

These Times

FEBRUARY
1956

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The
Miracle
of
Conversion



PAGEANT of PROPHECY

Because of the hundreds of Bible texts dealing prophetically with our troubled days, THESE TIMES presents this feature. Further information on any item may be obtained by writing the editor.

FALSE CHRISTS ARE DECEIVING MULTITUDES. Prophecy: "Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many." Matthew 24:4, 5.

Despite the insistent Biblical pronouncements that tremendous supernatural upheavals of a global nature will precede the second coming of Christ, a number of religious leaders have succeeded in persuading multitudes that they are living incarnations of Jesus Christ--"the Word...made flesh."

One such is "Father Divine." Though his very title sets forth his exalted claims, he is often casually dismissed as just a deluded philanthropist-preacher. But even a superficial acquaintance with his life and labors reveals him as a definite fulfillment of Christ's prophecy in Matthew 24. During an oration in his Tarrytown, New York, mansion, he boldly blasphemed: "I am omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. I am operative and expressive universally." The magazine of his movement, The New Day, in reporting the speech, referred to him as "Father, our beloved Savior."

A prominent American businessman (Divine's organization is international), a veteran of World War II, testified that he survived the conflict because of Father Divine's protective influence: "I knew that Father Divine's presence was there with me!...I was never even scratched, because I believe in Father Divine!" Replied the self-styled Messiah: "If you take me along with you wheresoever you go, lo, I will be with you!"

Some years ago the noted metaphysicist Baird T. Spalding and a party of archeologists took a trip to the Himalayan Mountains, where they met a being who claimed to be Christ. He "reminisced" with them concerning his stay on earth 1,900 years ago. In keeping with the Scriptural declaration that satanic impostors invariably present a pious front (2 Corinthians 11:14,15), this being made some lofty remarks which, however, were permeated with error: "Man...is as truly divine as the Father is divine;...this divinity is the true Christ that...is in himself and in all of God's children."

Also from the occult-loving Orient came Paramhansa Yogananda, described by an admirer as "the perfect incarnation of Spirit." In his Autobiography of a Yogi this Indian wrote: "Yoga has produced, in every age of India, men who became truly free, true Yogi-Christ."--Chapter 24. While dictating his books to his disciples, this prolific writer at times remarked, "Christ is here in this room, smiling a blessing." In the last months of his life he miraculously managed to exist with almost no food and sleep. Especially noteworthy was a phenomenon that occurred after his death, and which is described in detail in a notarized statement by Dr. Harry T. Rowe, mortuary director of Los Angeles Forest Lawn Memorial Association: "The absence of any visual signs of decay in the dead body of Paramhansa Yogananda offers the most extraordinary case in our experience....No physical disintegration was visible in Yogananda's body even twenty days after death. The body was under daily observation at the mortuary....This state of perfect preservation of a body is, so far as we know from mortuary annals, an unparalleled one." -- Gordon Collier, Make Your Own World, Vol. 2, p. 108.

Students of God's Word will not be misled by such demonic manifestations. (Revelation 16:14.) They will merely deepen their confidence in prophecy and in the wisdom of God, who has ordained even the workings of Satan as evidences of His sovereign power.

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A RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE dedicated to the strengthening of the moral, physical, and spiritual life of the individual reader. Basing its recommendations on the living truths of the entire Bible, THESE TIMES promotes evangelical Christianity, the care of the needy at home and abroad, religious liberty, the systematic study of the Bible, the exaltation of Jesus Christ, and the glad news of His literal soon coming.

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This Time

FROM New England to the Deep South in many of the nation's major cities tens of thousands have listened



with profit to pastor - evangelist Carlyle B. Haynes, who, during a soul - winning ministry reaching over half a century, somehow managed also to produce

more than a score of books and hundreds of magazine articles. During his New York pastorate he habitually studied the Bible while "straphanging" in crowded subways, in order to make every moment count for the Christ he loves and exalts in his present series of articles, *Jesus, the Virgin's Son* (page 26).

IF YOU'LL pardon this not-too-subtle way of introducing our editorial staff, here is our first editor: Kenneth



J. Holland (*He Pictures the Gospel*, page 14). Learning recently that staff art director Robert M. Eldridge had drawn more religious cartoons than any other artist, Mr. Hol-

land "traveled" upstairs for his story. "This is the kind of leg work I like." A series of articles Mr. Holland wrote four years ago (*What I Like About the Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, etc.*) is still bringing enthusiastic comments.

FORMER world leader of Seventh-day Adventists, W. H. Branson (*No More World Kingdoms?* page 30) is well known for his ability to deal with doctrinal subjects in a lucid, convincing, inspiring manner. Mr. Branson, author of *Drama of the Ages*, is active in denominational work.

Next time: An authoritative analysis of the status of Christianity in Japan today—*Has God Lost Japan?* Part 1 of an intensely important study—the secularization of modern man. Don't miss this! . . . plus the usual group of departments . . . and more.

In prison I seemed to hear my father saying, "He is able to strengthen. Trust in the Lord." Soon I fell asleep.

CLYDE PROVONSHA, ARTIST



Why Weren't You Delinquent?

*Delinquents Do Not Grow
in Christian Homes*

By Elizabeth Caraman Payne

I WAS nursing a pneumonia patient when the intern on duty came and sat in the room. Into that dimly lighted oxygen room in a great hospital he brought warmth and reassurance in the predawn hours as I watched my patient's labored breathing. The slender life-thread somehow seemed strengthened.

The hours had seemed unbearably long, for the patient was, I felt, slipping from me. The intern's attendance showed that he, too, was concerned, and as we sat there a bond of fellowship sprang up between us, and we talked without restraint or pretension of our early lives.

Several nights later, when he was on call, he came in to say, "I have been thinking over all you said the other night, and I can't figure out why you weren't a delinquent. You had all the conditions for it as listed by the specialists—yet you weren't, and now you are more sane than the rest of us. Tell me, why *weren't* you a delinquent?"

I didn't know exactly how to answer, for I felt sure that I had already implied why in our earlier talk. After a long pause I said, "Because my parents directed me to God."

But he was right. The conditions under which I had lived for a number of years could have qualified me for any number of delinquent types. And there would have been specialists enough who would have explained

away and excused my misbehavior or abnormal conduct.

I was born of Christian Armenian parents in the central part of Turkey. My people had been a subject nation since 1453, when the Moslems swept over that part of the world, and had been persecuted for their faith at irregular intervals ever since. Most of my relatives had been killed by the Moslem sword during the 1896-1898 massacres, so I opened my eyes and ears in an environment where nearly everyone mourned for their lost dear ones. Then in 1910 my cousin Thomas and a number of others from our village were massacred at Adana. In 1915 my father and mother, along with many thousands of others, were killed in yet another massacre. I was then taken to a Moslem home at twelve years of age to be brought up a Moslem. But I ran away and found refuge in an American mission hospital, then later in a Near East relief orphanage. By this time I had seen more of inhumanity, starvation, disease, death, and suffering than many combat veterans.

My coming to America in 1920 was not without its adjustment problems. Though I no longer was hungry or suffering physically, it was hard for a sixteen-year-old who had been teacher, nurse, and interpreter "back there" to begin her American education with the fourth grade. Yet I faced all this with apparent cheerfulness, however much I may have wept in a variety of rooms

in a variety of New England homes where I lived for the next six years.

Years later, after reading my autobiography, *Daughter of the Euphrates* (Harpers, 1939), the social director of the Bellevue School of Nursing wrote me, "Dear, such a cheerful and full-of-life person as you were! I never thought you had lived such a tragic life." She had not known, of course, that my parents had directed me toward God or that they had made me memorize many Bible verses which radiated confidence in God. Among those verses which bore me up was the Apostle Paul's "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Philippians 4:13.

Of course, back of those memory verses were parents who believed in the *power* of God, and who lived in that belief hourly. I shall never forget the time when a European traveler said to my father, "You never know what the fanatic Moslems will do to you, do you?" To which father replied simply, "No, we don't." And after a short pause added, "But we do know what *God* can do." The puzzled expression on the traveler's face told even me, a child, how hard it was for him to grasp the meaning of such an intangible security.

So, although we lived a hand-to-mouth existence in a one-room civilization, my parents felt safe and secure. Father knew prison cells; he also knew the scorn of Armenian revolutionaries whom he would not help to throw off

the Moslem yoke. In the midst of insecurity he and my mother knew security, for they lived the words, "God never fails." They did not urge upon us children the security of college degrees, of "sure" jobs, of health insurance, of pensions; they lived by and showed us how to live by an *absolute* which time and chance could never wither, but which year by year firmed into a rock-hard security.

Our parents led us to God because, first of all, that was the way they themselves were going. Each day had its morning and evening worship service in our home. Regardless of visitors and regardless of their religions (father invited them to join us or depart or sit silent), we had our worship service.

Father had traveled; he had an education superior to anyone in the village; he spoke many languages. Not only in our little village but in the vilayet (a province) he was a man of considerable importance. Yet when he held the Bible, his hands trembled and his voice shook. When he read from the Book and when he prayed, he always stood—he was in the presence of God. His prayers were short; his grace at meals was humble and grateful; and when he said "Almighty God," I got a feeling of God's majesty and power.

My mother, on the other hand, really "talked" with God. When she prayed, she knelt, folded her hands, looked up, and started, "Dear heavenly Father . . ." And, being a woman, she had more to say, so she prayed longer. For a long time I bribed my younger sister to come tell me when mother was about to say "good-by to God," so that I could be at her side when she opened her eyes. Unfortunately, as I then regarded it, my sister came to believe that I should be on my knees beside mother *all* the time. But however I regarded those prayers, I recognized that between God and mother there existed an intimate friendship.

Thus with father "addressing" God and mother "talking with" God, I began to have some awareness of His presence in our lives.

A second way we became aware of God was through our parents' attitude toward the Bible. For both of them it was not only a Holy Book—it was also God's guidebook for men. In 1912 a German scientist visited our house. After one of our family worship sessions he asked father, "How do you reconcile the Bible and your microscope?" Father looked hard at him as if to detect irreverence; then he said, "The Bible is my master. I keep it up

on that high shelf; the microscope, my servant, I keep here on my table." Not satisfied, our guest tried to "reason," but father only said, "I am unworthy to question so great an authority as the Bible."

My mother told us the Bible stories as though she had really been friends with Abraham and Isaac and all the other Bible characters. To her those people were not dead, but living. I recall many a time imagining the Apostle Paul sitting by mother and stroking his thready beard thoughtfully while she told us of his active life in Christ. Often villagers would come to my mother with problems, and she would have them sit down. Then she would read "from the Lord's Book, to see



After Failure

Today I'll do the little things,
The little things I can do best.
I'll do the little, easy things,
And give my heart a rest.

A dozen little tasks, well done,
Will lighten failure's sorrow,
And give me strength to try,
once more,
The larger task, tomorrow.

—Jane Merchant.



what He has to say on this subject."

The Bible was precious to my parents because it contained God's word and enabled them to "see God as He really is and to help others to find Him."

The third way in which we were made aware of God was through our parents' example in giving of their time, talent, and goods to the Lord. Near the end of the week my parents went through the gifts we were to take to the Lord next day. Many a time I have seen my father go and feel the wool on the back of each one of our sheep and finally say, "Here is one that has such long and soft wool that I would be proud to give to the Lord." Then he would sing hymns as he sheared that

sheep. It was the same way with field produce. "The apricots from the east tree. The watermelon from the vineyard field." Then as we walked to church with our many and varied gifts, I could almost hear my parents say, "Lord, these are our gratitude gifts." There was a special place in the church where we placed these gifts. Some knew who brought what, on account of the nature of the gifts; but there was a general feeling that each had brought his *best* and *all* he could.

In this connection I remember my father starting out in the deep snow with a bundle of provisions from our church for the needy in a nearby village. I started with him but got stuck in the snow not far from our house. When I finally got myself out and returned to our house, I looked back to see him plowing through the drifts along the bank of the ancient Euphrates River. A joyous envy gripped me, and, as I entered our house, I protested, "Why couldn't I go with him?"

"Your father is about the Lord's business," mother said, "and you are a little too small to trudge through deep snow. But you are large enough to read the Bible, and, while you were gone, I got word that Azniv needs the Bible read to her." So saying, she pressed a precious bundle under my arm, a warm kiss on my cheek, and pushed me gently out of doors and onto the narrow path to Azniv's house.

Further evidence of a willingness to share their talents and time with others was demonstrated by my mother's tireless efforts in teaching young and old to read. "So they can read the Lord's Book," she explained.

There were many times when whole families came to our house to have my mother read letters from America and to write answers to them. As always, my mother turned any and every gathering into a Christian fellowship meeting by first reading the Bible and then singing—hymns for the Protestants and Gregorian chants for the others. While the folks visited, she wrote all the letters, then read them one by one. All marveled, saying, "She knows what goes on in our minds!" (After coming to America myself, I saw many of those letters and noticed that she had sometimes added a postscript from a father, mother, or wife that she had not read aloud to the sender.)

My father was always going somewhere for the church or the people, especially to the state capital, to trade some of the perishable gifts given to

the church for money, or to see officials about some property rights, or to pay with my mother's dowry money to have certain youths from our village excused from compulsory military service. In addition my mother aided these young men to go to America "where," she said, "you'll worship the Lord without the Moslem threat." After all her money was gone, she begged or borrowed from her rich city relatives, for "the Moslem army is no fit place for a Christian boy."

Thus I am sure that *sharing* was uppermost in my parents' way of life.

A fourth impression was left on me by my parents' attitude toward the church as something very big and invisible. They called our little Protestant church "the gathering place of the saints," and the big and very beautiful white-domed Gregorian church "a place on earth where believers meet." This I didn't understand; nevertheless it gave me so much food for my active imagination that I remember seeing in my mind's eye "saved" souls standing in a circle which included the whole world. Jesus and God stood in the middle resplendent in jewels and white garments; the apostles not far from them in purple robes; then other saints in red robes. On and on the great host of souls extended; I could see clear to the outer circle. To be a Christian meant to be within that circle, where no enemies of God could ever stand. That, in essence, was my childhood idea of heaven.

In 1914, when World War I started, the Turkish armies quartered troops in our churches so often that we couldn't keep them clean. Many villagers came to our house crying in despair. But my mother and father comforted them saying, "These are but man-made buildings; the Lord is everywhere. You can worship anywhere." This was not a new idea to the Protestants, who had for many years before our church was constructed met in private homes. But for me the idea took on life and meaning when alone as a refugee in a Moslem home I would go down into the food cellar and there on my knees pray with confident assurance of the Lord's presence.

Fifth and last of all, my early life saw not only the pious living of my parents but also the consistency of their Christian living. They read the Word diligently and lived their lives according to the Word even to death. One of my father's Moslem friends wanted to rescue us all from the "mess," as he called the massacres. I

can still see my father's radiant face when he turned to us after that most private conference. My mother embraced him and said, "Thanks be to the Lord, for us to live in Christ means facing everything. We can do all things, even face the sword, through Him who strengthens us." And turning to us children, he said, "Stand up. This calls for a doxology, for God gave the necessary courage to be steadfast in the faith." And then he prayed, "Almighty God, enable each one of us to put his love for You *first*." Then he sat down and took my younger sister on his lap, and we sat next to him. There was a strange feeling among us; I felt that there was something very new in our lives, yet I couldn't tell what it was.



Gratitude

The small brown bird
Has only seeds,
He daily gathers for his needs;
Yet sweetest notes he gladly sings
And praises God for all good things.

I am more blessed, a million ways,
Yet I complain
Instead of praise.

—Eveline Wentland-Heintz.



But I know now that it must have been the Holy Spirit, for none of us felt sorry or sad when my father told us what might happen to each of us. When he concluded, he said, "Let us sing, 'We Have a Home in Glory Land.'"

Many years later and in America my own elder daughter came to me during World War II and said, "The school wants us to have identification bracelets." Then she paused and said, "Mother, you were in a war already. Did your parents buy you one?" I replied truthfully, "No, dear, they wrote a verse on my heart, 'Trust in the Lord.'"

Even before I had to be separated from my parents, I became vaguely aware that trusting in the Lord meant

doing His will. How well I remember one spring evening when the entire village sat on their doorsteps and the children played about. I had just organized my team for a game of hide-and-seek when my mother came and said, "A group of women are eager to hear God's Word. Read to them." I protested with many tears and shouted, "Not now." But no sooner had the words left my mouth than I felt a strong grip upon my shoulder and heard father's commanding voice: "As long as I live, I won't let you be a Dead Sea. Don't you know you are the only person of your age who can read the New Testament? Now go and read."

My tears simply gushed out when one of the women in the waiting group spoke kindly to me. When I had recovered my "reading voice," she said, "*Achiges* [my dear girl], read where our Lord says something about building on a rock." As I read, they all nodded their heads, and some wept. By the time I finished reading to them, I was no longer bitter toward father.

At another time mother wanted me to sit and chase the flies from a sick man's face on a day when everyone was at the bullfight. For our village this was the World Series. When I protested, my mother said, "Jesus wants you to do this for your *own* sake."

One day in the late spring of 1914 a Moslem official entered our house and asked for my father. Remembering the terrible beatings my father had gotten by the orders of some such person a few weeks earlier, I told him that my father "wasn't in." But at that moment father walked into the room and heard me. I went upstairs. When father was finished with the officer, he came upstairs, and the first thing he said was, "Go get the rod."

One doesn't run to get a rod, nor did I this time. As I returned with it in my hand, mother placed herself between father and me and said, "No more rod. We have directed her to the Lord. From now on He must show her the way."

Father looked hard at her, then turning to me and placing his hands on my shoulders, he shook me, saying, "When will you learn to trust the Lord? Don't you know He is able to strengthen us for any sacrifice and to save us from any if it is His will?"

There was a strange compassion mingled with his anger. In my shame I knew for the first time that I had hurt the Lord more than my father in telling that lie.

