

Greetings



SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
of PRESENT TRUTH



Happy Christmas! To all our readers we wish a very happy Christmas. Whatever may have been the origin of the festival—and it is just as well not to scrutinize some people's ancestry too closely—there is no doubt that to-day, in the minds of British people the world around, it connotes nothing but goodwill, friendliness, thoughts of home, and a brief, joyous respite from the busy whirl of life.

If ever a nation approaches within measurable distance of Christ's standard of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others, it is at this season of the year, when in hundreds of thousands of hearts rises the beautiful question, What shall I give? More often than not, alas, this question is answered in a way unworthy of the noble thought; articles are purchased that do more harm than good to the recipient; presents are heaped on presents to people already satiated with the world's good things. Yet it is perhaps not altogether loss if the will to give finds expression in some way, whatever the faults in the giving.

If we could really analyse our feelings accurately we should probably discover that the greater part of the happiness of Christmas springs from this spontaneous desire to do some-

thing for somebody else. Certain it is that those who enter this season with their minds set on what *they* are going to receive, and what other people are going to do for *them*, usually finish up by becoming extremely dissatisfied and disagreeable. The happiest people this Christmas—as at any other—will be those who seek out others more needy than themselves and bestow their bounties upon them. To get a real thrill out of life there is no better way than this.



No Peace Yet POLITICALLY, Christmas, 1934, finds the world as unsettled and as full of unrest and grim forebodings as at any time since the Great War. Ominous predictions are finding their way into the newspapers about all sorts of troubles in store for us in the New Year. Fears are abroad everywhere, fears of Germany, fears of Italy, fears of Japan, fears of Fascism, fears of Communism. Indeed, the song of the angels over the fields of Bethlehem seems to mock at us. After nearly two thousand years there is still no "peace and goodwill" among men. Yet we must not lose hope. The reins of world government are still in the hands of the Al-

mighty. "Behind the dim unknown standeth God——." He is working out His own eternal purpose and this Christmas finds us one year nearer to its grand consummation.

The more threatening the clouds of war and trouble over the world, the more sure we may be that the great day of the Lord hastens upon us. If we could hear the angels calling to us to-day we should be arrested by the eagerness in their voices as they re-echo the words of the Master: "Look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh!"



Pactomania "EUROPE," says the Foreign Editor of the *Daily Express*, "is suffering from Pactomania." He calls attention to the astonishing fact that during the past fifteen years the countries of Europe have signed over 240 pacts. There are pacts of non-aggression, mutual assistance, and of friendship so numerous that "probably no man alive knows the real relationship between them." And still the arranging of new pacts goes on, as though all that have already been signed are of none effect.

"Pactomania" is an indication of fear and mistrust. With all

its outward semblance of brotherliness and goodwill it is in reality a sign that beneath the surface all is not well.

Pacts, of course, may be better than no pacts. The shadow of goodwill is better than no goodwill at all. Yet we should not be deceived by the multitude of pacts. They do not ensure peace. They merely postpone war. But when war comes, and passions are stirred again, they will all find their place in the flames.

How can lasting pacts be made between men whose hearts have never been changed by the grace of God? The message of the Lord to Israel might well be pondered by all nations to-day: "O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river." Isa. 48:18.

It is indeed the only way. It was an eternal principle that the same prophet enunciated when he said: "The work of *righteousness* shall be peace; and the effect of *righteousness* quietness and assurance for ever." Isa. 32:17.



The Dead Sea Alive In the deep Dead Sea gorge, 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean, where silence reigned for centuries, a prosperous industry is now in full swing. Palestine Potash Ltd., employing hundreds of workmen, is busily engaged extracting the precious mineral salts from the water. During the four years that have elapsed since the company was formed many imagined difficulties have dissolved. The lake-shore has actually been proved one of the healthiest spots on earth! The purity of the atmosphere and its high oxygen content are almost unrivalled. Already the health-giving fame of the place has begun to spread and a "seaside and health resort" called Kallia has been opened and widely patronized.

The waters of the sea, so long feared, have been found to possess highly radio-active properties, producing a remarkable tonic effect and causing bathers to feel "rejuvenated."

In an address before the Royal Society of Arts, Major Tulloch, who is associated with Palestine Potash Ltd., gave some truly amazing facts concerning the mineral resources of the Dead Sea and their value. The quantities have been computed as follows:

| | Millions of tons |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Magnesium Chloride | 22,000 |
| Sodium Chloride | 11,000 |
| Calcium Chloride | 5,000 |
| Potassium Chloride | 2,000 |
| Magnesium Bromide | 1,000 |

"The monetary value of these vast quantities, contained in the small area of forty-seven miles long by nine miles wide," said Major Tulloch, "make it easily the most valuable spot in the world."



Palestine's Future LOOKING into the not far distant future Major Tulloch foresaw Palestine again becoming, largely through the immense and almost illimit-

able resources of the Dead Sea, an extremely important commercial centre. He said:

"Palestine, geographically, occupies a very central position, for it has frontiers on both the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and thus, so to speak, straddles the Suez Canal. If railways are built, up the Jordan Valley to Haifa, and down the Wadi Araba to the Gulf of Akaba, Palestine will occupy a unique strategic and commercial position, and certainly the whole of the eastern hemisphere and East Africa is clearly defined as the legitimate market for the products of the Dead Sea and other exports from Palestine."

That Palestine is destined to enjoy a period of exceptional prosperity would appear to be certain. We cannot but reflect, however, that the inordinate wealth of a very small country may become a source of very serious temptation to its poorer and more heavily armed neighbours. And we are reminded that the prophetic Scriptures indicate that Palestine is to become the centre of the final tremendous scenes that precede the return of our Lord. (Rev. 16:14-16.) There is something here for Major Tulloch and his friends, and all who are watching events in the Holy Land, to ponder with care.



Every nation is seething with unrest. Here are U.S. troops endeavouring to subdue strikers.

