

SIGNS *of the* TIMES

AMERICA'S PROPHECIC WEEKLY

Literature of License

by
A MAGAZINE
WRITER



SCORES of our
present-day
magazine writers
and authors are
suffering from
high mud pressure

THE New York Society for the Suppression of Vice has its hands full these days. It is striving to stop the production of immoral books in the largest city of the world. Under the leadership of John S. Summer, its secretary, it has marshaled its lawyers for long, legal battles on some of the productions of American novelists. And it is doing a good work.

Mr. Summer disclaims the role of reformer. "I am a conservative," he said. He further emphasized this by saying he was not concerned in more laws of censorship, but was only helping to enforce laws of long and tried standing. "I have to admit that judges and juries do not convict in some cases where they would have convicted a few years ago. But we still do obtain convictions, and that is the one efficient dam which still exists against demoralizing literature."

"Why don't judges and juries convict as readily as they used to in cases of books, plays, and dances, alleged to be immoral?" he was asked.

"The only reply that I can make," he began, "is because there has been a general letting down of standards for some years past, largely due to a breaking down of home life and influences, and an influx of persons having different standards of conduct. A judge is reluctant to hold a scantily clad dancer when he has seen women and girls clad with nearly the same scantiness at dances or on the beaches. Ten years ago people would have been outraged at costumes which to-day get by."

To quote a bit further: "From the standpoint of morality, many books

and magazines being printed to-day are worse than at any previous period. There are a lot of new authors who are obsessed with the idea of realism, and they are going the limit. I read a manuscript the other day brought to me by a publisher. It was the rottenest thing, as a proposed work of fiction for general distribution, that I had ever seen, even though it had already been heavily blue-penciled by the prospective censoring publisher. His purpose in submitting it to me, as he later admitted, was to get an opinion to convey to the author. He wanted to turn down the author and yet hold him."

Mr. Summer is not the only one who diagnoses the literature of to-day in that pessimistic way. The famous "Uncle Henry" who writes for *Collier's Weekly* said that most of the authors and writers of to-day are suffering "from high mud pressure." The opinion of Mr. Summer, who says most emphatically "that he is not a reformer,"

falls far short of expressing the feelings of many of those who are supplying the stories.

The subject has been frequently discussed by some of the writers about the round table of the National Press Club. Their opinions as a whole have been far stronger, and are given with a greater degree of warmth than has the professional one of Mr. Summer. There were some at the round table who write for the very magazines that have at various times aroused the ire of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The authors themselves had no brief to offer, such as the need of more realism, artistic expression, and all such camouflaged terms. They wrote the "stuff because the publishers



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J. R. FERREN
Circulation Manager

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wanted it," and it is presumed that the publishers printed it because the public bought the magazines and read them and clamored for more.

And all this is written, knowing that there have been other periods in history that have produced salacious reading matter. Other ages have been defiled by such writers as Chaucer, De Maupassant, Boccaccio, and George Eliot, to name but a few. But with all the immorality of that time, still there is reason to subscribe to the statement of Mr. Summer that many books and magazines of to-day are worse than at any previous period.

NOT HARD TO RECOGNIZE THEM

Why?—Because the old-time fiction writers, while immoral, were frankly so, and made no pretense of being otherwise. They were that way and offered no excuse, while the newer class, and be it said in regret, some of the younger writers, seem to delight in lingering and languishing and emphasizing and embellishing the bits of life that they choose to call realism; and because they call it this, they claim that it ought to be printed and published so every schoolboy and schoolgirl, scarcely in their teens, can read it.

There has been quite a furor of late over books such as "Glimpses of the Moon," and others of its class, but they scarcely cause a smoke as compared with the periodical literature to be found any day on any news stand.

They increase so rapidly that without doubt by the time this is published a new lot will be launched ready to simmer and seep into the moron minds of the city inhabitants. It is hardly necessary to read them in order to understand their trend; their titles are so bizarre that we feel they are not admissible in the columns of the SIGNS.

And that is none too strong a statement. It is literature to sin by. Jesus Christ Himself would undoubtedly apply His answer to the Pharisees concerning the seventh commandment to this class of literature. To read such periodicals for the love of them is to break the commandment.

But the harm and danger does not stop there.

Constant reading of such periodicals, whether they depict life's rotten realism or not, is almost sure to destroy the sense of sin. Living in an atmosphere of immorality, mentally, is bound ultimately to make moral lepers who are well-nigh incurable. They have lost their sense of right and wrong. They have warped souls. Life to them is license.

But what of the policy behind all that mass of reading matter? How do the writers come to write it? It is not by chance that the same kind of material is sold openly that used to be passed about on the sly, lest some one should confiscate it, printed bearing no publishers' name.

WHAT SOME EDITORS WANT

If you had access to the authors' trade journals, that is, magazines that circulate among the professional writers where editors tell of their wants, and the columns of the *Literary Market* tell of the kind most needed by the various magazines, you would find that the editors of these publications are constantly calling for more and more material of this highly seasoned fiction—more sex interest.

There are at least half a dozen of these publications, and it is interesting to compare the magazines with the state-

ments of their editors. One wants, "stories that tell more of life as it is lived." Another wants "short stories giving the experiences that might have come to you; that are unusual, vivid, colorful, and alive." Another is in the market for "stories with pronounced sex flavor." Still another one that masquerades under the title that causes the reader to believe that only true stories are published, wants "live stories of the experiences of men and women in the early morning hours, or that are unconventional, or that might happen when love and life beckon." There are still others.

And where do these periodicals—this literature of license—circulate?

Some magazine writers in an Eastern city were talking and discussing.

"I hate to write only for demimodes, flappers, and common prostitutes," said one, who was bemoaning the trend of the papers from which he made a living.

"You said it that time!" spoke up another.

"Truer than he knows," said a third. "Why, I was over on the 'other side' of the city, and that's all the 'crimps,' the 'snoweaters,' and such like, read. That's the only sort of literature you see around there."

"Well, I don't know about *that* exclusive audience," said one who had not joined in the discussion before. "I was up among some of the younger set, the *élite*, the *crème de la crème*, the *bijou*, and I saw more copies of *Midnight* and *True Stories* and confession magazines and that class, than I did *Harper's* and *Century* or *Atlantic Monthly*, so I guess you fellows can't fight over an audience."

As Mr. Summer said, it is a general depravity of morals that has produced the soil where this literature finds ready acceptance. The minds and sensibilities are ready,—they are swept and garnished,—and all the seven devils can move right in by way of literature of license—and they do.

More of the conversation might be given. It is illuminating as showing the recoil that even the authors themselves feel when producing this "stuff," as it is rightly called.

SCHOOLBOYS AND SCHOOLGIRLS THE CONSUMERS

One news stand proprietor who was asked about the sales of this class of reading matter said that he was always sold out.

"To whom do you sell the stuff?" I queried.

