

# SIGNS OF THE TIMES

THE WORLD'S PROPHETIC WEEKLY

ESTD 1874





# The Flight of TIME

TOPICAL

Navies are being augmented today not only by massive battleships but also by hundreds of fast motor launches such as those pictured above. These boats, 25 feet long, with a speed of 20 knots, will be carried on destroyers and larger warships of the British Navy.

## A Survey of World Events by the EDITOR

We shall never forget that day, nor the moving appeal of the leader of the Women's International Organization as she presented a petition bearing the signatures of eight million women.

"Behind each of these signatures," she said, "stands a living personality, a human being oppressed by a great fear, the fear of the destruction of our civilization. We are all living under the shadow of a heavy cloud of depression and anxiety.

The will of the people is for peace. We are weary of the unending sacrifices expected of us for the purpose of destruction.

"It is not for ourselves alone that we plead, but for the generation to come. To us women, as mothers, the thought of what another great war would mean for our children is the strongest incentive impelling us to spend ourselves in the endeavor to make their lives secure from such a disastrous fate. The people are waiting; they are determined that a way of solution must somehow be found. They are knocking at the doors, and their call must be answered."

As the speaker concluded, there marched into that august assembly of the great men of the world more than a hundred women, all carrying bundles of petitions to lay on the table before the Tribune. It was a spectacular demonstration of the longing of the women of the world for peace. For once in history, mothers were making their voices heard in the councils of the nations.

Alas for their fond hopes! The great conference dissolved in futility; rearmament began on a prodigious scale; national hatreds increased rather than diminished; and the eight million women beheld their labor of love come to nought.

Today there is not a mother anywhere on earth who has not a secret fear in her heart for the safety of her grown son of military age; and the fear of those with newborn babes in their arms is scarcely



### MARS AND MOTHERS

**A**MIDST the daily welter of war scares and frightening headlines we pause to pay a tribute to mothers, including in this Mother's Day issue appropriate articles praising mothers' virtues and discussing mothers' problems.

The subject is most timely, for in all the incessant discussion of the dangerous international situation none are more completely ignored than mothers.

Millions of men are being mobilized in the armies of the world, prepared for the charnel house—but what of their mothers?

Men—fine, brave, stalwart men—have been assigned to every battleship, every fortress, every squadron of bombing planes, around the globe, ready to work the machines of death, doomed to awful suffering and untimely graves—but what of their mothers?

If the mothers of the world could have their way, there would be no war. We all know that.

Once only in all human history were mothers permitted to present their views on this subject to the leaders of the nations. It happened in 1932, at the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

The new gas hood recently devised for protection of babies in air raids. It consists of a hood of impervious fabric fitted with a large cellulose window. Air is supplied by means of rubber bellows. Thus does the human race try to save itself from the horrors it has devised.

TOPICAL



less, knowing what the war of the future must mean to all.

Mars is on the march again; and once more it will be the mothers who will suffer most.

God bless all mothers today, and help them place their trust in Him who controls all human destiny and does all things well. In the little time that may remain before the storm breaks, let all flee for shelter under the shadow of His wings "until these calamities be overpast." God will ever be the refuge of His people, their consolation, and their peace.



### BROKEN HOMES

WHILE we are thinking of mothers, we cannot but refer to the tragic situation that is developing in the matter of home life in this country.

The wreckage of broken homes lies strewn all about us. Soon the very word "home" will mean something quite different from what our parents understood.

We have been appalled, when visiting even Christian educational institutions, to discover how many young people come from so-called "homes" where father and mother are separated or divorced. What ideals can these young men and young women have for the future? What secret plans for their own disloyalty may they not already have conceived? How can they be expected to rise to a nobler conception of marriage than their parents have?

Thus does the evil spread, and, like a gopher in a garden, eats away at the roots of all that is beautiful in the social life of the nation.

According to Jon Sanders in the *Commentator*, "the divorce rate in America is growing seven times as fast as the rate of population; in other words, for every 1 per cent increase in the population there has been a 7 per cent increase in the divorce rate. During the seven years, 1930-1937, there was one divorce for every six marriages in America; in Chicago there were thirty-three divorces to every one hundred marriages—one to three. During 1937 in the city of Detroit there were performed 22,000 marriages by legal empowered authorities, both civil and religious. During this same period of time there were granted by the courts 5,300 divorces, nearly 25 per cent as many divorces as marriages—one divorce to every four weddings. And in the city of Denver, Colorado, the number of divorces in 1936 exactly equaled the number of marriages."

This is certainly an unsavory picture,



### OUR COVER PICTURE

This week the beautiful photograph of Armstrong Roberts brings us this exquisite study of Mother Love, a fitting introduction to our Mother's Day Number.



and bodes ill for the future of the nation. Unless this degeneracy is arrested in some way, and perhaps the divorce laws tightened up, it will not be long before the majority will be living in a state of consecutive polygamy, and the marriage ceremony will be nothing more than a hypocritical covering of free love.

It almost seems as though we are fast getting back to the lax conditions existing in the days before the Flood, when "they took them wives of all which they chose." Genesis 6:2. And did not Jesus warn us that "as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the Flood came, and destroyed them all"? Luke 17:26, 27.

We are not to infer from this passage that Jesus disapproved of normal eating, drinking, and marrying. It was the excess that He condemned, the loss of control, the derangement of judgment that

spoils, ruins, and wrecks all God's plans for human happiness.

In these dangerous times it behooves us all to live very close to the Lord, seeking to build within our own and our children's hearts those durable moral qualities that shall withstand all the storms of life.

Here indeed is the only hope for any improvement in the situation. It is the only way of salvation. We must rediscover God in our homes, and so erect new spiritual barriers that shall protect them from every onslaught of the enemy.



### TUTANKHAMEN'S TRUMPETS

THE ancient pair of bronze and silver trumpets found in the tomb of Pharaoh Tutankhamen, and now in the Egyptian Museum, were blown the other day and broadcast around the world.

Pharaoh's trumpets, blown in Egypt and heard in America! What a heart-thrilling link between ancient and modern times!

It makes one think of voices from the past, of music resounding down the ages and reverberating to the ends of the earth.

Yet an even more stirring message has come to us this year from those long-forgotten days.

Excavating on the site of the old town of Tanis in the Nile Delta, Professor

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Homes of the future in London. Government-provided steel air-raid shelters being erected in the little back yards of the Borough of Islington.

TOPICAL





# Mothers and Memories



by  
MARTHA E. WARNER

nothing of that kind to remember; but other things, little things, stand out so clearly.

There was the time the dam broke and flooded the section of the city where we lived. The water came with a roar; it filled the cellar, it covered the kitchen floor, and we sought refuge upstairs.

Oh, how we wanted father! but he could not get home. But we had mother, and with her we were safe. All through that long night we sat curled up with her on a feather bed she had placed on the floor so we would not take cold. She told us stories, she sang to us, and once she let us go to the window to look out.

The water was over the fences, a house was floating down the street, then came to anchor against a tree in an adjoining lot. There were lights in the house, and we thought we could see people moving.

Mother calling us from the window; more stories, more songs. Brother saying, "You may sit next to mother, Martha; but keep your head out of the way, I want to see mother's face."

Mother's face, so calm, so fearless; yet I have heard her say, in after years, in telling of that harrowing night, that she dreaded to look in the glass the next morning, lest her hair would be white.

