



# OUR TIMES

MAY 1966



# TRENDS

## THE INHERENT WEAKNESS IN OUR DREAMS

GEORGE C. THOMAS

Those who followed this column in the last seven issues read of the practically insurmountable problems that humanity is facing today: nuclear arms, population explosion, widespread famine, and a global fresh-water crisis, all of which have driven the world to the edge of a precipice, the brink of disaster.

Side by side with these problems also exist dreams of a paradise created by the advancement of science, visions of an emancipated earth whose affluent members will one day jet off to distant planets for their annual vacations.

The picture of what human beings hope some day to do is so glittering that all the problems on the way to this achievement, the possibility of scores of unexpected problems evolving out of newer conditions, and the prerequisite solving of the oppressing dilemmas of the present are often forgotten.

If the great society of the future could be built with money alone, there might be more chances of success. But something more than money is needed. Global co-operation, international unity, genuine subjection of partisan goals for the sake of common good, optimism, freedom, faith—only these can build for the future.

In short, what is required is a new human spirit. Here we face the biggest obstacle.

One cannot help remembering a dream that the Babylonian king Nebuchadnezzar had. The Bible records that he saw a huge metallic giant made of gold, silver, brass, and iron, representing great empires of the world that were to follow each other in succession. But the image stood on feet of clay.

Our reliance on the human spirit as a necessary ingredient seems to make our dream-edifice of the future stand on feet of clay.

The German philosopher, Schopenhauer, was sitting on a park bench in Frankfurt when a park attendant, thinking the dishevelled stranger was a tramp, asked him, "Who are you?" Disturbed from his contemplation, the philosopher thought the question over and replied disconsolately, "I wish I knew."

His answer may represent the prevailing mood of the day. Like Schopenhauer, men everywhere, after the first glitter of materialism and sensual pleasures fade away, ask, "What is life all about? Who are we? Am I a meaningful part of this universe or just a cog in a giant wheel of commerce and industry? Is there a purpose to my life or am I, by sheer accident, coming from nothing and going to nothing?"

"This matter of meaning is the fundamental issue of our age," said theologian Paul Tillich. "The

anxiety of doubt and meaninglessness is the anxiety of our period."

Maybe this anxiety is at least partly revealed in mounting pessimism and mental depression today.

In North America, a land of seeming sufficiency and security, there are about 40,000 suicides yearly. The world figure may exceed half a million. This is not a complete index to the prevalence of futility, for four times as many people attempt to end their lives as are successful in the attempt. The highest per capita rate for suicides is found in universities.

A breakdown of the moral forces is visible all over the world. Terrorism, lawlessness, indiscipline, defiance of constituted authority, malpractices, corruption, and juvenile delinquency are increasing year after year. In some areas of the world, particularly in the Far East, large city populations, because of few incentives for more purposeful living, have been reduced to a so-called "beer and prostitution" existence.

And let us not fool ourselves by saying that only in America or in more advanced countries is there a prevalence of crime and a sense of futility. Figures in India would perhaps be just as sobering were statistics as readily available.

Do college students commit suicide just because they failed in the annual examination? Or is it because passing the test was one last ray of hope in a hopeless, hemmed-in existence—a ray which also vanished?

Is the age-old philosophy that man is alone in the world with no purpose save the one he has set up for himself and no moral standards than the ones his culture has evolved working in the mind of more humans than we realize?

Today we are afraid and pessimistic. We are bogged down with quarrels and inconsequential debates. We are unable to bring about reforms basic to our survival and so find compensation in empty dreams. We are reluctant to question the wavering knowledge and half-baked opinions of a few men who have chanced upon leadership, and have lost confidence in the reliability of our own mental processes. We are so devoted to the clangings of our mechanical brains and stock market registers that we have no time for serious contemplation of life's purpose. We have adopted an "everything is possible" and "all things are relative" unsurety that has neutralized all our convictions.

The human spirit has lost its spark. Only in God and in His plan for this earth can human aspirations find complete fulfilment.

# OUR TIMES

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## THE WORLD



## AROUND

*Mimeographed newspapers are helping to demolish barriers of isolation and illiteracy in many towns of the Republic of Liberia. The newspapers are popular because they cost very little to produce.*

\* \* \*

*A trained porpoise worked for three days with a group of U.S. "aquanauts" experimenting as to the possibility of men living for an extended time in special chambers under the sea. The porpoise proved invaluable as a messenger with instructions from the surface and carrying life lines to divers practising emergency situations.*

\* \* \*

*A new chemical compound which will increase such crops as potatoes, sugarcane, bananas, tomatoes, and wheat will be manufactured in Britain in a few months. In experiments the compound was found to increase wheat yield as much as forty per cent.*

*The chemical, known as Cycocel, will be available for export to Commonwealth countries.*

\* \* \*

*Westinghouse had developed a new concept in photographic science. In principle, the hologram is a photograph in which you may look at all four sides of an image. When seen under ordinary light, a hologram is only a meaningless, greyish mottled surface. But when illuminated by laser light or other pure colour source, a three-dimensional image having height, width and depth springs into view. As it hangs suspended in space, the image is so life-like that one can look around it, just as if it were the real object.*

### PICTURE CREDITS

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A CERTAIN FAMOUS MAN of great breadth of mind and strength of will, wishing "to live without committing any fault at any time," decided that he would aim at gaining moral perfection.

"I knew, or thought I knew," he wrote, "what was right and wrong [and] I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined." Toward the end of his long life he commented, "I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it."

That man was the great American statesman, Benjamin Franklin.

Doubtless more than one factor was involved in Benjamin Franklin's failure to achieve the perfection he desired. A major one was certainly a failure of will. "Inclination," he wrote, "was sometimes too strong for reason"—or will.

The truth of the matter is that man can never reach moral perfection if for no other reason than that his will is not capable of taking him to that height, because in order for him to reach that moral peak he must use his will. But the natural will is perverted, tending toward evil.

But for him who would aspire to conquest over his failings and faults, we would say that in spite of what we have just written, there is a way out of the seeming dead-end. The answer was given by the apostle Paul. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he wrote.

How may this be? Here is the answer: "If any one is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has passed away, behold, the new has come" (2 Corinthians 5:17, RSV). To those who have never experienced this, it is a mystery. But to those who have, it is a great reality. In it the very direction of the life is changed. Wherein he tended to evil, now he desires good. Wherein his will ran to wrong, now it is bent in the direction of good. When before he may have been intemperate, he becomes temperate. Wherein he was deceitful, immoral or proud, he becomes sincere, chaste and humble.

Here is a transformation which no man can perform for himself, but only God, through Christ, working within.

## Editorial

One does not have to be rich to be proud. Pride, a type of selfishness, is found among all classes, and God hates it wherever and whenever it makes its appearance. "The proud He knoweth afar off," wrote King David in Psalm 138:6. God loves humility, but hates pride. "What doth the Lord require of thee," wrote the prophet Micah, "but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8). The prophet Isaiah expressed a similar thought when he penned these words: "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit" (Isaiah 57:15).

The different kinds of pride may be classified as self-pride, family pride, religious pride, state pride, national pride, and spiritual pride.

Men may be proud of their education. "Knowledge puffeth up," wrote the apostle Paul in 1 Corinthians 8:1. It has been well said that the bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes.

Individuals may be proud of their good looks. Such pride ruined both Lucifer and Absalom. The story is told of a peacock who was always looking in a mirror at his beautiful feathers. He never saw his feet. Multitudes today are sitting down at their mirrors of money, culture, education and what not. They never look at their hearts. If a man could invent a camera to picture hearts, he would starve to death for lack of business.

Basically, no one has any right to be proud. All we have is God-given and comes to us stamped with the cross. The gospel makes us all beggars. Every day we must ask for grace. We are all on the same level before God. "Granted that you are superior to me in something or other," wrote Alexander Maclaren. "Well, what does this matter? One molehill is a little higher than the other, but they are all about the same distance from the sun."

A little boy was told that the sun was ninety-three million miles away. "Do they measure from the upstairs window or the downstairs?" asked the little fellow. Compared with Jesus, we all come woefully short. Why then be proud?