"Oh, you know," he said, with a raising of his eyebrows to see what sort of man I was who should ask such a senseless question. Then probably thinking that I might be some sort of "high brow" out of touch with the world as it exists, he volunteered: "The high school kids are the first over here to get them every month; and I notice that even some of the grammar school kids buy them regularly. I read one to see what it was like, and it was sure hot stuff."

Well, there is no use saying more, is there? But what of the future? What of the developing morals for the young men and women who partake of this mental food? What of the divorce statistics and the crimes of revolting passion and orgies and gangster activities?

As an editorial writer in the *New Statesman* says: "It seems to us obvious that standards are disappearing among increasing numbers of human beings, and we are not sure that new standards are being set up in their place."

Did you ever gaze into the faces of the men and women who throng the walks and street cars

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JOHN SMITH'S SUBSTITUTE

And so John Smith's substitute, leaving all his possessions behind, marched away with the army. And in the first engagement he was killed.

W
George W.
Wells

DURING the Civil War a certain farmer, John Smith by name, was drafted into the Northern army. He had a wife and six children who, of course, were very dear to him. The matter was the more perplexing and distressing because his wife was in very poor health and none of the children were old enough to care for their mother or to look after the farm.

John Smith had a neighbor who was a very dear friend of his. During their pioneer days these men became very much attached to each other. They planned their work together, often interchanged work, and spent their leisure moments together.

The morning arrived when John was to leave for the army. He was seated at the table with his faithful wife and dear children, for they were taking their last meal together. They talked of the future. There was weeping; even the little ones entered into the family sorrows. The good wife said, "John, I shall never see you again. I feel that if you go to the battle front, this is the last meal we shall eat together. Oh, what will become of our dear fatherless children?"

The husband endeavored to cheer his wife, and assured her he would be back again. "Don't worry," he said. "When I return you will be well, and we shall be happy for many years."

While they lingered at the table, talking over their troubles and planning for the future, the neighbor drove into the yard, unhitched his horses, loosed his cow from behind the wagon, opened the crates on the wagon and turned his chickens loose. He went into the house, and said, "Well, John, when do you have to leave?" "I must be at the county seat at noon to-day." Then the friend said, "Let me see the paper which demands your service in the army."

When it was handed to him, he looked it over, and then placed it in his pocket, and said, "John, I am going to take your name now. I am going over to the county seat myself in your place. I shall register in the name of John Smith. I am going to be John Smith in the army. I have turned my cow into your pasture, and put my chickens in your yard. If I never get back, you may have them all. I cannot see you separated from your family, leaving your sick wife and helpless children, while I remain at home. I have neither wife nor children to care whether I am living or dead."

So the neighbor went to the army. He registered as John Smith; and to all intents and purposes, he was John Smith. Every morning he answered in the roll call to John Smith's name. He went to the battle front, and was shot and killed in the first engagement. This man gave his life as a substitute for John Smith. He died for him, that Smith might escape death.



This is exactly what Jesus Christ has done for every poor sinner. He is my substitute and yours. The human family have all transgressed; and as transgressors of the law of Jehovah, they have brought upon themselves, by disobedience, the penalty of sin—death. Man stands hopelessly lost. There is no human substitute or sacrifice that can make atonement for him. There is no amount of gold or silver that can redeem a poor sinner or set him free. He is ruined, undone, lost, under the just penalty of the law. But he has not been left in the hopeless distress into which sin has plunged him; for the blessed Christ, the Son of God, came into the world and entered into man's estate. That dreadful sentence which the Lord pronounced on the sinner, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is thus transferred to Jesus Christ, who so loved the world that He tasted death for every man who will believe on Him.

What a blessed thing it is to have the assurance that there is One, Jesus the Lord, to whom any poor sinner may come and find deliverance and salvation! "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." What a wonderful privilege to escape death and to have the penalty of sin forever removed!

What will a man give in exchange for his life? Life is the most precious thing we know. For it we give everything we have accumulated by toil, economy, and sacrifice; nothing is too dear for us to surrender if our life may be lengthened, even a little longer. A few years ago a revolutionary movement was started in Ireland. Sir Roger Casement had encouraged the people of Ireland to set up an independent government. There was a great uprising against British rule; battles were fought in the streets; men lost their lives. Those who had lent their influence and aid to this rebellion were promptly executed. Mr. Casement was deknighthed and was tried and found guilty of high treason. Judgment was passed that he should be hanged by the neck until dead.

He was a leader, a man of means, education, and great influence. He had a large circle of friends who likewise were prominent. Everything within their power was done to save his life; petitions were signed; Congress and even the President of the United States were urged to intercede for his life. But no power in the world could save him except the British government which had decreed that he must die. And he died.

Now every man living without Christ is in a similar plight. He cannot escape the penalty of the broken law. There is only one government that can reverse the decree or provide a remedy. This the government of heaven has done. Jesus is our atoning sacrifice.

(Continued on page 7)



HUNDREDS of years ago, in the time of King Ahab, there lived upon this earth a mighty prophet named Elijah. He was a wonderful man of God. He performed many great works in the name of the God of Israel. Finally, when his work on earth was finished, as he walked along one day with Elisha, angels picked him up and took him to heaven. (2 Kings 2:11; Psalm 68:17.) He was seen on earth no more. This is the last we hear of this wonderful man till we come to the close of the Old Testament. The last prophecy in the Old Testament predicts that Elijah the prophet will appear again. "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Malachi 4:5.

What does this prophecy mean? Does this indicate that the same prophet who was taken to heaven will be sent back here to live on this earth again? This prophecy announces the coming of Elijah, so directly and definitely, that many Bible students have been puzzled to know how to interpret it.

DUE IN OUR DAY

This prophecy should be especially interesting to us, as it applies to the very time in which we are living. We ought even now to see the fulfillment of this striking prediction.

This prophecy states that Elijah would appear just "before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." This expression has direct reference to the last great day, when Christ will return to the earth with power and great glory. (Acts 2:16, 17, 20.) We have unmistakable evidence from the sure word of prophecy that this great day lies just before us (Matthew 24:33); therefore, the time has come for this Elijah prophecy to be fulfilled. All men should be on the lookout for this predicted Elijah.

Now the question comes, Where is this Elijah to-day? How are we to know what this prophecy calls for? Let us study God's Word on this point.

Before referring to any New Testament texts on this subject, it is well to note that the exact word "Elijah" does not occur in the New Testament. Wherever the New Testament refers to this man, it uses the term "Elias." This is simply the Greek form of the word Elijah.