Six weeks afterward—our villagers

had been driven out, imprisoned, and killed, my parents among them—I was called upon to say Moslem prayers in the Turkish home where my mother had found refuge for me. As I stood before the two officials before whom my Moslem family was exhibiting me, I at last found words welling up in me, and I blurted out, “I can’t! If I do I’ll be denying Jesus Christ, my Lord.” Seized by two soldiers, I was put into prison. That night, when others were asleep, I began to cry; and as I cried, I prayed. In the midst of my lamentations I seemed to hear again my father’s voice saying, “He is able to strengthen. Trust in the Lord.”

And even while in tears I was able to pray, borne up for the first time by the belief that God *would* guide. So reassuring was this experience that I fell directly to sleep, dreamless and sound. The next morning I was awakened by the son in the family where I had been staying: “My mother was ill all night and begged my father to let you come back. He promised not to press you on that question for the time being,” he said.

I went back, but I was to be tested in many other ways. In each case, however, my early discipline upheld me. How grateful I was then that my parents had prepared me for discipleship!

It is true that I have not lived up to my parents’ high standards of Christian discipleship—either as a youth or as a parent. Yet this very awareness has led me above all else never to put my faith in anyone or anything but God. It has also helped me to direct our three children to God and never to be discouraged by their indifference, rebellion, and preoccupation. Further, I know that faith is contagious; if my husband and I have deep faith in God, and if we show it in our acts, our children will also be blessed in the faith.

Delinquency isn’t so much the result of outward *barriers* as it is the outward expression of an *inward* barrenness. It is often the result of an experience expressed thus: “The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children’s teeth are set on edge.” Jeremiah 31:29.

Therefore, our efforts must be directed, no matter how difficult, towards the elimination of the real cause of delinquency, namely, godlessness on the part of the parents. It is undeniable that parents *do* direct their children either to destruction or to divine power. My parents chose to direct us to God, and that is the reason neither my sister nor I was delinquent. ★★★

The Miracle of Conversion

By Otto Ritz



ROBERT T. AYERS

EVERYONE reading this is alive in body. I wonder how many are alive in spirit.

There is the natural life, the state in which man is born. There is also the life of the spirit, the supernatural. The process by which one passes from the natural to the supernatural is called conversion. The New Testament speaks of this transition as the new birth. Quite properly one might speak of conversion as a turning to God.

Turning to God necessitates a three-fold act. First, and paramount, is the recognition of a personal God. To think of God merely as an abstract supernatural power is inadequate. The clearer the concept of God as a Being, a Person having reality and form, the more distinct will be the act of turning to Him. Second, turning to God necessitates a distinct act of turning to Him. This turning must take form within the framework of an intelligent decision. Turning to God in full consecration

calls for the employment of the full faculty of the mind. Third, turning to God necessitates a deliberate surrender of concepts and ideologies alien to God's pleasure. God's will in the matter is important.

Jesus Christ is the archway through which the sinner must pass to the new life of the spirit. Without Jesus Christ there can be no new birth. The transition from the natural life to the life of the spirit must be as real as that of moving from a dark room to a lighted room. There can be no confusion of direction.

As we turn to God and to the life of the spirit, the exercise of the mind is involved. Often there develops a mental crisis. Frequently this crisis progresses to the stage of an inner battle with self, and spills over into emotional disturbances. Before the penitent there passes an array of conflicting probabilities. There are moments of tension, often hours of anguish of the soul. Frequently this crisis deepens, thrusting the sinner into the pit of utter loneliness. By choice he lingers upon the very margin of a glorious victory. There are moments when a sublime triumph is in sight. Still the sinner clings to the habits, the mental ideologies of his natural life. Then there arrives that moment of crisis, when in utter fatigue and mental distress the sinner plunges forward by faith into the arms of God.

Immediately there surges through the mind and heart that overwhelming joy of freedom and acceptance. The faculty of faith has been exercised. A new life of self-dedication to Christ in the spirit has begun. That regenerating power which no eye can see begets a new life in the soul; it creates a new being in the image of God.

Conversion is a miracle. It is the miracle of "death" of the old life and ideologies and the "birth" of the new life in the spirit, *in one act*. The Apostle Paul put the sense of this miracle in very striking terminology when he said, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Galatians 2:20.

No church, no institution, no cleric, may take Christ's place as intercessor. The New Testament is very explicit on this point: "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men,

the man Christ Jesus." 1 Timothy 2:5. The place of the church in conversion may be major or incidental. Of course it is the privilege of the church to create an environment, an atmosphere of desire, that will interest the sinner and introduce him to God through Christ.

The Apostle Paul states that the new life in the spirit is the result of a new creation. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." 2 Corinthians 5:17. A newborn babe is a new creation. Adam and Eve were a new creation. This world when ordered into existence was a new creation. Every mortal turning from the natural life of sin to the new life of the spirit is a new creation.

A new creation is not something made over from an old substance. Neither is conversion the science of making over an old life by the application of a rigid code of some sort or the application of a system of theological ethics. Conversion is the miracle of a new creation brought about by the union of the mind and inner faculties with God and the Spirit through Christ. *In one act* of divine power, sinful self withers and dies, and Christ becomes the crowning monarch in the life. Henceforth the new man does not live after the sins and will of the natural life, but after the spirit of the heavenly. Henceforth the faculties of the mind, including the power of the will, are governed and swayed by the will of God. Said Paul, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Galatians 2:20.

God in His wisdom places marks of identification upon His own. The new man is marked with a distinctive marking which the archenemy of souls, the devil, cannot duplicate. The new man, conceived and born from above, born of the Holy Spirit, carries with him the covenant of the Lord: "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts." Hebrews 8:10. Thus the mind of this new man becomes the repository of the law. It remains for him to consecrate himself daily so as to keep alive this divine imprint of law and to walk worthily within its perimeter.

The seed of the new birth has but one source: God. Education, science, creeds, church activity—these may produce a favorable environment for the

working of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of the sinner. But union with God is possible only by the direct powerful agency of the Holy Spirit. The new birth begins and is completed only in that life which has been touched by the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit's work upon the human heart does not produce a half conversion, but always a fully rounded experience. It remains for the new convert to encourage the seed of the new birth or to stifle it. Like an apple that develops from the inside out, a new birth can only produce a rosy complexion if it has that inner Christ seed.

This is an age of shallow deceptions. There are stones on the market that appear to be diamonds. These stones possess brilliance, form, and fashion. They are worth little. Much that passes for conversion today is but hollow form. A good moral life, a high code of ethics, a high standard of living, a refined cultural cloak—these are often looked upon as crowning evidences of Heaven's divine touch. The rich young man of the New Testament stands forth as such an example. In the presence of the Master this self-styled paragon of wealth and prosperity was forced to question, "What lack I yet?" He lacked Christ. Conversion without Jesus Christ, religion without Jesus Christ, is but a hollow deception.

Conversion is more than a superficial "I believe in Christ." Conversion is not a cloak of religion, doctrine, or creed that can be put on or abandoned at will. It is a new life in Christ Jesus.

Millions are alive today in body, but dead in spirit. Millions are garbed with a form of godliness, but they fail to give evidence of a risen Christ in their speaking, living, and thinking. Indeed multitudes give mental assent to a historical Christ without ever experiencing a personal relationship with Him.

What the church needs today is not so much scientists as living saints; not so much new inventions as new creations in Christ; not so much church leaders traversing the globe in quest of favor as church leaders and members seeking their closets for prayer. The church needs desperately to understand conversion—its source, its power, and the effect of its work upon the human heart and mind. ★★★

We Can Describe It but We Cannot Understand It Fully

Tell It to the Marines

He was sincere, there are no two ways about it, when he sent the following letter to the Chief of U.S. Naval Personnel and enclosed his first check received during the past war:

"Dear sir: I am writing to ask you if it would be at all possible for me to return my navy pay. I am nearly forty-two years old and fully realize that it is a privilege for me to serve this republic. This wonderful country has been extremely good to me, and I owe it more than it owes me."

The anonymous writer, a businessman on the west coast, was informed that a refund was possible, but advised that a contribution to a scholarship fund or the navy relief society would be more welcome.

Meet Miss America 1956

Good looks is not the only quality which Sharon Kay Ritchie, eighteen-year-old college student and glamor queen, has in common with previous titleholders. She neither smokes nor drinks, is active in religious life, and has also expressed her determination not to appear in a bathing suit publicly until next year's contest.

Right!

A California church is displaying the following poster on its bulletin board: "Drive carefully — don't insist upon your rites."

Tithe or Tip?

A subject shunned all too many times by most preachers was hit fearlessly and forthrightly by Dr. Henry Smith Leiper, executive secretary of the Congregational Christian Churches' Mission Council, in a report to a recent regional meeting of his denomination:

"According to their own income tax reports to the government, Christians give to the churches about 2 per cent of their incomes, and no one has been known to minimize what he can charge off as a tax-deductible gift. We gather up the crumbs after we have eaten, and we give Him the fragments. This is shown by the fact that every year the larger part of the giving of all Christians comes in at the very end of the year. That means, of course, that they have found out what they have left over and that they have not given systematically in advance and regularly."

Anyone thinking Dr. Leiper's remarks are too outspoken might "enjoy" turning to his Bible and reading Malachi 3:8-10.

EVENTS

Let's Have Your Secret

The First Methodist Church of Boise, Idaho, raised over a million dollars—\$1,146,601 to be exact—in a recent thirteen-day drive for a new church building. The congregation of 1,500, which is led by Dr. Herbert E. Richards, increased its annual budget from \$16,000 to \$72,000 in the past quadrennium, during which period two thirds of its present members were acquired.

Education by Remote Control

If experiments currently carried on by New York University prove satisfactory, college students across the country may soon be more "in the dark" than ever before. Instruction by television, still in the tryout stage, may be the next big item in education and, incidentally, help relieve the acute teacher shortage.

Under the plan being worked on now, a teacher lectures in front of the TV camera and thereby reaches seven classrooms of students, in groups of two hundred or more. The instructors have confessed that they "get scared stiff," and students are not happy with the plan either. They are deprived of the privilege of asking questions, and, what may be more important to some, they can't make wisecracks at the professor!

Speaking of Revival

Christianity is not alone in experiencing a revival in the United States. Booze is, too. Saloons are being built faster than churches and are absorbing several times more money. The latest statistics record the total of religious meeting places in the U.S.A. at 300,056, as compared with 441,789 establishments where liquor can be bought.

More appalling than the increase of alcoholism is the indifference of some churches to the problem and their reticence to take a definite stand. The recent case of a minister helping his parishioner secure a liquor license was only one of numerous examples of compromise and co-operation.

Go East, Young Man . . .

That's the current Irish version of Charles Kingsley's famed words, it seems, for an estimated ten thousand youth from the Emerald Isle migrate to England each year. Most of them settle in the big cities, and almost all of them make more money than they would back home, where their exodus is worsening current decrease in population. The government has decided to do something about it—though it does not yet know what.

Dollar Day or Holiday?

Dayton, Ohio, is one of the latest scenes of bitter controversy concerning Sunday business. A group of supermarkets decided to stay open on Sunday because a few independent stores were doing so, but Protestant as well as Roman Catholic groups soon made them regret their decision. One of the chains offered a reward of \$2,000 to anyone who could persuade all large supermarkets in the Dayton area to close on Sunday. It bewailed the fact that it was "forced into" Sunday business. Other stores promptly came out with statements that pressure and not



RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

This floodlighted headquarters building of the National Conference of Christians and Jews in New York City was made possible by a gift of \$1,000,000 from the Ford Company.

OF THESE TIMES

principle had motivated them to do business on the first day of the week.

Perhaps someday more people than do so now will realize that "we can't legislate morals or religious beliefs," as Dayton's mayor put it.

Generally Speaking

Increased church attendance should not deceive Americans into thinking that a revival is under way, according to a speech by Lt. Gen. W. K. Harrison before a group of Christian military leaders. Answering his question "Just how real and effective is this alleged religious trend?" he declared:

"I think that the answer is to be discovered in the type of prayers which the people are frequently called upon by various spokesmen to offer up to God. There are prayers for peace, disarmament, safety, rain, and many others. The one objective is to gain something for ourselves. There seems to be little concern at all for the glory of God, for the achievement of His will, and the coming of the kingdom of God. Men do not appear to feel any real obligation to God."

Yoko Kai . . .

is the name of one of the most unique clubs in all the world, the Afterglow Society of Japan. Consisting at present of 4,000 scientists, the members of the society have pledged their bodies after death to the service of science. Because of the reluctance of the Japanese to permit autopsies, the organization is filling a real need.

Noted in Passing

One of the latest acquisitions of the Evangelical United Brethren Church is a campsite near Hell's Canyon, Montana. . . . The government of West Pakistan is installing recording machines in mosques in order to have evidence against preachers whose statements are objectionable. . . . Retiring Episcopal Bishop Clinton S. Quin of Texas is proposing the establishment of a Dopes Anonymous organization to help rehabilitate victims. . . . London's soot, according to a British scientist, has caused more damage to

Cleopatra's Needle (an obelisk of about seventy feet in height) in seventy years than did Egyptian sands and storms in three thousand. . . . In the past ten years Americans have spent 15 per cent more for TV sets and their maintenance than for new school buildings. . . . Protestants and Roman Catholics, traditionally hostile in Ireland, have found a common ground in their opposition to the tariff on Bibles entering the country. . . . A Hollywood motion picture research agency has discovered that the Bible is a favorite among spies for codes because it is broken down

into chapters and verses. . . . A Lutheran University for America is in the talking stage. . . . India and Kentucky are two places which will most likely be visited by Billy Graham during 1956. . . . An Australian prelate has compared beauty contests to "the parades of prize cattle." . . . For every dollar given to American churches, fourteen go to help pay the nation's crime bill. . . . In the first six months of 1955, American tourists abroad spent \$1,300,000,000, which was \$200,000,000 more than the previous year. ★★★

AMERICA'S ATLAS



A PROFESSOR in psychology once asked his class for a definition of the soul. One pupil gave the following: "The soul is that which feels and thinks and acts." After this a little girl spoke up and said, "Professor, is the soul that thing within our breasts that aches so hard sometimes?" "Yes, that's it," said the professor, who himself was a devout person. The unconverted man is like a prodigal, with a soul thirst, longing for home. Those who have experienced homesickness know something of its grievous, gnawing character. It is the heart-heaviness of the exile, faint with yearning to see the old faces, to hear once more the soft, familiar voices. God has many such exiles today—men thirsting for better things than the present life offers them, men sick with desire for home. Their souls cry out for the living God. And He is not deaf to their cryings. "Come," He says.

The little word "come" is one of the most compelling in the Bible. The Bible begins with "come" and ends with "come." The Lord said unto Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Genesis 7:1. The word occurs in nearly every section of the Bible. In the last chapter we have this priceless invitation: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Revelation 22:17.

One of the greatest landscape painters of America was Francis Murphy. At one time he lived in evil ways, possessed by the passion for strong drink. He was thrown into prison. There missionaries and preachers made every endeavor to touch his heart. It was all to no purpose. There seemed no hope of a permanent reformation. One day his little girl, looking in through the iron door of his cell, with tears in her eyes said, "Papa, we is lonely at home without you." These simple words wrought in him contrition and amendment of life. He abandoned drink and became one of the most enthusiastic temperance workers in the world. What multitudes of thirsting souls throng this land today! They are seeking in vain for the satisfaction and peace which are to be found only in reconciliation with the heavenly Father. They have wasted their substance in riotous living; they have spent all; they are in want; they burn with an unquenchable thirst.

Much is said with regard to the importance of leading rich people into

*To All the Earth's Homesick and Heartsick
the Bible Extends—*

The Great Invitation

By Louis B. Reynolds

the kingdom of God. Certainly many churches and philanthropic institutions need more rich men and the kind of help they can offer; but it is plainly shown in the Gospels that Christ had a special message for the poor. In His great Sermon on the Mount He said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven." Matthew 5:3. No man can get into the kingdom of God through his money.

But it is not until the soul has learned the insufficiency of mere possessions to satisfy its deepest needs that, in the acknowledgment of its poverty, it listens gladly to this invitation. Dr. Cuyler said that when the richest man who has died in New York within his memory was on his dying bed, he asked his attendants to sing for him. They sang the old familiar revival hymn, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." The dying millionaire responded in a plaintive tone, "Yes, I am poor and needy. Please sing that again to me." What could fifty million dollars' worth of railway securities and bank stocks do for him on the verge of death?

The invitation includes everybody. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Isaiah 55:1. The provision of grace is as free as the air we breathe. The river of salvation flows past us, and the proclamation of the Lord is, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Revelation

22:17. Young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, bond and free, are alike invited. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

"Whosoever" is the standing invitation of God to every man, woman, and child in the world. It belongs to no one else more than it belongs to the sinner. Richard Baxter said, "I thank God for the word 'whosoever.' Had it said 'Richard Baxter,' I am so vile, so sinful, that I should have thought it meant some other Richard Baxter; but the word 'whosoever' includes the worst of all the Baxters that ever lived, and so it includes me."

There is a beautiful incident told from the life of Rowland Hill. The great old preacher never did things quite as other people did; he dared to be himself. In his conduct of family worship, he had the habit of mentioning every one by name in his prayer—all his servants included. "Lord, bless Thou the cook, Susan Jones, and the maid, Jane Williams." And if the manservant was there, he said, "Bless Thou my manservant, John Dryden." He loved to tell the Lord whether they were converted or not. The servants became used to it.

Once a new cook by the name of Bidy Simmons came into the home.