Pride keeps us from confessing our sins and makes us worldly. Vanity is the froth and effervescence of pride. The sun appears largest when about to set. So does a proud man swell more magnificently just before an explosion. While pride has changed angels into devils, humility has made men as angels.

Proud people are very sensitive. Usually, they carry their feelings on the outside. A man who had his feeling hurt very badly was walking in the country nursing his wounds, thinking of his favourite subject

—how badly he had been abused. While walking by a pond, he saw some boys stoning a turtle. Forgetting himself for a minute, he asked the boys not to hurt the turtle. "We can't hurt the turtle," replied the boys. "He stays on the inside of his shell."

A prominent writer has written: "It is the love of self that destroys our peace. While self is all alive, we stand ready continually to guard it from mortification and insult; but when we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God, we shall not take neglects or slights to heart."—E. G. White, *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 31.

Family pride is common in our day as it has been in the past. We are inclined to point out that many ancestral members of our family tree reached pre-eminence in one field or another. It is so easy to lean on the achievements of relations, be they ancient or contemporary. The man who always boasts about his ancestors is like a potato—the best part of him is underground.

Because of state and national pride, understanding and teamwork among the nations has only reached the state of discussion and planning. If states as well as nations would bury their pride, their petty conventionalities in a common grave, wars would be averted and the brotherhood of man's ideal would be brought within clearer focus.

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# The Evils of PRIDE and GOSSIP





**I**T WAS MAY, 1960, hottest of all months in South India. The city of Vellore, population nearly 200,000, broiled in the suffocating heat, yet crowds by the hundreds moved en masse into the centre of town; others poured in unending streams from the surrounding countryside. Stores were closed, shops shuttered, bazaars deserted as for a holiday. But it was no holiday. An awed hush accompanied the crowds. Hindus, Moslems, Christians—all were fused into one by a heat of emotion stronger even than South India's blazing sun. The visit of a national hero, perhaps? A holy man, a mahatma? No. They were coming to pay loving tribute to an American woman missionary, Dr. Ida Scudder.

"Aunt Ida is gone!"

The news had sped to Vellore from Hill Top, her summer home in the mountains four hundred miles away. The great hospital which she had founded nearly sixty years before became hushed and stricken. The most skilled surgeon became one in emotion with the humblest probationer. Though the huge medical centre continued to function mechanically, it was like a body from which the life has fled.

The town was scarcely less stricken, for Dr. Ida was as much a part of its life and tradition as its founder, Bommai Reddy, builder of the great 700-year-old stone fort in the centre of town. More, for Bommai Reddy's monument was dead, but Dr. Ida's gave new life daily to a thousand human beings. Men she had brought into the world stopped work

and became silent. Women whose lives she had saved lifted corners of their saris to wipe their eyes. Even the large percentage of the town's population who had never known her personally felt a common bereavement. A group of boys playing an exciting football game on the town playing field heard the news and with sober faces quietly dispersed.

Now, to do her honour, they came in such crowds as only India can muster. For the public service they poured into the courtyard of the great medical college hospital, because there was no church or hall in Vellore that could even begin to hold them. They followed in dense masses after the flower-decked open carriage, shouldered by doctors and nursing students; lined the streets as the beloved figure, face visible to all after the Indian custom, made its last slow journey along the familiar road where so often it had rushed to their aid in pony cart, jutka, ancient Ford, modern ambulance, or on its own tireless, swift-moving feet.

They crowded through the gate and over the wall of the small foreign cemetery, filling every inch of ground space, even climbing trees, and almost caused a crisis until a persuasive voice over the broadcasting system helped clear a space for those who were to conduct the burial service. Then, finally, they filled her resting place to the brim with the flowers she had loved, that glorious abundance of beauty which is India's compensation for this season of drought and dearth and dust.

It was fitting that they should leave her there, to be mingled in body as well as spirit with the earth of her adopted country, for over four generations of Scudders have belonged as much to India as to America. Her grandfather, Dr. John Scudder I, was the first medical missionary ever to go out from the United States to a foreign country. Seven of his sons became medical missionaries to India. Forty-two members of the Scudder family have given over eleven hundred years in missionary service. And over sixty of Dr. Ida's own nearly ninety years were spent in this land of her birth.

"She was equally a great Indian and a great American," said Ellsworth Bunker, American ambassador at New Delhi, in his radio statement of May 26, 1960. "Her work will live after her, increasing in usefulness with the years, binding more closely together the countries she loved so well."

The M. D. awarded to Ida Scudder by Cornell University Medical College in 1899, just sixty years before the alumni of that institution gave her *in absentia* its coveted Award of Distinction, might well have stood for "Doctor of Miracles" as well as "Doctor of Medicine." For all her life she kept achieving the seemingly impossible.

Starting her healing ministry to the women of India in 1900 in a tiny ten-by-twelve room, she saw her work grow to include a great hospital of multiple



## THE MOST IMPORTANT

departments with a staff of over 1,200 and nearly 800 beds, giving service annually to over 16,000 in-patients and 250,000 outpatients, first in India to introduce departments of chest and brain surgery; a distinguished co-educational medical college affiliated with Madras University and training doctors, surgeons, nurses, pharmacists, radiographists, public health workers, laboratory technicians, in courses leading to thirteen graduate and postgraduate degrees; a rural hospital with four village extension units serving an area of more than 30,000 people; a leprosy research sanatorium and rehabilitation centre, first in the world to develop reconstructive surgery for the hands and feet of leprosy patients; an eye hospital; a mental health centre; and weekly mobile clinics, "eye camps," and public health nursing units, all ministering to an annual 135,000 patients—a vast network of buildings and personnel constituting the largest medical centre in all Asia and now supported by fifty-six denominational groups in ten different countries.

All her life Dr. Ida outworked, outplayed, outran, outclimbed, outplanned, outdreamed, outdid, and finally outlived her associates. The long-time tennis champion who at eighty was still smashing balls across the net, the adventurer who at eighty-five was riding an elephant through the jungle in search of wild animals, were only two aspects of her tremendous vigour. Doctors, nurses, visitors half her age being given one of her exhaustive guided tours over the growing hospital and college—none except possibly her beloved dogs were ever able to keep up with her. And who should know this better than I, her biographer, who tried in a few short months to trace her footsteps through those ninety years?

"Did you crawl?" she once demanded good-naturedly when one of her most gifted medical students had hurried at breakneck pace to answer her summons.

How much of her contagious energy and vitality was physical and how much spiritual, it is impossible to say, nor does it matter. For her dedication to God and to human need was total, body and spirit. She accomplished big things because her dreams and plans were big, and she was never satisfied.

"We have decided," announced the secretary of her American church board soon after her graduation from Cornell, "that you're going to need a hospital for women in Vellore."

Ida's vivid eyes shone. "Oh, yes! We *must* have one."

"And the board," continued the secretary, "has decided to let you try to raise the money for it before you sail."

"How much?" demanded Ida eagerly. "Maybe fifty thousand?"

"Fifty! My dear young woman!" The board, it seemed, had voted to allow her to try to raise eight

thousand, and it would be surprised and delighted if she raised half that sum.

It was harder, she had to admit, than she had expected. The time of her sailing came close, and she had raised only a few hundred. In desperation she went one night to the home of Miss Taber, president of the missionary society of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York, to plead for a chance to appeal to the society. Eloquently she described the needs of India's women as she had seen them, and told of the night she had received her "call" to be a doctor, when three young Indian wives had died in childbirth because there had been no woman doctor to go to them.

A brother-in-law of Miss Taber overheard the story. The next day he asked Ida to come for an interview, which ended in his writing a check for a hospital to be built in memory of his deceased wife, Mary Taber Schell. The check was for \$10,000.

"And it might as well have been fifty thousand," Ida witheringly scored the chastened board secretary (uncle, by a coincidence, of that same American ambassador who sixty years later was to pay her the radio tribute in New Delhi).

