

herald

OF HOLINESS

Church of the Nazarene

January 22, 1969

Lupe

"Blessed is the nation whose
God is the Lord"

Psalms 33:12

Ixhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions . . . be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."

I Timothy 2:1-2



General Superintendent Coulter

Different, BUT WHY?

THE young man's face was radiant. It was quite evident that he was a new Christian. He was eager to tell me how it all happened.

On the verge of business failure, he and his wife were driven to prayer by the desperateness of their need. They had very limited understanding of spiritual things. But they knew their lives were wretched, sinful, and on the edge of collapse. They threw themselves on God's mercy, trusted Him for salvation, and were made new creatures in Christ.

Then the man began to realize that many of his acquaintances were "different." They seemed to have peace and tranquility in their lives which others did not have. On inquiring, he found that they too were Christians. They were different, but they had never told him why!

Christians *are* different. But why? The world needs to know.

In the pressures of life, in the hours of temptation and suffering, a Christian is different. He has a peace and a poise that are not of this world. It's not because of superior abilities or intellect. It's because he's a new creature in Christ Jesus. He's under the control and direction of Christ. All things have become new! And the world needs to know that Christ makes the difference!

Christians have joy even in the midst of distress and trouble. Not because they refuse to face reality. Not because they are eternal optimists or because they are endowed with happy dispositions. It is because they have a right relationship to God and to life itself through Jesus Christ. Different, and that's why!

True Christians keep themselves unspotted and unsullied from the world's doubtful pleasures. The show, the dance, the questionable place of amusement are ruled off limits. Not simply because the church has a law against them. But because Christians are the temples of the Holy Spirit, because they do not wish to volitionally defile the mind and the soul with the unclean. Different, and that's why!

Real Christians are involved in the work of God's kingdom, giving themselves in service to His cause and using their talents and means to advance His work. Not because they are "do-gooders." Not because they are publicity seekers. Not because they are promoting an organization. But because all they are and all they possess belongs to God! Because they are seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Different, and that's why!

Vital Christians give witness to what great things God has done in their lives. They seek the lost by prayer, by visitation, and by friendship, seeking to accomplish their salvation. Not because of denominational pressures or programs. But because "the love of Christ constraineth" them. Different, and that's why!

Different. Thank God, we are made different through the saving grace and sanctifying power of the Son of God!

Let us not fail to tell the world "why" we are different. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Ephesians 2:8-10). □

TRILOGY of TRIUMPH

MY HEART was pounding! I panted for breath! That's what running 425 steps in place does to me!

It was a part of morning exercises. I had to breathe deeply to have enough oxygen to feed the blood that raced through my body to carry away the waste. I could hardly wait to get into the shower to wash off all the sweat. But how good I would feel as the brisk towel rubbed the clean skin dry!

The food was delicious at the pastors' and superintendents' banquet last night. How I needed the strength from it! Up at 4 a.m. to get office work done so I could be away for these speaking engagements made a long day. It was a weary body that dropped into a deep sleep about 11 p.m.

Now as I looked into the mirror and ran the razor across my face, the law of health God has written into the human body became a thrilling reality. Food, exercise, and rest provide the energy we need physically. All three are necessary to sound health.

Isn't the same true spiritually!

I had just received that letter from the draft board. It said my friends and neighbors had selected me to represent them in the armed services during World War II. In my youthful optimism I had been sure the war would be over or for some reason I would be exempt. But here it was!

All at once my dreams seemed to turn into nightmares. My plans fell in ashes at my feet. What would happen to the girl I loved and was engaged to marry? Would I ever get back to the graduate work that had been so promising? How would I fare in military life? I knew so little about it. How my mind and heart hungered for some answers to these nagging questions!

And then it came—like manna from heaven. Proverbs 3:5-6 suddenly became as meaningful



to me as loaves of bread to the starving children of Biafra. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

I had read these same words many times and had heard them quoted by others. But this day the appetite created by the circumstances of my life made me crave their spiritual nourishment.

I slowly devoured the morsel of meaning the Holy Spirit fed into my hungry soul. Think of it! I didn't have to have all the answers! No need to worry. There were resources beyond my own to guide through the unknown. All I had to do was "acknowledge him" and "trust."

As I digested the savory significance of this truth, my vision began to clear. The stimulation of hope fed my faith and I had strength for the day. Spiritual health had been renewed by the Word of God.

I have met people who have stuffed themselves with the Word of God until they had spiritual indigestion. They needed the exercise of Christian service to help them digest and receive nourishment and strength from the scripture they had devoured.

We had one on the college basketball team. He knew the Bible. Could quote a scripture related to any subject of conversation. But he was anemic in spiritual vitality. Then he surrendered to God's call to missionary work. He began to flex and strain his spiritual muscles in carrying the burdens of others. He expended his strength in Christian effort and received a second wind. Many wondered how he could do so much. What a specimen of spiritual manhood he became! He was maturing in Christ by exercising his faith in service.

But some have broken under the strain of serving. Did the law of spiritual health break down? What was lacking?

As a young pastor I almost missed the mark at this point. I arose early in the morning to feed upon the Word of God and to nourish my soul at the fount of prayer. I religiously spent mornings in the study devouring rich thoughts and spiritual truths to share with my people. Afternoons and evening hours were invested in calling and other areas of service. I strained every muscle to turn the wheels of Kingdom progress. And I found myself panting in the treadmill.

Indelible on my memory is the night I "let go and let God." At the end of myself, I said, "Lord, I've done my best and nothing is happening. I give up. This is Your business. I'm turning this work over to the Holy Spirit." And I meant it.

Things began to happen. Instead of a discipline, my devotional time became a personal visitation of the divine. The strain of service became a labor of love. The wheels began to turn. Unusual things happened. Dreams came true. It was miraculous!

The "rest for the people of God" is not a cessation of effort or action but an attitude of relaxation in the Holy Spirit. He is the Guide. He is the Strength. He is "all, and in all." It is no longer I, but Christ. What peace—and poise! This is triumph—more than conqueror—over spiritual anemia, unfruitful service, anxiety, and tension.

This triumph in holy living is found in the trilogy of devotional nourishment, the exercise of Christian service, and an attitude of trust and relaxation in the Holy Spirit. All three are necessary. Spiritual health is the result. □

50 YEARS

AGO . . .



In the
Herald
of Holiness

ALL POLITICAL parties have what they are pleased to call a "campaign slogan." Sometimes it is a protective tariff; sometimes it is free coinage of silver; or it may be women suffrage. All other issues become secondary in importance to this one. The leaders of these parties go before the people and win or lose on these issues. . . .

As with political parties, so with the church; only we will not lose, thanks be unto God. . . . As a church, and standing for the very best and highest in Christian experience, we should have definite aims, and blend every effort to attain them. If this effort is put forth by the whole membership of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, great things will happen by the time we bid the year 1919 good-by.

Let our first aim be the oncoming of an old-fashioned revival of Holy Ghost religion on the whole membership of our church. . . . To some this will mean an enlarging of the capacity, but who can not stand it? We need the wells of salvation to be springing up in the heart all the time. We, of all people, are the most useless when the glory is gone.—
REV. JOHN W. OLIVER.

January 22, 1919



Herald of Holiness

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Volume 58, Number 4 JANUARY 22, 1969 Whole Number 2961

HERALD OF HOLINESS, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, Mo. 64131. Published every Wednesday by the Nazarene Publishing House, M. A. Lunn, Manager, 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo. 64109. Subscription price, \$3.00 per year in advance. Second-class postage paid at Kansas City, Mo. Address correspondence concerning subscriptions to: Nazarene Publishing House, P.O. Box 527, Kansas City, Mo. 64141. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please send new address and old, enclosing a recent address label if possible. Allow six weeks for change. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by postage. Opinions expressed in signed articles are those of the authors, and do not necessarily represent the official position of the Church of the Nazarene. Printed in U.S.A.

COVER PHOTO: Camerique



This address was delivered in Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C., by the famed news commentator Paul Harvey in connection with the 1968 United States Conference on Alcohol Problems sponsored by the American Council on Alcohol Problems.

A GIRL in Kansas City

• By Paul Harvey

YOUNG years ago in the Pacific left me with an undulating appetite for Polynesian, Malaysian, and Oriental food. Stateside, Cantonese cooking is a reasonable facsimile. This is not about that.

But during a recent visit to Kansas City, I learned that such cuisine was available just down the street and downstairs from the Muehleback; I went.

Early to bed means early to eat, so I was alone in the simulated tropical setting or I might not have noticed the next four customers.

They were a man and wife, comfortable, respectable—a crew-cut son wearing horn-rimmed glasses—

—and the girl.

She, like the young man, was eighteenish, self-conscious. Her white-and-gray lace blouse and skirt-dress were becoming—neat, pretty. The white bow in her hair belonged there. Her face glowed softly with round-eyed innocence. If that innocence were contrived, which I doubt, more the pity.

I am not usually a people-watcher, except with professional purpose. I am never an eaves-dropper—except with professional purpose. But part of what ensued in words and gestures could not escape my notice.

"What shall we have to drink, Dear?" the mother asked.

The large menu was decorated with three-color sketches of such exotic rum-base cocktails as "Hula Beach," "VooDoo," "Navy Grog," "Heavenly Flower," and "Secret Kiss—limit two!"

From my rattan table across the room the girl's hesitancy was apparent. Her wish to make a favorable impression on the more sophisticated prospective in-laws was also apparent.

Though few of the words reached my ears, the smiles of reassurance and the nods of acquiescence affirmed that, "these are very mild drinks, you know, hardly more than soda pop."

And there was a skillful assist from the waitress; surely I only imagined her reluctance.

So each of the four was served something tall and frosty and colorful with a straw protruding through a cone of ice and a garnish of mint leaves and fruit peel and a bright red maraschino cherry.

Three drank. She sipped. I hurt.

The girl in Kansas City was really not my rightful concern. I'd never seen her before and I'll not likely see her again except in indelible recollection.

