

Formula
for '58



Stumbling Block
to Tyranny

These Times

JANUARY, 1958
35 cents



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.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST. The one great hope of God's people during the ages has always been the second coming of Christ. Christians have longed for the day when Jesus would free them from the bondage and the evil of this earth and take them to their real homeland. The coming they have had in mind is the long-awaited literal, personal appearing of our Lord at the end of time, as clearly prophesied in Scripture. In this issue we conclude last month's brief over-all picture of the second advent hope through the centuries:

Johann Bengel (1687 to 1752), a great Lutheran theologian and Bible expositor, ignited an ardent advent hope in many hearts. His writings were distributed all over Europe.

August Dachsel, well-known German Bible expositor of the eighteenth century, wrote at length of the judgment and the second coming of Christ.

Dr. Joseph Wolff, a Christian Jew born in Germany, traveled extensively in Africa and Asia from 1821 to 1845, preaching on the personal reign of Jesus Christ. In 1837 he had the unusual honor of preaching in the House of Representatives at Washington to all the members of Congress.

The people of Bokhara, a remote and isolated town in Russia, were found by Wolff to hold the doctrine of the Lord's soon coming.

The Arabs of Yemen (Arabian Peninsula), Wolff reported, "are in possession of a book...which gives notice of the second coming of Christ and His reign in Glory."

A Tartar (Russian) priest was also found by Wolff to believe in the second advent doctrine.

L. Gaussen, at the opening of the nineteenth century, told of his belief in the imminent coming of the Lord. Preaching in France and Switzerland, he began with the children, through whom he hoped to interest the parents.

Child preachers proclaimed the advent message in Scandinavia. The regular ministers had been silenced when the clergy of the state church opposed the movement. It is said that when the children stood before the people, they were moved by an influence beyond their own natural gifts. They gave the warning of the judgment, employing the very words of Scripture, "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come."

To William Miller and his colaborers it was given to preach the warning in America. This country became the center of the great advent movement. The writings of Miller and his associates were carried to distant lands. Wherever missionaries had penetrated in all the world were sent the glad tidings of Christ's speedy return.

Revelation 22:20 says, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

These Times

JANUARY
1958
Volume 67
No. 1

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.

ARTICLES

A Formula for '58	Walter R. Courtenay	4
The Night God Spoke to Me	Grace Baker West	12
Stumbling Block to Tyranny	Leslie Hardinge	14
So Sure a Hope	Orris J. Mills	18
The Impelling Faith of Columbus	Cecil Coffey	22
An Angel in Their Midst	Jan S. Doward	24
A Modern Parable		29
How to Read the Bible	John Sutherland Bonnell	30
One Message but Many Voices	James Z. Nettinga	32
What Price Discipleship?		33
Thoughts on the Book of Romans	R. E. Loasby, Ph.D.	34

REGULAR FEATURES

Pageant of Prophecy	2	Events of These Times	9
This Time	3	Editorials	17
"Apples of Gold"	8	Let's Ask the Doctor	23

POETRY

A Glad New Year	Edna Atkin Pepper	7
The Beauty for Today	Lulu May Andersen	16
God's Word	John Clifford	31
No Time to Fret	Mildred Wood Harris	34

STAFF

KENNETH J. HOLLAND, *Editor*
Roland R. Hegstad, *Associate Editor*
Claud W. Degering, *Editor, Braille Edition*
Robert M. Eldridge, *Art Director*
Irvin H. Ihrig, *Circulation Manager*
Shirley C. Eldridge, *Layout Artist*

Member of Associated Church Press
Served by the Religious News Service

Address all correspondence to Box 59, Nashville 2, Tennessee

Established in 1891. Published monthly (except September, when semimonthly) by the Southern Publishing Association, 2119 Twenty-fourth Avenue, North, Nashville 8, Tennessee. Entered as second-class matter January 19, 1909, at the post office in Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized July 11, 1918. Rates: 35 cents a copy; one year, \$3.50; two years, \$6.50; three years, \$9.00; five years, \$13.50, in the United States. Rates higher for other countries. Change of Address: Please give both the old and the new addresses. Expiration: Unless renewed in advance, the magazine stops at the expiration date shown on the wrapper.

This Time

MR. AND MRS. CURTICE operate a bakery and health-food store near Seattle, Washington. They grind their own flour and bake this into bread. People drive twenty

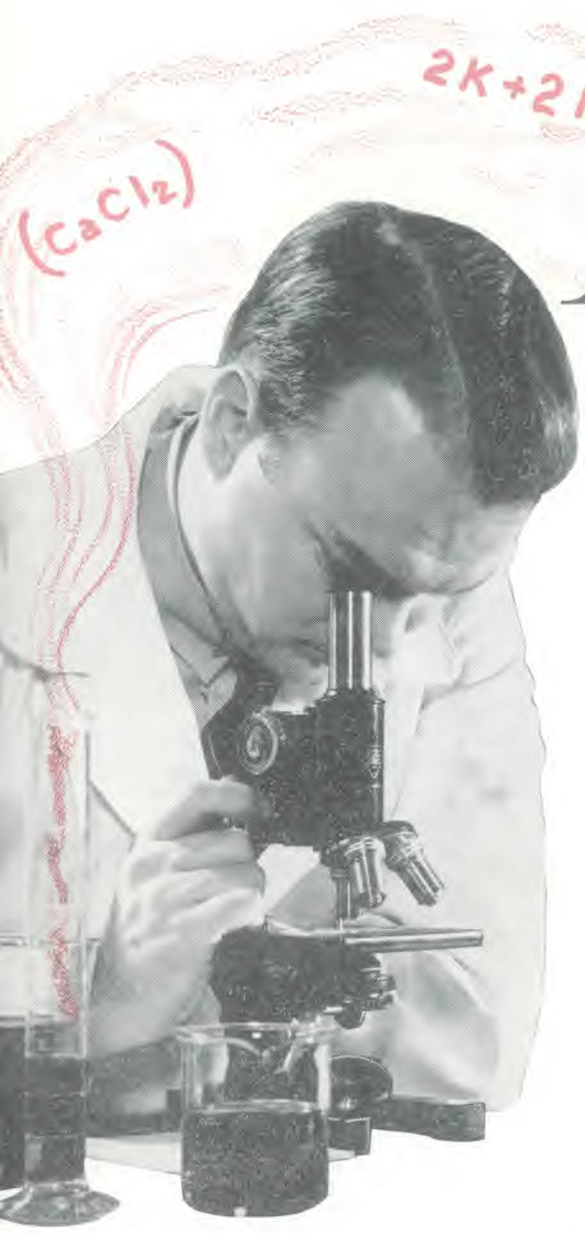


to thirty miles to buy it. But most of them have learned in one way or another that the Curtices are even more interested in giving away the "bread of life" than in selling their own product. Featured in *An Angel in Their Midst* (page 24), by Jan Doward, Mrs. Lillian Curtice

longed to be a missionary nurse from the time she was a tiny girl. "I used to dream about going to some far-off mission field and clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and comforting the suffering and afflicted, as the Good Book admonishes," says Mrs. Curtice. "Then, soon after I finished nursing school in 1928, God showed me a mission field right at my door, and I've been busy ever since."

Called on many times in her work among the Muckleshoot Indians to cope with problems beyond the ability of a nurse, Mrs. Curtice simply does "the best I can, with what I have, where I am. Please make it evident," she wrote, "that I never assume the role of doctor. But occasionally I have no choice; it is thrust upon me." Nurse Lillian had only two criticisms of Jan Doward's work, one typically feminine, the other, not so. The first concerned a picture: "Folks tell me that, when I get my proper rest, I look much younger than my fifty-one years. That is why I do not like the picture Jan used of me in my clinic reading the thermometer. I was very tired that day and look a good fifty-one." Her other criticism: the frequent use of her name in the article. "But Jan insisted that this is according to the proper style for this day," Mrs. Curtice said, "so I submit."

Next Time: "On the Threshold of Space." Since Russia so recently launched earth's first satellite, this article will be read with increasing interest. . . . "How Can We Come to Christ?" is an answer to the age-old query, "What must I do to be saved?" . . . "Do the Scriptures Endorse Moderation or Total Abstinence?" Sixty million drinkers walk America's streets and drive on our highways. . . . "They Shall Take Up Serpents." Are we commanded by the Scriptures to handle poisonous snakes, or promised help if we are accidentally bitten? . . . These are only a few of the fascinating and interesting articles to appear in our February issue.



A Formula for

By Walter R. Courtenay

translation): "Let Christ Himself be your example as to what your attitude should be. For He, Who had always been God by nature, did not cling to His prerogatives as God's Equal, but stripped Himself of all privilege by consenting to be a slave by nature and being born as mortal man. And, having become man, He humbled Himself by living a life of utter obedience, even to the extent of dying, *and the death He died was the death of a common criminal.*" These are Paul's words to the Philippians. Here are words addressed to Corinthians: "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich."

In all the techniques of great constructive living the Lord Jesus has no peer, and no Christian has fulfilled his responsibilities to God and humanity until he has faced seriously the challenge of the Master that he become something more than a self-seeking, self-pleasing person.

In Micah we read these words, words which came to eternal life in the person of Jesus: "He has showed you, O man, what is good; and what does the Lord require of you but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?"

Jesus subordinated the whole of life to life's central objective: self-discovery through self-forgetfulness, self-possession through self-disowning, self-finding through self-denying.

Who else dare stand before the world and say, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For whoever would save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake will find it. For what will it profit a man, if he gains the whole world and forfeits his life?" Only He who was tempted in all things such as we are, and whose obedience unto God was perfect, and whose self-denial has become the foundation of the world's hope, dares speak words like these and expect informed men and women to listen with respect and deference.

As the years have married and brought forth their young, I have noticed this:

1. Selfishness, self-seeking, is always a retrogressive force. It is a shrinking process that robs people of divine greatness and makes them kin to the temporary and the trivial. Self-development, self-discovery, self-fulfillment, can never come by selfishness. The best the selfish man can

LIFE'S main objective for each one of us is this: that each find himself, that each develop himself, and that each dedicate himself to all that God would have him be.

That sounds simple enough, does it not? Any normal person should be able to accomplish that much in life, and yet it is the hardest test we face. It is one of the fundamental teachings of Jesus, a teaching that has baffled men for these 2,000 years.

It is baffling because it is a paradox. It is a paradox because self-discovery can be attained only through self-forgetfulness, and how can a man find what he is supposed to forget? Yet Jesus demands nothing less than that. To Him self-finding comes through self-forgetting, self-discovery comes through self-losing, and self-possession comes through self-disowning. The denying of personal rights, together with the emphasizing of personal responsibilities, was to Him the key to character and the key to the kingdom.

In this realm—this realm of self-denying and self-finding—the world knows only one teacher, Jesus. He stands alone in this highest attainment of the human spirit and is, therefore, qualified to teach us. Of Him Paul said (Phillip's



58

CHARACTER = DEVELOPMENT
DETERMINATION

SELF / DISCONTENT
LIFETIME

FAITH * HOPE * LIFE

"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For whoever would save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake will find it." Matthew 16:24, 25, R.S.V.

hope for is a shrinking self in an expanding world, and at the end of the way he must become what he wants most of all to avoid becoming, namely, a piece of man who can never become complete.

2. Unselfishness, on the other hand, is always an expanding, maturing experience. Unselfishness connotes a basic respect for others, an interest in others, a willingness to live helpfully, and a desire to know and obey the highest revelations men have received. An unselfish person is always a developing person. Unselfishness is an evolutionary force that moves steadily toward completeness and enables man to become rich in the divine attributes. The only way whereby human beings can become mature, poised, balanced, useful persons is the way of unselfishness, the way of the Master.

Jesus would, therefore, say to us that to live for God, and to live unselfishly, is the only open path to self-discovery, self-development, self-possession, and self-attainment. It is by this method that we deny our kinship with the trivial and the temporary.

THESE TIMES, JANUARY, 1958

Whoever lives to make his own happiness and success central must forfeit all that really matters. It is by seeking such objectives that men follow and emulate Scrooge and King Midas. Like the thief in George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, they stumble into ponds, and the gold they seek sinks them unto death. Selfishness is always a killing force; unselfishness, a life-giving one.

Many persons who will face the example and admonitions of Jesus in 1958 will be moved to feel that our highly competitive American system is the very antithesis of New Testament Christianity. They will feel that if they support the system they cannot be Christians, and that if they are true Christians they must deny the system. To them the system is synonymous with "mammon."

Here we are most afflicted with softheadedness and hardheadedness, softheartedness and hardheartedness. Between these extremes the truth awaits our discovery and application. We want easy answers to hard problems. Too often we refuse to think things through and to take all facets into consideration.

A serious study of Christianity and modern America makes two things clear:

1. The system needs what Christianity has to give. It was Christianity that established this land. It was Christianity that created our Constitution. It was Christianity that founded our system of economics and government. And because of this, the system will not work well without Christianity. Christianity is the fuel that gives the system engine power. Christ's principles have not always been honored in and through the system. They ought to be—nay, they must be—or the system will fail.

2. Not only does the system need Christianity, but Christianity needs the system. The expansion of the kingdom of God in America and across the world depends on people and dollars, on the transportation and communication facilities of the system. The system can be a tremendous boon to the spread of the gospel if we would have it so. For the system is more than an economic and political system. It is also a system of faith, freedom, and education. It is a system that teaches people the values of personal initiative and independence. It challenges them to use life for the highest purposes known. Yes, I know that under the system people betray the system, defy freedom, lie and steal, cripple and kill, resist education's higher truths and Christianity's great example; but the fact remains that this is so because people are people and not because the system is bad. America's contribution to world Christianity today is great because of what our nation produces in terms of facilities, people, and dollars. The system enables the churches to do a better job in the larger world.

The system needs Christianity. The church knows it, educators know it, businessmen know it, and statesmen know it. The system cannot work well without it. Labor leaders and business leaders must obey the laws of Christ or fail. But it is also true that Christianity needs the system.

As I face this fact, I am confronted by another matter that gives me pause, namely, the example of Jesus. He did not seek economic security for Himself or His group. He took little interest in the political system that imprisoned His world. Surrounded by giant social problems, He dealt almost exclusively with personal ones. He was in the world but never a part of it. He displayed

none of the go-getter techniques of ambitious, self-seeking people. Getting ahead socially, economically, and politically was never part of His philosophy.

But there was one field wherein He manifested a driving zeal, namely, getting ahead in terms of character. To the task of teaching men and women how to find happiness through obedience to God He brought all the ingenuity and vigor of the clever and the strong. He majored on helping others get ahead where getting ahead really matters: spiritually. He never sought to protect or promote Himself in any area of life. He lived simply, and the ease with which He lived attracted the few and repelled the many.

Many, facing the example of Jesus, grow bright-faced and cry, "Ah, that is what we need, simplicity of life. We must stop wanting things. We must put an end to our buying and possessing. We must make all things last longer. We must train ourselves to go without many things we now call necessities. It worked in the day of our Lord. Why not now?"

Sounds attractive, does it not? And doesn't it sound simple? But will it make sense in 1958? Is it really the formula? That is the question all must answer. Suppose we did go back to living as our grandparents lived, would it be good for us and for the world?

What does living simply mean? Would you settle for a cabin in some secluded cover of the mountains where you fill the cracks with mud in the winter and knock it out as summer draws near? Do you want to leave your present comfortable quarters and move into a less pretentious one on the other side of the tracks? Is the life of an unskilled laborer or sharecropper what you want? If we reverted to our grandfather's day, many would go back to cabins and small houses located in unattractive surroundings, devoid of all modern comforts. All would make one startling discovery: Living without the comforts of the modern world would not be simple, not even if they went back to the big mansion in the country their grandparents owned, with plenty to eat and with plenty of servants to do the work. Many who speak nostalgically of the simple life of yesterday know little about that yesterday and its problems. It was no more simple for people then than our world is for us now.