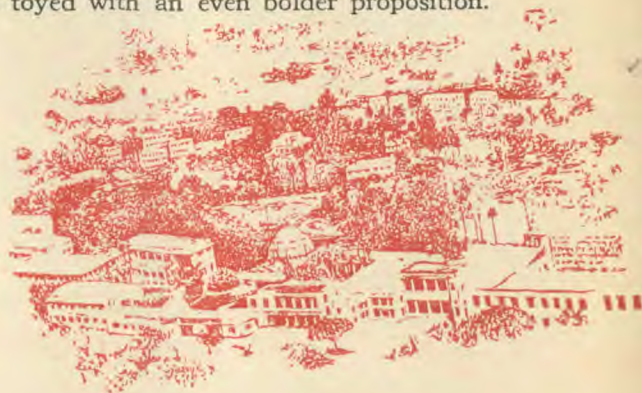
The little hospital was finished, its twenty-eight beds objects of wonder to the first daring woman patients. Dr. Ida performed her first major operation, with no one to help her except Salomi, her bearer's wife. She was terrified. If the operation was not a success, she vowed, she would never take a scalpel in her hand again. But it was, and work in the operating room soon became as routine as the early morning treatment of 100 to 150 patients in the dispensary before her daily rounds of the hospital.

For many months she was the only woman doctor in an area containing a million people. Though eighteen new beds were soon added to the hospital, often not only were they full, but also the spaces under them and every available corner of the long verandas circling the courtyard garden. Scarcely had the hospital been finished when Dr. Ida was making plans for another and larger one.

Salomi was only one of the young Indian women in her first modest nursing training class, which was to become, in 1909, a genuine nurses' training school; which during the next half century was to send over 700 of its graduates to help meet the needs of a country where there is still only one nurse for every 16,000 of the population.

This was a daring enough venture, for nursing was still considered a degrading profession in the East, as Florence Nightingale had found it in the West a half century earlier. But as the years went by, Dr. Ida toyed with an even bolder proposition.

## PERSON IN MY LIFE



For no matter how hard or how long she worked, she could barely scratch the surface of India's need. Nor could any or all of the 150 woman doctors scattered through this land of 150,000,000 women. Moving in and out of little dark rooms behind courtyards, crawling up under the stifling hoods of bullock carts to deliver babies, fighting losing battles over the bodies of young mothers tortured by barber's-wife obstetrics, she came to one conclusion: *She must train young Indian women to be doctors.*

It was a preposterous dream, for these were the days before India's awakening, before Gandhi. But the difficulties only sharpened her determination. She found others eager to pioneer with her, women of many denominations in India, Britain, America. And finally in 1918, with no buildings, no staff, and almost no money, Dr. Ida secured permission from the government to open a small medical school for Indian women.

"If you get three women to apply," the surgeon-general told her with kindly tolerance, "you'll be lucky. But if you can get six, go ahead and start your school."

She got sixty-nine applications! Accepting seventeen of them, she opened the school in a rented building and taught almost all the courses herself.

"Seeing is believing," admitted the surgeon-general humbly. Less than a year later he yielded in even more abject humility.

"Don't be discouraged, my dear doctor," he told Ida kindly when she took her class to Madras for their first year's examinations, "if all of them fail."

"All of them?" she repeated bleakly.

"It wouldn't be surprising. Only a small percentage of men pass it."

Ida was as terrified as her young students, huddled in a room of a mission bungalow waiting to hear the results. And when they became known, she was even more jubilant than they. Every one of her girls had passed, four of them in the first class. They had led every medical school in Madras.

Always to Dr. Ida a mountain was for climbing, a barrier some-

**JESUS WAS A GREAT SPEAKER.** He could stand in a rocking boat and hold the attention of a crowd gathered on the beach. He could compete in the temple with the professional orators of His day. Wherever and whenever He spoke, He demonstrated a unique ability to make truth "come alive" by the use of simple but striking illustrations. In His addresses He talked about farmers and their crops, about village weddings and housewives making bread. He seemed never to lack an appropriate story to drive home His messages.

The best-known address of the Master is the one recorded in Matthew 5 to 7. "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them" (Matthew 5:1, 2).

The most striking characteristic of the address is the way in which it cuts across the most cherished shortcomings of human nature. Never did a speaker hold up a more demanding standard. He challenged mankind to do things which are very difficult for the natural man to accomplish.

For example, the Beatitudes present some very unpopular ideas. As translated in the New English Bible, they say, "How blest are those who know that they are poor." Who wants to admit his shortcomings and deficiencies?

"How blest are the sorrowful." Doesn't every sane person run away from sorrow?

"How blest are those of a gentle spirit." Bluster commands a better price than gentleness in the world's markets.

"How blest are those who hunger and thirst to see right prevail." There are very few moderns who wish to become thus involved in spiritual matters.

"How blest are those who show mercy." Who wants to be a "do-gooder"?

"How blest are those whose hearts are pure." How can one's heart be pure in a world where every imagination of man's heart is evil continually?

"How blest are the peacemakers," but men continue to erect memorials to the war makers.

Most ridiculous of all from the viewpoint of many is Jesus' statement, "How blest are those who have suffered persecution for the cause of right." How could persecution be counted among men's blessings?

All of these beatitudes involve being different. Each one challenges to a standard difficult to attain. Surely a person who could

## THE GREATEST

qualify for each of these blessings would be looked upon as being queer in almost any society.

Yet Jesus continues (Authorized Version), "Ye are the *salt* of the earth," "Ye are the *light* of the world." How can a person be as different as the beatitudes demand and still exercise a positive influence in the world?

Recently, in a visit to Westminster Abbey, I saw a statue of one of the world's great men, William Wilberforce. It was he who, after twenty years of effort, succeeded in persuading the British Parliament to abolish the slave trade. He was a very religious man of evangelical persuasion in a day when such religious views were not popular in England. His biographer says of him, "He had a lightness and sweetness of manner which enabled him to obey his conscience in any society without offence. . . . He could refuse to conform without seeming to condemn—a rare gift."

Wilberforce is a good example of a man who accepted the standard of humility, dedication, right-doing, and selflessness enjoined by Christ, and yet was able to exert a powerful influence in a society that was opposed to his principles.

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Jesus continues by presenting an entirely new and startling approach to law. He was preaching to a people who had been taught great reverence for law. In their synagogues the scroll of the law was the main object of veneration. Their scribes wrote learned treatises on the interpretation of the law. But this new teacher presented some shocking ideas. He said, for example, that there were two ways of violating the sixth commandment—killing and hating. Everyone agreed on the first point—but how could a man be expected to refrain from hatred?

Jesus was even more revolutionary in His insistence that there were two ways of violating the seventh commandment—immoral actions and immoral thoughts. Jesus also shocked His hearers by stating that there was only one proper ground for divorce, and by suggesting that a person should “turn the other cheek” and “love his enemies.” His hearers had heard much about law, but never before had they heard anything like this.

Jesus’ most amazing challenge was His statement recorded in Matthew 5:48: “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” What could the Master mean?

The answer is found in the context. Beginning with verse 43, the Master says in effect: *Your Father in heaven makes His sun to rise on the evil and on the good. Your Father in heaven sends rain on the just and on the unjust. In contrast, you love only those who love you. You salute only your brethren. But you should be like your Father in heaven. You should love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who misuse you.*

This is the Master’s concept of being like God. The idea is made even more clear in the parallel text, Luke 6:36, where we read, “Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.” To be perfect, in the sense Christ was using the word, is to have a mature love and sympathy for friend and enemy alike—as God does.

Chapter six of the Gospel of Matthew is an appeal for humility and trust. It was common for Jesus’ listeners to give alms. Jesus did not object to almsgiving, but He said to do it in secret. His listeners were also accustomed to praying in public, and again He told them to pray in the closet with the door closed behind them. Fasting was common in that day, and He said one should not let anyone know when he fasted. This measure of humility must have seemed strange to His listeners.

Then he urged them not to try to get rich but rather to make



## SPEECH EVER MADE

material things secondary in their lives. How contrary to human nature!