Then there was the time we were out in the lot picking huckleberries, and heard a bellowing. We looked, and there to our consternation came an animal belonging to a neighboring farm.

Mother said, "Take your pails and go as fast as you can for the fence. Do not run, but hurry. Mother will follow."

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While there is yet opportunity, before those dear hands are forever still, show appreciation for the love and care that has been so generously given.

It was a hot, sticky, August day, and it was Mother's Day. Of course, not officially, but, nevertheless, it really was mother's day, and I was in the Pennsylvania station, New York City, watching a little girl who was gazing solemnly at her mother as some man other than her father lighted cigarette for her mother to smoke.

Through it all the child uttered not one word, and I could not help wondering about the memories that mother was giving her child, and what fruit in after years they would bear.

Then they were gone, and the woman on my left was asking if by any chance I was going to Chicago, her destination.

I told her no, I was going in the opposite direction—to Philadelphia to see my mother, who would, if God spared her life, be ninety years old in just a few weeks.

"Oh," she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears, "why do some have their mothers so long? It's not fair! I lost mine when she was forty, and just at the time I needed her most. It's not fair!" she repeated.

This opened the way for a little heart-to-heart talk about the love of God and His mysterious ways of working.

After this woman was gone, the little lady on my right shyly told me she had just returned from a visit with her mother in Norway. "I had not seen her for ten years," she said; "she is not very strong. I am afraid I shall never see her again," and she turned her head away.

All this time I had watched a young woman as she paced back and forth through the station, scanning the faces of the people, then going out by the door.

She evidently expected to meet someone; and, yes, I was right, for now she was coming with her arm around a little Dresden china lady, her face wreathed in smiles. As she passed me for the last time her lips formed the words, "My mother." And I was happy in her happiness.

On my way to the City of Brotherly Love I got to thinking of the memories of mother a child carries through life, and I asked myself what memories of my mother I had treasured! She did not smoke or drink or gamble. There was

**L**AST May she was with us. One of the last things my mother ever did was to receive during her last illness my telegram from a far-distant state. Even then she could scarcely speak coherently. With feeble hands she stroked the loving message, and whispered faintly, "My—boy." How glad I am I did not fail to send it!

After she had gone, we found all the Mother's Day letters, cards, and telegrams, from the crude love letters in boyish phrasing to the attempted sonnets of college days, along with some notes on a Mother's Day radio talk, among her treasured things. Oh, you who are reading this article, and whose mother still lives, do not forget to do this year what you will wish you had done when it becomes too late to do it longer!

Mother's Day will not be the same to me this year, nor will it ever be again. Because her children ever made of it an annual celebration with her as its center, the day will bring an ache of loneliness that is almost like another funeral. We shall be very busy today; but sometimes perhaps we shall be swallowing hard, for something will catch in the throat.

There have been other bereavements through the years. But then there was always mother to stand by, with her unflinching and understanding sympathy, her undaunted faith, and the soothing touch of her fingers on the bewildered brow. How many a strong man in the hour of his weakness has cried out in his heart when the world cannot hear, "Mother, mother, I need *you* now—the strength of your prayers and your ministering spirit!"

I speak of my own mother because I see in her memory the embodiment of the gentleness and the sacrifice of true motherhood.

My mother, as far back as I remember, was in frail health. She suffered much,—I think no one knew how much,—but



*"As One Whom His  
Mother  
COMFORTETH"*

*A Mother's Day  
Message by*

LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX

her suffering seemed only to give her greater tenderness, and I remember, even in boyhood days, how her frailty represented to me the triumph of the spirit over the body. She had a marked degree of public talent—but she sacrificed her public work for her family. Did God require this of her? I do not know—but sacrifice is the law of mother love.

Loving the beautiful, all her life her

fine spirit longed for some things she was never to have; and as I look on some of the conveniences and comforts of my home today, my heart aches with a bitter pang. They are the purchase of her sacrifice. She saved—somehow—a little sum for her children to have what she always needed; left it so unexpectedly to me; left it after she was gone, when it was too late for me to insist that she use it for herself. And so these are more than mere things—they are sacred memorials of mother love, by which, being dead, she "yet speaketh."

The motherhood of the world is an abstraction difficult for the average man to grasp. I know of men who are bitterly cynical on Mother's Day because they were deprived of good mothers. A mother is one of those idealistic incarnations that somehow, even to the most modern, requires some of the old-fashioned virtues of constancy, sacrifice, and faith. And we do not find ourselves at all surprised that when Inspiration looks about for a human illustration of divine love, in two different passages it picks on that of the mother.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Isaiah 49:15.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." Isaiah 66:13.

Even the great mothers of history and the Bible are not the objective of most tender recollections and feelings on Mother's Day. A passing thought may be given to the mother of the Roman Gracchi, or to Lincoln's mother, or to Wesley's. I do think of the dear mother of my own dear baby, a baby whose so-blue eyes and "Dad-ee" are at once my adoration and distraction—but today, somehow, all the pictures and memories of good mothers everywhere seem to crystallize into one face—as they do with most men at this season—the face of my own mother. Perfect she was not, for she was human; but, from this perspective of time and distance, for me she holds in the things perhaps the world will never know about her the adjective the Bible but once applies to any mother—the mother of Shunem. The record says of her that she was "a great woman."

She it was who taught me that the only true greatness is goodness, that the present moment is important only in the light of eternity, and that what men think is not to be life's criterion, but what God knows. "Build over my resting place no memorial," she used to say to us. "You children be mother's memorial by being true to mother's Saviour." And,

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**MY  
MOTHER**

IDAMAE  
MELENDY

Sweet face, you hold within your glance  
The whole of love this world can give.  
Because of you, my mother dear,  
And your devoted care, I live;  
And it is life to know your love—  
Most like, I think, to that above.

Your tender touch and fond caress  
Has eased the pain of suffering's hour  
And courage giv'n to battle hard,  
Lest I should fall beneath death's power.  
Earth never saw a love more true  
Than such as given me by you.

You taught me how to lisp a prayer  
And how to read God's holy word.  
'Twas you who taught me how to sing  
The praise of Christ, my King and Lord.  
You asked me if my heart I'd yield  
That it for heaven might be sealed.

You taught me kindness, goodness, truth;  
You pointed out the righteous way,  
And showed that self-forgetfulness  
Would always give a happy day.  
You filled my mind with thoughts of  
worth,  
The choicest found in this old earth.

I want to live as you have lived;  
To give myself in service true;  
To reach at length the high ideal  
Of character revealed in you.  
Had I been given choice of mother,  
'Twould not have been for any other.



Tragically, the message to Pilate from his wife regarding "that just Man" passed unheeded.

# CHRIST or BARABBAS?

And the Dream of Pilate's Wife

WHEN Herod refused to condemn Jesus and returned Him to Pilate, the Roman governor was disappointed. He thought he had escaped the responsibility of dealing with the most embarrassing case of his experience as a judge. Addressing "the chief priests and the rulers and the people," he said: "Ye have brought this Man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this Man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him: no, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto Him. I will therefore chastise Him, and release Him." Luke 23:13-16.