To the confused and bewildered, the disappointed and the defeated, the

world of yesterday always wears an aura of simple happiness. A way of life that lacks comforts always seems simpler than ours.

Well, what will you settle for? What does it take to make you contented? On what does your happiness depend?

Someone has said that the distress of modern times is occasioned by the running war between the haves and the have-nots. Others contend that it is caused by the war within the haves, the war between the selfish-haves and the unselfish-haves. I presume it is some of each.

Whatever the basis, one thing is apparent: we are a nation of dissatisfied people. But our dissatisfaction is not caused by our lacking food, shelter, clothing, or work. All these can be had by any American who is worthy of his citizenship.

Dissatisfaction is both our curse and our blessing. It is a curse in that we never have enough. What is enough? Just a little more. That is our thinking on the matter. We all want more, not because we need more, but because we want more. Having more than we need, and more than others, has become a sin to so many of us these days. By that I mean, we are prone to become too selfish and too self-centered. We have no soul-cleansing sense of gratitude to keep us normal.

But our dissatisfactions have been good for us. Dissatisfaction creates ambition in people, makes them want to achieve. Dissatisfaction moves industry to high production to meet the needs of a population that always wants something newer and better. It created our modern means of transportation and communication and the comforts and health-promoting gadgets of our times. Dissatisfaction produced modern America and her high standard of living. Had our people been satisfied with what was, they would never have what they now enjoy. We have built our nation on our ability to satisfy the dissatisfactions of people.

Yet one must also recognize that in our reaching for better ways of doing things and going places, in our desire for things and the materialistic advantages of life, we have made ourselves to depend too much on these. The envy, covetousness, and greed that shadow so much of modern life stem from the materialistic emphasis we have given to the whole of life.

From this, other problems rise. Al-

A Glad New Year

By Edna Atkin Pepper

The New Year brings its burdens
And rugged hills to climb.
But from its treasury there spills
The priceless gift of Time.

And from the measured portions,
The days and weeks and years,
You weave your tapestry of Life
In smiles and toil and tears.

Then make the colors splendid,
The texture firm and true,
For precious sweet the recompense
That God has planned for you.

coholism, dope addiction, the taking of sleeping pills by the millions, immorality in all its forms, the rise of domestic difficulties, the strain and stress between employees and employers, yes, communism itself, have come as a result of our program of trying to meet the dissatisfactions of people with things and the values of things. Our ability to produce and own things has created the greed and anger that now upset the entire globe. Our success produced both socialism and communism. In trying to satisfy the dissatisfactions of people, we created the world's greatest nation, and having done that, we made other nations, and portions of our own, dissatisfied with the system that has satisfied so many.

One other fact must be faced whenever we discuss this matter of "the simple way of life, and the cure of man's modern unhappiness." It is this: If we stop buying cars, refrigerators, new clothes, brushes and brooms, new houses, trips, books, and all the wonderful things our system produces, we will have a depression within six months. If half the church members of America decided today to live the simple way of life, making this year's shoes and clothes, cars and gadgets, and the thousand and one articles we manufacture last for the next three or four years, we would create a recession that might become bottomless.

The simple way of life is not for us.

Nor need it be. We have created a vigorous, vital, prosperous system that gives unearned and unbought blessings unto all of us. Let us appreciate it, use it wisely, and dedicate it to the perpetuation of true faith and true freedom throughout the land and the world.

In order to do this we must do one other thing better than we have ever done it, namely, produce citizens who understand the values of Christian character. But we will never be able to create in people the kind of character they need without faith in God as Jesus understood that faith. Out of such a faith our ethics and morals come, and He who shall be our final judge is now our present teacher, trying to get us to differentiate between things wise and unwise, things right and half right, things wrong and half wrong, things righteous and things unrighteous. It is God who must teach us that the main objective of our lives is to develop these lives which God has given us to the place where we become the highest expression of Christian faith and the likeness of Christ is clearly seen in us.

We are a nation that is rich in everything men need. To some people this means that we are too wealthy and should curtail our prosperity and become less rich, that we ought to give up our privileges and prosperous ways and become like the have-little nations of the earth. But why? Do you know any reputable agriculturist who advo-

cates corrupting land because it is good and very productive? Does he not rather use the good land, maintain its richness, and try to improve inferior land and bring it into greater productivity?

The problems of humanity are not economic. They are spiritual. The answer to inequity is not to be found in killing the possessors and stealing their possessions, wrecking the mansions and distributing their contents, ruining strong, productive nations and making them less productive, but in so majoring on producing people of character—people in mansions, people in cabins, people in ordinary houses—that the larger understanding of God's purposes will become the wisdom men live by.

We all need the teachings of Christ. We all need God. It is not the destruction of our system that we ought to seek, but the destruction of this selfishness that prevents our being what God wants us to become, and keeping the system from rendering the service it is so well equipped to render. Not by the processes of destruction do we build, but by the processes of construction. Self-seeking cannot create the answers we need. God-consciousness and unselfishness can.

It was this that moved Jesus to say, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself . . . and follow me." If you are living primarily for your success and your happiness, you are going to fail, and you are going to shrink. But if you are seeking to become the person you yet may be, and seek the total good of those who share with you the ways of life, you will succeed and will find the blessing of God.

The Apostle Paul expressed my thoughts accurately in these words: "My brothers, I do not consider myself to have fully grasped it even now. But I do concentrate on this: I leave the past behind and with hands outstretched to whatever lies ahead I go straight for the goal—my reward the honour of being called by God in Christ."

The world calls for a nation like ours to give it leadership and security. But its need cannot be met by material gifts alone. Deeper than the need for things lies the need for God, and only those who dedicate themselves to the Christ way can hope to be able to do what must be done ere the darkness comes. Christ is able to do what must be done, but He needs instruments, and such an instrument you can be. ★★★

"Apples of Gold"

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." *Proverbs 25:11.*

ONE WHO STANDS BY

Beside the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives at Washington sits a man who knows parliamentary law—from beginning to end. The Speaker may sometimes be at a loss to know just the proper procedure when a parliamentary tangle looms, but the expert knows and without even being asked will tell his superior in a whisper the proper decision to make. He anticipates the difficult situations and instantly is ready with the answer.

I will send you another Comforter, said Jesus. The word he uses is Paraclete which is a combination of two Greek words meaning "the one called to stand by." Like the man at the Speaker's side, ready in time of perplexity, this one who came at Pentecost stands by to give his counsel. "He shall teach you all things and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you."

—William S. Abernethy.

He must trounce his mind whenever he finds it lounging, slouching, or dawdling. He must quit puttering over trifles and conundrums and wrestle with great doctrines.—A. G. Daniells.

Anything worth doing
at all is worth doing well.
—Benjamin Franklin.

A good definition of flattery is,
"Saying something to one's face that
you wouldn't say behind his back."

FINDING TIME TO PRAY

Kagawa of Japan, one of the busiest of men, touching creatively the life of his nation at every vital point, was asked how he could find time to pray. His face shone as he answered, "From three to four each morning—that is my hour. Then I am free from interruption, and from the fear of interruption. Each morning I wake at three, and live an hour with God. It gives me strength for everything. Without it I would be utterly helpless. I could not be true to my friends, or do my work, or preach the gospel which God has given me for his poor."

—The Pulpit.

"Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

HEAVEN IN THE HEART

You might put a blind man in the Louvre of Paris, and he might walk among the acres and prairies of pictures there, and not be conscious that he had seen the stroke of one artist hand. You might bring a deaf man within the sound of all the bands of heaven and of earth, and there would be no music to his consciousness. And if a man is not prepared to enjoy the felicities of heaven, those felicities will be nothing to him. Heaven is not heaven except to those who have the initiation of it in themselves. They carry it in their own heart first.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

GOOD ADVICE

One day on the golf course I learned a very useful lesson. Trees were forever popping up between where my ball lay and the green. These trees made both a physical and mental hazard and cost me many strokes. One day a little caddy said, "Mister, don't pay any attention to those trees. Eighty-five per cent of the tops of trees is space. Shoot as if the trees wasn't there." I can testify that this was good advice. I wonder if 85 per cent of our fears are not groundless?

—A. W. Beasley.

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source, author, and your name. No original material used.

events of these times

A FINGER-PHONO

A small hand-turned phonograph, which will bring the Scriptures to many thousands of illiterates, underprivileged, and neglected groups throughout the world, is now being made available by the American Bible Society. This machine, the result of many months of experiments by Dr. Gilbert Darlington of the Bible Society, plays records on which Bible readings have been recorded. In this way a reading from the Scriptures in any language may be heard.

The finger-phono, as it is called, was given a careful tryout at the Bible House in New York by Mr. P. Mahanty of Bangalore, India, general secretary of the Bible Society of India and Ceylon. Mr. Mahanty, on his first visit to America, expressed great interest in the phonograph which, he felt, would greatly increase a knowledge of the Scriptures in his own country. Mr. Mahanty has already supplied the Bible Society with twelve recordings in the Marathi language, one of the major languages of India.

"In India, where the need for Scriptures is so pressing," said Mr. Mahanty, "we have made use of a number of unique ways by which we are trying to bring the Word to our people. Our Bible Society publishes entire Gospels in serial form in various newspapers, both in national languages and in English. First installments have already appeared in the Indian languages of Marathi, Urdu, Gujarati, Oriya, Bengali, and Tamil. Wayside pulpits, where Scripture readings are displayed, have been placed throughout India. The Sermon on the Mount, one of the best-known passages in the Bible, has been published in fifteen different Indian languages and more will follow.

"The population of Asia is growing at the rate of about 21,000,000 per year," declared Mr. Mahanty, "and a study of the present scale of Scripture distribution in Asia shows that, even with the annual distribution of about four million copies per year for a population of about 1,451,000,000, which means one copy for 363 persons, we are merely scratching the surface."

The finger-phono, as developed by the American Bible Society, is an im-

provement on a hand-turned phonograph of the Radio Corporation of America, with a new tone arm and an improved sound box. The records, made of filled flexible vinyl plastic, have an audio frequency range of from 500 to 5,000 cycles per second. Now any man with a finger to operate this phonograph can bring the good news of the gospel of Jesus Christ to millions who cannot read.

Ten dollars will supply three kits of machines and records and needles.

take days off, thus hampering efforts to build up the national economy.

Cardinal Wyszynski also spoke of the number of pornographic publications in Poland. He said these publications apparently can get all the newsprint they want while more wholesome periodicals are hard put to find paper.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BY MAIL

A "Sunday School by Mail" program has recently been launched by the Methodist Church. The church's



Religious News Service Photo

"In God We Trust" was adopted by Congress last year as the official motto of the U.S. A plaque bearing this inscription and the country's Great Seal was unveiled in the post office at Ossining, New York, recently. It was donated by the Ossining Women's Christmas Committee. Shown at the ceremony are Postmaster F. X. Hannigan of Ossining and Mrs. Irving N. Valentine, chairman of the committee. The phrase has appeared for years on all U.S. coins.

DRUNKENNESS IN POLAND

Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, primate of Poland, speaking at a national pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa in Czestochowa, declared recently that drunkenness has become a "terrible sickness" in Poland. His sermon, delivered before an estimated 700,000 pilgrims, was devoted mainly to moral questions. He also referred to widespread hooliganism among youth and the shiftlessness of workers who

church-school curriculum materials are sent free to families who enroll in the program, called "Church School at Home."

Dr. Edward D. Staples, director of the church's Department of Christian Family, states that the program is directed especially to isolated families in the United States. "There are thousands of families, especially in mountainous areas, who cannot get to a church without traveling long dis-

tances," he claims. "And in the winter months many of the roads are impassable."

Dr. Staples adds that "attending church school by mail won't compare with classroom instruction, but it should be a lot better than nothing." Once a family enrolls it will receive every three months for a year the denomination's approved church-school curriculum materials for each of its members. It will be necessary for the family to re-enroll each year.

WORTH QUOTING

"Maintaining the temple of God includes . . . the stretching of our minds through the best education we can get, the reading of the finest literature, and a devotion of such time as may be available to science, art, and music. It includes the highest spiritual devel-

opment of which we are capable in order that we might furnish the best instrumentality within our power to be placed at the service of God. One cannot think of the high honor which God has conferred upon him without a feeling of the utmost gratitude and dedication.

"The negative side of Paul's great insight affords a warning which no one will lightly disregard: 'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy.' Whatsoever things defile the temple, therefore, we shall carefully avoid. In addition to narcotics, improper food, intemperance of any kind, overwork and worry, surely these would include also smutty talk, profanity, degrading, unwholesome literature, unworthy amusements of all kinds and any practice which centers man's attention on the baser things of life.

We shall avoid the shadowy places where men seek to conceal their actions and fear to be found out, and shall seek the sunlit heights where no blush would come to our faces if our every deed and thought were made known to all."—Howard E. Kershner, president of the Christian Freedom Foundation, Inc.

DOROTHY FARRIER BECOMES A MISSIONARY

Dorothy Farrier, the woman who a few years ago was heralded by society and the press as the leading fashion, charm, and modeling personality on the West Coast, has joined the staff of International Students, Inc., to assist this organization in its foreign missionary work.

Mrs. Farrier created quite a stir when she opened a charm school in San Francisco twenty-five years ago. It was something new, the first of its kind. But overnight it proved to be a smash hit with the women. Other schools were soon opened in Los Angeles, San Diego, Seattle, and Tokyo, and Dorothy Farrier had a million-dollar business on her hands. More than 100,000 women, from movie stars to housewives and from business women to society matrons, have graduated from her schools. Millions of women heard her weekly over Art Linkletter's network radio group program *What's Doing, Ladies?*

Then in 1951 Dorothy Farrier became a Christian and literally forsook it all to follow Christ.

From the moment of her conversion, Mrs. Farrier felt that God had called her to be a missionary. She gave away her wealth to various churches and missionary organizations and traveled extensively in the United States, Canada, and Mexico to share her newfound faith with any who would listen. Then she settled down for four years in Miami, Florida, in order to devote herself to intensive study in the Word of God. She enrolled in the Miami Bible Institute and also took courses by correspondence from the Moody Bible Institute and the Philadelphia Bible Institute.

Mrs. Farrier, a widow since 1947, established a Christian home for her three teen-age children.

In her new work with International



Religious News Service Photo

At the bottom of this 33-foot pit an American archeological expedition discovered the Pool of Gibeon, a Biblical well some 2,500 years old. Photo shows workmen removing debris by basket while others descend the stairs.



Religious News Service Photo

A New Guinea chief (center) and party walked two days to request Herbert White (left), Seventh-day Adventist missionary, to establish a mission station among his people.

Students, Mrs. Farrier is helping contact for Christ the 50,000 foreign students who have come to America from 137 countries and are now enrolled in universities throughout the nation. At the same time she is seeking to interest other Christians in this unique foreign missionary opportunity now on everyone's doorstep. Her background of lecturing and teaching eminently qualify her for this position, as do her extensive travels which have taken her twice around the globe.

By denomination Mrs. Farrier is now a Presbyterian, although she was raised a Roman Catholic and lived in a convent as a nun until she was twenty-one. She ran away from the convent because there was no reality of her profession of Christianity. But always there was within her soul a desire to know God and to help her fellow man. She credits the success of her schools largely to the fact that she wanted to help the women who came to her.