Probably the heaviest burden Jesus laid on His listeners was that of chapter seven, verse one, when He said, “Judge not.” Man is continually evaluating his fellowmen. He looks with contempt on those whom he believes to be below him, with envy on those whom he knows to be above him, and with suspicion on those whom he is forced to recognize as his equals. Nearly every conversation is punctuated with judgments—many of them biased and unfair. We are all guilty; yet Jesus says we will be judged as we judge others.

He then challenges His followers to dare to be different. In contrast to a broad way, He points them to a narrow way and requires that they enter therein. How hard it is for the normal person to be different! How few are willing to pay this price!

Thank God, there are some who have the courage to stand alone. In the Toronto [Canada] *Telegram* of February 27, 1965, under the heading, “Faiths of the Famous,” was the story of Donald M. Fleming, former cabinet member, and later connected with the largest law firm in Canada. His interviewer quotes him as saying, regarding

a troubled time in his political career, “Never a day went by that I did not pray.” He concluded the interview by declaring, “In my own life I have experienced the grace of God in Jesus Christ; and if this is theologically conservative, then I am theologically conservative.” It takes courage for a man in public life to go on record like this for his faith. Few such men are willing to enter the narrow way.

Jesus then reminds His followers that profession is not enough. “Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom

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SOME of earth's most humiliating and disastrous defeats have resulted from a subtle surprise attack on an apparent stronghold of security. To recall but three notable examples will confirm this: Scapa Flow; Pearl Harbour; Singapore. Undoubtedly, in most of these cases, failure to acknowledge the strength and ability of the enemy tended to produce a state of complacency and unpreparedness that invited disaster.

In the spiritual warfare confronting man, a similar peril exists; for we contend with a wily and powerful foe which demands our unceasing vigilance. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Ephesians 6:12). Knowing full well the danger of our underestimating our enemy, the Lord admonishes us, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Verse 11).

The deceptive power of Satan constitutes man's great peril. Satan "beguiled Eve through his subtilty" (2 Corinthians 11:3). "The Devil . . . deceiveth the whole world" (Revelation 12:9). God warns us that, through counterfeit Christianity, Satan will concentrate all his malignity and deceptive power on the last generation of mankind, "and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by means of those miracles which he had power to do" (Revelation 13:14). Of God's devoted children Jesus declared, "If it were possible, they [Satan and his agents] shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before" (Matthew 24:24, 25).

Defeat at Satan's hands is bad enough at any time, but, when he launches a successful attack on what previously was regarded as one's strong point it is particularly humiliating. Doubtless, Satan exploits this tactic, anticipating a state of unpreparedness due to over-confidence. Human experience confirms the wisdom and strength of our wily foe.

Some have wondered why God takes particular care to record in the Bible such humiliating experiences in the lives of some of God's outstanding and most successful

men. His love and consideration for all mankind—for you and for me—prompted God to do so. For "all these things happened unto them by way of example: [R.V.] and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come" (1 Corinthians 10:11).

Let us consider the case of Abraham as a classical example of an incredible failure when this patriarch was attacked at his acknowledged strong point. This "friend of God" (James 2:23), was a man of peerless faith, and few have been called upon to stand the tests of faith that were his. The call of God to this ancient patriarch involves much more than a casual consideration would suggest. "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee" (Genesis 12:1). To sever so many ties, to leave behind so much that is cherished by the human heart, and to step out into the dim unknown demanded unquestioning obedience and fearless faith, and God knew His man. "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went" (Hebrews 11:8).

God granted His servant many evidences of His love and leading as he journeyed southward to the promised land of Canaan. Not always could Abraham comprehend the kindly leadings of Providence, and, though his expectations were far from realized, Abraham held fast to God's promises, "I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." "Unto thy seed will I give this land" (Genesis 12:2, 7).

Strong pressure was brought to bear on Abraham's faith as starvation threatened the whole encampment. The heavens withheld the needed rain, the streams ceased to flow in the valleys, and the plains were bare of pasture. But Abraham did not think of turning back to the fertile Chaldean plains. To escape the famine and disaster facing the entire convoy, he decided to make a temporary detour down into Egypt where relief could be found. Here Abraham's strong faith was to falter and fail. "It

came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarai his wife, Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon: therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, that they shall say, This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive. Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister" (Genesis 12:11 to 13). (It was true that Sarai was a half-sister, both were born to the same father. See Genesis 20:12.) This subtle "half-truth" plan of Abraham not only revealed a dismal lack of faith in God, but this deviation from strict integrity placed Sarai in serious jeopardy. But for the direct intervention of God,

## KNOW YOUR ENEMY'S STRENGTH



disaster would have resulted. See Genesis 12:14-20.

The Lord had a purpose in confronting Abraham and His people with the threat of starvation. His trusted servant had yet to learn lessons of submission, patience, and faith. The providences of God at times are perplexing, but this should never cause us to doubt His love and care. The trials and difficulties permitted by God are designed to test the constancy and obedience of His children, and to strengthen and enrich them spiritually. "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end" (Jeremiah 29:11).

The great leader Moses provides another example of surprising failure at his strong point. The very name of Moses has become a synonym for humility, patience, and forbearance. "The man Moses was very meek, above all . . . men" (Numbers 12:3). Not that Moses was a weak, vacillating character. His commanding leadership of the people of Israel for forty years is a mountain peak of history perhaps never excelled. Outstanding among the qualities of this great leader was his unflinching tolerance and patience in directing an oftentimes

disgruntled and ungrateful people. And, then, at the peak of his magnificent career, Satan struck at Moses' strongest point to inflict a devastating defeat upon God's trusted servant.

The wandering Israelites stood poised to complete their pilgrimage, and to move into the promised land of Canaan. A serious shortage of water almost raised insurrection. Venting their anxiety and animosity upon their leader, "The people chode with Moses, and spake, saying, would God that we had died when our brethren died before the Lord! And why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there?" (Numbers 20:3, 4).

Doubtless the Lord was keenly disappointed at this distrust and fault-finding of the people, who had so often been refreshed from the living streams gushing from the clefts of the rocks beside their encampments. At times they were refreshed miraculously. From the smitten rock in Horeb first flowed the life-giving stream that refreshed Israel in the desert. See Exodus 17:1 to 6. This was a very appropriate symbol of their promised Redeemer. Christ was "smitten of God, and afflicted . . . wounded for our transgressions . . . bruised for our iniquities" (Isaiah 53:4, 5), that the life-giving water of salvation should flow to all mankind. This new crisis was to be used of God to convey to the congregation a deeper significance of the symbol of Christ as the Rock of Ages cleft for us.

The Lord instructed Moses, "Speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; . . . and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock: so thou shalt give the congregation and their beasts drink" (Numbers 20:8). When the rock of Horeb was smitten once it represented Calvary's Sacrifice when "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Hebrews 9:28). On this second occasion it was needful only to "speak" to the rock, as we now need only to ask for blessings in the name of Jesus.

Alas! How terribly Moses' subsequent impatient outburst destroyed this beautiful symbol of Christ's atoning work, and how greatly God was dishonored! "And he [Moses] said unto them, Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch

you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice: and the water came out abundantly" (Numbers 20:10, 11).

Thus, in a moment of human carelessness and presumption Moses had failed, and Satan had triumphed. The great leader's noble record was marred, his influence with the people seriously shaken. Moses' immediate contrition and heartfelt repentance was accepted by the Lord, but because of Moses' exalted position, God must deny him fulfilment of his life's most fondly cherished ambition, to proudly lead the host of Israel into the land of promise and plenty. See verse 12.

Someone has rightly observed, "Success isn't permanent," and, thank God, neither is failure. All men fail: the stout-hearted ones rise up out of failure to success. "The greatest glory consists not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall. The mountain tops must be reached no matter how many times we fall in reaching them. The fall is not counted; it does not register; the picking up and going on counts." "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand" (Psalm 37:23, 24).

"Observe all men, thyself most," counsels Benjamin Franklin.

