

MAY 1956

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CENTS

# These Times



**The Bible and the  
Dead Sea Scrolls**

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# 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.

GOD WILL FINISH THE GOSPEL WORK. Prophecy: "For he [God] will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." Romans 9:28.

Despite the fact that doors are being shut to Christianity and that much so-called Christianity is extremely weak, one dares not overlook the fact that God Himself "will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness." God still rules in the affairs of men. Even now the gospel is going forth to the remote sections of earth, indicating that only a "short work" will be needed to bring the gospel to every creature.

God is using extremely simple ways of carrying His message to the heathen. Already millions have studied Bible correspondence courses in their own languages. Now Gospel Recordings, Inc., is sending out, free of charge, unlimited numbers of gospel records in more than 1,000 languages and dialects. Gramophone records are speaking tracts. Coming to the natives in their own tongue, they are eagerly listened to and understood by every man, woman, and child in the village, including the witch doctors. Experience proves that the people will listen just as often and just as long as the records are played--sometimes all day or all night--till they know the records by heart. The short, basic talks are given as near as possible in Scripture language, and lives are soon changed by the power of the spoken Word of God. At first the fact that there are 2,974 languages in the world staggered the leaders of Gospel Recordings, but they went ahead in faith. Look at the progress of this work:

In 1939, 1 language.

In 1952, 400 languages.

In 1954, 1,000 languages.

Goal for 1956, 2,000 languages.

One record was played almost constantly about 400 times, till it was actually worn out in a few weeks. In 12 months one missionary lending out 10 phonographs to native workers, who signed for them for a certain period, reported 872 converts, all of whom confessed faith after listening to some of the records.

The Russian Bible Society reports: "The Bible has not been printed in Soviet Russia for many long years, but there are people who are spreading the Word of God by copying it in longhand."

In mission land U.S.A. the Southern Baptist Convention is launching a multimillion dollar program to reach 65,000,000 unchurched Americans through radio and TV. The Baptist Hour radio program will be extended into five new metropolitan areas, including New York, having a potential listening audience of 51,000,000.

Over 500 individual religious radio and television programs were produced in the U.S. last year by the 30 major church bodies co-operating through the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches. Counting as a single broadcast unit each time one station carries a program, the figure totals 58,400 broadcasts and telecasts--up 21,000 over the previous year.

The gospel to all the world in this generation is a big task. But with God, nothing is impossible. He has many means for finishing His work and cutting it short in righteousness.



# These Times

MAY  
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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

**P**ROFESSOR Siegfried H. Horn (*The Evidence From the Dead Sea Scrolls*, page 7) started when a youth to build up his great archaeological library, and even before he began his professional training, German-born Dr. Horn had written a popular book on archaeology in Dutch. During a colorful career he has sold books in England, served



as a missionary in Java, taught Greek and Hebrew to children of missionaries while being interned in Java, Sumatra, and India from 1940 to 1946, and obtained his doctor's degree in Egyptology from the University of Chicago. At present he is head of the History of Antiquity Department of the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C. In 1953 he spent three months in Bible lands visiting places of historical and Biblical interest. Next year he will conduct a guided tour of Europe and the Holy Land.

**T**HE MOST recent addition to our editorial staff is Roland R. Hegstad (*Two Steps From the Gallows*, page 17), a graduate of Walla Walla College ('49) and the Theological Seminary ('54) in Washington, D.C.



A native Oregonian, he pastored churches in Ephrata and Clarkston, Washington, before coming South with his wife and two children: Douglas, 2½, and Sheryl, 15 months.

**J**UNE: A fascinating account of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's personal life, as told by one who spent several days in the famed doctor's home. . . . Plus the inside story of faith and morals in Sweden. . . . Plus Fordyce Detamore's *Miracles in Modern Evangelism*.



**N**OT KNOWING what else to do when my nine-year-old announced suddenly that she wasn't going to Sunday school any more, I tucked my anxiety out of sight and asked my daughter the reason for this decision.

"Well, the teacher gets mad when I can't remember things word-for-word. She's always giving us stuff to learn."

"You memorize things for school and for programs without any trouble," I said.

"But this is different. I don't know what that stuff at Sunday school means."

Questioning further, I learned that the "stuff" Jean was expected to learn word-perfect was the Ten Commandments. I thought the matter over. Jean's complaint made sense at that.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." This five-word commandment, for instance, contains words not in the vocabulary of a fourth-grader. Meaningless when recited word-for-word, it has import for the child when an explanation is constructed along these lines: A husband and wife live together and love each other and make a home for their children. A child needs a father and a mother and a home.

And so it is with all religious teachings. It's what they *mean* that counts for the child, not what they say.

Jean's rebellion jerked me out of my adult complacency and stimulated me to some serious thinking. We hear a great deal about the need for religion. The world is in a turmoil. Our private lives get tangled with problems and anxieties too great for us to manage gracefully. There is too much mental illness, too much alcoholism, too much divorce, too much delinquency and crime. Can it be that our childhood training was at fault? We grew up, a large share of us, in an atmosphere of religion. Was that early religious training impractical? Is that why so many of us have lost our hold on God?

This tantalizing analysis prompted me to ask several neighborhood children why they go to Sunday school:

"My mom makes me go."

"We have fun at Sunday school."

"To learn about Jesus."

"I get to wear my party shoes."

"Everybody has to go to Sunday school!"

"We get a star if we're there every Sunday."

That was challenge enough for me! What about my own children? Do they go to Sunday school because what they learn there is too important to miss?

Or are they learning about God because it's expected of them, like hanging up their clothes or setting the table? Or again, is it because of the annual picnic or the prize for perfect attendance?

I felt a need to do a more meaningful job with the younger children's religious training than I had done with Jean's.

airplanes—that's what the Wise Men brought."

This and similar incidents provided me with fresh insight by illustrating:

1. Children think in their language, not ours.

2. They draw mental images in relation to their own narrow little world.

3. They think in terms of the present. Very young children think of the

## Teaching Children to **TAKE GOD**

**By Margaret Hill**

ILLUSTRATED BY CLYDE N. PROVONSHA

First of all, I must remember that the child's religious ideas are not what we tell him, but his own interpretation of what we tell him. This simple truth occurred to me first on a day when I chanced to overhear our three-year-old relating the Christmas story to her Teddy bear. When she came to the spot in the story where Joseph asked for shelter at the inn, Nan said, "Does you have a bedroom where we can sleep tonight, Man?"

According to Nan's version of the story, the innkeeper answered, "No, Joe. Sorry!" To this Joseph replied, "Well, O.K. Thanks anyway, Man."

Nan hit a snag when she tried to tell her Teddy bear what the Wise Men brought for the little Jesus. "What did the Wise Men give Jesus, I wonder?" She looked to me for help.

"Perfume," I suggested.

"Oh, no!" protested Nan. "You *know* a little boy wouldn't like that!" After a moment she finished the story to her satisfaction. "Trucks, tractors,

past as "yesterday," or "when we went to the circus that time."

4. Religious knowledge becomes real to the child when brought to him through an association with familiar, everyday things.

These conclusions often serve as a guide when I am confronted by doubts as to what to teach the children.

What, for instance, might I tell the children about God? If I offered a spiritual explanation, the children would find it incredible. If, on the other hand, I attempted to describe God concretely, they would expect Him to be tangible, apparent to the sight and touch. I must strive for a middle track. Though I was not sure what to say about God, I knew a few things not to say.

As a child, I had drawn a mental picture of God as a sad-looking man with a beard. I was tortured by inconsistencies which no adult seemed able to explain to my satisfaction. If God was a man, where was He?



"Everywhere," adults hastened to assure me.

How could He be, I wondered. What language did He speak? How could He possibly listen to everyone's prayers at once?

Adults may lose sight of the fact that children think concretely. A man is of a size to fit in a room. Very young children's minds are incapable of un-

derstanding how someone we refer to as "He" can be everywhere and available to everyone.

So in answer to Nan's question, "Who is God?" I replied:

"God isn't a person you can see or hear. God makes the night, and God makes the flowers grow. He made the stars and the rainbow and the flowers and the rabbit that turns white in

winter—all of those wonderful things.

"Now, I can plant flower seeds, but I can't make the seeds grow into flowers. But God can. So the flowers growing tell us there is a God."

This time Nan supplied a most appropriate example. "God made Tommy, I guess, because people can't make babies."

"Not without God's help," I agreed.

The question of God was no sooner settled for the time being, than Nan jerked me to attention again.

"Janet knows a prayer," she said.

"Why don't I know a prayer?"

"What prayer does she know?"

"Pray the Lord my soul to keep, pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Maybe that's not such a good prayer for you," I said. "I don't think

# D ALONG





you know what it means. You don't know what a 'soul' is, do you?"

"Yes. It's what I tore off my shoe that time."

"The soul in Janet's prayer is a different kind."

"Well, Janet knows a prayer. *All* the kids know a prayer."

"Maybe you could make up a prayer to memorize. But you must try to remember why people say prayers." Again my mind raked about in my own childhood for something not to tell the child.

Adults had told me that when I wanted something, I should pray to God for it. I did:

"Send me that dollhouse I saw in the catalogue. Help me to be invited to Laura's party. Please give me a new dress. Oh, yes, I want a pair of stilts like Jimmy's." Things which God never sent! Even when I prayed unselfishly that my family and friends be well and happy, they continued to have spells of illness and trouble.

What, then, was prayer but another childhood delusion like Santa Claus and the Easter bunny?

While this flashed through my mind, Nan kept prodding me back to the present with questions as to why people say prayers, and what are prayers anyway.

I must say something—it turned out to be most inadequate, but it was the closest I could get to a spiritual truth in five-year-old's language.

"Sometimes a person wants badly to do something," I explained. "But he is not strong enough to get what he wants by himself. He needs help. So then he asks God to help him. When a person asks for this special kind of help, we say that he prays. But prayer isn't all asking. When a person thanks God for things, the words he says are called a prayer."

"What could I ask God for, then?"

"You can ask for help when you want to do something."

"I need some help climbing the garage."

"No, no, that won't do at all!" I sighed, gathered in what little energy I had left, backed out of the blind alley, and started off in another direction.

"A prayer really ought to be about something a person *should* do."

"I could ask God to take care of Tommy."

"That would be a good prayer, Nan, but don't forget; God expects you and me and Jean and Daddy to take care of Tommy too. We can ask God to help

us to know how to take care of him. Now, whenever you want to say a prayer, you can make one up and say it. It doesn't matter where or when, and you don't even have to say the words; you can feel a prayer or think it. And remember that prayers don't have to ask for something. Sometimes you say a prayer because you are happy, or because you want to say 'thank you' to God. Sometimes it's easier to talk with God than to someone you can see."

"Janet has to say a prayer every night. Do I have to do that?"

"You never *have* to say a prayer, Nan. People usually want to say prayers when they are happy or when they need help."

A memorized prayer may be a waste of time, unless it is understood, and unless the prayer holds a special meaning for the child reciting it. I had clung to the belief that my children's religious training wasn't complete until they mastered the Lord's Prayer. But as in the case of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer is compounded of words and meanings that may be too profound for the child mind to grasp without explanation and interpretation—at least in the King James Version and in most others which retain the archaic wording.

"Our Father which art in heaven." To the child, "art" is drawing and painting and making things. We have already tried to convince him that God is here on earth with us. Now we tell him God is in heaven.

"Hallowed be thy name" means nothing to the child mind. Nor does "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done." These things must be explained as well as memorized.

Like Jean's Sunday school teacher, I sometimes find myself neglecting to interpret what I teach. I do this, in part, by speaking in an obscure manner, forgetting that children think concretely. I speak of "the Holy Ghost," a "heavenly Power," "the Saviour," without explaining their meanings. These terms may hold tangible meanings for us adults, but no meaning or incorrect meanings for small children.

Again I find myself pushing my religion back into the closet with our Sunday school clothes to save for special occasions. I forget to help the children realize we are discussing God's handiwork when we discuss the sun and stars; when we plant a seed and watch it sprout; when we talk about the conception, prenatal growth, and birth of a baby. Yet these are the

workings of God which small children are especially capable of understanding and appreciating.

And now the most difficult part of all—how to make Christianity a practical, down-to-earth part of the children's lives.

We need, first of all, to place less emphasis on expecting God to solve our problems and to turn to God for the strength, wisdom, and desire which we need to work out our own adversities. In addition, we must resist the temptation to forever shield our youngsters from trouble, to smooth their way by solving their problems. We must help them think their problems through.

How does this operate in the children's lives? Take Jean's problem, for instance:

"Mom, I got an invitation to Lotta's party, but it's the same afternoon I promised to baby-sit for Mrs. Ryan. Do you think it would be all right to make up some excuse to get out of the baby-sitting?"

"Now, Jean, put yourself in Mrs. Ryan's place and pretend you are depending on a girl to baby-sit for you."

Jean fought her own private battle. "I suppose it wouldn't be right to let Mrs. Ryan down. Besides, she wouldn't ask me to baby-sit any more. And she'd tell people I wasn't dependable."

One of the beginnings of religious experience lies in letting children figure things out for themselves, letting them make mistakes at times, and helping them profit from them, rather than being scolded or punished for them.

So instead of giving way to the temptation to whale Nan for throwing rocks and breaking a neighbor's window, I disciplined myself to help the child to solve her mistake logically. She must face the neighbor, admit what she had done, and offer to earn the money to replace the window.

But she didn't have the nerve to go tell the neighbor, Nan protested, practically in tears.

"Now's a good time to call on God for help," I advised. "You need a little extra courage, and I can't think of anyone who can give it to you but God."

I kept my fingers crossed until Nan shoved the tears out of her voice and said, "I might take God along with me and let Him tell me what to say."

Learning how to live is a series of religious experiences, and it may be pointed out to children as such. Through facing and solving their problems, children learn that God is available to help them every day. ★★★



# The Evidence from the Dead Sea Scrolls

By Siegfried H. Horn

*Facts Recently Gained  
From the Scrolls  
Buttress Claims of the  
Authenticity of the Bible*



Ras Shamra in northern Syria, where important archives and texts written in an alphabet script in the fifteenth century before Christ have been found.

Since a previous article on the subject appeared in *THESE TIMES* in February, 1955, several archaeological discoveries have either been made or published which are of interest to the student of the Bible. They either establish the reliability of the Bible text, corroborate details of some Biblical stories, or furnish historical background material that is valuable to a correct understanding of the events described in the Scriptures. Some of these new discoveries will be discussed in this article.

**T**HE HEBREW BIBLE scrolls discovered in caves near the Dead Sea since 1947 are still claiming the first interest in Biblical studies. A flood of new publications on this subject has been pouring from the presses during the past 12 months, and many new facts have become known. The general public has shown so much interest in these scrolls that popular writers have felt it necessary to produce articles concerning this discovery. One of the best articles appeared in *The New Yorker* of May 14, 1955. Written by Edmund Wilson, it occupies 75 columns spread over 87 pages. That the article met a real need became evident when the edition carrying it was sold out within a few days.

Most of the Hebrew manuscripts discovered in the first cave have now been published. Photographic reproductions and transliterations of the three scrolls owned at that time by the Metropolitan of St. Mark's monastery at Jerusalem first appeared in 1950 and 1951. Among them was the now famous Isaiah scroll, which was edited by Professor Millar Burrows.

During the past year the scrolls, which the late Professor A. L. Sukenik of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem acquired from the Bedouins who had discovered them, have been published in modern Hebrew under the title *A Library of Hidden Scrolls*. This work contains photographic reproductions of three manuscripts. One describes "The War of the Children of Light Against the Children of Darkness," another consists of "Thanksgiving Hymns" like some found in the Psalms, and the most important is a second copy of Isaiah in a poor state of preservation. The official report of the scientific excavations of the first cave has been pub-



lished by D. Barthelemy, J. T. Milik, and others under the title *Discoveries in the Judaean Desert I—Qumran Cave I* (Oxford, 1955). In this book 971 manuscript fragments are published, of which 964 are photographic reproductions. These fragments came from 11 Old Testament books and several non-Biblical Jewish writings. Though they do not provide much text material in point of quantity, they give a good picture of the nature of the Bible text as it existed in the time when these manuscripts were written—in the two last centuries before and the first century of the Christian era.