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The World Crying for Peace

What It All Means

By **George S. Hyde**

WHEN Dr. Norwood, of the City Temple, a notable post-war peace propagandist, recently returned from a world tour organized by the London Missionary Society in the interests of peace promotion, he is reported to have said:

"The world is dead sick of all this talk of war and is longing for a way through to everlasting peace."

How true! This "war-talk" or this "peace-talk," to use a synonymous phrase, has been the "great noise" of the century. For sixteen years the world has heard little else—and there is no doubt that it is "dead sick" of it all. The output on the literary and journalistic side has been amazing. Every magazine, newspaper, and journal, in every land, has been "talking" this "peace or war" business. And there are no signs of it abating. On the contrary, there is an intensifying of interest in the subject so that, apart from the regular discussions at, and arising from, Geneva, innumerable peace propagandists, politicians and parsons alike, are adding their voices daily.

And what of the "man in the street," the rank and file of the nations? One is not guilty of an

Children wearing gas masks in England! Instruction being carried out by the British Red Cross Society in Camberwell.

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exaggeration in saying that with a loud, swelling chorus the message of peace and the fear of war is being universally acclaimed.

The latest evidence has been provided in the gigantic national peace declaration organized by the League of Nations' Union. Each man and woman over eighteen years of age is being personally canvassed by voluntary workers and asked to reply to a fivefold questionnaire on the subject of peace and war. Thirty million people are thus expected to join the peace-war chorus. Nor is that all. America and many European countries are arranging similar ballots. Which means that the whole world is getting "panicky" at the direful prospects of war!

Additional evidence has been provided, too, by the recent personal call and challenge of Canon "Dick" Sheppard to the male population of Britain. Every man who has "done with

wars of every kind" is asked to send a post card to that effect and later to support the following resolution: "We renounce war and never again, directly or indirectly, will we support or sanction another."

But without accumulating more evidence of this extraordinary cry for peace may we inquire the reason why such a universal state of affairs exists?

There is a Bible prophecy that undoubtedly provides a solution to the problem. It is one given by the apostle Paul and recorded in 1 Thessalonians 5:1-3: "But of the times and seasons . . . know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief. . . . When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh."

"When they shall say, Peace and safety." "When?" Why now. "They." Who? Why the whole world. The League of Nations, the governments, the press, the people—all are joining in the

cry for "peace and safety." The methods by which this "peace and safety" shall be proclaimed may vary, but the objective is the same.

Yes, it is a sign of the times. It is a sign which is growing in intensity. The call for peace becomes more insistent as the evidence accumulates that the League of Nations is failing adequately to provide for a peaceful future. "Fear" is still the master of the situation and every effort to improve the situation, every conference and convention convened to limit the weapons of war, ends in abject failure.

The present London Naval Conversations, preliminary to the London Naval Conference of 1935, is an up-to-date illustration. In these conversations, Japan, instead of seeking with the United States and Britain a way drastically to reduce naval armaments, is using the opportunity to increase her own and to spoil, yet once more, the prospects of disarmament.

Indeed, Mussolini spoke truthfully to the 400,000 Italians packed in Milan's greatest square a few weeks ago, when he declared that disarmament was dead and that it would require more than the "sincerity and tenacity of Mr. Arthur Henderson to revive the Lazarus of disarmament which was buried under navies and cannon."

Yet every statesman, every government, every adult, knows the utter futility of war; knows the horribleness and the devilishness of war. Even Sir William Robertson admitted recently that "war hurts everybody, benefits nobody, except the profiteers—and settles nothing." And Lloyd George in a frank reference to the last war said, "From my own experience I cannot recall a government in any country that wanted war."

Nobody wants war! Every-

body knows its futility! Yet "disarmament is dead" and the prospects of war never so real! Why this tangled situation?

God's Word says: "When they shall say, Peace and safety, sudden destruction cometh." That destruction involves the final clash of the nations, Armageddon, toward which they are hastening. And in the book of Revelation, chapter sixteen, the secret is revealed why, in spite of themselves and against their better judgment, the nations are arming for the fray, causing the people frantically to cry, "Peace and safety." We read that:

Star of the East

*Star of the East, whose glory
The shepherds saw of old,
Thy message still is with us
Though all the earth grow cold.*

*We follow still thy leading,
As did the few wise men,
Who knelt beside the manger
In lowly Bethlehem.*

*Time has not dimmed thy lustre,
Nor years hid thee from sight,
Thy rays more brightly beaming
As deeper grows the night.*

*Thy light sheds hope and comfort
To lift the heavy load,
And lights the weary traveller
Along life's dreary road.*

*Star of the East, lead onward
Till dawns the perfect day,
And in the golden dawning
The shadows flee away.*

*Lead on until thy anthems
Through heaven's portals ring,
And we in adoration
Bow low before the King.*

D. A. R. AUFRANC.

"The spirits of devils . . . go forth . . . unto the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God almighty." Rev. 16:14. Thus, devil-led, devil-controlled, the nations are lured on to certain destruction. And only because men "whose hope the Lord is," or should be, have rejected Him, and turned from their Protector.

Armageddon is the signal for the arrival of the "Prince of peace." And the universal cry after peace is a sign of the coming of the Lord, the dawning of that day which sees the return of Jesus, the Prince of peace. "When ye see these things come to pass, know that it [the coming of the Lord] is near, even at the doors." Great as are the efforts put forth in the interests of peace, proper as it may be to support and strengthen the hands of the peace-leaders, personal allegiance to the "Prince of peace" transcends them all. May we give Him that allegiance unstintingly, and prepare for His not-far-distant return.

Our Sunbeams' Corner

(Continued from page 15.)

Results of Painting Competition No. 22

Prize-winner.—Dennis Silver, 10 Kohat Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19. Age 11.