My friend, if you would know the victory that counts, you must first know yourself, know how you are prone to fail but with the potential to succeed. Next you must know your enemy—his strength and cunning. Above all, you must know your God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ" (2 Corinthians 2:14). "God is strong to uphold every struggling child of His, no matter how weak. Of every one He expects loyalty, and to every one He grants power according to the need. In his own strength man is strengthless, but in the might of God he may be strong to overcome evil—Satan can never gain advantage of him who makes God his defence. Abiding in God's love you may stand every test. Bring faith into your experience, go forward, He will strengthen your faith."

—RALPH TUDOR





# YOU CANNOT, HE CAN

**S**OME FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in the time which is known in European history as the Dark Ages, there arose, we are told, a quarrel among some learned men over the number of teeth in the mouth of a horse. For many days the dispute raged. Ancient records and chronicles were consulted and many a wonderful theory was proposed. Then, finally, a young scholar came forward with a bright idea. Said he, "Look in the mouth of a horse."

The learned men were horrified at this wild suggestion, so they took the young scholar and sharply rebuked him. "Surely the evil one has tempted this bold novice to declare such an unholy and unheard of way of finding truth, contrary to all the teachings of the fathers," they said one to another.

But after many more days of dispute they decided that the young scholar's suggestion was worth following after all.

Today, man finds himself in the midst of a dilemma, the solution to which demands more than the best that worldly wisdom and understanding can offer. Crisis has become a part of everyday life. The armies of the great nations of the world are poised to embark upon a deadly nuclear conflict. The cold war rages back and forth unceasingly in almost every corner of the earth. Governments are being overthrown, and men in high places are being cut down by the assassin. Death by disease, crime, accident lurks in the shadows of material comfort and complacency and pounces upon mankind like a lion upon its prey.

As a result, man exists today in constant fear. His life is moulded around fear and despondency. In his fear he looks for a way out. He turns to his own wisdom and philosophy; he looks with longing to

scientific inventions for assurance; he cries to the gods in agony; he walks on sharp nails and burning coals; and cuts himself till the red blood covers his near naked body.

Still fear remains; the darkness is unchanged.

But what a difference there is when man turns from the ideologies and philosophies of other men and truly looks at Jesus Christ. Then he finds release from his fears, and discovers peace even in pain and conflict.

Nearly six thousand years ago, when our first parents fell into sin, God gave them hope by promising that one day a Saviour would come into this sin-cursed world, once and for all to crush the deadly serpent, sin. "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel" was the promise. These words of God, recorded in Genesis 3:15, were addressed to Satan, and foretold the struggle between good and evil and the final victory of Christ.

Accordingly, some four thousand years after the promise was made Jesus was born as a babe in Bethlehem in the land of Israel. In His birth He took upon Himself the form of man, and yet He was God.

Mrs. Ellen G. White, an eminent Bible commentator, says, "Far higher than any of the angels, equal with the Father [God] in dignity and glory, and yet wearing the garb of humanity! Divinity and humanity were mysteriously combined, and man and God became one." And it is only because of this mysterious union that God is able to reconcile sinful man unto Himself. The death of Jesus upon the cross at Golgotha forever bridged the chasm of sin that separated man from God. Jesus Christ alone, therefore, can atone for the sins of man. He alone

is the way to the Father. And that is why the apostle Peter declared, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

In her book, *The Desire of Ages*, Mrs. White accentuates this idea: "None but Christ can fashion anew the character that has been ruined by sin. . . . He came to lift us up from the dust, to reshape the marred character after the pattern of His divine character, and to make it beautiful with His own glory."

In Him alone there is *life*. The apostle John says, "He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John 5:12). Again, Jesus Christ Himself declares: "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John 14:6). It is only in Him that sinful man can have eternal life. And that life He offers to all who believe in His salvation and accept His sacrifice on the cross—where He died that others may live. He bore the crown of thorns that others may one day wear the crown of life. He walked the stony path to Calvary that others may walk the streets of paradise. He made His home in this world that others may inherit a home in heaven—a place where there is perfect peace, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away" (Revelation 21:4). What a beautiful place to live in!

In Him alone there is *forgiveness* for sin. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand . . . to give repentance . . . and forgiveness of sins" (Acts 5:31). He who lived a sinless life, in whose character was found "no spot or blemish," He can replace man's crushing sin by perfect peace. He alone promises "beauty for ashes" to all who seek forgiveness for sin. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9).

In Him alone there is *unfailing rest*. "You need rest, my dear," said a mother to her four-year-old after a busy day at a country fair.

"No, Mummy," replied the little fellow, in childish simplicity, "I need Jesus. My teacher said that He is rest to all those who are tired." And how true! "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest . . . learn of me . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matthew 11:28, 29). Are you tired and laden with the burden of guilt? Or do you have the peace and happiness that your soul is longing for?

A statue of a Greek goddess in all her physical perfection stood in the park of an Italian city. One day, a dirty, ragged little street girl happened to enter the park and saw the statue. Captivated, she gazed a long time at its beauty. Then, moved by sudden inspiration, she ran home and combed her matted hair. After admiring the statue the next day she went home and washed her face. The next day she washed and mended her clothes. Day by day and week by week she went to view her ideal found in the statue, and then to try to copy what she saw. And, in time, people began to notice a resemblance between the girl and the lovely statue. By beholding the maid had become changed, transformed.

As that young girl looked at the lovely statue,

so mankind must look to Christ and copy Him. But that girl gazed at nothing more than a piece of marble shaped by a sculptor's hand. In Christ we find not only a spotless character to copy, but a living Saviour who can mould our lives and make us the men and women we, in our fondest, purest dreams, wish to be. So behold Him! He can heal the broken heart. He can remedy every ailment. He can restore peace and happiness. He can soothe the troubled spirit. He can cure the cancerous tumours of sin. Set your eyes upon Him then, for only He can give you the peace and happiness, the freedom from sin, the eternal life after death that you have longed for.

Yes, Jesus Christ is the one and only *hope* of distraught humanity. His sacrificing love is sufficient to heal the wounds of the world caused by our chaotic lives. He offers the only solution to the awful effects of sin. And that's why the poet's words are so fitting:

"What the world needs is Jesus,  
Just a glimpse of Him;  
He will bring joy and gladness,  
Take away sin and sadness—  
What the world needs is Jesus,  
Just a glimpse of Him!"

—GENTRY O. ISRAEL

## THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN MY LIFE

*From page 8*

thing to be surmounted. In the twenties she helped spark the huge campaign waged by American women for seven women's colleges in the Orient of which her own Vellore was one, working tirelessly to raise the two million dollars necessary to claim a third million promised by the Rockefellers. The depression years of the thirties saw not only the fulfilment of her dream in the completion of the new medical college, but also its near annihilation, for in 1938 the new Indian provincial government, worthily intent on raising educational standards, decreed that all medical schools unable to qualify for the bachelor of medicine, bachelor of surgery degree, must accept no more students. It was a staggering blow. Any less indomitable spirit would have yielded to the inevitable.

But not Dr. Ida. Lose her beloved college? Over seventy, with the world rocked by war to its foundations, she trekked across America in quest of her third million dollars. For almost four years she travelled, from 1941 to 1945, riding jammed trains and buses, competing doggedly with war charities and glaring battle headlines, speaking often three or four times a day, fighting a life-and-death battle to save her dream.

And it was her inexorable zest for pioneering which made the miracle possible. For she saw that a new day was coming to India. The isolation of women would soon be a thing of the past. By permitting Vellore to become a co-educational institution supported by men and women of all major denominations, she not only saved it but equipped it with new potentials to meet the demands of a young free nation emerging into the modern world.

The year 1950, marking the fiftieth anniversary  
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ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL B. RICCHIUTI

**FORTY TIMES** Louis Slotin "tickled the dragon's tail" and lived to tell about it. The forty-first time he lost his life!

Dr. Louis Slotin was a thirty-four-year-old scientist stationed at the atomic laboratory near Los Alamos, New Mexico, when in May, 1946, he lost his life in the experiment he called "tickling the dragon's tail." This experiment, which was essential in producing the atomic bomb, consisted of manipulating two half-spheres of fissionable material until the whole amount went critical, then quickly separating the lumps of metal before the chain reaction became lethal.

