

### Religion And Life

By Very Rev. George C. Pigeon  
First Moderator of the United Church of Canada  
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Years ago one of my professors said, "The centre of every system of theology ought to be the love of God." It is also the central experience of the Christian world.

This is not merely a nice sentiment; it is a law of life. The issue before the nations is this: Is love to be the governing principle of all human relationships, or are we to descend to the appetites and instincts which govern the brutes? International experiments and experiences in the past, and particularly in our own immediate past, prove that no other law known to men will work; the human spirit will submit to no sovereignty but that of love.

The source of this Christian attitude—and it is the only attitude that is really Christian—is John's doctrine, "God is love." This means that at the heart of all that is, and at the fount of all that is to be, is immeasurable good-will, measurably active. The aim of love in everything God creates is its development to the height of its capacity; if it has been marred or broken the creative energy of the divine nature moves toward its restoration; and the claim of love for its object is his rise into the most intimate fellowship with God. This means that love is the essence of the divine, "Not merely an attribute of God, but His very nature."

As one writer puts it: "Judaism taught the righteousness of God, Greek thought apprehended Him as wisdom, modern science posits God as force, Jesus Christ displays

God as Love." (Findlay).

The most recent book on the first Epistle of John is by Professor C. H. Dodd and he says that "in speaking of the love of God we are thinking of loving action, definite, concrete, and recognizable on the historical plane." He points out, further, what is implied in the statement, "God is love" over and above what is implied in the statement, "God loves." The latter statement might stand alongside other statements such as, "God creates," "God rules," "God judges"; that is to say, it means that love is one of His activities. But to say, "God is love" implies that all His activity is loving activity. If He creates, He creates in love; if He rules, He rules in love; if He judges, He judges in love. All that He does is the expression of His nature, which is to love.

The first fact to be noted here is that our knowledge of the love of God comes from Christian experience. Man could never reach that conception in its fullness from a study of Nature. The man whom Tenneyson describes represents a large number of earnest spirits: "Who trusted God was love indeed and love Creation's final law—Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw With ravine, shrieked against his creed."

The love which burst into the soul of Jesus of Nazareth as He came up from the waters of baptism, took command of His entire ministry. He taught the sovereignty of love; He lived by the love of love; He refused to consider any gathering where the love of the Kingdom was inconsistent with the love which He had found in the heart of God; He accepted the Cross rather than crush his foes; He died for the love of the world. This experience of the love of God is open to every soul who seeks Him. This writer speaks of what he knows—when the love of God shines into the soul, it is like the brightness of the sun, it blinds one to everything else. It is the source of all the joy in the Christian life. Look at the outburst of song which follows every genuine revival of religion! Its joy resembles the joy of the spring-time, when gladness pours from every bough and floods the morning; it is because love is in action and love is leading to life.

This is the Christian's message to the world today. In the face of all its hatred and strife the message of the Gospel is that love is king. Missionaries are in every land at this moment proclaiming by word and deed God's love for men and God's invitation to every human soul to accept love as his portion. These men penetrate into regions, where hate has always ruled and might was the only right, unarmed, seeking no reward, giving themselves without stint to all who will accept their service in order that men may be awakened to what God is and what God means for them. The South Sea Islands were inhabited by cannibals less than a century ago yet when American airmen were forced down on these islands they were given every attention that Christian love could inspire. Christian missions had wrought the change. So it is in every land.

This is the law of life here at home—the only law that will work. We shall follow out a few of its implications in succeeding studies, and we should like our readers to study carefully the first Epistle of John. But, whether we trace this back to its source or not, this is the Church's message to nations trembling on the verge of deadly strife—turn from violence to love as the only way to life. Our daily papers are carrying editorials on the character and career of Adolf Hitler, one of the greatest ministers of love in any age. It is because he has given his life to love and its healing grace that he is moving the world.

**CHILD KILLED BY TRAIN**

BRANTFORD, Ont., July 10—(CP)—Lorne Boomsma, 21-months old, suffered fatal injuries Friday when struck by a locomotive before the eyes of his father, George Boomsma, who was standing by the track, chanting "choo-choo-train; choo-choo-train," as the train bore down on him.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of our dear son and brother, Robert Wendell Clow (Bob) who was accidentally drowned July 11th, 1948.