But still she did not find God. She even went to India to study Yogi and

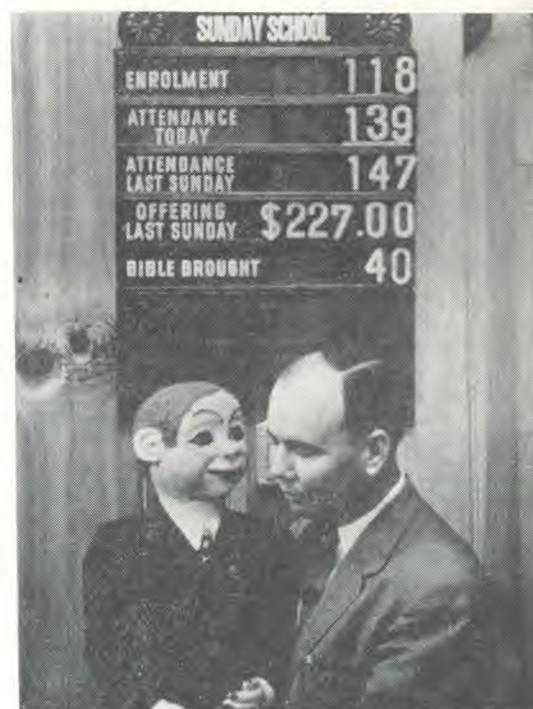
Hinduism, but failed to find the answer there. Finally, while at the pinnacle of her success—just a step away from abandoning her search for God—Mrs. Farrier picked up John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Through it she was drawn into the firm grip of Biblical truth and God's love through Jesus Christ. He transformed her heart, giving her His peace.

Concerning her transition from a wealthy celebrity to an inconspicuous, simple-living missionary, Dorothy Farrier says, "I have lost nothing to gain everything. Without regret I can say I would do it again. With the Apostle Paul I can say, 'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.'"

NOTED IN PASSING

A Caribbean tour in 1958 and a visit to Australia in 1959 appear in the offering for Billy Graham. . . . The first unit of a Methodist University on Formosa is currently under construction on a 32-acre tract near the capital city, Taipei. . . . British Methodists lost 1,877 members this year. . . . For the first time since 1940, when all mission schools were ordered closed, the government of Iran has granted permission for the opening of a Christian school, a vocational training institute operated by Seventh-day Adventists. . . . According to a recent Sunday school survey by the Bureau of Research and Survey of the National Council of Churches, nearly 80 per cent of American young people in the 12-to-23-year category are without religious instruction. . . . The Student Senate at the University of New Hampshire recently voted to ban liquor at football games. . . . According to Yakov Zhidkov, leader of the Russian Baptists, 15,000 persons were baptized by that denomination in the U.S.S.R. during 1956. . . . According to a recent article in the French journal *Semeur Vaudois*, the religious affiliation of Africa's population is as follows: 16,000,000 are Protestants and Orthodox; 13,000,000 are Roman Catholics; 28,000,000 belong to Islam; and 84,000,000 are still pagan. . . . *Reformé*, a French church paper, reports that a survey of London's people revealed that 85 per cent think one can be a Christian without attending religious services. . . . Glen Harold Stassen, son of Presidential

Disarmament Assistant Harold E. Stassen, gave up a promising career as a nuclear physicist to enter the Christian ministry. . . . In keeping with recent slashes in military personnel, the Air Force is reducing the number of chaplains by more than 100. . . . 475,000 converts during 1958 is the goal set by Southern Baptists, who currently have 30,834 congregations. During 1956 this denomination gained 384,627 new members, which is one convert for every 27 church members. . . . Seven of the Dead Sea Scrolls are on public display in a small walk-in vault at the new Hebrew University in Jerusalem. They have been insured for \$1,000,000. . . . A life-size portrait bust of Pope Pius XII is being exhibited at the Royal Academy of Arts in London. It is believed to be the first sculpture of any pope to be shown at the academy, or anywhere else in Britain, since the Protestant Reformation of over four centuries ago. . . . The September issue of *Christian Herald* carried over \$100,000 of advertising. According to Clip Boutell, advertising manager, this is a "direct result of the increasing religious awareness in the U.S." ★★★



Religious News Service Photo

Joe, an accomplished puppet-doll, helps his ventriloquist-operator, Dr. Loyd Corder, of Atlanta, Ga., spur interest in Sunday schools throughout the Southern Baptist Convention.

THE NIGHT

God

By Grace Baker West

I BELIEVE that God speaks to us in many ways. And I have lived long enough to learn that when God speaks, it is disastrous not to obey.

For several years I have believed that when the image of a person presents itself to our mind, that image is the Holy Spirit prompting us to concern ourselves in a prayerful way about that person. In some way that we do not understand, perhaps it is that person's call to us for help. Thus I have followed the practice of breathing a prayer for each person who passes through my mind during the course of a day. Sometimes the prayer is no more than "God bless you and make you a blessing." But if the image of the person persists, I know that I must give sincere, earnest, thoughtful prayer.

When I am tempted to forget this lesson, I have but to remember the episode of a few years back when I knew unmistakably that God spoke to me.

It was a cold, drizzly January night. I was alone in a large two-story house. My husband had gone to a minister's retreat miles from our town, taking our only car. Now, I have always taken the opportunity when he is out of town to catch up on some neglected areas of homemaking, and thus the hours he is gone do not seem so long. I am really trifling when it comes to ironing. I guess there is no task I like less to do. I never iron until necessity calls or the door to the closet where I store the starched clothes simply will not shut. Such a time had come that dreary January day. I had ironed all day and far into the night.

It was nine o'clock when God first spoke to me.

"Go call Leslie," an inner voice that was not really a voice said.

"Not tonight," I replied in a voice that was not a voice. "It's far too late. I would probably awaken the children!" I continued with my ironing.

Leslie had been in my prayers and thoughts ever since she had returned from the hospital where she had given birth to her fifth child, her first daughter. I knew on my first visit to her that she was suffering from postnatal depression. It is a fairly common occur-

rence, I learned later, in a mild form; but Leslie's depression was not mild. It was acute—aggravated, I think, by her baby daughter, who was not well and cried a great deal. Her husband, Jim, slept days and worked nights.

I had known that she was having a difficult time because of her haggard look and the way she clung to me, tears in her eyes, when I left her house.

"Go call Leslie *NOW!*" The voice spoke again, more insistent this time. "It's too late to call anyone!"

"If you keep waiting, *it will be too late!*"

Startled, I went to the telephone and dialed Leslie's number, but I almost hung up before anyone answered. I felt silly—trying to think up an excuse for calling at such an hour. Then I heard the receiver click, and I knew someone was on the line.

"Leslie?" I heard a muffled sob.

"Leslie? Leslie——"

The sobbing grew louder.

"Leslie, dear. It's Mrs. West."

The voice on the telephone sounded almost hysterical.

"What is it, Leslie?"

"Help me, Mrs. West! Help me!" Her voice had a depth of agony that shook me.

"All right, Leslie," I said. "I'll be there just as soon as I can!"

When I hung up, I remembered, dismayed, that I did not have a car. Looking at the clock, I saw that it was already eleven thirty. The city buses did not run within a mile of her home, even if they were still running at that hour. The taxi drivers were all on strike, and Leslie lived five miles or more from my home. *What was I to do?* I had a dark

moment of despair. I had promised something that I could not do. I would have to call Leslie and tell her the conditions.

"You must go—and right now!" the voice spoke again.

"But how?" I asked.

The answer came as quickly as a thought.

"Call Helen!"

"At 11:30? She would think I'm crazy!" I pondered a moment and then went to the telephone.

Helen was a member of my prayer group. We had covenanted only a few days previously to pray together for any special problems that any member of the prayer group had without divulging the nature of the problem. But I had not had occasion to put this friend to the test.

"Helen," I said after hearing her sleepy hello. "I need you to drive me to a friend's house. She needs me." I explained why I had to call on her. I claimed the promise of secrecy that we had pledged each other as members of the prayer group. "Will you take me?" I asked.

"Yes, I will. I'll be there in five minutes," she said quietly.

On the way to Leslie's I was tempted to tell her all I knew of the problem to relieve my own tension, but I didn't.

"Please pray, Helen," I said as I slipped out of the car. "If I need you again, I'll call."

When I opened Leslie's door, I smelled the unmistakable odor of gas. The windows and doors were still stuffed with rags, but the back door was open. Leslie sat on the divan, holding her baby daughter listlessly in her

When I opened her door I smelled the unmistakable odor of gas. The windows and doors were stuffed with rags. . . . She sat on the divan, holding her baby daughter listlessly in her arms.

SPOKE TO ME

arms. The first thing I did was to open the windows.

"Thank God, you came," she wept.

"Leslie, whatever is wrong?"

"I can't go on—I can't!" she sobbed. I let her cry, gently taking the baby from her arms as she sobbed out her story.

"Jim doesn't know what it's like—holding the baby all day because he can't sleep if the baby cries. And then, I can't sleep at night because she has to be held in an upright position in order to breathe. The doctor says she has asthma. But do you think Jim cares about us? Not Jim! All he thinks of is getting his sleep so that he can work. Did you ever try to keep five kids quiet while a man sleeps in the house?"

I didn't try to answer. I knew that what she needed was to rid herself of her frustration. She needed to talk her problem out. She had been trying so hard to be the perfect wife and mother that she had not shared her problems with her husband. Neither had she taken them to the Lord. I was the first person to whom she had confided her problems, and she had told me only because she was at the end of her rope. I did not censure or approve. I merely let her talk. When her tempest of emotion was over, she said very quietly, without tears, "Mrs. West, if you had not come, the children and I would have been dead when Jim came in in the morning."

"All right," I said. "I'm here and I'll hold the baby the rest of the night while you catch up on some of that much-needed rest. Let's just put our problem in the Lord's hands for the rest of the night, and tomorrow when you have rested, you can talk with Jim and go see your doctor. I think you and the baby both need some special care."

Without a word she fell wearily into bed with her sleeping oldest two sons. In less time than it took me to leave

the room with the baby, Leslie was asleep.

As I held the baby in a semiupright position so it could breathe, I did the hardest praying I have ever done and waited for morning to come. After all, what would I tell Jim when he came in and found me holding the baby, and Leslie asleep?

The voice spoke again. "Don't be afraid. Just trust Me in this, too. Have I failed you yet tonight?"

I had to admit that the voice had not misled me. And so I listened.

"When Jim comes in, simply tell him that Leslie is sick and needed you. Tell him that you believe both she and the baby need medical attention."

Leslie and the four boys were still asleep when Jim came in around six in the morning.

"Mrs. West——" He stood in the door, a startled look on his face.

"Hello, Jim. Leslie needed me in the night. Both she and the baby are ill. She's sleeping now, but I think they are going to need the doctor when they awaken."

"What do you think I ought to do?" Jim was confused. A young man, he had not had to assume much responsibility in the home. Leslie had seen to that.

"Well, Jim, I'm not a doctor, but I believe Leslie is suffering from post-natal depression. I believe if I were you, I would call Leslie's mother and let her help you decide, along with the doctor, what ought to be done."

The doctors found that both Leslie

and the baby needed operations. A growth in the baby's lungs was interfering with its breathing. Leslie's trouble was less serious, and after a few weeks' convalescing at her mother's, she returned to her husband, a well and happy person, able to cope with the problems of a growing family. Today you could not find a happier or better-adjusted family.

So far as I know, Leslie and I are the only ones who know exactly what happened that night. That is, unless Leslie herself told Jim. I wrote her a few weeks ago asking whether I might tell her story. She wrote that I could.

And I? Well, I guess I learned about the most marvelous lesson that a Christian can learn! I learned obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. I shudder to think how I would have felt the next morning if I had not called Leslie! You may be sure that the next time God speaks, telling me to do something, I am going to do it! ★★★

Cobb Shinn

"All right, Leslie," I said. "I'll be there just as soon as I can!"





By Leslie Hardinge

WHEN Jesus' disciples asked Him, "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" (Matthew 24:3), He thought the question worth answering. We should ponder both the question and our Lord's reply. Christ first listed the signs which should lead up to His second advent. They include wars, earthquakes, famines, epidemics, and calamities on an unprecedented scale. (Matthew 24:4-14.) No reader of *THESE TIMES* can miss the impact of these prophecies. *We* are seeing their fulfillment.

Then Jesus said something which has greatly strengthened my faith in the Old Testament: "When ye therefore shall see [that] . . . spoken of by Daniel the prophet, . . . (whoso readeth,

let him understand)." (Verse 15.) In the Bible book of Daniel we may read and understand. Jesus bids us to study.

Come back with me to ancient Babylon to get the setting of one of Daniel's marvelous predictions. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon from 605 B.C. to 562 B.C., longed to understand the future of his empire. His reveries had grown into a nightmare. Summoning the wisest men in his realm, the king demanded an explanation of the dream he had forgotten. Not even to save their lives were these soothsayers and astrologers able to do this. The stars were silent! The Hebrew seer, however, deftly summarized the dream and gave the divine explanation. It was God's vehicle to reveal "what shall be in the latter days." (Daniel 2:28.)

Nebuchadnezzar had dreamed of a huge metallic human figure. With head of gold and breast and arms of silver,

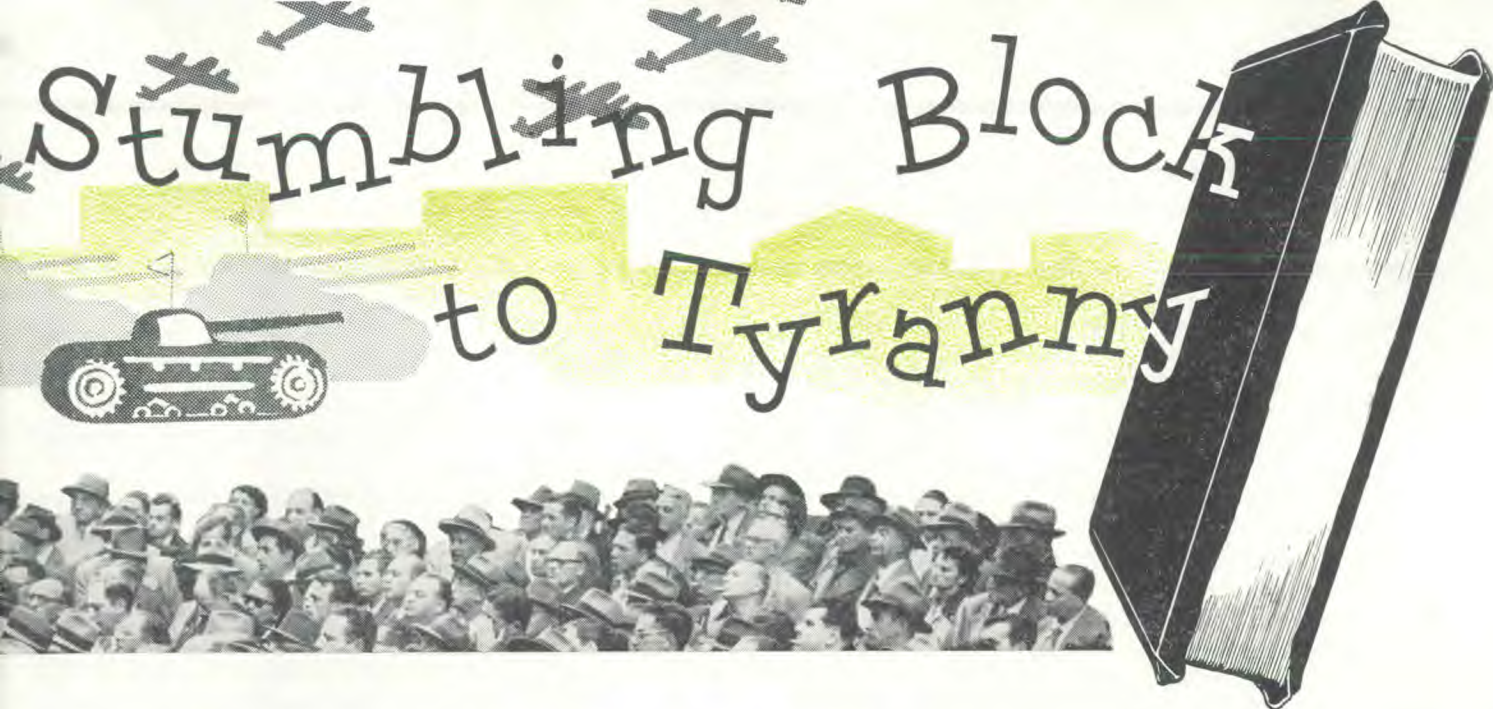
with brazen belly and iron legs, with feet of iron mixed with clay, it was a blueprint of human history and it was terrifying. (Daniel 2:31-36.)