In February, 1955, an official announcement was made by the government of the State of Israel that the four scrolls which had been the property of St. Mark's monastery in Jerusalem and which had been stored in America since 1948 had been purchased by Israel. It was also announced that these scrolls, together with those which Sukenik had bought, would be exhibited in a special hall called "Shrine of the Book," which would be added to the Hebrew University Library. The price paid for the scrolls, \$250,000, shows clearly how valuable these documents are. Only one of the scrolls found in the first cave has not yet been published. In fact it was not unrolled when the scrolls became the property of Israel early in 1955. One of the reasons this scroll was still unopened was its poor state of preservation, which required the development of special methods to unroll it. This work has now been entrusted to Dr. N. Avigad, and the scholarly world is waiting with bated breath what secrets it will reveal. A few fragments which have been peeled off indicate that it contains the Aramaic text of a lost Jewish apocryphal work known as the *Apocalypse of Lamech*.

Most readers know already that the manuscript material found in the Dead Sea region has multiplied since the discovery of the first cave in 1947. Several more caves have been discovered, and many manuscript fragments have come to light. The most important cave is one to which the archaeologists have given the number four. It has provided thousands of fragments belonging to more than 100 Biblical and non-Biblical works, among which all Old Testament books are represented. All this material is in the archaeological museum in Jerusalem, and a team of French, Polish, English, German, and American scholars is deciphering, assembling, and preparing the fragments for publication. Eight more volumes are to be published

by the Oxford University Press; but, because of the complexity of the task and the tremendous labor involved, it will take several years before they are in the hands of interested scholars.

Representative pieces already made public in learned periodicals and the testimony of those working on the Biblical material not yet published make it possible to draw some instructive conclusions. The first and most valuable conclusion is that the Old Testament text has experienced virtually no alterations during the past 2,000 years, for the text of the Dead Sea scrolls is for all practical purposes identical with the Masoretic text of the Hebrew Bible, on which all modern translations are based. Professor Frank M. Cross, Jr., a member of the permanent staff working on the Dead Sea scrolls, to whom the Biblical fragments of cave four have been assigned for publication, can speak with authority on this matter. Recently he said:

"Not only in Isaiah but in other prophetic books, indeed in the entire Old Testament, we must now assume that the Old Testament text was stabilized early and that late recensional activities were only of slight effect. This conclusion, of course, powerfully supports textual scholars of conservative persuasion."—*Christian Century*, August 10, 1955, p. 920.

This valuable judgment, coming from one who has intimate knowledge of the mass of unpublished Biblical text material, can be added to the similar statements concerning the reliability of the Hebrew Bible text which were made by several scholars shortly after the discovery and publication of the Isaiah scroll. The Dead Sea scrolls have therefore a great importance in strengthening the confidence of Bible readers in the Old Testament text. Yet their value lies also in other directions, since the



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The sloping city wall and the gate leading into Ras Shanra. The ancient name of this city of the Canaanites was Ugarit. Palace archives have proved valuable.

many non-Biblical works shed an interesting light on the thinking of the Jews in the time of Christ and the apostles. The result is that many scholars expect the Dead Sea scrolls to exert a more definite influence on New Testament studies than on those of the Old Testament. Whether this will be the case is still too early to say.

During the past few years excavations have uncovered the center of the community which produced these priceless documents, known under the Arabic name of *Khirbet Qumran*. Lying only a few miles south of Jericho, the ruins of this site had been known for many years but had never been touched by the spade of the archaeologist. The excavations carried out under the direction of Professor R. de Vaux have revealed that this site contains the ruins of a kind of monastery of the Essenes, a Jewish ascetic sect living in the Dead Sea region. Although this sect is never mentioned in the Bible, it played a great role in the religious thinking of the Jews



when Christianity was born. The Essenes practiced poverty, simplicity, and the rite of baptism. John the Baptist grew up in the Judean desert, in which the Essenes lived, and in his habits and practices shows some similarities with the Essenes' life, for which reason it has been suggested that the Essenes were the teachers of John the Baptist during his sojourn in the desert. Hence, New Testament scholars expect much help from the non-Biblical Dead Sea scrolls, for the most part yet unpublished, hoping to obtain through these documents a better understanding of the religious background during the time in which John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, and the apostles lived.

It is also of interest to discover that the Jewish books generally known under the name Apocrypha seem to have played practically no role in the religious thinking of the people who produced the Dead Sea scrolls. Though they possessed and used all the canonical books of the Old Testament, and also had many other non-Biblical books, only one of the so-called apoc-

ryphal works has thus far been identified—Tobit. This observation is of some importance in the evaluation of the Apocrypha, since they have been accepted in the Old Testament canon by the Roman Catholic Church, although they were never considered of equal value to the Old Testament books by the Jews or the Christians of the apostolic age. For this reason Protestants have not accepted them into the Biblical canon.

It can safely be said that the finding of the Dead Sea scrolls has been one of the most important discoveries ever made in the field of Biblical archaeology. Its ultimate value can only be guessed at this point of scholarly activity. It is already certain that the Old Testament text has received a very strong support from these ancient, battered manuscripts and fragments, and it is also possible that they will prove to be of value in New Testament studies.

In a short survey article like this it is possible to deal only briefly with the many new discoveries belonging to the field of Biblical archaeology. Most of these discoveries are not very exciting in themselves, but they shed light on some details of Biblical history. If taken together with evidence that has previously come to light, even minor discoveries help to complete the picture of the Bible background and provide supporting evidence for the accuracy of the Scriptural records.

Since 1949 the excavations of Ras Shamra in northern Syria have been resumed, after being interrupted during the war years. During the prewar excavations many mythological texts were discovered which provided a wealth of valuable information concerning the religion of the ancient Canaanites. When their corrupted and

degraded religious concepts, licentious practices, and immoral rites became evident, it became clear why God commanded the Israelites to destroy the Canaanites and to refrain from having any dealings with them. During the recent excavations additional religious texts of the Canaanites have been found. Although only preliminary reports about them have so far been published, it is already apparent that the new texts will add much more to our knowledge of their religion.

The most important discoveries of recent years, however, were several political archives found in the palace of the kings of Ugarit, the ancient name of Ras Shamra. These archives, coming from the 15th and 14th centuries B.C., of which only some samples have thus far been published, consist of many letters received by the kings of Ugarit from the royal houses of the Hittites and other rulers of Asia Minor and Syria. The historical background of the time of the Exodus and of the period of the judges will be tremendously enriched when these documents are published and thus become available.

One of the most important tablets recently found in Ras Shamra contains a list of the 29 signs of the Ugaritic alphabet. To the great amazement of every interested scholar this tablet has revealed that the sequence of the Canaanite alphabet of the 14th century B.C. was identical with the Hebrew alphabet as we find it in any currently used Hebrew dictionary. Only a few years ago many scholars denied that Moses could have written the Pentateuch in alphabetic writing, claiming that such a script did not exist until the time of the Hebrew kings. The discoveries of the past years have produced so many inscriptions written in alphabetic script during the first half of the second millennium B.C. that it would be ridiculous now to deny that Moses could have used an alphabetic script. Yet not even a conservative scholar thought that the alphabet of Moses' time followed the same sequence as that of later periods. This discovery has come as a great surprise even to those who had never doubted the existence of an alphabetic script in the time of Moses.

In this connection another recent discovery should be mentioned—a few arrowheads of bronze found near Bethlehem. Three of them were inscribed with the names of their owners. Their form and the archaic *ductus* (shape) of the script make it rather certain that they originated in the 12th century

Two complete stone jars in which were found some of the famous Dead Sea scrolls. These unique jars are now in the possession of the famous Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

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B.C. These short inscriptions are the first ones ever found in Palestine in which the fully developed pre-exilic script (commonly called "Phoenician writing") of the Hebrews was used. This script had been preceded by an alphabetic semipictorial writing, of which numerous inscriptions have been found during the last decades in Palestine and the Sinai peninsula, all originating between the 17th and 12th centuries B.C. The link between the earlier alphabetic script, probably used by Moses in writing the Pentateuch, and the later script employed by the great Hebrew prophets during the periods of the Judges and Kings was missing. It is now provided by three inscribed arrowheads from the neighborhood of Bethlehem.

Another discovery also made in northern Syria throws light on an entirely different subject—the existence of iron weapons in the patriarchal age. Tell Atchana, the ancient Alalakh, has been excavated by Sir Leonard Woolley, the famous excavator of Ur. He found numerous cuneiform tablets in Tell Atchana, which have recently been published by D. J. Wiseman of the British Museum. One of them, originating from the 18th century B.C., mentions 400 iron arrowheads captured by a certain king.

This discovery may not seem very important to many readers of this article, but it is this discovery and other similar ones that have refuted the claim of critics that iron did not come into prominence until the 12th century B.C. The mentioning of this metal in the Pentateuch, in Joshua, and in Judges was supposed to constitute proof of a late authorship of these books. That the Canaanites in the time of Joshua could have possessed iron chariots (Joshua 17:16, 18) was, for example, declared to be impossible. In recent years, however, much evidence has come to light showing that iron was known and in use from the earliest historical periods, although it was less common than copper. The tablet from Alalakh, mentioning 400 iron arrowheads among the spoil of a king in the 18th century B.C., shows once more that references to iron in the earliest Bible books are by no means in disagreement with known facts.

These and other recent discoveries strengthen the confidence of the believer in the historical accuracy of the Scriptures, confirm his faith in the reliability of its text, and furnish welcome material for a better understanding of the sublime values of the Bible. ★★★

# EVENTS

## Student With Wings

Melvin Riddlebarger of Kankakee, Illinois, may take the nation's top honors in going a long way to get an education. Every Tuesday morning he takes off in his private airplane for a theological seminary in Kansas City, Missouri, where he studies until Friday noon, at which time he flies back home, where he supervises a \$160,000-a-year business and enjoys the company of his wife and three daughters. He is planning on a pastorate in the Nazarene Church upon completing his graduate studies in three years. Considering his business only a secondary interest, he is looking forward to "putting my money to work for God."

## Christian Funerals

Unitarians in Canada are out to lower the cost of burying the deceased and have organized the Toronto Memorial Society to realize this aim. Their leader, Rev. Donald Stout, has stated that "present-day funeral rites are morbid and verge on the barbaric. We also

want to cut down on the cost of dying; it's far too expensive these days. Funeral directors capitalize on loved ones' desires to do the right thing by making sure the right thing is the most expensive thing."

Commented one Canadian undertaker concerning Stout's organization, "It works fine for someone else, but when death comes to their own family, they want it done right—with all the trimmings."

## "Gather Up the Fragments"

Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston recently announced that the wastepaper collections in his diocese which have been carried forward since 1946 have netted \$800,000. Businessmen of all faiths co-operated by lending trucks, and the pickups were announced in the parish churches. Members of the CYO (Catholic Youth Organization) conducted the campaigns each spring and fall.

## A Sermon for Preachers

"It worries me that so many of our younger ministers feel that they must preach in a quiet and solemn voice with never a gesture, never a smile, never a change in cadence. It would be a relief if they would hit the pulpit just once during their 15-minute dissertation, or if somewhere along the line they seemed to indicate that they cared what people thought and did about the matter under discussion. We must not fall into the trap of mistaking staidness for culture and substituting learnedness for passion and conviction."—Dr. Willard M. Wickizer, executive secretary of church development for the Disciples of Christ.

## Feathered Saboteur

There'll be no sparrows in Communist China in 1962 if the government achieves its goal. According to the *Hsinhua* (New China) News Agency, sparrows eat every day grain to the amount of 30 per cent of their body weight, and because of their great numbers are considered a definite threat to the country's economic effort. Also



RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

Church elders call on a householder at a new housing project near Glasgow during a large-scale "Go to Church" campaign conducted by nearly every Protestant denomination in Scotland. The drive featured house-to-house visitation and increased attendance at many churches. Visiting teams reached thousands.





# OF THESE TIMES

threatened with extermination are the fly, rat, and mosquito.

## What's a Trillion?

Now that Americans have become accustomed to talking in billions, they are discovering that their *total* national debt stands around a trillion (\$1,000,000,000,000). The accumulated debts of the business world are estimated at over \$300,000,000,000, a sum larger than the federal debt, and if the state, county, and city debts of the nation are added, a figure near the \$1,000,000,000,000 mark is reached.

## Almost 8,000,000

During 1955 the American automotive industry produced 7,943,969 cars and 1,244,875 trucks, thereby missing the coveted goal of 8,000,000 and 1,250,000 respectively. In car assemblies, however, a new record was chalked up, the previous one having been 6,666,000 in 1950.

## Tokyo Taste Treats

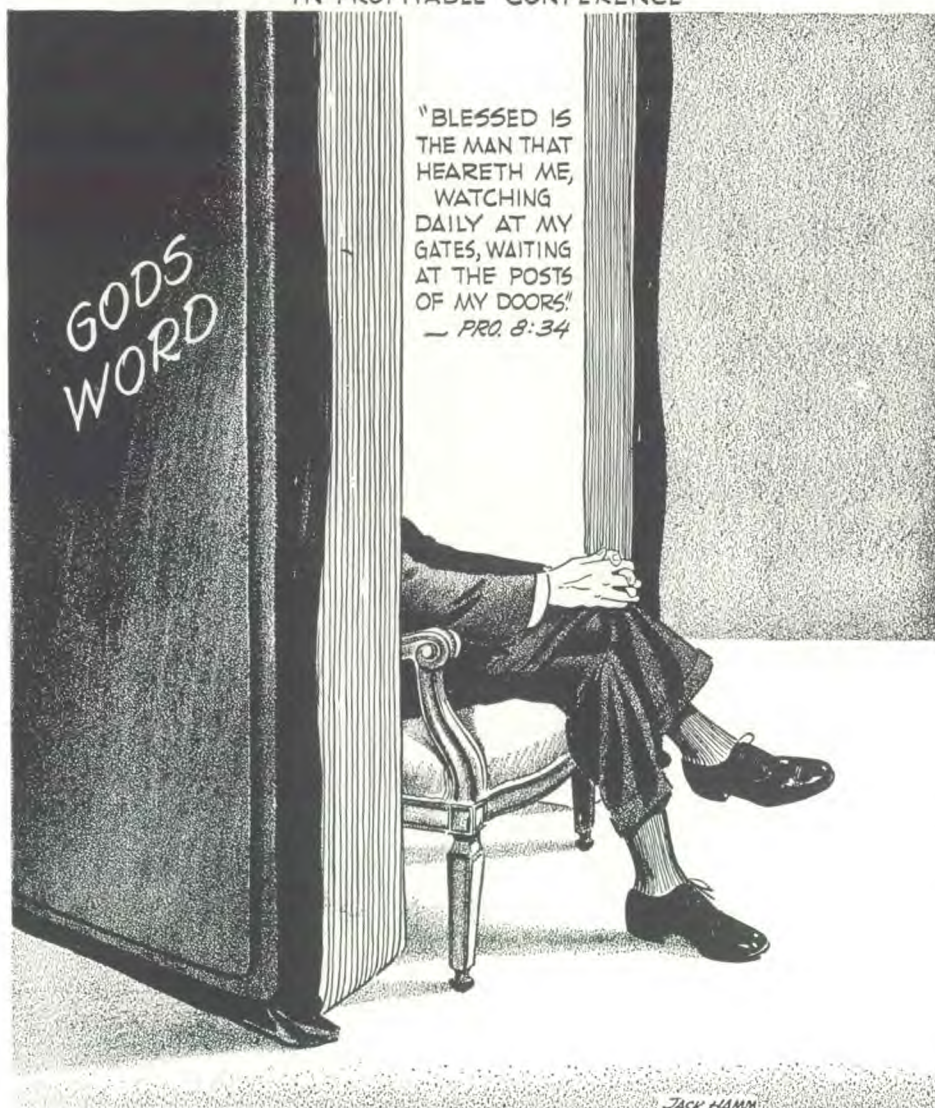
Since the influx of Chinese into Tokyo after the Communists took over their native country, there has been a

tremendous increase of Chinese restaurants in the Japanese capital. Most of them specialize in catering to the gastronomical whims of ultraepicures, as is evident from their main attractions: snake morsels, bear paws, bird's nest soup, pickled jellyfish, swallows' nests, fried sparrows, and 1,000-year-old eggs (whose aging is hastened by a special three-week chemical putrefying process).

