

Spiritual Call

A Continuance of "Macedonian Call"

*To be carnally minded is death, but to be
SPIRITUALLY minded is life and peace.
—Romans 8:6*

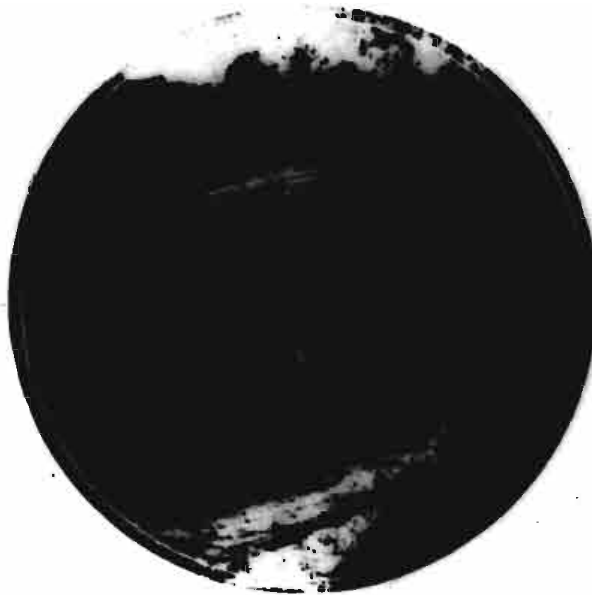
*Walk worthy of the vocation (calling)
wherewith ye are CALLED.
—Ephesians 4:1*

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"The Days That Are No More"



*Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.*

—Tennyson.

“HAPPY autumn fields,” Both the spring and summer have been working toward this season—autumn, the end of the year of vegetation. Reviving spring with its welcome green is gone. Summer with its outdoor labor is past. The grain and fruits are ready to be gathered in to nourish us through the bleak winter and until another spring. A season of reward and rest is here for the farmer for his long days of toil.

“Tears.” And yet happy autumn is tinged with sadness. The green is turning to brown. The leaves are tinted with gold and red. The trees and grass and flowers will soon be seemingly dead. Dying nature is God’s emblem of the old age and death of man.

As I trample through the woods and the fields, when the crow is calling and the squirrel is storing his nuts, and the blackbirds are congregating, and the seared leaves are falling with a gentle rustle, and the flowers hang withering to their stems—there is an inexpressible sadness comes over me which I can not restrain. “Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,” yet they flow freely without apparent cause.

My mind runs back to the past—the past spring and the past spring of life, the past summer and the past summer of life. The old school house, the playmates of boyhood days, the joys and sorrows of middle life, the struggles against sin, the light of faith—come drifting into my mind out and across the years. These persons, these events, these associations, can never come again as they did before. Strive as I may, they can not come back in reality. They are gone forever. “The days that are no more.”

I feel sure that God ordained the autumn of the year to impress the autumn of man’s life. Anyway, “by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.”

“Divine despair.” And my heart aches because I can not call back the friends and events of other days. And I (and you) long to live, and to live always, and to live always in happiness with those we love. But it can not be so here. Surely God placed this vain longing in our breasts to help make us dissatisfied with the fleeting things of time and sense. “Divine despair.” And the falling leaves

and drooping flowers bring it yearly to our thoughtless minds. A famous writer says—

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has more than once been cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the most luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. . . .

"When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. . . . *The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.*"

"Divine despair. . . . in looking on the happy autumn fields and thinking of the days that are no more."

And the "divine despair" is turned to a divine hope as the One who made autumn whispers to us, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The Church

The church is composed of sons and daughters of the Most High, a chosen generation of men and women to do the work of the Lord in the locality where they abide, and to save themselves only through righteous living "and works from this wicked and adulterous generation" who are daily perishing because they will not come to Christ. Thus the command, "Hear ye Him" goes unheeded.

In order for the church to secure the best results we are taught to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." This condition is secured and maintained as long as we love one another with a pure heart fervently. When this spirit prevails dissension is wholly unknown. Being renewed in the spirit of our mind goes a long way in keeping us, as the one body, unspotted from the world. When brethren are bound together so much that the world can only see them as a united body of earnest workers mightily striving together to save men and women from the wrath to come, and not until then can we expect to obtain the Divine results that the Lord requires at our hands as faithful servants in his vineyard. The church consists of human beings redeemed from sin.

Through Christ we are constituted members of the church. Each one of us is as much a part of the church as your eye is a part of yourself. No wonder then when one member suffers all members suffer with it! Think then how careful we should be not to wound each other or do anything that will bring reproach on the church.