"Thou art this head of gold," the prophet Daniel explained. (Daniel 2:38.) Babylon is placed in the sweep of history. The great wealth of that glorious world empire was symbolized by gold. From a human point of view Babylon should last forever. That this might be is a recorded prayer of Nebuchadnezzar. But Daniel continued, "After thee shall arise another kingdom" (Daniel 2:39), an inferior one.

What actually happened a few years later? One night in 539 B.C. the Medes and Persians under Cyrus temporarily diverted the Euphrates into an artificial lake. The course of the river through the heart of Babylon soon became fordable. The Persian forces attacking the river gates found them unmanned. "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom." Daniel 5:30, 31. The defenses were unguarded. The king was drunk! The impregnable was captured! So Babylon fell.

As Daniel unfolded the future history of man, Nebuchadnezzar realized that there would be a third kingdom following the Persian Empire. Greece de-

On the radar screen Churchill watched the advance of the German bombers. Wave after wave they came and were repelled. "How many more [planes] have you got?" he asked the Air Vice-Marshal. Quietly he replied, "I am putting in my last." Eyes fixed on the screen, they waited the next German wave. It never came. . . . WHY?



feated the Medo-Persians in 331 B.C. And yet a fourth kingdom would follow Greece. In 168 B.C. Rome rose to world dominance. But even the "iron monarchy" of the Caesars would perish! It was followed by divided and weak barbarian kingdoms represented by iron and clay in the image's feet.

Though disunited and weakened by dissensions, the kingdoms of Europe which developed on the ruins of Rome would seek for unity. Then comes the dramatic heart of the prophecy: "But they shall not cleave one to another." Daniel 2:43. The past fifteen centuries have seen many would-be world conquerors vainly defy this amazing prediction. They have attempted to fuse the iron that was Rome, only to discover the brittle qualities of the clay.

Daniel declared that this dream image of man, which outlines the history of man, would reveal what was to occur in "the latter days." The twentieth century has witnessed the greatest attempt to reunite Europe. Hitler defied this prophecy. "They shall cleave!" he declared. He planned that Germany should dominate the world. Hitler and his people smashed themselves upon the impregnable rock of Bible prophecy. Let us retrospect.

In 1939 the Hitlerian Huns spread across Europe like a plague. Poland, then Holland and Belgium, Norway and France, Denmark and Austria, Luxembourg and Czechoslovakia—almost all Europe from the Arctic to the Pyrenees lay desolate and broken and helpless. Only Britain stood between Hitler's dream of European domination and its realization. Across the narrow straits the greatest war lord of any

century looked, and ordered his Luftwaffe to attack. That was 1940.

The glorious blue of the lovely English summer sky was flecked with the black planes and pockmarked by the puffs of antiaircraft shells. The villages and cities and roads and ports became scenes of devastation and death. High above, often out of sight, the flower of British manhood, the knight-errants of the ether, rode their craft to fight back the black invaders.

The German planes were shot down by hundreds. Antiaircraft fire rose up to meet them and clawed them from the skies. The fury of the attack mounted as the invasion date neared. So did the fury of the defense. September 20 was the deadline for invasion.

"When the long-drawn-out Battle of Britain still hung in the balance, Mr. Churchill went to Air Vice-Marshal Park's headquarters. On the radar screen he watched the advance of the German bombers. Each attack was successfully repelled, but to the waves of German bombers there seemed to be no end. At last, unable to control himself, Mr. Churchill turned to Park. 'How many more have you got?' he asked abruptly. Quietly the Air Vice-Marshal replied, 'I am putting in my last.' Their eyes fixed on the screen, the two men waited for the next German wave. It never came. The Germans, too, had put in their last. With tears in his eyes, Mr. Churchill got into his car. It was on his way back to London that he composed the immortal phrase of 'the debt that so many owed to so few.'"—Scrutator in the *London Sunday Times*, reprinted in *The British Magazine*, January, 1947.

So near—yet so far! One day, one hour, one squadron from victory!

"Who doubts now that Dunkirk was a miracle—when the sea went flat and the tide stood practically still? The date Hitler had fixed for invasion (September 16-20, 1940) is the time when the tides are ideal. That is the time when people used to try to swim the Channel. It is always calm then, and there is a harvest moon. But in 1940 gales sprang up on the seventeenth and went till the thirtieth. The invasion boats and barges had to be taken into harbors and ports, where they were battered by the Royal Air Force. Then the Germans threatened us with invasion during the fogs of November and December. For the first time in the memory of man there were no fogs that winter in the Straits. The next invasion date was supposed to be February 15. On February 14 a submarine [undersea] earthquake occurred in the Atlantic."—James Wedgwood Drawbell, *All Change Here*, p. 109.

The earthquake caused high tides on the coasts of Europe. The dispersed German invasion craft again took shelter in the ports and were bombed to a standstill. Then Hitler made the greatest blunder of the war. He attacked Russia. With the entry of the United States into the war, history passed the "end of the beginning" and started toward the collapse of Germany and its dream of world domination.

Following the war Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan, former chief of United States Intelligence, allowed release of the facts behind the invasion of Europe.

In a book for which he wrote the foreword, we read these moving words:

"On the early morning of the 6th of June, 1944, the invasion of northern France by American and British troops had begun. It had not been expected at that moment. The Field Marshall Erwin Rommel, who had been in command of the coastal defenses, defying Hitler's orders to cancel all leave, had flown off secretly to celebrate his wife's birthday. His chief of staff, General Speidel, immediately had tried to telephone him and inform him about the invasion while simultaneously the report had gone through to the High Command by the regular channels. There the officer on duty did not dare to wake General Alfred Jodl until 9:00 o'clock; and he in turn waited another hour before he informed Keitel. Both men then considered themselves bound by the strict order never to disturb

Hitler's sleep. So it was not until his usual midday meeting that Hitler heard the news.

"Behind the Atlantic Wall a tank corps had been stationed ready to attack the invading army as soon as it landed. Hitler had reserved as his personal prerogative, however, power to throw in this corps when the emergency arose. Neither Rommel nor Rundstedt was entitled to give any independent orders to this corps. So when Hitler eventually sent his tanks into action it was 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon and decisive hours had been wasted. In the meantime, attacks by the Allied Air Force had considerably weakened the spearhead of the tank corps. When the counterattack of the tank corps at last developed it came too late and lacked vigor. The invasion had been materially aided by the fact that Hitler's sleep could not be

disturbed."—Gero von Schultze-Gaevernitz, *They Almost Killed Hitler*, pp. 100-103.

Drunk and self-confident, the guards were away from their posts as on the night Babylon fell! So does history repeat itself. So is Bible prophecy fulfilled.

Yes, the prophet of God knew. "They shall not cleave one to another," he said twenty-five centuries ago. It seemed almost as if all Europe should cringe under the Swastika. Men in Asia and Africa and America were saying that it was only a matter of days. But the prediction of God declared, "They shall not cleave"!

The nations have not learned their lessons. Those who would dominate the globe are plotting the overthrow of all government. The brains of the scientists of the world are grappling with problems of mass destruction. In the arena of diplomacy mighty nations are jockeying for position. But no power on earth will ever achieve the unification of the Western World.

Looking beyond the turbulence of our years, the prophet Daniel declared, "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed." Daniel 2:44. This is the next event in God's program of history, the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. So will be fulfilled the petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

As we ponder quietly the wonder of this amazing prophecy, endorsed by Christ, its meaning becomes clear. As we watch, this predictive glow, like a searchlight, plays awhile on Babylon, throwing into relief the essentials of its history—its power, its pride, its destruction. Then the prophetic light shimmers a moment on the silver of Persia, gleams on the brass of Greece, shines on the iron of Rome, and focuses at last on the turmoils of our day. We live in time's last hour. The climax is at hand.

My camera has a split-image range finder. When perfect focus is attained, the two images superimpose exactly. In prophecy we get a picture of our day and the future which is blurred. In history we get another picture which is also blurred. When the two superimpose we are in perfect focus in time. Prophecy and history blend before our eyes today. Jesus is on His way! His kingdom is at hand. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." ★★ ★

The Beauty for Today

By Lulu May Andersen

There is beauty, far outshining
All the beauty of the flowers;
'Tis the precious faith of Jesus,
For this mad earth's closing hours.
Saving health, He still dispenses,
Making sinners glad and free;
Calming storm-tossed hearts despairing,
As He stilled the stormy sea.

By His Word of Truth, outshining
All the glitter of the proud,
Man is learning he's not earning
Anything—not e'en a shroud.
Only death—yes, death, eternal—
Is the thing he really earns.
God has made him, God has offered
Life eternal; this, he learns.

That free gift of gracious Giver,
Man's rebellious heart has spurned
Till he sees at last his folly
Thinking he some wealth has earned;
For he finds he's lost and dying;
Nothing can he take with him.
Now he bows in shame and crying;
Man's millenniums fail him.

Will the Saviour yet have mercy?
Will He yet restore the lost?
Oh, yes, yes—the hour is fading—
Grasp His hand, nor mind the cost
Let it go, this earthly treasure;
Rainbow chasing does not pay;
Just accept the free full measure
Of Christ's righteousness today.

Editorials

A WORD FROM THE NEW EDITOR

LIKE THE TRUE Christian, the religious journal is here first to serve. With this thought in mind, past editors of THESE TIMES considered it their primary obligation to strengthen the faith of their readers. As I humbly assume the duties of editor, I intend, with the Lord's help, to carry on in this tradition.

I am building on a firm foundation of conservative Protestantism. THESE TIMES has had a strong doctrinal emphasis. There has been no wavering from the pillars of the faith. This is as it should be. Moreover, through the years Jesus Christ has been exalted in these pages as the Saviour of men, as the One altogether lovely. Articles dealing with the subject of righteousness in Christ have been of untold value, as letters from readers attest. Inspirational articles of all kinds, news events based on Religious News Service releases and reports from the journal's own world correspondents, health articles, pieces on human relationships, Bible questions and answers—these have formed the bulwark of the material THESE TIMES editors have used so well to serve their readers since 1891. As is stated in the magazine's masthead, there has been a definite endeavor to build up the mental, moral, physical, and spiritual life of the individual reader.

Rooted deeply in the planning for each issue of THESE TIMES has always been the fundamental belief that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration of God, contain an all-sufficient revelation of His will to men, and are the only unerring rule of faith and practice. "The holy scriptures . . . are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." 2 Timothy 3:15-17. Two splendid examples of our continuing emphasis on the Holy Word are the two articles in this issue "How to Read the Bible," by John Sutherland Bonnell, and "One Message but Many Voices," by James Z. Nettinga.

What is the greatest need of this hour? In view of the

shallowness of religious conviction in America (interest in religion is not to be confused with deep conviction), I feel there is a desperate need for a return to the fundamental concept of born-again Christians manifesting practical godliness in their everyday lives. No matter what the statistics concerning church enrollment may be, Protestantism cannot be healthy wherever "church work" means merely giving money, attending services, and sitting on a board; wherever "carrying Christianity into life" means merely being honest, kind, and generous; wherever "Christian thinking" means merely

listening to sermons, however eloquent, which one cannot apply. Protestantism can be healthy only as laymen utterly consecrate their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. The need is just as great in America as it is in Europe and elsewhere, though not so obvious externally.

To help the reader to find Christ and enjoy Him is the supreme object of THESE TIMES. Many issues in 1958, therefore, will contain at least one article on the subject "How Can I Find Salvation in Christ?" These articles will leave no one in doubt concerning the way to God. Naturally there must be growth in the Christian life after one has surrendered to Him. To meet this need, articles to help the Christian enlarge his vision will be included. Along with these, of course, will be a constant return to the fundamental

doctrines of the faith—much as a professional athletic team continues to practice elementary maneuvers. All articles will be edited for the reader by an editorial staff the members of which recognize that they are in some measure responsible for the souls of their readers, and who keep constantly in mind the soon coming of Christ in judgment.

Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I, together with the other members of the editorial team, stand ready to serve you. Third John 2 expresses our New Year's wish to each of you: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

Kenneth J. Holland





SO SURE A

SYNOPSIS: "Chuck" Mills was reared on a Minnesota farm. The day of his brother's funeral he determined to enter the ministry, but with the passing of the years he almost forgot his good intentions. Later, however, he entered a Bible school and finally enrolled in a university. He was much disillusioned. One day he inquired, "Isn't there a school somewhere that is free from prejudice and preconceived opinions?" At last he found such a school at Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan. Not only did "Chuck" find faith at this college, but he also found the lovely girl that has so loyally stood by his side through the years. Pastor Orris J. Mills is the minister at the Seventh-day Adventist church at Madison College, Madison, Tennessee, where he and Mrs. Mills and their young son and daughter now reside.

By Orris J. Mills
as told to Roland Hegstad

Part 7: Conclusion

THE FACULTY may not have anticipated my decision to enroll at Emmanuel Missionary College—they had no room in the dormitory, and there was some earnest head-scratching before a place was found for me in the village—but they certainly made up for it after I was settled. Adventists believe that education encompasses the harmonious development of the physical, mental, social, and spiritual being, and they did not restrict their educational endeavors on my behalf. Because I was a Christian, my social development at the university had been severely curtailed; now, through pleasant companionships, evenings devoted to Christian recreation, and dinner engagements in the homes of friends, I came to appreciate anew the blessings of fellowship.

It was at a dinner in the home of the Vandemans that I first became acquainted with Mildred Bricker, who had become a Seventh-day Adventist just a year before. That first day we met, I found that she could harmonize, and we sang together after dinner. I had always been interested in quartets; after singing with Millie a few times I began to feel that there was something special about just two voices blending in close harmony. After I had sung a few more times with her, I began to feel that there would be some-

thing special about just two lives blending in close harmony.

Ours was a wholesome courtship. We never said good night but what we had had prayer together. By ourselves and together we sought the leading of the Lord. Soon after I became the 887th member of the Emmanuel Missionary College Seventh-day Adventist church, I asked Millie to marry me. She consented, and what began with a song continues with a song—although with two children at home I have had to relearn the benefits of a quartet.

Soon after we were married on the lawn of Millie's parents' home in Union City, Indiana—Johnnie Mercer performed the ceremony—I was invited to enter the ministry of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. But I did not feel qualified, and refused, explaining that I was not prepared to accept the responsibility.

When they asked me a second and a third time, I thought perhaps the Lord was leading and promised to reconsider. Still feeling unworthy, I asked Him for a definite sign, and when He gave it, I entered the ministry for the second time, having turned in my credentials when I left my former church.

Within a week after school closed, we were on our way to Jackson, Michigan, where I was to work with Pastor Vandeman in a summer evangelistic series. There I saw scores and scores

of people making their decisions to go all the way with God. How thrilling it was to be part of a worldwide movement, preparing souls for the second coming of Christ! No longer was there doubt in my message; I had a "sure word of prophecy," a firm "thus saith the Lord" for everything I preached. And I knew that my fellow ministers were preaching the same thing; we were of one voice in sounding the "everlasting gospel."