## Noted in Passing

Insurance premiums paid by American motor vehicle owners exceed \$4,165,000,000 a year. . . . A downtown Los Angeles church operates "impressing gangs"—groups of young men on the lookout for wandering servicemen early Sunday mornings in order to invite them to the morning worship service. . . . India currently has the world's highest birth rate: 40 births a year for every 1,000 people. . . . DEFA, the official motion picture production agency of East Germany, is producing a film of the Reformation highlighting the life of the German radical Anabaptist leader Thomas Munzer and minimizing the influence of Martin Luther. . . . An estimated \$750 is spent by Americans for pleasures, sins, and trivial amusements for every dollar contributed to church work. . . . One in every two Danes is a bicycle owner. . . . A yearlong prayer vigil for peace is being conducted by the Christian churches of India during 1956. . . . Of the more than 50,000 refugees admitted to the United States under the 1953 Refugee Relief Act, more than one third settled in New York state. . . . The Roman Catholic archbishop of Utrecht, Holland, has approved a Protestant translation of the Scriptures into the Friesian language, which is spoken in one of the nation's provinces. Only 7 per cent of the Friesians are Roman Catholic. . . . Of the 83,300,000 motor vehicles on the world's highways, Americans own 58,500,000. Englishmen come second with 4,200,000. . . . Three times as many American Indians are attending colleges as 20 years ago. ★★

## IN PROFITABLE CONFERENCE





# HOW MODERN RELIGION LOST ITS POWER

## Part 3

### *Apostasy in Full Flower*

By Francis D. Nichol



IN THE preceding article I sought to show how, one after another, strange, skeptical ideas were planted in the soil of Protestantism. The theological gardeners assured all men that the harvest from such planting would be more beautiful flowers than ever before seen. At least they were certain that they were setting out the only kind of plants that could hope to thrive in the increasingly chilly climate of this modern scientific age. Were not these plants sturdy hybrids that the theological gardeners had produced under scientific guidance?

Until about 1930 nothing grieved a modernist more deeply than the charge that the plants he had so carefully set in the garden of men's minds would produce poisonous flowers.

In this article I shall attempt to show that time has proved true the gravest forecasts of conservative Christians as to the evil harvest that would result when these modernist plants came to full flower.

Let us turn for a few moments to listen to the testimony of Gerald Birney Smith in his 1928 volume, *Current Christian Thinking*, which came from the press with wide acclaim and endorsement by Protestant religious leaders. Keep in mind what has been said concerning the logical effect of the evolution theory on the doctrine of God, and how certain theological apologists for evolution insisted that, far from abolishing God, the evolution

theory really gave us a new and more stimulating view of Him—albeit an immanent God resident in nature. Says Smith:

"The religious man will, under modern conditions, have many a doubt concerning the objective reality of what the theologians call God. He may, for a time, seek to find satisfaction in purely humanistic aspiration. . . .

"An apologetic for theism is likely to betray more or less clearly the fact that the doctrine stands related to too finished and static a conception of reality [for example, a finished creation as Genesis declares] to seem really convincing to men who think in terms of evolutionary science."—Pp. 169, 170.

And so Smith, as a spokesman for modernism, informs us that the doctrine of a personal, transcendent God and the doctrine of a finished creation, as Genesis declares, go hand in hand. Therefore, because the Genesis story of creation seems wholly unconvincing "to men who think in terms of evolutionary science," the personal God of Genesis—and of all the Bible, for that matter—seems unconvincing, unreal, and therefore unnecessary and unbelievable.

In 1930 a writer in *Scribner's*, at that time an influential monthly journal of opinion, discussed the subject of the disappearance of God. Declared this writer:

"A good display of the modern destruction of God by religious leaders may be seen in a little book called 'My

Idea of God.' The very title shows how unsubstantial God is nowadays. He is the opinion that any devout person holds. . . .

"After I have read it I can think of nothing but the massacre of God that is being made by the best religious thought of the day. . . . The God that used to hear my prayers is disappearing, is being nebulized out of existence."—Henshaw Ward, *Scribner's Magazine*, June, 1930, pp. 680-683.

In 1933 a professor of psychology in Bryn Mawr College, James H. Leuba, sent a questionnaire to a wide group of scientists to discover, if possible, whether they believed in God or not. His findings revealed that only 30 per cent of the scientists were "believers in a God moved to action by the traditional Christian worship: supplication, thanksgiving, songs of praise, etc." In other words, only 30 per cent believed in the kind of God to whom conservative Christians pray.

Dr. Leuba also presented in his report on this 1933 survey a comparative table showing his findings on a similar survey made in the year 1914. In that earlier year the scientists who declared that they believed in God totaled 42 per cent, against the 30 per cent in 1933; "a marked increase in unbelief during the last two decades is thus recorded."

With the belief in a personal God thus largely dissolved, what becomes of the unique status that orthodox Chris-



tianity has ever given to Christ? In answer let me quote from an article published in a leading interdenominational religious weekly in 1931. The article is entitled, "How Far May Christians Diverge From Jesus?" The author of the article, A. Bruce Curry, was, at the time of writing, a professor in Union Theological Seminary, one of the most influential seminaries in the United States. Here are his words:

"He [the modern Christian] may develop his religious thought, philosophy, and experience in the light of the best knowledge and insight of himself and his spiritual kindred, past and present. Where he finds himself indebted to Jesus or to later Christianity, he will be glad to make acknowledgement of the fact. But he will be under no initial obligations to align his faith with that of Jesus, or with any one else in the Christian tradition. Nor will he feel that he must impress Jesus into the service and support of his own developing religion. He will recognize that the basis of authority has shifted to the informed insight of the best-qualified individuals and groups."—*The Christian Century*, January 7, 1931, p. 11.

And what proved to be the full flowering of modernism as relates to sin and moral standards?

In the year 1930 a prominent minister wrote an article entitled "The Vanishing Sinner." The reasons he gives for the vanishing of that theological culprit, the sinner, are illuminating.

He reminds us that "the traditional terminology of the church in this matter of sin has been a courtroom vocabulary. We speak of 'the judgment seat of God,' 'the bar of conscience,' 'the guilt of sin.'"—Ralph W. Sockman, *Harpers*, November, 1930, p. 676.

But, he explains—

"The courtroom scene no longer has a part in the world view of the man of the street. . . .

"The divine is no longer thought of as the close-up Being before whom man's misdeeds cast the old sharply defined shadows of guilt. The Creator Spirit . . . is more pervasive but less personal. It is difficult to vision Him on a judge's seat, holding court."—*Ibid.*, pp. 676, 677.

The writer of the article gives as a further reason for the vanishing sinner, "the seeming uncertainty of the divine laws which the sinner is accused of violating." He goes on to explain that the current conception today of law and morals is that they change with the generation, that what is right in one generation is wrong in another, or vice

versa, that all moral codes are simply the expression of the best judgment of the men of that day.

The final reason for the vanishing sinner, says this prominent metropolitan preacher, is to be found in the pulpit, for "the denunciation of sin has lessened in passion and volume. . . . The churches have adopted a hush policy regarding the doctrine of depravity, and are becoming 'a fellowship of natural amiability.' A rotarian gospel takes the place of repentance."—*Ibid.*, pp. 678-680.

And what has modernism done to foreign mission work? In the late 1920's, which were years of great prosperity in America, various publications, religious and otherwise, began to call attention to a very startling fact in church statistics. It seems that many of the large religious bodies in America were suffering a steady decline in gifts for foreign missions, despite the fact that these religious bodies had gained in membership at home, and despite the fact that year by year, during the 1920's, prosperity was increasing. Prof. K. S. Latourette, for many years a teacher at Yale University and an eminent authority in church history, declared in 1928:

"Something is happening to foreign missions. So at least church papers are telling us, and so even a cursory reading of the scanty items in our newspapers would lead us to suspect. Those who are best informed declare that little short of a revolution is in progress. In 1926 the amount given to six of the major American mission boards was between six and seven million dollars less than in the peak years. . . . It is significant that the number of students annually deciding to devote their lives as missionaries has fallen more than half in the past six or seven years. . . . Just at this time, then, when Protestant missions are facing elsewhere a more serious set of problems than has confronted them for a generation, they are undercut at home by a declining support, wavering convictions, and new divisions. It is quite the most alarming situation with which they have had to deal in the century and a quarter since they became important."—*Yale Review*, Autumn, 1928, pp. 65, 75-80.

A professor in a theological seminary, writing in 1936, summarizes the changed theological viewpoint over a 50-year period. He declares that a half century ago "there was a body of religious truth generally recognized as orthodoxy."—Carl S. Patton, *Journal of Religion*, October, 1936, p. 445.

Then he states what has happened to these major doctrines. The doctrine of the divinity of Jesus no longer rests, as it once did, "upon his virgin birth, his miracles, and his physical resurrection. These days it would rest on his moral character, his spiritual insight, his nearness and likeness to God, and his influence upon the spiritual life of the world since his day."—*Ibid.*, p. 449.

He asks next, "How is it with the doctrine of atonement?" And answers, "Most people probably have no real doctrine of it at all. . . . What is sure is that the atonement is not central in theology these days as it was fifty years ago. Books are still written about it, but not so many. Those that are written do not come passionately to its defense, as if salvation depended upon it."—*Ibid.*, p. 450.

He goes on to say that "in most recent statements of faith, . . . two items are absent which were usually included fifty years ago; they are the fallen estate of man and the idea of heaven and hell. . . .

"As to miracles, there is little discussion at the present time. . . . We now try to explain them or even to explain them away."

He gives special attention to the effect on Christian doctrine of the theory of evolution and the theories of Bible criticism. Note his words:

"First, as to evolution. Its most obvious application was to the biblical stories of creation. The older of us will remember the earlier attempts to harmonize these stories with the new idea. . . . It was soon apparent that this would not do. The question was finally solved, or rather dissolved, by the progress of biblical criticism.

"The next and larger application of evolution was to the idea of God. If the world and man had grown, if there didn't seem to be any place where or time when God stepped in from the outside, then God must be inside the process [a pantheistic God] or disappear entirely. . . .

"The change that has come over our thought of the Bible is familiar to most of us and requires no extended comment. It began, naturally, with the Old Testament. At the beginning of our period the higher criticism was just appearing over the horizon. . . .

"Biblical scholarship naturally passed from the Old Testament to the New Testament. . . .

"Summing up this matter of the Bible, the views now held render obsolete all discussion of the inspiration of the Bible, verbal or otherwise, and



all such discussion seems to have ceased."—*Ibid.*, pp. 452-456.

This leads him on to the following conclusion: "We have little, almost nothing, left of the orthodoxy with which we started out fifty years ago."

Though this writer happened to be setting down his thoughts in the year 1936, I am sure he would agree, for the evidence is clear, that the picture he presents was one that had already come clearly into focus several years before that date. In that picture we see modernism in full flower.

And what has been the effect upon the spiritual life of Christian men and women who have sat under the ministry of those committed to these modernist views? A partial but startling answer is found in the waning interest in foreign missions, which I have already discussed. In 1928 the pastor of a large Congregational church wrote two articles under the general title "A Modernist's Criticism of Modernism." His criticism is extended and withering, even though he seeks to soften it with occasional declarations as to the intellectual gains of modernism. I quote briefly from the second article:

"If the peril of conservatism is intolerance, the peril of Liberalism is indifference. Freedom of thought tends to become absence of thought. It is easy to pass from the affirmation that there is truth in all forms of belief to the affirmation that all beliefs are equally true, and then go on to say that it does not make much difference what one thinks. Religion is very confusing; why think of it at all?"—William Henry Spence, *The Congregationalist*, August 16, 1928, pp. 205, 206.

Into this mood of spiritual apathy have men been brought by sitting under modernist preaching. And apathy is but one step removed from apostasy, as the author of the article frankly confesses.

Modernism, bold and assured, had no more than come to its place of dominance in the late 1920's than it was confronted with three grave challenges. The first of these was a left-wing school of religious thought called humanism. Humanists argued that inasmuch as modernism called for following scientific methods in discovering truth, and inasmuch as science is quite unable to discover any God or any evidence of heaven, why not frankly admit that the idea of God and heaven are dead? Why not, in turn, frankly declare that this earth is our home, and that humanity, viewed collectively, must find in itself its only hope of salvation and betterment, that indeed in humanity

must be found the only true object of worship. Hence the use of the word *humanist*.

Humanists jeered at their fellow modernists who failed to go all the way with them, declaring that they lacked the courage of their beliefs.

The rather sudden burgeoning of this humanist movement both frightened and embarrassed the great host of modernist churchmen. There was embarrassment because the humanists contended that the ultimate logic of modernism demanded the complete renunciation of God and the worship of humanity instead. Fundamentalists had been saying just that for years. Now, behold, there rises up a radical wing of modernism to admit the very contention of fundamentalists!

There was fright in modernist ranks because, though they admitted much of the force of the humanist argument—they could hardly do otherwise—they were terrified at the thought of going the whole distance. They illustrated in their lives that baffling but sometimes encouraging fact that the consent a man's mind may give over a period of years to the logic of a certain kind of reasoning may be quite different from the deep, though ill-defined, convictions that control his heart.

The premises on which modernists built when they desired to make religion intellectually respectable—through acceptance of evolution and related skeptical thoughts—required them to vaporize God, to diffuse Him throughout all nature in a pantheistic way. But it is hard, even for a mind rigidly disciplined and shackled by false reasoning, to overwhelm completely the inner witness of the heart that testifies to the existence of a personal God who is the explanation of all things. Only thus, I believe, can we explain why modernists in general halted at the edge of the atheistic abyss and refused to affirm that there is no God, that there is no world beyond, and that earth, and earth alone, is our home.

Of the gravity of the crisis produced in religious circles by the humanist wing of modernism, John Herman Randall, Jr., in the *Christian Century* of November 11, 1931, observed:

"A generation ago the focus of controversy was the defense of Genesis against an encroaching 'Darwinism.' Today it is the defense of some kind of God against 'materialism, atheism, and humanism.'"—P. 1418.

The writer of those lines gave no evidence that he believed there was a causal connection between Darwinism

a generation ago and "atheism and humanism" today. Undoubtedly he saw no such connection. But the actual facts demanded that he put the two in the sequence they are given. We may be permitted, in the light of the evidence already presented, to see in the atheism and humanism of 1931 the end result of the "encroaching 'Darwinism'" of a generation before.

I have said that humanism failed to capture the great body of modernists because of the deep, intuitive feeling in the hearts of virtually all men that there is a God, and that there is a world beyond. But that was not the only reason humanism failed to carry modernism. I refer to the great world depression that began in the early 1930's. At first men reasoned that it was something transient, and that prosperity was just around the corner. But it soon became evident that the great depression was an inevitable aftermath of World War I.

The import of this was clearly set forth by a well-known scientific authority in 1933:

"The collapse of the faith in 'Progress' has affected the Western world more profoundly, I should say, even than the nineteenth-century collapse of faith in the literal truth of the Bible. . . . The faith in 'Progress' implied a whole philosophy of life, a whole theory of conduct. . . . The collapse of the faith meant the collapse of the philosophy and the ethic: which meant, in its turn, that men and women were left, not only without an incentive to action, but also without any map or guide, however imperfect, in the midst of a world of obscure chaos."—Aldous Huxley, *Harpers*, January, 1933, pp. 213, 214.