The suggestion of Pilate that he would be willing to chastise one whom he had declared innocent in order to satisfy the demands of the mob was a base and cowardly proposal. "The proposal to scourge the prisoner was the second of those criminal and cowardly subterfuges through which Pilate sought at once to satisfy his conscience and the demands of the mob. . . . The injustice of this monstrous proposal was not merely contemptible, it was execrable. If Jesus was guilty, He should have been punished; if innocent, He should have been set free and protected from the as-

*Nineteenth Article in the Series on the Closing Scenes in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth by*

TAYLOR G. BUNCH

saults of the Jews."—*"The Trial of Jesus," Chandler, vol. 2, p. 129, 130.* If Jesus were guilty of the crimes charged against Him, a mere chastising would not have been a sufficient punishment; but, if innocent, as the judge had just declared Him to be, any punishment whatever would be grossly unjust.

## *Pilate Offers Barabbas*

In his extremity, Pilate tries another scheme to rid himself of the responsibility of the case before him. There came to him as a happy thought a custom that had been inaugurated either by one of his predecessors or by Herod the Great. At the beginning of each Passover festival a prisoner, selected by the Jews themselves, was released by the procurator. "Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas.

Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? For he knew that for envy they had delivered Him. . . . But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let Him be crucified." Matthew 27:15-22.

History tells us that this same custom prevailed at Athens and Rome. During great national festivals the people had the privilege of choosing a prisoner to be released by the authorities. It is quite probable, therefore, that the custom had been brought to Judea by the Romans. Josephus mentions this custom among the Jews, and, whatever its origin, it was so well established that it had become obligatory upon the procurator, "for of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast." Luke 23:17. At the time Pilate made the proposal it may be that groups of people were already arriving to make requests for the release of prisoners in whom they were especially in-

terested. It is only reasonable to suppose that considerable propaganda preceded the choice of the criminal to be pardoned. Petitions were doubtless circulated by friends and relatives of the various prisoners who were in the custody of the Romans.

The arrival of new people injected another element into the multitude, which gave the governor the hope that the great popularity of Jesus would bring about His release by the decision of the people in harmony with the prevailing Passover custom. He therefore reminded the Jews of the custom, and announced his readiness to set at liberty whom they would choose. Pilate felt quite certain that the populace would choose Jesus; but, to make such a choice more sure, he commanded the praetorian guards to bring from the prison the most dangerous and notorious criminal in custody. Placing him beside Jesus, he asked the rabble to make their decision between them.

In 1892, a copy of an ancient Syriac New Testament was discovered in the Convent of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai, which reads: "Which will ye that I release unto you, Jesus Bar Abba or Jesus that is called Christ?" This reading makes Pilate virtually say, "Which Jesus will you have, Jesus the son of Abba, or Jesus the King?" Jesus was on trial because He claimed to be the Messiah. Barabbas, or Bar Abba, was also called Jesus; and Jesus Barabbas meant, "Jesus the son of Abba." Abba means "father;" therefore he was "Jesus the son of the father." He, too, had claimed to be the Messiah, and, in the effort to prove his claim and to establish his authority as the king of the Jews, he had instigated an insurrection in which there was considerable bloodshed. He was therefore awaiting sentence of death as a mover of sedition, and a murderer. "There was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection." Mark 15:7.

### Barabbas Guilty—Not Jesus

Jesus Barabbas was guilty of the very things of which the Jews had falsely charged Jesus the Christ. A. T. Robertson says: "Barabbas was for some reason a popular hero, a notable, if not notorious, prisoner, leader of an insurrection or revolution probably against Rome, and so guilty of the very crime they tried to fasten on Jesus, who only claimed to be king in the spiritual sense of the spiritual kingdom. So Pilate unwittingly pitted against each other two prisoners who represented the antagonistic forces of all time."—"Word Pictures in the New Testament."

As the two claimants for the Messiahship stood side by side on the porch of the praetorium, the contrast between

them was so marked that it was evident to all who beheld them. Jesus had many friends who were attending the Passover, and doubtless some of them were in the new crowds that were arriving. The multitude would have chosen Jesus by acclamation had not the leaders of the Jews "persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus." To the surprise and chagrin of the governor, the multitude demanded the release of Barabbas the criminal, and the crucifixion of Jesus the innocent. Regarding their choice, Peter later boldly said to the Jews: "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the

dead; whereof we are witnesses." Acts 3:14, 15.

There was no longer any question in the mind of Pilate that the Jews were motivated by envy and hatred of Jesus. The cry, "Let Him be crucified," indicated that "there is no further question even of a show of legality or justice; the traditional clemency is quite forgotten; the fanatical crowd, pressing round the doors of the praetorium, which they cannot enter, join with excited gesticulation in one loud and furious cry for the blood of Jesus."—"The Cambridge Bible." The wise man said that "jealousy is cruel as the grave." Canticles 8:6. He also asked, "Who is able to stand before envy?"

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## NEWS FLASHES

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS OF WORLD INTEREST

by W. L. Emmerson

❖ **EXTINCT FISH TURNS UP** In late December a trawler fishing off East London, Cape Province, South Africa, captured alive a Coelacanth fish hitherto believed by geologists to have been extinct for 50,000,000 years! It has been described as "one of the most amazing events in the realm of natural history in the twentieth century," and will no doubt give the evolutionists new food for thought.

❖ **SHADOW ACROSS THE WORLD** "Lying across the world," declared Mr. Winston Churchill in a recent speech, "is the shadow of an arbitrary and aggressive power, manifested in a form which fills us with deepest sorrow and anxiety. If that shadow could be lifted, an expansion of life could be offered immediately to millions of people in every land who could go to more abundantly filled tables, live lives of greater variety, and enjoy greater amenities and leisure. They could have a higher culture and higher hopes, and move forward to a brighter age."

❖ **CHALLENGE TO CHURCH** "If it be true," declared the Archbishop of Canterbury in an address to Convocation, "that in this continuing crisis of the world we are beholding one of the judgment days of history,—a day in which our once-vaunted civilization is being tried and found wanting,—it is equally true that judgment must begin at the house of God.

"Is the church of Christ, is our own church, merely to look around on the spectacle of the world as a bewildered spectator, or is it to look up and see the redemption which is nigh at hand in the ever-living Christ, and to strive to bring His saving health to a sick world?"

❖ **CHURCH AND CRIMINALS** Father Thomas Fitzgerald, in a lecture on "The Child Delinquent," claimed that "it has become a recognized fact at the present day that Catholicism is the most popular religion among the criminal classes." He gave this as his reason: "That is because the Catholic Church never lets her members down, but holds on to them through thick and thin, in the interest of their souls." Another more cogent reason is that this church offers the wrongdoer a less arduous way of salving his conscience and quieting his convictions.

❖ **VALUE OF RELIGIOUS READING** "I think that the home benefits even more than the church from religious reading," declared a minister recently, according to the *British Weekly*. "It creates atmosphere, and has an inestimable influence over a growing family. No home can be secular where religion and church affairs are freely and suitably discussed."

❖ **WESLEY AND THE PRESS** At the opening of the new buildings of the Epworth Press, one of the publishing organizations of the Methodist church, it was recalled that Wesley rated very high the "ministry of the pen," and it was mentioned that the Epworth Press is the direct descendant of the first bookrooms of the Methodist Church.

❖ **MORE ROLL-ING STOCK** To make good the serious deficiencies in Germany's rail traffic, it is stated that orders have been placed for 6,000 new locomotives, 10,000 passenger coaches, 112,000 goods wagons, and 17,300 road cars or lorries, to be delivered between 1940 and 1943.