Jews LOOKED FOR ELIJAH

When Christ was here upon earth nineteen hundred years ago, the Jews were looking for Elijah to come. Malachi had written this prophecy about the coming of Elijah several hundred years before Christ was born. In harmony with their understanding of this prophecy, the Jews believed that Elijah would appear among them before the Messiah would come. Hence, we find the disciples asking Jesus this question: "Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come?" Matthew 17:10. Note His plain answer: "I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed." Verse 12. He told them plainly that Elijah had already come; and although the people were looking for Elijah, he had been in their midst, and they had not recognized him. To whom did Jesus refer?—"Then the disciples understood that He spake unto them of John the Baptist." Verse 13.

JOHN THE BAPTIST — THE ELIJAH

It is plain from these words that Jesus regarded John the Baptist as the Elijah who was to come before the first appearing of the Christ. He had told the people plainly that if

Is Elijah yet to Come?

they would receive John's message, they would find that he was the Elijah who was to come. (Matthew 11:12, 14.)

In John 1:19-23 we find that when the people asked John if he was Elijah, he replied, "I am not." Now how shall we explain this apparent discrepancy? Did not John know who he was? Did Jesus make a mistake in his application of Malachi's prophecy? Or does the Bible contradict itself? We answer the first question in the affirmative and the last two in the negative.

When we compare the scriptures, all is made plain. In Luke 1:13, 17, we learn in what respect John was Elijah. "But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. . . . And he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord."

John was not Elijah in person. He was not Elijah returned from heaven. How was he Elijah?—He was Elijah because he had a message from God, which was to go in the spirit and power of Elijah. The Jews were looking for a literal, personal return of Elijah of old from heaven. They thought Malachi's prophecy meant that the same prophet who was taken to heaven would return to earth again. John knew their ideas on this subject.

Hence, when they asked him, "Art thou Elias?—that is, are you Elijah come back from heaven?—the only answer he could give was, "No." Yet he was the predicted Elijah of Malachi's prophecy who was to appear before the Messiah came.

HOW JOHN WAS ELIJAH

Why was John the Baptist the Elijah who was to come?—Because he was chosen of God, to do a certain work in reference to the first coming of Christ, in fulfillment of certain prophecies given by Malachi and Isaiah. When Jesus told the people that John the Baptist was Elijah, He referred them to the very portion of Malachi's prophecy which John fulfilled by his work. "For this is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee." Matthew 11:10. This quotation was taken from Malachi 3:1. John fulfilled this prediction. This is what made him Elijah. (Matthew 11:14.)

John referred the Jews to the prophecy of Isaiah 40:3 as



"Behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

What does the mystic prophecy mean, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord"?

JOHN LEWIS SHULER

an explanation of his work. "He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias." John 1:23. John was the predicted Elijah before the first appearance of the Messiah, because he did the special work called for at that time by the prophecies.

HIS MISSION TWOFOLD

What special work did John do?—It may be summed up in two expressions: 1. He prepared the way. His father, Zacharias, said he would go before the face of the Lord to prepare His way. (Luke 1:76.) 2. He prepared a people. Gabriel said he would make ready a people prepared for the Lord. (Luke 1:17.)

It is a well-known fact that just before Jesus was baptized and began His public work, John preached a special message of preparation to the Jews, saying, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Matthew 3:1, 2. Those who accepted his message were ready to receive Christ when He appeared as God's chosen One. "Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as He walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus." John 1:35-37.

THE LAST-DAY ELIJAH

Now, we are prepared to find the predicted Elijah who was to appear in the last days. Malachi lays special emphasis on the appearance of Elijah just "before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." The scriptures we have already studied make it plain that to find this last-day Elijah we must find a special message which will bear the same relation to the second advent as the message of John did to the first. The prophecy of Malachi 4:5 will be fulfilled in a people or a movement that will do the same kind of work in reference to the second coming that the Baptist did in reference to the first.

When the Saviour came to the earth the first time, He did not appear unannounced. A beautiful star appeared in the east when He was born. For six months before ever Christ began His public work, John was here telling the people that the Messiah was about to appear. (John 1:26-30.)

His second coming will not take place without a due announcement being made. When the day of the Lord is near, an alarm will be

sounded, a warning message will be given. (Joel 2:1.) God's people will see the great day approaching and will warn the world of the nearness of His coming. (Hebrews 10:25.) As John was here in the world to herald the news of His first coming, so God will have faithful men in the last days who will herald the good news of the nearness of His second coming.

A PEOPLE WILL BE EXPECTING HIM

When Jesus made His first advent into the world, the Lord had a people who were ready to receive Him. See how the wise men came to worship that wonderful Babe that lay in Bethlehem's manger! (Matthew 2:1-11.) See how Simeon and Anna blessed God when they saw that wonderful Babe in Mary's arms! (Luke 2:25-38.) Then when He began to teach, the Lord prepared a people to receive Jesus, through that six months' preparatory work of John the Baptist. The majority of God's professed people did not accept Jesus. (John 1:10, 16.) The great preachers of that time even did their utmost to prevent the people from accepting Him. (John 9:22; 12:42, 43; Matthew 23:13.) Nevertheless, God had a remnant who gladly received the Saviour.

So when the blessed Saviour returns to earth the second time, He will find a people ready for Him. "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." Isaiah 25:9. The majority of the people will not be prepared for Him. How do we know that?—Because we are told that all the tribes of the earth will wail when they see Him coming. (Matthew 24:30; Revelation 1:7.) They will flee to the rocks to hide from Him. (Revelation 6:14-17.) But God will have a remnant who will shout, "Alleluia!" when they see Him coming. They will be filled with unspeakable joy. (1 Peter 4:13.) They will be found looking, longing, and praying for His speedy return. (Philippians 3:20; Titus 2:13; 2 Timothy 4:8; Revelation 22:20.) It is well also for us to remember that when He comes the second time, His appearance will be just as visible, literal, and personal, as it was when He appeared in the world at His first advent. (Acts 1:9-11.)

A SPECIAL MESSAGE NECESSARY

As it was necessary for a special preparatory message to be given just prior to the first manifestation of the Messiah, so it will be necessary for a special message to be preached in the last days, just before the second advent, to prepare the way for that glorious event. This is exactly what Malachi's prophecy calls for in the coming of Elijah before the great day of the Lord.

Jesus said that such a message would come just before the end. "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matthew 24:14. That message is now due. Every one should now be alert to find that great message which God was to send in the last days to prepare a people for the second coming of Christ. When you find that message, you will find the blessed truth of God for this time in which we are living. Blessed, indeed, are those who know that they have a sure message from God for this very time, on which to base their hope!

In our expectancy, we ask the question, Where is this message that I may accept of it? The Word of God will reveal this hidden treasure. The same prophet who foretold John's work, also prophesied of this



Jesus declared John the Baptist to be the "Elijah" of that generation, the one who saw the first advent.

last-day message. Let us read Isaiah 62: 10: "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." Here we have a message brought to view, the object of which is to prepare the way. Prepare the way for what?—The next verse will tell you: "Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him." Note that this message is to "say," "Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, His reward is with Him." This last expression shows that the special message of this prophecy is not a message about the first coming of Christ; because when He came the first time, He did not bring His reward with Him. But of His second coming He says; "Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Revelation 22: 12.