That term, "everlasting gospel," has an interesting background—if I may digress for a few lines. The Apostle John had been concerned about the growing apostasy of his day.

"This is nothing, John," the Lord had said. "Just let Me give you a look at what is to come."

There, on Patmos, the Lord opened John's prophetic vision, and he saw the great apostasy which was to take place, in which virtually all the fundamentals of the gospel were to be discarded or perverted.

"But, John," the Lord said, "don't be downcast. I'm going to have a people just before the end of time who will keep the commandments of God and have the faith of Jesus. (Revelation 14:12.) The message they preach will be part of the everlasting gospel, the same gospel you have taught."

Thus it was that John wrote of the great apostasy to come, and then re-

corded God's message of reform, to be preached, he said, to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." A threefold message, it (1) called men back to Creator worship (how this is needed in this age of evolution!), and warned men of the judgment hour; (2) heralded the fall of Babylon, which symbolizes apostate religion; and (3) cautioned men not to worship the

immersion, Sunday keeping, natural immortality—these are the "new" doctrines. Adventists feel that teachings which are not found in Scripture, which can be traced to pagan sources, are to be discarded. In harmony with the prophecy of Isaiah, who was called the "gospel prophet," Adventists seek to build up "the old waste places," to "raise up the foundations of many gen-

tian's only rule of faith, he was considerably comforted.

"But why keep the Sabbath when the law is done away?" he asked.

"Look, Walt," I replied. "Suppose you were a missionary living in Africa, and you found the people worshiping idols and stealing. How would you teach them that they should not do such things?"

"I would tell them that those things were wrong."

"But how would you prove them to be wrong?"

"By the Bible."

"By what part of the Bible?"

"By the commandments that prohibit those things."

"Do you mean the first and the eighth of the Ten Commandments?"

"Yes. . . ." Walt hesitated a moment before he replied.

"Now, if you found one of them stealing your chickens, and, when you reproached him, he said, 'But the law is done away with; you told me so yourself,' what could you reply?"

Walt got the point. All that day we studied, searching the Word of God together. That evening Walt called a halt. "I have to preach in the morning," he said, "and my sermon needs some pruning yet. Why don't you teach the Sunday school lesson for me tomorrow? I haven't had a chance to look at it this week. You can study it while I am working on my sermon."

Walt turned the pages of his quarterly to the current lesson and suddenly began to laugh. "Look, Chuck," he said, handing me the quarterly. "The lesson is on Exodus 20:8: 'Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

"I'm afraid it would be rather difficult for me to read Sunday into that verse, Walt," I replied. "You better teach it yourself."

"But I can't," he said. "I'm confused on it now myself. You've raised some real questions in my mind. I don't see how I can apply this to Sunday. But I'm not fully persuaded in my own mind that I ought to keep the Sabbath."

"Why don't you just teach them that they are to keep the Sabbath and fail to mention which day it is?" I suggested.

Walt cocked an eyebrow at me. "That would hardly be logical. Suppose I told you to meet me down at the corner of Main Street but I didn't tell you what day to meet me. Would it make sense? No, if we are going to have the Sabbath, we are going to have to know

HOPE

At one year Linda Jo was learning her memory verses and singing Sabbath school songs to her dolly.



"beast and his image" or receive his "mark." These messages are not a new gospel; they are, as the revelator gives us assurance, part of the "everlasting gospel."

I mention this at some length without dealing with the meaning of the prophecies,* because I once felt that Adventists taught new doctrines—doctrines not contained in Scripture. But I found that the errors they expose—infant baptism, sprinkling instead of

erations," to repair the "breach" in God's holy law. (See Isaiah 58:12-14.)

Naturally I was interested in sharing the experiences I had had with old friends, so one weekend I drove to Swanton, Ohio, where Walt Croxton was then located. I found Walt well read on books against Adventists—which, like most such books, credited them with numerous teachings which they did not actually hold. When he found that I still believed that Jesus Christ is the Christian's sin bearer, that salvation comes through grace and by faith, and that the Bible is the Chris-

*For a free booklet on the meaning of these prophecies, write Editorial Department, Box 59, Nashville 2, Tennessee.

what day it is. I'm going to settle this if I have to stay up all night."

Walt taught the Sunday school class the next morning, and quite a class it was. Before it was over, every verse mentioning the first day of the week had been explored—there were only eight—and most of the verses dealing with the Sabbath had been read. At the end of the class Walt announced his decision to keep the seventh-day Sabbath. Today he, too, is a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

After we had completed that summer in Jackson, we went to the Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C. Here I found the same scholarship and earnest faith I had found in college. And we found something else—an addition to the family.

To this point our family had consisted of Tommy, Millie's son by a previous marriage. Tommy was a handsome boy of eight with large, dark brown eyes. I had taken to him immediately and loved him as my own son. As I sat in the hospital lobby awaiting the new arrival, I had visions of our child resembling Tommy—or at least some of the beautiful children whose photographs adorned the walls of the waiting room. There was one in particular I liked—that of an eighteen-month-old baby with lovely features, expressive eyes, and curly blond hair.

When I saw the fat little wrinkled bundle the nurse held in her arms, a flabby, double-chinned girl with beet-red skin and no hair, how disappointed I was! (Of course, newborn babies were a new experience for me.) I had visions of Millie weeping; I thought of how disappointed Tommy would be in his little sister. I could see him bend over the crib and then look up at me reproachfully. That night I wrote to some friends: "If this child ever makes anything in life, it will have to be on the stage in musical comedy, for there is no beauty there that I can see."

But how that little bundle of gurgles and gas pains developed! The wrinkles disappeared, her skin became satiny white, and naturally curly hair cascaded over her shoulders. Within six months she said her first words; at nine months she was talking in sentences; at one year she was learning her memory verses, telling where the texts were found, and singing Sabbath school songs to her dolly. At fifteen months she could recognize two dozen birds and call them by name. And Tommy—

when his initial disappointment at finding that she couldn't play ball with him wore off—was a real brother to her. In fact, we made him captain of the diaper brigade, and he happily reigned over the clothesline kingdom.

After assisting in an evangelistic meeting in Detroit, Michigan, we moved to a little district in southern Michigan, where I had the responsibility for four churches. Here it was that a new member of the family joined us. By this time I had learned what to expect, and Philip was not such a shock to me. His rapid development rivaled that of Linda

Jo. By the time he was four, he was harmonizing with her and preaching from "pulpits" all over the house.

Here, too, we added Corky to our family. Corky was a nondescript little poodle of dubious ancestry who wandered into the house one day and refused to leave. His wishes prevailed—until one day at the radio studio where I had broadcasts twice weekly he sneaked in unnoticed with Linda Jo. By the time I saw him we were on the air. During the musical portion of our broadcast he lay quietly near the piano. Then it came time for Millie's story.



Richard Rimmer

Pastor Orris J. Mills and his wife, Millie, with their children, Linda Jo and Philip, pause a moment on the steps of their home near Madison College, Madison, Tennessee.

She had just reached the most serious part—I could visualize the listeners sitting near their radios dabbling at their eyes—when she stepped backwards onto the dog's tail. . . .

The next day he was a ward of the county. It is difficult yet for me to describe the impact that broadcast had on our listeners. Ordinarily I would have been happy to have had a program make such an impression on the community, but, unfortunately, their memories of the rest of the broadcast were not nearly so acute.

* * *

One night, not long ago, I was stretched out on the davenport for a post-supper appraisal of my wife's culinary prowess when Philip and Linda Jo landed on me with more weight than seemed possible—probably explainable by some law of physics that deals with projectiles in motion. I was thankful that Tommy, our oldest and biggest "guided missile," was away at school.

"Come on, Daddy, let's have our tumbling!" Philip coaxed, oblivious to my convulsive efforts to get some air back into my lungs. Our tumbling, a routine of calisthenics I had taught the children, usually ended with me lying exhausted on the floor—and six feet of unused muscles can get pretty exhausted. It had been years since I had played fullback on the high school team, the only exercise that could have adequately prepared me for our family tumbling sessions.

I rolled off the davenport with some enthusiasm, however, for this was the first night I had been able to schedule with the family for several weeks. A pastor's schedule just can't be fitted into eight-hour days and forty-hour weeks.

Millie was unusually perceptive this night. She caught my anguished signals for help only ten minutes after I had rolled off the davenport.

"Look, children," she said, "since daddy gets to spend an evening with us so seldom, why don't we gather round the piano and sing? Now, who has a favorite song?"

I have always admired my wife's sense of diplomacy and did not mind at all that my favorite ended up in fourth place. We had just finished Linda Jo's song and started on Philip's "Precious Jewels," when the telephone rang.

"Maybe it is a wrong number," Philip said hopefully. But it wasn't.

"Pastor Mills! I'm so glad you're home! It's about Mrs. Downs. . . ."

"We didn't even get to finish my song," Philip said reproachfully as I headed out the door.

Mrs. Downs was ill. She was not a member of our church but had been helped a time or two by our welfare society. Her husband had gone away several weeks before. With no income and expecting another child in a few months, she had been left to care for three little children.

Janice, aged five, her oldest child, opened the door for me when I arrived at their apartment in one of the government housing projects across town. She was wrapped in a soiled housecoat, her red hair hanging in disheveled locks around a peaked but pretty face.

"Mommy isn't feeling very good," she said, her chin trembling as she led me into the living room. I soon saw that Mrs. Downs needed medical help immediately.

"Don't worry about the children," I assured her as I called Millie and asked her to make preparations for a substantial increase in our family. "We'll take care of them until you're up again"—which in this case turned out to be three months.

Within a few minutes I had our church welfare leader, Mrs. Frank Oliver, on the way to take charge of the children. She arrived just before the ambulance. "Tell Millie I'll be home within an hour or two," I said, as she headed for the parsonage with the three little Downses. "And tell Philip we'll get to finish his song yet."

Finish it he did, but not with us. When I arrived home after making sure Mrs. Downs was taken care of at the hospital, Millie was gone. Linda, holding the youngest of Mrs. Downs' children, and Philip, his arms around Janice and her little sister Betty, were sitting on the davenport.

"Just as I got here," Mrs. Oliver explained, "your wife got a call from some woman about to commit suicide. She took my car and said to tell you to come as soon as you got home. It's an address over on Belshire Street. She said you would know who."

I did. It was another case of family problems. Again not a member of my church, but that was immaterial. "All right," I said. "But please do one thing for me, won't you? Sit down at the piano and see that Philip gets to finish 'Precious Jewels.'"

It was three in the morning when we

got home. "I'm surely glad the Lord helped us save that poor woman from suicide," Millie said as we sank down on the davenport, too tired to remove our hats and coats. "Of course, it would be nice to have things like this happen during the day. Do you think you could schedule them a little earlier, Pastor Mills?"

I rather doubt it. Not that this was a typical evening in a minister's life. Many of them are not so dramatic. But most of them seem to be almost as busy. Certainly this is not the life that I, as a boy, imagined a preacher lived. But what a satisfying life it is! There is not one in our family who regrets the call of God that has enlisted us in His service.

Sitting with Millie on the davenport that early morning hour, I thought of my life—my little brother's death and my father's words, "If you're a good boy, someday you'll get to see him again"; I remembered my early decision to be a minister and the school years that saw me lose sight of my objective. I thought of my conversion and baptism in the little church in St. Cloud, Minnesota; of my Bible school experience and the doubts that had filled my mind during my early ministry with Walt and Johnnie in Washington, D.C. My years at the university, years that had seen doubt and skepticism make severe inroads into my small reservoir of faith; my meeting with George Vandeman after the Lord had shuffled a stack of applications for radio class; my decision to go to Emmanuel Missionary College; the end of my search for a hope in Christ based on both faith and scholarship; my subsequent decision to join the Seventh-day Adventist Church—the memories stumbled over each other in their eagerness to command attention.

"Millie," I said, "we may never have an evening together. We may have to stay up till three o'clock more than a few times. But how sweet the hours of service we give the Lord! How thankful I am for the assurance He has given me that the Bible is true and that I am accepted through the merits of His Son, Jesus!"

"And Millie," I added, remembering a most tangible and gracious gift, "how glad I am He gave you to me."

"I was afraid you were going to forget something important," Millie said, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

THE END.



Brozik, Artist

The Impelling Faith of Columbus

There must be other lands, and they must be inhabited, Columbus reasoned. For had not the Scriptures said the earth was made for man, and had not God commanded Noah to "replenish the earth"?



By Cecil Coffey

ONE DAY during his young manhood Christopher Columbus was reading the Scriptures when he came upon the story of Noah and the Flood. Fascinated, he read it through again and again. Each time he was particularly struck by the Genesis passage where God said to Noah and his sons, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth."

This incident started a chain of thought so compelling that the young sailor eventually became obsessed with the belief that he must sail west to reach the East.

From his earliest childhood Columbus had received religious training. As he grew older and was taught to read and write, the Bible was his chief textbook. He was an ardent student of Holy Writ, and as such, came to believe that he had a lofty mission to perform in life.

When he read the Flood story, he remembered what he had learned from the works of Ptolemy, Marco Polo, Pierre d'Ailly, and others—that the earth was round.

"Is it likely," he then asked, "that the sun shines upon nothing, and that the night watches of the stars are wasted on trackless seas and desert lands?"

Surely not, he reasoned. The Scrip-

tures said the earth was made for man, and now here was God's own command to Noah to "replenish the earth." Therefore, he concluded, there must be other lands and they must be inhabited. If the earth was round, as he believed, much of it was to be explored.

Certain that he was being divinely led, Columbus set out to prepare for his mission in life. He delved deeper and deeper into the Scriptures, spending considerable time studying the prophetic sections. He also sought out the best navigators and map makers of the day, and read all the works of both theology and science that he could gain access to. He sailed on ships far down the coast of Africa and north to Iceland.

Finally, he came to believe that his "divine call" in life was to the task of discovery, and that he was the destined messenger to take Christianity to earth's remotest bounds.

It was this conviction, more than anything else, that sustained him during the many years he was ridiculed and disparaged in the courts of Europe. And it was the same conviction—now grown into an impelling faith—which strengthened him to calmly face mutiny thousands of miles out on the uncharted

ocean, and command: "Sail on! Sail on!"

A legend has it that before he sailed on his first voyage, while he lay ill near Belém, Portugal, a voice whispered to him in a dream, "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded throughout the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the ocean, which are closed with strong chains!"

Columbus kept a minute diary in which he made frequent references to Biblical characters and incidents—all of which reflected a deep religious faith. He wrote that he found land "with the aid of the Lord." And he took possession of San Salvador in these words:

"Lord, Eternal and Almighty God, by thy sacred word thou hast created the heavens, the earth and the sea; blessed and glorified be thy name, and praised be thy majesty, who hath designed to use thy humble servant to make thy sacred name known and proclaimed in this other part of the world."

In a letter written on July 7, 1503, about the fourth voyage and the resulting discovery of vast material resources in the dominion, Columbus concluded: "All this makes for the security of the Christians and the assurance of their

THESE TIMES, JANUARY, 1958

dominion, and gives great hope for the honor and increase of the Christian religion."

From his studies of the prophetic portions of Holy Writ, Columbus came to the remarkable conclusion that the world would end in about 150 years. He declared, then, that the success of his voyages could not be attributed to mathematics or navigation, but to God who commanded that Christianity must be proclaimed to the ends of the earth.

In March, 1502, Columbus himself published a book setting forth his views on prophecies of the Scriptures. The

book contained a letter to the king and queen of Spain.

Describing his experiences leading up to the first voyage westward, Columbus wrote, "At this time I both read and studied all kinds of literature: cosmography, histories, chronicles, and philosophy, and other arts, to which our Lord opened my mind unmistakably to the fact that it was possible to navigate from here to the Indies, and He evoked in me the will for the execution of it; and with this fire I came to Your Highnesses. . . ."