He little thought when leaving home He would no more return; That he in death, so soon would sleep And leave us here to mourn.

We did not know the pain he bore We did not see him die, We only know he passed away And never said good-bye.

Lovingly Remembered by Father, Everett, Elmer, Walter and Jean.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of our dear brother Robert Wendell Clow (Bob) who was accidentally drowned July 11th, 1948.

The blow was great; the shock severe. We little knew his death so near To be with us the same old way Would be our dearest wish to-day.

Sadly Missed by Sister Mary, Fred and Children.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of our dear son and brother Robert Wendell Clow (Bob) who was accidentally drowned July 11th, 1948.

We little knew when we woke that morn The sorrow that day would bring For the call was sudden; the shock severe.

To part with one we loved so dear, As long as life and memory last, We will remember thee.

Ever Remembered by Sister Marion, Brother-in-Law Bill and Children.

### Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsworthy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

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**PASSED EXAMS**—The following pupils of Kelly's Cross School received Grade VIII Certificates: Joseph Roberts, Mary Roberts, Cyril Molyneux, Noreen Flood (Green Bay), Eileen Kelly.

**CITY POLICE COURT**—At the Stipendiary Magistrate's Court yesterday, six persons charged with being drunk and incapable appeared; one was sentenced to 10 days in jail, one was fined \$10 and costs or 20 days; two were fined \$5 and costs or 10 days each; and the remaining two were both remanded until Tuesday.

**BIRTHDAY PICNIC**—Mr. and Mrs. William Green, Hampshire, were guests of honor at a birthday beach party on Wednesday, July 6th at Brackley. The occasion was the eighty-fifth birthday of Mr. Green. Attending the gathering were Mrs. May Willis and Mrs. Owen Younker, daughters of the guest of honor, and their immediate families and a few friends. Refreshments were served at approximately forty gay picnickers. The beautiful birthday cake made by Mrs. May and Mrs. Earl Willis was the centre of table interest.

**BRIDAL SHOWER**—On Thursday evening, June 30th, friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Graham, Cavendish, to tender a miscellaneous shower for their daughter Anna Elizabeth. As the Wedding March was being played by Mrs. Lloyd Houston, the bride-to-be was escorted to a chair under pink and white streamers and decorated with roses and ferns. By Mrs. Louis Campbell, Carol Ann Graham, niece of the bride-to-be, presented her with a bouquet of flowers. The baskets of gifts were carried in by Misses Margaret Simpson and Carol McLeod, and opened by Mrs. Harold MacLean and Miss Sylvia Simpson, while Miss Jennie Moore read the accompanying verses, and Miss Ethel Moore placed the gifts on the table. Ann graciously expressed her thanks and all joined in singing "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow." Refreshments were then served by the ladies and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. All join in wishing Anna much happiness in the future.—(Patriot please copy).

**PERSONALS**

Mr. Preston MacAskill, Mt. Stewart, has again been engaged as teacher of Park Corner school, to the general satisfaction of trustees, parents and pupils.

Mrs. Ralph Steele and two children, and Patricia Kichham of Brookline, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Irving of Cherry Valley. Mrs. Steele and Miss Kichham are returning Tuesday. Robert and Margaret Steele are staying with their aunt and uncle for their summer vacation.

### Africa Flight

By Val Gielgud

**CHAPTER XI—DESER, MARCH**

The three figures, with every pace looking more like absurd marionettes jerked along by invisible wires, grew smaller and smaller. Hubert Mansour put his arm round his wife's shoulders. Fleisch stooped over his camera. Saunders cleared his throat, and spat emotionally into the sand. And illimitably high overhead, the timet of tiny specks against the burning blue of the sky, three vultures soared effortlessly on vast leathery creaking wings, soared, and watched, and waited. Amroyd left his pocket, swallowed alike those who watched, and those who marched.

A desert journey is very nearly an indescribable thing to those who have never had the experience in their own persons. Most of all it approximates to Arctic or Antarctic travelling. There is the same utter desolation and friendlessness of the environment; the same monotony of acute, and occasionally violent discomfort; the same absence of variety of landscape or landmarks; and gradually, only three things emerge into the foreground of the picture; emerge, lose all proportion, swell into hideous caricatures. Your boots, the water-bottles, and the sun.