Honourable mention.—Joyce Clay (Nottingham); Winifred Jones (Rhos); Georgina Watson (Gt. Yarmouth).

Those who tried hard.—Eric Marsh (Chesterfield); Eileen Milton (Maidstone); Eileen Sherbid (Ponders End); Delphine Smith (Bristol); Grace Taylor (Walthamstow); Blanche Woods (Gorleston-on-Sea).

To Our Readers

If you would like to know more of the message contained in PRESENT TRUTH, or desire to attend a meeting of the Advent Fellowship in your district, write to any one of the following addresses:

NORTH ENGLAND:

SOUTH ENGLAND:

WALES:

SCOTLAND:

IRELAND:

22 Zulla Rd., Mapperley Park, Nottingham.

395 Holloway Road, London, N.7.

80 Australia Road, Heath, Cardiff.

Broomage House, Larbert, Stirlingshire.

11 Seafield, Portadown, N. Ireland.

You will also be very cordially welcomed at

(Local Address)



Captured by the "Emden"

Another Great Sea Story of 1914

"Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again."

THE words of Rankin's beautiful hymn, sung by a non-descript group of seafaring men, rang out in the Missions to Seamen Hall in Venice.

It was in the year 1914, the month of that never-to-be-forgotten August, when the nations of earth forgot their claims to civilization and embarked upon the most frightful war known to mankind.

A small number of British ships were discharging their cargoes in Venice at that time, anchored in the famous Grand Canal, with the Campanile of St. Mark's and its surrounding palaces as a background, whilst the leisurely progress of gondolas on the waters and all the picturesque life of Italy's well-known island seaport dominated the scene.

For some time rumour had been busy. It was known that war had been declared between Britain and Germany, and news, mostly unreliable, came through

to the effect that London had been bombed, the British Navy heavily defeated, and Paris was in the hands of the Germans—or at least, soon would be!

In the meantime, Italy was neutral, and much discussion took place on board as to the future of the ships riding peacefully to their anchors. The consul's agent had been round, and no one was allowed ashore—in fact, the placing of armed guards on the ships savoured very much of internment.

Work was carried on as usual, however, it being recognized that nothing short of actual sinking would prevent the chief officers

the port authorities that every ship must get steam up and leave Venice within forty-eight hours. Where they went was no concern of the Italians, the owners being responsible for any future movements of their respective boats.

Leave was given on that last night in Venice, and thus it was that a company of men found themselves assembled in the Mission, listening to the words of the padre, and singing with unusual fervour, "God be with you till we meet again."

Early next morning, with the discordant sounds of anchor chains being stowed, sirens blowing, and bells ringing, five steam-

By Charles L. Kelly

of each ship having the decks washed, the paint chipped, and all the multitude of duties conducted as if every vessel were snug in her home port.

At last orders were issued by

ers, flying the Red Ensign at the sterns, passed slowly down the Canal and headed for the Adriatic Sea, bound for Malta.

Each ship kept within the three-mile limit down the Italian

coast, protected by the Geneva Convention from the attack of a flotilla of Austrian cruisers on the horizon, which, keeping off the port beam, hovered like an evil shadow, reminding those on board the "tramps" that something would need to happen to protect them after they left the shelter of the Italian coast and struck out across the Mediterranean for Malta.

That something fortunately materialized, in the shape of French battleships, whereupon the Austrians turned and hastened back to the safety of their own coast.

After taking coal on board in Malta, orders were given for the ships to proceed east of Suez—where, as Kipling reminds his readers, "there ain't no ten commandments, and the best is like the worst!"—the destination of the vessels being Rangoon for rice.

A safe and pleasant passage was made through the Suez Canal, and down the Red Sea, and soon the steamers, each travelling at her own speed, some "hull down"—that is, below the horizon—others still in sight of each other, entered through the Bab-el-Mandeb (Gates of Hell) Straits into the Indian Ocean.

It was then September. The hot Indian sun beat down upon the decks, awnings were spread fore and aft to give some protection, the crews carried out their daily duties under the watchful eye of the bos'n, flying fish darted away under the bows, skimming the surface of the oily-calm sea, and smoke from the funnels rose straight into a cloudless sky, as day by day the ships ploughed their way across the ocean.

I was at that time serving my apprenticeship on the s.s. "Foyle," one of the vessels to leave Venice at the outbreak of the war. For some time we had

kept company with a sister ship, which, being slower than us, had gradually been left astern, until we were the only craft visible on a vast expanse of water. The other ships had passed ahead and were now out of sight.

In the early morning of September 27th Minikoi was passed, a gem of green, with a light-house, set in the deep blue of the sea, and marking the route from the West to Colombo.

In the afternoon a heavy cloud of smoke was observed off the starboard bow. Such was its density that Captain Gilson decided to alter course and ascertain if it were a ship afire. Wireless was not installed on cargo steamers in those days.

On approaching nearer, much of the smoke having dispersed, three funnels and the masts of a battleship were seen standing up above the horizon, so we returned to our original course, little thinking that the desire to help on our part was to result in the loss of our own ship.

It was then four bells (6 p.m.). The sun was setting with the rapidity that only the tropics know, when, in the gathering dusk, the dim shape of a vessel could be seen crossing our bow

from starboard to port some distance away.

We on board the "Foyle" speculated much as to the stranger's credentials. As she drew nearer we could see from her build that we were closing in on a warship, the funnels suggesting our friend of the afternoon.

By this time both ships were little more than a thousand yards apart. The cruiser—Japanese, French, or British—according to our various opinions—was drawing along our port side, showing a vivid picture of breaking seas at her bows as she dipped her stem into the hollows of the ocean's swell, while the outline of her masts, funnels, and superstructure, sloping at a rakish angle, was silhouetted against the twilight horizon.

Then from the tip of her foremast a light began to flash, spelling out the word "stop." This command was at once obeyed, and in a few moments the "Foyle" was losing steering way and drifting silently on the bosom of the sea.