"All those who heard of my plan

disregarded it mockingly and with laughter. All the sciences of which I spoke were of no profit to me nor the authorities in them; only in Your Highnesses remained my faith, and my stay. Who would doubt that this light did not come from the Holy Spirit . . . ?"

Oddly enough, most modern histories completely overlook Columbus's religion—which probably was the one factor, above all others, that sustained him through his unprecedented experiences. But what Christian can doubt, along with the discoverer himself, that God's Spirit was in it all? ★★★



Rx DOCTOR

Let's ask the

Answers to health questions are supplied by J. Wesley Osborne, M.D. Address your queries to him in care of this magazine. Unfortunately we cannot guarantee that all questions will be answered, and of course only questions of general interest will be printed.

I would like for you to tell me what is causing my ears to act as they do. At times the least noise makes them seem as if they would burst. Also the noise causes waves of sound in the ears. Should I see a doctor? I have waited, hoping it would go away. Early in the morning it is worse, and the ears itch a lot.—W. G. W.

By all means you should see a doctor. Even when in the best of health, and symptom free, it is essential to have periodical health examinations to detect early signs of disease. How much more important it is to seek medical advice when symptoms are present. Your symptoms may be due to a chronic infection either of the outer canal or of the middle ear itself. This can be ascertained very readily by examination. The important thing is to get adequate medical advice before the condition is too long standing. The longer such a condition exists, the harder it is to eradicate.

What is the difference between osteoporosis and osteomalacia, and is there any known cure? What medications are usually prescribed? What causes the spine to be decalcified, and

is there danger of its breaking down if not put in a brace?—G. R. M.

Osteomalacia is considered to be a deficiency disease and corresponds in adults with the disease of rickets in children. It is rather rare in the United States. It is due to either a lack of vitamin D in the diet, an increased demand for vitamin D, or an inability of the body to absorb vitamin D as in certain disease states. Of course, it also may be due to lack of calcium, the improper utilization of calcium, or the abnormal loss of calcium from the body. Osteomalacia is usually treated by an increased vitamin-D intake and increased calcium intake.

On the other hand, osteoporosis is a very common occurrence. It is a condition in which calcium is lost from the bones (demineralization) as a result of disuse or impaired circulation. In a paralyzed limb, for instance, where there is a decrease in the circulation to the bone, osteoporosis, or demineralization of the bone, frequently occurs. In the case of a fracture to an extremity where it has to be placed in a cast, this demineralization process occurs very rapidly. In

elderly people where circulation is slowed, it is also common for a certain amount of osteoporosis to occur. In elderly people sometimes the demineralization of the bone becomes so extreme that it is necessary to use a brace to prevent collapse of the vertebrae, but of course this decision should be made by a doctor.

I seem to have some trouble with my digestion. I have a bad taste in my mouth in the morning, and I can feel my heart beating hard. Recently I have been having a sick feeling in the morning.—K. S.

You may have a diseased gall bladder. It should be X-rayed to see if it fills and empties properly. If the X ray shows it to be diseased or to have stones, it should be removed, as a bad gall bladder seldom recovers with medical treatment. Eat your main meal of the day at midday and have only two meals a day or take only a hot drink, fruit juice, or a little fruit at night. Two or three teaspoons of olive oil beaten with a little tomato juice at the beginning of each meal may help in case the gall bladder functions poorly. ★★★

*The unloved, unwanted, neglected natives of the
Muckleshoot Indian Reservation had no hope,
no help, until there came*

An Angel in

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR



"Two years of prayer," Lillian mused, "and they haven't changed a bit." She stood there thinking. Hadn't she done the best she could? Hadn't she finished her job and seen that all the children were taken care of properly? She had had prayer for Ed and Helen every visit now for two years, and still their lives were a tangled jumble of drunken debauchery and sin, with more and more children and less and less care. Why go back now and pray with these people? But as she stood there half out of the rain, her conscience continued to speak, and she could not resist. She walked back into the house.

Surprisingly enough, shortly after this experience both Ed and Helen stopped drinking, and Ed got a steady job. Things looked brighter around the Baker home. Ed bought a new heater and built an addition onto the shanty. Mrs. Curtice fairly held her breath with wonder at the change; and then one day Helen announced, "I'm going to have another baby."

"Why not come to my clinic this time?" Mrs. Curtice suggested. "It'll be easier and nicer for both you and Ed."

At that time the government did not allow the Indians any money for hospital expenses during childbirth, and it was every woman's job to find a way for herself when her baby was due. That was one of the reasons Nurse Lillian had started her clinic. She had wanted to do something for these neglected Indians, who had become social outcasts. To help her in the missionary enterprise, her husband, Nelson Curtice, operated a small health food store and bakery. With this combination they could be self-supporting, with-

THE LIGHTS of the station wagon cut through the drizzle that enveloped the back country toward the Cascade Mountains. Lillian Curtice, self-appointed nurse to the Indians on the Muckleshoot Reservation near Washington, leaned forward trying hard to miss the deep ruts on the dirt road. She had been on missions of mercy along this road many times before. Be it sickness, accident, or childbirth, she had been on the job without pay or praise. Tonight she was on her way to Ed and Helen Baker's place, and she knew what she would find. Out there in the darkness, hidden by tall firs, was a ramshackle dwelling with its drunken occupants and crying, filthy children. Lillian Curtice knew this that night, but she knew also that

one of the Baker children needed medical attention.

Ed was sprawled across the floor in a drunken stupor. Stepping over him, Nurse Lillian made her way past the bed where Helen was lying bleary-eyed from intoxication. The youngest needed her attention, and without introduction she went to work administering the simple remedies she had learned at Portland Sanitarium years before. With her task completed, she made her way through the household disorder and out onto the porch. Here she stopped. There seemed to be something she had forgotten. In that moment of hesitation, while the rain dripped steadily from the roof to the broken steps, she heard a voice within her, clear and crisp, right to the point, right to the heart.

"You forgot to have prayer."

Their Midst

By Jan S. Doward

out the strings usually attached to an organized, group-sponsored charity. Theirs was a pledge to do the Lord's work in the Lord's way.

The night that Helen's labor commenced, Ed came along to the clinic. Nurse Lillian fixed a place for him right beside Helen and got things ready. It is very uncommon for Indians to show any affection, but this was one time Mrs. Curtice witnessed genuine tenderness. Ed sat next to his wife and held her hand. Her labor was not difficult, just normal, but Ed comforted her and spoke soft words of real love. Mrs. Curtice smiled as she heated water and telephoned Dr. H. C. Shephard, the government physician, in Auburn. It would be good for the reservation doctor to see this, too, she thought.

All through the experience Ed was right by his wife's side, and when at last a baby girl was born, there was a joy on Ed's face that could not be hid. Dr. Shephard held it up for him to see.

"You've got a beautiful baby girl here, Ed."

His eyes bright with emotion, Ed began to cry, "That little nurse over there should have all the credit. This baby has had a good start under sober and healthy conditions, thanks to her prayers."

Mrs. Curtice blushed, but deep within her welled up the satisfaction of having helped Ed and Helen to their feet. She did not feel that she should get the credit, but there was something about this experience that made her realize more than ever the truth of the words of a great missionary, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell: "It is deeds of love and not words, however beautiful, that are remembered."

Shortly after this, Ed and Helen began going to church, and the future looked hopeful indeed for the Bakers. Suddenly without warning the baby became seriously ill. Lillian Curtice rushed to their home and saw that something



Lillian taking the blood pressure of Annie Garrison, tribal judge for the Muckleshoot Indians, who attends to all legal matters.

had to be done and done quickly. She called Dr. Shephard again. When he came and saw for himself the critical condition of the child, he recommended sending her immediately to the hospital. Obviously her brain was damaged.

"It could be meningitis," he whispered to Nurse Lillian.

But all the urging and coaxing of both nurse and doctor would not make Ed and Helen change their minds about sending their precious little girl to the hospital. Somehow they just could not let her go. As the hours passed and

the baby grew steadily worse, the Bakers knew that their little girl was not going to live unless something was done and done quickly. In their desperation they finally consented to let the baby go. But the decision came too late. Within a few hours after her arrival at the hospital the baby died. They never found out just what the trouble was except that probably she had been dropped on the head at home when one of the older girls was handling her. It had all happened so quickly that Ed and Helen were numb with the stark tragedy of it. Lillian Curtice hurried to their side and took both in her arms.

"Don't lose your hold on God," she said softly.

Ed looked at her through tear-filled eyes. "Nurse, I couldn't leave Him. I couldn't leave the Lord."

Out of this tragedy came an experience in faith, a faith that was rewarded by the arrival of another baby girl. Today Ed and Helen know firsthand the goodness of the Lord and what it means to have someone to understand. To them Lillian Curtice is more than a nurse—she symbolizes hope and faith.

In the early days of the Curtice Clinic, before any doctor was available, it was rather difficult to get the Indians interested in coming to the house for medical attention. Pop and Dora Sam were typical. To Mrs. Curtice their case stands out as a classic example of the suspicion and prejudice a missionary must overcome in order to work for backward peoples. It also illustrates how these barriers can be broken down by doing the best with what is available and trusting God for the rest.

One day, making the rounds of the Indian reservation, Nurse Lillian happened to stop at Sams' place. In answer to her knock on the shanty door a voice called for her to come in. There, seated in a rocking chair, her more than ample frame spilling over the edges, was Dora Sam. Her huge frame remained motionless as Lillian entered. She continued her knitting and hardly glanced at the door except to notice the nurse's uniform. Mrs. Curtice approached her with the disarming style of conversation so typical of her. Being in uniform helped, and soon old Dora was telling of the aches and pains in her legs.

"Why not come over to the clinic for a checkup?" urged Mrs. Curtice.

"No, I don't want to go to clinic, but Pop in there needs some help. He's so sick."



Lillian Curtice in her clinic, near Auburn, Washington. She has delivered 45 babies here, and 30 more in various homes.



Here the nurse examines Grandma Williams' eye, while Mary Williams sits by, holding a native-made basket on her lap.

Nurse Lillian glanced in the direction Dora had pointed with her knitting needles just as an elderly Indian came hobbling out of the adjoining room. Sinking into the nearest chair, he groaned with pain. Nurse Lillian's nostrils dilated and her stomach did a flip-flop as an old familiar odor came to her—gangrene.

"Which leg is it, Pop?" she asked.

He pointed to his right leg, his face contorted with pain. Mrs. Curtice bent over, rolled up the pant leg, and saw a limb swollen twice the normal size. Just above the ankle was the sore that had been draining on the filthy long underwear. The underwear was too tight to pull up, but she could see and smell enough to know that this man needed medical attention immediately.

"Pop, you're going to have to go to the hospital."

Old Pop Sam just shook his head and groaned. Knowing that the Indians have a mortal fear of hospitals, Nurse Lillian tried every trick of persuasion she knew to get his consent. But he stubbornly shook his head. Cushman Hospital was only twenty miles away toward the little town of Enumclaw, but distance was not the barrier; it was still a hospital and Pop refused to make the trip.

"Well, Pop," said Mrs. Curtice at last, "I've got a few more calls to make; but if you can get someone to bring you over to my house, I'll see what I can do."

The Curtice clinic at this time was an unused dinette, which they had

converted into a treatment room. Here they had placed a treatment table. The service porch was the waiting room, and just off that was the bathroom, which was used as a dressing and examining room. When Nurse Lillian returned from her calls, old Pop was seated in the "clinic." He had finally consented to come to her home, but he still would not go to the hospital.

As soon as Mrs. Curtice had cut her way through the matted long underwear and exposed the wound, she saw what a tremendous job it would be even to try a home cure. The ulcer was just above the ankle. Around it was the foul gangrene area, which had swollen into a dreadful mass. Beyond this was a deep reddish-purple area that blended into a fiery dark red, giving the whole leg a nasty coloration. Straightening herself, she looked at Pop with pleading eyes.

"Please let me take you to the hospital."

But old Pop Sam was not to be coaxed into visiting any hospital. He had gone farther than he ever expected to right then, and he was not moving another inch. Nurse Lillian explained to him that she could not use medicines or the usual drugs.

"But I can use what the Lord has given us by way of natural remedies, and then we can ask Him to bless the treatment."

This seemed to please the old Indian, and he agreed to co-operate with whatever she recommended. Mrs. Curtice knew when she started that if his con-

dition became worse, she would be blamed, and it would be hard to win back the confidence of the superstitious Indians. Bending over the treatment table, she began to clean the decaying matter and filth. The loose flesh and foul drainage were washed away with a soapy solution. Although not inclined to become sick at evil sights and smells, Nurse Lillian was so nauseated that she had to leave the room twice before she could get the ankle cleaned. Once this was accomplished, she began administering hot and cold compresses, and then three fomentations to the entire leg. With this completed, she used a dash of quartz light and applied a clean dressing.

"Well, Pop, that's about all I can do for you now except pray."

That night Pop Sam slept for the first time in weeks, and the next morning, to prove his leg was better, he walked the short cut across the field to the Curtice home to tell Nurse Lillian about it. When he entered the dinette, Mrs. Curtice thought the old man was going to hug her, he was so happy.

"Hop up here on the table, and let's take a look at the leg."

Carefully removing the dressing, she was amazed to find that the gangrene was completely gone and with it the offensive odor. The ulcer was still there and also a slight swelling, but it was obvious the leg was on the mend. Looking at Pop, she noticed that there were tears of rejoicing in his eyes, too.

"Let's bow our heads in a word of thanks," suggested Mrs. Curtice.



Elaine Sheldon (left) and Phyllis Barr bring their children to Lillian for regular checkup. Many of the parents are unwed.



Nurse Lillian on the job, checking Bill Garrison's heart in the Garrison home. Bill is the husband of the tribal judge.

When she finished her simple but grateful prayer, old Pop joined in with a fervent "Amen."

Pop continued to come back to the clinic for several weeks, but one day he informed Mrs. Curtice that Dora wouldn't let him come any more. For some time she had been expecting this. However, Pop's leg was almost back to normal. Old Dora had never accepted her from the start, and she knew it, but she was determined to break the prejudicial barrier somehow. Several times she called at the Sams' house, but no one seemed to be at home. It would take more than a friendly call to gain an entrance to that home.

In a few weeks the opportunity came. Pop and Dora's daughter, Billy Charles, who had tuberculosis, had come home from the hospital to die. As many Indians do, she had demanded a discharge to return to her people. In the little shanty that had been her home, she awaited the Grim Reaper. It was now that Lillian's chance came.

One day while Billy was wasting away in her cabin, Nurse Lillian happened to drop in for a visit. When she saw how much comfort and encouragement the dying woman needed, she decided to see Billy Charles regularly. Returning often to have a little talk, she won the heart of Dora's daughter and helped her to face the future as she prepared her to walk through the valley of death.

Later, however, Nurse Lillian entered the shanty and found old Dora and Pop there too. Dora sat in the cor-

ner and would neither look up nor speak. Even Pop, who should have been deeply grateful that he was able to walk again turned his back and looked the other direction. It was a strained situation and conversation became tense and difficult. Mrs. Curtice tried to talk of the weather, but old Dora would not answer. She asked Pop about his leg, but he only grunted in good Indian fashion. Flushed and embarrassed, she felt like leaving, but she knew that her little dying friend would not understand; so she went over to the bedside and spoke a few comforting words to Billy.

Then it happened. Old Dora arose and began giving Mrs. Curtice a tongue-lashing that made the air blue with searing blasts of Muckleshoot dialect and English. The mixed jargon could not all be understood, but Nurse Lillian knew that Dora was packing all the hate she had into that tirade. It was evident that Dora did not want her to come around any more and that she was to forget about helping Indians. In the midst of the fearful denunciation she caught the reason for the wrath. Old Dora screamed something about knowing Indian medicine, and that the "devil's clinic" was not needed. Mrs. Curtice saw from this that there had been a deep-seated jealousy on Dora's part; she had considered Lillian's work an invasion of her territory as an old Indian nurse among her own people. Quietly Mrs. Curtice waited until Dora unwound.