For in the unfolding of this significant little drama—midst phony palm fronds and simulated bamboo curtains and gaudy paper lanterns and pagan carvings and recorded music—another generation was being subtly seduced by the artfully camouflaged trouble which always starts out seeming fun.

Her soft girlish laughter was louder as I left. She was eating. The glass of "Heavenly Flower," or whatever it was—its ice melted, its mint leaves wilted, its straw soggy, its cherry missing—was mostly still there. It was about one-third empty.

It would be easier next time.

Increasingly, modern medicine emphasizes "prevention" rather than cure.

And that is what you and I are going to talk about tonight.

Prevention—of a disease which is costing us more lives, more suffering, more lost production than any other: alcoholism.

What business is it of yours, Paul Harvey, whether I drink?

Personally—none.

But to a news analyst, you become a matter of public concern . . .

If your drinking costs our country lost production. And it does.

If your drinking makes our highways and skyways less safe. And they are.

And if you are a Congressman making vital decisions through an alcoholic haze. And some do.

As far as I have been able to determine, Dr. Alton Ochsner was alone in his profession—and I in mine—when we reported a relationship between smoking and lung cancer in 1936.

And we were mostly alone for almost 15 years thereafter, encouraging each other in the face of much discouraging opposition.

Today, my goodness, today the Surgeon General of the United States issues a report relating smoking to disease—berating the tobacco industry for attacking the evidence—and says the industry's "well-financed and professionally conducted public relations program, addressed to the consumer, is encouraging disease and death!"

Yet all that he says is altogether true of equally artful liquor advertising—and liquor can be deadly both to the user and to his victim.

And our government remains conspicuously silent on this statistically larger menace.

Sinister Persuasion

Perhaps more subtle and more sinister than overt advertising is the fact that most every movie dialogue is over a public or private cocktail bar.

I suggest this will not change so long as a distillery controls MGM.

And, by the way, another distillery is seeking control of RKO.

Statistics are inconsistent and thus sound inconclusive.

Example: 15,000 Americans will suffer cancer of the mouth this year.

Six thousand others, cancer of the vocal cords.

Half of them will die.

Now . . .

Most of those thus stricken will habitually consume more than five and one-half ounces of alcohol a day.

But most alcoholics are also heavy smokers, so the responsibility is obscured.

Thus research statistics in alcohol as in tobacco vary widely and thus sometimes appear contradictory.

But the statistics are not in conflict, except in degree.

The most conservative estimate is 4½ percent of all Americans are alcoholics and 2 percent are problem drinkers.

Less conservative Dr. Max Hayman of the University of California's Alcoholism Research Clinic insists that a third of us—precisely three out of every 10 American adults are now problem drinkers.

In between those is this:

New York Medical Society guesstimates 9 million alcoholics in the United States; each adversely affects three or four others in his family.

Thus, almost one-fourth of our entire population is suffering, directly or indirectly, from this depressant drug.

I am not always proud of my own profession.

New York Times Misquote

November 11, 1966, the *New York Times* printed two columns under the caption, "One Cocktail Helps Driver."

The same article offered much encouragement to the so-called "social drinker."

For it cited statistics purporting to show that "drivers who have had a single cocktail or bottle of beer had fewer accidents than those who had drunk no alcohol at all."

It quoted Robert F. Borkenstein of the Department of Police Administration at Indiana University, who conducted the research.

Again, that headline said: "One Cocktail Helps Driver."

For the record, the research on which this report was based was paid for under a grant from American distillers.

The news conference at which the announcement was made was summoned by the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., public-relations arm of liquor distillers, wholesalers, retailers, and package store owners.

Yet . . .

When Mr. Borkenstein was subsequently confronted with the statement that "One Cocktail Helps Driver," Borkenstein said the writer of the newspaper article had been to free with his interpretation; said, quote, "It is my opinion that alcohol, no matter how small the amount consumed, has never improved a driver."

Mr. Borkenstein, is it true as this article says, that motorists with one or two ounces of alcohol in their blood stream are safer drivers?

"NO," he replied. Unequivocally, "NO."

So I am not unmindful of the insistence by some, however unsupported, that liquor, taken in moderation, is harmless.

There are those who cite psychological and physiological reasons that a little drink may be good for you.

I have listened respectfully to those who say a little alcohol is a

Living Scared

BEING small humans in a very big world causes most of us to feel at times a bit insecure. There is nothing bad about normal awareness of our limitations and inadequacy. There are times, however, when a person emerges from childhood with basic fears which are very unwholesome. He fears he is unaccepted, unloved, and unwanted. Though eager for acceptance, he feels forever denied it. Such an abnormal lack of confidence can cause many problems.

The most serious insecurity complex originates in childhood when the person develops an attitude while too young to remember what caused or created it. Thus he must live with it without being able to understand it. Sometimes well-intentioned parents, perchance insecure themselves, are unable to give the small child ample assurance of being loved, accepted, needed, and secure. Mere growing up does not correct this lack. The person can go through an entire lifetime suffering from this painful, lonely attitude unless it is wisely dealt with.

Insecure persons are usually quick to point up the faults of others. They often form habits of being critical. Because of these developing patterns they may become actually unaccepted so-

cially. Thus a vicious circle is likely to spiral as the problem feeds itself. By old age the pitiful person who wants companionship more than anybody has become undesirable company in almost any social situation in which he or she is placed.

Insecure persons often multiply their problems while trying to solve them. In seeking to defend themselves they may alienate others. Some recognize their problem while others bluster and boast, and are aggressive and bold in an effort to conceal their hypersensitivity.

Marriage, being a permanently intimate social relationship, often places a heavy load upon the unduly insecure person. Sometimes two insecure persons, discovering their common fears, are drawn together and marry. With prudence they can have a very wholesome marriage. However if one inclines always to point out the faults of the other and the other seeks to hide insecurity under loudness or boldness, there will not be a dull—nor a happy—moment.

If insecure persons will face their problem honestly, share it with loved ones, and work bravely toward living with it and overcoming it, a great deal can be done. To blame parents only magnifies the problem. God will help those who undertake improvement in prayerful humility and genuine purpose. □

SO THIS IS LIFE

By Milo L. Arnold
Colorado Springs



lubricant which makes the world turn more smoothly.

Now I ask that they listen with similar respect to this:

The permissiveness which they endorse . . . the little drinking which they excuse . . . the mild tranquilizer which they say is harmless, even healthful . . . is turning our America the Beautiful into a nation of drunks!

Alcohol—Largest Factor

Directly—

Alcoholism is fatal to 11,000 Americans every year.

Indirectly—to many times that many.

More than half of all drivers killed in single-vehicle accidents were drunk.

Drinking by drivers and pedestrians causes 800,000 crashes, kills 25,000 Americans every year.

Our government's Department of Transportation cites drinking as the largest single factor in traffic deaths.

Today, with increasingly crowded skyways and highways and hunting areas and skiing resorts, each of us needs to be more inhibited, more restrained, more responsible.

Yet we are less.

Yielding to our appetites, surrendering to the every-hour-on-the-hour brainwashing of the advertising media—we become less self-disciplined and require more laws, more rules, more policemen.

These are like rubber gloves as a remedy for a leaky fountain pen.

The National Safety Council reports that every week on our increasingly crowded highways 1,000 die and 10,000 are injured, and 70 percent because somebody had been drinking.

My colleagues in the world of birdmen do not like to admit what I'm going to say next, but F.A.A. accident investigation statistics are irrefutable:

Sixty percent of all private plane crashes or crash landings result from somebody's drinking.

The President's Crime Commission affirms that alcohol contributes to 50 percent of all crimes in the United States; most lawmen say more than that.

Alcohol was admittedly a contributory cause to recent rioting.

In one after another of American cities—after they were in flames—officials closed the bars, banned all alcohol sales until the populace again got control of itself.

The cause-and-effect relationship in almost every city was irrefutable: Alcohol was feeding the flames.

You and I are agreed that to-

day's generation is an improvement over ours educationally . . .

Not necessarily emotionally.

Recently there has been increasing agitation for allowing 18-year-olds to vote.

"We're old enough to fight; we're old enough to vote." They protest.

That is hardly a credible criterion.

Boys are old enough to fight when they are four.

More than this, however, though our fine crop of high school agers are better educated than we were . . . their "judgment" has not increasingly improved proportionately.

This, of course, can be most readily substantiated with automobile accident statistics. They are less responsible.

But the liquor and beer people are naturally eager for the 18-year-old to be allowed to vote, figuring he will promptly vote to lower the drinking age . . . also,

Marijuana vs. Booze

Many hippies and a handful of others have been defending their use of marijuana by saying that "booze is worse."

Well, I can't answer that allegation from personal experience.

But Dr. Richard Moy, director of Health Services, University of Chicago, says, "If all the juiceheads will turn potheads, it might be a negotiable situation, but we certainly don't need both."

Young Americans are hearing many unpaid commercials "advertising" illegal marijuana. Several professors, a few politicians, and some clergymen are agitating for legalizing its sale and use.

Recently a Britisher, with a quasi-official affiliation lending credulity to his recommendation, said he'd rather his own son smoked pot "than get his girl into trouble."

That father—imagining his pot-smoking son will be a safer escort—that's like sending lettuce by a rabbit!

BILLY GRAHAM URGES PRAYER FOR PRESIDENT

"I am convinced that the next president of the United States is going to face a series of crises more serious than any since the administration of Abraham Lincoln . . . The next president is going to need the prayers of Christian people throughout the nation in a way man has never prayed before."

—Billy Graham

It is a goofy code of behavior which lists a bunch of evils and then recommends one or another as the lesser of them.

It would seem that the goal should instead remain a sober brain and a healthy body and a respectable and respected girl friend even though some will always fall short of those objectives.

About marijuana: The evil inherent in all dissipation is that it compounds itself.

It's been said of martinis, "One is not enough; two are too many; three are not nearly enough."