Dr. Slotin, according to an article published in a widely circulated national magazine several years ago, could have taken advantage of a simple safety device that had been perfected after three of his colleagues had lost their lives when the same experiment went wrong. But he refused to do so. He loved the experiment and had a "feeling" for it. So he preferred the old method—manipulating the two half-spheres of metal to the critical point with a screw-driver.

But this time something went wrong. Possibly he put just a little too much pressure on the screw-driver at the critical moment. The Geiger counter began clicking insanely, then stopped dead—an indication that the material had become dangerously radioactive. Slotin immediately threw himself forward and pulled the lumps of metal apart. His action saved those with him in the laboratory, but nine days later he was dead.

Louis Slotin, we are told, was fully aware of the danger involved in the experiment. One of those who had already lost his life in this dangerous assignment was his own laboratory assistant. But Slotin was confident that he would not get hurt.

Many today are "tickling the dragon's tail" by playing with those sinful follies that they know to be dangerous. The standard response to those who warn them is "I know what I'm doing. I realize it's harmful. But I enjoy what I'm doing. It won't hurt to continue a little longer this way. I can quit any time I want to."

But it is a deadly folly to continue "tickling the dragon's tail" of sin, for in this case the dragon is the wily and dangerous Satan. This is the way he is portrayed in the Bible. "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world" (Revelation 12:9). So the dragon is Satan, and every time we continue to do that which we know to be sinful, we are "tickling the dragon's tail."

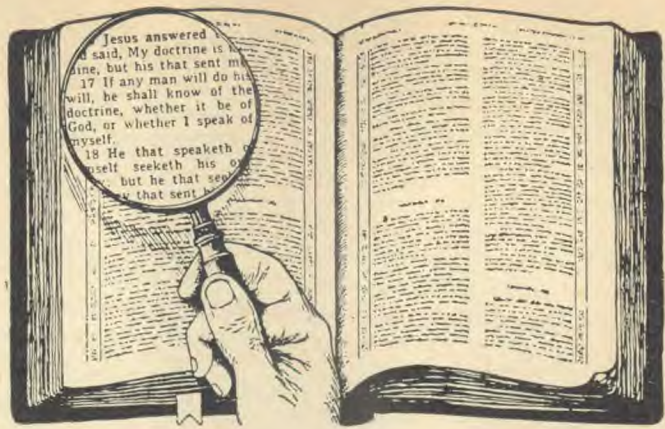
—by LEO VAN DOLSON

## TICKLING THE DRAGON'S TAIL

# ANSWERS FROM THE BOOK

Conducted by the Voice of Prophecy

Questions related to Bible subjects or personal spiritual problems are invited. Address to "From the Book", Box 35, Poona 1, India.



## Is There A Devil

*I have heard Christians say that evil is caused by a devil. Don't they know there is no such being?*

A certain great philosopher has said that one of the devil's most fruitful strategies has been to persuade men that he does not exist.

It is plain to all who have any perception that there are two opposing influences in the world, good and evil. One does not need to look long at the world around him to come to this conclusion.

It is also clear to most people that there are other beings besides us of the human race. For example, there is much evidence to show that invisible spirits sometimes materialize and commune with men. There is also ample record that some of these spirits do not hesitate to lie and deceive, and hence are evil.

Now, the Bible says of the devil, or Satan, that "he is a liar, and the father of it" (John 8:44). We may therefore conclude that the devil is of this group. In fact, the Bible makes it plain that he is the leader. It also offers much additional evidence to unveil that evil one who is working to deceive and destroy the human race. We would do well to study this evidence more deeply.

## Meaning of "Amen"

*What is the meaning of the word "Amen" that is said at the end of prayers?*

Amen is a Hebrew word which Christians customarily put at the close of their prayers. The term may be translated "truly," "verily," or "so be it."

The model prayer that Jesus taught His disciples, which we call the Lord's Prayer, ends with the word Amen.

## God's Appearance

*What does God look like?*

The Holy Bible declares that "God is a spirit" (John 4:24), and therefore it is impossible for us who dwell "in flesh" to comprehend with our finite minds the mystery of His being or His appearance. But the

Bible does describe that which is most necessary for us to know regarding God, namely, His character. He is described as "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty" (Exodus 34:6, 7).

The best revelation of God's character is found in the life of Jesus Christ which He lived on earth. The record is found in the gospels which are the first four books of the New Testament.

## Confession

*Why must some Christians confess their sins to a priest? I have always felt that what I do is between God and me and that I need not bare my soul to another human being.*

The Bible says, "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (1 Timothy 2:5). Hence we are counselled that, through Jesus, we may "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Hebrews 4:16).

A Christian needs only to accept Jesus Christ as his Mediator with God. He can then pray directly to God in the name of Jesus, asking for forgiveness of all sins, and for help in every situation.

## Prayers of Sinners

*I feel I am a great sinner. Will God hear my prayers?*

Everyone who confesses and forsakes his sin may have the assurance that God hears his petition. "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin" (Psalm 32:5). "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9).

There are no reservations to those words of God. Sincere prayer, in which one acknowledges his sins and shortcomings and asks God's forgiveness and guidance, will never go unanswered.

# FOR JUNIORS



## ARJUN'S FRIENDS

Arjun slowly pedalled his cycle up and down the driveway. He stopped once in a while to listen to the voices in the back yard next door. It sounded as though two little boys were having a lot of fun playing together.

Arjun had never in his life had a real playmate. He did not have any brothers or sisters. All of his life he had lived in Africa, where daddy had a business. Now the family had come back home to rest and to see grandma and grandpa and all the rest of mother's and daddy's families. They were visiting grandfather now. There was no one for Arjun to play with at grandfather's house. Grandfather had said something about two little boys next door. But Arjun did not know how to get acquainted with them.

Arjun sighed as he listened to the happy shouts. How he wished he could be having fun like that!

"Hi!" said someone.

Arjun looked up.

A grinning face was peeking over the fence.

"Who are you?" the boy asked.

"I'm Arjun. I'm visiting my grandfather."

"Then you can play with us," said the boy. "I'm Rajoo. My brother's name is Chandoo."

"I'll have to ask mother," said Arjun.

"Of course," said mother, and soon the boys were together in Rajoo's yard.

"Hi!" said Chandoo. "Oh, good, you've got a cycle. Ours got lost when Rajoo left it outside." He started over to the cycle.

"May I ride it first?"

Arjun looked at Chandoo. "No," he said. "You can't ride my cycle. It's a new one. You might hurt it."

"I won't either hurt it," said Chandoo. He started to get on the cycle.

"You get off," shouted Arjun. "You can't ride it."

"Let him alone," said Rajoo. "Let him be selfish if he wants to. We can have fun without his cycle."

"Don't you ever let anyone play with your things?" Chandoo asked.

"No," said Arjun. He took his cycle and went back to grandfather's house.

Grandfather saw Arjun coming. "What's the matter, Arjun-boy?" he asked. "You look like a storm cloud."

"They wanted to ride my new cycle," said Arjun. "When I wouldn't let them, they wouldn't play with me."

"So?" said grandfather. "Well, I don't know that I blame them."

"When you were a little boy, did you let other people play with your toys?" asked Arjun.

"I should say so," laughed grandfather. "What few I had. There were ten of us in the family, you know. Six boys and four girls. We didn't get very many things to play with. But whatever toys

we had, we all played with them. We had lots of fun playing together."

"Wouldn't it have been as much fun if each of you had played with his own toys?" Arjun asked.

Grandfather shook his head. "You'll have to answer that question for yourself. Is it fun to play with your cycle all by yourself?"

Arjun looked down at the ground. He shook his head. "I'm lonesome." He rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes. "At home mother plays games with me. Over here she doesn't. She just visits with people and leaves me all by myself. I want to go home."

"Really and truly?" asked grandfather.

"Yes—no," said Arjun. "I only want someone to play with."

"I know some magic words that will help you make friends right away," said grandfather.

"What?" asked Arjun.

"Can't you guess?" said grandfather.

Arjun thought for a moment. Suddenly he looked up at grandfather. He grinned. "You can ride my cycle," he guessed. "Is that it?"