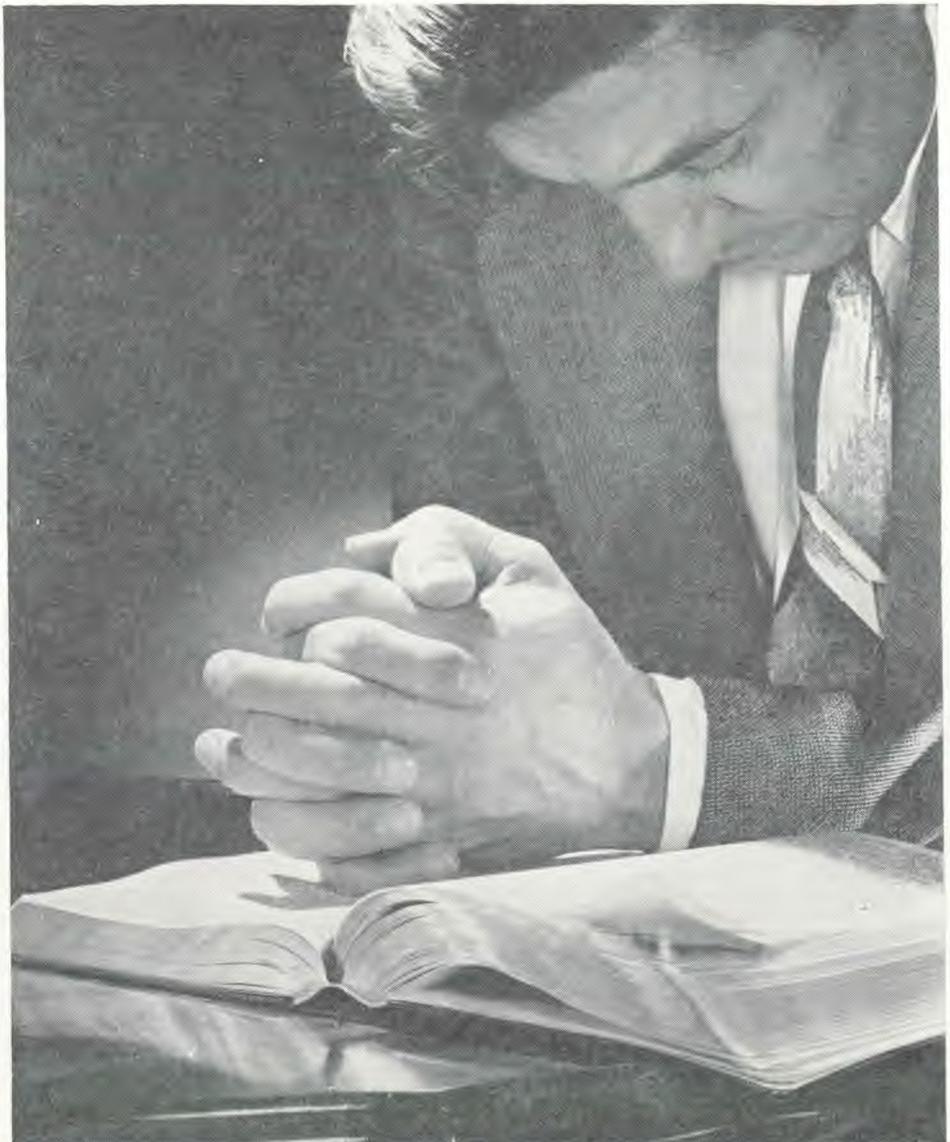
At family worship the next day the old preacher asked the Lord to bless Susan Jones and Jane Williams and John Dryden, adding, "Lord, bless the new cook, Biddy Simmons, just come, and change her heart if she is not converted, and make her all Thine own." After family worship there was a knock at the good man's door. It was the new cook, who said, "If you please, Mr. Hill, I am glad to be in your service, and I hope I shall be very comfortable, but I am not accustomed to having my name mentioned in family prayer. It makes me feel uncomfortable." "God bless you!" said the old man. "Does it? I would not make you feel uncomfortable for anything. I won't mention it." The next morning when he began to pray, he again said, "Lord, bless Susan Jones and Jane Williams and John Dryden." Then he added, "Thou knowest, Lord, that I would like to ask some good thing for Biddy Simmons, but she tells me I must not mention her name to Thee."

After prayers there was another knock at the study door. It was Biddy Simmons. "Oh," she said, "if you please, Mr. Hill, I do not mean that; don't leave me out; mention my name also, won't you?" So it is with salvation. The invitation is extended to everybody. None are left out.

"Hearken diligently unto me. . . . Incline your ear, and come unto me." Isaiah 55:2, 3. An active, responsive hearing is one of the conditions of salvation. "Hear, and your soul shall live" (Isaiah 55:3) is the Old Testament Gospel. The New Testament is like unto it: "Take heed therefore how ye hear." Luke 8:18. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Luke 8:8.

"Buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isaiah 55:1. We might think, from what has already been observed, that this is a strange way of buying, when money is in use. Yet it is not so strange when we understand the language of Christ. To the church of Laodicea He said, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." Revelation 3:18. There are some few things that money cannot buy for the simple reason that they are too valuable to be purchased with money. No price can be set upon them. Wisdom cannot be purchased with gold. "She is more precious than rubies." Proverbs 3:15. Salvation, the supreme blessing to the human soul, is beyond a money valuation. Blood, and not gold, is the price of redemption. It is on the ground of the priceless redemption of Jesus, through grace,

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A. DEVANEY

A constant adherence to the principles set forth in the Word of God prepares one for every exigency of life and finally for God's kingdom of the redeemed.

that God says, "Come now, and let us reason together; . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isaiah 1:18.

The blessings which Jesus gives without price are not only exhaustless, but they bring complete satisfaction to the soul. I read some time ago of a man in Wales who, along the road on a hot, sultry day, met a little girl carrying an earthen pitcher full of spring water on her head. He said to her, "My little girl, will you give me a drink of water?" She lifted the jug from her head, and he drank from it. It was so cold and pure that it quenched his thirst, and he asked, "Where do you get that refreshing water?" She said, "Up yonder, where the spring flows through the hedge." "Does that spring ever dry up?" he asked. The little girl said, "Yes, in the summertime it dries up." "And

what do you do then?" he asked. "I take a path up the hill to another spring," she said. "Well, does it ever dry up?" he inquired. "Yes," she said, "in the very hottest summers it dries up." "And what do you do then?" the gentleman asked. She said, "We go up to the spring at the top. Up, up there, it never goes dry." Yes, as Christ said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4:14. Here is a soul satisfaction that is perfect and abiding.

The great invitation is extended to every sinner. Come and hear. Come and buy. Come and eat. Come *today*. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Corinthians 6:2. Tomorrow may be too late. ★★★

He Pictures the

By **Kenneth J. Holland**

THE TWO-PLY, smooth drawing paper and the bottle of jet black ink lay inertly on the artist's board. Nearby several different-sized pens, two compasses, a knife, and two triangles almost crowded a defeated red eraser off the table's edge. Seated in his swivel chair, cartoonist Robert M. Eldridge was deep in prayer.

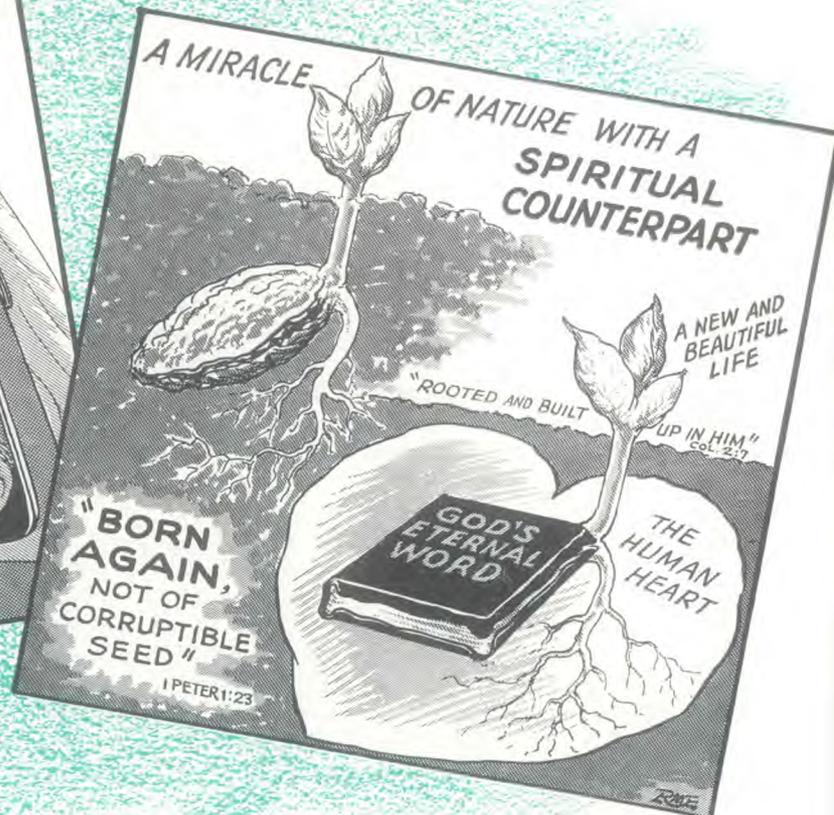
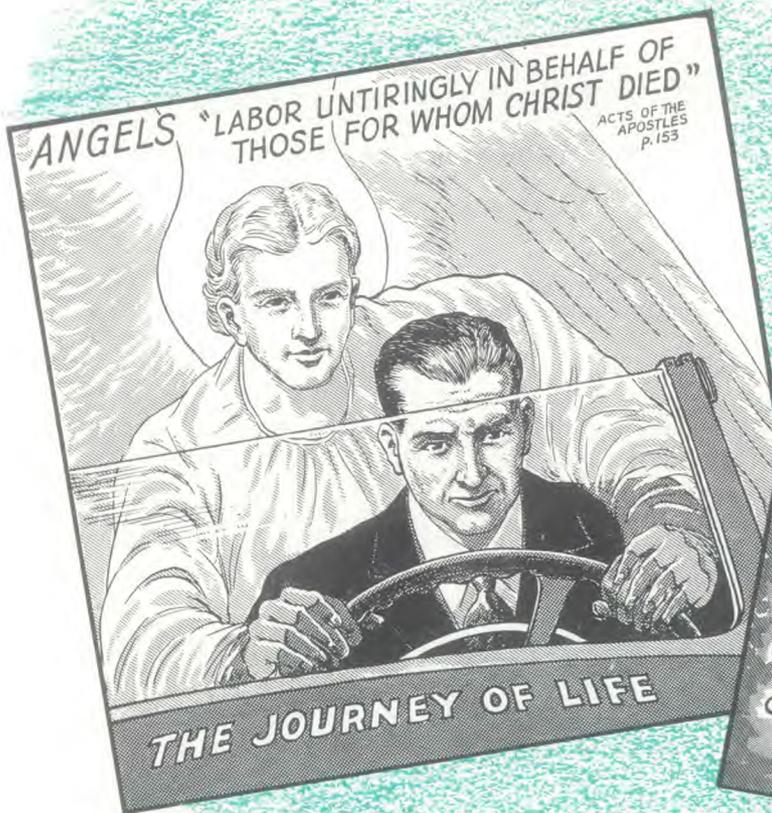
For twenty-eight years the scene has been repeated, with God the Partner in a craft so difficult and demanding that few men ever attempt it. Today

Mr. Eldridge's 2,300 religious cartoons make him far and away the most prolific artist in his field. E. J. Pace, once dean of religious cartoonists, whose work appeared in the *Sunday School Times* for many years, did not draw 2,000. Others, including the brilliant Jack Hamm, are not even close.

The influence of Eldridge's cartoons has been diffused all over the world. Traveling along the muddy, swift Amazon River of South America one day, he met a Peruvian named Diaz, from Iquitos. Their mutual interest in art

found them conversing earnestly despite the language barrier. It was with great joy that Diaz discovered he was talking with the creator of his favorite cartoons. Apparently pictures speak a universal language.

Many have said that when Eldridge draws, he gets at the heart of the matter; he makes a difficult lesson look simple. What they probably don't realize is that he has spent many hours of studious work on each drawing. How he manages to retain his high standard of excellence year after year has been



Gospel

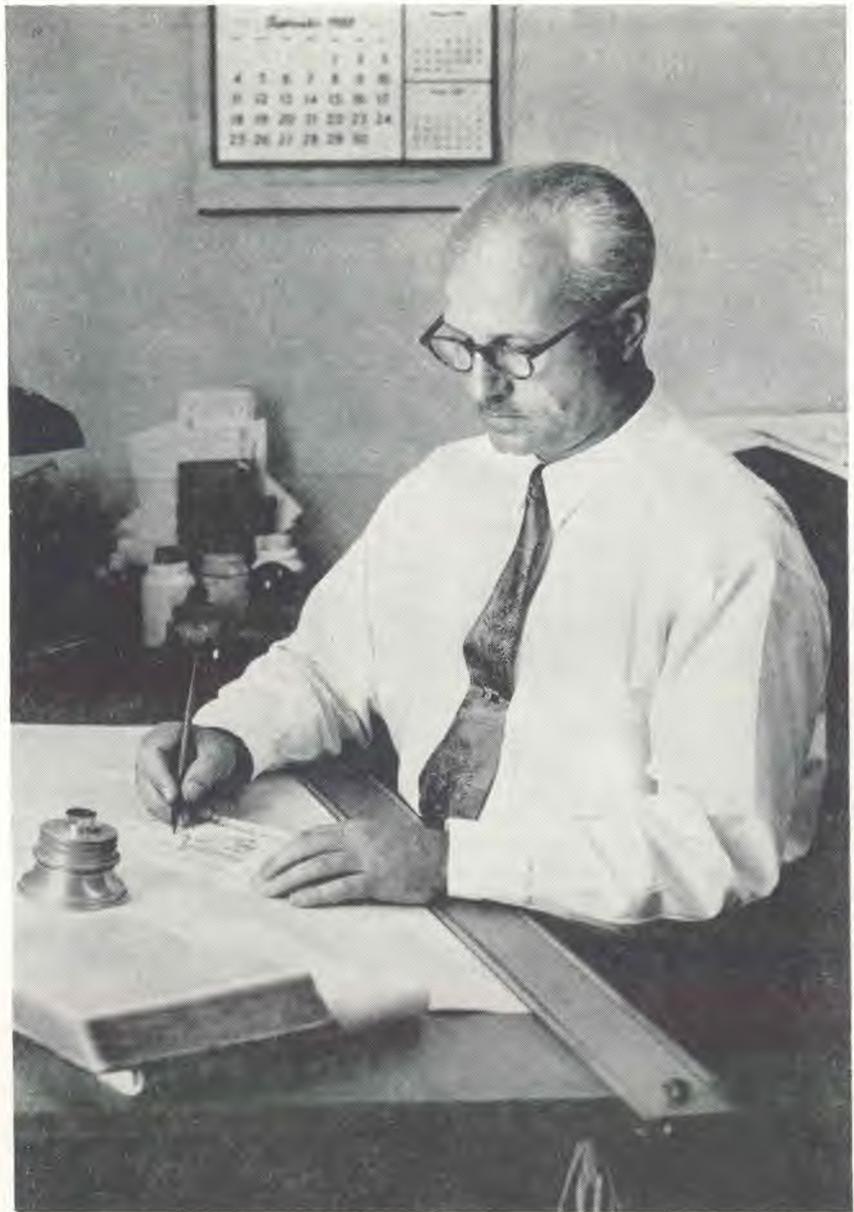
He May Be the World's Most Prolific Religious Cartoonist

a source of wonderment to fellow artists; for he employs no gimmicks such as humor, rank caricature, vitriolic satire, or the grotesque. These common tools of the political or editorial cartoonist are taboo with him.

"As far as humor is concerned," he says, "I've avoided it, because the solemnity of the subject matter requires the same approach as that of a minister in the pulpit." With a firm reliance on the Lord he manages to get his message across in gripping fashion—without being stuffy.

Simply stated, cartoons are pen parables with a point, and usually run in magazines and newspapers. That doesn't begin to tell the whole story as far as religious drawings are concerned, however, for there are many unique restrictions involved. For example, editorial and political cartoonists have quite an advantage over their religious brethren in that they can land haymakers on almost any tradition or celebrity—while the Christian cartoonist confines his thrusts to the devil and his works. Eldridge has had only one cartoon rejected on these general grounds.

"You can write and speak some truths that seem too harsh to picture," he says in explanation. "For example, you can write about the aims and aberrations of a religious system, but you can't picture them without being charged by some with being 'too rough.' In other words, you can say things you must not picture—which points up the truth of the Chinese proverb that says, 'One picture is worth 10,000 words.'"



ROBERT M. ELDRIDGE

"The same approach as that of a minister."

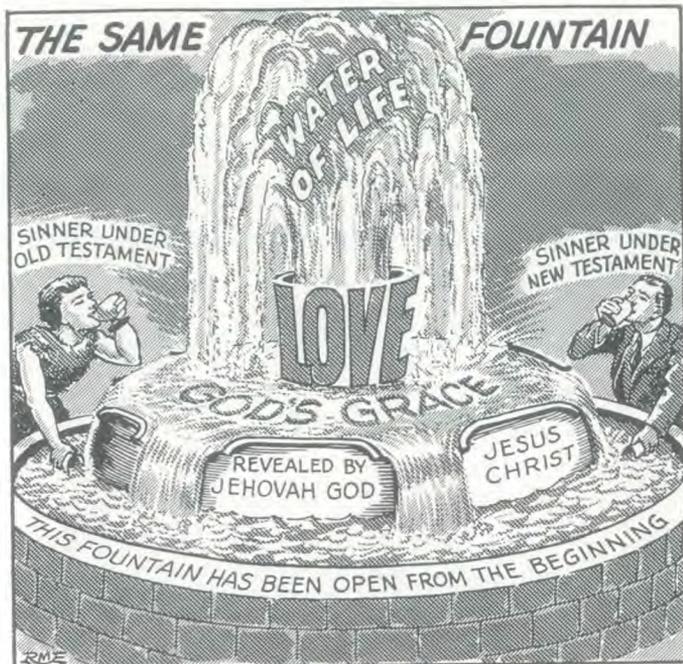
A cartoon must stand on its own two feet, without explanatory matter and with rarely a caption. It must tell the story quickly and briefly with a minimum of text and with the emphasis on a single point. As Eldridge says, "You don't try to hit two targets with one cartoon." Each cartoon must also have in it the elements of timeliness, aptness, honesty, intelligence, and simplicity. It must state a complex matter in brief and succinct terms.