Nearer and nearer came the cruiser, till across the stillness of the night a voice rang out,

(Continued on page 11.)



The German cruiser "Emden."

© Topical



© Louvre, Paris

The upper portion of the famous code of Hammurabi, the Amraphel of Genesis fourteen. The king is shown worshipping before the sun-god Shamash.

THE account of the parting of Abraham and Lot on their return from Egypt, and the almost fatal consequences of the younger man's selfish choice, is one of the best known stories in the Old Testament.

Until recently the critics used to tell us that it was no more than a story, thrilling indeed, and full of moral power, but without foundation in history. Now, however, they are no longer able to sustain this view, for archaeological discoveries in the Jordan Valley and in Babylonia have demonstrated all the essential details of the record to be sober historic fact.

Jordan Valley in Third Millennium B.C.

That the Jordan Valley was the centre of a highly-developed

the Jordan Valley that the immigrants spread westwards over the high plateau toward the Mediterranean and eastwards into the Transjordanian region.

These researches, moreover, have proved, says Dr. W. F. Albright, "that the most prosperous period of the history of this valley was in the Early Bronze Age (2500-2000 B.C.)."—*Annual Volume of the American Schools of Oriental Research*, 1926, page 13.

In a previous volume he says further:

"The number of tells great and small, and the enormous size of some of them, makes it plain that the population of the Jordan Valley in the third millennium B.C. was not only greater than it is now, but greater than it has ever been from that day to this, not excepting even the commercial centre of population around

In the Land of Abraham—5

Bible Critics C

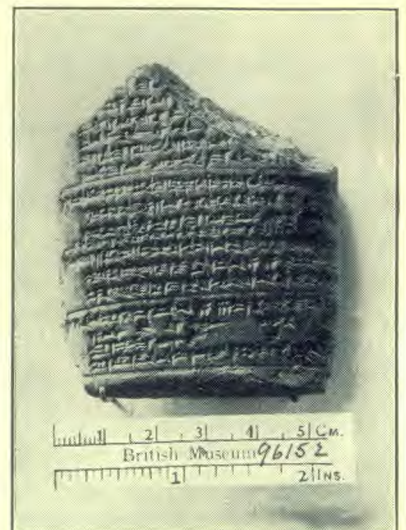
Voices from the Du

By W. L. F.

civilization in the third millennium B.C. has been conclusively proved by the researches of the late Père Mallon of the Pontifical Institute, Jerusalem, and other scholars. They have shown that the line followed by the first settlers in Canaan from the north was down the Great Rift Valley, of which the Jordan gorge is a part, and that it was from

the Lake of Galilee in the days of our Lord."—*Annual Volume for 1924*, pages 13, 14.

In the days of Abraham and Lot Jericho was already a strongly fortified town, the culmination of a great civilization stretching from Mount Hermon in the north to the "great round" enclosing the Dead Sea. When, therefore, the patriarch and his nephew stood in the great central ridge of Canaan, the fertile greenness of the plain dotted with flourishing cities must indeed have formed a strong contrast to the savage barrenness of the Judean hills, which proved too strong a temptation to the impressionable young man. It undoubtedly must have seemed to him "like the garden of the Lord."



© British Museum

A valuable tablet recording a war between the two kings Amraphel and Arioch who were allies in the raid described in Genesis fourteen.

founded

rove the Scriptures True nerson

The Coming of the Kings

The Bible goes on to tell that the valley had for twelve years been in subjection to Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, but that in the thirteenth year five vassal kings combined in rebellion against him. Chedorlaomer immediately called three allied kings to his aid, crossed northern Syria, swept down through the Transjordanian region, then turned northwards through the lands of the Amalekites and Amorites into the Dead Sea basin and the plain of Jordan, where he met and defeated the native confederacy, carrying off many captives including Lot and his house, and much spoil.

Abraham was apprised of his nephew's plight and, setting out with three hundred and eighteen able-bodied men of his own household, followed on the heels of the returning army. Choosing a favourable opportunity he fell upon them and after much slaughter succeeded in recovering Lot and his family and much of the loot from the cities of the plain.

On his return he received the blessing of God from the priest-king of Salem, and in return gave to Melchizedek tithes of all he had recovered.

"Completely Unhistorical"

This whole story was, of course, ridiculed by the Wellhausen school. The kings were called "petty sheiks of the desert" and their names "etymological inventions." Meyer declared the account "completely

unhistorical" and Nöldeke asserted that it was a "free creation throughout."

Among other things the latter, in his elaborate work, *The Unhistorical Character of Genesis Fourteen*, says:

"He has employed a few correct names intermingled with false or invented ones, and the appearance of historicity thus produced can as little deceive us as the proper names and dates in the book of Esther."

"The expedition of the kings cannot have taken place as narrated, . . . we have to do here with a romantic expedition."

Of Abraham's pursuit he says: "If that is possible then is nothing impossible." And of Melchizedek: "Even if the rest of the chapter were historical, we should still hold Melchizedek a poetical figure."

Wellhausen expressed confidence that the historicity of the narrative had "received its death blow" from Nöldeke's treatise, but never did the critics make a more colossal blunder.

We now know that Canaan, or Martu as it was then called, was dominated by the peoples of the Tigro-Euphrates valley at least as early as the time of Sargon of Agade, and that a confeder-

acy between Elam and Babylon with Elam in the ascendancy did exist at this very period.

The names of the kings from the east are no longer pronounced etymological inventions for they have almost all been identified.