For these and other reasons liberals began to do a very great deal of heart searching in the 1930's. Their distress became only the greater when the depression merged into World War II, and World War II climaxed in the explosion of an atomic bomb. Modernism had idolized science, had considered that the scientists' approach to all knowledge was much more worthwhile than any approach employed by the prophets or apostles. Science, indeed, was to be the main agent in producing that ever-better world, that kind of heaven on earth, to which modernists looked forward. Now, here was science providing, in the second world war, a vastly larger and more terrifying proof that its discoveries were producing a hell on earth. Scientists had reached to the inner secrets of the atom



and had brought forth, not a God resident within, but a blinding power of destruction.

It is no exaggeration to say that the most destructive impact of the atomic bomb was not in the world of things but in the world of ideas. It was not only the city of Hiroshima that was destroyed but the idea of progress—or whatever remained of the idea. Never before in the intellectual history of man has an idea so important to the whole

and to bring the clear light of intelligence to play upon the problems of mankind, from illness and crime to government and business and law. . . .

"It seems quite clear by now that human intelligence may span oceans in hours and speak to distant continents in an instant. But the happiness dreamed of, the good society, the heaven on earth seems no whit nearer than it was in Greece, which had no science at all in the modern sense. Everyone who has

ligious thought. But it is nevertheless significant. It began to take shape in European theological circles after the first world war. Karl Barth, who had trained for the ministry under ultra-modernist German professors, found his theories of man and the world suffering severely under the devastation produced during the years 1914-1918. His feelings were quickly shared by others, outstanding among these being Emil Brunner. Thus on the Continent



A. DEVANEY

To every logically thinking man there comes a time when he must choose between accepting the Bible as the Word of God or the theory of evolution.

structure of men's intellectual life, so important to the whole fabric of philosophy, an idea held so long and with such increasing fervency and affection, been so suddenly and so completely swept from the minds of men.

A secular writer in 1946 makes this far-reaching admission:

"There was, until recently, widely current in liberal spirits a faith in the infinite perfectibility of human institutions. All that was needed was first to clear away inherited stupidities and traditional follies, as Voltaire suggested,

watched the changing climate of feeling has seen scientific Utopianism fade."—Irwin Edman, *American Scholar*, Autumn, 1946, p. 520.

Largely as a result of two world wars and the depression there developed a third challenge to modernism in the form of a school of religious thought known generally as neo-orthodoxy. It is difficult to do justice to this third factor that challenges modernism, because it is not quite possible to define it sharply. In the first place it is not a tightly knit movement or school of re-

there had already developed in the 1920's a school of religious thought that took an increasingly gloomy view of the two most primary tenets of modernism: the idea of progress and the perfectibility of man.

Not till the depression descended on America did theologians in this country really begin to give any serious attention to such doleful views. But during the past 20 years an increasing number of them have allied themselves in varying degrees with neo-orthodoxy. Unquestionably such theologians have



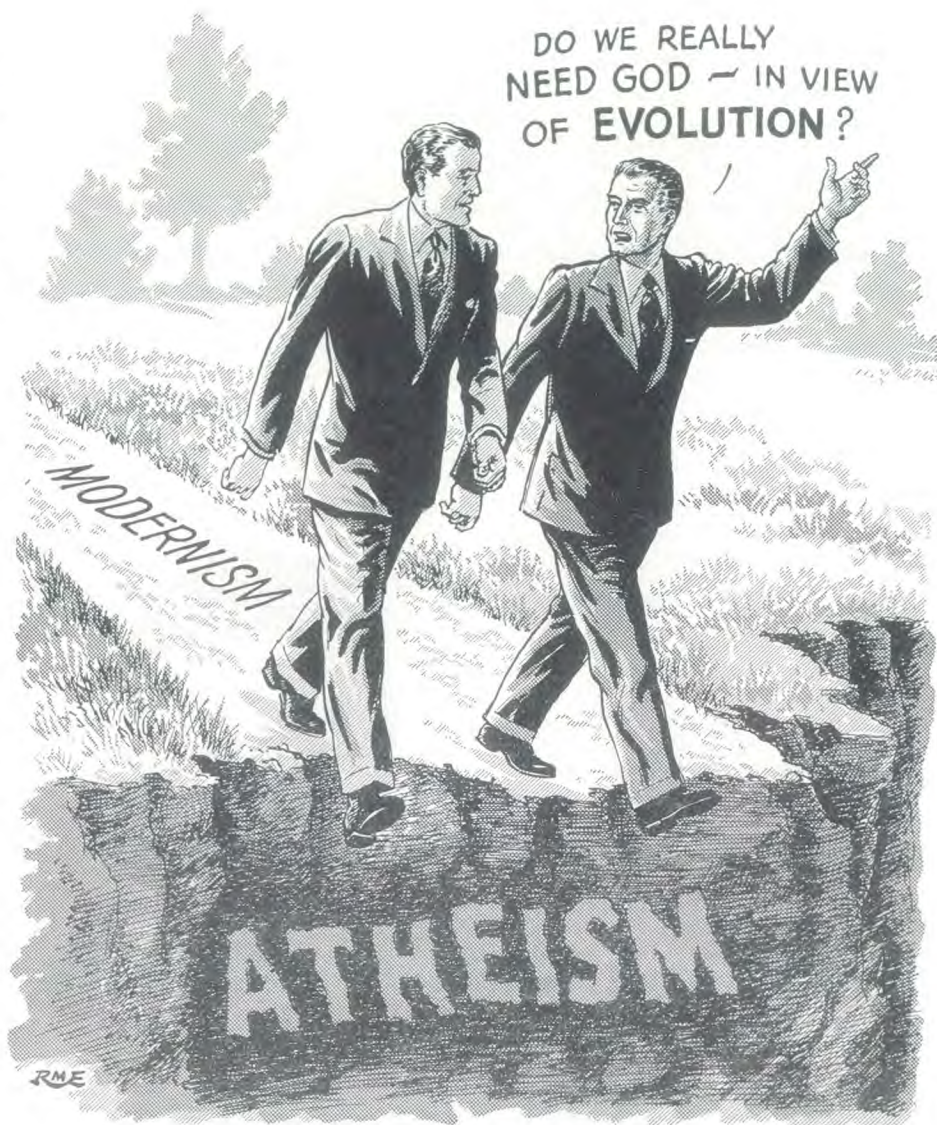
experienced some very great readjustments in their views of God, of the world, of man, and of the Bible. That is evident. After talking with certain of them my first feeling is that they are not far from the kingdom. I believe them when they say they pray to a transcendent, personal God, that they believe man is evil, and that God's grace is necessary to his redemption. Yet as I think further on their declarations and inquire for their premises, I am persuaded that they are not returning to orthodoxy. The most that can be said is that they are a theological hybrid. Some keen observers, both in the modernist and in the conservative camps, are not willing to grant even that much.

Charles Clayton Morrison, one of the most incisive of modernist writers, and formerly editor of *Christian Century*, wrote in that journal in 1950 a series of articles in which he convincingly developed the thesis that "neo-orthodoxy is an extension and development of the spirit and method of liberalism." He showed that in common with liberalism, neo-orthodoxy accepts "the higher criticism of the Bible and, in general, the findings of modern science."—June 7, 1950, p. 698. This is another way of saying that it accepts the theory of evolution.

In the Protestant religious world we find at mid-century a chastened modernism, unsure, but in large degree unrepentant; neo-orthodoxy, small in numbers, but vigorous in conviction; and conservatives, also relatively small in numbers. In the secular world we find that intellectuals of all kinds are quite completely committed to the scientific viewpoint, particularly so in the great educational centers, which means that God scarcely comes into their thinking. That is the picture as of the present hour.

Let me now sum up this survey. In the world of thought, religious and otherwise, the history of the past three centuries is a history of the secularization of man. The increasing dominance of science, with its apparent ability to explain all the mysteries of life and its evident ability to provide comforts and satisfactions for man, has played the key role in this secularizing process.

Man tends naturally, in his sinful state, to confine his thoughts to this world. If science has proved to his satisfaction that there is no evidence of a world *beyond*, and that God is not really needed in explanation of *this* world or as an aid to improving it, the inevitable result could not be other than the secularization of man. Then with



religious leadership capitulating to the scientific premises, there was no check upon the secularization. Furthermore, with all the great centers of learning indoctrinating the youth with ideas which, if not hostile to the supernatural, at least discounted or ignored it, a secular fate for man was virtually inevitable.

If I had to describe in one word the mood of man in mid-twentieth century in regard to the supernatural, I would use the cold, hard word *secular*.

In 1948 there was published an outstanding volume entitled *Christian Faith and Secularism*. In this book a group of writers present the current picture of the blight of secularism in every department of life. Here is the opening paragraph:

"Secularism is no longer, as it was a hundred years ago, an intellectual revolt against theological domination. It has become the supporting atmosphere of our culture. To describe it is like

describing the air about us. No logical knife can dissect it; it is too pervasive and fluid to be captured in the net of any system of ideas. We are so completely adjusted to it that we do not mark it, but only those salient traits of our culture for which it is the permanent foundation." — Leroy E. Loemaker, "The Nature of Secularism," in *The Christian Faith and Secularism*, edited by J. Richard Spann, p. 11.

The writer adds immediately, and correctly, "Secularism is practical atheism."

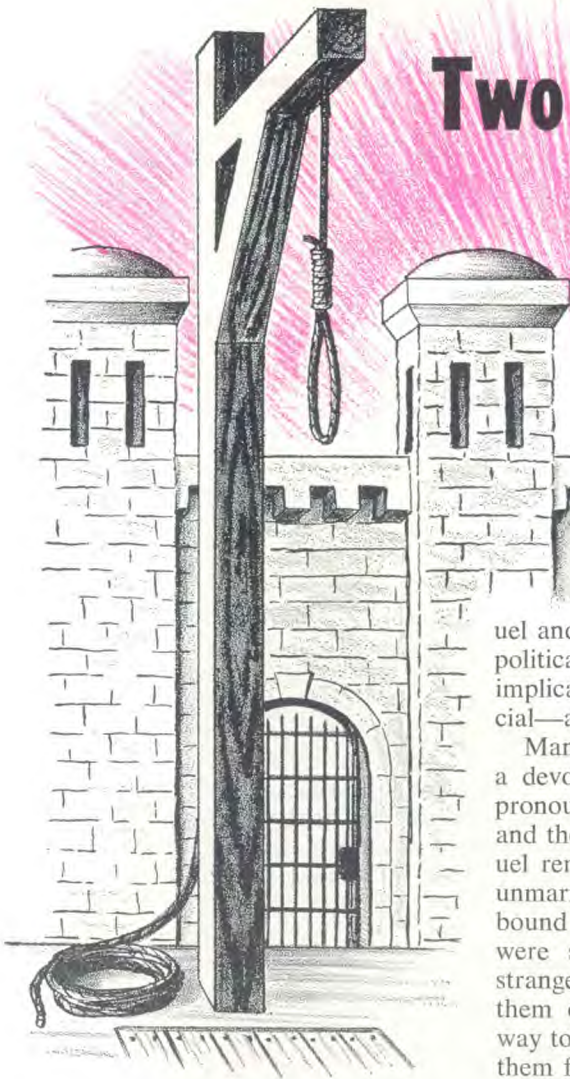
That, generally, describes man at mid-twentieth century. And how could the situation be otherwise in the light of the forces that have operated in the scientific, the philosophical, the religious, and the educational world to take the reality out of God, to make Him unnecessary in the explanation of nature, and then to vaporize Him into a pantheistic God, or to eliminate Him completely? ★★★



# Two Steps From the Gallows

By Roland R. Hegstad

*What did he say, this calm-faced man  
as he paused—two steps from the gallows?*



THEY walked slowly toward the gallows, Manuel and Juan Diaz, black crosses sewn on their orange prison shirts, their wooden shoes clomp, clomping on the stone walk. From the barred windows of the somber gray buildings surrounding the courtyard, hundreds of convicts watched their last mile compress into feet—100, 75, 50.

Sickened, yet powerless to cease watching, repelled, yet drawn by some compelling fascination, they clutched the bars, their knuckles showing white against the iron.

Sunshine and shadow—a breath of air; how many more? Shadow and sunshine—shafts of light on the orange shirts; black crosses moving toward the gallows steps. Closer—25 feet, 15, 10. Two brothers, Manuel Diaz, 35; Juan Diaz, 32. Murderers, it was said.

Sullen, taciturn Manuel had been the leader; gay, irresponsible Juan the follower. Yet, despite an affinity for the explosive native drink, *tuba*, neither had been in trouble before. The federal prison had been only a name; it ceased to be a name and became a gateway to eternity soon after the elections. Man-

uel and Juan, caught up in a vortex of political intrigue and corruption, were implicated in the murder of a local official—although they denied killing him.

Manuel had a family: two little boys, a devoted wife. When the judge had pronounced sentence, she had wept, and the boys had cried with her. Manuel remembered their faces. Juan was unmarried. When the ancient iron-bound gates closed behind them, they were shut off from the world. But strangely enough, the gates that shut them off from the world opened the way to another; the lock that separated them from their old lives opened up a new. Juan and Manuel found Christ in prison. He who had come "to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison," freed them from fear of death who all their lives through that fear had been "subject to bondage."

Then they who were reconciled to death were offered life! life!—if they would renounce their hope in Christ! If they would renounce their new-found faith! Life in prison, but life.

Some of the details of the offer must be left for the books of record in the court above; the circumstances cannot be stated here. But Juan and Manuel chose death. When a Seventh-day Adventist pastor came and immersed them in a specially constructed baptismal tank before the wary eyes of their armed guards, they knew that this burial was but the certain prelude to another. But their decision had been made. As the arms of the pastor raised them from the waters, they looked in faith to One whose "strong right arm" would raise them to victory over death on some bright morning.

Now they walked, shafts of light on the orange shirts, black crosses moving toward the gallows steps, Manuel and

Juan: both young men, but both born again only recently.

Ten steps. Five. The guards stopped. Manuel closed his eyes, lifted his face toward the sky, breathed deeply, lingeringly, savoring the flower-scented air. Juan stood silent, his face serene. The pastor stepped near them, spoke a few words, prayed. As the two men ascended the platform steps, Manuel paused, turned back, smiled at the pastor, and spoke softly.

On the platform hoods were draped over their heads, nooses slipped around their necks. From the barred cell windows a cry arose and died half-born as the traps thudded and the bodies swung in the summer sun. There remained but one great wordless moan, swelling and dying—

"What did he mean?" The guard's whispered words broke the silence as he turned toward the pastor. "What did he mean, 'Good-by until the morning'?"

That some parts of this story remain untold is not important. Much of what is said could be erased, the background forgotten, the details omitted. They are not important either. What is important is this: In the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifty-five—a hurried, bustling, pretentious year buried in the middle of a secularistic, materialistic, scientific century—two men, once pagans, convicted of murder, condemned to death but offered life in exchange for their new-found faith; two men, separated by 20 dark centuries from that light which shone on an empty tomb, caught a vision of life beyond the grave, of time beyond tomorrow—a vision of such beauty that they laid down willingly that which is life today!

*"Good-by until the morning."*

How much this hurried, harried, haunted generation needs to rediscover this vision! ★★



# INTERPRETING IN THE LIGHT OF



## ★ The Fabulous Future

THE CAPTION at the head of this editorial is the title of a series of articles carried by *Fortune* in 1955. The series was written by leaders in science, business, government, education, and labor; and each was asked to express in his contribution his hopes for the next 25 years. The concluding article in the series was written by Henry R. Luce, the editor in chief of *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, and *Sports Illustrated*. Mr. Luce's article dealt with the future of the human spirit.