As far as religious cartoons are concerned, it takes something more than a Bible text and drawing ability to keep editors asking for more—and that something is a potent idea. The basic thought that Bob Eldridge instills into each cartoon is this: Religion is a Bible-believing, Bible-studying, well-informed, Spirit-filled proposition.

He operates on the theory that if you can be a Christian cartoonist without much Bible study, you can be twice as useful if you work hard studying it, and three times as effective if you pray hard, too. It is obvious that he has applied this theory on all counts.

Visitors to his studio invariably ask one stock question: "Where do you get the ideas?" If there is no time for an extended answer, he usually replies, "I pick them off the chandelier." His feelings on the matter compare exactly to those of "Ding" Darling, Pulitzer Prize winning editorial cartoonist, who once said:

"Most people think a cartoonist just sits around in his bedroom slippers and lounging robe, waiting for an inspiration. Suddenly there is a great light, the heavens open, and an angel de-



scends, touches him with the tip of her wing, and out pops a brilliant idea, born full-armed like Minerva. Then all the cartoonist has to do is to make a few simple passes with his crayon and sell his picture for a hatful of money. I'm sorry, but that isn't the way it is."

According to Eldridge, cartoon ideas can probably be shaken down to about a hundred basic situations. Like the teller of jokes, the cartoonist merely makes variations of these themes. Like other cartoonists, he has built up a morgue (library) of materials, mainly clippings from secular and religious magazines. The major difference between religious and political cartooning, however, is that the ideas primarily come not from scanning newspapers and magazines, but from studying the Bible.

In his work he has become a keen Bible student. Chosen to appear on a Nashville telecast featuring a panel of Bible experts, he more than upheld his part. He claims to be no expert, however, for he readily admits there is plenty about the good Book he would like to understand. "The more you study the Bible," he says, "the more you realize that it is an inexhaustible reservoir."

Robert Eldridge drew his first picture at the age of three, when he penciled a sketch of an angel. His mother proudly kept it for years. Brought up in a Seventh-day Adventist home, he naturally thought of religious objects. Like any other boy, however, he was thrilled by cars and trains. One day when he was five or six, he was left alone at the home of his uncle. With

newly plastered white walls staring beckoningly at him, he grasped the opportunity to produce murals of puffing locomotives with the broad, sweeping strokes of a black crayon. "My uncle didn't raise too much ned, and my folks didn't tan my hide for it either," he says. Apparently they all recognized some talent and looked forward to the development of the errant young artist.

In academy and college he was art editor of the school papers and took several art classes. He also took correspondence work and later studied at the Corcoran School of Art in Washington, D.C. "It is important to be able to draw anything and everything in any position, especially the human figure. That comes even more with experience than by instruction," he says.

His first professional job, in 1927, was on the art staff of a publishing house. This work included drawing cartoons for a monthly religious magazine. Today he is art director of a large religious publishing house, and cartooning is a spare-time effort with him. His philosophy of success was, and still is, simplicity itself: hard work plus prayer and Bible study.

Whenever he looks through a magazine, he is thinking in terms of cartoons. When a cartoon idea suggests itself—even remotely—he clips it out, thus keeping his morgue fresh. He prays before starting his work. His love for the Bible stems from his home environment and also from the church schools he attended. In college he took as many Bible courses as possible.

Robert Eldridge looks like an artist,

complete with mustache and horn-rimmed glasses. He is one of those friendly chaps you call by their first names in just a few hours. Almost everyone calls him "Bob." He works and studies tirelessly; a typical "day off" finds him drawing from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and from 7 P.M. to 10 P.M.

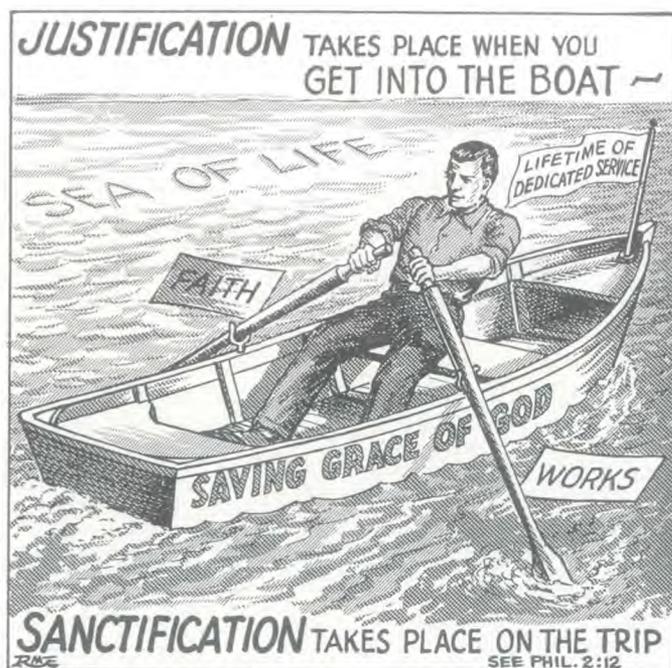
"Finding cartoon ideas that apply in a helpful way to a specific spiritual theme is always a problem," Mr. Eldridge says. "I approach a given job with no previous ideas; I feel empty-handed. When an idea comes, I may study its various implications for hours. I pray and study the Bible. I have found no ready-made reservoir of cartoon ideas. You have to feel that the Lord is in partnership with you, or you fail entirely. Sometimes the feeling of emptiness doesn't leave after prayer; it may last a long while."

You wonder, looking at a cartoon, whether people are really helped.

"I like to think so," Eldridge answers, "although it is not often that people are moved to write me about them. Very often though I'm encouraged by someone's statement that one of my cartoons has been an inspiration. Many of the drawings have been reproduced throughout the world."

Bob has more than once in recent years tried to quit his hobby because it consumes so much of his spare time, but the editors for whom he draws do not go along with this. There is no one in sight to take his place, they say.

Undoubtedly someday someone will succeed him. As was stated, however, it will be difficult for anyone to take his place. ★★★





The Bible That Would Not Burn

By Arthur Mountain

ASEK accepted Christianity, much to his father's displeasure; but when later he brought home a Bible, the old man's wrath was really kindled. He argued that his charms were far more potent than any book and challenged his son to put both to the fire test.

The charms consisted of a motley bunch of queer-looking articles—pigs' teeth, monkeys' ears, "goblin's" hair, a hornbill's beak, dried roots of a plant that grows in places that belong to the evil spirits, birds' feathers, etc. He proposed to place these and the Bible on the fire and to abide by the result. If the Bible won, he would become a Christian. Asek, however, felt no inclination to risk his beautiful new Bible just to satisfy the whims of a superstitious old man. He refused the challenge.

But one day when Asek had gone deer hunting, the father carried out his plan. He replenished the kitchen fire and placed both objects of veneration on top. The charms quickly flared up and burned to charred remnants; but the Bible refused to burn, much to the chagrin of the old man. Seeing that it would not burn, the old man's daughter poked it out of the fire and replaced it on the shelf. When Asek returned, he learned what had taken place. Quickly examining the Bible, he found it slightly smoked on one side but otherwise relatively undamaged. Even the discoloration soon disappeared.

Did the father become a Christian? No, he rebelled against his promise and still refused to believe. Then he fell sick. When all other means failed, he promised to become a Christian if God would heal him. The Lord evidently did not see fit to deal with him on those terms, and the old man died.

Asek still cherishes the Bible that would not burn. ★★★

Three Years Without a Son

By Curtiss Oliver

ANOTHER day is done. Now, while twilight turns into night, a weary father settles himself in an armchair. Taking a letter from an inner pocket, he slowly tears at one end of it. Though his eyes are focused on the grate, not one of the spent embers registers in his consciousness.

The penmanship is scrawling—so like his own that a smile steals over his tired face. Yes, and the military censors have done a good job; they always do, even on a sergeant's letter. Little cutouts here and there make the reading difficult. For three years he has, by these letters, traced his son's movements a third of the way around the world. Funny how the letters were never about the war, though, but always about the good times prior to Pearl Harbor.

Pulling the lamp a little closer, he reads each word with care. His lips move slightly, the barely audible words escaping unnoticed:

"We've sure had some odd experiences together, and lots of fun, too—like the time we were on a sort of raft out in the middle of Russell's Pond. Mom slipped over the side, and the water was only a little above her knees! Then we went back to chow, cooked on one of your homemade stoves. Arizona was quite the place, wasn't it?"

"Arizona," the old man muses. "Yes, it was quite a place. Quite a ways away, too. Over 3,000 miles. And my son is still 6,000 miles farther away. Will we ever be back together again?"

His eyes return to the brown paper with its purple ink; Sonny Boy always did like color. The father's finger and eyes find the place again. The low mumble, with ever so slight a movement of his lips, continues:

"Hope this war will soon be over so we can get back together again. . . ."

Half rising from the armchair, he falls upon his knees, his face distorted with emotion. His demanding eyes are piercing and dry. Holding the letter in his clenched fist, he repeats the same short prayer he has spoken so many times: "God, make it so."

"God! Make it so!" Tonight he *demands*. "After three years of separation from an only son," he argues with himself, "isn't a man entitled to demand just one thing?"

There is a long, long pause. The hard lines of his features relax. He raises his face heavenward, and, as the "peace that passeth understanding" flows into his heart, he whispers: "Not my will, but Thine be done. Amen." ★★★

H. M. LAMBERT



INTERPRETING IN THE LIGHT OF



★ The Omnipresence of Radioactivity

TO LIVE at all under the best circumstances is to live dangerously. In these awesome days dangers have arisen that are appalling in their extent and imminence. One of these is that of radioactivity.

The November, 1955, *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* is largely given to a discussion of radiation and genetics. It is not light reading, but it is exceedingly meaningful, and not a little frightening. It highlights one of the major concerns of men of science about atomic experiments and possible atomic warfare.

Geneticists are not concerned with the immediate damage to an individual by radiation, such as radiation burns, sickness, or death. They are concerned about the future effect of radiation upon the population through "mutations" caused by it. The word "mutation" covers a number of unpleasant possibilities—the birth of abnormal individuals, physical and mental, and those too weak to survive and live useful lives.

A report titled "How Radiation Changes the Genetic Constitution," by H. J. Muller, is included in this issue of *The Bulletin*. According to an editorial in the same issue, this report was prepared to be read at the Geneva Atomic Energy Conference, but at the last minute Dr. Muller was not allowed to read his paper. Various reasons have been given as to why this was done. According to *The Bulletin*, "The withdrawal was made necessary by the fact that Dr. Muller's paper contained references to the genetic effects of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki explosions, inadmissible at a conference devoted to 'peaceful uses' of atomic energy." Beyond this it may have been that those in charge considered that Dr. Muller's conclusions might be played up so as to be frightening to people already frightened enough.

Muller's report is highly technical,

but his concluding paragraph is significant: "The dangerous mistake should not be made of considering man as a species who would himself undergo a long-term benefit from the application of radiation to his germ plasm. His own reproductive material is his most invaluable, irretrievable possession. It is already subject to an amount of variation which, in relation to his present reproductive practices, borders on the excessive. Under these circumstances, man's first concern in dealing with radiation must be his own protection."

Other material in this issue of *The Bulletin* makes it plain that geneticists consider radiation from any source dangerous. Because mankind is being increasingly exposed to radiation, they look with grave doubts on such things as atomic tests and with horror on the possibility of an atomic war.

In an article in this same issue by Mogens Westergaard, entitled "Man's Responsibility to His Genetic Heritage," there are some significant statements that bear this out. "For many years a very small fraction of the population—the radiologists—has been subjected to a yearly dose of radiation which from a genetic point of view is not inconsiderable. However, this is such a small fraction of the total human population that it is very unlikely to affect its genetic structure. . . . A probably much more serious problem arises from the fact that 'radioactivity' has lately almost become a fashion. Already self-illuminating watches raise a problem, more perhaps for those who make them than for those who wear them; but sooner or later the watches are thrown away more or less carelessly, and then this radioactivity passes out of our control. The pilots who fly the modern airplane are subjected to a rather heavy dose (very close to the permissible dose) from the self-illuminating control-instruments, and again this applies to those who make these instruments. . . . Much worse are radioactive toys now manufactured on a

large scale for small children, and the sooner such toys are prohibited the better. . . . The soft X rays emitted from television screens cause great concern among radiologists, because we are here probably for the first time dealing with ionizing radiation to which very large groups of people, and especially children, are subjected for long periods. It is, however, doubtful whether such rays will penetrate the gonads. . . .

"Indeed the problem of protecting the world population against radioactivity in the atomic age is a tremendous one, even if we confine ourselves solely to the peaceful aspects of atomic energy. It is not surprising that the World Health Organization has recently given highest priority to this problem. One can only hope that it will give its utmost consideration to the genetic aspect of the problem, and will concern itself with protecting not only the soma but also the genes.

"But there are also the military aspects of atomic energy. Again, only the physicists and only those who have access to top secret, classified information may be able to evaluate this problem. It is, however, a fact that the hydrogen bombs which were exploded in 1954 (probably two in the Pacific and two in Siberia) resulted in an increase in radioactivity measurable in most parts of the Northern Hemisphere, and especially in Japan, where the rainwater became so radioactive that for a time it was undrinkable in certain regions. . . . In Denmark the radioactivity of rainwater (which is not used directly as drinking water) was increased by a factor of 2 to 3 and came close to the permissible dose. We do not know how much of this radiation may ultimately reach man's gonads. . . .

"Perhaps the most distressing aspect of the problem is that we do not know enough to form a sound evaluation of the damage, but that we do know enough to be deeply concerned about the problem."

THESE TIMES

BIBLE PROPHECY

By the Editor



On the subject of atomic tests an editorial in *The Bulletin* has this to say: "A small number of thermonuclear test explosions constitutes no serious danger for the human race as a whole. However, one must be aware that each such test means several thousand 'genetic deaths' at some future time—death of individuals rendered sick or feeble by unlucky inheritance of radiation-induced mutations. This toll must be measured against the importance of such tests for the protection of the free world."

It is to be hoped that this last paragraph will be read thoughtfully; its import will startle any serious individual.

Summing up the reports, we find that man now seems to be living in the presence of about as much radiation, in mechanized areas, as he can safely be exposed to. Even thermonuclear tests heighten the danger that he now lives in. An atomic war could "endanger seriously the genetic endowment of the whole human species."

How true it is that day by day we live in the hand of God. Only He can assure us of any degree of safety. Through our trust in Him, we find our only "place to hide."

★ A Royal Example

BY THE TIME this appears in print, many folks will have almost forgotten the romance between Princess Margaret Rose of England and Group Capt. Peter Townsend. Thoughtful people should remember it.

One of the penalties for being a member of a royal family is the fierce glare of publicity that shines upon one. The publicity may not be quite so constant or so glaring in England as it is in this country; nevertheless it is there. Conducting a romance in the light of such publicity is no easy thing to do with grace and dignity. For the fact that she did so, Princess Margaret deserves commendation.

Far more commendation is due her for the decision she made to renounce

the possibility of marriage in favor of the church and the throne. We cannot analyze her motives. They may have been quite selfish. Whatever they were, she did not allow her heart to run away with her judgment. And that is an example that the world needs.

It is not necessary to spend one's time listening to radio and television soap operas to gain the impression that romantic love is the only thing in all the world that matters. Conscience and duty play very secondary roles in the thinking of a great majority of people. It is, therefore, most refreshing to think of the example of the princess.

What she has done will add much to the luster of the royal family. Her example, it is hoped, will also influence the thinking of many young people who may not have so much to lose, materially, as she, but who, nevertheless, may be called upon to make a sacrifice for the sake of morality and duty.

It is the opinion of this editor that



RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

Carl Blumay, one-time sports writer, movie actor, and television announcer, of Los Angeles, is now a gospel song disc jockey. He broadcasts a half-hour daily program of hymns, spirituals, and gospel music over station KGER. He serves as a deacon of his church and is also a Sunday school teacher.

the Church of England deserves some commendation also. This is not to say that we need agree with the view that the church takes in regard to marriage and divorce. We do believe that the church should have an opinion and should abide by that opinion and have it solidified into rules, and that those rules should apply to king and commoner alike.

Many people seem to think that the church should bend according to *their opinions*. If the church does not do so, they seem to think that they should still have the right to belong to the church, although, in fact, they have really taken themselves out of its fellowship by diverging from it. It is a rather strange fact that people can belong to a club or a lodge without thinking that they should have liberty to change its rules when they do not agree with them, but feel that they should have that right in a church. If they are denied they start muttering about "religious freedom" or "dogmatism."

Religious freedom consists in having the right to join or not to join any particular church; whereas joining a church is really a declaration that one is willing to give up some of his freedom for the sake of an organization. To deny this by our actions is to seek to destroy the very organization to which we belong.

Any church is wise which recognizes the existence of absolutes in the realm of morals. God is a God of absolutes. It is because God believes in the absolute immutability of the moral law that Christ died on Calvary. Only through His death could that absolute be preserved and the sinner saved. Let us not trifle with that which God knows is so pre-eminently important.

It is good to live in a moral universe that has laws that are immutable. James expressed that goodness well: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." James 1:17. ★★★

SYNOPSIS: Charles McWilliams grew up in a frontier area. The son of a lay preacher, he homesteaded his own ranch, became a circus musician, and lived an ungodly life until God spoke to his heart and he was converted. He promised the Lord that he would witness for Him. Fulfilling this promise took him to jails, the penitentiary, city missions, and even to street corners to play his trumpet and preach the gospel. In his home church he was assigned the task of heading the annual drive for mission funds. He promised \$100 of his own money from a check that he had received, but the check proved worthless, and he did not know where to get the money to pay his pledge. At the very time he needed the money, a large oil company bought up a lease that he had taken on a widow's property to help her. He made a good profit on the lease and paid his pledge.