THE MESSAGE DEFINED

So God's last-day message will be a message that will tell the people that the second coming of Christ is near. That message will explain the great lines of prophecy of Daniel and the Revelation to point out that the great day of God is at hand. It will cause the people to understand the signs of the times, that they may know that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James 5: 8.

It will be a message that will be heralded to earth's remotest bounds. Notice that in Isaiah 62: 11 it says plainly that it will be proclaimed to the "ends of the world." When we find that message, it will be connected with a world-wide movement.

In the last part of verse 10, we are told that this message will "lift up a standard for the people." "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Ecclesiastes 12: 13. "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty." James 2: 12.

The Ten Commandments are God's standard of righteousness. (Psalm 119: 172.) That law reveals right; it defines wrong. It tells you what you ought to do. It tells you what you ought not to do. It is God's great measuring rod of character—the only perfect rule of right in the world of sin. God has given us His law as a rule to guide our lives here below, and in the judgment He will test our actions by His law, to see if we have lived right. As the carpenter lays his square on a board to see if the board is straight, so God will lay the Ten Commandments on our lives to see if we have lived uprightly. Many will be found wanting in that day. Surely we should be careful now to square our actions by the standard of His law, that we may be accounted worthy of eternal life. Remember, too, that nine points of obedience in our lives will not meet the ten points of requirement in God's holy law. We must, by the help of God, obey all His precepts. (James 2: 10-12.)

God's last message will not simply tell the people that the end is near; it will exhort them to prepare to meet their God. It will hold up before them God's great standard of right, to show them what they must do to be ready. "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Revelation 22: 14.

Thus it is made plain from this prophecy just what we are to look for in the last days. 1. A message, the keynote of which will be, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." 2. A message that will be preached to all the world, so that all people may have an opportunity to prepare. 3. It will be a message that develops a prepared people, by leading them to obey all God's commandments. Where can we find such a message to-day?

We have just such a message brought to view in Revelation 14: 6-14. In this scripture we have a great threefold message that God will send to the world in the last days. 1. It will prepare the way for the second coming of Christ; for just as soon as the prophet saw that message given, he saw Christ come to reap the harvest. (Verses 14, 15.)

The keynote of the message is, "Prepare to meet thy God." It will say, "Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come." Verse 7. 2. It will be carried to the ends of the earth, "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Verse 6. 3. It will develop a commandment-keeping people, who will be ready for His coming. "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Verse 12.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED

This prophecy meets its fulfillment in the great advent movement, which has come up since 1844. Here are four solid reasons on which to base this conclusion. 1. It is the only movement which is giving the preparatory message of Revelation 14: 6-14; thus it is preparing the way as foretold in Isaiah 62: 10. 2. It is world wide in its scope to-day, in harmony with Isaiah 62: 11 and Revelation 14: 6. 3. The keynote of that movement is, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," as called for in James 5: 8. 4. It is developing a people in harmony with God's standard, according to Isaiah 62: 10 and Revelation 14: 12. It is making "ready a people prepared for the Lord." Accept of this message, for it is God's truth for to-day. It is a pearl of great price. It will prepare your soul for a home in the kingdom of God.

This last-day message is just as surely of divine appointment as was the message of John. It is just as much the call of God to us to-day, as was Isaiah 40: 3 the call of God to that great prophet. As John was the Elijah who prepared the way for the first coming, so the message of Revelation 14, as it prepares the way for the second advent, is the Elijah who was to appear before the "great and dreadful day of the Lord." We know it is this Elijah, because it is fulfilling prophecies in reference to the second coming similar to those fulfilled by John regarding the first. Our confidence in this last message can be just as strong as the knowledge we have in the Word that John was called of God.

May God help us to stand firm for the truth to-day, as Elijah did in his time. He was determined to stand for the right, even if he had to stand entirely alone. (Romans 11: 2, 3.) It is better to stand alone with God than to have all the world on our side and be without God. It is better to be true to God, even if we have nothing, than to have all the world (Matthew 16: 26) and be disobedient to God, and be lost at last.

SAVED BY FAITH, NOT FEELING

WHERE many make a mistake in their Christian experience is in substituting feeling for faith. These are very different. Some say, "I do not *feel* as if I were saved." But do you know the kind of feeling a saved person should have? I once asked a lady, who was trusting to some kind of feeling instead of to the word of God, this question, and she frankly admitted that she did not know what kind of feeling she was looking for. How foolish!

Our salvation rests on what God has done for us, and not on any feeling we may have about it, or on what we can do for Him. Our knowledge of our salvation rests upon what God has told us in His Word. Salvation on our part is wholly of faith.

It is related that when General McClellan was commissioned as major general in the army, he wrote his wife, "I have been commissioned as major general. But I do not *feel* any different than I did yesterday. Indeed, I have not donned my new uniform. I am sure I am in command of the army, however, for the President's order to that effect is before me."

His being general in the army did not rest upon any kind of feeling, but upon what the President had ordered. So with our salvation. Christ gave Himself a ransom for all. He died in our stead. He bore the penalty of the law, that we might escape death. This is made available to all who lay hold of this great truth by faith.

GEORGE B. THOMPSON.

JOHN SMITH'S SUBSTITUTE

(Continued from page 3)

No man of earth, no angel of heaven, could have paid the penalty for man's sin. Jesus alone could save rebellious man, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver or gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." 1 Peter 3:18; 1:18, 19.

JESUS MEETS THE NEED

At the cross mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other. In the blood that Christ shed on Calvary, there is satisfaction for every transgression of the law of God. Jesus paid the penalty for sin. He left His crown and royal scepter, and clothed His divinity with humanity. He entered into the very life and nature of man that He might taste death in our stead; so when God said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," Jesus took upon Himself the nature of man and tasted death for every sinner. If a man will believe and say, "O Lord, I accept this great sacrifice; I do believe in this Saviour; I accept His salvation," the blessed Lord answers for that man's sins. He becomes his substitute, his surety, his righteousness.