The church is called a family. The father of any well-regulated family keeps a family record. God is the father of this family and keeps a record too—keeps it in heaven. Let us make sure by obedience to His divine will that our names will be on that record. Our Father in Heaven keeps a faithful record. There will be no whitewashing of sins on the pages of that record. If we obey His commands and follow the divine pattern He has given us, it will be there

to our honor; if we do wrong, live unfaithful and rebellious, it will be recorded against us. And all must give account at the judgment seat of God. Gal. 6:7 says: "Be not deceived, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." So let us be careful and strive together for the cause we love. Consider deeply Eph. 2:21, (framed together); Eph. 2:22, (builded together); Col. 2:2, (knit together); 1 Cor. 1:10, (joined together); Phil. 1:27, (striving together); 1 Thess. 4:17, (caught up together).—Mrs G. R. Blankinship, Brookfield, Mo.

Homes

So long as there are homes to which men turn

At close of day;

So long as there are homes where children are,

Where women stay—

If love and loyalty and faith be found

Across these ills,

A stricken nation can recover from
its greatest ills.

So long as there are homes where fires burn,

And there is bread;

So long as there are homes where lamps are lit

And prayers are said—

Although a people falters through the dark.

And nations grope—

With God himself back of these little homes.

We still have hope.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

The Need of the Age

The true need of the age is earnest fidelity to our convictions. It is needful that man's convictions be correct, but the great difficulty of the age is in getting men to stand firmly to their convictions, be true to their own manhood, and to act on their own judgment. They are continually yielding to the popular sentiment, to the wishes of some wise or learned leader. They have never realized that the truth makes men free—free from error, free from prejudice, free from the slavery of public sentiment, free from subserviency to the judgment of others. *A man made free by the truth seeks all opportunities of knowing what truth is, weighs every reason, listens deferentially to those who think and study, who are familiar with the question, then forms his own judgment from the light presented him and acts according to these.* The great majority of the world are fearful, timid, have no independence to speak or act according to their own convictions, their own judgments; *they are always anxious to know what others think of what they will do, too cowardly to run counter to public sentiment to be true to themselves.* People are frequently anxious to attract attention in a faulty way; they are anxious to be thought leaders in what is popular, in everything that is fashionable. Again, the same people and the great majority of them are afraid to attract attention as being out of or behind the fashions—contrary to public sentiment, as being odd. Both of these dispositions arise from a cowardly fear of public sentiment, of a lack of true courage, and a failure on the part of the individual to properly honor and respect self. Women show their timidity and cowardice in matters of dress and personal appearance, and men greatly condemn and ridicule them for this. But in the larger affairs of life men show more of this moral cowardice than women. More men than women fail to become Christians for fear of popularity.

—D. Lipscomb, in *G. A.*

"Choose You This Day"

And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom you will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amonites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Joshua 24, 15.

This was the conclusion of Joshua's charge to the children of Israel, just before his death.

Joshua had succeeded Moses as leader of the children of Israel. He had brought them out of the wilderness into the promised land of Canaan, and through his leadership God had destroyed the nations that had inhabited the land, and had divided the land by lot to the people for a permanent possession.

The time had now come for Joshua to die, and before dying he recounted all of God's dealings with Israel, how that all that God had promised them he had fulfilled. He then warned them that if they should forsake following the Lord, that God would turn on them, and bring on them all of the evil things, until he had destroyed them.

In conclusion he charge them as above, to choose whom they would serve, whether they would serve the Lord and receive his blessings, or serve the gods of the nations around them and be cursed with the evil things that God would bring upon them. Leaving it as a matter of choice with the people.

That is the way it has been throughout the ages, a matter of choice. God has always placed before man rewards for obedience, and punishments for disobedience. He has never forced man to obey him. Even in the Garden of Eden, Adam was blessed with life as long as he obeyed God, but as soon as he yielded to temptation and ate of the forbidden fruit, he was cast out of the Garden to die. Adam had his choice, to obey and live, or to yield to temptation and die.

In Joshua's charge to the Children of Israel he tells them that if they make compromises with the remnant of the nations of the land, and intermarry with them that God would not drive the nations entirely out of the land, but would leave them for snares and traps and scourges to the Israelites. Josh. 23:12-13. That is just what happened, God allowed the people to be surrounded with temptations, to test and prove them, whether or not they would love and serve him faithfully.

The record informs us that they served God throughout the life of Joshua, and of the elders who outlived Joshua. But when another generation arose, which knew not what the Lord had done for Israel, they forsook the Lord and served the idols of the nations around them and brought upon themselves the wrath of God. Judges 2:12.

As we follow the history of the Israelites through the Old Testament, we find that when they chose to obey God, that he blessed them, but when they forsook him he punished them.

They always had the privilege of choosing whether they would follow the Lord or not.

Passing on to the New Testament, In Matthew 7:13, 14 we read that Jesus said, Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there will be which go in there at: Because strait is the gate, and narrow the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be who find it.

Here again it is a question of choice for us, will we choose that broad, easy way in which the crowd goes that leads to destruction, or will we choose the hard, narrow way that leads to life?

Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Luke 13:24. This shows us that having made our choice of the strait gate, we must strive or struggle to enter into it and having entered it, we will find the way so narrow that we will be continually striving, to keep within its borders.