That is the way it works. As the body seeks physiologically to adjust itself to accommodate the intrusion of toxics, you develop a tolerance and thus require stronger and stronger doses.

Narcotics Commissioner Henry Giordano says the consensus of medical men and lawmen is the same: "Marijuana, if not in itself habit forming, historically leads to the use of other drugs which are."

Officially our Bureau of Narcotics knows of 62,045 drug addicts in the United States. Admittedly that is a mere fraction of the users.

Judging from the increasing number of arrests, the use of marijuana is borderline epidemic. At one state university it's estimated that more than 50 percent of the seniors have tried marijuana and that "most of those have become regular users."

Our Pentagon reports 2.5 men per 1,000 in Vietnam have been "involved in marijuana investigations"; doubtless many more are bringing home the habit.

In Chicago and probably elsewhere a sinister deception: The bad boys who peddle narcotics are spiking their own stuff. Some Old Town Chicago marijuana pushers are slipping a mickey into their cigarettes, "dusting the grass" with heroin. The heroin hits the bloodstream through the lungs. The purpose of course is to get hippie pot puffers hooked on harder stuff.

The crafty hoods who wholesale narcotics are willing to reduce their profits from marijuana sales in order to insure a future market of new addicts.

The user, without knowing how it happened, becomes helplessly addicted. Thus the merchandisers of "Acapulco Gold" are intent on enslaving a generation of young Americans.

And a second generation! Eight hundred babies were born in New York City last year already addicted to drugs! They were the

(Continued on page 12)

What ARE the "Good Old Days?"

THE CHURCH isn't like it used to be."

"I remember when the fire used to fall."

"We need to get back to the good old days."

And so it goes.

The Church of the Nazarene is now 60 years old. Any fair assessment of the past and meaningful inventory of the present require a definition of those ingredients which constitute a great church.

Is it basically the freedom to demonstrate in a public service—to shout, to wave a handkerchief, to "get blessed"? Is this the definition of the "good old days"? Is this the proper basis of judgment as to where we are today? Does a church stand or fall at this point? Or is this characteristic but one expression of some other basic ingredient—like, say, the abandonment of oneself to Christ, with all of its implications for the Christian's life?

Demonstration in a public service is appropriate when it reflects a deeper relationship to Christ than even this momentary outburst can express. If the demonstrative expression is spontaneous, as opposed to habitual—if it is pertinent, as opposed to a carry-over from former days, then what it is really conveying to others is that our obedience to Christ brings this joy. It is really saying that our zeal for winning the lost makes us empathetic sharers in the mission of Calvary, or, that our love for the other Christians with whom we worship is as obvious to them as is the circling white hanky. Remember, these other ingredients made up the good old days too—obedience, soul burden, love.

Those who remember best—and who remember without prejudice—know that *evangelism* and *obedience* were part of the real dynamics of those early years that followed Pilot Point. Get "blessed" without obeying the Spirit? Unthinkable! Emotion without a corresponding passion for the lost?

Absurd! And today a great church stands as a monument to those good old days! A real, live, breathing church that is still winning men to Christ, still producing saints who equate obedience with blessing, a church which still preaches for decisions.

Compromisers? Hypocrites? Surely, we have some. We had them 40 years ago, back in the "good old days." We can take you back farther than that and tell you about Ananias and Sapphira, of Judas, of Jannes and Jambres. But God is God—and where He is able to break through and produce a quality saint, he is of the same quality as he ever was.

There are laymen today like Eunice and Lois, and Joseph of Arimathaea.

There are pastors today who share with Timothy and Titus the sense of a divine commission, an obsession to win the lost and purify the church.

Today's missionaries, as in former days, are also sacrificial, heroic, unselfish.

Our evangelists are still on the stump with Peter and Stephen preaching for rock-ribbed decisions, insisting on the transformed life and the obedient walk.

Our "bishops" are as Pauline as were their predecessors, their messages as sparkling clear, their administrative leadership as reliable, their passion to keep the church Christ-centered just as dynamic as in any previous day.

There are still thousands of mid-week prayer meetings where people get on their knees and pray until the witness comes. Multitudes still live separated lives, "hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." They're there, standing uncompromisingly for everything that is right under God.

This is not an attempted whitewash. We have trends and danger signs to cope with just as the Galatians had. Where we're weak, we need to know it. Where we

need to take up some slack, we need to do it now. But I'm not going to exploit a weakness to the defamation of a sound superstructure just to nourish the contention that we're "going down the drain."

I can take a stand for the preservation of any slipping landmark if I'm not a crank. I can disagree without being disagreeable if I do it for Jesus' sake. I can criticize through fountains of tears and get results.

But—praise the Lord!—my church will let me be as spiritual as I want to be. I can pray until the glory falls if I want to. I can do it at home or in a prayer meeting.

I can obey God until He trusts me with all the responsibility I can handle for His glory. I can testify and praise the Lord anytime, if I've got anything to say that I haven't memorized!

I can jump as high as I am able if people around me believe in my life and attitudes both before and after I take off. And if they believe in me, they'll believe in me whether I jump or not!

If I have my mind made up to be the kind of Christian they were back in the good old days, then I'll insist on *all* the ingredients, not just a chosen few.

I'll make the Lord Jesus the very center of my life—in these times. In these times I'll pray and love and work and witness and obey. I'll listen for His voice and walk in the Spirit.

I'll share His interests, accept His will, love my brother, encourage the pastor, get excited about my opportunities, whistle while I work, rejoice evermore, hate sin, fight the devil, love the Word, deny myself, take up my cross, and follow Jesus.

And when I stop for breath, I'll look about and discover a whole army of other Christians doing the same thing—and maybe we'll all shout together! Well, glory!

I'm glad I live in the good old days! □

Sunday Is an OASIS

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD reminds us that "Sunday is a little park, an oasis in the desert of his noisy, hectic, rushing weekday life."

It could not be stated better. Sunday is an oasis. An oasis that refreshes after an exhausting week. An oasis that feeds us after the drain of a week's toil. An oasis that uplifts us after a week of down-treading experiences.

Sunday is a little park. A place, a time, a moment, away from the grind and grit of hectic living. Sunday is a place to stop for a while and refuel our hearts, refresh our bodies, and renew our minds. Everyone needs it.

People's acute frustrations arise when they try to answer life's problems with empty hearts and overworked minds. Hearts that have paced themselves to contemporary demands without stopping to be touched by something spiritual. Minds that have given out without stopping to take in.

The sad commentary on the mid-twentieth century man is that his hours at toil have provided answers for his technical questions. But when these are in, he is startled to find that his greatest need is spiritual. And he is too exhausted from his work to cope with it. Thus frustration mounts. Fragmented life becomes the pattern. And all of this, mostly, because he has not taken time out to refuel the heart and rekindle the mind. And where the heart and mind are dry, all else will fade in meaning.

How many times has opportunity come to us, but our hearts were empty! We had no sense of oughtness. Our eyes were dimmed. Our ears were silenced. Our hands were without response. In such an hour when life might have been meaningful, it was plagued with weariness. When life might have journeyed a purposeful path, it was stranded with exhaustion.

For some, the exhaustion dissipated and the weariness gave way to new strength, for they sought

help. But too many have remained in an exhausted condition. Their pace is maddening. Yet because they allow no time to tune in on spiritual things, life drags on, dulled to the greater things knocking at its door. While some would call this living, it is better defined as only existing.

And life, for these, will never be what it ought to be. Not until they find "a little park," or "an oasis" where they can feed their souls and their hearts. They will remain at some way station, fretting away time and energy until they find the proper motivation for living.

Many have come from an oasis-stop each week to face their world with faith and confidence. And it is upon their deeds that our hope

for tomorrow largely rests. For theirs will not be silent lives, nor empty. Theirs will not be meaningless adventures, nor trivial. Theirs will be lives spent in the making of a better world. Theirs will be lives touched by the burdens and moved by the needs about them. And their oasis-stop will equip them to reach out with healing and with help. They will become the true servants of their age.

These will be better for their pause along the way. Pauses that align their lives with purpose. Pauses that fill life with adequate resources. Pauses that tune life to the cadence of God's divine plan.

Sunday, then, is man's opportunity. His opportunity to gain perspective. His opportunity to stock resources. His opportunity to drink from life-giving springs. His opportunity to equip life with vital ingredients for living.

"Sunday is a little park, an oasis in the desert . . ." And may it always be so. □

A Prayer for Our National Leader

• By Fletcher Spruce

God, bless the leader of our nation today.

BLESS him with courage to face his adversaries. May he not cross swords over petty differences while gigantic issues are thus avoided. May he have rock-ribbed convictions of integrity, honesty, responsibility.

Give him an inner tallness that will not stoop to the low level of little men with shriveled souls. Teach him when to say yes and no. Help him not to be swayed by expediency.

Deliver him from his friends with whom he must oft disagree to keep in step with Thy will. And when his choicest advisers fail, may he find in Thee an unfailing Guide.

Bless him daily with fresh wisdom from Thine altars. May he see the utter folly of leaning on his own wisdom and understanding. Wilt Thou reveal to him Thy will in matters great and trivial. Grant him the good sense to ask for Thy help.

Be pleased to give him a ready insight into the problems stacked before him. Give him a clear view of duty—and a delight in performing it.

Bless him with renewed strength for recurring responsibilities. When myriad tasks clamor for his attention, may his shoulders be strong to bear the burdens of his high office.

May his hand on the pilot wheel be steady as he guides our ship of state through heavy seas of political upheaval, the threatening storm of atomic annihilation, the hidden rocks of economic ruin.

Bless him with a calm sense of personal forgiveness and the fullness of Thy Holy Spirit. Make him at once a servant of God and of the people. Make him a channel of Thy blessings to all nations.

In the worthy name of Christ we pray. Amen.

(Reprinted from author's book, *When God Taps Your Shoulder*, Beacon Hill Press of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo., 1967.