Jesus meets the need of the sinner, for He has taken upon Him the sins of the transgressor, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: . . . and with His stripes we are healed." Isaiah 53:5. The Lord could have cut off the sinner and utterly destroyed him, but the more costly plan was chosen. The death of Christ is an unanswerable argument to the immutability of the righteousness of God's law and His undying love for lost sinners. He will not withhold from man any needed help that he may take the cup of salvation so freely given, and become an heir of God, a joint heir with Christ. Jesus came to manifest the love of God to the world, to draw the hearts of all men to Himself. He said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

God wants us to know that Jesus is our Friend, our Helper, our Companion, our Substitute, our Priest and Intercessor. When we really believe that Jesus Christ has become our substitute, has taken our sins upon Himself, released us of our spiritual debts, and made us new creatures, there will come into our hearts a thrill of holy joy that the world or the ways of sin cannot offer. Oh, let us not love sin, for it closes the heart against Christ! As soon as we consent to break with sin in all its forms and acknowledge our guilt, the barrier is removed between the soul and the Saviour. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

We must learn to love the Saviour more and more. We must recite more frequently than we have in the past what He has done for us. We want

to come to the consciousness that nothing in this world is of any worth or merit to us save Jesus Christ. He is the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply for all our wants, yes, the fullness of all our desires. We must appreciate the blessed fact, grasp it in its fullness, seize hold upon it, and never let it slip from us. If we apprehend this supreme fact and revel in it, how precious Jesus will become to us every day! What we have found will not simply be "the truth" to us; it will be a glorious salvation.

BRAVE SCOTCH BAIRNS

AMONG some of the finest stories of devotion to Christ and strict adherence to the dictates of an enlightened conscience that are to be found in the records of the Scotch Covenanters, is the following:

A number of children were surrounded by King Charles' soldiers and commanded to tell where their parents were hidden, or be shot.

In spite of their cruel threats, not one lad or lassie would betray the secret. Grouped under a tree, the fierce officer commanding the soldiers terrified them.

"If you do not tell me quickly," he roared, "you shall all be shot."

They only huddled closer together, and remained silent. "Make them all kneel and cover their faces," ordered the

officer to his men, who obeyed grimly. One lassie asked to be allowed to hold her brother's hand, for she thought he would face death easier. All knelt save one bonnie lad, who remained standing. "I've done naething wrang; I'll no kneel doon: I'll dee stanin' up," he said, in his Scotch brogue.

The rifles were loaded only with powder, but the order was given to fire. As the loud report rang out through the valley, the children cried pitifully, and some fell on the ground in their fright, but others remained kneeling.

"You have not prayed," sneered the officer.

"Please, sir, ma mither taught me a psalm, we'll sing that, if it will do," said a little girl. All the children stood, and tears ran down the soldiers' faces, as the little voices rang out, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll not want."

The officer himself had learned the psalm at his mother's knee. Before the song was finished, their persecutors hurried away and left them in peace.

The incident points strongly to the deep religious convictions which are possible even in children of tender years.—*Herald of Light*.

THERE is an average of ten church fires a day throughout the United States, according to the figures compiled by the fire insurance people.—*Christian Century*.



The Strength of Gentleness

"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." Proverbs 15:1.

WE are told that after Mr. Harvey produced his wonderful steel-plate armor, inventors of projectiles endeavored for some time to make a shot that would penetrate it, but in vain. The hardest, toughest shots would be destroyed on impact with the face of the plate. By an extraordinary and paradoxical device, a shell was finally rendered capable of passing through a ten-inch Harveyized plate. The inventor had simply placed a cap of soft steel on the point of the shell, and the soft point did what the hard one had failed to do.

It is a human impulse to meet anger with anger, hardness with hardness; but in morals and physics, experience proves that a little gentleness accomplishes more than unyielding rigidity. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." If there is such happiness in a soft answer, how is it that it is so hard to give it? There is one great obstacle to which all others may be reduced—the obstacle of pride. "When harsh words are addressed to us which we feel to be unmerited, it is difficult to bring ourselves to forgo the delight of a successful retort, still less to admit that any part of the wrong is of our doing." Pride disguises itself very cunningly; and unless we are watchful, we shall be misled by its craft. Let us give the soft answer, and the blessing pronounced upon the peacemakers shall be ours.

ERNEST LLOYD.

A MAN'S JOB

*The first of the last installment of
ROBERT B. THURBER'S
true-to-life story on the adventures in faith of the Ingle Family.*

THE laboring man's job bulks big in his life. With it he has support, protection, independence, contentment. He may complain about it, and grumble that it is hard to be poor and be compelled to earn his livelihood by the flex of his muscle, yet it is his best fortune after all. As long as he has his job, he can snap his fingers at winter's wind, laugh at the hunger wolf with that sureness that knows no fear, and, looking up, see a roof over his head, and without, a sky that bodes him no ill. But let him lose his job,—

"Jean, I've lost my job," announced Fulmer Ingle to his wife one Monday evening. His voice showed that reckless bravado that a man often assumes in the face of a crisis, to cover up his concern and provide him a cheap brand of courage.

Mrs. Ingle set down the plate of bread she was bringing to the table, and leaned against a chair back. "Now we'll have to sing 'The Lord Will Provide,'" she said, forcing a cheerfulness that had not yet come to her, and trying to smile to back it up. "There are plenty of other jobs around somewhere."

"Not of the kind I'll have to get, and you know it," he returned, as he sank into a chair with a sigh.

She did know it. They had been expecting for more than a week that this very thing would happen, but had hoped against knowledge that it would not come. The Ingles had lately decided to keep God's Sabbath, a day which the world has made the busiest of all the week in preparation for the next day, man's sabbath. Mr. Ingle worked as a foreman in the freight depot of the largest railroad that ran through the city. And railroads know no sabbath. Freight handling was taboo on Sundays; but Saturdays!

The first Sabbath he had asked off, but had to give an account of his absence the following Monday, and he was straightforward enough to state plainly that he could not again work from sundown Friday night to sundown Saturday night. He was prepared for opposition to his stand, but not for the storm of ill feeling it engendered. The agent threatened, ridiculed, promised a raise of wages and future advancement, all to no avail.

Fulmer was firm. He could not blame the company much, for railroading is railroading; but he hoped they would have something for him. But no; and finally, when he stayed away a second Saturday, thus confirming their opinion that he was a fool, they lost all sympathy for him, and all that remained to do was to give him notice to quit.

"I may be a fool, Jean," he said as they talked it all over when the children had been put to bed, "but I feel conscience-free. Of course I can't help but be worried. If I were alone, I'd rough it some way; but you and the kiddies are my

charge, and here's our home and all it stands for. And, too, I'd easy find something else to do to keep us alive if it weren't for getting off on Sabbath. But who wants to hire a man who won't work when other people work? Too bad everybody doesn't keep the right day. It would be just as easy if they all did."

"Yes, but there wouldn't be any test to it then," said Jennie, "and, as the minister said, there would be all sorts of people coming into the church for the 'loaves and the fishes.' But now let's take an account of how we stand, and see what the prospects are."

"That's simple," he rejoined.

"We've got the home here, with less than a thousand paid on it, and three thousand more due in monthly payments with the cheering prospect of having it sold over our heads if the payments lapse; winter is almost here and we have no coal in the cellar, and no provisions ahead; we have that bantam nest egg of two hundred in the bank that we laid away for Mr. Emergency. He's come to demand it now. Four in the family to feed, clothe, and keep warm,—and nothing coming in."

"Didn't some one say once that the prospects are as bright as the promises of God, Fulmer?"