Part 4

Why I Left My Father's Church

IN RELATING my conversion I mentioned the fact that I had joined the church that I thought came the nearest to following the instruction given in the Bible. But I would help anywhere they were preaching Christ.

The question naturally arises: How did it come that, since your father was a minister, you left his church and joined another? You certainly had plenty of instruction in the tenets of faith of his church.

Certainly it wasn't because of any disrespect I had for my father or his conduct or for the church he represented. One thing I can remember that he impressed on my mind was that his church had no written creed, that the Bible and the Bible only was their standard of conduct. I accepted that as fundamental and still cling to it as essential, believing the Bible to be the only source of true doctrine in matters of religion.

My belief in the Bible and a chain of circumstances led me to do what I did. When I first went to normal college, before I became interested in the theory of evolution, I was very zealous in helping my father with his church work. He was getting old then, and I tried to help him by filling some of his appointments.

There was a queer sort of fellow who came into my father's parish and began to teach that people should go to church on Saturday instead of Sunday. It disturbed some of my father's flock. Since I was young and very zealous, I decided to go and show that fellow where he was wrong. I could at least set him

straight on which was the right day to keep.

True to my training, I went directly to my Bible to get the ammunition to fire at that old fellow who was disturbing my father's flock. I took down *Cruden's Concordance* and got a pencil and paper. I wanted to fill a page full of ammunition. I wanted scores of texts that I could read to him. I went at it with all the zeal of the young champion that I was.

I opened that big concordance, and—do you know?—I couldn't find a single text that said Sunday was the Sabbath! In fact I didn't find the word Sunday there at all. But I had noticed on the calendar that Sunday was the first day of the week, so I was sure I would find something with that kind of lead. Luke 24:1—that should be a good one and right in the Gospels. Opening my Bible, I read this verse and the one preceding it: "And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath day according to the commandment. Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices."

I thought a moment and said, "I guess that isn't what I want. Those followers of Christ were still keeping the Sabbath 'according to the commandment.'" All that I found in the Four Gospels was about this same occasion. I decided that the command to keep Sunday must have been recorded in the Acts or the Epistles—but there were only two references left. The first one was Acts 20:7: "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight."

There it was at last! I had found

just what I wanted. The disciples had started the custom of meeting on the first day of the week for the religious service of breaking bread. But when I examined the text a bit more closely, I saw that he preached till midnight. I decided that that meeting must have been on Saturday night, because the Jewish day was reckoned from sunset to sunset and the dark part of the day always came first. (See Genesis 1:5, 8, etc.) Our Sunday begins at midnight, so that meeting did not begin on what we would now call Sunday at all. Paul went on his journey next morning over to Assos, a distance of some nineteen miles. I thought it over a little while and decided that Paul was not a very good Sunday-keeper. I then tried the last text. It was 1 Corinthians 16:1, 2. "Now concerning the collection for the saints, . . . upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." That was no meeting at all. Jesus had said, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God." Matthew 6:33. Here the apostle was telling them the same thing: "You are to look after God's business as the first business of the week."

So far I hadn't done very well. I decided to work on the word "meeting." I found eighty-four meetings held on the Sabbath against one held on the first day. By the time I was through looking up evidence, I was thoroughly convinced that neither Christ nor any of His disciples did anything else but keep the Sabbath day according to the commandment.

I found a text that said John was in the Spirit on the Lord's day. But in all the Scriptures I couldn't find a single text that recognized any day as God's holy day but the seventh-day Sabbath.

"Ye Visited Me"

A Layman's Adventures for God

By Charles McWilliams

GIL EVANS

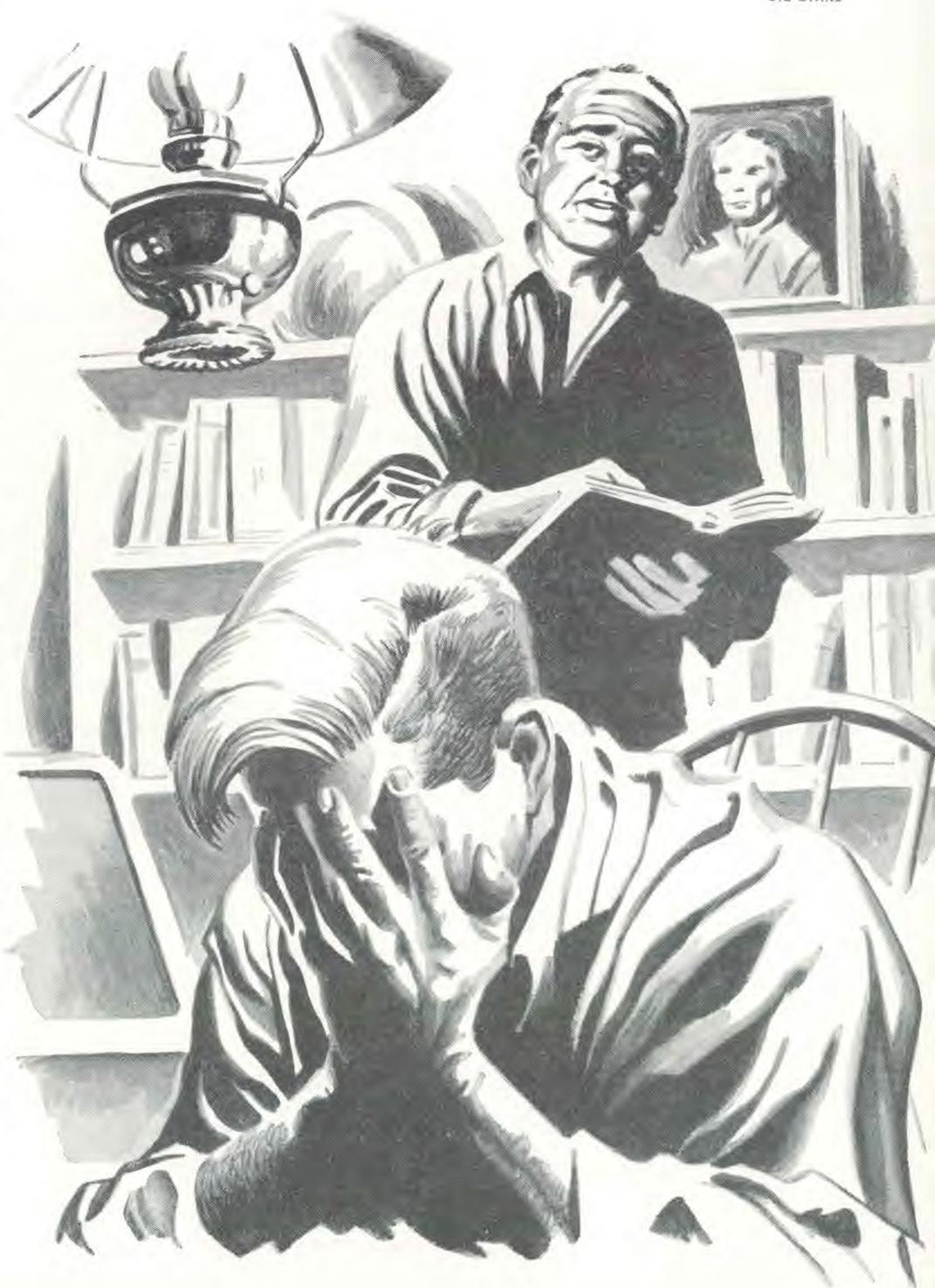
I had heard that the Sabbath was not for the Christian but for the Jew. I looked that up, and the record said, "The sabbath was made for man." Mark 2:27. Again I was disappointed. Why didn't it say "Jew" instead of "man"?

I tried to find if Jesus had not established the custom of meeting His disciples on Sunday. John 20:19 said, "Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."

The disciples were hiding there for fear of the Jews. Jesus came in to comfort them. It was the first day of the week. He couldn't have met with them any earlier, for it was the day on which He had arisen. Did He appoint a meeting for the next Sunday? The record doesn't say so. We read John 20:26: "And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas was with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you."

If the record had said, "After seven days," I could have thought it was a week; after eight days was just too much. I could not believe it was on Sunday; but even if it had been, there was no instruction given by Jesus to make any change in His law. And He had definitely said, "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matthew 5:18.

A bit crestfallen, I closed my Bible and walked over to my father's library. I decided to see what I could find about Sunday in history. I took down Neander's church history, and this is what



I read: "The festival of Sunday, like all other festivals, was always only a human ordinance, and it was far from the intentions of the apostles to establish a divine command in this respect, far from them, and from the early apostolic church, to transfer the laws of the Sabbath to Sunday. Perhaps, at the end of the second century a false application of this kind had begun to take place; for men appear by that time to have considered laboring on Sunday as a sin."

In my study of history I found that the early church, though pure in the beginning, on their onward march to conquer the pagan world baptized so many pagans who were not familiar with the teachings of Christ that the customs of the church became largely pagan. The pagans were sun worshippers, and it seems that the early church leaders thought that it would be easier to convert the day than it was to convert the people. So they took the pagan customs and gave them Christian names. On Sunday the pagans worshiped the sun. Since Christ arose on that day, to worship Him on Sunday made an easy change for the pagans. So Sunday worship came in gradually, but it had no sanction from Christ or any of His apostles. With all the reformation we have had, the church still clings to many of those pagan doctrines.

I never did get around to straighten that old man out. I guess he left town as misguided as ever. While I went to college, I remained quite a model young man. I didn't smoke or drink. I belonged to the town band. When we would serenade the business houses, as we often did, we would be treated to cigars. I would take mine and give it to a friend. We had many saloons in those days; when they treated, I didn't drink. I kept up those high standards till after I left college.

I tried to adjust my Bible to the theory of evolution. I was still worried somewhat about that text that said "the sabbath was made for man." But as I got deeper into evolution, I decided that if I came from an ape, maybe that text didn't mean me. I wasn't really a man after all, but just a superior monkey. And I think from that time on I kept getting a little more like one all the time. I supposed we had come up from some smaller forms of life and would someday reach a stage of perfection. Even the church taught that the world was getting better and better.

The actress on the billboard was one of my ideas of superdevelopment. The railroad president was another example

of getting to the top because of one's own superiority. So I planned on being a little superior myself. I still carried those ideas with me when I met a man who had been a Seventh-day Adventist, but who was on a "vacation." (I am afraid too many of us do that at times.) He was trying to make a fortune in a new country. Before long he was playing the tuba in my band.

My philosophy of life began to get some very heavy jolts. The band was invited to go on an excursion train to Eureka Springs, Arkansas. The president of the road had his own private car on the train, and we were invited

Following After

Tonight has found undone so many things

I visioned, but I could not bring to flower.

The day has held its burdens and its stings,

And now I come, for succor, to Thy power.

Oh, teach my eager human heart and mind

To *wait upon* Thy guidance; let me learn

To follow after, lest I leave behind,

In foolish pride, the Friend I least would spurn.

I cannot know the task my hands should choose

Before another, till Thy voice is heard; And surely I should be content to lose The stings of care by waiting on Thy Word.

I would follow after, Lord! Forgive, I pray,

And heal my deviations from the Way.

—*Mary B. Stevenson.*

to come in and play for him and what I thought was his wife. I said to myself, "I sure want to be good, so I can get to the top like that." Before long I learned that his wife was home taking care of the children.

In my musical career I had a chance to get behind the scenes and see some of those beautiful creatures of the billboards without their make-up. I was so shocked with what I was finding that I told my ex-Adventist friend that the church was all wrong; the world was not getting better.

At this my companion reached up on a shelf and pulled down a well-worn Bible and read, "But evil men and

seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." 2 Timothy 3:13. Every time I suffered a shock to my theories of world progress, he would open the Bible and further disillusion me. All these things stuck in my mind, although I had decided that I did not want to believe in the Bible.

When the season was half over, a new director came onto the show bringing a group of new musicians. Some of the old ones were let out. My friend was one of this group. When he bade me good-by, he said, "I am going back to my wife in Lincoln, Nebraska. If you ever get tired of this kind of life, come to me in Lincoln." He had shown me many an interesting prophecy of the Bible that had to do with our times. He showed me that the world would be crying "peace and safety" (1 Thessalonians 5:3), but at the same time preparing for war. He read it all from his Bible. He found the gigantic struggle between capital and labor predicted in James 5:1-8. Many other things he read to me that then were coming are now in the past.

This is the background of some of the circumstances that led me to connect with a people who have for many years consistently and correctly interpreted the prophecies of the Bible. I became a Seventh-day Adventist.

After I became an Adventist, I preached that we were headed for war, according to Joel 3:9-12. At that time when a man appeared on the streets of Lincoln in a soldier's uniform, the people would look at him with almost as much surprise as if they had seen a man from Mars. Now soldiers are much more numerous. We have fought two world wars since then—one to end all wars and another to make the world safe for democracy. And still we fight.

Jesus said, pointing to our time, "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Luke 21:26. Many men and women are in a terrible mental condition. Despite temporary relaxings of tensions between governments the chances of securing a peaceful settlement to the international situation seem to grow less and less with each passing year. The world has almost lost hope of peace.

In the midst of it all we can have peace. Jesus can still the troubled storm that is in any human heart. Won't you let Him come in and speak peace to your soul?

(*To be continued next month*)

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HAPPY HOMES



How to Make a Meal With Soup

A FEW MONTHS AGO I was traveling in the prairie province of Saskatchewan. It was in late October and the days were bright and sunny, but a definite frosty nip was in the air, which became more pronounced with the evening shadows. I have always been interested in unusual food, so was more than happy to accept a dinner invitation in a typical Ukrainian farm home.

We arrived at dusk, and a large round table was all laid. We would eat as soon as the men finished the milking. The delectable odors in the kitchen, through which we entered, made me hope they would hurry.

The entire meal was an adventure, but the first course was particularly memorable. The centerpiece was a huge china soup tureen with an equally generous-sized serving ladle! It was filled with steaming hot cream of vegetable soup with flavor secrets all its own. It was perfect proof of a well-tended summer garden and scrupulously cared-for dairy products. It was served with generous slices of homemade bread and country butter. I found myself wishing there would be nothing else save a second serving.

A soup can be a meal in itself—and a very healthful one, too. Vegetable soup may be made more nourishing by the addition of legumes, such as tiny navy beans, split peas, and lentils. Grain products add variety and nourishment too. Brown rice, barley, noodles, and macaroni add calories and extra flavor.

I make vegetable soup on shopping days. All the leftover bits of green pepper, carrots, broccoli, cauliflower, and tomatoes already on hand make a

start. When I prepare the freshly bought vegetables for storing, I add the trimmings, such as green onion tops, celery leaves, coarse green cabbage, and lettuce leaves to the above-mentioned start. All these combine to make delicious soup rich in vitamins A and C.

In soup-making, as in all cooking, variety adds interest. In a home in London where I stayed a number of weeks this summer, the housewife had just become the proud possessor of an electric liquidizer. She used it for many things, including some delicious vegetable soups. One especially good one contained a generous amount of fresh green spinach. The electric blender made it smooth and thick and very satisfying.

Try cooking the coarser trimmings from your fresh vegetables and drain off the broth. To this add potato water, butter or margarine, and a cup of noodles, macaroni, or rice. A clear light soup of this kind makes a good appetizer for a regular dinner.

Soup may be just as attractive as salad if a little imagination is used in its serving. For instance, if you are serving cream of potato soup, do not take it to the table looking pallid. With your kitchen shears mince chives, parsley, watercress, green onion tops, and peppers, and use these to sprinkle lightly on top for that touch of color.

Or add a teaspoon of green frozen peas to each dish of potato soup. A dash of paprika and a tiny sprig of parsley will make plain potato soup into something special.

From Italy my husband brought home a new idea for cream of mushroom soup. Just before serving, the

chef had placed a spoonful of hot tomato paste in the center of the bowl of soup, which left a pretty red swirl. This lifted the bowl of soup from the ordinary in appearance and taste.

When you have made angel food cake and are wondering how to use all the yolks without making a gold cake, remember that they make excellent thickening for some soups such as split pea, barley, potato, and mushroom. The yolks may be whipped foamy and stirred into the boiling soup with a wire whisk, or they may be boiled and pressed through a wire sieve to be used either in or on top of the soup.

Soups just seem to call for some kind of accompaniment. Do not always think of soda crackers. There are many different kinds of crackers now, and many are made of whole grain. I like to take a relish dish or sectioned candy dish and fill each compartment with something different. For this I use Fritos, corn curls, potato chips, and even buttered popcorn.

Soup accompaniments offer wonderful opportunities to use up leftover rolls or bread or buns. Cut the bread in sticks or cubes, butter lightly, and roll in grated cheese. Toast in slow oven. Grated almonds or other nuts may be substituted for the cheese. Some soups are especially good with buttered toast. Try toasted pumpernickel bread with bland soups. It's delicious!

Since many American women work, canned soups are staples on the pantry shelf in most homes. Many are hard to improve, but some combinations are really delicious. We like to combine celery, mushroom, and asparagus soups and serve it as sauce for bowls of steaming, buttered rice.

To relieve canned vegetable soup of its "canned" taste, put two tablespoons of butter or margarine in the kettle you intend to warm the soup in. Place a large slice of onion in the melted butter and simmer slowly for a few minutes before adding the soup.

Just the slightest hint of sage in mushroom soup, with miniature parsley dumplings added, makes it a dish worthy of your most important party.

And speaking of dumplings, I suggest adding cheese dumplings to clear tomato soup for a supper treat.

Do not get the onion habit when making soup. Onions are very useful, but we miss a lot by putting them in everything. Some vegetables with less-pronounced flavors, such as golden sweet corn or salsify, make wonderful soup by adding top milk and salt. Thicken to suit your taste. ★★★



Why Did He Have to Die?