Mr. Luce points out the tremendous changes that are taking place in our world: "And having not yet had time to learn how to live and think in one new economic world, we are already walking into another, newer, stranger, greater." He points up this observation by saying, earlier in his article, that "from the day when Abraham came out of Ur of the Chaldees, from that day until yesterday, the rule of life has been that one man with the help of his wife and little children, by heavy toil from sunup till sundown, could just barely keep body and soul together. The tiny surplus from his labor went to the overlords and intellectuals for their service in maintaining order and in providing spiritual food; even at the subsistence-survival level, man does not live by bread alone."

He goes on to point out the fact—in his view—that modern means of production have made abundance possible without the grinding toil of other years:

"Today we can glimpse the end of the *habit* of poverty—that habit of thinking poorly. And how ridiculous is now that notion, which so recently delighted so many 'planners,' that mankind would run out of raw materials, including food! Abundance has become visibly the norm of life in America. Having been achieved in America as a human reality, this economy of abundance is likely to become the global condition of man's life on earth."

Perhaps Luce's reasoning here is a little bit optimistic. It recalls to our minds remarks that were made in the summer of 1929, a few weeks before the stock market crash. It also reminds us that business is predicated on such a matter as the heartbeat of the president, so that an irregularity in that heartbeat could cause the sharpest break in the market since that time in 1929.

From the United States' present condition of abundance and prosperity to including the whole world is quite a leap. More than half of the world is still hungry, with the word *hungry* meaning actually acute undernourishment—undernourishment such as is virtually unknown in America. Then there is the mounting problem of population. This problem is such that in some areas increased productivity through irrigation projects and better farming methods has resulted in so much increase in population that the problem became worse instead of better.

This is not an all-important part of Luce's discussion of the future. He is more concerned with the future of man's spiritual development. Thinking of a possible future of abundance and consequent leisure, he asks, "What will happen to America when work seems not to be the gyroscope of morality? Oldsters have been shaking their heads about this for a long time."

This prospect may not be too good. Unfortunately morals do not seem to improve with productivity and leisure. Sweden is an example—a country with a high standard of living and, at least in the cities, with virtually no extreme poverty, but with a good deal to be desired in the realm of morals. Some months ago a story in *Time* pointed this out and was greeted with angry outcries from Stockholm. But thoughtful Swedes admit the truth of most of *Time's* report, as is attested to by a special article by Gosta Berglund, THESE TIMES correspondent from Stockholm, to be carried by THESE

TIMES in June. Prosperity does not bring moral rectitude and piety in its arms.

But going on with Luce's argument. He seems to think that man—especially in America—is learning a great deal about co-operation, and he points out that this is a peculiarly American trait. He expresses the hope that this "virtue," as he terms it, will become through evolution a "habit." If this could be, he believes that a sort of global Utopia might result.

In expressing this hope, Luce refers to Lecomte du Nouy's *Human Destiny*. This is a remarkable book by a great thinker, and du Nouy does a remarkable job of proving that creation could not just have happened. In fact his own demonstration well-nigh destroys the remainder of his own book, for, incredibly, after proving mathematically the impossibility of creation through chance, du Nouy goes on to use evolution as a framework for the rest of his reasoning! In brief he depicts the future of man to properly be the conscious evolution of his own race! What this is, Luce says, is "collaboration with God" and a perfect definition of "the American religion." What Luce seems to seek to do is to persuade us that we can save the world through our own evolution on a materialistic level, accepting the idea that material good is the outworking of inward righteousness.

Mr. Luce's paean of praise of the possibilities of the human spirit and the grandeur of more and better everything for everybody leaves some awful gaps to be filled. For instance, he dismisses the possibility of a nuclear war as follows: "But by 1980, World War III will have happened or been bypassed: even if that fantastic war happens, what is already in the mind of man will go on; 'reconstruction' will take place; by 1980 superabundance and some kind of global order will have been established."

Will it? If God should allow a nuclear war to happen, how does Luce know



# THESE TIMES

## BIBLE PROPHECY

By the Editor

that this earth will even be habitable if there is anyone left to inhabit it? Or, if it is habitable and there are people left, what kind of people with what kind of ideology will be in charge?

And what about morals of the future? That Bible which is honored so much in speech but so little in study and belief does not indicate any planned evolution toward "collaboration with God" for the future. "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come." "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." 2 Timothy 3:1, 13.

It may be, as Luce says, that "the conflict of science and religion, which so agitated our parents, is no longer a major topic in America. . . . The two

worlds are not in substantial conflict. Border incidents crop up from time to time, but the general atmosphere is one of peace." If this is true, it is because the clergy and religionists in general have largely succumbed to the onslaught of evolutionists and have abandoned the faith they once held.

But the fact that *men* may have been defeated, or become afraid, does not mean that God has changed His mind in the slightest. Men's opinions do not change the facts, especially those facts of which God is custodian. We think there is no fact more important than this in the understanding of the eternal questions of the universe.

With this in mind we should remember that the Bible has absolutely nothing to say about a global Utopia that

man has a part in establishing, or that can be built on material achievement. It does have a great deal to say about global catastrophe and a global Utopia to be established *after* the catastrophe *by God* and not by evolution, but by re-creation.

In the meantime, "put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." Psalm 146:3. To do so may bring you to the frame of mind to which H. G. Wells, onetime enthusiastic prophet of Utopia, came. In Luce's words about Wells: "Somehow, he confessed, he had been quite wrong about the nature of things, including human nature. The world, instead of coming under the rule of Wellsian Scientist-Kings, had lapsed into what Churchill designated as history's most terrible and most unnecessary war."

Wells was never so right as when he confessed that he had been wrong.

### ★ Armament Treadmill

IN RECENT war maneuvers "enemy" bombers "knocked out" half of the entire United States striking force and destroyed 80 per cent of its known air bases in 40 minutes. During this short time as much explosive power was represented in simulated atomic bombs as was delivered in all the 250,000 sorties in three years of war in Korea.

Modern weapons are expensive: (an airplane may cost \$5,000,000; a battleship \$50,000,000; an atomic weapon \$2,000,000,000). One wonders how much longer our economy can stand the strain. When we read that from 1917 to date we have spent \$880,000,000,000 on war, we are reminded most forcefully of this. Furthermore it should be remembered that spending in World War I days was penurious indeed compared with today. We are told that our government has recently ordered the perfection of inter-continental guided missiles on a "crash basis" without regard to cost. ★★★



RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

Charles S. Longacre (left), associate editor of *Liberty*, published by the Religious Liberty Association, a Seventh-day Adventist organization, and Leo Pfeffer (center), legal counsel for the American Jewish Congress, receive citations in Washington, D.C., for "distinguished service in the cause of religious liberty." Dr. Louie D. Newton gave the awards for POAU.



"The work of caring for her mother had been too much for my sweetheart, and she had a complete breakdown. The doctor pronounced it tuberculosis. In those days the disease was almost as dreaded as leprosy. One who got it began to prepare for imminent death."

# "Ye Vi



By  
**Charles  
McWilliams**

## Part 7 My Romance

**A**SERIAL just isn't complete without a love story in it. I have one, and it is a good one, because it shows not only the love that two young people may have for each other but also the interest and loving care of a heavenly Father.

Though I was a musician, I made my living part of the time as a signwriter. Shortly after I was converted, I entered Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska, to prepare for the ministry. I had to go to the post office to get my mail. As I walked in there one day, I saw a very charming young lady framed in the

office window. I saw she was busying herself with a lead pencil, drawing a picture of a rose. It was the most accurate work of art I had ever seen a young person do. I was so pleased with the picture—and possibly the artist—that I begged the picture. (Incidentally, I still have that picture after 45 years.) Our interest in art was common ground, and I was soon seeing her quite often. We had some classes together in the college, and I took her to various places of entertainment.

Life was very beautiful, and we began to plan for the future. I built a new home at the corner of 51st and Prescott. So sure were we of the future that when I was a little short of money to finish the house, she furnished it.

It couldn't be a real love story with-

out some difficulties. We had them. The blissful harmony of our courtship was sometimes interrupted. I will mention but two of the interruptions, the first a minor one, the second a real tragedy.

About half a block from my intended's home lived an old lady who thought she was an artist. She caught me one day and took me in to show me her art work. I haven't studied modern art; her pictures might have been good, but they looked to me like a bunch of hen scratches. She asked me to buy one of them for my sweetheart. I hadn't been off of the road too long and had not learned to be diplomatic. I told her I thought that if I had painted the picture, she might accept it for my sake, but otherwise I didn't think the girl would care for it. I was telling the



# ited Me"

## *A Layman's Adventures for God*

**SYNOPSIS:** Leaving the frontier area where he was born and the religion of his lay-preacher father, Charles McWilliams successively became a circus musician, was converted, went to college, became a street preacher and prison worker, and finally, went back to college—more successfully this time. In his youth he had come into contact with an old man who taught him that Saturday was the Bible Sabbath. After conversion McWilliams studied the Bible and church history for himself, joining the Seventh-day Adventist Church as the result. At first he wondered how he would be able to make a living and still devote much time to the Lord's work. Experience soon taught him that the Lord could take better care of his business than he could, and he stopped worrying about his financial responsibilities. The more he worked for God, the more he prospered in material things.

truth, but that was one time that it would have been better to think the truth and not tell it. It made the old lady angry, and she went down to my girl's home and told her mother she would rather see her daughter in her grave than married to a man like me. I have a scar on my neck that I got from a burn that I received when but a little child. She told her I had gotten that in a drunken brawl, that someone had tried to cut my throat. She pictured me worse than I ever had been.

I think my sweetheart's mother rather believed her story and decided that she wasn't so keen to have her daughter go with a fellow like that. She told her daughter that the only other man she had ever seen as homely as I was Abraham Lincoln. With all these barriers cropping up I began to wonder if my building a new house had not been in vain. To make matters worse, the mother took the girl and fled to California before I had a chance to fix things up. The mother supposedly went there for her "health," but I was sure it was to get the daughter away from me and get her interested in a more desirable fellow.

While they were gone, I would go down and hear her father reading letters telling what a wonderful time his daughter was having going places with "lovely" young men. I really was down in the mouth. But as terrible as it all seemed, she finally came home; and when we had a chance to talk things over, the difficulty was soon in the past.

The next thing I faced was a real tragedy. The work of caring for her mother had been too much for my sweetheart, and she had a complete breakdown. The doctor pronounced it tuberculosis. In those days the disease was almost as dreaded as leprosy. One who got it immediately began to prepare for death. I watched the woman of my dreams start fading away. She grew weaker and weaker as the day of our wedding drew near. It was a terrible thing to see the one I had set my affections on slowly dying. By this time she was hemorrhaging so badly I was afraid she was going to die any day. The neighbors wondered whether I would marry her in that condition. I think the mother decided that I wasn't such a bad sort of fellow when I offered to

marry the girl and take her to the mountains to see if she couldn't gain back her health. She was not expected to live more than six months.

The wedding day came at last. It was a sad and quiet wedding, with only one guest outside the family. That was a friend of my bride. That very night we took the train for Denver, Colorado. I had a sister living on a ranch out by Grand Junction. I took her there. It was a beautiful place, and I didn't see how anyone could help getting well. But she grew steadily worse, till after two months I took her home to die. We moved into a screened-in porch at her father's home. She was not able to care for the house we had built.

In my experience in working in the jails and missions I was becoming more familiar with my Bible. I found that instead of being good only for old women and little children, as I thought in college days, it was the Word of the living God. What a wonderful Book it was! It told me the history of the world from beginning to end. Of all the books I had ever read, it was the most thrilling. I guess that was because I had met the Author.

One day I opened my Bible to the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah. I began reading. I read the chapter through. I read it again. I reread it. I finally said to my wife, "I have found the solution to our problem. It promises here to make your health 'spring forth speedily' for just the work I am doing. I have been loosing 'the bands of wickedness.' I have been helping those poor old drunks to get free from the chains that bind them. I have quit studying the Bible just to find something to argue with people about. I have dealt my bread to the hungry. I have taken the outcast into my house. I have sent him to school and fed him. I have taken my 'foot' off of 'the Sabbath,' from doing my pleasure on His holy day. I have made it 'a delight' not only to myself but also to many young people whom I have taken with me to bring hope to lost sinners. The promise is made that when a man has done all this, then shall 'thine health spring forth speedily.' It also says that if you do these things, when you cry unto the Lord, He will say, 'Here I am.' " I said, "We believe this is the Word of God, don't we? Then why not claim the promise?"

I cried unto the Lord. I said, "I need my wife. She is such a perfect helpmate for me. Won't You give her back her health?" She grasped the promise by faith. A new light came into her eyes and with it new courage to fight for her



life. The Lord heard our cry and answered, "Here I am." She began to eat with relish. Soon roses began to show in her cheeks. She gained steadily. Soon she was taking care of our own home.

One day she said to me, "You are sometimes short of musicians in your gospel band. If you will get me an instrument, I am sure God will help me learn to play it."

I said, "That is fine! Take my trumpet."

But she told me it had to be a saxophone. Then my faith was tested. She had had only three lessons in her life, and those when she was a little girl. And a saxophone cost more than a hundred dollars. I bought her the instrument. After drilling on the fingering for about three weeks, she said, "I am ready to join your band." She started playing without ever taking a lesson. Having been a band leader for years and knowing how long it took me to learn to play, I marveled at her playing so well. Of course it was church music we were playing, but that was all we needed. If you asked her how she did it, she would tell you it was just a gift.

Three children came to bless our home. It was a happy home. But as in all homes, there were times when mountains of difficulty loomed up before us. We always found a way out. One very perplexing time that I remember was when I was working over in Iowa. When I came home one week end, I found the house quarantined for diphtheria. They allowed me to stay in the basement. My brother-in-law was their doctor. He had brought the youngsters past the danger point, but my wife had bad tonsils. They were so bad that he couldn't get the infection out of them, and he didn't dare remove the tonsils while the germs were there.

He finally told her that as far as he could see, she was a prisoner for life. He couldn't remove the quarantine sign as long as the germs were there, and every test showed only positive. My wife came to the basement door and called me. When she broke the bad news, it was a terrible blow. What were we to do? I couldn't go away and leave her with no one to carry in the food, and I had to work to support the family. I said to her, "Is there nothing more the doctor can do?"

She informed me that he had done all that he could.

I said, "Then we will have to call on the great Physician."

She called the little ones to kneel with her at the top of the stairs. I called Jimmy, who was the musician who

helped me in my street meetings. We knelt at the bottom of the stairs. That was a real prayer meeting. We knew what we wanted and were in earnest in asking for it. I said, "Lord, how can I work for You while being tied down like this?" We all felt better after that prayer meeting. A short time later they came and took another culture. It was negative! Down came the quarantine sign, and my wife was free.

She has been a good wife to me, but before I tell you what I think of her, I wish to relate a little incident. In that fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, which I took as a standard for meeting the Lord's requirements, it says that if a person does the things listed, then "thy righteousness shall go before thee." In

## Admonition

"Count it all joy,"

the Scripture says,

Though there seems

no reason why.

But Faith and Hope

see the brighter day,

And Love paints

the rainbow sky.

—MILDRED WOOD HARRIS.

my meetings on the streets, in the mission, and in the shops, I had taken so many young people with me from other states that it seemed impossible to go any place where what I was doing wasn't known. I would scarcely get into a town before I would be asked to speak in the church. I went on my vacation to the mountains. I could get away from my signs, but the Lord's business was so scattered that I couldn't find a vacation spot where He didn't have a little business for me to attend to. Or, I should add, where He had a blessing ready for me.

I had gone up west of Boulder, Colorado, for a rest. They had me speak in the church and several times in the Boulder Sanitarium. While I was up in the mountains, my little daughter Evelyn became very sick. We brought her to the sanitarium. After a few days they had her up again, and I went in to pay my bill. When I asked the clerk for it, she informed me that it had already

been paid. I asked who had done such a nice thing for me.

The lady said, "We have a Mr. Pegg working in one of our departments, who told us how he landed in Lincoln one night after dark with a carload of students for the college. He didn't know what to do or where to go. He said that he knocked at your door and that you took them all in, strangers though they were, kept them overnight, then wouldn't take a cent for the service. He is the one who paid the bill."