Again Jesus said, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. Mark 16:16. Which shall we choose? Believe and obey, or not? Joshua said, "Choose you this day whom you will serve, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." We cannot say as did Joshua, "As for me and my House," but we can say "As for me I will serve the Lord."

All through the New Testament, the Apostles give us the choice of two ways to go, to believe and obey the Lord Jesus Christ and receive a crown of life, or, to follow the way of the world in the broad way and go to destruction, where the fire is not quenched and the worm dies not.

As of old, we are surrounded by temptations, there are those who tell us that it is not necessary to go down into the water as John the Baptist and Jesus did, or as Philip and the eunuch did in order to be baptized, that a little water-sprinkled on you is sufficient. Choose you, will you follow Jesus and the Apostles, or man?

Paul told the elders of the church in Ephesus, that of their own selves (that is the elders) men would arise speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them. Again a choice of two ways, to follow Christ or to follow men.

So down through the centuries, always two ways to choose from, to follow Jesus and his inspired apostles, or to follow uninspired men.

Even at the present day, we have those in the church who are more concerned over the extent of their influence and authority than they are in a strict obedience to the scriptures. They are even casting out of the Church those who contend for the purity of the church, charging those who oppose their wrong doing, with sowing discord.

On the other hand, Jude says that it was needful for him to write and exhort that we should contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.

Choose you this day whom you will serve, God or men.

There are two places revealed to us in the Bible in which to spend eternity, and we have the opportunity in this life to choose which way we will take, we are told where each road will lead us to; the strait and narrow way that takes us to heaven and eternal life at God's right hand; or the broad and popular way that goes to misery, torment, and destruction.

Choose you this day which way you will take, as for me I shall choose the strait and narrow way.

—Fred D. Weed.

Moody Had a Consuming Passion for the Salvation of the Lost

Mr. Moody made the resolution, shortly after he himself was saved, that he would never let twenty-four hours pass without speaking to at least one person about his soul. His was a very busy life, and sometimes he would forget his resolution until the last hour. Sometimes he would get out of bed, dress, go out and talk to someone about his soul in order that he might not let one day pass without having definitely told at least one of his fellow mortals about his need and the Saviour who can meet it.

On one occasion in Chicago Mr. Moody saw a little girl standing on the street with a pail in her hand. He went up to her and invited her to his Sunday school, telling her what a pleasant place it was. She promised to go the following Sunday, but she did not do so. Mr. Moody watched for her for

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weeks, and then one day he saw her on the street again, some distance from him. He started toward her, but she saw him and began to run away. Mr. Moody followed her. She went down one street, Mr. Moody after her; up another street, Mr. Moody after her; through an alley, Mr. Moody still following; out on another street, Mr. Moody after her; then she dashed into a saloon and Mr. Moody dashed after her. She ran out the back door and up a flight of stairs. Mr. Moody still following. She dashed into a room, Mr. Moody following, and threw herself under the bed and Mr. Moody reached under the bed and pulled her out by the foot, and led her to Christ.

He found that her mother was a widow who had once seen better circumstances, but had gone down until now she was living over this saloon. She had several children. Mr. Moody led the mother and all the family to Christ. Several of the children were prominent members of the Moody Church until they moved away, and afterward became prominent in churches elsewhere. This particular child whom he pulled from underneath the bed was the wife of one of the most prominent officers in the church when I was the pastor of Moody Church.

Only two or three years ago, as I came out of a ticket office in Memphis, Tenn., a fine looking young man followed me. He said, "Are you not Dr. Torrey?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I am so so and so." *He was the son of this woman.* He was then a traveling man, and an officer in the church where he lived. *When Mr. Moody pulled that little child out from under the bed by the foot, he was pulling a whole family into the kingdom of God,* and eternity alone will reveal how many succeeding generations he was pulling into the kingdom of God.

D. L. Moody's consuming passion was not for the souls of those who would be helpful to him in building up his work here or elsewhere; his love for souls knew no class limitations. He was no respecter of persons. It might be an earl or a duke, or it might be an ignorant colored boy on the street, it was all the same to him; there was a soul to save and he did what lay in his power to save that soul.

A friend once told me that the first time he ever heard of Mr. Moody was when Mr. Reynolds, of Peoria, told him that he once found Mr. Moody sitting in one of the squatters' shanties that used to be in that part of the city toward the lake, which was then called "The Sands."

With a colored boy on his knee, a tallow candle in one hand and a Bible in the other, Mr. Moody was spelling out the words (for at that time he could not read very well) of certain verses of Scripture, in an attempt to lead that ignorant colored boy to Christ.

O young men and women and all Christian workers, if you and I were on fire for souls like that, how long would it be

before we had a revival? Suppose that tonight the fire of God falls and fills our hearts, a burning fire that will send us out all over the country, and across the water to China, Japan, India, and Africa, to tell lost souls the way of salvation!

