light the fact that Finland had made another payment to the United States on her war debt of World War I. Finland is the only nation which has never defaulted in its payments. It is indeed heartening in these days of international double-dealing and national corruption to read of at least one nation that believes in keeping its word and paying its debts.

It should not be forgotten that Finland has not had an easy time during the years since the debt was incurred. Its people have not made this action of their nation possible without sacrifice. In payment for that sacrifice they can have the satisfaction of honesty and of knowing that the world respects them and their country. That is worth much.

"Whatsoever things are honest, . . . think on these things." Philippians 4:8.

Please Explain

(Continued from page 35)

1 Corinthians 15:53, 54; 2 Corinthians 4:11, which are all the places in the Bible where the word "mortal" is used.

5. Ecclesiastes 12:7 says: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." The word "spirit" here is translated from the Hebrew word for "wind." It is translated "wind" in Ezekiel 37: 5-19, where the resurrection is described. It is translated "breath of life" in Genesis 6:17 and 7:15, where it plainly says that all animate beings, man and lower animals alike, have it. Ecclesiastes 12:7 clearly says that this breath, which came from God in the first place (Genesis 2:7; Isaiah 42:5), goes back to Him. He takes it back to Himself. "If He gather unto Himself His spirit and His breath; all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust." Job 34:14, 15.

? PLEASE EXPLAIN ?

Address your questions to Editor, THESE TIMES, Box 59, Nashville 2, Tennessee.

Facts About the Soul

1. Please give me all the Bible texts which say the soul dies.

2. On what Bible text is based the belief that at death the soul goes into some animal?

3. On what Bible text is based the belief that after death one's spirit returns in another person?

4. What Bible text says the soul is immortal—that it never dies?

5. At death God takes our breath from us, and the body goes to the grave. Where does God take that breath to?—A.S.

1. The following are practically all the texts that speak of the soul's dying or going into the grave: Judges 16:16; Job 33:22, 28 ("pit" is an Old Testament word for "grave"), 30; Psalm 16:10; 22:29; 30:3; 33:19; 49:15; 56:13; 66:9; 78:50; 107:18; 116:4, 8; 119:175; Isaiah 38:17; 53:12; Jeremiah 4:10; 38:17, 20; Ezekiel 13:18, 19; 18:4, 20; Matthew 10:28; Mark 14:34; Acts 2:27, 31; Revelation 16:3. It is difficult to list them all from the concordance, for sometimes the idea is an implication. Genesis 2:7 says: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." The union of breath and body made man a *living* soul; before that he had had no existence.

The strongest Bible statements on the soul's dying are these: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Ezekiel 18:4, 20. "Every living soul died in the sea." Revelation 16:3. Psalm 16:10 ("Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption") was quoted by Peter at Pentecost (Acts 2:27, 31) in his proof of the resurrection of Christ. His argument is that these words could not have been spoken by David about himself, because his soul died and went into the grave and was still there (see verses 29, 34); but Christ, though like David He went into the grave, arose from the grave; His breath of life was restored to His body, and He became again a *living* soul.

The word "hell" in Psalm 16:10 is the same word translated "grave" and "pit" elsewhere in the Old Testament. It is the Hebrew word *sheol*, which Strong's *Exhaustive Concordance* defines as "the world of the dead (as if a subterranean retreat) includ-

ing its accessories and inmates; grave, hell, pit." No other word is translated "hell" in the Old Testament. *Never once* does it speak of immortal souls going to a place of fire. But often it refers to souls from which the breath that made them *living* souls was removed as going into *sheol*, "the world of the dead, . . . the grave." The Greek word used in Acts 2:27 to translate the Hebrew *sheol* is *hades*, which Strong defines as meaning "unseen, i.e., the place (state) of departed souls; grave."

2, 3. There is no Bible text whatsoever for the beliefs named in questions 2 and 3. Those ideas are entirely heathen in origin, being found in many forms of idolatry both ancient and modern. They have no connection whatever with the Bible or the religion of the Bible.

4. Neither is there a single text in the Bible that says that the soul is immortal and never dies. In fact, the word "immortal" occurs only once in the whole Bible, and is applied to God, not the soul. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen." 1 Timothy 1:17. The word "immortality" appears in the Bible five times. In 1 Timothy 6:16 it says that "God *only* hath immortality." In 2 Timothy 1:10 it says that Jesus "brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." If immortality were a natural endowment of all souls, this text would be absurd; for it plainly says that it is the gospel of Christ that gives human beings the opportunity to receive immortality. In Romans 2:7 we are admonished to "seek for glory and honor and immortality." Why should we seek for it if the soul already is immortal? Verses 5-10 tell what God will give every man at "the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." To those "who by patient continuance in well doing" have sought for immortality, He will give "eternal life." But to those who "do not obey the truth," He will give "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish." This does not sound as if all souls, good and bad alike, were immortal. In fact, Paul plainly states in 1 Corinthians 15:53, 54 that this immortality will be given to the righteous at the resurrection; even they do not possess it until then. Man is called "mortal"—not immortal—in Job 4:17; Romans 6:12; 8:11; 1 Co-

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DRAMA OF THE AGES

DRAMA OF THE AGES is a clear-cut exposition of the teachings of the Bible. The theories of men and their interpretations all are set to one side, and a plain "Thus saith the Lord" is the author's guide. Many of the lesser-known teachings of the Scriptures are thus brought into clarity and understanding. When you have finished reading the pages of this book, you will realize that you have enjoyed a Heaven-sent message.

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