"Yes, I believe they are; and it seems to me my stand has proved that I am trusting God; but we must do what we can. I'll get out to-morrow and see what I can find."

Before going to bed, they prayed together in a humble, helpless way that they had never prayed before. Jennie had a bright idea "to get into bed with" as she said; and that was that she had noticed in the two records of one of Christ's sermons, one reads, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" and the other, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" and then comes the promise, "And one of them"—even that extra fifth one that was thrown in to make a good bargain—"shall not fall on the ground without your Father." "Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." It came like a benediction after a worrisome day, and sleep after that was sweet.

FULMER was out bright and early in the morning to answer in person some ads. in the newspaper, and to make the rounds of prospective places where he might find work. He had been a bookkeeper and knew general office work, so he sought employment along those lines. Though this day's search was unavailing, he was not daunted, but kept it up all week. He might have been taken in on trial at a few places, for they liked his appearance, and the railway was liberal in recommending his ability, but each time when he stipulated that he must have Saturday off, they "turned me down cold," he reported to Jennie.

The second week went by in the same way, and the third. They began to draw on the \$200 in the bank to get food. In talking it over, it was decided they had better use more of it to lay in the winter's coal and to supply themselves with underwear and a few other clothes for the cold season. They would be sure of that much anyway. So "the bantam's egg dwindled to the size of a dove's." Morning and evening worship, the inspiring Sabbath services, and the encouraging visits of the minister, Pastor Gaynor, kept them going. The Bible was becoming a new book to them. They had never before dreamed there was so much of intense interest in it. In their waking hours its study was the one thing that made them forget.



Fulmer, more than Jennie, was feeling the pressure, however, perhaps because her faith was more trustful, and because he felt the burden of family support more than she. His inactivity and futile efforts began to get on his nerves. He put on concern (he would not admit that it was worry) for a nightcap when he went to bed, and fret was his eye opener in the morning.

"YOU'RE worrying," said the pastor, while on a short call one day, "and that will never, never do. I know how you feel, for I passed through the furnace. Many others have too, and have come forth better men and women for it. God has something better for you than the job you had; but He is waiting to see if you deserve it, to see how much of a man you are."

"But doesn't the Bible say that a man who doesn't provide for his own household is worse than an infidel?" asked Mr. Ingle, with a burst of spirit.

"Yes, it does, my dear brother; but it does not say that it will be necessary for him to break God's law to do it. You haven't suffered yet, have you? and the family has no want?"

"No."

"Well, trust God a day at a time and watch developments, meanwhile doing all you can to get work. I know you are too independent to receive help—" (Fulmer raised his head defiantly), "and as long as you have two hands and your head you expect to make your own way. I admire you for that sentiment. But while you are independent of men, don't be independent of God. Let Him have His way. Your times are in His hand. One of the nicest secrets of the Christian life is to be able to maintain your individuality and independence and yet be as 'clay in the potter's hands' with God. You are on the eve of learning that secret now: so don't break over and spoil it all. For this is the only way you can ever learn it."

"Let me read you a promise. Here is an observation of one who is worth hearing. David says in Psalm 37:25, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' You have not had to beg yet, and you'll not have to. Here is another, 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day: . . . then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' You remember Jacob got the victory by holding onto God, and his heritage is the fatness of the earth."

"Then, about this worrying. Take the verse, 'Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.' That means more than that He takes care of you. It also means that He does your caring (worrying) for you. Let Him do it. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

WHEN he was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Ingle looked at each other and smiled. "I wish he could be here more; he always cheers me up," said Fulmer.

"But don't you see, dear, it's because he brings the Lord with him. We can get help from the Word, too, if we will. He's farther along the way than we are. If he had our personal problem—and who knows but that he has worse—it wouldn't trouble

him as it does us. But we're making progress. Let's hold on. I wish, too, though, that he could come more often."

As if in answer to that wish, the pastor came the very next afternoon. "Were you ever on a long strain," he began, "like taking care of the sick and losing much sleep?" When they nodded assent, he continued, "and did you ever fall asleep in spite of yourself for a few minutes while on such a strain, and feel so much better for it?"

Of course they had.

"How do you account for that?" he went on. "Five minutes' sleep doesn't count much when you need whole nights of it to make up for lost time. The explanation is that during that five minutes you relaxed completely—let yourself go. In physical things every once in a while it is well to relax. You will live twice as long if you learn how to do it, some way. Now, in the same way, we need to relax mentally and spiritually. I mean by that, occasionally to break the strain. I must do it, even about caring for God's work, and remember not to take too much on myself, especially concern for the outcome of God's plans. I don't mean to let everything go to pieces, but to let everything go to God. Now suppose you drop for an hour your present occupation of worrying over this matter of food and raiment and house and heat, and let's relax into something else. Were you ever baptized?"

This seemed quite a change of subject, but they rose to it. "Mr. Ingle was baptized when he was a baby," answered Jennie, "and I when I joined the church. His mother was an Episcopalian, but his aunt who reared him sent him to the Methodist Sunday school."

"We've often discussed the subject," added Mr. Ingle, "and I maintain that infant baptism is a fine thing. It starts a person off right, and when he grows up he feels that he has always been consecrated to God."

"That depends on the significance of the ceremony," observed the pastor. "Let's get all the texts in the Bible that touch on it, and see what we can find." He asked God in a short prayer to bless their search, and they were soon absorbed in a scripture hunting trip with the pastor as guide. They found that Romans 6:1-11 said the most about it.

"What would you say that baptism is a memorial of, then?" asked their visitor, after they had read it together.

"Why, of the burial and rising of Christ," answered Mr. Ingle.

"Yes," added his wife, "and baptism means the funeral of the body of sin that has died at conversion and a resurrection of a new person to live right. I see that."

"Good!" exclaimed the pastor, "then what mode of baptism does burial and resurrection suggest?"

Mr. Ingle brought his fist down on the table with some force, "The way Jesus was baptized, sure enough!" he burst out. "By immersion! It just came to me. I never saw that idea before." The other two smiled their appreciation of the light that had come to him.

And so they went on to find that repentance and faith are necessary before baptism. (Acts 2:38; Mark 16:16.) They concluded that infant baptism is not Biblical because an infant has no sin and cannot repent or believe; that much water is necessary to baptism (John 3:23), both the candidate and the one who administers the ceremony going down into the water together (Acts 8:36-38); that the word *baptize* is carried



over in almost identical form from the Greek word *baptizo*, and the meaning in both English and Greek is *to immerse*, to dip under the water; and lastly that Christ's commission to the end of the world commands baptism for every believer.

"I see what *my* duty is," said Fulmer, when they had finished.

"Whenever *you* are ready, *I* will be," said the pastor, as he rose to go.

"I'll not let an Ethiopian eunuch get ahead of me on that score," returned his host a little grimly. "If anything 'doth hinder me to be baptized,' you will have to do the hindering; I won't."