—R. A. Torrey in *Moody Monthly*.

We publish this part of this article merely to illustrate zeal, without reference to any particular methods.—Editor S. C.

Proscribed!

A. CAMPBELL, in *Millennial Harbinger*

Never was there more vigilant, determined and untiring opposition to any religious paper published on this continent, far as we are advised, than at this time to *this paper*. It has been denounced from pulpit and press—by associations, conferences and councils—and is now persecuted from house-to-house. *Some persons are so beset by teachers of their own vicinities that they are afraid to be known as subscribers.* It is not uncommon for persons to be visited, besought and commanded *not to take it*, by those in authority with the people for orthodoxy and piety.

What does this mean? Does it not loudly proclaim *inability* of those who proscribe, *to refute*—or those who denounce, *to reason against it*? He who calls in aid of the civil magistrate to support orthodoxy, and he who relies on decrees of councils to sustain his faith, are equally bold, intelligent and honest guides of public sentiment! *The teacher who prohibits his people from reading this journal may be sincere and zealous, but surely he proclaims his inability to refute it.* Victory gained over anyone this way is an honor to the vanquished and disgrace to the conqueror, if sense he have to feel it. What hero ever boasted of having conquered a manacled, fettered antagonist? Rejoicings of such are like joys of Philistines over Samson shorn and blind. Joy of the Philistines was but for a moment—Samson (shorn and blind) overcame the strength and glory of that people!

If the friends of Reformation, and free and full discussion, *were only half as vigilant, active and determined as our opponents, each year would count three in progress of Truth and Liberty.*

COMMENTS BY S. C. EDITOR

"The emphasis above is ours."

Campbell wrote that nearly a hundred years ago. Sounds very familiar, though, does it not? People were opposed to truth Campbell presented in the *Harbinger* just as many are today to truth we bring out in this paper and other literature. Many then were afraid to be known as subscribers, for fear of being church-ed, and the same is true today. In certain places, elders command their members not to take this paper, and at one place a faithful brother was excluded for writing for it. Some elders command their members to come to them ONLY for information regarding certain events. One elder commanded his members to bring literature we send out to the elders. (They must not get information—sounds like Russia.) Possibly they burnt it as was done by bishops of Rome in the Dark Ages. But we thought we had left that far behind. Campbell says it shows inability of those people to answer the arguments. If lovers of Truth were "half as vigilant, active and determined as our opponents, each year would count THREE in progress of Truth and Liberty." SO NOW.

"I Am Afraid"

Paul was afraid of certain practices and movements among the brethren in his day. He said: "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." (Gal. 4: 10, 11.) I am no less afraid of certain practices and movements among the brethren in my day.

I do not mean that because I am afraid, I am a coward. I have not once thought about running. The thought of surrender has not even entered my mind. But I am just what the subject of this article says—"afraid."

I am afraid of this so-called "youth movement" in the church. I just do not like the name "youth movement" to start with, and this name is as unscriptural as "Christian Endeavor Society." Someone said this movement started in Russia. That may be true. I am sure of this one thing, however: this movement is not scriptural. Yes, yes, now; I believe the youth should be taught and trained—taught the word of God and trained in the way of righteousness. Most certainly I am not opposed to dividing into classes for Bible study. All of this has been going on in the Ohio Valley and elsewhere for years, with my endorsement and encouragement. This is not what I mean by the so-called "youth movement." Most certainly I am in favor of encouraging the faithful young men of the congregation to take public part in speaking, leading the singing, praying, waiting on the Lord's table, and suchlike public services. This is not what I mean by the so-called "youth movement." Then what do I mean? Just what is the thing of which "I am afraid" and which I think is fraught with danger?

This is it: Going like a forest fire is the calling of "young people's meetings" in our part of the world. I have before me several letters calling such meetings. I understand that this condition is general instead of local; hence, the publicity of this article.

In these letters I note a number of things the trend of which is everything else but scriptural. The letters received by the various congregations are addressed to: "The Young People of the church of Christ." Emphasis is laid on: "The youth of the congregation are planning." And the youth of your congregation are invited to "a meeting of Christian youth in this area." Also the "elders and preachers may attend as chaperons," and be served as guests at a picnic supper served by this church. While it is stated that no ages are barred from attending, only those between the ages of "fifteen and thirty years of age" will take part in the service that follows the supper. Only ages up to "thirty" are "especially" invited. In some places the youth of the congregation is pledged in the letters to furnish "the drinks and trimmings."

The subject matter in these meetings ranges from "singing only" to other acts of worship and discussions of such subjects as "The Christian Homes and Missionary Work." Good subjects these, but perhaps a little heavy for tender youth.