The Court Was in Error; Still the Prisoner Was Willing to Die

By L. W. Pettis

THE COURTROOM was crowded. The witnesses lied. The jury, believing their story, rejected the truthful account given by the defendant. With inhuman disregard of his rights they rushed through their deliberations to a verdict that chilled the impartial spectators and condemned an innocent man to death.

Where did such a shocking thing happen—in lands of despotism and dictatorship? It was here in America—in the twentieth century!

Why? It was all a tragic mistake, a perversion of justice; it should never have happened!

A sadder trial and a more important one is recorded in history. In a Roman court in Jerusalem Jesus of Nazareth was condemned to die. Why?

Was the death of Jesus also a ghastly mistake?

The highest legal authority of the land knew that Jesus was innocent of any crime. Before the multitude Pilate publicly proclaimed this innocence:

“I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man; . . . I have found no cause of death in him.” Luke 23:14, 22.

Then why did Jesus die? Why was He, in His spotless purity and inno-

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cence, treated like a low criminal? What a spectacle for men and angels—the purest man in the world dying like the vilest sinner! Who was to blame?

For their part in this most inexcusable of all executions, Judas and Pilate are today held in contempt and detestation. No other names cause such a feeling of revulsion. But does the conniving of Judas, the cowardice of Pilate, explain why Jesus had to die? Only partly.

Was it the smoldering hatred, the raging jealousy of the priests that put to death the purest man of the ages? Only partly; we must look farther.

Was there an ultrahuman mastermind at work, leading these deluded men in their unreasoning death plot? Scripture tells us just enough to show that the machinations which culminated in Calvary were inspired by the archenemy of God and man. "Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve. And he went his way and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them." Luke 22:3, 4. "The devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him." John 13:2.

Was it Satan's desire that Jesus should die? Certainly the prince of evil goaded men on in their bestial treatment of the Prince of life. But did he really plan for Christ's death? Did Satan feel that his goal was reached when the Saviour bowed His head and died?

The Scriptural assertion is that the devil most desperately wanted Jesus to suffer, but *not* to die!

Early in His ministry Jesus foretold His death. (Matthew 16:21.) In a burst of misguided sympathy Peter exclaimed, "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Verse 22. Far from finding comfort in this protest, the Saviour turned on Peter with a severe rebuke: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Verse 23.

Why did Jesus address Peter as "Satan"? Ah, He knew where Peter's words suggesting that Christ sidestep the cross originated. He knew that Satan was using this human mouthpiece in a cunning attempt to divert Him from Calvary.

Satan was doing everything possible to prevent Christ from dying. He inspired men to cruelty and torture in the hope that Jesus would shrink from the suffering and refuse to die. He caused men to taunt Christ with unmeant promises to believe and accept

Him if only He would come down from the cross.

Satan knew well the consequences of the Christ's death. He had heard the Saviour declare prophetically, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32.

He knew that Christ's death would tear away the mask he had worn through the centuries and expose him before the universe as a monster and a deceiver. He knew that the moment of death would bring Jesus His greatest triumph. No wonder he opposed that redeeming death with all his cunning power!

We come reverently to the fundamental reason why Jesus died. His death was not a mistake. It was part of a wonderful plan. "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." Acts 2:23. (See also Matthew 16:21; Luke 22:22; 24:25, 26, 46.)

Consider the wisdom and the beauty of this plan!

We must seek to understand the problem of Adam's disobedience. God calls it sin and declares that because of his sin Adam came under sentence of death. (Romans 5:12.) God says further that sin is the transgression of His law. (1 John 3:4.) Had there been no law, Adam would not have been charged with sin. (Romans 5:13.) But Adam was both charged with sin and condemned to death because of it. The careful student will see at once that Adam transgressed a divine law.

When Adam stood before his Maker as a lawbreaker guilty of death, there were three possible courses open before God:

First, He could have destroyed Adam and Eve; they deserved death. But God does not enjoy destruction; salvation is His pleasure. He would much rather spare Adam than obliterate him.

Second, in His eagerness to save Adam, God could have repealed His law. He could have reasoned, "I was expecting too much of a mere man. Now I see that no man can obey My law; so the merciful thing to do is to pass by this incident and withdraw the law. It is too hard a requirement." Human governments have done this, as the United States did when the 18th Amendment (Prohibition) was repealed in 1933. But there are sound reasons why God could not discard His law.

God's law is higher than any human enactments. It is an expression of His

own character. Every attribute of our heavenly Father is also a characteristic of His law, as we would naturally expect. God declares that His law is perfect (Psalm 19:7); the truth (Psalm 119:142); righteousness (Psalm 119:172); holy, just, and good (Romans 7:12); and spiritual (Romans 7:14). Therefore, since God's law is as sacred as He Himself is, He could not destroy it without destroying His own character.

How then could He spare Adam and yet not diminish in the least the sacredness and the authority of His law? Only divine love could find the answer.

Attempting to break his people of horse-stealing, a chief decreed thirty lashes for the next offender. Soon his counselor informed him, "We have caught a thief red-handed."

"Very well, carry out the sentence. Bind the thief to the post and lay on the thirty lashes."

The counselor hesitated, then replied with reluctance, "But the thief is . . . your mother."

His mother! All eyes were upon him. Should he denounce his own decree and save his old mother? What an issue! His voice rang out, "The law must be kept. Lay on the lashes!"

His poor mother fainted as the first lashes bit into her flesh. The chief ordered his men to free her; then he stepped to the post. "Tie me up and carry out the sentence." He took the punishment that the law demanded. He found a way to honor the law, and yet be merciful to his mother. His tribe honored him as a wise and good chief.

Jesus demonstrated a more wonderful plan. He spared Adam, freeing him from the death he deserved; and yet Jesus did nothing to weaken the authority of the divine law. He, the One without sin, offered to die in sinful man's place. Oh, the wonders of redeeming love!

Why did Jesus have to die? There was no other way for God to show the mercy He delights in and at the same time uphold His sacred law before the universe as His unchanged and unchanging way of life. Had there been some other way, Jesus need not have died. His death proves for all time the regard God feels for His law. It is for this reason that Paul writes, "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law." Romans 3:31.

Let us thank God for the atoning death. Let us feel the same sacred regard for God's law that He Himself feels. ★★★

Part 1

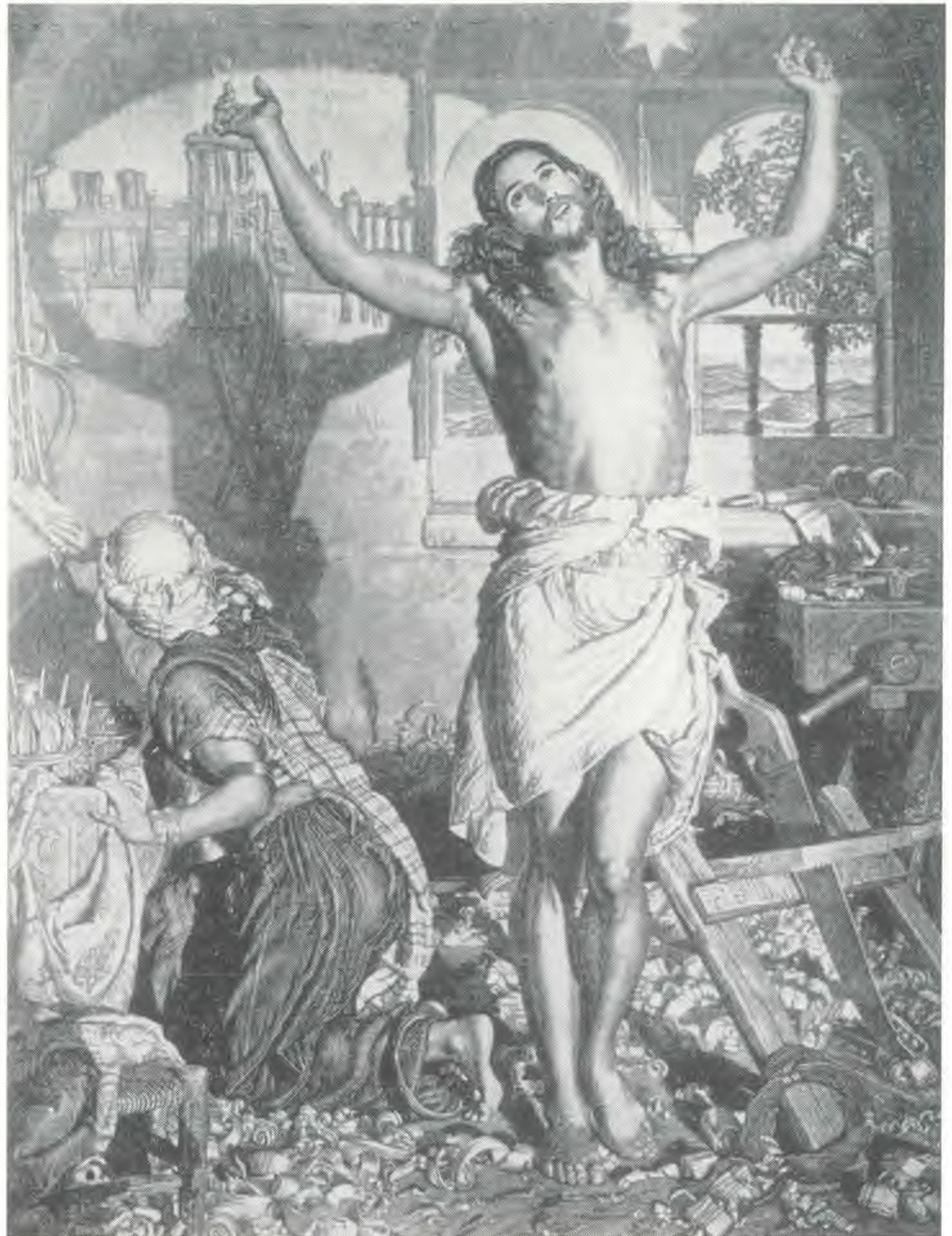
The Incarnate God

WHEN it is said that the Son of God became incarnate, what is meant is that God's Son became the Son of man, taking to Himself human nature. In order to accomplish His mission in the world, the salvation of men, it was necessary that He be something more than divine. He must also be human.

Many wild and dangerous opinions have been held respecting Christ's human nature, one of which was discussed in last month's article. These opinions, however, do not now need to be formally refuted. The establishment of the true teaching about Christ's human nature will be sufficient to disclose every error.

Christ was both divine and human. The blending of these two natures was not the result of the human seeking to be united to the divine. That would have been presumptuous aspiration. No, rather the Godhead sought union with the man. That was infinite love and condescension.

Christ's human nature never existed



W. HOLMAN HUNT, ARTIST

JESUS, the VIR

His Humanity Was Essential to Our Salvation

separately, apart from union with divinity. From His conception this union was complete. The pre-existent divine nature took to itself human nature. Christ's human nature never had a personal existence by itself. Consequently, Christ did not assume a *human person*. He assumed *human nature*.

Such things as are done in either nature are ascribed to the one Person,

Jesus Christ. The properties of each nature are, and will continue to be, entire and distinct. Divinity cannot be subject to any change. Humanity cannot cease to be humanity—cannot become divinity. The Creator cannot cease to be Creator. The creature cannot cease to be a creature.

Christ's person is one, not two. When He spoke of Himself, He said, *I*,

Mine, Me. When His apostles referred to Him, they said, *He, His, Him.* When we address Him, we say, *Thou, Thine, Thee.*

Moreover the Bible uses singular nouns respecting Him. He is called Prophet, King, Priest, Shepherd, Redeemer, and Saviour. The union of His two natures could not be more perfect. It is personal, perpetual, indissoluble.

The Scriptures declare that Christ was "made of a woman." Human beings have come into this world in three ways. The first man—the very fountain of human nature—had neither father nor mother. Neither man nor woman was the instrument or agent or channel of his existence.

The first woman had neither father nor mother. Nevertheless she derived her nature from Adam.

Since the first pair, every mere man has had both father and mother. And all these have had human nature entire.

But Jesus Christ had a human mother, but no father according to the flesh. In His divine nature He had a Father only. He was made of a woman.

In order to be our Saviour Christ had to have a human nature. So His incarnation was wholly fitting and necessary.

It was fitting that the nature which had brought our ruin should be one with the nature which should bring our deliverance, that the nature which had sinned should be one with the nature which should make reparation for our sins. And this earth—which is the abode of men, not of God or of angels—was the suitable and wholly proper theater for the display of the grace and

under the law as a rule of life, setting us an example in all things, He must do it in a finite nature. And as His mission was to us, He could do this most fitly in our nature, the nature of those He came to redeem.

Besides, Divinity cannot die. But by His incarnation Jesus was made "lower than the angels for the suffering of death." (Hebrews 2:9.)

He even obeyed the laws of religious rites under which He lived. In His infancy He was circumcised. In His manhood He was baptized. He perfectly, personally, and perpetually kept the whole moral law. He never sinned once, even by omission. And He freely placed Himself, and lived and died, under the curse of the very law which He perfectly obeyed during His whole life.

The efficacy of the death of Jesus depended on His dying in the place of sinners, who were under the curse of the law. If He did not take that curse upon Himself and bear it for us, we shall surely be obliged to bear it ourselves.

The ancient prophecies of the Word of God foresaw and foretold that Christ would assume human nature. They said He would be of "the seed of Abraham" and of "the seed of David." (Genesis 12:3, 7; 17:7, 8; Galatians 3:16; 2 Samuel 7:12; John 7:42; Acts 13:23; Romans 1:3; 2 Timothy 2:8.)

Other predictions declared that He should have a body (Psalm 40:6; Hebrews 10:5); that He should hang upon His mother's breasts (Psalm 22:9); and that His body should be dead (Isaiah 26:19).

Still more clearly, the very first gos-

It follows that if Christ had not had a human nature from His mother alone, the Scriptures would not have been fulfilled. The prediction of Daniel was that He would be the "Son of man." (Daniel 7:13.)

The predictions referred to have been fulfilled. The whole record of our Lord on earth proves it. God has "sent forth his Son, made of a woman." In the New Testament He is often called a "man." In the gospels alone He is more than seventy times called the "Son of man." More than sixty times He gives this name to Himself.

The year of His ascension Stephen saw Him glorified and called Him "Son of man." Sixty years later John did the same. The gospel of Matthew is styled "the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham." John says, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." John 1:14. Paul says, "He took on him the seed of Abraham." Hebrews 2:16. John explicitly says that by three senses—hearing, sight, and touch—he and the other apostles had satisfied themselves of His incarnation. (1 John 1:1-3.)

All that is necessary to constitute human nature entire, Jesus Christ had. He said, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Luke 24:39.

Christ had a soul. He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death." Mark 14:34. He had a spirit. "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit." Luke 10:21. He had a will. "Father, . . . not as I will, but as thou wilt." Matthew 26:39.

Jesus had the affections of a man. He rejoiced. (Luke 10:21.) He wept. (John 11:35.) He was grieved. (Mark 3:5.) He had hopes. (Psalm 22:9.) He had natural affection. We are told that He loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus and John and the rich young ruler.

In some passages His soul and body are mentioned together. "The child [Jesus] grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom." Luke 2:40. He performed bodily acts. He walked, rode, ate, drank, sailed, slept, and rested.

Jesus had the general infirmities of human nature. He hungered. (Matthew 4:2.) He thirsted. (John 19:28.) He was wearied. (John 4:6.) He was greatly pained. (Luke 12:50.) He was tempted. (Hebrews 4:15.) He endured unparalleled agony. (Luke 22:44.) He died, as all admit.

Truly He was both God and man, the divine-human Saviour. ★★★

GIN'S SON

By **Carlyle B. Haynes**

mercy and justice and power manifested in the life and ministry and death of the God-man, Jesus Christ.

Christ was "made under the law." As to His divine nature it could scarcely be said He was *under* the law. He was the Lawgiver. He was God. God does not live and act under rules made for the government of creatures.

If the Saviour of men was to live

pel ever preached, as far back as Eden, foretold that Christ should have a human nature, and that derived from His mother. "Her seed . . . shall bruise thy [Satan's] head." Genesis 3:15. Later the evangelical Old Testament prophet prophesied, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel [God with us]." Isaiah 7:14.



LET'S ASK THE

Doctor

The answers to health questions are supplied to the readers of THESE TIMES by J. Wesley Osborne, M.D. Address your queries to him in care of this magazine.

Magazines, newspapers, radio, and television are full of advice to the overweight on how to take off ugly fat. I wonder if someone may sometime put forth a few suggestions to the thin. Is there no wonder drug or sensible cure for those whose bodies just don't seem to utilize fat?—P.A.

You state that you are twenty-eight years of age, are five feet three and one-half inches tall and weigh just 100 pounds. You are right, this is underweight. According to the life insurance tables the ideal weight for an adult is approximately two pounds for every inch in height plus or minus a variation of ten pounds. People live longer and enjoy better health by staying within this ideal range. Much of a variation interferes with the proper function of the body.

It is my firm opinion that it is not impossible to either gain or lose weight. It is absolutely possible to weigh what you desire by controlling the intake of calories.

Calories are what determine weight—not the quantity of food eaten. The three types of foods that contain calories are: proteins, found largely in eggs, milk, legumes, and meat; the carbohydrates, including the starches and the sweets; and the fats.

You stated in your letter that concentrated sweets give you indigestion and most of the fats cause a skin eruption. If you have a true intolerance to concentrated sweets and fats, it is still possible for you to gain weight by depending on starchy foods for the added calories that you need. By increasing the amount of bread, potatoes, and cereal in your daily diet, you can soon increase your weight to the desired level.