"That's close enough," said grandfather as Arjun started to go to the yard next door.

—by Dorothy Walter.

## THE GREATEST SPEECH

From page 9

of heaven." God demands followers, not mere admirers. The will of God is important. A commitment to obedience is vital. There is no other way.

From His place on the mountain Jesus stands in judgment on the entire world. He condemns the pride of the world—"Blessed are the poor in spirit." He condemns the hatred of the world—"Love your enemies." He condemns the greed of the world—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He condemns the hypocrisy of the world—"Many will say unto me, Lord, Lord." He condemns the lust of the world—"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." He condemns the inhumanity of the world—"Judge not." He condemns the anxiety of the world—"Do not be anxious" (N.E.B.). The world stands at the foot of that mountain, condemned but not repentant.



Let us imagine ourselves among the group who were in Jesus' audience that day. It is really not hard to do so, for His message is as modern as this morning's newspaper. If we had been in the group, we would have been impressed by Jesus' closing illustration. He contrasts the house built on the sand and the house built on the rock. "Whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them," is compared to a man who builds a house on the rock.

A few years ago, I visited a town that had recently been shaken by an earthquake. Along the main street of the town the buildings that had been built cheaply and carelessly were shaken down. The well-built structures were standing. The comparison is like that of Jesus' story. The meaning is clear—a storm is coming and those who would weather it must prepare for it in the way outlined in His speech on the mountain.

A great artist was spending a weekend in a large city and was asked by his host where he would like to attend church. He replied, "Take me to a preacher who will challenge me to do the impossible." Jesus did just that in the address on the Mount. But His ministry was more than a challenge to do the impossible; through His grace He provides the *ability* to do the impossible. This is the glory of the message of the Bible.

—NORVAL F. PEASE

## PRIDE AND GOSSIP

From page 5

Religious pride prevents many from investigating for themselves what God would have them to do in order to gain eternal life. If God through His Word should point out to them that the way to heaven led through the teachings of a religion other than that to which they presently subscribe they would hesitate to step out for various reasons, which might all be included in the common term, **PRIDE**.

Pride's noble opposite is humility. Someone has expressed a beautiful and glowing truth in the following words: "As the lark that soars the highest, builds her nest the lowest; as the nightingale that sings so sweetly, sings in the shade when all things rest; as the branches that are most laden with

fruit bend lowest; as the ship most laden, sinks deepest into the water, so the holiest [people] are the humblest."

Jesus said, "Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly." He could have said, "Learn of Me, for I am an advanced thinker, I am the Son of God." It is a source of wonder to many that David in all his psalms never tells about his successful encounter with the giant Goliath. After an exploit like that, modern man would want a G.G.K. after his name—Great Giant Killer.

If we want God to lift us up, we must get down. John the Baptist said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Jesus accorded him due honour when he said, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." Not all the world can pull a humble man down, for God will exalt him; likewise, not all the world can keep a proud man up, for God will debase him.

A second type of selfishness is gossip, evil speaking. Although the apostle James tells us that no man can tame the tongue, we should remember that God can. God gave us two eyes, two ears, and one tongue that we might hear and see twice as much as we say. Often it is neither wise nor kind to say even half of what we hear and see. Unfortunately, there are many who pass through life as if in possession of one eye, one ear, and two tongues. Their emphasis is placed on getting a story circulated, rather than on getting it straight.

A few rash words will often set a family, a neighbourhood, even nations, at one another. The Bible states that a man who never offends with his words is a perfect man. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth" wrote the apostle James.

How thankful we should be that in the final analysis, God will be our Judge. He alone knows individual backgrounds, weaknesses, temptations and motives. The judgments of men are often based on superficial observations.

"There is so much bad in the best of us,  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
That it ill behoves any of us  
To talk about the rest of us."

I once read of an eagle who,

soaring with steady wing, saw far below him the grand scenes of nature, clothed with the first snows of early winter. As he rose higher toward the blue heavens, his keen eyes spotted the carcass of a huge buffalo, floating on a distant river. He paused in his upward flight and descended to settle and revel on this feast of corruption.

As he filled himself with the flesh of the dead animal, he was calmly carried down the river toward the rapids and falls below. Gorged with his full meal, he went to sleep.

The blood, stiffened by the frost, bound his feet to the remains of the carcass. He was borne nearer and nearer the rapids until the roar of the cataract sounded in his ears. He struggled for liberty, but his frantic efforts to throw off his horrid companion were of no avail. He met a sudden and violent death.

The Bible rule on dealing with an errant brother stipulates that we should go to the erring individual and talk things over with him personally, in a spirit of love and meekness. Were this rule more generally followed, how many misunderstandings and sorrows would remain unborn!

If gossipers did not find ready audiences, the contemptible practice would at least be discouraged. Altogether too many, however, are not only willing to listen to tale-bearers, but are anxious to repeat the tale. Each repetition removes the story farther from the original exposition, until it can hardly be recognized by the individual who first gave it wings.

"There is only one person worse than a whisperer," said Thomas Talmage, "and that is a man or woman who listens without protesting. One holds the sack, the other fills it. The receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief. An ancient writer said, both ought to be hung—the one by the tongue and the other by the ears. Do not retail slander. Do not make yourself an inspector of wares, a supervisor of carbuncles and the gutter commissioner."

Of Peter the Great it is said that when anyone spoke to him of the faults of others, he would say, "Well, but has he not a bright side? It is easy to splash mud, but I would rather help a man keep his coat clean." —C. A. EDWARDS.

(Note: That this study might be of permanent value, readers are invited to underline all the texts and to follow a simple plan of annotating alongside each text in the margin of their Bibles the next text in the study. Begin by entering the following information about the study on the flyleaf of your Bible as tabled below: serial number, title, first text, code letters, and total number of texts used. Then turn to the first text and write in the margin alongside it the second text with code letters and so on in chain reference fashion to the end.)

25 W  
2 Tim 3:16  
20 Jē'sūs answered and said unto them, Ye do err, / not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God.  
30 For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven.  
31 But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by

# MARK YOUR BIBLE

Conducted by Bernard Pinghe

No.	Title	First Text	Code	No. of Texts
20	Christian Standards	Psalms 19:14	CS	12

## CHRISTIAN

## STANDARDS

A BRAHMIN ONCE SAID to a missionary: "You Christians are not as good as your Book. If you were as your Book, you would convert India to Christ in five years."

### 1. What standard of excellence in speech is required of Christians?

Psalms 19:14. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." (2 CS Psalm 50:23.)

Of Protestant Christians of his day Saint Bernard said, "If you interrogate them, nothing can be more Christian; as to their conversation, nothing can be less reprehensible, and what they speak they prove by deeds." Henry Charles Lea, *A History of the Middle Ages*, Volume 1, page 101.

### 2. What blessing is pronounced on those who do not offend with their tongues?

Psalms 50:23. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God." (3 CS Colossians 3:16.)

Words are vehicles that can and will bring relief and joy to those around us. "Underneath the outward appearance [of husband, wife, son or daughter, clerk, church member, friend] there is a loneliness, a frequently unfulfilled longing to be noticed and appreciated. Why wait until the funeral to say something nice about them? Tell them today. These simple courtesies will make you rich while they cost you nothing. As you seek to bring more cheer to another's life, your own happiness and zest for living will be intensified." Bernice Peterson.

### 3. What distinction should we bear in the songs we sing?

Colossians 3:16. "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." (4 CS 1 Corinthians 10:31.)

"A person has a duty to educate his taste for fine, uplifting music. . . . There is much beauty to be brought into life. Why not, then, with the little time we have, go first class? To possess appreciation for

fine noble music is tremendously important, for rhythm and harmony have a way of creeping into the soul—to destroy or to save." W. R. Beach, *Light From God's Lamp*, page 238.

### 4. What witness should we bear pertaining to our choice of food?

1 Corinthians 10:31. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (5 CS Proverbs 23:31, 32.)

Early adherents of Christianity are described as persons who "while living in Greek and barbarian cities . . . both in clothing and food and in the rest of life, . . . show forth the wonderful and confessedly strange character of the constitution of their own citizenship." *The Epistle to Diognetus*, Volume 1-17, in the *Apostolic Fathers*, Vol. 2, pages 359, 361.