# WAR

## In the HOME

by

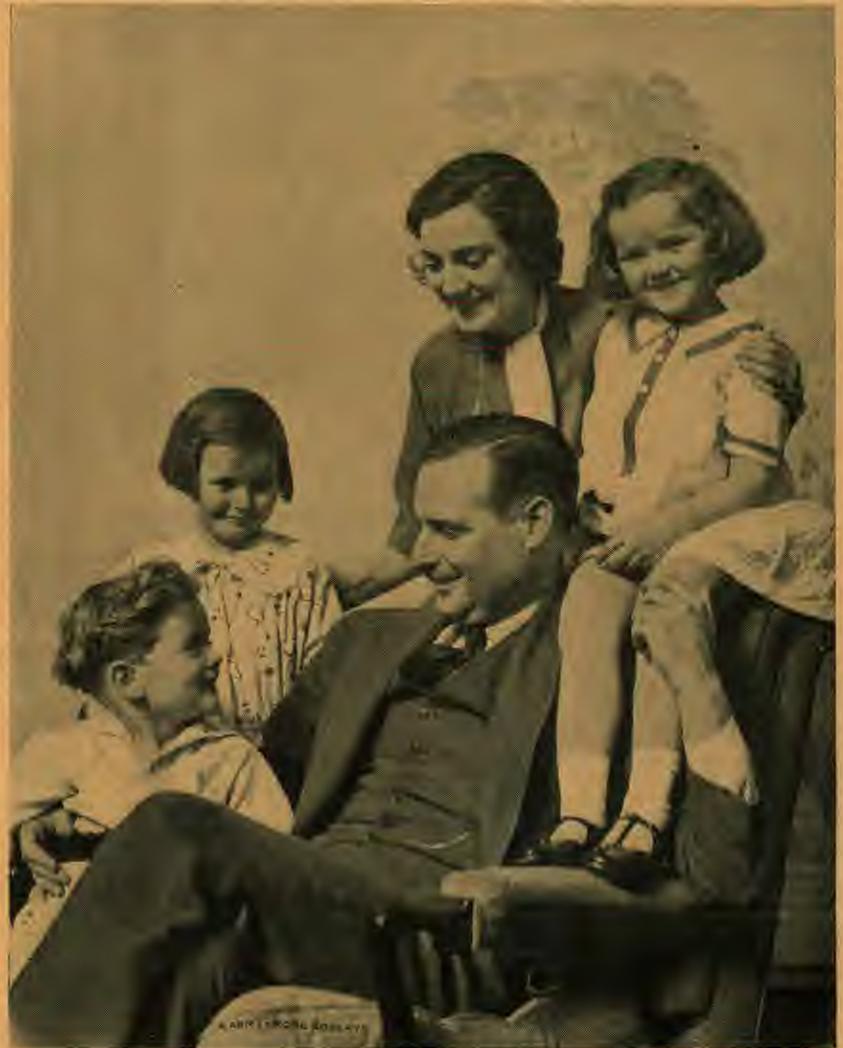
MURL  
VANCE

"I HATE you! I hate you! I hate you!" screamed a little four-year-old boy at his father recently.

"I don't care if you do!" shouted the red-faced and angry father back at his son. "You can't disobey me and get away with it!"

The quarrel rapidly grew worse, and the two soon came to blows. The boy fought back as best he could, even becoming the aggressor a time or two with his shoes and with his teeth. But he was hopelessly outclassed from the start, and in a few moments the father had succeeded in beating him into a partial state of submission.

As the father carried the boy from my presence, I heard the latter, between his sobs, declare, "Daddy, I won't ever love you again!" And, although I know that, like all children, the little fellow soon forgot and was in his father's lap asking for a story, I know too, from having visited this home several times, that little Junior is fast becoming a real disciplinary problem, his word being absolutely unreliable, and his conduct unpredictable. Thus the friction between the two camps is increasing, with the boy wishing to be big, not to be like his dad, but so that he can hold his own with his dad.



*Harmony in the home presages peace with man. The world needs men who have been reared in tranquillity.*

Now there isn't anything wrong with the principle of corporal punishment. There are unquestionably times, and particularly with some children, when a good spanking is about the only means of teaching a child that the wages of disobedience is misery. Better to teach him that lesson by proper discipline in the home early in life than to have the warden or the executioner teach it to him later on. But there certainly is something wrong when a parent permits himself to engage in a common street brawl with his children.

In some homes the brawl goes on almost continuously throughout the day, with the tempers of the entire family at the boiling point during all the waking hours. In one home I visited recently, every request of the parents, whether it was to wash her face before sitting down to the table or to pick up her toys before going to bed, was met with immediate

resistance on the part of a child—a little girl not yet ten years of age. At the child's whine, "I don't want to!" the parents raised their voices a little higher, and repeated the command. Soon the youngster was shouting a defiant, "No!" at each repetition of the command, and the parents had enlisted the aid of innumerable threats as their allies—threats which, by the way, were seldom if ever carried out.

So the battle went. At the present time the score, as nearly as I can judge it, is about fifty-fifty. Each victory of the child gives her more strength and courage for the next battle; and each victory of the parents weakens their discipline because of the "scene" created—a scene that they dread.

How different was the situation in another home I visited! There were three children, as wide-awake and full of mischief as any I ever saw. Their abounding

energy had to be checked quite frequently by the parents, or directed into other channels. But one thing I observed: When the parents made a request, it was promptly obeyed. Discipline was not a matter of argument between parent and child. The children seemed to respect the wishes and the word of their parents, and there was no quarreling between them.

### *Effective Discipline*

One day a little fellow did not do as he was told. His father asked him if he had understood the request. "Yes; but I don't want to," was the reply. Thereupon the father took the little fellow in his arms and sat down with him. He explained why he had made the request, and why children must mind their parents. There was no anger whatsoever in the matter, and, before the father had finished, the little fellow was sobbing. Then the father took him across his knee and paddled him, thoroughly but not brutally.

The reaction on the part of the boy was astonishing. Instead of going into a tantrum or running away to sulk upon being let down, he ran to his father with, "I love you, daddy." He seemed to feel that he had displeased his father greatly by his disobedience, and throughout the remainder of my visit he made a regular nuisance of himself trying to help his father do his work.

I always feel rested when I visit this home; and, since I have two little ones of my own to train, I have been especially interested in observing what it is that brings the harmony between the parents and children. I believe I have found the secret.

Although the parents are busier, I believe, than the average, they take time to be companions to their children. I have seen the mother out jumping rope with her children. She plays school with them, runs races, plays catch, draws pictures, and tells stories. In the kitchen, each batch of bread is accompanied by little loaves made by the children. There are little cakes, little pies, and little waffles.

When the little pink worms and the big black bugs come in from the play yard, the mother does not throw up her hands in horror,—at least not outwardly,—with an "Oh, take that dirty thing out of here!" Instead, she tries to explain what she knows about the creature, or has the children put it away in a jar to save it for the father to see. And because these children know where the grasshopper gets his new coat, what the beaver uses for an ax to chop down trees, and how the robin builds her nest, they find much to interest them without having to be constantly entertained by the parents.

In the kitchen and sewing room the mother is undoubtedly considerably handicapped by the "help" of her children. On the other hand, when little girls not yet in their teens can bake eatable bread unassisted and make a recognizable doll dress from a pattern cut by the mother, I am convinced that her reward will come to her a thousandfold in a few years, both in more leisure time and in the satisfaction of having produced human beings worth the producing.