When persons become overweight, it is not from eating one or two large meals. It is simply because day by day they are taking in a few more calories than their bodies need for that day's activities, and these extra calories are stored in the form of fat. But when a

person loses weight, he invariably takes in a few less calories than he needs and so the body's store of fat is depleted to make up the necessary calories for that day's activities. Keeping these facts in mind, you can readily see that gaining weight is a simple matter of taking a few more calories than you need for your daily living.

My suggestion to you is that you add to what you are now eating at least four slices of bread at every meal—breakfast, dinner, and supper; that you have at least two servings of cereal a day; potatoes at least twice a day, either sweet or Irish; and that you do this consistently day in and day out. You will be surprised at what your scales will tell you at the end of one month of this diet.

Can soybeans in any form take the place of eggs?—E.A.C.

Eggs are a complete food for the little chick before it is hatched. The blood is made from the yolk, which has a high iron content, while the bones, feathers, and muscles are largely made from the white of the egg. Soybeans are an excellent form of protein and may be used in a variety of ways, including milk made from soybeans. Babies fed soybean milk at Ohio University showed a one-half inch taller growth at the end of the year and a slightly higher hemoglobin count, though they weighed a little less. This would not necessarily be a disadvantage, for many babies slightly tend to be overweight. If in addition to soybeans the diet includes whole-grain cereals, green and yellow vegetables both cooked and fresh as salads, there should be little difficulty in making up the lack of eggs. Many persons seldom eat an egg and yet maintain excellent health. Good forms of protein are found in all legumes, including soybeans, mixed grains, and nuts. Cottage cheese is a good protein.

Recent research work done at the federal experiment station at East Lan-

sing, Michigan, has shown what might seem to be a rather alarming situation regarding fowl and their eggs. Dr. Eugene F. Oakberg of this station, in an article for *Poultry Science*, May, 1950, says: "The conclusions drawn must consider the possibility that all chickens show the basic microscopic lesions of lymphomatosis. This is in agreement with the statement of Pappenheimer et al. (1926) that lymphomatosis exists in a masked form in most if not all chickens." This disease, commonly called lymphomatosis, is definitely asserted to be a form of cancer and has been proved to be transmitted through the egg as well as from fowl to fowl. In the light of this recent research there are some who question the safety of using eggs, and are finding other foods which may replace them. Thorough cooking would seem to diminish the danger from eggs. The relation between fowl and human cancer has as yet not been established by scientific research.

I am forty years old and have been afflicted with hay fever and bronchial asthma for the past twenty-eight years. The season starts around the twenty-fifth of May, lasting until fall. To date I have tried scratch tests to determine the cause, preseasonal injections for three years, a submucous resection on my nose, and I have also had my nose cauterized. Would you advise me what to do especially when I get the bronchial asthma attacks?—S.E.R.

I am sorry to say that up to date we do not have any perfectly satisfactory method for treating any of the allergic diseases. You have had good treatment in the past. Each method of treatment that you mentioned in your letter has given some degree of success in treating these diseases. Unfortunately your case has been one of the few which has failed to respond to these types of therapy.

Judging by the season of the year when you are bothered with these attacks, it is safe to assume that you

have a pollen sensitivity. If you could ascertain which of the pollens it is that you are sensitive to, you should have a fair degree of relief by taking desensitization shots consisting of those pollens. It is true that a scratch test may be of some help in determining which of the pollens you are sensitive to; however, scratch tests are not always reliable because they may indicate a sensitivity to one pollen which your respiratory tract can tolerate very well and they may fail to show sensitivity to another pollen to which the respiratory tract responds very violently. The reason for this is that the skin does not always react in the same way as the respiratory tract.

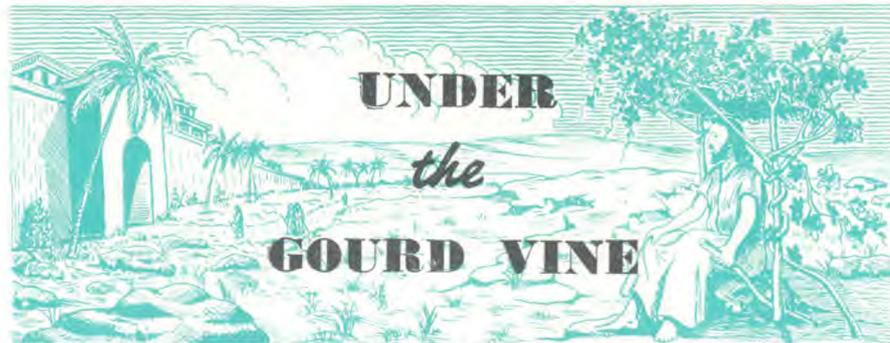
There is no quick and easy method of diagnosing the exact cause of these allergic disorders; it is necessary to place yourself in the hands of a good doctor who specializes in these diseases, and give him time to control your case.

Finding the exact desensitizing agent in each case involves work resembling that of a detective. There is much trial and error that must go on before it can be solved. There is even some evidence that the sensitizing agent, or the substance that you are allergic to, is not the real cause of the disease, but is only the trigger mechanism and that the underlying disease itself is due to the stress and strain of modern living.

It is a very common experience to see an allergic disorder become much worse during a period of emotional crisis or nervous strain, and to see long periods of freedom from allergic manifestations when life is running smoothly. For this reason anything that will improve your general health is beneficial. It is also helpful to develop a calm, philosophical frame of mind. Trust in God helps excellently to produce this state of mind.

In reference to the treatment of acute attack, one of the handiest things for a bronchial asthma patient to have is a little hand spray that uses a solution of adrenaline. This can be carried on one's person at all times, and at the first sign of attack a few inhalations of the adrenaline spray will usually free the air passages by relaxing the bronchial spasm, so that it is possible to breathe normally again.

To control the hay fever it is common practice to administer long acting antihistamine during the time when this condition is most troublesome. Let me emphasize again that while no cure is available for these allergic disorders, much can be done to reduce frequency and severity of attacks. ★★★



Do You Live in the Desert?

“Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;
and quicken thou me in thy way.” Psalm 119:37.

ONE OF the delightful things about the King James Version of the Bible is the fact that there one finds many words used in their original meaning. This meaning in many instances is more striking and richer than their present meaning.

Vanity as used in the above text is one of those words. Today we use the word to mean “pride of appearance.” Used as it is here, it means something very different. Its Middle English meaning is “empty, idle, useless, unprofitable, futile, devoid of worth, fatuous.”

Now let us take a look at the quotation from the psalm above. “Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.” There goes a good deal of the television business! Just like that. There is much overt evil on the television screen—positive evil in the portrayal of crime, lust, nudity, irreverence, and the like—but if all these things were removed, most of what remained would still be vanity.

The great American desert has moved into the American living room, and the most barren part of the desert is the wasteland of the television screen—“useless, unprofitable, futile, fatuous!” Actually to call it a desert is a libel on the countryside so designated by geographers, for what we call “the desert” is actually teeming with life of many kinds, and to a discerning eye can be surpassingly beautiful.

If you have never seen an aching void in technicolor, you will shortly—when color TV hits your screen. Then you can spend more money to see still less in more colors.

There is another fine Middle English word in this text: *quicken*. Its original meaning is “to make alive, to animate,” and it is used in this text in exactly that meaning as an opposite or contrast to the first part of the sentence.

Life, as spoken of in the Bible, is a priceless heritage to be *used*. Christ said that He came so that we could have life abundantly. Many of the evil things in the world tend to rob us of the capacity to live up to our capacity, and therein lies much of their evil.

No one who spends his hours beholding vanity can be truly said to be living. With so much truly good music to listen to, so many great books to be read, so much that is worth while crying to be done—what a pity to spend our time beholding vanity!

No, this is not to say that it is a sin to own a television set or to use one. But the poor, mentally bankrupt individual who spends hours of every day slouched in an easy chair with his gaze fixed in a mesmeric stare at the flickering screen before him is spending almost all his time in fatuity.

“Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.” ★★★



NO MORE WORLD KINGDOMS?

One of the great prophecies of the Bible makes it plain that man will never rule another world-dominating kingdom.

By W. H. Branson

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES differ from the so-called sacred writings of the heathen religious systems in that they foretell future events.

The Bible abounds in prophetic utterances in which history has been outlined in advance, and the fact that these utterances have been fulfilled constitutes one of the strongest proofs of the inspiration of the Scriptures. In fact the true God appeals to this fact as evidence that He is greater than the gods of the heathen. He declares:

"I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." Isaiah 46:9, 10.

In the second chapter of the Book of Daniel is recorded one of many instances in which God has thus portrayed the future and, in fact, has outlined the entire history of the world in advance. The minute fulfillment of this great line of prophecy constitutes one of the most profound evidences that there is a God and that the Bible is inspired by Him. It is not a man-made book.

Through the providences of God, Daniel, among other captives from Jerusalem, was taken to Babylon and selected to stand before the king. Thus the way was fully prepared for him to deliver God's message to Nebuchadnezzar and through him to the entire heathen world. Therefore, God seized this opportunity and gave the mighty

Nebuchadnezzar a dream which he was not able to recall after he awoke. Nebuchadnezzar sought the aid of the wise men of Babylon, who professed to have access to sources of information not available to ordinary men. When the wise men came before the king, the following dialogue took place:

"And the king said unto them, I have dreamed a dream, and my spirit was troubled to know the dream. Then spake the Chaldeans to the king in Syriack, O king, live forever: tell thy servants the dream, and we will shew

More than once the rulers of the nations have thought that they could bring the continent of Europe under the sway of one nation.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



the interpretation. The king answered and said to the Chaldeans, The thing is gone from me: if ye will not make known unto me the dream, with the interpretation thereof, ye shall be cut in pieces, and your houses shall be made a dunghill. But if ye shew the dream, and the interpretation thereof, ye shall receive of me gifts and rewards and great honour: therefore shew me the dream, and the interpretation thereof. They answered again and said, Let the king tell his servants the dream, and we will shew the interpretation of it. The king answered and said, I know of certainty that ye would gain the time, because ye see the thing is gone from me.

But if ye will not make known unto me the dream, there is but one decree for you: for ye have prepared lying and corrupt words to speak before me, till the time be changed: therefore tell me the dream, and I shall know that ye can shew me the interpretation thereof. The Chaldeans answered before the king, and said, There is not a man upon the earth that can shew the king's matter: therefore there is no king, lord, nor ruler, that asked such things at any magician, or astrologer, or Chaldean. And it is a rare thing that the king requireth, and there is none other that can shew it before the king, except the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh." Daniel 2:3-11.

In the failure of the wise men to reveal either the substance of his dream or the interpretation thereof, it was demonstrated that the key to the secret which they tried to unlock was not in the hands of men. When Daniel was finally called in before the king, he definitely stated that it was impossible for the wise men, astrologers, and soothsayers to reveal this secret; but he added that there is a God in heaven who revealeth secrets and who was endeavoring through this dream to make known to King Nebuchadnezzar what should come to pass in the latter days. (Daniel 2:27, 28.)

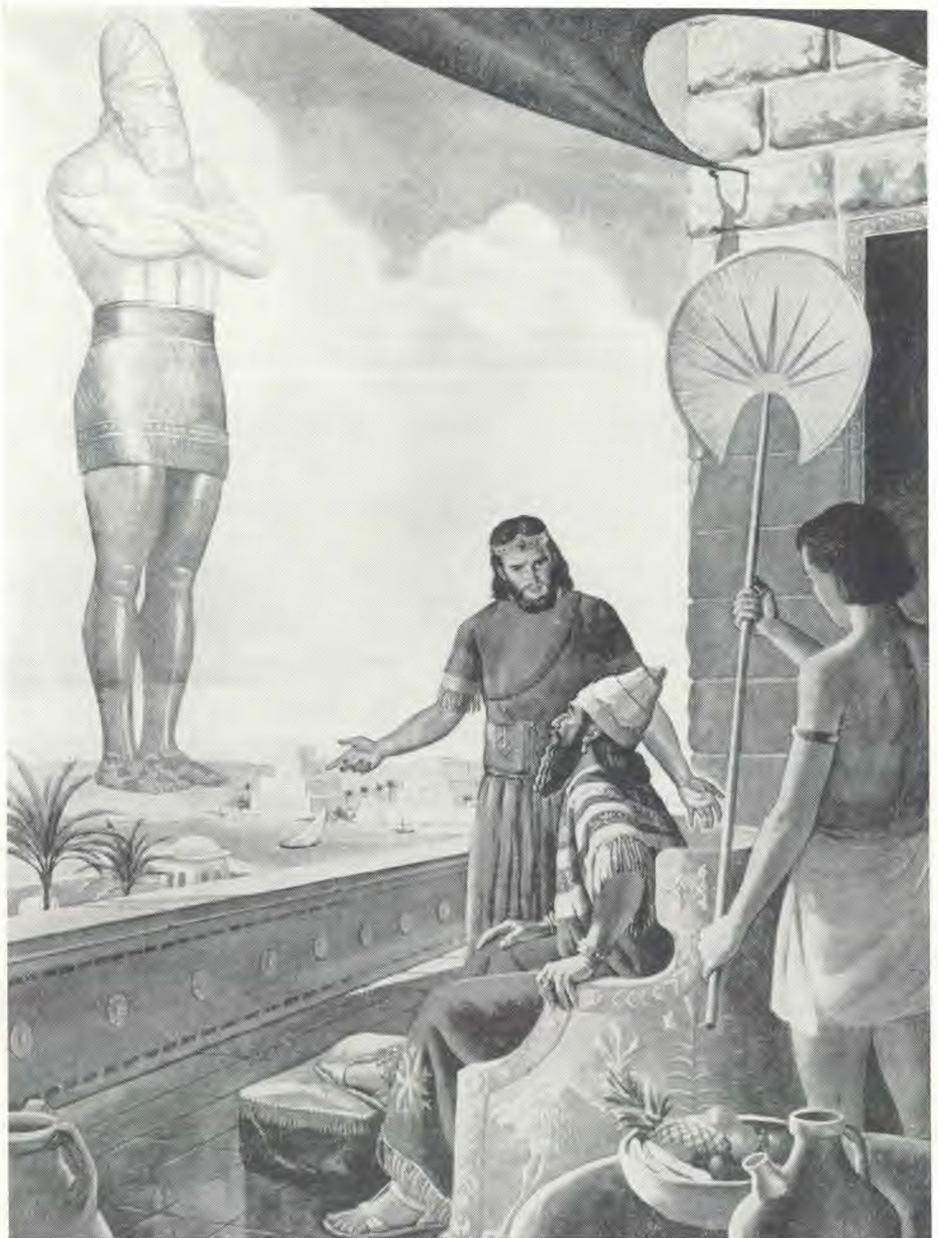
The record states that the dream was revealed to Daniel in a night vision and that God made known to him the meaning of the dream. Though he was a captive in Babylon, yet Daniel, as he stood before this powerful king, recog-

War trials involving the leaders of Nazi Germany emphasized the catastrophe into which that ill-fated country was led by its masters.

AUTHENTICATED NEWS



THESE TIMES, FEBRUARY, 1956



ROBERT T. AYERS

Daniel, the young prophet of God, was the only one in all Babylon who could reveal to Nebuchadnezzar the meaning of the dream in which God had delineated the future of the world. The gold head of the great image Nebuchadnezzar saw represented the country of Babylon.

nized himself to be the messenger of God. Fearlessly he related the dream which God had revealed both to himself and to the king:

"Thou, O king, art a king of kings: for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory. And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath he given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art this head of gold." Daniel 2:37, 38.

Since the successful revolt against the king of Assyria about twenty years before, the events transpired which are recorded here. The kingdom of Babylon had grown in power until now it was the most powerful kingdom in the

world. It was represented by the head of gold upon this image. The use of gold to represent Babylon is in harmony with the statements made more than a century before this time by Isaiah, who called Babylon "the golden city." (Isaiah 14:4.) Nebuchadnezzar, as king of this wonderful monarchy, had been thinking about the future—as the record tells us—especially about the future of his kingdom. He was wondering whether this great Babylon which he had built would stand forever. He had no doubt expected that it would, since he had succeeded in building a world power that now practically dominated all other nations; but the captive prophet did not fail to declare to the king that his power was given him by

the God of heaven and that in the future this same power would be given to other men. In short, he declared to Nebuchadnezzar that Babylon would fall and that other kingdoms would rise in succession, one after the other. His exact words are:

"Thou, O king, art a king of kings: for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory." Daniel 2:37.

It is among the simple facts of history that the two kingdoms which successively followed Babylon were Medo-Persia and Greece. Medo-Persia was inferior to Babylon just as silver is inferior to gold; and this decadence continued when Grecia came upon the stage of action. Perhaps this was manifested not so much in the power attained by these respective kingdoms as in the character of their rulers and subjects. But Grecia was not to be the last of the world's empires. There was to be still another, represented by the iron legs of the image. Said the prophet Daniel:

"And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron: forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things; and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise." Daniel 2:40.

This prediction of a fourth kingdom met a complete fulfillment in the rise and decline of the Roman Empire. The historian Gibbon, speaking of Rome, says: "The images of gold, or silver, or brass, that might serve to represent the nations and their kings, were successively broken by the *iron* monarchy of Rome." The extent of its power is also described in the language of Gibbon: "There was not an inch of ground then known exempt from its sceptre. The modern tyrant who should find no resistance in his own breast, or in his people, would soon experience a gentle restraint from the example of his equals, the dread of censure, the apprehension of enemies. The object of his displeasure escaping the narrow limits of his dominion would easily obtain, in a happier climate, a secure refuge, freedom of complaint, and, perhaps, means of revenge. But the empire of the Romans filled the world, and when that empire fell into the hands of a single person, the world became a safe and dreary prison for his enemies. To resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly. On every side he was encompassed with a vast extent of sea and land, which he could never hope to traverse, without being discovered, seized, and restored to his irritated

master. Beyond the frontiers, he could discover nothing except the ocean, inhospitable deserts, and hostile tribes of fierce barbarians."