The Kings Identified

Amraphel is none other than a transliteration of the Babylonian Ammurapi or Hammurabi, the greatest of the kings of the First Dynasty of Babylon, while Arioch of Ellasar turns out to be Eri-Aku, or Rim Sin, to give him his Semitic name, the contemporary king of Larsa, son of Kudur-Mabug the Elamite. Tidal is a Hittite name and his designation as "king of the nations" suggests that he was leader of Hittite mercenaries who were at this time coming down into Mesopotamia from the highlands of Asia Minor. Chedorlaomer of Elam has not been definitely identified but "Chedor" is clearly the common Elamite king-name "Kudur," while "loamer" is very much like Lagamaru, the name of one of the Elamite goddesses. The name, therefore, is a good



By courtesy of Professor J. Garstang

The four-thousand-year-old wall of Jerusalem recently unearthed. It must have surrounded the city when Melchizedek was its king.



© Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.
The Venus Tablet of Ammezaduga which confirms the Bible chronology of Abraham's time.

Elamite one, and as our knowledge of the early kings of Elam is as yet very meagre we may one day unearth some reference to him.

As a matter of fact, the so-called Spartoli tablets which date from around 2000 B.C., that is, just about the time of Abraham and Hammurabi, tell of the laying waste of Babylonia by a group of kings from the north, including Tudhula, Eri-Eaku, and Kudur-Lahmal. The account is highly poetic and legendary, and so cannot be relied upon without further supporting evidence, but it may later be found that these three invaders were none other than Tidal, Arioch, and Chedorlaomer of Genesis fourteen, and that this raid in the early part of Hammurabi's reign explains the latter's association with the other three in a subsequent expedition to Canaan.

Hammurabi and Ur of the Chaldees

At any rate, it is known that at this time most of Babylonia acknowledged Elamite overlordship, and that Kudur-Mabug the Elamite reigned in Larsa and was succeeded by his son Eri-Aku or Arioch. Hammurabi in the early days of his reign was evidently not in a position to assert his independence, but the fortunate discovery of an inscribed black stele of Hammurabi by Professor Woolley in the

Sumer as vassal of the Elamite king at Susa. Hammurabi waited until Arioch was old and then led an expedition against him, taking his capital city and with it securing control of all Sumer. He probably received the submission of Ur without conflict and as evidence of his suzerainty planted the inscribed stele in the temple of Nin-Gal. Professor Woolley did not, however, find it standing in place, but lying broken in fragments beside its base. The cause of its destruction was not immediately apparent but after finding other records in the chamber dated with several years of Hammurabi and up to the eleventh year of his son Samsu-Iluna, a tablet came to light with the ominous year date, "That in which the king destroyed the walls of Ur."

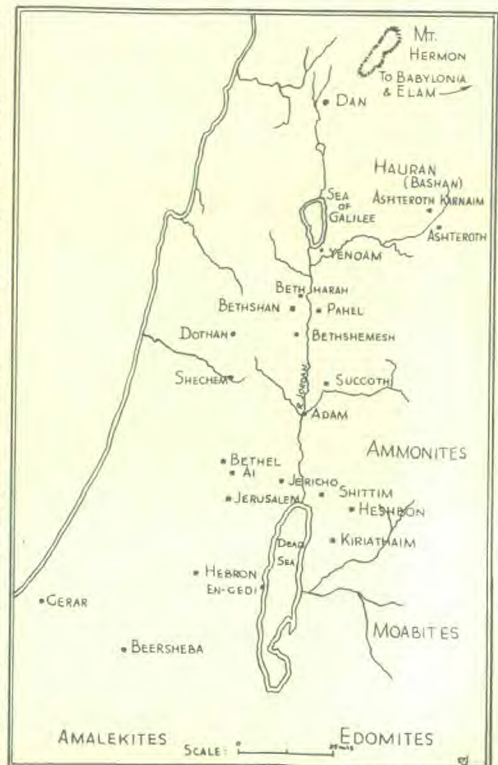
The people of Ur had rebelled against Babylon in the eleventh year of Samsu-Iluna and broken the stele of Hammurabi. Samsu-Iluna immediately led an army to Ur, took the city, razed the walls, looted the temples, and gave the city to the flames. "The challenge and its punishment," remarks Professor

Woolley, "were clearly written in the ruins."—"Ur of the Chaldees," page 160.

Astronomical Tablet Confirms Bible Chronology

Further proof of the identification of the confederate kings, and particularly of Hammurabi as Amraphel, as well as corroboration of the Bible chronology of the period comes to us in a valuable document known as the "Venus tablet of Ammezaduga" now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and recently translated by Dr. Langdon. This correlation of the events of the reigns of various kings of Babylon with astronomical data connected with the planet Venus, fixes the reign of Hammurabi between the years 2067 B.C. and 2024 B.C.

The Bible chronology gives Abraham's entrance into Canaan as 2085 B.C., and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah as



Map illustrating the raid of the four kings on the Jordan Valley while Lot dwelt in Sodom.

2061 B.C., so that the raid of Chedorlaomer and his allies synchronizes with the early years of Hammurabi's reign, the most likely time for him to accept the overlordship of Elam and give him assistance in this Syrian expedition.

Line of March Determined

At one time Dr. F. W. Albright regarded the line of march attributed to the four confederate kings as legendary but he has now completely reversed his judgment:

"Formerly," he says, "the writer considered this extraordinary line of march as being the best proof of the essentially legendary character of the narrative. In 1929, however, he discovered a line of Early and Middle Bronze Age mounds (2500-1600 B.C.), some of great size, running down along the eastern edge of Gilead, between the desert and the forests of Gilead. Moreover the cities of Hauran (Bashan), with which the account of the campaign opens, Ashteroth and Karnaim, were both occupied in this period as shown by archaeological examination of their sites."

Abraham's Night Foray

It was no doubt a large army which carried out this extensive expedition and it is not to be supposed that Abraham and his 318 men met the whole force of the confederate kings. Abraham, in all probability, simply attacked one portion of the baggage train in which Lot and his family were being led away. The whole army would naturally not be brought back to reply to a night foray, and so Abraham was enabled, by the help of the Lord, to recover his kinsman and all his goods.