"All right," agreed the minister, extending his hand on the proposition, "to-morrow some others are going to celebrate the funeral of 'the old man.' You join them. And here's a little bottle of medicine for you when you feel the symptom of that dreadful disease worry coming over you again. It is in Philippians 4:6, 7; not to be taken in homeopathic doses." And he hurried away with a parting laugh.

THE next week Mr. Ingle managed to secure a few days' work substituting for a bookkeeper who was sick, and so brought home enough money to buy a few groceries to stave off actual want for two or three more weeks.

"This time of the year there is very little construction and such work going on, or I would get something to do along that line," he was saying to Jennie one day when the outlook was especially dark. "Of course, all I could do would be unskilled labor, which would bring poor wages; but I'm getting so I would be willing to do anything to earn a little money."

His wife knew what a concession this was on his part, for he had always been a little too proud to "stoop to ditch digging," as he was wont to speak of it. Maybe the Lord had a lesson for him in this also.

"Not to change the subject too suddenly, Full," she interjected just then, "but have you heard of the new game the children are playing lately? Listen, they are at it now in the kitchen. They've overheard so much about your job and the loss of money it involves, that it has crept into their play."

Bobbie's piping voice could be heard from the other room:

"Now, Esther Ingle, I'm daddy, and here's my job,—"

"He's got a penny that he calls his job," whispered Jennie.

A metallic ring sounded from the kitchen as the penny seemed to have been thrown and to have struck something.

"Oh, o-o-o-ow" (a good imitation of Bobbie's normal tearful cry), "I've lost my job! Oh, Esther, what *will*

I do! Oh, help me hunt my job!" they heard him say.

Then a scurry of feet and sounds of moving chairs and smothered "Oh's" and "Ho's" as they seemed to be crawling under the table and looking back of the range.

"Poor kiddies," said Mr. Ingle with a wan smile. "How little they realize what it all means! Good thing they don't worry."

"Poor children, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Jennie. "They are not poor. They are rich in faith, anyway. But, listen; the game isn't over. They'll hunt till they find the 'job,' and then—"

She thought she knew how the game would end, but she was altogether unprepared for the way this phase of it ended. There was total silence for a moment in the kitchen, then suddenly shouts of glee from both brother and sister. It was so uproarious that Jennie was about to go and quiet them, when there was a scamper of feet across the living room, "Mother, mother! daddy! We found *two* jobs, I mean pennies, on the floor back of the stove. Oh! ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, muvver, and I founded 'em, too," almost shrieked Esther.

It was catching. Father and mother both laughed heartily at the surprise. Jennie remembered dropping a coin that morning when she paid the vegetable peddler, and she couldn't find it. But this was nothing to tell the children.

After a time their glee subsided a little and they trotted back to renew the game more enthusiastically than ever.

"Maybe that's prophetic, Full," said Jennie solemnly.

"Jean, you've got the faith of an angel," he said. But as for himself, the play episode put some cheer in his heart. What lessons the little ones teach us, small and unimportant though they seem to be! Bobbie and Esther made it part of the game to keep searching till they found the "job."

"So will I," he said to himself; and he set his jaw with a fresh determination as he went out the door.

THE food situation was getting more and more close and desperate. An unusually early winter set in, and the coal began to disappear at a rate that would eat it up long before spring. They had to pay the last of the first hundred of the \$200 they had in the bank to appease the real estate man, who was beginning to press them for payments on the house.

"I don't think we ought to touch that last hundred for a long time now," urged Fulmer. "It's our last bulwark against abject poverty, and possibly, starvation. I may not get work all winter, and it's simply got to last us. Let's run a charge account at the grocery. I'm opposed to going in debt, but as long as we have that hundred in the bank (Continued on page 15)



God Loves the Beautiful

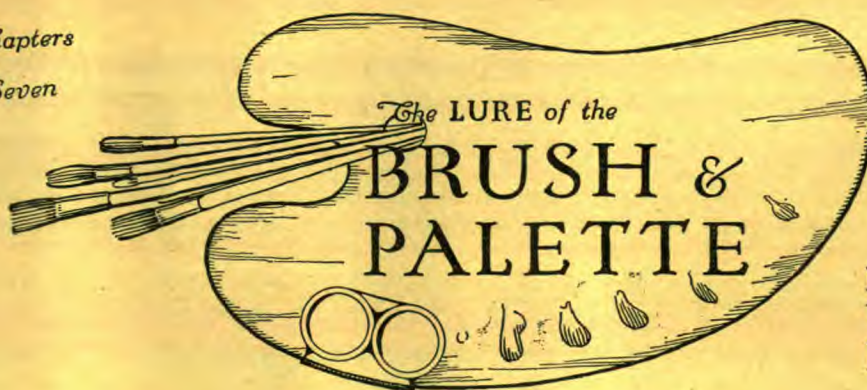
God loves the beautiful. How do I know?—
Because with countless signs He tells me so.
If any duty He requires, why you
Can trace the lines of beauty through and through
The task. The massive rocks which lend support
To mountain's side, would grace a monarch's court.
For, decked with vines, by mosses overgrown,
These stalwart guards hold beauty all their own.

And who can estimate the priceless worth
Of tiny raindrops falling to the earth?
Yet beauty clothes these little prisms frail
When sunbeams intersect their narrow trail,
And rippling wavelets, when from stones they whirl,
Release from shallow depths long strings of pearl.
And while, amid its toil, we hear it groan,
Old ocean clasps rare beauty all its own.

Though Jesus could have reigned a deathless king,
Yet chose He humble life to honor bring;
And, although Heaven's royal blood was shed
By man upon a rustic cross, instead,
Yet diamonds trace the scars within His hands,
Which mark the struggles that He understands.
And from His brow, where thorns made blood-
streams known,
Lightbeams trace lines of beauty all His own.

So be content with work that's given you,
Though humble seem your lot the whole way through,
For greater burdens richer gems conceal
Which faithfulness to duty will reveal.
And while Christ binds your heart with cords of love,
He'll whisper words of solace from above
To soothe the wound. And His dear hand, alone,
Will crown your life with beauty all its own.

MABEL CRAKER THOMPSON.



W
MARGARET
WRIGHT-
LOCKE

HIGH-HO, what a glorious day! Sunny sky, rippling waves, and sweet music in a fine little yacht skipping over the blue water!" exclaimed Mr. Upton, when the young men had finished another song.

Every one seemed very happy, but there was a tugging at Carlton Goodrich's heartstrings which no one could see. Little by little there had crept into his heart mingled feelings of love and condemnation. Love for Mina and a sense of regret that he had written the letter which had caused her to leave him, troubled him greatly. After all, art was not everything. The lure of the brush was waning. Love was of infinitely more value, and he believed now that he loved his wife far more dearly than he had thought. He did not blame her for leaving him; he had surely given her reason to think he cared nothing for her.