Thus Rome devoured and broke in pieces all the kingdoms which opposed it. But this was not to continue forever, for the prophet declared that the kingdom should be divided. This division is represented by the ten toes of the image; and true to the prophetic prediction, Rome finally declined, and her division into ten kingdoms was completed A.D. 476. Several of these original kingdoms survive today in the modern nations of Europe.

"And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men: but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay." Daniel 2:43.

This verse clearly indicates that an effort would be put forth to reunite the broken fragments of the Roman Empire; but the impossibility of success in this effort is indicated by the miry clay which was mixed with the iron. The rulers were to resort to intermarriage: "They shall mingle themselves with the seed of men." But even this effort failed to reunite the kingdoms under one head again. Charlemagne, Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon, the German Kaiser, and, more recently, Adolph Hitler have all tried to reunite these kingdoms, but their efforts have signally failed. The strength of the iron has gone. Today no single nation is in a position to gain control of all the other nations by conquest as was done in the past.

The ruins of ancient Rome, which the traveler sees scattered over Italy and other parts of Europe at the present time, bear silent witness to the fact that the iron was mixed with clay and that the cohesive quality has disappeared. We live in the days of the divided states of western Europe and at a time when the miry clay element of the kingdoms is clearly apparent. The image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream begins with gold and ends with clay. Thus civilization has declined instead of constantly growing better. The earth's first great kingdom began in glory. In contrast to the kingdoms of the world as we see them today, it was gold compared with clay.

The decline has been gradual, but sure; and today, instead of one great powerful nation ruling the world, we see the world swept by communism, anarchy, and crime. We are living in the clay state. The world is tottering to its fall. The armies of the earth are whetting their swords for the final struggle,

in which they will all go down together to rise no more.

But there is to be another universal kingdom. This kingdom is represented in the dream by the little stone which the prophet says was cut out of the mountain without hands and smote the image upon its feet. This smiting of the image by the little stone power will mark the final overthrow of earthly kingdoms, for the prophet declares:

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter: and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure." Daniel 2:44, 45.

Here we have a definite prediction of the establishment of the universal kingdom of God. This kingdom is to overthrow and supplant all existing earthly kingdoms and is to stand forever. The nations of this world are, therefore, not to be converted and their subjects transferred, becoming subjects of the kingdom of Christ; but the existing nations will suffer a complete overthrow, and only the people of the saints of the Most High, who receive eternal life as a gift of God through faith in Jesus Christ, will be admitted as subjects into this everlasting kingdom.

Not only will the kingdoms of this world, which are polluted by sin, be destroyed, but the earth itself will be purified by fire and all the results of sin swept away. 2 Peter 3:10-12.

Following this will be the new heaven and the new earth, spoken of in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. John the revelator declares that the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, will come down from God out of heaven and become the capital of the new world kingdom; that the tabernacle of God will be with men, and He will dwell with them, and they will be His people, and God Himself will be with them and be their God; and that He will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death will be no more—neither will there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more.

We are now living in the days when this future kingdom is due. "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel." Mark 1:15. ★★★



The Story of a Tragic Rendezvous

What Caused the Worst Tragedy in the History of New Zealand's Railroad?

By E. C. Rosendahl

AS HIS train drew to an unscheduled stop on a wild, lonely stretch of mountain track, William Inglis peered out the narrow window. It was 10:20 P.M., Christmas Eve. "Home would have been better tonight," he thought. He had often taken trains over this section of line, but never had his train stopped here. Only a few moments before, right on time, they had thundered past the wayside loop at the little desert siding of Tangiwai, then had begun the fifty-mile-an-hour haul up the straight to the Whangaehu bridge. Tonight he was guard of New Zealand's crack express, the Auckland Limited. All had been going well. But why stop here?

As Inglis rolled back the heavy door of the baggage car, he saw the beam of a powerful flashlight waving erratically as someone ran up the track.

"Half your train is in the river!" a man's voice cried, his labored breathing coming in long choking gasps. "I tried to stop him, but he kept right on!"

Inglis was skeptical. Who was this stranger? What had brought him onto this lonely stretch of line? The guard leaned far out, and grasping the stranger's hand, lifted him into the baggage car.

"It's true! Half your train is in the river!" the stranger nearly screamed at him. Certainly something must be wrong or they would not have stopped in this forsaken place!

"Come with me," Inglis ordered. They walked together from the baggage car into the rear Pullman. Some of the passengers were reading, some had already dropped off to sleep. They went through to the next car. As they passed into the third, a woman asked anxiously, "What's the matter?" Something about the way the car had bumped as it drew to a standstill had frightened her.

"Everything's all right!" Inglis believed what he told her—he had felt nothing to cause alarm. He wondered if the stranger beside him hadn't been seeing things.

As he opened the door leading from the fourth car, he gasped in horror. There was nothing ahead but hissing,

swirling, black water! Engine, tender, and five cars had disappeared! Half a trainload of happy, light-hearted humanity—gone! Leaving the stranger, Inglis hurried back through the train, but even as he passed from the car there was a loud shearing crash, and the coupling parted almost beneath his feet. The section he had just left, carrying the stranger and its full complement of passengers, rolled over sideways and floated down the raging river. As water poured in from all sides, women screamed, and men cried out in horror.

Fortunately, with a bump the floating car struck a submerged bank and caught there, rolling onto its side. Neck-deep in the muddy water, with baggage falling and washing all around them, men and women struggled to keep their feet.

"Save my wife!" cried one distraught husband. Quickly a man stepped on the arm of a seat and smashed the heavy plate-glass window above him. Carefully knocking out the jagged pieces with his shoe, he assisted a woman out the window onto the side of the car, high and dry above the cold black water all around. Another woman. Then a third. The fourth was lifted through the hole. She sat on its edge with her feet dangling through and refused to move. Petrified with fear, she could not be shifted from her precarious perch. Another window had to be broken to get the remaining passengers out of the car.

Several yards of turbid water lay between the overturned car and the dry bank of the river, but soon willing helpers from the surviving portion of the train formed a human chain and brought all to the safety of dry land.

What a shocking tragedy to mar the happiness of New Zealand's proudest moments! Only a day before Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, had stepped ashore at Auckland. Amid the wildest enthusiasm she had been welcomed by the New Zealanders. The express was packed with passengers speeding north to add their welcome to that already given. Now 150 were dead.

There had been no rain to cause a flood for months past. Only a trickle of

water had been tumbling down the rocky gorges of the Whangaehu River that evening, but away back at its very source, 9,000 feet up in the crater of New Zealand's highest volcano, lay all the ingredients of one of earth's most terrible railway disasters.

Gaunt and rugged, beautiful in her grandeur, Mt. Ruapehu has been a source of inspiration and pleasure to all who have seen her towering form—a vast pile of lava rock and volcanic ash, eternally crowned with snow and ice. Unseen by all but a few sturdy men of the mountains until man's conquest of the air, Ruapehu hides a shining lake deep within her glistening crater.

This lovely lake, encircled by virgin ice and snow, had somehow warmed and weakened an icy wall; and with a mighty roar millions of tons of rushing water, crested with tumbling chunks of broken ice and carrying rocks, mud, and lava rock, had poured down the upper slopes of the mountain, swept down the deeper gorges of the Whangaehu River to the steel and concrete railroad bridge, where, by an ugly twist of fate, the flood kept rendezvous with New Zealand's swift express.

This is but one more omen of the night of doom soon to overtake the careless world. Events are gathering all to a fateful rendezvous. Not New Zealand's queen, not an earthly monarch, but the King of kings is coming to receive His people. The roar of the rushing waters pouring down the slopes of Ruapehu was heard many miles from the scene of death, yet was unnoticed by the crew and passengers of the speeding express.

Even so today, unheard by those who ignore the perspective of God's sure word of prophecy but clear to the ears of those who stand apart and listen, comes the sound of mighty movings^{as} God sets His hand to finish His work and come for His people.

As we watch in the gathering gloom the omens of the coming storm, as the fast fulfilling signs of the times reveal to all who will see, the certainty and nearness of the advent of our Lord—let us look up and lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh! ★★★

GOD'S TWO BOOKS

By
Mary Hunter Moore



Little essays interpreting two books by the same Author: The Bible, God's Written Word; Nature, God's Created Word.

Flaming Atlanta

PERHAPS this will be read on a gray, smoky, foggy February day; or it may be read on a pearly-clear snowy day, when the naked trees are like Japanese etchings against intense blue and blinding white. But it was conceived on a flaming day in Atlanta, when the woods were all on fire. Woods in a city? Although I stayed there five days and shopped in its richest store, I have little recollection of it as a city. But its trees! Coming home on the bus, I heard two women behind me discussing Atlanta. One commented on how many trees were in the city.

The other said: "Yes. The moment you get out of the city, you are in the woods."

I thought: "Did you have to wait till you got out of the city? I couldn't tell where the city left off and the woods began." The friends who entertained me certainly lived in "the city," but their back yards were woody vistas of loveliness.

The trees stayed green unusually late last fall—roughly about a month later than other falls. That balanced their

late start last spring, following the fearful freeze of March, that crisped brown every green leaf, bud, twig, and flower. But from the riches with which the Creator filled the earth, vegetation produced its foliage again. Also in the spirit of the Creator's bounty, this second crop of leaves seemed greener and more abundant than the first had been.

And these leaves were not cheated of their allotted lifespan by their late start, by the approximate month it took to recover from the freeze. In September and early October, when Tennessee hills should be blazing with color, the leaves were as green and sturdy as in midsummer. "We are having a fall entirely without color," some of us mourned, with premature lack of faith; just as last spring, distrusting our Father's resources, we had grieved that the trees were all dead.

But then suddenly in late October and early November the woods everywhere caught fire from Autumn's torch and blazed the brighter for the delayed burning. Then the loving Creator, who

views with a Father's joy the delight of His children in the work of His hands, planned for me this unexpected trip to Atlanta. All the way the woods flamed over hill and depth. Monteagle and Martin Springs Valley, the foothills of Sand Mountain and Lookout, the rolling vales of north Georgia, where red soil and red trees ran rivalry—everywhere the glory of the Lord lay upon the land. From the unbelievably rich, deep crimsons of the oaks, Nature's palette ran through all the ruddy shades of dogwood, sweet gum, sumac, and persimmon, to the fiery gold of the hickories and an occasional maple, accented by the dark green of the pines. No human artist ever boasted such infinitude of hues.

And then we approached "the city," and if anything, the glory increased. The Celestial Artist dropped a gorgeous veil over the gashes cut by man in creation. Glory blazed along railroad yards and surrounded factories, escorted aristocratic mansions, and formed backdrops for modern housing developments. Unconsciously I caught myself over and over singing in my heart to the music of Handel's incomparable *Messiah*:

"And the glory, the glory of the Lord
Shall be reveal-ed;
And all flesh, and all flesh
Shall see it together."

"But isn't Autumn a sad time?" someone asks. "Everything is dying; it is so depressing! How can the dying leaves reveal the glory of the Lord?"

But it is exactly here, in the midst of death, that the glory of the Lord is revealed. Autumn is harvesttime, crowning time, reward time, promise-of-resurrection time. "Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Even though you may be now standing in "the dead of winter," beside the grave of your dearest earthly hopes, know "that he [Christ] is near, even at the doors," and that when He shall appear with "great glory," "then shall ye also appear with him in glory." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." ★★★

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Agnostic Arguments Answered

Several times recently I have been confronted by agnostics with the statement that there is no real proof that Christ ever lived, since He Himself left no written record of Himself and none has ever been found. The apostles are said to have written the New Testament about Him, but all that may be figments of their imaginations, since there were other Christs and virgin Marys in ancient history before Christ. How may one combat these arguments with factual evidence?—E.F.B.

The arguments your agnostic acquaintances have put forth to you are not new; they have been used for centuries. And while they are being rehashed, the Bible and the truth of God go marching on, imperturbed. The Bible and the gospel of Jesus Christ are like a cube; every time they are overthrown, they come up as high as they were before.

The answer to all infidel arguments is the power—the living power—there is in the church that Jesus Christ founded. He Himself did not need to write; He planted seeds in the minds and hearts of men. There are many men of old who never wrote, yet whose existence is never doubted because of the effects of their lives. No scrap of any ancient writing still exists, except the engraved monuments and burned clay tablets of the archeologists' findings—none of the writings of the authors and philosophers of classic times. Yet no one doubts that Plato, Aristotle, etc., existed, or that they wrote substantially what is recorded of them. Yet the manuscripts of the Bible are centuries older than any existing manuscripts of the secular ancient writers; and recently new Bible manuscripts have been found that are approximately a thousand years older than any we had before, and no differences have been found that in any way alter the essential meaning of the Bible. The agnostic

arguments are used against the Bible because people want to doubt the Sacred Writings, not because there is any force to the arguments.

You ask about "virgin Marys" and "Christs" before Christ. Yes, every prominent feature of the truth of God was counterfeited by Satan before it came about in order to discredit the true incarnation of God's Son when the time came for that. The followers of all false religions claimed "virgin births" for their founders. In this connection I would refer you to the article "Jesus, the Virgin's Son," by Carlyle B. Haynes, in the November, 1955, THESE TIMES. The counterfeits but prove the existence of the genuine. There is one essential difference between all the stories of incarnations in Greek and Hindu, Babylonian and Egyptian mythology: none of those supposed "saviors" ever died to offer his blood as an atonement for the sins of the world. In all these false and counterfeit religions (including all the distortions of Christianity), the sinner has to save himself by his own efforts. But "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12. There is the unanswerable argument. The infidel and the agnostic cannot see the force of the argument, because it is a matter of personal experience.

It is the power of the resurrection of the living Saviour in the life of each Christian that is the unanswerable argument. The weakness in the argument is that in this age, so close to the return of Christ, there is much counterfeit Christianity in the world that has form without power. (2 Timothy 3:1-5.) But that very fact demonstrates the truth of Bible prophecy.

There is a great deal that you can read that has been published to answer in detail every argument of agnostics. I have not tried to do that; it would be

impossible in this space. I have endeavored to give you the general principles of the way to meet their attacks. Don't be bothered by the aggressiveness of the doubters. The power of God quietly and silently answers them every day. (2 Timothy 2:19.) ★★★

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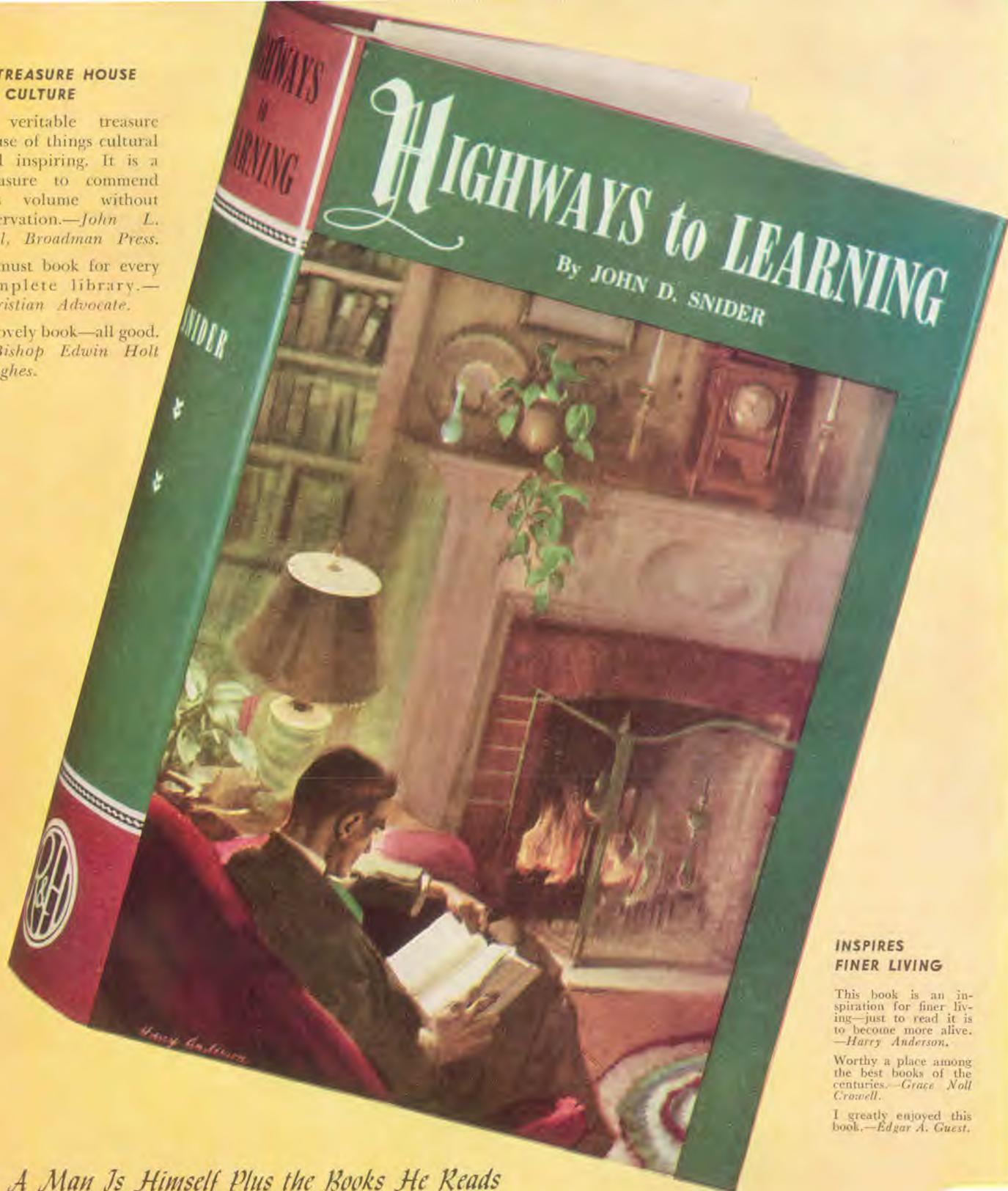
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