"There is one thing I have learned,"

she said afterward. "People can't rave on forever. And two wrongs do not make a right, so it is best not to answer until you can do so calmly."

When Dora stopped, Nurse Lillian got up from the bed where she had been seated by Billy and went over to Dora and warmly shook her hand.

"Why, Dora, you are wonderful," she said pleasantly. "I never knew you were such a fine nurse. You must tell me more of your wonderful Indian medicines. I want to understand the herbs better and learn to use them."

Old Dora's slit eyes virtually popped open in surprise at this. Pop whirled around and stared in amazement, while little Billy hopefully smiled and nodded her approval. When they all began talking, Nurse Lillian knew the ice was finally broken. Before leaving, however, she wanted to know one thing.

"Since you are such a good nurse, Dora, and understand the use of Indian medicine, why was it that Pop's leg got so bad?"

Old Dora stopped her knitting and thought a moment, and then in true feminine style, replied, "Well, he just wouldn't mind me."

Shortly after this there was a rush call for Nurse Lillian to come to see Billy Charles. Knowing what to expect, she came prepared to relieve any physical suffering and to hold Billy's hand as she closed her eyes for the last time. When Dora and Pop saw how peacefully and fearlessly their daughter died, they were grateful.

Just ten days later the other daugh-

ter, sent home with the same disease, was on her deathbed, too. Dora was anxious this time that Mrs. Curtice be there to help and comfort.

"My Eleanor is dying the same way Billy went. Would you come and talk with her the way you did with Billy?"

Although busy doing her own work and helping her husband with their health food store, Mrs. Curtice quickly went over to do what she could. As she entered the crowded cabin, she saw that the Indians had come for their religious "shake," as they call it, for the dying girl. On the reservation most of the Indians are either Catholic or of the "Shaker" faith, which has a good deal of the old native flavor of the medicine man days.

Nurse Lillian entered the room, nodded to them, and then directed her attention to the wasted little girl, who was struggling for every breath. For a moment she stood there caressing the wasted hand and trying to think of what to say. She saw a little Testament lying on the bedside table and beside it a rosary.

"Is she a Catholic or a Shaker?" Nurse Lillian asked.

"Catholic."

Bending over the dying girl, Nurse Lillian asked whether she would like to hear some words from her Bible.

"Please," came the faint reply.

A Seventh-day Adventist herself, Mrs. Curtice was anxious to give Eleanor something that would strengthen her for the few remaining hours. "Have you ever told a person of the love of Jesus and put your whole soul into it? I did that time," she said.

Instead of reading, however, she opened the Testament to John 14 and told in her own words what Jesus was trying to convey to His disciples just before He died. As she quietly retold the old, old story, there came a calm over the little Indian mother. Not a stir was made by the other Indians. Quietly Nurse Lillian slipped to her knees beside the bed, and with her arms about the thin, diseased body she prayed.

After this Eleanor seemed refreshed.

"Would you like to have me rub your back a little?" Nurse Lillian asked.

She nodded feebly.

Everything was done gently and quickly. As the nurse carefully rubbed her back and limbs and then cleaned the bed, she seemed even more refreshed. Taking a piece of cotton moistened in alcohol, Mrs. Curtice rubbed

the scalp under the matted, coarse black hair and then combed and braided the hair. The pillows were fluffed and placed about the body to offer firm support to the back and legs. Straightening the covers, Nurse Lillian stood up and was ready to leave. Though the patient was more comfortable, she was still having a difficult and painful time breathing.

Reaching a feeble hand to grasp Mrs. Curtice's, Eleanor whispered, "Please, nurse, just one more prayer."

Nurse Lillian knelt again and this time asked God to help her little friend, to restore her if it was in accordance



God Moves in a Mysterious Way

BY EDWARD H. PRUDEN

Dr. Oscar Johnson, speaking over the radio, referred to the hymn, "Faith of our fathers, living still, in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword," and he said perhaps the hymn would be more accurate if we sang it, "Faith of our fathers, living still, *by the help of* dungeon, fire, and sword." How true! In times of persecution the fires on Christian altars have burned more brightly and the convictions of Christians have been even stronger. It was in one of England's darkest hours that William Cowper wrote his great hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." You may recall the stanza:

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head."



with His will, but especially to ease her pain and comfort her as she went through the valley of the shadow of death. It was a short prayer, but when she finished, Eleanor's breathing was easier and she was smiling. There seemed to be a heavenly light about her face that made her look as sweet as an angel.

"I'm not afraid now, Mrs. Curtice. Thank you; thank you."

Nurse Lillian stepped to the side of the room and quietly spoke to everyone there. When she came to Pop, she could see tears in his eyes as he pressed her hand firmly and said how glad he was that she had come to talk to his girl. Dora was sitting next to him, and Nurse

Lillian knelt beside her and spoke a few comforting words. Old Dora lifted a trembling hand and patted Mrs. Curtice on the cheek, then pulled her close and said, "Nurse, you are so sweet."

It was then that Nurse Lillian knew that Dora really loved her. Since that time Dora has co-operated wholeheartedly with any request she has made.

Little Eleanor died shortly before dawn, but Pop and Dora Sam were confident that their daughter was ready to go just as Billy had been.

It has not been easy to gain access to the hearts of these natives. There have been times when even Lillian Curtice's life has been in danger as she has gone about doing good and trying to break through some of the prejudice and ignorance of these neglected redskins. But of all her trials and experiences there has been only one time when she was actually afraid. Only once has she felt her heart pounding in a rapid staccato of fear.

It happened early one gray dawn. About 1:00 A.M. the tribal judge, Annie Garrison, aroused Mrs. Curtice from her sleep by phoning her.

"Come to the Shaker church immediately. Old Johnny's been drunk and he's terribly sick. Don't go by Dodge Fowler's place alone. They're drinking and fighting. Just wait for us at the church."

Nurse Lillian dressed and quickly drove the back road to the church where Annie, her husband, and Matilda, the tribal governess, were waiting. It seemed that they had found old Johnny somewhere down by Green River in a state of extreme intoxication and seriously ill. Hurrying past the debauchery and loud revelry at the Fowler place, they reached old Johnny's shack and rushed inside. Nurse Lillian could see immediately that the man was dying of pneumonia and needed hospitalization without delay.

"I'll have to send for an ambulance," she said.

Old Johnny, in a state of delirious fever, thought she was talking about the police and shouted, "Oh, no, I didn't do it! I didn't do it!"

This was probably the cry that brought action from the Fowler place. Suddenly standing at the door was a large Indian. His face was cut and bleeding, an eye was swollen shut, and he looked about as fierce as they come from any battle. The Garrisons and Matilda blanched as they saw that he

had a large butcher knife in his right hand. There was something sinister and mean about him that made Nurse Lillian tremble clear to her heels, even though she couldn't see the weapon from where she was standing.

"Whatcha doin' to my Uncle Johnny?" he snarled.

There was a deathly silence in the room. Not one of the other Indians budged from his place.

"Whatcha doin' to him?" he bel-lowed again. Glaring at Nurse Lillian, he spat blood on the floor and took a few steps forward.

"Oh, God, help!" Nurse Lillian prayed silently.

Suddenly she had an idea. Instead of moving away from the ugly actor, she stepped toward him and in her kindest words said, "You're awfully sick. Lie down here and let me help you."

It worked. Without hesitation the man staggered to the corner and putting his butcher knife aside, he stretched out while Mrs. Curtice bathed his face and took care of his wounds. When she was satisfied that everyone was quiet, she slipped out with the Garrisons and Matilda to call for help.

As they drove away, Matilda said confidently, "I knew he wouldn't hurt Nurse Lillian."

But deep down in her heart Lillian Curtice had really been afraid. She breathed a prayer of thanks to her Father that her life had been spared and that she had been able to help.

Day by day her life shines out as a constant beacon to these remnants of a once-noble tribe, these unlovely, cast-off folk of the back country of Washington. Although many have scorned them and neglected to help them, there are still some who have helped bring hope to the Muckleshoots. Of particular import has been the generous service of Dr. Cecile Shephard, the government physician, who has been a great blessing to these needy people. Others among the Indians themselves have been faithful servants of their people. Nurse Lillian remembers the many devotions shown her by members of the tribe: the untiring support of tribal judge Annie Garrison, the help of the gone but not forgotten Matilda, the support of others of the reservation who have become more than friends.

"Even as a little girl I wanted to be a missionary nurse," says Lillian Curtice. "How good God has been to give a mission field at my very door!" ★★★

THESE TIMES, JANUARY, 1958



A MODERN PARABLE

George and Bill

GEORGE AND BILL were two brothers, whose farms lay side by side in a fertile vale. When the corn, the oats, and the barley were springing up, the weeds took advantage of the rich soil and came up with them.

"Do you see," said George, as they looked out across the fields one day, "what hold the weeds are taking? There is danger of their choking our crops entirely."

"Well, well, we must be resigned," replied Bill; "weeds as well as grain were a part of the Creator's plan, and there is no use in murmuring about them."

And he lay down for his afternoon doze.

"I can be resigned to only what I cannot help," said George. So he went to work and hoed until his fields were clear of weeds.

"The army worms are in the neighborhood," said George to Bill one day. "They have eaten through the adjoining meadows and are moving rapidly toward us."

"Ah," exclaimed Bill, "they will surely destroy what the weeds have not choked out. I will immediately retire and pray that their course may be stopped or turned aside."

But George replied, "I pray betimes every morning for strength to do the work of the day." And he hastened to dig a trench around his land—while Bill returned only in season to save a small portion of his crops from their ravages.

"Do you see, Bill," said George another morning, "the river is rising very fast. There is but a slender chance of preventing our farms from being overflowed."

"Alas, it is a judgment upon us for our sins, and what can we do?" cried Bill, throwing himself in despair on the ground.

"There are no judgments so severe as those which our own sloth brings upon us," said George. And he went quickly and hired workmen, with whose help he raised an embankment that withstood the flood, while Bill witnessed with blank looks and folded hands the destruction of his harvest.

"There is one consolation," said he; "my children at least are left me."

While George's sons grew up strong and virtuous men, among Bill's there were a drunkard, a gambler, and a suicide.

"The ways of the Lord are not equal," complained Bill to his brother. "Why are you always prospered, while I am afflicted, and my old age disgraced?"

"I only know this," replied George, "that Heaven has always helped me to treat the faults of my children as I did the weeds, the caterpillars, and the flood; and that I have never presumed to send a petition upward without making my toil, my right-hand servant, a messenger of my prayer." ★★★





How to Read

By John Sutherland Bonnell

IN ALL the literature of the world there is no book that has contributed so richly to the upbuilding of character and to the serenity and peace of the human spirit as the Bible. It leads us to God and teaches us His will. Yet, few people know how to read this Book. This is true even of many professing Christians and church members. It has little real value for them. Usually they will not admit this. They feel that to do so would be a kind of sacrilege. If they were altogether frank, they would have to concede that they get very little help from the Bible, and that they do not read it regularly.

One young woman, who is a church member, said to me recently, "I never read the Bible except when I am looking up a passage about which I have had an argument with someone." A young man confessed that his mother, who is now dead, had urged him to read the Bible. "I honestly tried to read it," he said, "but I couldn't make anything of it. I keep it now," he continued, "in the bottom of a bureau drawer. Maybe it helps some people, but it just doesn't do a thing for me."

Others make a practice of reading exactly one chapter a day; but if you press them to tell you what help they

get from this reading, they are vague and uncertain. In the course of a conversation, a woman said to me, "The Bible is a wonderful book. I just wouldn't dream of commencing the day without reading my chapter." It was twelve o'clock noon when she said this. "Tell me," I answered, "what did you get out of that chapter this morning? What lessons did you learn? What message did you get from God?" She replied, "One can't read the Bible without getting a blessing from it. It is always instructing us." "Yes, that is very true," I said; "but would you mind telling me what particular instruction

you got today?" She wasn't able to recall anything from her reading and confessed that that was true, not only on the day of our interview, but every day. She felt that she was accumulating merit by reading a chapter a day. It was the right thing to do, she thought, altogether apart from whether or not she was helped by her reading.

There are many reasons why one might read the Bible.

A Practical Guide to Life

I am concerned here, however, only with the Bible as a practical *guide to life*. Here is a method for the daily reading of the Bible which has proved itself of definite value to many people.

1. Commence with a book of the Bible and continue to read in small installments in that book until you have completed it. Then select another book, and read it through to the finish. In this way you will not miss any of the searching messages of God's Word. For this purpose the Psalms and the New Testament will be found to be most helpful.

GOD'S WORD

I paused last eve beside
the blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring,
the vesper's chime,
And looking in I saw
upon the floor
Old hammers, worn
with beating years of time.
"How many anvils
have you had?" said I,
"To wear and batter
all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered.
Then with twinkling eye:
"The anvil wears
the hammers out, you know."
And so, I thought,
the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptics' blows
have beat upon,
But though the noise
of falling blows was heard
The anvil is unchanged;
the hammers gone.

—John Clifford.

mind every thought of the application of this message to other persons whom you know in your own home or among your business associates and friends. This is God's message for *you*. The power of concentration and the ability to apply God's message to your own life, and yours alone, will come slowly. It will increase with your growth in spiritual discipline.

If you preserve your daily reading, you will be given messages that will meet the deepest needs of your life, that will send you forth to face the experiences of the day with head erect and a brave heart. I predict, too, that sometimes you will be startled by what God will say to you in the morning. Out of the written Word He will speak directly to you and will bring to your mind hidden faults and failings to which you have long been blind.

5. When you have allowed God's message of the morning to search your heart, a prayer of thanksgiving for an accession of spiritual strength or a prayer of confession and penitence for your mistakes and failures will well up within you. Make every day a day of new beginnings and of fresh consecration to the service of God. Having sought and found God's forgiveness for the wrongs of the past, turn your back resolutely on these failures and face the new life which, by the grace of God, is opening up before you.

6. Be sure to keep inviolate this period for the daily reading of the Bible. Before long it will begin to bear fruit. Many of the texts with which you begin the day will remain fixed in your memory, and they will be a source of strength and guidance to you just when you need them most.

A businessman said to me recently, "Sometimes after waking in the morning, I am almost appalled by the thought of all the duties and appointments that await me in the next eight or ten hours. Then I repeat to myself these texts of the Bible: 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.' It is astonishing," he said, "how quickly the load is lifted when once I become aware of God's presence and God's help. The strain and the tension go out of the day, and there wells up within me a feeling of serenity and peace." ★★★

the Bible

2. Keep on reading until you come to a verse that you can feel is God's "marching orders" for you for the day. Don't be afraid to mark your Bible. Underline that verse, and let it search every area of your life. God's Spirit will bring its truth to bear upon your heart and mind. Carry that verse with you through the day. It will be as a staff on your journey to steady and inspire you.

3. Mark the place where you have finished reading, and commence with the next verse the following day. It may be advisable for you to tarry on the one verse for several days or even a week until the full implication of its

teaching has been brought to bear upon your life. You will find that, in many cases, you may have read ten or fifteen verses before coming to the one that you feel is God's message for the day. On the other hand, you may have read only four or five verses, or, in more exceptional cases, only one.