Melchizedek has not been identified, as none of the governors of Jerusalem in this early period are yet known, but the city was

certainly in existence and was called Uru-Salimu (from which we get the Hebrew Salem) in the Tell-el-Amarna tablets about the time of the Exodus. The fact that Melchizedek held the position of priest and king is also in harmony with the common practice for the governor of a city to be its high priest also, the office of priest-king going back even to Sumerian days.

Nor was the payment of tithe without precedent, for many Babylonian tablets referring to the receipt of tithes are in existence.

Thus every essential detail of the Bible account is substantiated, and the words written a number of years ago by F. Hommel concerning this incident in the patriarch's life are even more true to-day:

"It introduces into the history of Hammurabi as presented in the ancient monuments an entirely new episode, which fits into the political circumstances of the period like a missing fragment, and completes, and throws most valuable light on, the knowledge of this remote epoch which we gather from the cuneiform records. The theory that the names of the kings, together with the fact that Chedorlaomer had once led an expedition into 'the countries of the West,' were transferred from Babylonian records in post-exilic times, and that a campaign on the part of the four allied kings as far as Arlat and Kadesh Barnea was then *invented*, is absolutely inadmissible."—*"Ancient Hebrew Tradition,"* pages 190, 191.

(Next Time: "The Fate of Sodom and Gomorrah in the Light of Archaeology.")

* * *

Captured by the "Emden"

(Continued from page 7.)

loud and clear, "What ship?"

The silence was broken, men's tongues were loosened.

"Yes, she's British all right. I thought so—tell that by the cut of her stem"—and so on. Meanwhile, from our bridge, the Captain, his hoarse, deep voice booming through a megaphone above

our heads, replied, "'Foyle' for Rangoon!"

Again the voice from the cruiser rang out, "Stand by. I'm sending a boat."

Soon the outline of a boat could be seen approaching and we clustered about the rope ladder which had been lowered from the forward well deck, a sailor holding a hurricane lamp over the ship's side to guide our "guests" in their desire to board.

The first on deck was an officer in white ducks, and following him a number of seamen, all armed with cutlasses and revolvers. Some, we noticed, also carried axes, crowbars, and saws. In the darkness it was impossible to distinguish any feature of their uniforms.

The Chief Officer stepped forward to receive the boarding party, when those who were near enough to hear received a shock. In perfect English the lieutenant in charge said, "We are the German cruiser 'Emden,' and you are our prisoners. Please obey all orders, and there will be no trouble."

For a moment there was stupefied silence. Then again the German spoke. "Take me to the Captain and be ready to take to your boats in twenty minutes."

With that the Chief Officer took a grasp of the situation and, ordering the hands to get the boats out, he turned toward the bridge ladder, Lieutenant Levetgau, for that was the German's name, following.

The German seamen who had come on board from a second boat proceeded to various parts of the ship, opening hatches, and emptying the contents of the steward's pantry and store room into large sacks. Others went down into the engine room, and in a few minutes the "Foyle" was completely in the hands of the obviously highly trained men

of His Imperial Majesty's German Navy.

What of the "Foyle's" crew? While the sailors were unlashng the boats preparatory to swinging them out, I had run down to the cabin I shared with another youth on the after well deck. Standing in our small room which to us was "home," I looked around, not knowing what to do next.

My thoughts were rudely interrupted by a violent opening of the cabin door. I turned and there facing me was a German sailor, heavily bearded, a revolver in one hand and an axe in the other, his eyes glaring fiercely into mine. Then a broad smile crossed his face as he said in broken English, "Haf you cigarettes, leetle boy? No? you not smoke, hein?"

With that he walked away—and I was still alive! Timidly I ventured on deck, where men were running here and there, orders in English and German being shouted from one to another. The Second Officer, coming towards me, called, "Hurry up, you boys. Pack any valuables you have—no time for more. You, Kelly, into the port boat. Jump to it!"

I raced back to my cabin, seized a coat and hesitated, not knowing what to take. But the question was soon settled for me by the bos'n's voice on deck, "All hands to the boats! All hands to the boats!" I dashed out again and, hurrying up to the boat deck, took my place in the port boat with the others of my shipmates. Down we went toward the water, the sheer sides of the "Foyle" rising higher and higher as we descended.

In a few moments we were alongside the "Emden," and looking up could see the shape of her four-inch guns pointing in the direction of the "Foyle,"

visible now only by her mast-head and side-lights.

Ordered out of our boats we ascended a narrow gangway and found ourselves on the quarter-deck, surrounded by an interested group of German seamen. An officer ordered us to sit down on the deck and an armed sentry stood by to remind us that we were on "enemy soil."

Our boats having been "cast off" to drift away and the German boats hoisted into their davits, the telegraph rang in the engine room, and the ship, gathering speed, slipped away into the night. Our last sight of the "Foyle" was of her masthead lights sinking lower and lower into the water as the ship, her Kingston valves open, gradually filled and found a deep grave in the Indian Ocean.

Later on, it being then four bells (10 p.m.), some officers appeared, and we were told to stand. We found ourselves in the presence of the Commander, Kapitan von Müller, who spoke to us in excellent English, assuring us of his goodwill, and that he would place us on board another British ship he had previously captured and left with a prize crew on board, and for which we were now heading.

About eight bells (midnight) a ship's lights were seen on the horizon. A morse lamp began to flash, "Emden" answered, and in a little while we drew alongside such another "tramp" as the "Foyle." Orders were given for us to descend into boats lowered from the "Emden," and we again made a quick passage across the water, climbing up rope ladders on to the decks of the Glasgow steamer "Gryfevale," which had been captured earlier on.

To our astonishment we met the crews of the other ships that left Venice with us, with the exception of our sister ship "Obi" which had escaped, ignorant of

the fate that had befallen us.

These vessels had been caught during a period of twenty-four hours, the "Foyle" being the last of the bunch. Kapitan von Müller stated that he had been waiting for us and had been kept informed as to our movements since leaving Venice.