### 5. With what repulsion should we look upon alcoholic beverages?

Proverbs 23:31, 32. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." (6 CS Philipians 2:5.)

"The verdict against alcohol has been brought in by the highest and most competent authorities in the land. Chemically, it is a poison; socially, it is a criminal; . . . spiritually, it is a destroyer; . . . it is a blighter of the finest and most sensitive intellectual capacities." Roy L. Smith, "There Can be No Armistice," *The Christian Advocate*, November 20, 1941.

### 6. What standard does the real Christian keep in mind in all his entertainment and other activities?

Philippians 2:5. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." (7 CS 1 Timothy 2:9.)

### 7. What degree of refinement is expected of Christians in the matter of dress?

1 Timothy 2:9. "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." (8 CS Proverbs 22:29.)

Most Christians will agree with the statement made by Pope Pius XII: "The current mode of dress constitutes a serious offence against decency, and decency is the companion of modesty, in whose company chastity herself is safer."

#### **8. What witness must we bear in the daily tasks allotted to us?**

Proverbs 22:29. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." (9 CS James 4:4.)

A man who engages in honest toil abhors gambling to supplement his wages. Gambling "corrupts our youth and blights the lives of adults," says J. Edgar Hoover. "It becomes the spring-board for other crimes: embezzlement, robbery, and even murder."

#### **9. What is the principle that should guide us in our choice of friends?**

James 4:4. "Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." (10 CS 1 Corinthians 8:9.)

The following are prize winning definitions of friend. "One who multiplies joys, divides grief, and whose honesty is inviolable." "A watch which beats true for all time and never runs down." "A friend is the one who comes in when the whole world has gone out."

#### **10. What makes it necessary for ambassadors of Christ to represent Him correctly?**

1 Corinthians 8:9. "But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumblingblock to them that are weak." (11 CS Galatians 2:20.)

Robert G. Ingersoll sent his Aunt Sarah one of his books that was a criticism of the Holy Scriptures. On the flyleaf over Ingersoll's signature were these words: "If all Christians had lived like Aunt Sarah, perhaps this book would never have been printed."

#### **11. How completely should we live to adorn the gospel?**

Galatians 2:20. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me." (12 CS Isaiah 62:10.)

"Christianity is the good man's text, his life, the illustration." J. P. Thompson. At the funeral of a Chinese Christian someone commented, "There is no difference between him and the Book."

#### **12. What is required of us as witnesses in order to draw men to Christ?**

Isaiah 62:10. "Lift up a standard for the people." (CS //)

An old man arrived late at the Olympic games at Athens. All the seats were occupied. He passed the Athenian section and was laughed at. He went on to where the Spartans sat. Like one man they all arose to offer him a seat. The Athenians, seeing this, raised a loud cheer. "Ah," said the aged stranger, "the Athenians admire that which is good, but the Spartans practise it."

## **THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN MY LIFE**

*From page 13*

of her coming to India as a doctor, saw the achievement of the miracle, the permanent affiliation of the college with Madras University. It seemed more than coincidence that the same month of the jubilee celebration India became officially a republic. Not only was Vellore in step with the spirit of the new nation but she had helped through half a century to set its pace. Men and women, Hindus, Moslems, Christians, worked side by side in class-rooms, laboratories, operating rooms, village public health centres, on "roadside" clinics. Over 900 of the 1,000 staff members were now Indians, many of them in positions of highest responsibility. Dr. Ida's own successor, Dr. Hilda Lazarus, holder of seven distinguished medical degrees and numerous medals of honour, was the living embodiment of that emancipated Indian womanhood which it had been her life purpose to create.

But as usual she was not satisfied. The new men students, she noticed, were still living in makeshift quarters, eating in a mud-and-thatch building.

"This is no way to treat your students," she accused the men's dean. "Why don't you build them a decent hostel?"

"We want to, Aunt Ida," he explained ruefully. "We're just waiting for the money to come."

Her blue eyes scored Him. "Humph!" she replied disdainfully. "If I'd waited for money to come, we wouldn't have anything. Let's get going."

A lakh of rupees had been sent her by women all over the world for her jubilee, and there was another half lakh she had intended leaving to Vellore in her will. True, a lakh and a half would not go far toward an eight-lakh building, but she had never been one to sit at the foot of a mountain just because she couldn't see the top. She made the decision in the morning and broke sod for the new building that afternoon.

The college council, while grateful, was still cautious. "After the one and a half lakhs are gone," it warned, "you must stop."

Dr. Ida only smiled.

She lived her ninety years to the tune of trumpet calls, and they always sounded reveille, never taps. The last and clearest, for which she had long waited with faith and expectancy, was no exception. For, in the memory of her deeds, never has she been more alive. Her skilled hands and brisk feet are multiplied by thousands, all dedicated to her sublime task of healing. Her energy flows through the pulsing arteries of a great subcontinent, creating the new life, both physical and spiritual, which she gave her own to bring into being.

Her zest for living and concern for others were as unquenchable as her faith. Only a few hours before her swift departure some visitors came to Hill Top begging flowers for a wedding.

"Oh, yes!" she called gaily from her wheelchair. "Take all you can carry. But—please let me make the bride's bouquet!"

Just another of the myriad labours of love she left unfinished.

# You can't spell

## BROTHERS

*without*

*spelling*

## OTHERS

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I read the story of a mother and her young son being caught in the fury of a typhoon. The mother was trying frantically to quell her son's fears, even in the midst of the roaring winds, the pitch-black darkness, and the blinding crashes. She herself, while trying to hide from the child her own fears, was trembling with thoughts of the danger.

The boy could remain silent no longer, and looking up into the frightened face of his mother, said, "I know, mother, that we can't do anything about this storm, but isn't there something we can do about us?"

In the words of this boy is to be found the wisdom of the centuries. "Isn't there something we can do about us?" A right relation between God and man is bound up in the responsibility of doing something about us. This includes our brother. The question put to Cain comes to each one of us, "Where is thy brother?" We are our brother's keeper. We are responsible for our influence. Each one is either helping his brother to a better life or making it easier for him to fall.

In the early part of the nineteenth century a baby boy was born, a child who later would bless the world with his writings and his lectures. John B. Gough was born on August 22, 1817, in Sandgate, Kent, England. When he was a lad of twelve, his family moved to the United States, and while yet a teen-ager, John fell in with a group of young men whose influence on him was anything but good. A skilled patternmaker, Gough had his own shop, and for a time things seemed to be going well. But, sad to say, Gough became a drunkard and one day, not caring much what happened, he staggered into a park and sat down on a bench, not even knowing what time of day it was.

He had not sat there long before a man, taking a short cut to his office, walked through the park and by the bench where this poor derelict was half sitting, half lying. The stranger, a Christian man and a lawyer, though in somewhat of a hurry, stopped to speak to the poor drunkard. After talking with him for a while, he invited him to go to prayer meeting that evening with him, telling him that he would come by his shop and pick him up.

Something deep in Gough's heart, intoxicated though he was, seemed to tell him that here was one who wanted to help him. Here was someone who cared. Promising to be ready, he was true to his word, and through this Christian friend Gough was brought to Christ.

Life went well for a while, but then discouragement came, and with it the old thirst. It caused him to decide that he would drown all his trouble down at the saloon a few blocks away.

Taking off his apron and hanging it on a peg in the shop, he started out the door, nearly bumping into his newfound friend. Instead of going out, Gough settled down in the shop with the lawyer for a long talk, followed by a season of prayer.

That night new courage came to John Gough, and from that time on he stood true to Christ, becoming one of the strongest leaders of his day against the curse of liquor.

In Philadelphia, on February 18, 1886, John B. Gough died. Today his name lives on in the world through his books and the records of his many lectures, and all because a Christian man who could not spell "brothers" without spelling "others" was not too busy to stop one day and tell a drunkard about a better way.

—by KATHERINE BEVIS.