It is a nuisance for a tired father to help his boy build doghouses and windmills and scooters. It is a nuisance for him to let them punch a key down now and then when he is typing a letter; but if you could hear the youngsters telling their companions how they helped their father with his typing, you would know that those little signs of love on his part will not go unrewarded.

Harmony between the parents and the children helps to produce harmony between the father and the mother. When the nerves of the whole family are on edge from fusses between children and parents, it does not take much provocation to start a quarrel between the par-



### *How to Preserve Children*

Take one large grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook, and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles, sprinkle the field with flowers; spread over all a deep-blue sky, and bake in a hot sun, in pure fresh air. When brown, remove and set to cool in the bathtub.

—C. R. D. A. "News."



ents. Anger and fussing upset digestion at mealtime, further impairing the possibility of peace and harmony in the home. The gulf is widened between the various members of the family, and often the children, in order to escape the constant jangling, leave the home and try to make their own way in the world. Unable to secure the money they want, many resort to crime to get it. Having been trained since babyhood to disrespect authority, they have no scruples against ignoring the authority of the state.

### *"Provoke Not Your Children"*

The only remedy for the situation must be applied in the home. With conditions as they are in the world today, parents need all the help they can get in order to train up their children to be law-abiding citizens. In addition to obeying the injunction of the apostle Paul, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged" (Colossians 3:21), they should also teach the children that they have a responsibility before God to obey their parents, for verse 20 of the same chapter declares: "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."

As is commanded in the Decalogue, it is the duty of every child to honor his father and his mother, that his days may be long upon the land which the Lord his God gives him. But how can a child honor his parents if their word means nothing to him; if the word "home" is synonymous with "hell" in his mind; if all disciplining is done in anger, in the form of an open fight? How can he honor his parents if his every desire for comradeship is rebuffed; if questions concerning the innumerable mysteries he finds around him are never answered; if his every contact with his parents brings forth a gruff, "Oh, run out in the yard and play! Can't you see I'm busy?"

War in the home means war in the state, war in the nation, war in the world. It means loss of happiness in this world and loss of hope for the next. For peace now and hope of eternal life, parents are under the solemn obligation of seeing that their children obey them as did the One of whom it was said, "He was subject unto them." To do this, war in the home must cease; peace and harmony must be restored.

I AM far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that one solitary life—the life of Christ.—*Phillips Brooks.*

# ALL on a DAY



*Another Message From a Far-Off Mission Field, Which All Mothers Will Understand*

by

MARY J. VINE

Elele, Nigeria, West Africa

IT WAS my birthday, and I woke up determined that even if we couldn't be exactly festive, at least it should be a happy day.

But what a day!

Yesterday we had started to make a herbarium book, they and I. For two hours, in the cool of the evening, we had vied with one another to find the most and the prettiest leaves, and these we had carefully placed between sheets of blotting paper with heavy books on top, preparatory to putting them in our book. It was only last night, but, "Do you think they'll be pressed enough?" said Ursula as soon as she woke up.

We came down, eager to see.

"Oh, mummy!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

Our cheerful Ebenezer, being possessed of infinitely more zeal than imagination, had carefully put all the weights back in their respective niches on the bookshelves, secreted the blotting paper in the cupboard again, and thrown all our cherished collection out on the rubbish heap. Our botanical aspirations had received a very early blow.

Then it was breadmaking day, and our woolly-headed cook, Alisiobi, must needs try to save himself an essential step or two. Bringing back the ingredients to the storeroom, he came in with the tin of brown flour poised on top of the tin of white, and on top of that the tin of desiccated yeast, and on top of that the tin of shortening. He glanced for my look of disapproval, and even as he looked they all overbalanced. And the lid came off the shortening tin, and the contents, all tropically soft and greasy, oozed out onto the floor. And the lid came off the yeast tin, and the yeast scattered all over the shortening. And the lid came off the brown flour tin.

And then, at lunch time, he forgot whether he had put salt in our one single dish, and so put in a second lot!

And tonight, he cooked the macaroni for our milk pudding in the salted water he had prepared for the yam, and left the yam saltless!

Oh, Alisiobi!

And, besides all this, three times

Honor fell down and hurt herself, and Margret cried with little bulging gums, and even Ursula had to tread on a stick, which jumped up and jabbed into her.

What a lovely day!

As the almost untasted dishes of milky macaroni—so luscious-looking, but, oh, so uneatable—went back into the kitchen, I wondered why it had all needed to be so.

We had intended that it should be such a happy day. For the second time in nine long months I was going to have a day off the mission. I was going to eat fresh, cool food in the house of friends, and I was going to look in the stores, and, just for the sheer joy of spending, buy something, even if it were only a book. But I had done none of these things. Instead of taking his family off on a birthday trip, Himself was seventy miles away, and had been for two weeks, dealing with harassing mission problems; and, instead of crisp lettuce and fresh butter, cool from the refrigerator, even our butter beans and macaroni couldn't

be cooked properly. And then to spill things, and even to quarrel, for actually, too, they had quarreled during the day for the first time ever,—our oversteerwardly steward and our recalcitrant cook,—and I had had to go out and settle that. As she prayed her good-night prayers, Honor said, "And don't let Ebenezer and Alisiobi spoil mummy's birthday any more." Her intentions were good, bless her wee heart, but it seemed a bit late to pray just that, and I felt almost sorry for myself. It had been such a failure of a day!

But had it?

We have written home so joyfully that our little one-year-old can walk, and she can. And she gets a tremendous thrill out of it, almost as much as the rest of us do in watching her. But that doesn't stop her from falling, and often quite painfully, much more quickly than she gets up sometimes. That isn't the end of it, though. She gets up again, and it's delightful to hear her chuckle as she does so. Such gloriously unalloyed satis-



## STRENGTH From the Flowers



by

LOIS

EVANS

HANSEN

My heart was heavy with the weight of tears  
That must not find their way into my eyes;  
The burdens that I bore seemed all too much  
For my poor strength to ever realize.

And so I stepped from out the cottage door  
To walk alone among my tended flowers.  
And from them draw the strength that I would need  
To meet the burdens of the coming hours.

The pansies' elfin faces smiled at me,  
And roses offered me their sweet perfume,  
The lilacs and the lowly dainty pinks  
Lavished on me their wealth of heavy bloom.

The flowers lifted high their gallant heads  
On slender stems and held them straight and tall.  
They whispered, "God takes care of us,  
His love and mercy are a gift to all."



faction in accomplishment! *She* doesn't worry about the falls; she *can walk*.

And so can I.

I woke up with brave resolves, and I failed. I hadn't expected quite such a series of misadventures all in one day. But that doesn't say I'm a failure. If Baby can get up again and chuckle when she falls, so also can I; and if out of the disappointment that has been today I have got something that will make me a better and more patient child of God tomorrow, then it will be worth having missed anything.

For that, certainly, must be the only reason why the Father allows these experiences to come—to temper us. What tomorrow holds I can't begin to guess; but I do know that our wily old foe is making plans already to trip me up somehow. There will be a lot of sick people come in the morning, nearly all of them with tropical ulcers and sores. And some, because the medicine I put on last time "was biting" too much, will quite cheerfully come with the sore all running and undressed again. And perhaps some will come who came the last time weeks ago, with their sores in an apparently worse condition than when I started. And some will come dirty and stinking, when I have begged them beseechingly to wash before they come.

