



CHURCH NEWS

BIBLE SUNDAY IN PERTH CHURCH

The Perth Reformed Baptist Church has had good attendance since the beginning of the new year. An average of 103 has been present to take part in the many varied activities. One touch of interest recently was Bible Sunday. It was interesting to know about the different Bibles in the Community. The pupils and parents responded by bringing 92 Bibles to Bible Sunday. Recognition was given to the oldest Bible brought in by Mrs. Phillip McCrea. It was 78 years old. Brought to the community from St. John's Newfoundland. This Bible was also the largest and heaviest weighing 13 lbs. 10 oz. The newest Bible was purchased the night before on the insistent urging of a little girl, who felt she just had to have a Bible. We all hope Miss Charlotte Dyer will keep this Bible to become the oldest in the community.

A French and a Danish Bible were the property of a few proud students. Several different coloured Bibles including red, green, brown, black, white, blue and a pearl covered Bible were on display. The Pearl covered Bible was sent to Mrs. Perry DeMerchant from a soldier stationed in Jerusalem. It was sent as a gift by the soldier after he was befriended by this family. Truly the contents of the Bible are shown in the example of some fine saints. Several tiny Bibles weighing less than an ounce were also on view.

Flora Inman

QUARTERLY MEETING REPORT

The District Quarterly Meeting of Central Nova Scotia, convened with the church at Halifax, N. S., March 2-5th., with all ministers present.

Many were the blessings which highlighted the Quarterly as being a time of rich fellowship, in the presence of God and His people.

The main theme and interest of pastors and people alike, was the need of a 're-awakening', and a 'living up', to the standards of true Holiness.

The business meeting was held on Saturday afternoon at 3 p.m. Matters of business were discussed, and the invitation to Amherst for our June Quarterly, was accepted.

We feel to praise God for such a good district meeting, and continue to pray that He might bless not only our district, but throughout our denomination.

Mrs. G. A. Inman, Secretary

NOTICE OF REVIVAL MEETING

Special Services will begin on Easter Sunday at Victoria, N. B., Evangelist Sheila Graham will be assisting the pastor, Rev. J. A. Owens. When these meetings are through, Rev. Hollis Kimball will be at Lr. Brighton in Revival Services, dates to be announced later. Pray with us for a Revival on our circuit.

J. A. Owens.

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When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon, glowing sun,
When we stand with Christ in Glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

—Robert McCheyne

MODERN THINKING—ITS FALLACY

by Leonard Ravenhill

The reason history repeats itself is that human nature is ever the same. Thus the one thing we learn from history is that we don't learn from history! I am just old enough to remember with an effort the 1920's, their sky glowing, so I am told, with the dawn of a new world order. Strange, isn't it, that this phrase about a new world order, shouted from the housetops after both world wars, has suddenly been dropped? More than that, as a child they guaranteed me a war-free world, and one secular prophet of that day (shunning religion—indeed he mocked it) talked about the inevitability of progress, the adequacy of materialism, and the sufficiency of man.

Such optimism as this swept into politics so that in the British Parliament Lord C. said that the long dark night of barbarism had passed. We were led to believe that the millennium (man-made) was just around the corner. Then about 1937 a lady of international stature, the leader of a famous religious group, dared to prophesy that for a hundred years there would be no world war. But there was one in two years!

Somebody also ventured the theory that progress in any shape or form was all a matter of education! In another half century, so the tale ran, all men would write like Shakespeare, paint like Raphael, think like Einstein, and invent like Edison. Poverty would soon be a bad memory. The humanists would pull down the hills of wealth and fill in the valleys of poverty.

Science, those past optimists told me, was the new messiah. With their ductless glands, they got both me and the rest confused. Human love, they said, depended on the interstitial growth upon the pituitary, intelligence upon the thyroid, charity and kindness upon the superarenals. I was bamboozled, for it was plain to see that I was a cosmic accident, a mere bagful of chemicals held together by a skin. Strange, isn't it, that for almost half a century their glandular extracts have been on the market, and yet no new race of Christlike men have appeared. Now, to my horror, I know that I live in a shrinking world and an expanding universe. I know that while science has spent billions of dollars perfecting death rays and putting the death certificate for millions in one single bomb, it has not yet learned to put human kindness into a pill, nor has it a shot that can end human bitterness and clean the heart of man.

The next disturbers of my peace were the psychologists. Some of these said that we were all the creatures of our environment. Tough, then, on the child of the slums. After reflection, however, I remembered that some of the very best men whom I knew, had come from the worst environment. Out of his human jungle, a Guiding Hand had brought miracles. So I forgot the view of those men who tried to interpret the race as a bundle.

Just then I met men on stilts confidently talking of Freud, Jung, and psychiatry; of Shaw's Christ and Einstein's finite universe; of time and space and the fourth dimension; of theosophy, hypnotism, repression of the memory, supernormal facilities, the subconscious mind, and finally crystal gazing. These were all offered from the burden and heat of the day, but alas, they were as tuneless as a cracked bell.

In my workshop in those days I heard of the failure of the churches, of hypocrisy, etc. But then I remembered men who, having gone to savage tribes, always refused to carry arms for their own defence. And what of those who entered areas famed for the jungle scourge? For a wageless job in the steaming jungles, had not scores left fame and fortune to offer men Christ?

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