You see, I couldn't give anything away; it always came back to me double. It's like a reporter once wrote about me: "Today this man is preaching regularly. God is prospering him financially, so he does not need a salary." Incidentally, a few years ago I was driving from Loma Linda over to Redlands, California. I picked up an elderly gentleman who was trying to get to a town some 15 miles beyond my destination. I told him I would take him over there. And would you believe it! Before we got to the end of our trip, I discovered he was this same Mr. Pegg who had paid my bill at the Boulder Sanitarium!

Now this is the only incident I can think of to make you think I am generous. But don't let me fool you. Mack is Scotch. And, true to the jokes told on the Scots, every time a dollar gets into my hand, the old eagle begins to squawk because I hang onto him so tightly. Of course I like to take all the credit I can, but common decency compels me to put the credit where it belongs—and here I am back to the subject of my wife. I guess the Lord knew that it would be a little hard for a Scotchman-at-heart to understand that if you want to have something, you have to give away what you have to get it. So He talked to my wife about that.

Talk about giving! That wife of mine is the limit! She would give the clothes off her back. A hundred times I have thought that woman was going to send me to the poorhouse. She would take students in and feed them, 20 at a clip. When the children were growing up, the house was always full of company. And my wife would always have to give them the best of everything. She would take boys in and let them wash dishes for their room and board, then do twice as much work for them as they did for her. She gave away so much I was sure we would go broke. When we went out with company, dad always had to pay all the bills.

I remember a young lady who was in



the same class with my daughter at medical school. I thought I had all I could do to get my own daughter through school, without adding any extra expense. But my wife insisted that she must give this girl her meals. A short time back I read a story written by this young woman, now a doctor. She told of how the Lord helped her through medicine, mentioning my wife's kindness. When I read that story, I said to myself, "What a stingy old fool you are!" That girl could not have made the grade if it hadn't been for my wife's feeding her. I saw how bad I was so clearly that it brought tears to my eyes. I decided that the Lord had had to talk to my wife when it came to the matter of liberality. Though at times I thought she was wasting my money (she always did about two thirds of the work that it took to earn it), I am now very glad she did it. I have survived all her "reckless" spending and am still able to have three square meals a day and enough clothing to keep me warm.

One other thing I will have to give my wife credit for is the raising of three wonderful daughters. No pleasure or society ever weaned her away from her God-given responsibility to bring up those children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She stayed by the job, and I am sure that is why they are where they are today. The credit is all hers.

Now I am not the only one who has fallen in love with my wife. There are many—especially old ladies. You see, when I married my wife, I made a grave mistake: I made her work for me for nothing. Now this was bad. She got the habit and worked for everybody for nothing. I didn't like that. How could I get ahead if she always worked for nothing? But try as hard as I might, I couldn't break her of the habit. That might be part of the reason so many people fall in love with her.

My wife now spends part of her time in California, and I go there frequently. Well, the lady who rented us our apartment out in California is one of those ladies who fell in love with my wife. She likes to have her around so well that she lets her have the rent cheaper than anyone else, and still she says she makes more money because my wife is so careful of other people's property. I actually believe she would let her have the place for nothing if my wife would only come and live with her; she is just that much in love with her.

The contest between these two women when it comes to paying bills they have in common is a regular cir-

cus. The landlady will bring the money in and lay it on my wife's table. Then my wife will stick it into a dish or something, and back into her landlady's room it will go. Soon my wife will find it stuck somewhere in with her things. When the money is about worn out by this process of slipping it back and forth, and the English vocabulary exhausted in the attempt to prove that the other should take the money, in order to bring peace to the household I quietly slip the money into my own pocket, and they go happily about their work, each thinking that the other one has accepted the money to pay the bill. Life goes on like a song till up comes another bill, and the same old thing starts all over again. Now I am a man of peace; I will go to almost any limit to settle a quarrel. I just don't like to

still do more work in one day than I can in two.

The psalmist has said, "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Psalm 37:4. The fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah gives one a very definite outline of what one has to do to be able to delight himself in the Lord.

When I was young, I thought how wonderful it would be to be seasonable—to go south with the birds in the winter and back north in the summer. I wanted to be able to buy nice things and to have a home and children that I could be proud of. When I was converted, a call was made for young men to go as missionaries to India. I offered all the money I had, about \$900, if they would send me to India, that needy field. These were the desires of my heart.

I have tried to keep that fifty-eighth chapter as a guide for my life's work, and how true God has been to His promise! For the past nine years I have wintered under the palm trees of southern California. I can walk down the streets of the cities, see all the nice things in the windows, and there just isn't a thing that I want that I don't have the money to buy.

I wanted a home and children that I could be proud of, and I wanted to go to India. The Lord didn't let me go to India. He knew that I could not handle that kind of job. But He did give me a fine home and wonderful children, and He let me live long enough to see my baby go to India in my place—that little tot who was so slow in school that I said, "She is going to be dumb like her dad; she will never get through the eighth grade." She is now a qualified physician. Bless her heart! She loved Jesus well enough to offer her life in service in the very country I wanted to go to years ago. There, in India, she is doing the work I could not do.

My second daughter has already been in the mission field eight years. She is down in Egypt among the Moslems. My oldest daughter has a lovely home in Denver, Colorado, and carries a heavy load as the treasurer of the church.

Could an old man come nearer seeing the desires of his heart fulfilled than that? ★★★

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Ye Visited Me" will soon be available in book form at 75 cents. Order from the Southern Publishing Association, Box 59, Nashville 2, Tennessee.

## Pledge

In service, Lord, for Thee,  
With heaven's gates ajar,  
I would be true as tree  
And faithful as a star.

—CATHERINE M. BUXBAUM.

hear them. So when it gets to its height, I settle it the same old way.

My wife is in California while I am doing this writing. I just got a letter from her. Can you guess what has happened? She bought herself a new dress. She tried it on this lady's daughter. It fit so beautifully that she gave it to her. As a consequence the daughter brought back *three* in its place. My wife closes her letter by saying, "It seems that I just can't give anything away." What a wonderful world this would be if all of our actions were prompted by love instead of greed!

You don't need to look any farther to see where the credit belongs for the nice things I have done. I have to hang my head in shame. The times I have been an idiot and put my Lord to shame and almost given up, her patience with me and her constant purpose to hang on to the Lord have brought me back into the line of duty. All I can say is, "I have a good wife." And that little woman that I picked out of the grave some 45 years ago can



# HAPPY HOMES



## Don't Trifle With Mother Nature

**Y**OU SIMPLY can't win in any game involving Mother Nature unless you play with due respect for her rules. And she is set in her ways. For instance, if you are to have a garden, you must have soil, water, air, and sun. Normally speaking, none of these may be omitted for long without disaster.

Soil usually costs us the most, so let's think about it first. There are four principal soil nutrients: nitrogen, phosphorus, potash, and calcium. Growing plants use these nutrients in varying amounts. Many people garden year after year with varying degrees of success or failure and never really know why they have either succeeded or failed. They rejoice over success and take a better-luck-next-time attitude toward failure. They try what one neighbor tells them this year and what the man down the street says next year. But an accurate soil analysis may be had almost anywhere for a dollar or two.

It is astonishing to discover how much we remove from the soil in a single harvest. Tomato plants that produce as much as 8 tons of fruit an acre remove 40 pounds of nitrogen, 11 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 56 pounds of potash from the soil. So a constant program of replacement must go on. This may be accomplished in a number of ways. You will spend less time caring for a healthy, fast-growing garden than you do on a sickly one and harvest many times more food of better quality. Furthermore foods grown on poor soil lack proper nutritive value, so you cheat yourself all the way around.

Water is another element we usually have at least some control over in the

family garden. Many times water is rather expensive, and its cost may determine whether it really pays, in dollars and cents, to grow a garden at all. There are right and wrong ways to water, but many never bother to find out which is which. Let's look at the process of watering the lawn. In almost any block on a summer's evening you can see half the home owners holding the hose on the lawn. The majority of them hold it long enough in one spot only to brighten up the surface, and while the warm air quickly absorbs the water by evaporation, the grass roots languish underground. A good soaking once a week to a depth of six inches is much less trouble than daily sprinkling and keeps a lawn in healthy condition.

Watering trees requires quite an expenditure for water, but really it will take only a fraction of the ordinary amount of water if it is properly done. A tree is constructed below ground much as it is above ground. The tiny feeder roots far out from the trunk gather the food and water for the leaves above. Then why hold the hose for hours at the trunk of the tree? It takes much more water to do the job, and you're fooling no one but yourself by this method.

Mulching is nature's way of conserving water, as may be seen in any naturally wooded area. The thick, loose carpet of leaves or needles on the ground has almost as much to do with the health of the forest as the rain from above. It is not the water we put on our gardens that makes the difference, but the amount that remains in the soil for plant use. You may feel you cannot afford to buy mulching material, but if water rates are high in your community,

you really can't afford not to mulch. Straw, well-rotted sawdust, leaves, and peat moss are all excellent mulching materials.

There really isn't a great deal any of us can do about the climates in which we live. Of course in our houses and other buildings we exercise what we call climate control, but it is impossible to extend this control out of doors. There are, however, some things that may be done. In our area nearly all our heavy rain and wind storms come from the southwest. Planting fragile flowers in a bed with no protection is almost certain to bring disappointment before the summer is over. A hedge or stake fence to break the wind and driving rain and afford partial shade for flower borders is a really good investment.

A row of dwarf fruit trees or a grouping of these hardy little favorites can make your garden a much happier home for flowers requiring partial shade or windbreak.

Planting vines along wire or wood fences sometimes provides just the needed protection for your flower border from strong wind and an overzealous summer sun.

Trellises may be the answer to more than one garden problem where space is limited and partial shade is desirable. Grapes make ideal trellis planting because their large leaves come late and drop early—making shade just when it is most needed.

As a general rule there is really no use quarreling with nature when it comes to planting varieties. Those developed to be heat-and-drought-resistant should be your choice if that is the kind of climate you live in.

Maybe a late cold spring makes your fingers itch to be in your garden long before it is really practical. If you can manage it at all, a masonry wall fully exposed to the sun can add days or even weeks to your gardening pleasure. The masonry warms during the sunny daylight hours and gives off this warmth slowly long after the rest of the garden is cool. Plant the very earliest flowering bulbs at the base of this wall, on the sunny side, and you will be rewarded days ahead in early spring when flowers are most appreciated.

For a long time I battled with Mother Nature over some of my favorites, but I learned the hard, expensive way that she shows no favoritism. Finally, after some dismal failures and a few mediocre flower gardens, I decided to play the game her way. I observed the wild flowers that grew in the hills and along the roadsides. I discovered wild phlox



growing in profusion, so I bought some of their tame sisters for my garden. The results were very gratifying. The same principle worked out with irises and various shrubs. After all, who can tell which is lovelier—a bunch of bearded irises or a bed of flamboyant red poppies. Healthy, perfect flowers are more beautiful than sickly, imperfect ones. Grow what your climate dictates.

If you live where you can expect the winter temperatures to go down to  $-35^{\circ}\text{F.}$ , the average nursery catalogue is not for you. There are companies that specialize in hardy plants for such localities and guarantee even their roses to withstand these extreme conditions. Such guarantees are worth paying for.

On the other hand if your climate is erratic and freezes and thaws alter-

nately during the winter, much care should be used in planting early flowering trees and shrubs. Swelling buds and precocious blossoms in early spring usually spell ruin to the fruit crop expected later. In such climates all such trees and shrubs should be planted on the north sides of buildings where their early flowering habits will be checked as much as possible. ★★★



## 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.

**I am 44 years of age and am troubled with back pains. This is especially noticeable when I first get up in the morning. It seems to wear off during the day but gets worse if I do much stooping or lifting.—A.G.**

There are many causes for low back pains in a person 44 years of age. One of the most common, of course, is arthritis. X rays show that most people who pass 40 years of age have some arthritic changes in the spine. Many women have a chronic low back strain due to wearing improper types of shoes—especially shoes with heels that are too high, throwing the low back into an extreme forward curve. The bed that a person sleeps on may cause low back pains. Most people who have back pains find that they are helped by changing from a soft springy bed to a bed that has a firm mattress. They are helped further by placing a piece of plywood between the mattress and the springs. I usually advise my patients to get a piece of plywood one half to three fourths of an inch thick and large enough to cover the entire bed. Many patients get so much relief from sleeping on this type of bed that, even after they are well, they refuse to change back to softer beds again.

If poor posture is contributing to your low back pain, I would advise you to seek the help of someone who has had training in posture correction, such as a physical therapist. Take special corrective exercises until you are able to overcome your postural defect. If you have the bad habit of wearing shoes with high heels, then you

should gradually change your style of shoes to one of a more sensible and healthful type.

I do not advise a sudden change from extremely high heels to flat-heel shoes, because this frequently puts enough strain on the muscles in the back of the leg to cause pain.

Again, if you are suffering from a chronic low back strain, you can frequently secure relief by taking flexion exercises which stretch out the spastic muscles of the back. Most orthopedic specialists put their patients on a routine of flexion exercises. If your condition does not clear up in a reasonable length of time, I would advise you to seek their help.

A simple home treatment consists of placing hot packs or fomentations on the back for 30 minutes once or twice a day. Follow this by lying flat on your back. Locking your arms around your knees, pull them down on your chest. At the same time raise your head and try to put your chin over the top of your knees. This exercise should be carried out in a vigorous manner, usually 25 stretches at a time. Repeat every half hour during the day until relief is obtained.

**Do you consider corn sugar and corn syrup harmful to one's health in the same way that refined cane sugar and syrup are?—J.B.R.**

It is not the source of the sugar and the syrup that is harmful. It is what has been done to these products before they are put on the market. Corn sugar and corn syrup have gone through essen-

tially the same refining process, the same chemical processes, as have cane and beet sugar. As a result they are completely devoid of the necessary vitamins and minerals that the body uses for their assimilation. They are definitely a deficiency food, and their use should be sharply limited.

**I have been bothered with my stomach for some time. Frequently anything I eat seems to sour on my stomach. I have a lot of belching. Sometimes I am nauseated and vomit. I had X rays last year for ulcers, and the doctor said my stomach was normal.—M.**

You failed to mention in your letter whether you have had X rays of the gall bladder or not. If this organ is diseased, it frequently causes the symptoms that you mention. My advice to you would be to have X rays made of your gall bladder, and if you have gallstones or a poorly functioning gall bladder, to have it removed. In the meanwhile a low fat and low roughage diet—one in which you avoid all fried foods, foods with any added oils, or coarse and fibrous vegetables—may prove beneficial to you. Another helpful test that is run in cases such as yours is gastric analysis. Food does not digest properly or begin its digestive process properly in the stomach unless there is the proper amount of hydrochloric acid. If this acid is missing, as shown by the test, your digestion can be greatly improved by taking hydrochloric acid itself or some of the newer preparations that release hydrochloric acid after they are taken into the body. ★★★





PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

"Target! Bombs away!" One after the other the deadly "fish" drop lazily through the blue. There! The last one gone! Now, head for home and safety, fast!



AIGNER FROM MONKMEYER

**S**ON, I DO wish you had not been so hasty! You were already serving your country as a marine draftsman. Why the sudden enlistment?" Harold was reading again the words of the letter and wishing with all his heart that his decision had not hurt his dear mother so much. It bothered him—this feeling that she did not approve of his course of action. But what was a fellow to do? Sure, you happen to have a job that defers you; but how can you watch the other men getting into uniform and going out into the thick of things and not be restless and eager to be off, too? And what branch of the service offers more excitement than the air force?

There was more to the letter in his hand, much more. The words of the last paragraph were strangely comforting, though they brought back vividly memories he was trying to forget:

"Always remember that God is calling you, and that mother loves you and is praying for you."

Folding the letter carefully, Harold

tucked it into the pocket of the air force uniform he was so proudly wearing. Yes, those words reminded him of the time when mother and he had talked of the day he would begin studying for the ministry. But that was long ago. Now, like Jonah of old, he wanted to get as far from the call of God as possible. Any day his outfit would be shipped overseas, and that was all right with him!