"Wash! We do not wash when we are sick."

And, who knows? perhaps we shall have everything without salt tomorrow.

But, remembering today, maybe it will be easier. Anyway, even if it isn't, *I can walk*.

If only we could learn that lesson. We get discouraged so easily, don't we, and think it's no use trying, that we'd better give up, not realizing that the devil's worst imp is just discouragement. Don't let's get discouraged. We have patience with other people. What an abundance we have with our own children! Hope springs every day anew for them. Can't we have just a little, then, for ourselves? *We can walk*. We may have gone down with a bump; we may even have a bruise and an ache for a day or two; but it does not matter. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy," said Micah; "when I fall, I shall arise." Micah 7:8. We can patiently work and hope for the souls of others; in patience also we shall win our own. So let us look up and laugh!

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small,—

So soft and slow the great wheels go they scarcely move at all;

But the souls of men fall into them and are powdered into dust,

And in that dust grow passion flowers—love, hope, trust.

"Most wondrous their upspringing, in the dust of the grinding mills,

And rare beyond the telling the fragrance each distills. (Continued on page 14)



Most helpful to the child is the influence of a wholesome family life, where is fixed the character of the man or the woman to be.

ROBERTS

## God Save Our Homes!

by MAY COLE KUHN

"Stay at home, heart, and rest.  
Homekeeping hearts are happiest;  
For hearts that wander they know not  
where,  
Are full of trouble, and full of care—  
To stay at home is best."

SOMEONE spoke the other day of "the flickering lamp of home" in America. What a characterization! Are the lights of home going out in this land?

Certainly subtle influences are working to sap the foundation and to undermine the stability of the American home. Extraneous interests occupy more time than the home itself or its inmates; and parents are content to have it so. They are willing for outsiders to mold and direct the lives of their children, and the outside influences are only too eager to accept the responsibility. Clubs of many descriptions for boys and girls, as well as for young men and young women, are providing interests that appeal to and utilize the energy of youth.

On a recent Sunday, seated at the dinner table in one of our finer, more conservative homes, a guest from the Orient was startled by the violent ringing of the telephone. The father of the house answered the insistent call. The guest listened with interest, for the man's responses consisted of a series of "no's."

"No, sir; no," he answered to the evidently persevering entreaties of the caller.

"No; I say, no!" he repeated, finally convincing the other end of the line that he was in earnest.

He came back and sat down, clearly somewhat disturbed.

"The school isn't satisfied with having our children six days a week," he grumbled; "but they want them on Sundays too! They want the boys to go to a band rehearsal; but, well, it is the only day we have together, and we can't give it up."

The boys seemed glad of the stand their father had taken. Home meant something to them. As a daughter said, "Mother is always here when we come back from school. Then we make our plans for further activity together."

Shared living! That was the secret of that home!

We hear much of "flaming youth" nowadays. Their fire takes them over the hills and far away, to follow, not the gleam of ideals, but the white lights and the wide ways of places where there is "something doing."

"We're going places," they say; and off they speed on their way at sixty or seventy miles an hour.

Flaming youth? Or is it burnt-out parents?—parents who will not be bothered with the care of children, whose interests are also on the road, who are never home when the daughter gets back from school, who haven't time for the lad who, deep down in his heart would love home, if he had one, but he hasn't, so he goes elsewhere to seek what his heart craves.

And what does he find?

Disillusionment! A transient jazzy happiness—for that compasses the larger part of what the world has to offer.

Sophisticated youth? Yes, they have learned sophistication from their parents, those dissatisfied ones who, not contented with the simple, sweet comforts of life, went out to seek thrills elsewhere; who, not knowing the comfort there is in fellowship with Christ, went out to find fellowship in a world of like-minded men and women, seeking escape from the drudgery of life by living a vicarious hour of success and prosperity at the movies, or dancing and drinking their troubles away at a night club.

"What with jazz and swing dominating the air, we are in danger of producing a nation of jitterbugs!" averred a

(Continued on page 18)



*During Paul's stay in Philippi he preached regularly on the Sabbath. This resulted in the conversion of important persons. Then came his imprisonment and miraculous deliverance by the power of God.*

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# Paul and the SABBATH

*Concluding Article in the Series on Paul's Religion*

by HENRY F. BROWN

**I**N OUR previous articles we have seen that Paul was a firm believer in the law of God. He called it "holy, and just, and good." Romans 7:12. He said he would never have known what sin was were it not for the law, because "by the law is the knowledge of sin." Romans 7:7; 3:20.

The destruction of the law, then, would leave the world in confusion. No one would know just what sin is, nor who is a sinner, because, "where no law is, there is no transgression" (Romans 4:15); no one could even convict Satan himself of sin, though we know him to be guilty of the most terrible of crimes. Paul taught no such doctrine as that.

We have already quoted Paul's statement that he believed "all things which are written in the law" and his assertion that he had not offended against the law. Acts 24:14; 25:18. It therefore remains but to show his specific relationship to the Sabbath.

As a Jew, Paul must have been a strict Sabbathkeeper. He says "as touching the law," he was a Pharisee. Philippians 3:5. And, again, "After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." Acts 26:5. Had Paul taught the observance of any other day than the established seventh-day Sabbath of his time,

surely it would have appeared in the many accusations brought against him by his vigilant enemies. He was accused of teaching against circumcision (Acts 21:21), but never once of being a Sabbathbreaker.

But let us accept Paul's own challenge and examine the report of his life to see if he was himself a Sabbathkeeper. Luke, his biographer, being a physician, can be relied upon to give us, not hearsay, but attested facts; and he is very clear in his references to Paul's attitude toward the Sabbath.

That Paul was a seventh-day observer is seen from this statement: "Paul, as his manner [or custom] was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures." Acts 17:2.

In Antioch of Pisidia he "went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day" and preached to the Jewish congregation. Acts 13:14. These fanatical Jews would not permit Gentiles to defile their synagogue; but, at the close of the service, "the Gentiles besought that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath." Verse 42.

If Paul had been a first-day observer, we can well imagine someone's saying to him: "Paul, we understand you have gone into the synagogue today simply because it is the only day in which you can get the Jews together, and, inasmuch as you are really a first-day observer at heart, we invite you to come to our hall tomorrow to speak to us."

But no, urgent as was the request and the need, Paul waited until the next Sabbath, when "almost the whole city" came together to hear his sermon. Acts 13:44. This is conclusive evidence that the great apostle was a Sabbathkeeper and that his converts were also observers of the fourth commandment. And is it not significant that, being Sabbath observers, and being "persuaded . . . to continue in the grace of God" (verse 43), there is no antagonism between grace and Sabbath observance?

We have already noticed the three Sabbaths mentioned as being observed in Thessalonica; but, on arriving at Corinth, Paul reasoned every Sabbath in the synagogue for a year and a half; and, inasmuch as he sustained himself by his labor, he worked on the other days of the week. Acts 17:2; 18:4, 11, 3.