Editorially Speaking

• By W. T. PURKISER

God of the Great and the Small

One of the amazing things modern men of science have discovered is that the Creator has apparently lavished as much thought and care on the smallest particles of matter as He has on the wide stretches of the whole universe.

Science seems literally to have been moving in two directions at once. These directions have turned out to be, not contradictory, but complementary.

For example, the development of ever larger and more powerful telescopes has pushed man's view of the universe out to horizons and distances that defy the mind to grasp.

We are told that a million earths could be put in the sun. Yet our sun is only one among millions of stars in its galaxy. And there are billions of other galaxies.

Travelling at the speed of light, slightly more than 186,000 miles per second, it would be possible to reach the moon in about one and one-half seconds. But it would take 6 billion years, moving at the speed of light, to reach the farthest known galaxy.

Even if such a journey could be made, when we would get to where the farthest known galaxy is now, we should find that it had moved beyond us 3 billion light-years farther. For the indications are that the physical universe is expanding at the approximate rate of half the speed of light.

Yet this is only half the story. While astronomers have been pushing their knowledge of the borders of space out almost to infinity, nuclear physicists and microbiologists have been exploring the invisible realm of the atom and the living cell.

The wonders of the microcosm (the realm of the infinitely small) turn out to be as staggering as the wonders of the macrocosm (the realm of the almost infinitely large).

It now appears that the comfortably solid objects of our daily experience are really made up of vast numbers of inconceivably tiny particles of energy each of which interacts with its neighbors pretty much as the stars of the astronomer's galaxy interact with their planets and neighbor stars.

All that we can see, we are told, is composed of atoms we cannot see. Those atoms, in turn, are made up of smaller bits of energy—and no-

body knows for sure yet where it all stops. It reminds one of the bit of doggerel based on the idea of *ad infinitum*, "to infinity, or without end:

*No flea so small, the naturalists say,
But smaller fleas that on them prey;
And these have smaller still that bite 'em—
And so on, AD INFINITUM.*

BOTH OF THESE dimensions of reality are put together in a single verse of Scripture: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear" (Hebrews 11:3).

The inspired writer even used a word for "worlds" that reminds us of the astronomer's conversion of space into time in his measurements of the distances between the stars. And he states that the tangible and visible is composed of the intangible and invisible, or what we should now call electrons and atoms.

The point of it all is that through faith we learn that all reality—both large and small—is framed by the Word of God. We read it over and over in Genesis 1: "And God said, Let there be . . . and there was . . . and it was so."

Nor has the mind of man come up with a better explanation than the simple words that open the Book we know as God's Word: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Little wonder indeed that the Psalmist cried out, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork."

It was a moving and dramatic moment last month when American Astronauts James A. Lovell, Jr., William A. Anders, and Frank Borman read in turn from the first chapter of Genesis, in a broadcast back to earth from their moon orbit 240,000 miles out in space.

But this is not meant to be an exercise in astronomy or nuclear physics, or even an essay on the origins of the universe. The great and inescapable truth is that the purpose of God not only includes galaxies of suns but also the tiny and invisible units we call atoms and electrons. The God of the great is also the God of the small.

It is really not strange then that God is concerned with nations and races and the whole destiny of mankind and at the same time con-

cerned about the course of one single, small life in some obscure and out-of-the-way place.

And the most amazing thing of all is the suggestion of Jesus that the single, little life in any obscure and out-of-the-way place is worth more in the sight of God than the whole, vast universe He has created. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world [the entire cosmos], and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8:36) The soul in its eternity outweighs the world in its immensity.

God can create a universe by the word of His power. But to re-create His broken image in girls and boys and men and women took the sending of His Son and the agony and sweat of Gethsemane and the Cross.

There are awe and comfort in this truth. The God of the great is the God of the small. As unbelievable as it may seem, He knows and loves and cares about the life course of each single soul.

Even the hairs of our heads are numbered—not counted, mark you, but numbered. If not even a sparrow falls without the Father's notice, how much more are we—of more value than many sparrows—encouraged to total trust and life without anxious fear of the future (Matthew 10:29-31)!

It was George Mattheson, the blind poet-preacher of another generation, who summed up what it means to serve the God of the great and the small:

*There is an Eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night.*

*There is an Ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.*

*There is an Arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way.*

*There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.* □

Contradictions in the Bible

Some people claim to reject the Bible because, they say, it contradicts itself. It is far more likely, however, that they reject it because it contradicts them. The Word of God stands directly against much of what fallen man wants most.

That there are some paradoxes in Scripture cannot be denied, and a paradox is by definition an apparent contradiction. It is also true that not every scribe who copied the ancient writings of the Scripture before printing was invented was perfectly accurate—although the problems arising in this way are surprisingly few and usually easily detected.

But the truly amazing fact about the Scriptures is that, while they were given through many human authors, in all sorts of circum-

stances of life, and over a period of as much as 1,400 years, they are infused from Genesis to Revelation with a dynamic unity that makes them, not the words of man, but indeed and in truth the Word of God.

Yet there are contradictions in the Bible—not of itself, but of those to whom it is given as a Lamp for the feet and a Light for the path. The Bible puts limits to man's unbridled passions and curbs his lustful desires.

In fact, the inner nature of sin is putting human desires first when they go counter to the expressed will of God. When man's "I want" runs up against God's "Thou shalt not," and when man's "I won't" encounters God's "Thou shalt," then what is really in the human heart comes to the surface.

CHARLES ERDMAN pointed out that this is what Paul was talking about in Romans 7 when he wrote, "For I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died" (verse 9).

Sin was dormant in the heart during the years of living in innocence without conscious knowledge of the law. But when light came from the law of the Lord, sin literally "flared forth" and "I died"—that is, "I died to my complacent self-satisfaction. I died to true holiness and happiness and hope; I fell deeper and deeper into guilt; I faced only misery and doom and eternal death."

We know how it is with human nature. You never know what's in the heart of a child as long as that child gets his own way. But when he is crossed or checked, then what is inside comes to the surface.

The Bible supports everything in human life that is true, and right, and wholesome. But it contradicts everything in human life that is false, and evil, and destructive.

The Word of God is often compared with light. Light does not at first and of itself change anything. It just shows us what the real state of affairs is.

When light comes, we have two choices. We can "walk in" it, conform to it, choose our path by it, and profit by what it enables us to see. Or we can walk against it, disregard it, deny it, and even try to put it out.

The only thing—putting out the light doesn't take away the stumbling blocks and the chasm that yawns before the unwary feet of those who walk in the darkness.

When the Bible contradicts us, our business is not to rage against it and deny its authority. Sam Jones was once warned that he was "rubbing the fur the wrong way." His reply was simple and conclusive: "Then turn the cat around!" □

A Girl in Kansas City

(Continued from page 7)

children of junkies, hooked by the drugs taken by their mothers!

Rich Rewards for Abstainers

There are richer than ever potential rewards for those who abstain. When a large proportion of the population is anesthetized or narcotized, they become less competition for the others.

More than ever there are advantages in self-discipline.

The more Americans who abuse their bodies and brains, the more room at the top for those who don't.

Dr. Harris Isbell, chief of the Narcotics Hospital of the United States Public Health Service, says, "Numerically the most important of all addicting depressant drugs in the U.S.A. and in Western Civilization—is alcohol."

Harvey in Hippieland!

It was during the International Kiwanis Convention in Toronto that I got my first glimpse of the moderns' version of the old "hobo jungle."

Most hippielands in the United States are so unsavory as to be unpleasant, even dangerous, but in Toronto's "village"—three blocks of one street—you can observe the weird getups of these fugitives from reality without yourself getting soiled.

First, let this not reflect unfavorably on Toronto generally. It is a most beautiful city. Its people are uncommonly hospitable.

Americans who travel overseas these days are most likely to feel unwelcome. For diverse reasons, many in other lands resent Americans and show it. Many are rude, some openly hostile.

In Toronto every cab driver, every hotel employee, every news vendor could not do enough to make the American visitors feel wanted.

And it was not a false face masking a mercenary motive. Even during the most terrible traffic crush in the history of Toronto's airport few were flustered and nobody was rude.

So what I am describing is an inevitable adolescent pimple on an otherwise beautiful face.

The "village" is a sad circus. I guess that is what impressed me most. With their long hair and short skirts or short hair and long skirts or soiled jeans or shapeless sackcloth, sandalled or barefoot, these children are such faded flowers.

No job, no curfew, no responsibilities—they are as free as free can be—yet so miserable.

From the dreadful drudgery of uselessness they seek escape in sex and narcotics, and so young their bodies sag and their eyes glaze with cynicism.

If only they laughed and sang and danced in the street . . .

Instead they stand and stare, or walk and stare, or sit and sulk.

Don't you know that when these young grow up they are going to be strict with their children!

Those who survive the hippie era intact—if their bodies survive the ravages of dirt, neglect, and overindulgence and their brains are not softened by drugs or disease—those who do get through this era of permissiveness and get married and have babies are going to become tougher disciplinarians than their great-grandmothers!

Don't you know their babies are going to be supervised until they are 27!

Backlash?

I will not be surprised if this next generation of parents, having tasted the bitter fruits of uninhibited freedom, revert to chaperoned dating and modest dress and parentally enforced curfew, decency, and good manners.

Why, this next generation might even dust off the Bible—at long last reconvinced by the agony and pain of their own trial and error that God's laws are still the best laws for insuring an orderly existence; that even if this Book did not promise life hereafter, it is still the best rule Book for a good life here.

Alcoholic beverage sales total—retail—\$15 billion a year.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer said it: "Drink is commercially our greatest waste; socially our greatest criminal; morally our greatest enemy."

When industry overindulges, you—however indirectly—suffer the hangover.

Drinking employees cost absenteeism, accidents, employee turnover, lost production, bad decisions, and lower morale. The easiest loss to compute precisely is absenteeism.

Ten years ago absenteeism due to alcoholism cost industry \$1 billion a year.