Laying aside her untouched mending, Mrs. Flynt walked mechanically toward the kitchen to prepare the evening meal, but her thoughts were not on the food. Shaking her head sadly, she mused half-aloud, "What might I have done differently? Maybe if he had kept on living here at home when he took that drafting job after graduation——"

Would he ever come home? Would he ever come back to God? She bowed her head in prayer for her tall, wayward son.

The days slip by. Anchor chains clank as the proud "Ile de France" noses into the Firth of Clyde, Glasgow,

Scotland. Sea-weary troops, several hundred American boys, line her decks, waiting to land after 11 days at sea. Little motor launches race between the anchored ship and dock one-half mile away, carrying the boys ashore.

It is good to stand on terra firma again and forget the roll and pitch of the ship. But there is more traveling to come.

With his buddies Harold soon found himself on his way to the permanent base of the 398th Bomb Group at Nuthamstead, near Royston, Herts County, about 35 miles north of London and only 15 miles from Cambridge.

Somehow breakfast is not the most interesting meal of the day when it must be eaten between the hours of 2 and 3 A.M.! "Joe, when I get home, I want a breakfast without eggs—square

# What Happened

By Jean Cramer Pleasants

eggs or round eggs or any other kind!" muttered Harold as he toyed with the square of cooked powdered eggs on his plate.

"Me, too! I used to like eggs for breakfast, but that was before I started working for Uncle Sam." Joe grinned ruefully.

They gulped down their hot coffee, finished a last piece of toast, and walked hurriedly from the mess hall out into the chill early morning air. This was the day! Soon Harold and Joe and Sid and the others would be winging their way across the channel on their first mission over Europe. How many would come back tonight? How many—— He left the question unspoken.

In the Nissen hut across the way Intelligence officers waited for the men to gather for briefing. When all were seated, the curtain which covered the huge polyconic map on the wall was drawn aside, and for the first time the fliers knew where they were going, what the target was, and what altitude they should maintain. Usually they would fly between 23,000 and 27,000

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feet. At lower altitudes flak was extremely heavy.

As an officer reviewed the chances of success or failure on the mission, Harold looked around at his buddies—at the serious eyes, the grim expressions, the tightly pressed lips. The unbroken “Will I get back?” was mirrored in every eye.

When the briefing was over, the men filed out. Although the air was nippy, each of them felt comfortable in his GI woollens, two pairs of wool socks, heavy service boots, two pairs of trousers, and two shirts. But above the clouds, at — 40° F, they would be thankful for the additional electrically heated suit and boots and the fleece-lined suit and boots which were handed out now. Other gear included helmets and flak suits, oxygen masks, parachutes, and, for each gunner, two 50-caliber guns.

“Georgia Peach” turned and raced for safety. By five o’clock that afternoon the Fortresses began to drop down on the runway in Nuthamstead. Many of them bore battle scars on their sides. Some didn’t come back. Some “crippled” in, to be completely rebuilt before another run. Tail gunner Harold Flynt and the “Georgia Peach” were back, safe!

Next day they were out on another combat mission. And the next day, and the next. The week end found them at the base resting up.

Monday morning, on their fifth mission, the crew of the “Georgia Peach” were forced down in Belgium. The men came back, but without their plane.

Thirteen more missions passed, and the calendar showed April 13, 1945, *Friday*, the 13th!

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday

of that week Harold and the other men of the 601st Bomber Squadron had flown missions over Europe. Up at two each morning, they had returned at about five each evening.

On Friday morning the predawn breakfast, briefing, picking up of gear, and take-off followed the regular daily pattern. As the huge bomber flew swiftly into the soft glow which would soon be sunrise, the crew joked and looked occasionally at the North Sea.

Today they were headed for the little province of Schleswig-Holstein, very near the Danish border. As they approached the city of Neumunster, their target, each man adjusted his bulletproof vest, fastened his helmet, and braced himself for the flak which would be coming up as they went into their bombing run.

# On Friday the 13th?

## *The Case History of a Mother's Answered Prayer*

Loaded down with gear until they looked like men from Mars, the airmen boarded the tractor that towed them to the airstrip where the Flying Fortresses were being readied.

Harold was assigned to the famous “Georgia Peach” as tail gunner. Soon he and the other eight men in his crew were exchanging light banter over the intercom as they flew toward the continent.

No use to sit and brood over what the next few hours may bring! Keep saying funny things. That’s the secret of keeping nerves from snapping. Keep a grin on your face although you feel sick clear through.

The target! No jesting now! Just grim silence and concentration on a pin point below, waiting for the deadly bombs the “Georgia Peach” is about to drop.

“Target! Bombs away!” One after the other the deadly “fish” drop lazily through the blue. There! The last one gone! Now, head for home! Fast!

As the anti-aircraft guns sent up a steady fire from below, the “Georgia





Sometimes a tail wind would carry the Fortresses across the target at speeds up to 400 miles an hour. Bombardiers had to compute the wind speed and the drift of the planes in order to know just when to release the 500-pound bombs they were carrying.

Maybe it was fortunate that the crews did not know exactly how explosive and unstable the bombs were. It certainly would not have added to their peace of mind that Friday the 13th had they known that if one of these bombs was held off the ground just three feet and then dropped, it would still explode.

As the seconds ticked slowly by, the plane arrived at the I.P. (Initial Point), just 20 miles from the target. The altimeter read 23,000 feet. The bomb bay doors were opened, and the bomber headed straight for the target. From now on there could be no deviation from course until the bombs were dropped.

From his tail turret Flynt looked out into the blue. All was quiet. Too quiet! Then he heard the order, "Bombs away!" As the last bomb fell, the bomb bay doors closed again, and everyone sighed with relief. Maybe Friday the 13th was a lucky day after all!

The ten planes in Harold's formation were flying in a double V, five at an upper level and five below. As Harold looked out, he noticed that no bombs had dropped from the open bomb bay doors of the middle plane in the right line of the V above. Certainly the bombardier must have touched the switch to release them! Harold knew that the plane was in trouble. It had to get rid of its dangerous cargo before it reached home base. He watched as the bombardier pulled the salvo switch, releasing the whole load at once instead of dropping them one by one, and sighed with relief as the bombs fell free.

Then it happened! Harold, watching the bombs start downward together, saw two of them collide in mid-air. The concussion hurtled the planes upward and then dropped them suddenly back into formation in a sickening, elevator-like descent.

As his vision cleared from the drop, Harold saw the plane which had been flying immediately below the one which had jettisoned its bombs trail off to the rear and explode in mid-air.

One by one, five other planes dropped out of formation. Eighteen billowing parachutes over Germany, north of Hamburg, landed two full crews on enemy soil. One man, the



Crew of the "Georgia Peach." Top: Robert Kurtz, waist gunner; Mike Corrigan, engineer; Benny Ginsburg, ball turret; Harold Flynt, tail gunner. Bottom: Russell Meyers, radio; Sid Goshian, navigator; Bob Starkey, pilot; Joe Vaniman, co-pilot.

lead pilot, found himself a prisoner of the British Eighth Army after walking 75 miles from the spot where his parachute landed him! They feared he might be a German spy dressed in American uniform; but after two weeks he was able to convince them of his identity. He was released and made his way back to Nuthamstead and his squadron.

Only four Fortresses limped back to base. Harold and Bob and Sid and Joe and the other crew members looked on and listened while the ground crew studied their battered plane. Again and again they expressed amazement that it had made it back to base at all.

"A little rough air and your wing would have dropped off. See, the I beam has been severed," said one mechanic.

"That hole in the number three engine is the only spot where flak can go through without shearing off the engine itself," added another.

"All the control cables in your bomb bay were cut by the flak except the manual control. That was a close call!" said a third. "It was only a miracle that you came back at all."

Harold looked at the plane again. There was a hole just two feet from where he had been sitting! The metal was curled back in an opening as big as his head, looking for all the world like a giant flower bursting into bloom. There were the severed control wires. The main spar of one wing was cut through, but somehow the wing had not fallen off on their homeward flight. Only God could have kept that wing in place, he thought. The fact that he was alive, standing there by the battered plane, was a miracle, and Harold knew it!

On the 30th of April he wrote his mother:

"Dearest Mother,

"Your letter came the other day, the one you wrote on April 13th. That was Friday, remember? You aren't superstitious, are you?

"All through your letter you were worrying about me because you hadn't heard from me for a few days. You shouldn't worry like that, because you know I'm O.K. Any number of things delays the mail coming from all the way over here—or maybe I didn't write as soon as I should have this time.



"Friday the 13th was a lucky day for me, I suppose. Someday I'll tell you about it.

"I'm hoping that we can all be together again soon. It will be swell, won't it?

"Loads of love to you all,

"(Signed) Harold"

By the time the letter reached his parents, the fighting was over for Harold. He and his buddies in the Eighth Air Force had flown five more combat missions since that fateful Friday. The last of these was over Plzen, Czechoslovakia, on April 25—and that was the last mission of World War II!

Harold had been a good airman. "The courage, coolness and skill displayed by this enlisted man upon these occasions reflect great credit upon himself and the armed forces of the United States." So reads a part of the citation Harold received for "exceptionally meritorious achievement" while partici-

pating in some of the Eighth Air Force's roughest missions over enemy-occupied Europe. With it came the oak-leaf cluster.

V-E Day meant that men were being sent home, and among the first to be assigned transportation was Sgt. Harold L. Flynt.

As his plane winged its way over southern England and Wales to Iceland, then out over the North Atlantic to Greenland, he began to feel a surge of happiness.

From the tip of Greenland to the landing field in Bangor, Maine, is just a matter of hours by plane. But it seemed longer to the airman who had just arrived on American soil aboard the ninth plane to come home after V-E Day. Home at last! What a feeling!

After the first moments of reunion Mrs. Flynt asked her son, "What happened on April 13? Tell us about it, Harold."

Harold Flynt, tail gunner of the "Georgia Peach." Flynt was awarded the Air Medal with an Oak Leaf Cluster for "exceptionally meritorious achievement."



"Why do you ask?" Harold replied with a puzzled look.

"Well, you see, your father and I had a strange experience on that particular morning. We had gone to bed Thursday night untroubled and had promptly gone to sleep.

"Suddenly, in the early morning hours, we both awakened with a strange foreboding of something terrible about to happen. We felt that one of our sons was in grave danger.

"Getting out of bed, we knelt to pray. We prayed most earnestly for God to protect both Carlton and you."

"At what time were you awakened, Mother?" Harold asked eagerly.

"I remember distinctly hearing the big clock downstairs chime four times while we were on our knees praying," Mrs. Flynt answered. "It must have been just before four o'clock."

"Now, let me look on a map and find out what time that would be in Germany." Like a hound on the scent of a fox, Harold was gone to get the information. Moments later he returned.

"That would have been 10 o'clock German time! Do you want to know what I was doing that Friday morning at 10 o'clock? I was flying over Neumunster, Germany, our target. Just at that exact time I came perilously near to being killed with hardly a moment's warning!"

As his parents listened with rapt attention, Harold told them of the exploding planes and colliding bombs, of the heavy damage to his plane, and of the miracle of the return trip to base with one wing ready to drop off, one engine hanging by a thread, and only the manual controls intact.

He finished his story by quoting the words of the ground crewman: "It was only a miracle that you came back at all."

Yes, God had saved his life by a miracle in answer to prayer. But what of his soul? Harold's mother kept on praying for that miracle of grace, too.

Back in school Harold went ahead with his chosen course in architecture, but the past could not be forgotten. A growing conviction that his life belonged to God would not let him settle down to the work he thought he wanted to do. The time soon came when he dropped out of the school he had been attending, enrolled in a religious college, and entered the ministerial course. Today Harold is pastor of a large church, happy in the service of God and humanity, thankful for his mother's answered prayers. ★★ ★





## OUR FLAG

Oh, beautiful beyond our brightest dreaming  
Is our flag unfurled against the arching sky!  
Its vital colors, leaping, rippling, gleaming,  
Lift on the air as sharp as any cry.  
How often have the eyes of men in battle  
Been raised to that dear emblem, that they might  
Find courage there to meet the roar and rattle  
Of jeeps and guns and wild exploding light!

How often has the heart bowed down with sadness  
And grave anxiety for our country's good  
Been turned to patriotic pride and gladness,  
Because the flag was flying as it should.  
Because its colors burn with living fire  
That was kindled with a high white ecstasy—  
Colors that never have been dragged through mire  
And, with the help of God, will never be.

—Grace Noll Crowell.





# Memory in Christ

*"Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel."*

**By George A. Buttrick**

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL at Gettysburg has an "eternal flame": natural gas piped through an impressive stone column was ignited by some form of cosmic ray, and it will burn (so the hope runs) as a perpetual memorial. This week end Gettysburg will be crowded with visitors, their eyes drawn, especially at nighttime, to that flame. Memorial Day is that shaft of stone with its crown of light. It commands us: "Remember the former things of old," "Remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

It would be hard to exaggerate the power that memory exercises in our life. The gypsy fortuneteller looks at one line on the palm of your hand and tells, "That is your lifeline." She is wrong; your memory is your real lifeline, and none can read that except you and God. Mistakes are remembered for warning. Attempts are remembered, as in learning to play the piano, each attempt scoring deeper a memory-imprint, until the skill is learned and becomes almost second nature. Nay, our very friendships live by memory; for if we did not remember our friend's face from one meeting to the next, friendship would disappear. Life would be a rope of sand, a mass of tiny particles at the mercy of any wind, but for the cohesive power of memory. This fact holds true of men, and it holds true of nations. Memory is our lifeline. That is one reason why the Bible pleads with us to "remember."

Memory has more than binding power; it is an interpreter. Experience seen through recollection is in truer proportion than when known in its first impact. Bells heard in the tower are only a deafening discord: their music comes only through distance. So with what befalls us. Childhood's tragedies now seem no longer tragic; we can

smile as we remember. Men counted as heroes by their contemporaries fall to lower rank when judged in the light of history, that is to say, of memory; and men reckoned heretics or dull while they lived gain heroic proportions after their deaths. Do you wish an instance? Lincoln said at Gettysburg that "the world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here"! But that is precisely what will be remembered: it

is already cut into stone in the Lincoln Memorial. So memory has interpretive power; you understand your own loved ones better when they are gone; their daily devotion shines in a purer light. You are not romanticizing them. You do not pretend that they were free from fault, for even the faults are more clearly seen. They are set in the clear and cleansing light of memory.

Memory has an even deeper grace;



H. A. ROBERTS

To a great extent a nation is bound together by its memories. It is for this reason, as well as through gratitude, that nations erect monuments, preserve historic landmarks, and adopt national anthems. To remember the mission of Christ daily is the essence of personal faith.



it makes us victor over time and space and is therefore peculiarly the channel of the grace of God. You remember; and you are 10 years back in time. You remember; and you are a thousand miles away in space. This is a Godlike gift. Well might Augustine say, "Great is the power of memory, exceeding great. Men go forth to wonder at the height of mountains . . . and forget to wonder at themselves." Consider this fact: The brain changes every few years, and in the change every fiber is made new. Yet the memory abides through every physiological change. Your body is utterly different from the body you had when you were 12, but you vividly recall one shining day of that year of your childhood. This seems to be the final refutation of materialism: a man is not permitted to say of a five-year-old crime, "The man who committed that act is completely gone." Perhaps that is why the Bible bids us "remember": the memory, being victor over time and space, is peculiarly near to God. There He can find us—and does!

Then why are we all notoriously forgetful? Why should the Bible have to beseech us not to forget? "Forget not all His benefits." Because we tend to repress what is unpleasant; and because any memory, even the noblest, presents dark problems. Do we not repress the unpleasant? Every man tends to forget an appointment with the dentist and is not necessarily insincere. The only appointment of serious public character that I have forgotten in long years of ministry in this city was one at such an early hour in the morning that my subconscious mind preferred to forget it. Is it not true that every memory, even the noblest, has its dark side? Analyze the dark side of Memorial Day recollections.