What Larrimore thought during the first two days of that journey to El Fayoum, it is impossible to say. Certainly he never spoke of it. He merely led the way, his shoulders a little stopped, his jaw a trifle out-thrust, his length of stride never altering.

During those forty-eight hours, he was wrapped up in the practical problem of assuring himself of the accuracy of the course, of giving Carol a lead without exposing his general gallery in following her. He thought of nothing but the job in hand.

Carol, for her part, thought of nothing but Larrimore. She walked steadily, her hand on his arm after mile, hardly speaking, but always ready with the suspicion of a smile when he needed it. And she noted for the first time since she had known him, her real realization that she loved Larrimore; the hard, sweat-streaked jaw; the keen peering eyes; the steady piston-like drive of his legs, which drove her forward almost as definitely as he drove him, by sheer magnet-like example; the hair curling a little at the base of his neck; the worn, but still bright, and broken, she felt that, rather than appear inadequate in the eyes of this man so obviously here in his element, she could die on her feet without so much as a whimper.

And though her feet grew sore and swollen, and her eyes raw and gummy, and the straps of her water-bottles cut into her shoulders, and her breath came in gasps, and a three-hourly mouthful of water seemed no more than a mockery to her dried tongue and dust-parched throat, she marched so well that Larrimore found her endurance as hard to believe, as he would have flatly disbelieved the truth—that only for love of him could the girl ever have done it.

And Antony Sothorn? That fine flower of elegant civilization was rapidly and frankly in a pretty bad way. He was learning, like other soldiers, the new "Jeep" truck, and he was in condition. He refused to accept Larrimore's parole, and as a consequence was not only burdened with his normal share of water and equipment, but also with two pistols, and a bandolier filled with ammunition.

As a matter of course he brought up the rear of the marching party. Complaining loudly as he went of appreciating Larrimore's strictly realist attitude. Sothorn still thought of the situation in terms of "playing at soldiers." This was why he started the march some ten yards behind Carol and Larrimore; why, for the first four or five miles he added vastly to his own discomfort by keeping a hand on the butt of one of his pistols. He persisted in seeing himself, as it were, in tactical control of the situation.

Such an attitude was comparatively unimportant. Sothorn, after all, was no fool. He was merely young and jealous and vain. But when he was forced to realize that his isolation from the other two was practically unnecessary, he also realized, with a mixture of horror and despair that even if he would, he could not make their pace. He topped and straggled in their rear, his walk tending more and more to become a lurch, futile oaths dying in whispers on his cracked lips, and everything in the world forgotten but the molten vastness of the sun, the damnable slithering sag of the sand under

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his feet, and his thirst. To the average European, thirst is just something that makes beer fizzle deliciously in the gullet; that turns water to Olympian nectar; that proves that one's game of golf or tennis was properly hard-fought. Thirst—real thirst that deserves the initial capital letter—is a very different thing. It withers the heart and cracks the tongue. It dries, an bewilders, and ultimately torments. It is one of the first things that civilization has set out to abolish.

Which is why Sothorn, an essentially civilized man, was in no case to withstand it. You must imagine him, a little light-headed, Larrimore was properly and cruelly bruised about the feet, his lips cracking, and his tongue swollen so that it felt like mushy rubber in his mouth, pouthing desperately across those leagues of sand towards an objective almost unimaginable — and with the weight of four heavy water bottles thudding against his thighs as he went.

Even when they halted, as they did at regular intervals—Sothorn found no relief. Conversation with Larrimore was impossible. The airman had simply put Sothorn out of his thoughts, except as a handicapping factor in the enterprise. And Sothorn's own actions had raised an impassable barrier between them. As for Carol, she was too grimly occupied in what she had set herself to do to have any words to spare for Sothorn. She simply set herself blindly, almost ferociously, to copy Larrimore. When the hats were called she dutifully swallowed her cupful of warmish water, flung herself down, forced her limbs to relax, and lay like one dead until the march was resumed. She did not dare do otherwise. (To be continued)

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