Today . . . between 2 and 3 billion. Management magazine, *Dun's Review*, estimates that American business because of mistakes made by drinking executives is losing \$7½ billion a year. But what about possible mistakes of judgment in our nation's biggest business—Federal Government!

Alcohol in Washington

When young Sam Steiger was recently elected to Congress from Arizona, he found the situation so "staggering" that he dared, even as a freshman, to speak about the drunkenness of his colleagues. They fixed him.

A bill which he had cosponsored allowing the sale of some federal land in his state—though passed by the Senate—was promptly pigeonholed by his colleagues in the House.

He has been silent on the subject since.

Twenty miles from us here tonight in Constitution Hall—20 miles from that door—are nine acres of committed alcoholics.

These are the men—the derelicts—who sought to lose themselves among the nameless legions on skid row.

But Washington, D.C., has provided

for their redemption the largest facility of its type in the world—the District of Columbia's Rehabilitation Center for Alcoholics at Occoquan, Va.

The staff of hundreds includes psychiatrists, physicians, psychologists, social workers, counselors, rehabilitation specialists, nurses, assistants, therapists.

Most of their patients were picked up by police for "public intoxication," generally from the area around Seventh and K streets.

Housing 425 hard-core alcoholics, this facility costs taxpayers \$2 million a year. About 25 percent suffer permanent brain damage from alcoholism. But many, released in 90 days, are wrung out and have a chance at a fresh start.

But here, as elsewhere in our society, we try to cure what we should have tried to prevent.

As we say in my Missouri Ozarks, to "shuck right down to the cob," Washington, D.C., consumes more liquor per capita than any other American city.

Problems confronting our lawmakers here in Washington these days are of unprecedented number, size, and urgency.

The next time the phone rings it may be World War III. Problems resulting in pressures sufficient, as some say, "to drive a man to drink."

Yet what a cruel irony if this anesthetic leaves these, our leaders, less capable of solving those problems!

I cannot allow myself to name the drunks on Capital Hill lest this sound partisan or personal. But legislation through an alcoholic haze is a hazard to us all.

Purposely, the instances I will cite are not contemporary.

There is a gentlemen's agreement among members of Congress not to mention this subject. It is so binding that one United States senator (who has been repeatedly helped from the floor by colleagues or page boys) escaped any mention of this "weakness" even during a bitterly contested election recount in his home state.

A ranking member of a committee which hears top-secret testimony concerning our military preparedness was a loose-tongued, 90-proof nincompoop in public places.

The lawmakers who do not deny this indictment seek to justify it instead, "Look at Davy Crockett!"

It's true, the idea of liquid lunches on Capitol Hill is nothing new.

But a healthy government, like a healthy human being, survives in spite of, not because of, its excesses. For a while!

The customary office liquor closet in the Senate and House Office Buildings is the desk drawer, though some are fancier. The "bar" is the washbasin discreetly concealed behind a screen in the corner of the room.

When the bell rings for a roll call vote, even one lawmaker not in full possession of his senses might jeopardize a proper decision. There will be more than one.

For those who would not think of drinking "on duty" there is the ever-present cocktail hour afterward. Or the social gathering which lasts until all hours.

International fraternizing has led us to imitate the social customs of our most emaciated and degenerate old world neighbors.

Until now official Washington mixes business and pleasure utterly indiscriminately.

For a while, in Washington, it was "standard operating procedure" to test a job applicant over a few drinks.

Our wartime O.S.S. is said to have employed this system: "If a man can drink and drink and still keep his balance," he has stood the test.

This may be necessary for spies, but it is hardly a good way for a lawmaker to keep in training.

At this point I am supposed to pay tribute to the hardworking and sincere senators and congressmen and explain that the ones who would flunk a sobriety test during working hours are few indeed.

Only that's not so. They are several.

The average grass-roots American often endows his congressman with more intelligence than he rightly deserves.

"Those fellows must know what they're doing," you'll hear the constituents say.

And they don't always.

The possibilities are terrifying. We could stagger into a war.

Some Advocate Surrender

There are those who figure, "If you can't whip 'em, join 'em."

They include temperance groups now advocating moderation rather than abstinence.

And some churches too.

Dr. Harry Johnson, specialist in preventive medicine, head of the medical board of the Life Extension Institute, recommends, "Don't drink at lunchtime except when business reasons require it." End quote.

One recent afternoon in Shreveport, La., an industrial alcoholism consultant representing the National Council on Alcoholism spoke. And his first remark, after an initial joke, was, "I am not here to tell you the harmful effects of alcohol. Used moderately it is a tranquilizer and is beneficial."

No wonder our national resistance is low; some of our primary resistors are burned out!

Abstinence—Not Moderation

Significantly, the anti-cigarette campaign presently being conducted by the American Cancer Society does not recommend moderation; it urges abstinence.

What about the so-called "social drinker"?

The University of California at Los Angeles researched him.

He is intoxicated only six times a year, for only a few hours at a time, yet his death rate is two and one-half times greater than for non-drinkers his age.

The increased likelihood of death

results from heart and digestive diseases, plus suicide, homicide, and motor-vehicle accidents.

There is increasing evidence that the Roman Empire fell because Romans drank themselves to death. Not just figuratively, literally. As recently as this week a University of California scientist, Dr. James Sundmeier, reported to the American Chemical Society in Atlantic City that chemical analysis of the remains of ancient Romans showed high quantities of lead. Rome's aristocrats lined their liquor kegs with lead—and poisoned themselves.

True, some do have a greater tolerance for firewater than others.

Not all men are created equal.

Of course, our chemical tolerance varies.

There are some to whom one drink is poison, as there are some to whom one teaspoon of sugar could be fatal.

But a steady diet of either is harmful to all.

In lay language, tolerance for liquor increases with use—as the body fights back to neutralize the toxic with an enlarging liver.

But then, as the liver loses its efficiency as a filter, it requires less alcohol to inebriate.

So, as you may know, the alcoholic needs only one drink to become irresponsible, even violent.

Britain tried to cork the bottle with a new law as of last October. Any motorist involved in any accident is required to take a roadside sobriety test.

Or after any violation of traffic regulations, a breath-analyzer test.

Britain, demanding breath-analyzer tests on all suspect drivers, reduced traffic deaths 23 percent and traffic injuries 16 percent the first three months!

Youth Seeks an Answer

You know what keeps my battery recharged these days? It's the fact that I am on campuses somewhere two or three times a week. And the fact that today's young people are asking so many questions which I can't answer.

Think on this:

Today they get trigonometry in junior high school.

Surely by the time these young people are of voting age they are going to know that two and two are four.

And when they know this for certain—how are tomorrow's politicians going to sell them the fraudulent Ponzi premise that they sold you and me, the promise that we could all stand in a circle with our hands in each others' pockets and somehow get rich thereby?

And when they have researched biology—animal husbandry—how are tomorrow's politicians going to convince them that all things are created equal when, in fact, no two things are?

And when they have re-re-re-read history, will they not surely learn this time over that great nation-states never spend themselves rich; histor-

ically, without exception, they spend themselves poor.

Tonight we have examined evidence even more convincing than that which convicted the cigarette. If what is past is prologue, our public health department will one day soon go after alcohol altogether as vigorously.

So I respectfully recommend that tomorrow's politicians start right now getting ready for a generation of voters who are going to be smarter than we are.

But just smarter is not enough. Just taller and handsomer and healthier and more capable is not enough—if they have lost that old "fire in the belly" which characterized their granddaddies.

I've tried recently to imagine—as honestly as I can—how patriotic Paul Harvey would have matured to be in such times as these.

Suppose during my formative teen time my government had penalized with disproportionate taxes anybody who dared to profit and prosper—so as to subsidize lethargy and laziness and even illegitimacy.

I'm not sure how indelibly red, white, and blue my own patriotism would have remained if my government had sent me half a world away to fight a foreign war under a mongrel flag with less than our best weapons where the announced objective was a stalemate on the 50-yard line—a war which we appear ashamed to lose and yet somehow afraid to win.

I'm not certain how flag-waving all-American Paul Harvey would have remained if his government had told him he might have to go 6,000 miles from home—perhaps to die to try to stop the advance of Communism—yet if he dared to try to do anything about it 90 miles from Florida he'd be thrown into jail!

I'm not excusing today's violent peaceniks and their vulgar denigration of our flag. I'm just trying to help us understand some of the great frustration and exasperation which bedevils this generation. The inconsistencies which I have described in those keen young intellectuals translate like the hypocrisy which they are.

I relate this sense of hopelessness to the pyramiding self-indulgence which we are discussing.

Any educator, any parent, has sensed the subsurface, often unadmitted response:

Why should I worry about a lung cancer or a liver cirrhosis which won't catch up with me for 30 years when I may be blown away in the draft in the next 12 months?

Room at the Top!

While this regrettable involvement hangs over us all, the most the educator or parent can do is to remind those brilliant young intellectuals, that the more members of his generation who give in and give up, the more room at the top there will be for those who do not.

The more of today's school agers who abuse their bodies and misuse

their minds, the less competition tomorrow for those who do not.

The students who flee into sex, drink, or drugs . . .

The others who accumulate jail records . . .

The others who link their names to dishonorable organizations . . .

All those who consume themselves with their own excesses are going to leave a lot of room at the top for the disciplined, dedicated, hardworking handful.

I wish every youngster could know the degree to which his todays will shape his tomorrows.

Recently I learned the extent to which professional football teams scrutinize prospects.

Perhaps you have assumed that the pros merely looked at the record book when they went shopping for a quarterback. How many yards did he average per pass? How many yards did he gain on the ground? How many touchdowns?

But that is only the beginning.

Before a professional football team invests upwards of \$50,000 in a key player, it must know much more.

The management may review movies of that player dating back to his high school days. During the years when he had no idea he was "watched," he was.

What was his attitude when his team was trailing badly? How many hundredths of a second did it take him to react to a surprise? Did he make a second effort after a glancing tackle?