The German sailors, acting under orders passed across from the "Emden," descended into the waiting boats, and once again, though on a strange ship, we were free to go.

Captain Steele, in command, shouted across, "May I proceed, sir?" A moment's silence, and then (from Kapitan von Müller), "Yes, carry on. I hope we may meet again—under better circumstances."

Finally, an officer on the "Gryfevale" shouted, "Three cheers for the 'Emden,'" and from over three hundred British throats rang out loud hurrahs!

As the ships drew apart the "Emden" disappeared into the darkness, to continue serving her country most effectively, being then hunted by over forty war vessels of different nations. Before her destruction some six weeks later on Keeling Island by the more heavily armed cruiser H.M.A.S. "Sydney," she succeeded in sinking nearly 100,000 tons of British shipping alone.

Twenty years have gone by since then, but the memory of that fearful night will never pass.

"God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound
you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again."

Still the familiar words ring in my ears to-day, and I shall always believe that it was my loving Father in heaven Who, in His mercy, put His unfailing arms around me in those dark hours of peril on the sea.



The Children's Three Pages

Edited by Uncle Arthur

Author of "Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories"

Her Last Fourpence

By Elizabeth Yates

THE little old lady was very poor. She lived alone in a tiny two-roomed house in an industrial town in east Lancashire. It was Christmas Eve, and she had just paid her rent. She had a little sugar, and perhaps two ounces of butter in the house, but no bread, and all the money she possessed was fourpence!

Well, you can't do much with fourpence. The little old lady looked at it. Then she spoke as if the money could hear her.

"You certainly won't buy a chicken," she said, "but you can buy a threepenny loaf of bread, and that will leave a penny for a cake as a treat, seeing it is Christmas Eve."

She didn't pretend even to herself that it would be much of a Christmas spread. Still, it would be enough to eat until pension day came round again.

So she started out with the fourpence to buy the threepenny loaf and the penny cake. The

shops were gay and all the folk were equally gay. For was it not Christmas Eve?

The little old lady was not exactly gay but there was a wistfulness about her as if she would like to be.

Suddenly there came to her ears the sound of singing. Singing! Well, the cracked sound was the best the poor fellow could do. Small wonder when you looked at him. The little old lady watched until the ragged figure and haggard body of the man turned the corner of the street.

There was silence now. Something told her that the man had given up in despair. Her heart thumped. "Oh! it is too cruel," she cried, and forgetting that her own case was a none too happy one, she hurried round the corner.

Yes, there was the man leaning against the wall with a look of hopeless misery in his eyes.

"Here, take this," she said, thrusting twopence into the man's hand and hurrying away before he could even say, "Thank you."

When she turned to the shops again she had to reconsider her plans. Twopence wouldn't buy a threepenny loaf and a penny cake. It would, however, buy two penny teacakes. She entered a shop.

"Two penny teacakes, please," she said.

"Yes," answered the shopkeeper as he wrapped them up and gave them to her. Her last twopence clinked into the till; and she was turning away when the shopkeeper said, "There is a loaf here that you can have if you would care to. No, I don't want anything for it. You are welcome to it as it would only go dry over the holiday. No, don't thank me. A merry Christmas to you."

The kindly shopman almost hustled the little old lady out of the shop. But she did manage to gasp out her thanks and wish him a merry Christmas, too.

She was happy that night, and happier still the next day, for a thoughtful neighbour invited her to a lovely Christmas dinner, and a Christmas tea, too. Which proves that God not only repays a good deed, but abundantly rewards it.

Toy-Making for Christmas

By Henry Bramford

THE toys which I am about to describe are *easy* to make, and very little expenditure is involved. If they are made well, they will well repay the time spent on them, and any boy or girl can start right away making presents or toys for poor children, and thus give good cheer and a little of their time to their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

A Ball and a Bunny for Baby

We will think of Baby first. A wool ball is just the thing. Do you know how to make one? Cut a card disc as shown and then collect all the odd balls of wool you can find. Wind the wool round the ring in the manner indicated, using as many colours as you can, and when you have wound quite a lot on, snip all round the edge with scissors. Carefully keep the wool in position after you have cut it, and tie as shown. You can now slip the wool out of the ring, and you have a lovely wool ball. You can

make any number in very little time, once you get the idea.

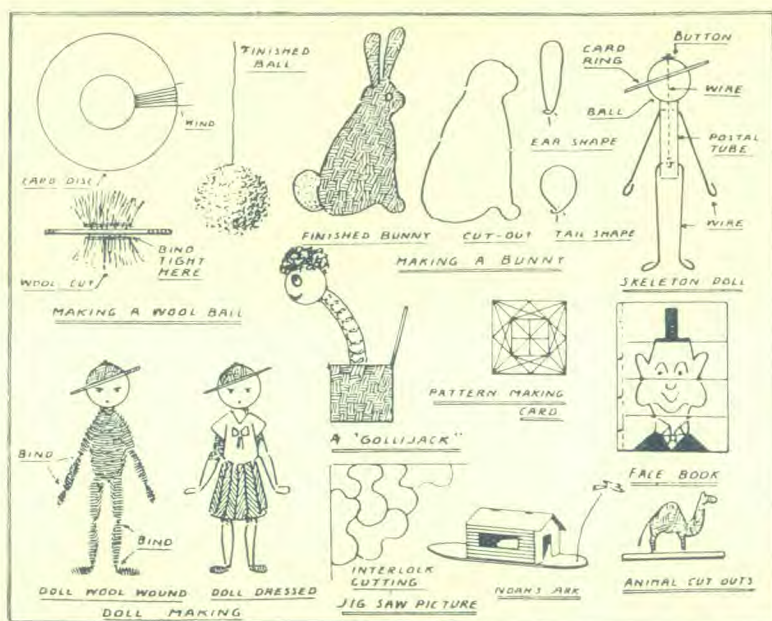
A bunny, of course, will please Baby ever so much. It is not difficult to make. Find some grey or brown velvet or plush, and a small piece of white velvet for the tail. Make the body first. To do this, make two cut-outs "bunny shape," put them face to face, and sew or machine. Leave a small aperture for stuffing. Turn your work the right way out and fill well with bran, then sew up the aperture closely and neatly. Two glass beads can be sewn on for the eyes. Wire shapes are simply made for the ears, the velvet being cut and neatly sewn over the wire. The ears can then be sewn on to the head. The white plush tail is made in the same way, that is, shaped on wire; a little bran stuffing should be added here also, although none will be required for the ears. Sew the tail on and you have a lovely bunny complete.