These letters are variously signed: "Committee" and "The Young People — Church." And some are just signed "church of Christ" and the address given. Not one time have I seen the elders' names signed to these letters calling these meetings. At least two times it has been reported to me that letters were received and statements signed: "The Young People's church of Christ." These letters I have not seen, however; but this latter step is only in keeping with the trend away from that which is scriptural and safe. This is why "I am afraid." Once started in the wrong direction, it is hard to call a halt.

WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS?

1. The elders are not the leaders in this so-called "youth movement." They are chaperons. The elders are not making

the plans nor calling the meetings. Young preachers, and other young of the congregations, are planning and calling these meetings. This "committee business" is a step in the wrong direction—even if I am on the committee. To by-pass elders with committees is fraught with danger, whether among the young or old.

2. But even if the elders called these meetings, I would have to cry against them, for they are setting up age barriers in the church. Christ died to remove the "middle wall" that separated those who were to be his people. Why should we set up another barrier between the people of God, the age barrier? Deny this the young people will, but it is true, nevertheless, as the sober-minded Christians can readily see. I am told of one place where the young people of this "youth movement" have gone so far as to have a separate place of worship from the older members. They even have junior elders and deacons. Yes, brethren, "I am afraid" of this "youth movement." And my judgment is that you should be afraid of it too.

3. Great oaks from little acorns grow, someone said. Yes, it was a little movement, insignificant some people then said, that launched the Christian Church. This great transgression of the people of God—call it "digression" if you wish—was started in a very small way. At the root of it all was a disrespect for a Christian example and for a "thus saith the Lord." "Oh, this not like that!" the followers of this "youth movement" will say. But just as urgently did the Christian Church once say they were not going into digression. A man by the name of Linkletter, a Christian Church preacher, built himself up a following among the young people in these parts years ago. He made his movement appear innocent to the young. At the proper time these young people voted the elders out in some places. Linkletter took charge. Digression was born. Already, in the words of another, "outsiders are calling some of the lectureships the preachers' convention of the church of Christ"; just so it is taking place that this "youth movement" is being called the "young people's convention of the church of Christ."

4. Deny it the followers of this movement most surely will, but this "youth movement" is creating cleavage in the body of Christ. "You are not in my age class; go to your 'own' meeting," is taking shape already among us—if what I read and hear is reliable evidence.

I have encouraged a number of young men to make preaching their vocation. Many will testify that I have helped them get started. Surely no one can justly accuse me of being against young people. But what these young people can do by way of speaking in a young people's meeting, they can do in an "all people's meeting," without the cleavage element being present.

Now, please get me right. I love the young people connected with these past young people's meetings assembled from various places. They are the salt of the earth. Their intentions are good and true. They mean well. But they are young and inexperienced. They have not learned to fear little movements that trend in the wrong direction.

5. My judgment is they are impressed and held largely because of the social aspect. And herein is also a danger. Secular education is teaching the church to be a social medium. These young people are unconsciously falling in line. It is all right to be sociable, but the church is a divine institution; its work is largely spiritual. The Christian home has the responsibility of getting the young people together, not the church. The church is not an amusement agency. Innocent amusement belongs to the home, not the church. Yes, the Christian home is responsible for the education of children, and also their sociableness and amusements, not the

church. Separate the social aspect from these young people's meetings, and I believe the movement will die.

6. In some of the young people's meetings I have heard about, the girls take public part in being on the floor, reading a paper, or making announcements. So far as I know, this is not generally true, but wrong, nevertheless, and is only used here to show the trend is not apostolic. So, in view of all I have seen and read and heard, I am sure the so-called "youth movement" is dangerous, and I here raise my voice against it. As one good West Virginia elder said: "Nip trouble in the bud."

—C. D. PLUM in *Gospel Advocate*.

"Peace of Mind"

"Peace of mind" . . . here is a subject which is engaging the interest and concern of many in this progressive but peace-less day, if one is to judge by the amount of reading and radio space which is assigned to it. One of the recent best-sellers has stayed "at the top of the heap" because of this very topic, and the whole only goes to prove that "peace of mind" is not an academic subject, but an agonizing one, for men are conscious of the deep truth, that with all they possess, they lack the one thing which they seemingly cannot possess for all of their ingenuity and inventiveness. We may be a long way out from the "horse and buggy" age, and ride with ease in modern streamliners, but for all of that there is yet no terminal which is marked as "peace haven" for the restlessness of the soul. We are in exactly the same position as prophesied by Isaiah of old: "We walk in darkness, we grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noonday as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men" (Isa. 59:9, 10).

"Peace of mind" . . . now that is something to be desired after all is said and done, is it not, dear reader? Peace, real peace, deep and true peace which soothes the soul and settles that unexplainable but nevertheless gnawing restlessness which fills the heart. It is worth everything to possess, and yet with all that we possess, we do not obtain it. We can satisfy our mind with the evidence of culture, we can satisfy the sight with the obvious advances which have been made of recent date . . . but for all of that we cannot satisfy our heart with any of that; for in the final analysis, "peace of mind" is a matter of the heart, and the settlement thereof is never to be found by things marked out of this sphere.