These heroic figures and events are gone from our stage of time; they are gone, lost in retreating years. There is a deep pathos in the past. Well might the poet speak of

" . . . old, unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago."

You drive through Barbara Frietchie's town and perhaps have to ask, "Wasn't she the old lady who flew the Union flag when the opposing general marched through the streets, she alone when all others were afraid?" How soon memory fades! Then you read that perhaps the incident is not authentic, and you reflect: "Coming years may say as much about any treasure of event!" All the past is past. It is as frail as the light at Gettysburg. Who can say that it is

"perpetual light"? It is as tenuous as the music played by the composer in the Browning poem—marvelous music of which he might well say:

"And I know not if, save in this, such  
gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame,  
not a fourth sound, but a star"—

but so uncertain that he forgot it as soon as played, and then sat at the console with tears lest it should be lost forever. That is part of the darkness of memory; the event seems lost.

The other darkness is that the present seems so unworthy of the gift. That glowing chapter in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the roster of the heroes and martyrs of faith, is interrupted by a kind of sob (printed in parentheses in



## Fertilization

Much as the bee goes to the flower  
To search for honey in its bower,  
So also we seek God in prayer  
To find His sweet, sustaining care.

This truth we know, yet seldom see:  
The flower, too, waits for the bee  
To pollinate its seed anew!  
Just so God waits for me and you!

—RUTH LINNEA ERICKSON.



our King James Version): "Of whom the world was not worthy"! Does anyone . . . feel that he deserves men like Jefferson and Lee? We are beginning at last to clear away the slum areas of our cities, not without long debate about who shall do it, not without loud protest from those who fear they may suffer financial loss; but we cannot pretend that the beginning makes us worthy of people like Jacob Riis or Charles H. Parkhurst. Always that anxiety besets any noble memory whether in a man or in a nation. Memorial Day could thus become a secret despair. Think of Memorial Day in modern Germany! Nor can we lay any flattering unction to our souls. Millions of men have died for peace, and millions of others have quietly lived for it (doctors and teachers and others who do not figure in Memorial Day parades, but should!), but peace is still far to seek. Sinclair Lewis has not too much positive truth, but he pricked the conscience when he said of Main Street in Gopher Prairie, with its leering

youths gathered around the poolroom, its cheap materialism and its dull and almost lifeless religion: "Main Street is the climax of civilization. That this Ford car might stand in front of the Bon Ton Store, Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters." How little any one of us deserves Memorial Day!

So what we need on Memorial Day is some guarantee that the past is not merely past and some redemption of memory from its sense of unworthiness. Memory is a wondrous gift; it binds our life in wholeness, it interprets, it brings us close to God in Godlike power. But it is a dubious gift in that it convicts us; memory always brings remorse. What can save Memorial Day from this shame of unworthiness?

Abt Vogler, that organist in the Browning poem, who feared that the improvising given to him in sudden splendor might be lost (he could not remember it), turned to God in instinctive prayer:

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee,  
the ineffable Name?  
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not  
made with hands!  
What, have fear of change from Thee  
who art ever the same?  
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart  
that Thy power expands?"

Perhaps Browning could not have written thus if he had not been ardently Christian. For what we need in this issue is not merely sense of God but sign of God at work in our world—at work bringing the past to eternal life and cleansing our remorseful memory. Christ is that living sign. Therefore, "remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel!"

See Him set in history. History cannot be redeemed by waving a wand over it, or secretly from some distant heaven. We are part of history and must accept salvation and join ourselves with it; and that we cannot do unless we see God busy in our world. Grenfell might have loved the Eskimos without leaving England, but they would never have known it, and incidentally they would have been no better for the remote concern. His help came as he went to their land and need. So Jesus is set in history: He is "of the seed of David"—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh.

See Him fulfilling all the heroic past: "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." See Him redeeming the unworthiness of the time. He transformed it as a marsh is transformed by the spring-



time. In winter the marsh is frozen hard, or it is unsightly with dead branches and dank earth. But spring comes, and the whole scene is vivid green. Cut a channel, and a tiny stream will flash in sunlight. There birds build nests, and soon there will be grass-of-Parnassus and fringed gentians. So Jesus by His dying love brought God to earth and breathed into history a new spirit.

See Him still fulfilling the past: "Remember that Jesus Christ is risen from the dead according to my gospel." That is to say, the fulfilling and redeeming work continues, for His Spirit is given to all who seek Him in lowly trust. Christ enabled the organist to avow his faith:

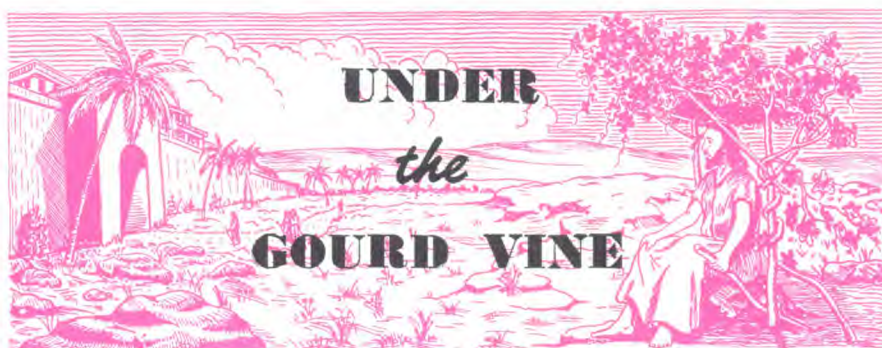
"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by."

Abt Vogler's improvising was not lost, and the nobilities of the noble past are not lost. Why? Because God has made common cause with us in Christ.

So the proper observance of Memorial Day is first repentance and a sincere confession of our sins. We must say of the heroes of the past: "Of whom the world was not worthy. Of whom I am not worthy." Next the observance is worship and great joy. For there is a memory, set in the midst of all other memories, but yet more than memory: "Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel." He being raised, all the love of His life on earth, all His power to fulfill and to restore, is now forever on the throne.

Memorial Day is like that Gettysburg shaft with its crown of flame. That light is not perpetual: presumably the store of fuel may one day become feeble and fail, even though the flame is fed from the whole earth. But the flame of Christ's spirit does not fail; that is fed from the whole heaven. So keep one saving memory in the midst of all other memories. Then you will know that the past is not merely past, but treasured in God; and you will not fear unworthiness, but will turn for pardon where pardon can be found. Keep one memory in the midst of memories, one memory that is more than memory: "Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel." ★★★

THESE TIMES, MAY, 1956



## Do It Yourself

**R**ECENTLY I completed the most expensive picture frame that I ever hope to own. It took a couple of years to complete—but let me start at the beginning.

Something over two years ago we bought a package of fine color prints, cheap. We would frame them ourselves, we said, and thus get some fine pictures for our home without spending a fortune on them.

When we got home with them and I began to think about making frames, I had some doubts. In the first place, I had no place to work and virtually no tools. I did not even own a workbench with a vise on it; if I had, I would have had no place out of the weather to put it in. (Men will understand what I am talking about; most women will find it impossible.)

Since we had been needing a garage or carport, I thought, "What a fine workshop I could have if I had one or the other." So I got some plans and shopped around for a carpenter to build a carport onto our house. Three months later I was aware of the fact that carpenters are not interested in small jobs these days—in the middle of a building boom. In the meantime I was also aware of the "build-it-yourself" movement, and I began to have ideas.

So I "learned" to lay concrete blocks and dig footing ditches and cut rafters and pay bills for lumber, nails, cement, sand, gravel, and roofing materials. With some expert help on the rough spots in a long, hot summer of spare-time application, I got together something that looks like a carport, with an enclosed workshop area at one end—wired, heated, and with a good workbench. And, by the time the carport was done, I had, perforce, accumulated a pretty good array of tools.

I don't think the carport cost much more than a contractor would have charged to build it, if I could have found a contractor.

By the time the workshop was done, I had almost forgotten the picture-framing project, but I was reminded. Now I have completed one oak frame. It didn't fit. It cost, including the carport, something over \$600.

Seriously, there are good reasons for the current do-it-yourself movement. There is a lot of peace of mind, as well as physical benefit, in doing manual work that is constructive. Especially, I think, is this so for the man who works mostly with intangibles. When, after hours, he has constructed something that he can look at, work on, or sit in, he finds in it a solid sense of satisfaction and accomplishment that is hard to describe but nevertheless very real.

This do-it-yourself principle ought to apply to religion far more than it does. The church member who *just* belongs to a church, who just goes to church, who just pays his share of the expense of the church, is really only half a church member. He may slip into the philosophy that his preacher ought to do his praying and Bible reading for him. Then he is almost gone, spiritually, and he may not even know it.

If you want to enjoy your church, pitch in and help it. Teach a class, mow the lawn, sing in the choir (if they will let you), team up with someone for visitation in your neighborhood, set up a family altar in your home, have grace at meals, and worship together with your family at least once a day. The patriarchs were the first priests, remember, and the only ones for their families. You will begin to really enjoy your religion, then.

Do it yourself!

★★★





By  
Mary Hunter Moore

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

## Ruby Glass--More About Fluorescence

A CHEMISTRY TEACHER gave me this definition: "Fluorescence is the absorption by a chemical substance of light of one wave length and the emission [giving out] of light of a different wave length." The colors of fluorescent substances are not reflections; nor are they, like ordinary colors, the result of the absorption of certain parts of sunlight, leaving other parts to come back to the eye as color. For example, grass is green because it absorbs all the sunlight but the green part, which comes back to the eye and is perceived as green. But if grass were fluorescent, its internal atomic structure would be so excited by the exposure to the ultraviolet part of sunlight that its atoms would dance to a different measure and give back a flaming color that might be red or green, or any color.

The strangest thing about this fluorescent response is that no one can ever tell by the outward appearance of any substance whether or not it will fluoresce. Furthermore rocks and minerals which look most attractive under ordinary light usually do not fluoresce under this so-called "black light." There is nothing in all nature that more wonderfully illustrates the hidden work of God on the heart than this aspect of fluorescence. (1 Samuel 16:7.)

What looks attractive to our eyes may be quite the opposite when God sees it under all His light instead of under the partial light our eyes use. Jesus expressed this when He said to the Pharisees, "You are the ones who make yourselves righteous before men; but God knows your hearts. For what is highly esteemed among men is disgusting in the presence of God." Luke 16:15, Lamsa's Translation.

This is what happened in the G. E.

House of Magic (described in last month's story). The pretty red we liked turned horrible under ultraviolet light. The beautiful ruby-glass tumblers I longed for till I possessed them look loathsome under the searching eye of God's ultraviolet. And maybe the neighbor who seems as commonplace and unattractive as a piece of rough, gray rock may have a soul that responds to God's light as gloriously as the ugly rock glows with red and green flaming colors under the ultraviolet. It is because of our partial vision that God warns us against exercising our blind and uninformed judgment upon one another—"Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." 1 Corinthians 4:5.

The beautiful descriptions of visions of angels in the Bible (Exodus 3:2-4; 2 Kings 2:11; 6:17; Psalm 104:4; Daniel 7:10; Matthew 28:3;

Luke 24:4, for instance), as well as the descriptions of the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ in glory (Daniel 10:5-8; Acts 9:3-9; 2 Thessalonians 1:7-10; 2:8; Revelation 1:12-16), are as perfect descriptions of the colors and flamelike, dazzling light of fluorescence as it is possible to put into unscientific terminology. That is, wherever in the universe there is anything, material or spiritual, which is in perfect harmony with God—as Adam and Eve were before they sinned, as the angels are now, as the redeemed will be, as matter is where sin has not defiled it—it will respond to God's light in the inner dispersion of light we call fluorescence. There seems to be almost a power of choice about this response to God's light. No researcher can tell without testing what pieces of rock, even identical in kind, will respond. In the rock the response depends, marvelously enough, on some mysterious substance that is present in minute quantities. That is, although fluorescence is an inner response, it is not a response of the chemical itself, but of something put into the chemical. Thus no human being makes a spiritual response to God by any goodness of himself, but he chooses to accept what God puts into him that will respond. Paul said: "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing." Romans 7:18. But how many are the promises of God to dwell Himself by the Spirit within us! And the Holy Spirit is one with God; He responds! Thus it is that our red sins, which look so attractive to the human eye but which are so disgusting to God, may be so covered by the red blood of Christ, which harmonizes with God, that instead of becoming repugnant as red did in the House of Magic, they become the dazzling white of wool, of snow, or of stars, in our Father's kingdom.★★★

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PLEASE

# Explain

## Christmas and the Sabbath

I see where you criticize the people who keep Sunday and claim it is the Lord's day; but you seem to keep Christmas, which comes from the Catholics' making December 25 Christ's birthday. Why do you condemn one thing and keep the other? Read Romans 13:8-10, which proves that love is the law's fulfillment, not keeping a weekly Sabbath. We are all sinners; so we were given undeserved kindness by Christ's death. Romans 6:14; 11:6. We no longer are under law.—Mr. E.H.

You have innocently quite misunderstood our teaching in regard to Christmas. We do not keep it in any religious way or with the slightest recognition of any religious obligation. We do not believe that Christ was born on December 25. We are well aware that there is not one word in the Bible to suggest the celebration of the anniversary of His birth. We believe the date has been purposely concealed by God to prevent its anniversary from becoming a day of religious celebration. We are well aware that December 25 was a heathen feast to the sun-god, which the apostate church took over from heathenism and incorporated into its false system during the same period of time in which it brought into the church a whole host of heathen festivals, ideas, doctrines, and symbols—including the most important feast to the sun-god.

We do not believe that Christmas carries with it the faintest shadow of religious significance. But we also believe in liberty. So if anyone wants to follow any of the Christmas customs purely from a social motive, we do not condemn, any more than we enforce, it.

But the seventh-day Sabbath is on an altogether different basis. God Himself has solemnly commanded it. Jesus Christ Himself, the Creator (John 1:3; 10; Ephesians 3:9; Colossians 1:16; Hebrews 1:2; Revelation 4:11), instituted it, rested upon it Himself, and

sanctified it for the whole human race, "man" (Mark 2:27). It is the day He calls His own, the only "Lord's day" named in the Bible. (Isaiah 58:13, 14; Ezekiel 20:12, 20; Mark 2:28.) The seventh-day Sabbath is the day Christ Himself habitually kept while He was on earth. (Luke 4:16.) During His earthly ministry He worked hard to clear the Sabbath from the false customs loaded upon it by the legalistic Pharisees. (Mark 2:23-28; 3:1-6, and elsewhere.) But He never uttered one word about its being done away with. He magnified the Sabbath and made it honorable along with the rest of the Ten Commandment law. (Isaiah 42:21.) He commanded His disciples to remember it after His death. (Matthew 24:20.)

It is true that love is the fulfilling of the law. God's true people love to keep His holy day. He says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." John 14:15. That is why we keep His Sabbath, because we love Him. By the unmerited grace of Christ's death for us we are no longer under the penalty and curse of the law; but if that means we need no longer keep the law, then we are still sinners, for not keeping the law is sin. (1 John 3:4; Romans 3:31.)

God's law can no more be done away with than He Himself can be abolished. Compare Psalm 119:172 with verse 142. In fact read the whole psalm and see how love to God leads to love for His law. Jesus emphatically said that He did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. (Matthew 5:17.) If, as many people do, you think "fulfill" means to bring to an end, then read Matthew 3:15; Acts 13:22; 1:16; 2 Corinthians 10:6; Philippians 2:2; Colossians 1:25; and 2 Thessalonians 1:11 and see what else you have brought to an end and destroyed: "all righteousness," "scripture," "my will [God's]," "obedience," "joy," "the

word of God," "all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power." No, I hardly think you want to carry that perverted meaning of "fulfill" to its logical end. "Fulfill" is explained in Isaiah 42:21. ★★★

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