4. Always preface your reading by a brief prayer that God's Holy Spirit will bring the truth of His Word to bear upon your heart. As you open the Bible to read from the place where you have left off the previous day, ask yourself this question: "What is God's message for *me* today?" Exclude from your

ONE MESSAGE BUT MANY VOICES

*Practical Problems Faced by the American Bible Society in
Translating the Bible Into Every Man's Vernacular*

By
James Z. Nettinga

Secretary, American Bible Society

ALITTLE Luba-Lulua lad in Central Congo sat listening avidly as the missionary read to him in his own language from a recently translated copy of the Holy Bible. "Oh, sir," he cried when the missionary had finished, "may I have that book so that I may read it to the people of my village off in the forest, for those words made holes in my heart."

His reaction is typical of those hearing the words of Scripture in their own idiomatic language for the first time, a reaction now possible for people of 1,109 languages, who have at least part of the Bible available in their native tongues. But his expression, "Those words made holes in my heart," hardly the way an American would express himself, points up the tremendous translation problem faced by the American Bible Society.

How do you translate John 3:16 into a language which has no word for love but "pain" or "hurt"? How does one express "sanctification," a complex word that gives many well-educated churchgoers trouble? Certainly the processes of production and distribution are in vain and the Word of God withheld if idiomatic expressions accurately portraying the essential Biblical meaning cannot be found.

But being found they are, according to Dr. Eugene Nida, secretary of translations for the American Bible Society.

"The gospel cannot make holes in a man's heart unless it is available in his native tongue," Dr. Nida said. "Our job is, basically, to make Jesus a living reality in every language. How well this is being accomplished can be deter-

mined by the words of a Mazatec Indian woman who, reading the gospel story for the first time in her own tongue, said, 'It is just as though Jesus lived in our town.' The Society wants to make Him as real as He was to those startled listeners on Pentecost 1900 years ago, when each man heard in his own tongue.

"The journey into the secret realms of a people's language introduces one to the soul of a nation," Dr. Eugene Nida continued. "This is an essential knowledge for one who lays the foundation for teaching truth as it is found in Scripture. Words may be strange to the translator, but they are capable of conveying spiritual meaning if rightly chosen and applied. Consider the case of John 3:16 and the Tzotzils in southern Mexico. Their only words for love correspond to our 'pain' or 'hurt.' But does the passage lose force when translated, 'God so hurt in his heart that he gave his only begotten Son?'"

Here are a few other cases in point:

"His Heart Weeps"

Mercy has often been called "love in action." It should not be strange, therefore, that the Mesquital Otomi Indians of the dry desert plateau of central Mexico speak of mercy as "increasing love." The Conob Indians of Guatemala, however, say of a person who has mercy for another, "His heart weeps for him." This is precisely what

happens, when, as the Kpelle of Liberia say, "He looks upon their misery." Unfortunately so many people see suffering, but they pass by on the other side. They have never learned "to feel with the poor," as the Mazatec Indians of Mexico declare.

"To Be Washed and Kept Clean"

The Word of life can speak to life only when the words employed to convey the message come directly from the lives of people. It is for that reason that there are so many problems in translating some of the words of Scripture, and perhaps one of the most difficult of these is *sanctification*. A missionary among the Valiente Indians of Panama noticed, however, that the Indian women, after washing their clothes in a nearby stream and drying them on bushes, always carefully folded and placed such clothes in baskets which were reserved exclusively for clean clothing. Accordingly he explained to the people that sanctification is like that: "being washed by the Spirit of God, and kept clean."

"A Healed Heart"

There are some who think of salvation only in terms of being rescued and thus made safe. But Biblical salvation is more than this, for God not only rescues man from moral death, but gives him spiritual life. It should not be strange, therefore, that in the Mazahua Indian language of Mexico one can speak of salvation as "having a healed heart." Salvation is thus not only an escape from the tragic consequences of man's sinful rebellion against God, but a new source of health and life.

Accordingly, in scores of languages, as far separated as Shipibo in the jungles of Peru and Ifugao in the mountains of northern Luzon in the Philippines, to save is literally "to make to live."

In the Vai language of Liberia both meanings of the Greek word *soteria*, "salvation," are combined in a single phrase—"to rescue and to heal." This is the spiritual antidote to the poison of human sin.

"Redemption"

The Bambaras of West Africa speak of "redemption" as "having one's neck taken out." Such a phrase would mean nothing to us, but it speaks clearly to those in whose memories rest the vivid tales of the great slave raids in which Arabs captured natives in the interior and drove them out to the coast to be sold to the Portuguese. The slaves were finally transported to the Caribbean and most of them, eventually, to the United States. Long lines of slaves, each with a galling iron collar around his neck, and with a heavy chain leading to the slave ahead and to the one behind, were driven like cattle by the lash of the slaver's iron-tipped whip. If perchance a local king or chief saw in the weary line of hopeless men someone whom he wanted to rescue from slavery because he was a friend, he might offer to the slave-dealers so much gold, silver, brass, or ivory. By this means he might redeem such a man. Literally, he would take his neck out of the cruel collar. And so it is that native Bambara preachers explain how all of us are slaves to sin and self, driven under the lash of Satan, but how God in Christ Jesus has redeemed us—freed us from this slavery—taken our necks out; and now we belong to Him who has rescued us from spiritual death.

"But why such concern that the Bible be in the language and hands of the people?" one may ask. Because it is different from any other book in the world, even any so-called holy book. The Bible is no compilation of magic ritual for fetish worship to be recited by unthinking devotees in some strange unknown tongue, but it is the book by which the Spirit of God reveals the Living Word, who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." The Bible must speak in the mother tongue of every people so that it may indeed "make holes in the heart." ★★★

THESE TIMES, JANUARY, 1958



WHAT PRICE DISCIPLESHIP?

According to Tradition:

- ▲ Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom by being put to death by a halberd, a slender ax for splitting helmets, in a city of ancient Ethiopia.
- ▲ Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, Egypt, till he died.
- ▲ Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.
- ▲ John miraculously escaped death when put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus.
- ▲ James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.
- ▲ James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, stoned, and finally beaten to death with a fuller's club.
- ▲ Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.
- ▲ Bartholomew was put to death by the command of a barbarous king in Armenia.
- ▲ Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.
- ▲ Thomas was run through the body by a lance in the East Indies.
- ▲ Jude was cruelly put to death in Persia.
- ▲ Simon Zelotes was crucified by the Druids in Britain.
- ▲ Matthias was stoned and then beheaded.

Thoughts on the Book of Romans

Scripture: Romans 9:14-33

The Sovereignty and Righteousness of God Established

Note the emphasis on the mercy of God.

"What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid. For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." Romans 9:14-16.

Note: God is sovereign in the exercise of His powers. He is God. A divine attribute that He exhibits is His compassionate mercy. While God has complete freedom of choice in the bestowal of His favors, that fact must not lead one to think there is any injustice with Him, for He does all in harmony with the divine understanding. The apostle speaks of the experience of Israel when they sinned so terribly in worshipping the golden calf in the desert. Even after so fearful a breach of loyalty to God, He nevertheless showed great mercies. Had there been no divine mercy, there could have been no future bestowal of any blessing at all. It is a great mercy to both Jew and Gentile that the Lord accepts simple faith and trust and does not demand human works in an endeavor to work out our own salvation or to make right our mistakes. There is freedom and independence in the divine choice; there is also freedom and independence in man's choice to exercise faith or not. There is the certainty of divine grace for each individual that exercises faith.

What ancient king is set forth as an example?

"For the scripture saith unto Pharaoh, Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth. Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." Verses 17, 18.

Note: The experience of Pharaoh is an example of that which befell the Jews. Pharaoh persisted in hardening his own heart; he set himself in opposition to God's plans. Yet God allowed him to continue in his kingship; and He carried out His plan for the deliverance of Israel despite the fact that Pharaoh was the kind of person he was. In that experience both the sovereignty and righteousness of God are plain. The eighteenth verse emphasizes the will of God as supreme. Pharaoh did not desire God's mercy; he was in opposition to His will. The Jews, in their hardness of heart, even crucified the Lord of glory. With both Pharaoh and the Jewish nation, the work of God in

hardening their hearts consisted in His leaving them in their determined courses of opposition. The apostle has now cited two prominent names: Moses and Pharaoh, two natural antagonists. In His dealings with these two men, divine graciousness and mercy are exhibited, and thereby divine sovereignty.

Note the illustration used by Paul to stress God's sovereignty.

"Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth he yet find fault? For who hath resisted his will? Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" Verses 19-21.

Note: Paul literally says, "For who has withstood His counsel?" He means that when the divine Persons have counseled together and in their divine wisdom have reached a determined conclusion, that objective will be carried out; man's opposition cannot make it ineffective. The illustration of the potter's determination to make a certain type of vessel and to use a certain kind of clay for it is given to stress God's sovereignty in contrast with man's helplessness to make ineffective the counsel of God. Compare Isaiah 29:16; 45:9.

NO TIME TO FRET

Today there wasn't time to fret, feel
hurt, or be dismayed,
To nurse a grudge, revenge a wrong,
be anxious, or afraid.
Instead I thought the nicest things,
and helped a little boy
To dry his tears, and showed him how
to mend his broken toy,
And that took all the time there was;
amid life's strain and stress,
I sow a seed, and lo, there springs the
blooms of happiness!

—Mildred Wood Harris.



Ewing Galloway

By R. E. Lousby, Ph.D.

Note the long-suffering of God in His dealings with unrepentant men.

"What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory, even us, whom he hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles?" Verses 22-24.

Note: God is in the position to inflict wrath upon stubborn, unrepentant persons. But He is willing to manifest His long-suffering in dealing with these "vessels of wrath," whose course of conduct under Satan's control makes them such and equips and readies them for eternal destruction. Then there is the other class, who by reason of their faith and trust are designated "vessels of mercy," and who become candidates for eternal glory. The opposition of the first class will not be allowed to thwart God's plans for the second class. The second class, made eligible by faith in Christ, is made up of both Jews and Gentiles. In His dealings with unrepentant men in opposition, God was under no obligation to graciously bear with them. Yet, as in the case of Pharaoh, He was patient with them, gave them abundant evidence to prove His claims, which could have led to repentance, and while they remained in their opposition, continued to bless them with the material things of life.

Note Paul's quotation of Hosea 1:10; 2:23.

"As he saith also in Osee, I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her beloved, which was not beloved. And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people; there shall they be called the children of the living God." Verses 25, 26.

Note: The apostle quotes from the Septuagint in setting forth the sovereignty of God in relation to Israel when they showed such great stubbornness. The end for the ten tribes of the Northern Kingdom was deportation to Assyria in 722 B.C. This, however, was not the end of the matter, for a remnant would be saved who would be "called sons of the living God." These "sons" would be from among the Jews and those Gentiles where Israel lived as a scattered people. The quotation from Hosea 1:10 refers to the spiritual children of the promise made to Abraham. A universal church would supersede the Jewish national church.

The testimony of Isaiah.

"Esaias also crieth concerning Israel, Though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved: for he will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth. And as Esaias said before, Except the Lord of Sabaoth had left us a seed, we had been as Sodom, and been made like unto Gomorrah." Verses 27-29.

Note: The apostle is quoting the Septuagint of Isaiah 10:22, 23. The King James Version says, "For he will finish the work." Paul literally says, "For the Lord will carry out His work upon the earth, concluding it and cutting it short." What God sets His hand to do, He will bring to a conclusion decisively, which is the meaning of cutting it short. In dealing with these vessels of wrath, God is able to save even some of them. It is not, however, that Gentiles believe and become members of a revived Jewish church, but rather that Jews exercise faith and become members of the Gentile Christian church. Gentiles do not accommodate themselves to a Jewish church, but Jewish converts to Christ accommodate themselves to the Gentile church. Within the confines of the Gentile church a remnant of Jews would be incorporated.

Note the basis upon which God deals with both Jew and Gentile.

"What shall we say then? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness, even the righteousness which is of faith. But Israel,

which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law. For they stumbled at that stumblingstone; as it is written, Behold, I lay in Sion a stumblingstone and rock of offence: and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed." Verses 30-33.

Note: Here the apostle reverts to what he said in the earlier chapters of this epistle, namely, that God judges a man righteous on the basis of his personal faith in Christ, the Lamb of God. Paul says that the Gentile peoples did not practice a religion that was set up to develop personal righteousness. Yet these Gentiles have been able to take hold of God's righteousness. How is so wonderful a thing made possible? Simply because God has graciously condescended to impute righteousness to—that is, to justify—any person who manifests personal faith in Jesus Christ. It is God's response to faith.

Then verse 31 offers the great fact that the Jews, who sought by personal efforts in works to attain to a principle of righteousness, utterly failed to catch up with that principle. The reason for that is that the Jews had a law given them as a standard to make sin appear as the sinful thing it is; yet they reasoned that by working out that law of commandments, they established their own righteousness, which righteousness God would be obliged to acknowledge as acceptable. Paul asks, Why is that so? He gives the answer: They tried to get hold of righteousness by doing things, as if that could put God under obligation to them; they refused to exercise faith. The choice is man's: he may exhibit faith and be justified by God, or he may refuse to display faith, and thereby be ineligible for the imputation of divine righteousness in an act of justification. The law demands perfect obedience. That perfection Israel never could work out; and refusing faith in Christ, they came under condemnation.

The object of one's faith is described by Paul as "a stone of stumbling and a rock mass of entrapment." The apostle is again quoting Isaiah in two places: 8:14 and 28:16. This is a reference to Jesus Christ as the object of faith. The Jews smashed themselves against Christ; they refused to accept Him

as the Lamb of God; they crucified Him. The word translated "offence" in the King James Version is the term the Greeks used for the trigger of a trap upon which the bait is fastened, or the trigger which, when touched, causes the trap door to shut. It is a figure of doom. So to reject Christ is to condemn oneself to eternal destruction. That Jesus Christ would be born within the Jewish church is stated in the words, "I lay in Sion." On His mother's side Jesus is a Jew; on His Father's side He was begotten of the Holy Spirit. He is the Son of God. God's mercy, graciousness, love, justice, and righteousness cannot be impugned. From the foundation of the world He has laid down the principle of salvation by faith. If a man has faith, God will be able to save him. ★★★



THESE TIMES will help you:

- ✓ Solve your problems
- ✓ Understand today's events
- ✓ Enjoy happiness and peace of mind

Fill in the coupon and hand to your representative or mail to

THESE TIMES
Box 59
Nashville 2, Tenn.



Here is my subscription and payment:

- _____ \$3.50 for one year.
- _____ 4.00 for 14 months.
- _____ 6.50 for two years.
- _____ 7.00 for 26 months.

HIGHER OUTSIDE U.S.A.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____
State _____

Send for This **Free**
Bible Correspondence Course
for Busy People **Today!**

THE BIBLE COURSE FOR BUSY PEOPLE
BOX 59, NASHVILLE 2, TENNESSEE

Please enroll me in your free Bible correspondence course.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Takes only
15 minutes
a day



No obligation--
now or ever.



This lovely picture, "Friend of the Children," fills the end papers of the book.

Golden Treasury of Bible Stories

Between these beautiful covers are 203 inspiring Bible stories, told by the late Arthur W. Spalding. These stories were written for children, yet their truth and simplicity appeal to all ages. Eleven sections cover the whole range of Bible narrative, beginning with Eden, through the Old Testament patriarchs, judges, kings, to Jesus and the apostles.

Twenty-five four-color full-page illustrations and end papers by Clyde Provonsha and Robert Temple Ayres, plus hundreds of marginal action pictures in black and white, make this a book of great beauty and inspiration. The volume contains 493 pages in a large 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 10 inch size, all gilt-edged. Bound in rich, durable red cloth, stamped in black and gold.

Truly the **GOLDEN TREASURY OF BIBLE STORIES** is one of the finest books of its kind ever produced.



Please send me, without obligation, information on the **GOLDEN TREASURY of BIBLE STORIES**.

Name _____

**Southern Publishing
Association**