And the problem is not so modern after all; men of old time were faced with it, and a long time ago, the prophet Isaiah gave the one true and correct answer in his good word, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect PEACE whose MIND is stayed on Thee" (Isa. 26:3). Isaiah links this "peace of mind" with a Person, and assures that it is only to be obtained and secured through the one of whom he speaks.

And reader, there is only one who can give true "peace of mind," for there is only one who has come to close grips and quarters with the heart of the matter. For whether men will believe it or not, deny it or not, count it religious or ridiculous, it is SIN which is at the heart-root of the matter. It is sin which upsets and overturns. It is sin which mocks and mars. It is sin which deceives men with the supposed advantages of this decaying and dying world. It is sin which lures men to illusive pleasures and then laughs at their unfortunate plight. It is sin which seduces but never satisfies. It is sin which draws and drags men through life and then brutally discards them at the gateway to eternity. Call it what you will, you cannot dismiss it. Deny it, and it ever returns to haunt like as grim ghosts. Lead it through the corridors of religion, but the "perfume soon wears off." And the whole sum of our restless seeking and striving and strug-

gling can find no other answer than this! "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned . . . for the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 5:12; 6:23). We can analyze and systematize and legislate and educate and uplift and "religionize," until we are exhausted . . . and only come out where we entered, still crying for "peace of mind." That is true, is it not, reader?

Is it not time to turn to the "Calvary method?" And if "the wages of sin is death," it is also true that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:23). It is high time for our weary hearts to rest upon such a word as this, "Christ died for our sins" (I Cor. 15:3), and to find in that death, the blessed peace and rest which cometh alone in him. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new" (II Cor. 5:17). This Man of Calvary is the Man of peace, of that richer and fuller and deeper peace which this old world and time knows nothing of, which it cannot give, and praise! that which it cannot take away. "These things have I spoken unto you that IN ME ye might have peace" (John 16:33): "peace by Jesus Christ" (Acts 10:36).

Reader, if we are not at rest, what else can matter? And are we so modern that these poor tossing hearts of ours can afford to pass by the blessed offering of Calvary? Men dream of peace, but HE delivers peace. Men live to grasp after it, but HE died that we might by faith grasp him. Men toss with their countless questions, but HE transforms by the marvel of his Calvary answer!—Edwin Raymond Anderson in *Gospel Tidings*.

Tale of a Pig

This is a story that I heard
I give it to you word for word:

There lay a pig beside a ditch—
Or hog, I don't remember which.

Beside him lay another creature
Resembling him in form and feature.

The time, I think, was last October,
The man was drunk, the pig was sober.

On the man's finger was a ring;
In the pig's nose a similar thing.

And there might other points, I ween,
Of likeness 'twixt the two be seen.

For brevity let it suffice
To say that neither looked too nice.

They both were dirty, fat and lazy,
And seemed disposed to take life easy.

And in the mild, autumnal weather
They lay contentedly together.

Some city people passing by
Chanced these companions to espy,

And as they passed they dropped a word
Which the pig, listening, overheard:

"By the company one keeps," said they
"One may be rightly judged, they say."

The pig got up and walked away!

—Selected.

Soul Food

It has pleased the Lord to teach me a truth, the benefit of which I have lost for more than fourteen years. The point is this: I saw more clearly than ever the first great and primary business to which I ought to attend every day was, to have my soul happy in the Lord. *The first thing* to be concerned about was not how much I might serve the Lord; but how I might get my soul into a happy state, and how my inner man might be nourished. For I might seek to set the truth before the unconverted, I might seek to benefit believers, I might seek to relieve the distressed, I might in other ways seek to behave myself as it becomes a child of God in this world; and yet, not being happy in the Lord, and not being nourished and strengthened in my inner man day by day, all this might not be attended to in the right spirit. Before this time my practice had been, at least for ten years previously, as a habitual thing, to give myself to prayer after having dressed myself in the morning. Now I saw that the most important thing I had to do was to give myself to the reading of the Word of God, and to meditate on it, that thus my heart might be comforted, encouraged, warmed, reprov'd, instructed; and that thus by means of the Word of God, whilst meditating on it, my heart might be brought into experimental communion with the Lord.

I began therefore to meditate on the New Testament from the beginning, early in the morning. The first thing I did, after having asked in a few words the Lord's blessing upon His precious Word, was to begin to meditate on the Word of God, searching as it were into every verse to get a blessing out of it, not for the sake of the public ministry of the Word, not for the sake of preaching on what I had meditated upon, but for obtaining food for my own soul.