"Play that last sequence back in slow motion; let's see if the opposition breakthrough panicked him into passing prematurely."

Few high school and college line-men are aware of the voluminous library of films and other data which every pro club keeps on every prospective player!

You can't equate "football" and "the game of life" without sounding trite; so be it. It remains a fact that the guys who are "suddenly discovered" have been watched for a long, long time.

Industries, seeking a man for a key position, will judge him by his scholastic record, his wife, his friends, his affiliations. Any one of a thousand unerasable mistakes in his youth might haunt him forever.

I am glad that you and I did not have to mature in the 1960's. Things were simpler for us. Right and wrong were more clearly defined. Our country deserved our allegiance and got it.

Today, philosophy masquerades as religion, warless wars dilute patriotism, government overtaxes the industrious to support the lazy.

So many basics are spelled backward.

Yet, all these contradictions notwithstanding, it is no less true now than ever: Each of us is the sum of all his experiences.

I will try to teach my own son to "play the odds," that the more of his contemporaries who elect to be "common," the greater tomorrow's reward

will be for the few who dare to be "uncommon."

And that each of us is graded every day.

Tonight's Subject Is Not New to Me

As a junior in Tulsa Central High School in Oklahoma, my first public speech won the oratorical championship of that state.

I was not competent in those days to write my own speeches.

But the one I chose to recite, written by Carrie Chapman Catt, on the subject of alcoholism as a menace to our Americanism, was entitled "Are You a Liability or an Asset to Your Country?"

My first speech those long years ago was addressed to tonight's subject.

And I could have nothing of more transcendent importance if this were to be my last speech.

What can you do?

Influence those near you.

Perhaps, as old Mordecai once told Esther, it was for just such a time as this that you came into the kingdom.

The concentration of mass media on Manhattan Island has been largely responsible for the indoctrination of a nation with pseudo sophistication.

No wonder the effect on many pro-

vincial Americans has been to make them afraid not to drink.

But let's not too casually pass the buck to movies and TV.

Duke University Researcher George L. Maddox says, "What the adolescent learns about drinking from mass media, church, and school are subordinate to what he learns from his parents and peers."

I am not sponsoring legislation, nor am I prescribing which is the best form of education.

I did not come here as a public prosecutor.

I am here as a public defender—in defense of a nameless girl I never met and will never know—

A girl in Kansas City and the legions she represents. She and they need to be reassured by somebody—that any skid row wino can drink. So . . .

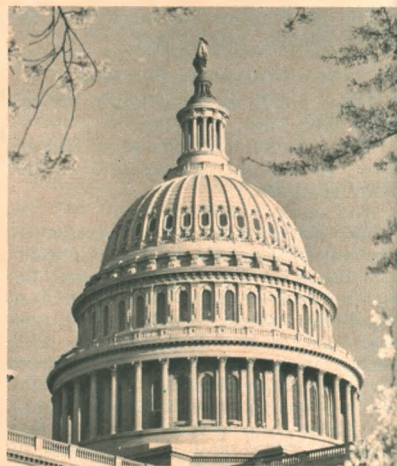
It is not smart, it is not grown-up, and God knows it is not necessary.

Somebody has to say so.

For our beloved republic which has cost so many so much will not long survive in unsteady hands. □

Copies of this Paul Harvey address can be obtained at the following prices: 1-10 copies, 10c each; other quantities, 7c each. Order from: American Council on Alcohol Problems, 119 Constitution Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

After the Inauguration- WHAT?



PERHAPS this January 20 finds no more lonely person in all the nation than the man who takes office as thirty-seventh president of the United States.

Already the flush of victory will have faded before the crush of oncoming responsibility—Vietnam, other foreign relations, crucial decisions here at home. Though Mr. Nixon faced most of these questions in the heat and fervor of the campaign, then he had only the task of convincing voters that he knows the answers. Now he must apply solutions and make them work.

In all of this he stands alone, yet he is singularly dependent on other people. For there is almost nothing that he can do completely by him-

self. Most of his information must come from others; and others must carry out his judgments. Thus he must sift facts from opinion, weigh honest and dishonest differences, resolve conflicts, make difficult decisions.

Nor does he start from scratch. No president begins a first term with a clean desk, of course; but Mr. Nixon inherits far more than normal administrative problems. Instead, he assumes the leadership of a nation which during the last 12 months has known an alarming degree of deterioration—in terms of declining standards, in disorders bordering on anarchy, in growing pessimism and eroding national character.

Some, indeed, are asking whether

the United States may not already have gone too far to make a recovery. One thing seems grimly certain: if the erosion of our nation's character is not checked in the months ahead, the America of freedom and hope that we have known will shortly pass away.

As no other man, the new president has the opportunity to start the nation on an upward course. But he must have the backing of the nation. He will need goodwill, confidence, an intelligent support for his efforts to find solutions.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Nixon appreciates the magnitude of the responsibility he is facing and that he is aware of his special need for the hand of God upon his administration. It is our prayer that he will take office with a sense of personal dependence on God, that this dependence will increase rather than wane, and that the next four years will reflect the overtones of spiritual discernment.

But Mr. Nixon's responsibility is only one side of the coin. What of the nation as a whole? A *National Observer* survey made shortly before

the election notes a feeling of pessimism across the U.S. "The country is falling to pieces," people seem to be saying, "but no one knows what to do about it."

Perhaps there is no better time than now for the U.S. to realize that the problem lies with citizens as individuals. It is time to quit the business of blaming others and take a close look at ourselves. As U.S. citizens we need a new conviction that restraint and morality are still worthwhile; that we need concern for others; that we cannot have a good country to live in without respect for law and order, without standards of right and wrong, without unselfishness and compassion.

Above all else it is time to realize that we desperately need God and the Bible in personal and in public life.

Obviously Mr. Nixon cannot act for the people in such matters. But is the nation as a whole ready to take the hard road back towards the values of God-fearing people? □

—Wayne Christianson, executive editor, *Moody Monthly*. Reprinted by permission.

Biracial Program Begun at Kankakee Church

THE PATTERN of the future for the Kankakee (Ill.) Central Church of the Nazarene was indicated last summer by the church's vacation Bible school.

The church, which will become an increasingly integrated congregation in the future, had a Bible school attendance averaging 105 a day, and of this number about 50 percent of the children were white and 50 percent Negro.

The congregation will be dividing into two churches in the future. A part will form a church to be located on the west side where Central Naz-

arene has purchased five acres of ground. A third of the members will remain at the present site with the express purpose of forming an integrated church.

The new church is already in the preliminary planning stage, and actual construction will begin as soon as money is available. First stage of construction will be an educational unit and offices; it will be followed by a sanctuary when finances permit.

Plans also include a community day nursery, an idea spearheaded by the Chicago Central District, of which Kankakee is a part. Also, the pro-



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT children gather around Miss Marjorie Mayo for a singing session at Kankakee Central Church vacation Bible school.

gram has been enlarged to include after-school tutoring.

The present church, Rev. James Everett, pastor, states, will become a central part of its neighborhood; a boy scout troop was organized, the only troop in the neighborhood. Counseling service will be available for any person in the area on any problem—marital, financial, spiritual, or personal.

The doors will be open to anyone with any background, whatever race or social status. Presently the congregation is composed of persons of Lebanese, Israeli, West Indian, and Indian nationalities and of white and Negro Americans.

Four professors—Miss Marjorie Mayo, F. O. Parr, James Stewart, and Earl Barrett—from Olivet Nazarene College are members, having joined because of its integrated congregation. They will assist in the counseling programs.

The land next door to the church is being bought by the congregation with the support of the district. The church has added several families, the minister says, and has several more waiting to join.

Mr. Everett says of the philosophy guiding the future of Central Church, "Since the gospel is for all mankind regardless of race, it is our mission to endeavor to reach as many as possible. The race barrier is down at the church. We welcome anyone of any race or any social standing."

As for the progress made in the vacation Bible school, he says, "I am just thrilled with its biracial success."

The dedicated workers, he adds, did a most efficient job. And Mr. Everett hopes the Bible school will really open the door to a biracial church.

Prominent people of the commun-

BUBBLING KINDERGARTNERS join Miss Susan John for Bible story as part of the morning activities. Enrollment at integrated vacation Bible school averaged 105.



ity such as lawyers, public school officials, and newsmen have shown appreciation for these efforts. The church has been rewarded with new spiritual vigor as well as outstanding growth.

The plans for Central Nazarene were begun under Dr. Mark Moore, past district superintendent, and are continuing under the present superintendent, Dr. Forrest Nash. □

Story and photos courtesy of *Kankakee Daily Journal*

The Book Corner

TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER

By Paul Tournier. Translated by John S. Gilvour. Richmond, Va.: John Knox Press, 1969. 64 pages, cloth, \$2.00.

Readers of English have profited greatly by the publication of translated works from the pen of Dr. Paul Tournier, leading Swiss evangelical medical doctor and psychiatrist.

The latest of a long list of titles is this brief volume dedicated to the mutual understanding of husbands and wives.

Much of Dr. Tournier's long medical practice has been concerned with couples experiencing marital difficulties. He has distilled the insights gained from countless hours of such counselling into these 64 pages.

Starting with the statement that understanding comes only when it is genuinely desired, Dr. Tournier stresses the need for married couples to express themselves in courage and love, to accept their natural differences both as persons and as women and men differ, and to recognize that complete understanding calls for personal submission to Jesus Christ.

This is a meaty little book that might well be read and reread, not only by those whose marriages have not proved out as the couples hoped, but also by those who wish to strengthen the ties between them. It is sensible, balanced, and completely in good taste.—W. T. PURKISER. □

THIS IS MY CHURCH

By Robert D. Troutman. Kansas City, Mo.: Beacon Hill Press of Kansas City, 1969. Pupil's books: 55 pages, paper, 75c. *Leader's Guide*: 79 pages, paper, \$1.00.