A Doll for Dorothy

That settles Baby, and has stopped him or her crying. Now we will think of girls, as they come before boys. Dorothy will be sure to like a doll. In the illustration I have shown quite clearly a novel way of making a lovely doll. A small sorbo ball is used for the head, and a pretty face is painted on the ball. Oil colours can be used for this, or water colours. In the latter case a coat of varnish should be applied, for dolly must have her face washed sometimes. A card ring is cut and fixed with glue, and this makes a nice simple hat, and a very cheap one, too. To make the body, the ball is wired on to a short length of card postal tube as shown. Use stout copper wire. The arms and legs are also formed with similar wire, and fixed via the card tube. The wire is looped to form hands and feet. By neatly winding pink wool round the wire arms and legs, and binding at wrists, elbows, knees, and ankles, you get shape, and wool is also wound and bound round the card tube to shape up the body. Now our wiry little doll is complete, and it only remains to dress her, and this is the greatest fun of all.

A Jack-in-the-Box for Jack

Boys are harder to please than girls (?), so we shall have to give them more ideas. Jacky likes springing surprises on folk, so we will spring a surprise on him for a change. Make him a Jack-in-the-Box. Any wood box will do, and it can be covered with pretty paper or made to look like a box of chocolates complete with blue ribbon. Now let's put Jack in the box. A spring is made of springy, fairly strong wire, and fixed to the bottom of the box with a staple. Over the spring, slip a covering length of rubber tube. The inner tube of a cycle tyre serves very well for



Toys you can make.

this, only you take an old one, of course. The other end of the spring is passed through a small sorbo ball as shown, and a weird face is painted on the ball. A nice wad of cotton wool is dipped in green ink and stuck on the ball for the hair, and you have a most awesome "Golli-jack." You will need a little catch to keep the lid shut.

A Jig-Saw Puzzle for George

George is a puzzle, and he likes puzzles, too, so give him one to keep him busy. Get two nice coloured pictures of equal size. Biblical pictures are just the thing. Now procure a piece of plywood, and paste one picture on one side, and the other on the other side. Put under a press for a day and then cut up into interlocking pieces with a fretsaw. Pencil your cuts out first. Put the pieces into an attractive box and George will be happy for hours.

A Pattern-Maker for Peter

Peter is a youthful artist. A pattern-maker is just the thing to develop his talent and stop him from drawing all over the wallpaper. Procure four cards, each a different colour, mark each out as shown, and then neatly cut out all the pieces. This is all you have to do to make a fine pattern-maker. All the pieces will fit in and you can make four colour patterns and designs.

A Face Book for Everybody

We must have a bit of fun, so make something original in "photograph albums." Everybody will be interested in the "face book." Make a neat book with cover. It should not be too large. It can have any number of pages from four to twenty-four. The pages are cut into quarter sections as shown. On each top section, draw and colour a different hat. On each section below that, draw and colour a

different "half face" seeing only that the outline finishes at the edge marks. On each section beneath this draw the other half of the face, each example being different. On each bottom section draw and colour a different collar, jacket, tie, etc. Now see

how many faces you can make by placing the sections in varying orders.

And now you have no excuse for being idle or wondering what to do, for it is in your power to bring joy to many, and so know joy yourself.

OUR SUNBEAMS' CORNER

My dear Sunbeams,

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS" to you all!

I can hardly believe that Christmas-time is here again, can you?

I rather hoped we'd be able to have a nice long chat together in front of the fire, but our other friends had so many exciting things to talk about that I just had to let them take the big arm-chairs!

However, there's still enough room for me to squeeze into the circle and wish you all the best of good times this holiday season.

There's just one S.O.S. message!

It comes from our old friends in Hoxton Market. The children did so enjoy the outing we gave them in the summer. Could we help to make Christmas just as happy?

Now, what *can* we do for them?

I know, let's have a "Christmas-cleaning," shall we, and turn out our toy-cupboards?

Any toys that are not too old and broken would be ever so much appreciated, and may save many a poor little Hoxton child from having a toyless Christmas! Let's all do our best, shall we, and help to fill their shabby little stockings!

Tell Mummy about it, too, and perhaps she'll be able to send a few clothes that you've grown

too big for, and if Daddy has any spare sixpences——!

I'm wondering if some of you would be clever enough to make some of these new toys described on the opposite page. We're having this as a Competition, and the prizes will go to the Cornerites who send in the best-made toys. You can send as many attempts as you like; and to encourage you to send a nice lot we will have two first, two second, and two third prizes this time.

Let me have your attempts by December 18th, telling me whether you wish me to return your toys or whether you would like them to be sent away to Hoxton as Christmas presents for the poor children there.

Hoping you have lots of fun getting ready for Christmas,

Yours affectionately,
ELLA PADMORE.

Special Christmas Prizes

1st Prizes:

1. Coloured Fountain Pen and Pencil on Tray.
2. Kriptiko Set, or Printing Outfit.

2nd Prizes:

1. Reeves' Stencil Set.
2. Large Coloured Picture-Making Outfit.

3rd Prizes:

1. Bible Picture Jigsaw Puzzle.
2. Box of Reeves' Paints.

(Competition results on page 5.)

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