The results I have found to be almost invariably this, that after a very few minutes my soul has been led to confession, or to thanksgiving, or to intercession, or to supplication; so that, though I did not, as it were, give myself to prayer, but to meditation, yet it turned almost immediately more or less into prayer. When thus I have been for awhile making confession or intercession or supplication, or have given thanks, I go on to the next word or verse, turning all, as I go on, into prayer for myself or others, as the Word may lead to it, but still continually keeping before me that food for my own soul is the object of my meditation.

The difference, then, between my former practice and my present one is this: Formerly when I rose, I began to pray, as soon as possible, and generally spent all my time till breakfast in prayer, or almost all the time. At all events I almost invariably began with prayer, except when I felt my soul to be more than usually barren, in which case I read the Word of God for food, or for refreshment, or for a revival and renewal of my inner man, before I gave myself to prayer. But what was the result? I often spent a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, or even an hour, on my knees, before being conscious to myself of having derived comfort, encouragement, humbling of soul, etc., and often, after having suffered much from wandering of mind for the first ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, or even half an hour, I only then began really to pray.

I scarcely ever suffer now in this way. For my heart being nourished by the truth, being brought into experimental fellowship with God, I speak to my Father and to my Friend (wile though I am, and unworthy of it) about the things that He has brought before me in His precious Word. It often now astonishes me that I did not sooner see this point.

Take the golden key, He calleth thee,
Enter into the holy place.

—George Müller.

A Jew Writes About Dancing

In determining the right or wrong of an act it is always well to determine, where possible, the historical effects of the act. Sholom Asch, well-known Jewish novelist, author of such books as "The Apostle" and "The Nazarene," gives the following dissertation in his novel, "East River." He seems to have a very keen insight into the things that happened beginning about 1913.

From the depths of the African jungles, heavy with the narcotic aroma of tropical forests, a malady came creeping—a malady whose primeval rhythm stirred and intoxicated the white man in far-off Manhattan.

Who had brought the strange rhythm to Manhattan? Had it come from the night haunts of New Orleans, borne on the swell of the Negro wave to Harlem? Had it come from the dives and brothels of Harlem to capture the streets of New York? In any case, the jungle motif with its licentious beat swept New York into a primitive dancing madness.

The Middle Ages had known such a dance mania; it had come and gone. But the madness that swept over New York at the beginning of the jazz age shook the foundations of respectable family life and brought in its wake a revolutionary shift in the morals and behavior of the American women.

In the dark primeval forest the manlike ape had sought to shut out threatening terrors in the tearing convulsions of mating lust. Now the rhythmic beat of the jazz madness that brought the terrors of the African night eastward from the jungles—and now, too, there was refuge from them only in self-forgetfulness and self-abandonment through the narcotic of naked desire. The rhythm penetrated into the white man's blood and stirred the primitive instincts within him, the dark heritage of his jungle past. In Manhattan, in America, in Europe, the pulse of the white man answered the jungle, surrendering to the call of the primitive past. Broken were the bonds of the discipline which had chained him for generations. Deep-buried lusts, long-held prisoner by religious interdiction and sacrosanct social custom, broke out of their centuries-old prisons. New York broke out in a veritable rash of dance halls and night clubs. Elderly dowagers took lessons in dancing from slick young teachers, and venerable heads of families—pillars of society—from the Wall Street banker to the school teacher who earned hardly enough to provide for his family sported black-silk socks and patent-leather shoes and went for lessons to the studios of dancing teachers. . . . In the lobbies of the big hotels, in cushioned chairs, in dimly-lighted alcoves, sat elegantly-dressed, pallid-faced young men waiting for the "hotel mice"—the rich wives, widows, spinsters—the permanent residents of the large hotels. "Gigolos" these pale young men were called in Europe; America christened them "lounge lizards."

Every hotel had to have a dance hall, almost as though it had been decreed by legislative act. The floors were small and crowded, the better for dancing couples to press bodies closely together under the dim lights, dancing cheek to cheek, young and old mixed together in a dancing mass. The perspiration soaked through the thick layers of powder on the wrinkled faces of old dowagers, bouncing up and down to the tune of the "Turkey Trot" or the "Grizzly Bear" or the "Bunny Hug." They swayed about, body pressed to body, a solid moving group, all signs of individuality lost in it. Captive worshipers, held in thrall by the dance mania, swayed back and forth to the wail of the wood winds and the wild ratty call of the blaring saxophones.

The dance mania had its influence on American family life. The social independence of women can properly be reckoned as beginning with the rise of the jazz age. . . . She arrogated the right to go wherever she pleased—and whenever she

pleased. She was seen alone in places where earlier her presence would have been unimaginable. She smoked and drank—not only in the intimacy of her own home, but in public places.

With the rise of the dance craze the woman claimed for herself rights which had been the exclusive privileges of men. Now the husband and master would come home at the end of the day to find the house deserted; let him cool his heels and wait for his dinner until his wife came home from her "five o'clock," the dansant; the precious privilege of coming home late—the exclusive prerogative of the male! The husband had to watch his wife dancing with men who were strangers to him; he had to watch her responding—like a woman of easy virtue—to the intimate embrace of a gigolo. And if he dared to protest, he was laughed at as an old fossil who was way behind the times.