To make doubly certain that Paul did



## Coming Next Week

in addition to the regular features:

- There Is a Remedy . . . . . Frederick C. Gilbert
- The Satisfying Word . . . . . Bertha Unruh Cooley
- "Behold the Man!" . . . . . Taylor G. Bunch
- Good News to a Dying World . . . . . Ashley G. Emmer
- Beyond the Veil of Death . . . . . J. A. McMillan
- Health From Hymns . . . . . H. F. De'Ath
- The Two Births . . . . . Charles G. Bellah

not simply go on the Sabbath to the synagogue to preach to the Jews, Luke relates another experience. In Philippi there was no synagogue, and there the people went out of the busy city to a quiet place by the river to worship. Paul, "as his custom was," worshiped with them.

These references mention the religious observance of eighty-four Sabbaths by Paul. Surely that is sufficient to prove him to be a seventh-day observer. These references to his personal custom, in addition to his reiterated statements of loyalty to God's law, should offset any statement he may have made, which, at first sight, would appear to make him antagonistic to Sabbathkeeping. Such statements must be interpreted in the light of the foregoing facts.

A study of Paul's life shows him to have been a faithful, zealous, law-abiding Christian. He believed in the law; He kept the Sabbath; he taught that the dead sleep in their graves while awaiting the resurrection. He taught baptism by immersion. He acknowledged the obligation to pay tithes and offerings. To him the second coming of Jesus was the "blessed hope," as it should be ours today.

## God Save Our Homes!

(Continued from page 11)

neighbor the other day; and if one listens to the radio for a few hours, he may receive the impression that the world is tap dancing its way into eternity.

"The flickering lamp of home!"—of homes broken by divorce, or running around on wheels; nothing sure, nothing dependable; mother gone places; home just somewhere to sleep and perhaps a place to eat; no family worship, no tactful instruction, no *anything* to anchor to. Is this a true picture of the unsettled condition of American homes today? Or, back somewhere in the quieter parts of the city, in the villages and over the countryside, are there real homes where real love shares in the every day of living, where confidence and strength pour their stream of power into the hearts of everyone who comes in contact with them, homes where the name of Christ is held sacred—the name that is the heart of every successful home?

Grandmother Bailey had eight children—six boys and two girls. She loved her home and all that it meant. A comfortable competency kept things going after Grandfather Bailey died, but Grandmother Bailey had to bring up those children.

How they loved their home, all of them! Most of them married and made homes of their own, but, whenever problems arose, they always went back to "mother;" and when the wife or the husband passed away, the lonely one went

back to live with "mother." There was a sureness, an absoluteness, that *home was always right there!*

God help us make our homes like Grandmother Bailey's!

## An Indispensable Part

If Christ is the *door*, you are the door-keeper to open or close it for others.

If He is the *light* of the world, you are the bearer of that light to the end of the earth.

If He is the *vine*, you are the fruit-

bearing branch that draws life from that vine.

If He is the *bread* of life, you are to break it to feed those who hunger.

If He is the *truth*, you are the truth bearer, the interpreter of the truth.

If He is the bright and morning *star*, you are to brush aside the clouds that veil His beauty from the world, that humanity may see and live forever.

Oh, glorious truth that *we* are an indispensable part of the great plan and program of the Father!—"Moody Bible Institute Monthly."



Bible Comparisons and Contrasts—10

## The Two Houses

by

CHARLES G. BELLAH

**T**WO men built two houses on two foundations. Matthew 7:24-27. Both saw the necessity of building a house. Both secured good material. Both doubtless were skilled workmen. Both put in faithful time. Both actually erected a house. Both houses were beautiful when completed. Both houses had a foundation. But here is where they differed. Drifting sand, and durable rock. Insecure footing, and immovable foundation. The value of the superstructure depended entirely upon the substructure.

The two houses were tested from above by torrential rain, and from beneath by swelling flood. And they were tested on all sides by the violent tempest. Just so today, every man's spiritual house will be severely tried. So dig deep, and build high. "He builds low who builds beneath the stars."

One house fell. The other stood. Brief, yet comprehensive. The house built on the sand fell during the storm, just at the time when the poor man needed it most. The house built on the rock stood during the tempest, just at the time when the good man needed it most. The house on the sand fell when it was too late to build another. The house on the rock survived, and he did not need to build another. Upon what are you building?

The difference in the two houses lay out of sight. One man built well on the part of the house that men cannot see, but where only God sees. The other built well on the part of the house that men see, but not well where only God sees.

These two builders represent the hearer and the doer of the word. Both classes

will have their religion put severely to the test. Both are professing Christians, but only one a possessor of Christianity. One is merely a church *member*. The other *belongs* to the church. One has been added to the church, but not to the Lord. The other has been added to the church, and to the Lord.

Today every man is building some kind of house, on some kind of foundation, either on sand or on stone. If a man wants to build on the sand, he will find plenty of it close at hand. If he desires to build on the Rock, he will also find it near by. In fact, the Rock will follow him, as it did Israel of old. 1 Corinthians 10:4. There is but one foundation Rock. All other building sites are treacherous.

How is the understructure of your religion? Is it good? Or is it bad? Is it made of the genuine granite of character? Or is it made of sordid shams? Never mind about the framework until the right foundation is built. Better dig deep too. Do not build a superficial foundation. Dig down until you can go no farther, then begin. There you will find the solid Rock of Ages.

Almost any house will stand in a peaceful calm. But only those founded on the eternal Rock of Ages will stand the fearful storm. The tempest may be long in coming, but it is sure to break at last upon every abode. Nothing can destroy the house built upon the solid Rock. And nothing can save the house built upon the shifting sand. Both foundations will be severely tried, but only one will stand.

Better a shanty founded upon the Rock, than a mansion founded upon sand.

# His Mother Comforteth

(Continued from page 5)

as I think of her words, I remember a simple moss-grown headstone in an old cemetery—upon it carved a hand, a feminine hand, with the index finger pointing upward, and, beneath, the words, "Meet me there." Otherwise it gave but the name and the one word, "Mother."

There are friends I have promised to meet at the World's Fair. I am looking forward to it. But those promises and prospects seem nothing in comparison with the hope of seeing again her at whose knee I learned to pray and to love Jesus Christ. Today, once again, I have seen the same sad scene re-enacted. I buried a mother! But she had fallen asleep in Christ; and, as those mourning and erstwhile straying sons and daughters locked arms around her casket, they were saying, "Oh we must—we must—meet mother again!"

And so I write this, not merely as a tribute to her memory, nor as a eulogy of the old-fashioned motherhood she represented, but because I am just trying to hold up the torch she gave me.

## Mothers and Memories

(Continued from page 4)

And she did, but so far behind me that I was worried and begged her to hurry; but not until I was safely over the fence did she quicken her pace.

Today I understand the why of it. Today I know it was mother love—keeping herself between danger and her child.

Then there was mother gathering the children about her each morning before we went to school. She read God's word with us and prayed for us. All these years her prayers have followed us.

There was the day mother was away, and I planned a great surprise for her. I cut out and made a dress for my little brother, and he was wearing it when mother came home.

And was she surprised! She admired it and seemed so happy about it that I felt more than repaid for spending all my playtime sewing. But not until I had grown up did I learn that after I had gone to bed that night, mother ripped that dress apart, recut, and remade it.

Another incident stands out so clearly—that of mother turning the page of "The Silent Comforter," which hung on the wall. This Scripture roll had been given to her by her father in 1878.