In the workbook *This Is My Church* and its companion *Leader's Guide*, Robert D. Troutman has given Nazarene church leaders an excellent

tool for a specific use—preparing juniors and young people for fruitful church membership.

While the study may not be so formal as an old-fashioned catechism, it is thorough, well-supported by scripture, and well deserves the Christian Service Training accreditation it has already received.

The *Leader's Guide*, which costs \$1.00, contains the entire workbook, plus practical directions as to where to use the material, and sound helps and techniques. The workbooks are 75c each.

As a pastor I have used several times the Nazarene catechism prepared for teens by W. T. Purkiser; this workbook by Troutman will be superior for use with juniors.—RUSSELL METCALFE. □



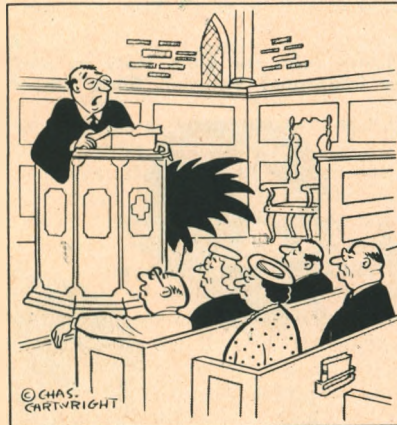
Pro: Minirage

I would like to register a "Pro" for your editorial "The Minirage" in the December 18 issue of the *Herald*. It is sad that many Christian women practice "minimodesty" (to borrow your word). Why do Christian women wear short skirts?

It is also sad that many Christians have little victory or joy. After a recent Wednesday night service, the comment was made by an elderly saint that the people seem to have little of the joy of the Lord.

BERTHA E. LAIRD
Kansas

Church Chuckles



"I'd be shot for saying these things in Russia. Still, it must be nice to get SOME kind of response!"

GOLDEN PEDESTAL

Book Selection



NO MATTER THE WEATHER

By Ruth Vaughn

"Familiarity breeds contempt" might be true in some situations, but never with regard to the Word of God or any aspect of the Christian life.

In this week's Golden Pedestal Book Selection are 14 meditations on a well-known theme. They are as refreshing as a cooling draft from the still waters and as restful to the jaded spirits as a brief pause on their verdant banks.

What a rare gift when a writer is able to combine deeply devotional truth with the telling of interesting events and details in the lives of people similar to those you and I meet daily!

Mrs. Vaughn, a pastor's wife, has that rare faculty. With vivid imagination she turns ordinary, workaday experiences and observations into messages of uplift and inspiration.

Two of these chapters (about six pages each) read each night before bedtime will give you a week's reading of spiritual quickening. And could be, you'll feel physically rested as well.

Paper, \$1.25

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MOVING MINISTERS

Randal Denny from Golden, Colo., to Modesto (Calif.) First.

Claude W. Diehl from Gibson City, Ill., to staff of Olivet Nazarene College, Kankakee, Ill.

Jerry Earls in Nazarene Seminary pastoring Van Cleve (Mo.) Ricker Memorial.

Donald Eskew from Roanoke, Ala., to Uniontown, Ala.

Carl Harrison from Gilmer, Tex., to Monahans, Tex.

Earl Klein from Greensboro, Pa., to Sharon, Pa.

Jim Lynch from Hydro, Okla., to Stafford, Kans.

Kenneth W. Marckel from Decatur, Ind., to Waynesburg, Pa.

Paul Mosley from Des Arc, Mo., to Mapaville, Mo.

Larry Mullins, local preacher, from House Springs, Mo., appointed to Wardell, Mo.

Frank Noel from Portland, Ind., to Owego, N.Y.

John R. Roberts from Wichita (Kans.) Park City to Meade, Kans.

VITAL STATISTICS

DEATHS

JAMES A. ABRAMS, 62, died Dec. 15 in Keene, N.H. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. James Kelley. Survivors include his wife, Grace; three sons, Roger, Richard, and Donald; and 10 grandchildren.

MRS MARY ETTA CARLIN, 76, died Dec. 11 in Oxford, Nova Scotia. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. Bert Collins, R. F. Woods, R. T. Albertson, L. G. Tattrie, D. R. Morrison, and J. Martell. She is survived by her husband, E. Frank.

REV. VADA E. DAVIS, 85, died Dec. 14 in Columbus, Ind. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. Garland Johnson, C. W. Oliver, and Leo Davis. Interment was in Ramsey, Ind. Surviving are a son, Lowell B.; a daughter, Mrs. Ralph Ahlemann; four grandchildren; and one sister.

MRS. LESSIE MAE HAMILTON, 72, died Dec. 18 in Stephenville, Tex. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. Oscar Hartfield and Leroy Elzey. She is survived by her husband, C. P.; two sons, Rev. Marlow Salter and Damon Northcutt; two stepsons, Jack and Charles; three grandchildren; one sister, and one brother.

WILLIAM G. HERWIG, 89, died Dec. 12 in Pasadena, Calif. Funeral services were conducted by Drs. J. George Taylorson and D. Shelby Corlett. He is survived by his wife, Lillie B.; a son, Frank; two daughters, Genevieve Decker and Stella List; four grandchildren; eight great-grandchildren; and a sister.

REV. ALBERT J. SCHÖCKE, 79, died Dec. 15 in Arcadia, Calif. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Earl G. Lee, H. B. Wallin, A. E. Sanner, and D. Shelby Corlett. Surviving are his wife, Hazel, and two brothers.

MRS. MARTHA O. SMITH, 85, died Dec. 3 in Bartlesville, Okla. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. Keith Bottles. No survivors.

MRS. CORA B. SMITH, 85, died Nov. 6 in Springfield, Ohio. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. Sam Stearman and Dale Bissell. Survivors include one son, Herbert V.; three daughters, Miss Elizabeth, Mrs. Esther Haerr, and Mrs. Mary Ellen Pauley; six grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

MRS. FLORENCE Z. TAYLOR, 80, died Dec. 9 in Winchendon, Mass. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. James M. Kelley. Interment was in Keene, N.H. Survivors include one son, Edward H. Rogers, and two brothers.

BIRTHS

—to Darel and Dovie Hudson, Cincinnati, a son, Christopher Edward, Dec. 5.

MARRIAGES

Miss Betty Benson of Kansas City, Mo., and Mr. Earl Robertson of San Diego were united in marriage at Bethany (Okla.) First Church, Dec. 14.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

RECOMMENDATIONS

Rev. L. E. Toone, an elder of the Northwestern Ohio District, is reentering the field of evangelism, Jan. 1. He has served for a number of years effectively as pastor and is known as one of the good evangelists of the denomination. I commend him to our churches and feel he can be a genuine blessing to them. He can be contacted at: Nazarene Publishing House, Box 527, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.—Carl B. Glendene, Northwestern Ohio district superintendent.

Rev. W. A. Peck, 1176 Apache St., Livermore, Calif. 94550, has announced his desire to reenter the work of evangelism. He has already held a number of good meetings in our area and pastors commend him highly as a successful evangelist. —E. E. Zachary, Northern California district superintendent.

EVANGELISTS' OPEN DATES

George P. Woodward, 326 Dry Run Rd., Monongahela, Pa. 15063, has open May 23 to June 1.

DIRECTORIES

BOARD OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS—Office: 2401 The Paseo, Kansas City 64131. V. H. Lewis, chairman; George Coulter, Vice-chairman; Edward J. Miller, Secretary; Orville W. Jenkins; Eugene L. Samuel; Young.

NEWS OF RELIGION

You Should Know About . . .

SIX FAITHS REPRESENTED IN NIXON CABINET. Presbyterians lead the list in the denominational affiliations of the new 12-man cabinet with four. Roman Catholics are second with three.

Professionally, in the new cabinet are three businessmen, three governors, two lawyers, two schoolmen, a lieutenant governor, and one congressman.

Here is the list of the religious affiliations of the cabinet members:

William P. Rogers, Secretary of State—Presbyterian
David M. Kennedy, Secretary of the Treasury—Mormon
Melvin R. Laird, Secretary of Defense—Presbyterian
John N. Mitchell, Attorney General—Presbyterian
Clifford M. Hardin, Secretary of Agriculture—Quaker
Walter J. Hickel, Secretary of the Interior—Roman Catholic
Winton M. Blount, Postmaster General—Presbyterian
George P. Schultz, Secretary of Labor—Episcopalian
Robert H. Finch, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare—Congregationalist

Maurice H. Stans, Secretary of Commerce—Roman Catholic
George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development—Mormon

John A. Volpe, Secretary of Transportation—Roman Catholic □

NINETY-FIRST CONGRESS POLLED ON RELIGIOUS AFFILIATIONS. An authoritative religious census of the new Congress, published by "Christianity Today," shows that the religious balance among members of the Ninety-first Congress will be much the same as its predecessor.

Totals of only two religious groups changed by more than one, the census noted. The number of Roman Catholics in the House and Senate rose two, to 111. The Methodists, largest Protestant group in the Congress, dropped three to 90.

Gains were recorded of one apiece by several little-represented groups, including the Latter-Day Saints, Lutherans, and Greek Orthodox. The Orthodox church never had a member of Congress on record until two were elected to the House in 1966. The third is Pennsylvania Democrat Gus Yatron.

The 70,000-member Christian and Missionary Alliance has its first member of Congress in Wilmer Mizell, a North Carolina Republican nicknamed "Vinegar Bend," who formerly pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

The U.S. Senate gets its first member from the tiny Schwenkfelder church in Pennsylvania Republican Richard Schweiker. The group of 2,400 members is historically related to the Amish. □

HUMPHREY TO TEACH IN STATE AND PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOLS. Retiring Vice-president Hubert H. Humphrey has accepted a shared professorship between the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis and Macalester College, a United Presbyterian school in St. Paul.

The 1968 Democratic presidential candidate probably will assume teaching responsibilities in the spring.