The dance mania went further. It undermined the sanctity of the marriage bond and degraded it to an inconsequential arrangement which could be entered into or abandoned at will, on the slightest whim. The pendulum swung to the far extreme; now it was the wife who suggested a divorce to her husband. Wives changed husbands and husbands changed wives—like the casual changing of a garment. . . .

The rhythm of the dance could no longer express itself in the free movements of the old-fashioned waltz, which seemed to have in it something of the eternal battle between the sexes—the man constantly pursuing and the woman constantly retreating. The modern dance was a willing, harmonious coming together, the dancing couple continuing their co-ordinated easy swaying until the rising tempo of the music and pressure of body against body ended with the convulsive climax of the music. The narrow hem of the dress, compelling the wearer to take small steps, was deliberately designed to suit the dance movements of the jazz age.

But in the close intimacy and warm sensuality of the dance, the corset, simplified though it was, was for the woman an unwelcome barrier between herself and her partner. In 1915 the corset began to disappear from the feminine wardrobe. Dress materials changed, heavy velvets and rustling satins, gave way to clinging, transparent, flesh-colored chiffons. It was the "lingerie dress" that now adorned the American woman.

You will notice that Mr. Asch does not argue about the dance. He merely states the things that happened, and particularly as to the manner they affected the garment industry of the country. Each Christian will have to decide for himself what he shall do about a practice that has had such evil effects on the American home. In making that decision we should also remember some things the Lord has said, particularly as to our influence and our responsibility to our children.

—BYRON FULLERTON in *Gospel Advocate*.

Religious Polio

There is much talk now about polio and its ravages among the people, and we pity those who become afflicted. It stunts their growth, and often cripples them for life, and many it kills. Religious polio is far worse, for it has to do with the next world—also time and eternity. What can we do? The unadulterated Word of God is the only remedy. We are trying to give that in doses which may help many weak Christians and those not Christians. Can you not get up a club of subscriptions in your community? Five old subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Five new, 15c each. Ten new, 50c each. Twenty-five copies to one address for a year—\$10.00. Will you help us try to stop the spread of religious polio?

"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"

What a friend we have in Jesus is a beautiful song that has been sung for many years, and a favorite of many of us today. It reminds us of what the Apostle Peter said in John 6:68. "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

Yes many times we have trials and temptations, and we wonder what we will do and what is going to happen to us. Then we wonder sometimes if we did this or that what way we should have.

Sometimes it is spiritual problems often it is material things. But regardless which one, if we will only do the best we know how, and apply the Word of God, and go to Him in prayer, for that unseen help which He has promised, things will turn out allright, although we don't understand how! Romans 8:28. Paul said: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

In John 15:14, Christ says, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." So we must do what He says first, before we can say that he is our friend. And then we can expect Him to answer our prayers.

So the next time you sing "What a Friend We Have In Jesus," remember we must be His friend by obeying The Gospel—Believing His Word, repenting of our sins, confessing our belief in Christ before men, and being baptized for the remission of sins, to rise in the newness of life, living faithful unto death.—Bob Sultz.

Bobby Soxers Feel Parents Too Lenient

Chicago.—Parents are too lenient, some bobbysoxers believe. The youngsters say they'd have more respect for their folks if they would use the rod once in a while. "Sparing the rod is just spoiling their chances for successful parenthood," Alice Loeb, 16 years old, Chicago high school pupil said.

Alice and five other youngsters aired their views on the faults of modern parents at a conference on delinquency prevention. **All agreed there would be fewer children in the courts if their parents showed a little more authority.**

Bruce Drake, 17, Berwyn, Ill., said too many parents had lost their influence over children by failing to give them love and affection. **THEY GIVE them everything else, and think that's all that's required of them,** Bruce said. "They don't even try to understand the problems of our generation."

Carol Lipsey, 15, Chicago, said overindulgence caused children to wander in the wrong directions. "We really don't want everything we think we want," she said. "We need someone to tell us that."

In addition, Jasper Roy, 18, Chicago, said parents who demonstrated little affection for their offspring often tended to ridicule their ideas. As a result, youngsters feel ill at ease when discussing their problems at home. "The parents remember how they were raised and won't change their ideas," he said.

IF FATHER would drop his evening newspaper once in a while and play a game of ball with the boys in the neighborhood his stock would go up 100 per cent. Glenn Wolthausen, 15, Barrington, Ill., said. "The old folks are too narrow," he said. "They haven't advanced a bit in 25 years. They'd still rather play pinochle than watch their sons play basketball on the high school team."

Shirley Nelson, 17, Chicago, agreed that is was "time for parents to grow up." "They have outmoded ideas about girls dating and going places by themselves," she said. "What they don't know is that if you are dumb enough to get into trouble you would anyway."