On the first page was the subject topic, and underneath was the twenty-third psalm in full. I learned to repeat that psalm with mother. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

There was a page for every day in the month, with three or four verses of Scripture. We children would memorize the verses. That Scripture roll hangs today in mother's room. Eternity alone will tell the part it has played in our lives.

Then there were mother's hands, small and shapely, but so gentle and soothing, and always busy. Cooking, cleaning, sewing, weaving, knitting, tatting, crocheting, braiding rugs, sewing patchwork, writing letters, or holding her favorite book, the Bible.

Oh, how I dreaded to think of the time when those dear hands would be forever still! The tears were starting. I looked out of the window and there, to my surprise, in the distance I could see the statue of William Penn, and I was nearing the end of my journey.

Then in almost no time I felt mother's arms around me, and her warm kisses on my face. And was I happy!

Memories of mother can be so precious to children if only mothers make them so.

## All on a Day

(Continued from page 11)

Some grow up tall and stately, and some grow sweet and small,  
But life out of death is in each one—with purpose grow they all.

"For that dust is God's own garden, and the Lord Christ tends it fair,  
With oh, such loving kindness! and oh, such patient care!  
In sorrow the seeds are planted, they are watered with bitter tears,  
But their roots strike down to the water springs and the sources of the years.

"These flowers of Christ's own providence, they wither not nor die,  
But flourish fair, and fairer still, through all eternity.  
In the dust of the mills and in travail the amaranth seeds are sown,  
But the flowers in their full beauty climb the pillars of the throne."

Advocating a return to the simple gospel of Christ, and a preparation for His imminent second appearing

EDITOR . . . . . ARTHUR S. MAXWELL

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## Christ or Barabbas?

(Continued from page 7)

Proverbs 27:4. Before the force of injustice inspired by envy Pilate felt helpless and defeated.

### A Message From Claudia

While Pilate was wavering between duty and expediency, a messenger came out of the palace and handed him a message. It was from Claudia. "When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just Man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." Matthew 27:19. This warning filled Pilate with superstitious fear. Had not the wife of Julius Caesar been warned in a dream of the fate awaiting him? She had implored him not to go to the Senate chamber in answer to the persistent urging of Brutus and his fellow conspirators, and his assassination was the result of his failure to heed the warning. The Romans believed that the gods sent messages and warnings to men and women through dreams. Was this a warning from the gods of his fathers?

A. T. Robertson wrote: "Poor Pilate was getting more entangled every moment as he hesitated to set Jesus free, whom he knew to be free of any crime against Caesar. Just at the moment when he was trying to enlist the people in behalf of Jesus against the schemes of the Jewish leaders, his wife sent a message about her dream concerning Jesus. She calls Jesus 'that righteous Man,' and her physical sufferings increased Pilate's superstitious fears. . . . It was enough to unnerve the weak Pilate as he sat on the judgment seat."—"Word Pictures in the New Testament."

The author of "The Desire of Ages" gives a graphic description of the dream that so alarmed Claudia: "In answer to Christ's prayer, the wife of Pilate had been visited by an angel from heaven, and in a dream she had beheld the Saviour and conversed with Him. Pilate's wife was not a Jew, but as she looked

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upon Jesus in her dream, she had no doubt of His character or mission. She knew Him to be the Prince of God. She saw Him on trial in the judgment hall. She saw the hands tightly bound as the hands of a criminal. She saw Herod and his soldiers doing their dreadful work. She heard the priests and rulers, filled with envy and malice, madly accusing. She heard the words, 'We have a law, and by our law He ought to die.' She saw Pilate give Jesus to the scourging, after he had declared, 'I find no fault in Him.' She heard the condemnation pronounced by Pilate, and saw him give Christ up to His murderers. She saw the cross uplifted on Calvary. She saw the earth wrapped in darkness, and heard the mysterious cry, 'It is finished.' Still another scene met her gaze. She saw Christ seated upon the great white cloud, while the earth reeled in space, and His murderers fled from the presence of His glory. With a cry of horror she awoke, and at once wrote to Pilate words of warning."—Page 732.

We can well imagine the consternation of Claudia when she awoke and learned that the very scenes of her dream were being enacted at the entrance of the praetorium, and that her husband was the leading actor in the great drama of injustice.

Undoubtedly the message of Claudia had a profound influence on Pilate's conduct during the remainder of the trial. The trial was thereby prolonged as the wavering and vacillating judge sought desperately for further subterfuges in order that he might escape the fearful responsibility that had been imposed upon him by the Jewish authorities and the rabble that did their bidding. But all his efforts were in vain. He must face the ordeal, and eventually meet the results of his blunder. Justice always demands and obtains retribution for misconduct, and from this eventuality none can escape.

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## The Flight of Time

(Continued from page 8)

Montet, of Strasbourg University, unexpectedly found himself in a painted chamber containing a silver mummy case in which was the mummy of none other than Pharaoh Shishak, who plundered the temple of Jerusalem in the reign of King Rehoboam, 972 B. C.

The Biblical record of that early raid upon the Jewish capital reads as follows: 'And it came to pass, that in the fifth year of King Rehoboam Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the

Lord, with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen. . . . So Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all.' 2 Chronicles 12:2-9.

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be stronger than  
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TWO-MINUTE  
MESSAGE

# STRENGTH Out of Weakness

by  
PAUL C. CARDEY

**E**VERY weakness we may have can be changed by the power of God into some point of moral strength.

No matter what our failures or evil tendencies, under the tender leading of the Spirit of God the weakest fiber of character can be strengthened until it becomes the strongest and loveliest of all our moral attributes.

A piece of steel may, under stress, develop a flaw or a crack. Take this steel to an expert welder and, by the terrific heat of the torch, he will mend the flaw, and there will be fused into that section new and stronger metal. After the repair has been completed, it is said that the article will break in any other place before it breaks at the weld.

John Bunyan, in his earlier days, had great temptation to sin. He became especially weak in the matter of using vile language. One day, at a Sunday ball game, he became angered at some trivial thing, and on the way home began to use many oaths. As he passed a notoriously wicked woman of the village, she immediately began to chide him by saying she had seldom heard such evil language as he was using at that time.

When he reached home, John began to think of the state he was in, that this wicked woman, notorious for her own improper speech, should be the one to chide him for his manner of talking. Throwing himself down before God, he pleaded for help and strength to overcome this evil tendency. God granted his plea for cleansing, for in the days that

followed his language so improved that today he is known for the purity and nobility of expression that is found in "Pilgrim's Progress," and which is exceeded, probably, only by that of the King James translation of the Holy Bible.

Some time ago, near Times Square, in New York City, a labor agitator went into a crowded drugstore, and threw a stench bomb calculated to irritate the senses of those at the fountain so that they would immediately leave. The manager of the store, seeing what was happening, came from behind the counter and threw over the vile liquid a white powder, which combined immediately to form a pleasant-smelling compound resembling the odor of fresh pine woods. Those in the shop were not aware of this drama until there was wafted through the air a sweet balsam perfume.

Thus the most degraded human being with the vilest tendencies, when covered by the blood of Jesus can become as sweet as His own lovely character. The most wretched human heart, when entirely surrendered to His power, can be changed to become as incense, pleasing to his fellow beings, and a sweet savor to God.

Why not yield to Him today all your weak and sinful tendencies, that in Him you may become strong, for His promise reads: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isaiah 1:18. Don't become discouraged and give up, rather be encouraged and give in—to God.