"I can hardly wait to begin," he said at a gathering of officials and students from both schools. The announcement was made at Macalester, whose president is Dr. Arthur Flemming, also president of the National Council of Churches and a United Methodist layman.

“. . . in the last days perilous times shall come . . ." (II Timothy 3:1-5).

CATHOLIC MISSION AFFILIATES WITH NATIONAL COUNCIL DIVISION—An order of medical missionaries has become the first Roman Catholic religious community to become formally affiliated with the National Council of Churches' Division of Overseas Ministries.

The Medical Mission Sisters, a Philadelphia-based order, was accepted as an affiliated agency by the division's program board at a meeting following its second triennial assembly. □

Late News

ILLINOIS DISTRICT WINNER

Leads in 47,319 Sunday School Attendance Increase on Rally Day

With a Sunday school attendance increase of 5,703 on Rally Day and 3,435 for the month of October, resulting from an attendance drive program that started a spirit of evangelism and revival across the district, the Illinois District was judged first in the Attendance Program Contest sponsored by the Department of Church Schools. The Southwest Indiana District was a close second, and Northwestern Ohio and Oregon Pacific tied for third. The judges gave an Honorable Mention to the Northwest District for a well-developed idea but the results did not qualify it among the top three.

Ninety-five percent of the churches on the Illinois District participated in their program that carried the title "Touchdown '68." The churches on the district were paired for competition and a football sock was given to each church. The battle cry was, "Don't lose your socks in this game." Mr. Jerry Oliver, deeply dedicated layman and unusually effective promoter, was asked to head up the pro-

gram. The enthusiasm he developed has continued even after the special emphasis was completed.

Thirty-three districts sent in their program ideas and materials to enter in the judging. The district-developed programs not only increased the Rally Day attendance by more than 47,000 but contributed to an average attendance increase of 22,444 for the month of October.

The Nazarene Publishing House provided gift certificates of \$500, \$300, and \$100 respectively to the three winning districts. □

LAYMAN SPARK PLUG IN ILLINOIS DISTRICT WIN

Mr. Gerald D. Oliver, Springfield (Ill.) First Church layman, was the promoter for the successful October and Rally Day Attendance Drive contest which resulted in the Illinois District being acclaimed national winner.



Oliver

Mr. Oliver is president and founder of Roosevelt National Investment Company and its subsidiary, Roosevelt National Life Insurance Company of America. He is also president of Lincoln Securities Corporation. He served as Sunday school superintendent of Springfield First Church from 1963 to 1968, during which time the enrollment in-



NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN. Mr. M. E. Ruffner, center, 73-year-old member of the Chattanooga (Tenn.) First Church, receives his Qualified Teacher's certificate from the local CST director, Gerald McCommon. Mr. Ruffner, who has taught in the local Sunday school for 44 years, currently is completing one CST study book per week toward completing the Certified course. He claims you never get too old to learn and wishes the church had had this type of training 40 years ago. He says it is his desire after 44 years to still be the best teacher possible, and he is willing to put forth the effort required to improve his teaching. Mr. Ruffner's pastor, Rev. John R. Andrus, second from right, and Sunday School Superintendent Jim Haygood, far right, heartily agree with CST Director McCommon when he says, "Mr. Ruffner is an inspiration to me personally and an excellent example for other teachers to follow."

creased from 330 to 918, and average attendance from 216 to 393.

On the Illinois District, Mr. Oliver also directed the *Herald of Holiness* campaigns for two successive years and led the district from thirty-ninth in the denomination to first.

In 1968 he was elected chairman of the Illinois District church schools board and was asked to head up what turned out to be the phenomenally successful fall attendance drive which brought Illinois the grand prize. □

FIRE DESTROYS PARSONAGE

Word received just before press time brought news that the parsonage belonging to the Iatan, Mo., church was totally destroyed by fire January 4. Rev. Phillip L. Cory is pastor. From sketchy information, it was learned that the Corys apparently escaped with only part of their immediate personal belongings, with all else quickly going up in flames. □

MOVING MINISTERS

Wilmer Steelman from Whiteboro, Tex., to Gilmer, Tex.

Earl W. Transue from Orange Coast College, Costa Mesa, Calif., to West Sacramento, Calif.

Eldred Van Pelt from Norton, Kans., to Durango, Colo.

Dan Williams from Rock Mills, Ala., to Oneonta (Ala.) Union Hall.

F. B. Bozeman from Rotan, Tex., to Petersburg, Tex.

J. Weston Chambers from Washington (D.C.) Grace to Bel Air, Md.



DR. L. S. OLIVER, center, superintendent of the Illinois District, presents a plaque to **Dr. V. H. Lewis**, who, as presiding general superintendent at the district assembly, helped "kick off" their prize-winning Sunday school promotion program. Dr. Oliver reports that revivals have broken out across the district and many have been won to Christ and the church as a result of this Sunday school attendance emphasis. **Dr. Kenneth S. Rice**, executive secretary of the Department of Church Schools, adds his thanks for helping make the October drive such a success.

Next Sunday's Lesson

The Answer Corner

By W. E. McCumber

PEOPLE MISUNDERSTAND JESUS

(January 26)

Scripture: Mark 3:7-35 (Printed: Mark 3:20-27, 31-35)

Golden Text: Matthew 12:30

The ministry of Jesus attracted huge throngs and provoked intense opposition. Hostility against Him became so sharp that even His family and disciples were affected. In this lesson we observe:

1. **CROWDS**—"A great multitude . . . followed him" (v. 7).

From everywhere men came, to see, to hear, mostly to be healed. He responded in love, teaching and healing despite growing opposition.

2. **CONVERTS**—"He ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth . . ." (v. 14).

Great movements are not perpetuated by curious throngs but by committed disciples. Not the crowds but the converts do the work of the Kingdom. Quality, not quantity, is the requisite of effective evangelism!

3. **CALUMNIES**—"They said, He hath an unclean spirit" (v. 30).

The purest, truest, kindest Man who ever lived was vilified by the blackest calumnies!

He was betrayed by a follower (v. 19).

He was misunderstood by His family (vv. 21, 31-35). They charged Him with lunacy: "He is beside himself." His claim to deity offended them, and they called Him insane and came to put Him in protective custody.

He was slandered by His foes (vv. 22-30). They accused Him of possession by and complicity with demons. His logic was unanswerable—Satan would not war against his own kingdom. He was rather the Stronger Man who binds the strong man and spoils his house. Because they dared to credit the work of God to demons He warned them against blaspheming the Holy Spirit.

How lonely was Jesus, even amid crowds, when misunderstood by followers, family, and foes! To share that loneliness is often the price of our discipleship.

Conducted by W. T. Purkiser, Editor

I would like scriptural proof that the Sabbath of Mount Sinai has been changed.

I am sending you a copy of an editorial of a few years back entitled "The Sabbath Question," which is too long to reprint here. We'd be glad to mail a copy to any others who would send a self-addressed, stamped envelope marked, "Sabbath."

Actually, there is strong Old Testament evidence that the Sabbath of Mount Sinai was not Saturday of an unvarying weekly cycle, but that the first Sabbath of each year was a fixed date like our Christmas or New Year's Day and would therefore occur on different days of the weekly cycle year by year, just as Christmas or New Year's Day comes on different days of the week (Exodus 12:18-20; 13:6; Leviticus 23; Deuteronomy 16). This point is covered in D. Shelby Corlett's paperback, *The Christian Sabbath* (Nazarene Publishing House, 47 pages, 50c).

The fourth commandment does not say, "Saturday is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." Nor does it say, "Day number seven is the sabbath," or "the seventh day of the week."

What it does say is, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." "Seventh" is not a cardinal number with an independent meaning. It is an ordinal number whose meaning rests on the six items that precede it (see Joshua 6:14-15).

I, for one, believe the Holy Spirit

Is it right or wrong to make use of the telephone for long-distance calls on Sunday, thus involving one or more telephone operators, for the purpose of reporting local Sunday school attendance figures? Is this practice in violation of the Manual rule that says we are to avoid profaning the Lord's day, either by unnecessary labor, or business, or by the patronizing or reading of secular papers, or by holiday diversions?

No man can answer for another person's conscience. All I can say is that it seems to me legitimate to do whatever is a genuine part of the Lord's work on the Lord's day.

Most telephone calls nowadays are by direct distance dialing, and would involve no more Sunday labor than turning on the gas, the electric light, or drawing water from the faucet.

I hate to say anything that anyone could misconstrue into laxity in regard to Sabbath observance.

On the other hand, I hate to say anything that will contribute to the sort of legalistic bondage the Pharisees fell

directed the choice of the ordinal number to avoid the very confusion into which the Saturday-Sabbath people have fallen. The fourth commandment means what it says and says what it means without their human addition of the words "of the week."

Contrary to what some suppose, "sabbath" does not mean Saturday or seventh. It means cessation or rest. Therefore the Christian Lord's day is in perfect and literal fulfillment of the fourth commandment. It is the seventh day after six days of work.

You see, God knew when the Ten Commandments were given that this earth was not a flat plain where each day would be the same the world over. He knew there would have to be an "international date line" where the same day would be Saturday on one side and Sunday on the other.

This does not mean that any of the seven days would be equally good for the Christian Sabbath. The Church in our day, as the Church in New Testament times, meets to worship the Lord on the day of His resurrection.

While the apostles went to the synagogues on Saturday to preach, whenever the New Testament mentions the day on which Christians gathered to worship the risen Lord, it is always Sunday. No amount of squirming or wiggling can escape that one solid fact.

into with their 613 rules—a bondage which Jesus repudiated most heartily (Mark 2:23-28).

As long as Colossians 2:16-17 and Romans 14:1-6 are in the New Testament, we would probably better not be too critical of others whose judgments of proper Sabbath observance do not exactly agree with ours.

And it is at least instructive that, in his choice of words, Paul called those "weak" who tended to be too tightly bound by scruples that have no solid foundation in the Word of God or the universal conscience of the people of God (Romans 14:1-13).

new



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