Carlton was not aware that the keen eyes of Mr. Upton were upon him as he gazed dreamily over the water.

"Come, boys! now for the rest of those signs," said Bob Everett, as he called his friends together.

"Those 'days' of tribulation began in 538 and ended in 1798," began Mr. Upton, "but persecution had almost wholly ceased twenty-five years earlier. Somewhere, then, between 1773 and 1798 we must look for the sun to be miraculously darkened, for we are told in Mark that 'in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened.' I have here a few leaves from Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, edition 1869. These I always carry in my pocket for reference. This statement appears under 'Explanatory and Pronouncing Vocabulary of Noted Names of Fiction.'

"The Dark Day, May 19, 1780—so called on account of a remarkable darkness on that day, extending over all New England. In some places, persons could not see to read common print in the open air for several hours together. Birds sang their evening songs, disappeared, and became silent; fowls went to roost; cattle sought the barnyard; and candles were lighted in the houses. The obscuration began about ten o'clock in the morning, and continued till the middle of the next night, but with differences of degree and duration in different places. For several days previous, the wind had been variable, but chiefly from the southwest and the northeast. The true cause of this remarkable phenomenon is not known."

"Very many dark days are recorded in history," said the young man sitting nearest Mr. Upton. "Couldn't one have fitted in just at this time? Perhaps it was a total eclipse of the sun."

Mr. Upton replied thoughtfully: "There have been many dark days, it is true, but history chronicles this as having far outclassed them all. It was not an eclipse. There has never been given a satisfactory explanation of it, and it still remains a mystery to many; but to the student of prophecy, coming as it did when God foretold it would, the event is truly significant.

"And the next verse says, 'And the stars of heaven shall fall.' Revelation 6: 13 has it, 'And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely [mar-

gin, "green"] figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.' As there have been many dark days, so also have there been many exhibitions of falling stars; yet none ever equaled in grandeur or duration the one of November 13, 1833, as your Encyclopedia Britannica will testify. I wish you would all read the description when you go home. The stars fell, as the revelator foretold, in every direction, from one point in the zenith to the horizon.

"Then in the thirteenth verse of Mark 13, we read, 'This generation shall not pass, till all these things be done.' So this generation in which we live—the one which sees these things as signs of the end and proclaims them as such—will witness the coming of the Son of man in all His glory."

THE time on the homeward trip was spent in singing, and the yachting party landed at the dock at sunset. It was very evident to Mr. Upton that the conversation had had a telling effect upon two of the young men, and especially upon the artist.

That evening he bade them all good-by, as business necessitated his leaving for his home in an adjoining state. Upon bidding farewell to Carlton Goodrich, the latter was greatly affected and requested that he pray for him that he might become a Christian.

"Bah!" said Goodrich to himself later. "What kind of weakling am I, anyway? I'm not ready to give in yet, although I now know what is truth. Yes, I'm sure of it. Those people are right, but there's time yet, and I'm not ready to surrender all." So saying, he went to bed to toss about for hours, wishing for daybreak.

The following evening Goodrich, too, left his hospitable friend and started for Portland. On reaching a little village not far from his destination, word came of a wreck ahead, and the prospect was not good for continuing the journey for several hours.

"Think I'll go to the hotel and get a bed. I can take the bus out in the morning," remarked Goodrich to a casual acquaintance, as he turned toward the town.

Carlton was weary. For several nights he had rested poorly. Conviction rested heavily upon him, and he could not sleep. To-night he longed for rest; and if he could find a bed, he was determined to put all troublesome thoughts from his mind, and if possible, enjoy a refreshing sleep.

At the hotel all beds were taken. "I'll tell you what I will do," said the landlady, noting the stranger's disappointment. "I have a little two-room cottage at the back. A gentleman came in to-day and wanted the bedroom because it is so quiet. The other room is a storeroom, but it has a comfortable bed in it. You may sleep there if you will be very quiet, and not disturb the other guest. The man said he wanted to be all alone. I think he's one of the students from Evansberg College, come down on some business."

"Surely I'll take it, and be as quiet as a mouse," said Carlton; and true to his word, so quiet was he that the man in the next room did not know when he came in.

Carlton could see the light shining through the crack under the door between the two rooms, and he heard a rattle of paper, like the turning of leaves in a book.

"Nice, clean, soft bed," thought he, as he turned in for the night. "Believe I'm in for a good night's rest."

In a few minutes Carlton Goodrich slept, to dream of the Saviour's coming and the end of the world. He dreamed that he beheld the rapture of the righteous and the agony of the wicked. He was undergoing such anguish of soul as he had never experienced before, for he realized that it was now too late to make the needed preparation to meet the Lord in peace.

He awoke with a start. The light was still shining under the door, and the man in the next room was talking.

"There must be two of them. Why, he seems to be pleading with some one. Strange,—," thought the young man. "Why—why—he's—" Carlton sat upright and grasped at the bedclothes as these words came to his ears:

"Oh, do help him, Lord, the young man, Goodrich, to give himself to Thee. Plead with him by Thy Spirit wherever he may be to-night, and give him no peace until he finds it in full surrender to Thy will. Thou dost love him, and I love him. Give me this soul for my hire. Grant, O Lord, that my prayers and tears may not be in vain."

Here sobs choked further utterance for a moment, but again the faithful servant of God continued pleading with Him with whom he was accustomed to converse. The listener choked up this time. Desperately did he fight against his emotions; but the Spirit prevailed, and he lay back upon his pillow and wept like a little child.

The minister ended his prayer, and listened. Hark! what was that? Some one in distress? Now footfalls were heard, and a voice calling, "Mr. Upton! Mr. Upton!" sounded almost in his ear.

"Yes; who and where are you?" replied the minister.

"I am here [knocking on the bedroom door], and I am Carlton Goodrich, Mr. Upton."

"Carlton Goodrich! The dear Lord be praised!" exclaimed the good man, opening wide the door.

"How and when—?"

HOW the angels love to record such a scene as followed! Heaven's arches rang with their songs of joy that night, as they swept their golden harps in praise to Him who draws all men unto Him.

"How very wonderful are the ways of God!" exclaimed Mr. Upton, when Carlton had told his peculiar experience.

No more sleep came to Carlton's eyes that night, but not because of condemnation. Inexpressible joy filled his heart, and together the two men talked and praised God until morning.

"Now I must find my wife, and lead her to the Saviour," said Carlton.

"That is, indeed, your first duty," replied the minister, "and I can assure you that my earnest prayers will be for your success in this effort."

(Concluded next week)

LITERATURE OF LICENSE

(Continued from page 2)

and subways of the big cities, around 7 A. M. and 5 P. M.? You may find a new meaning as to standards. It is written in the very countenance. You will understand the editorial writer of this secular, worldly paper, when he is fearful that no new standards are appearing to take the place of the old.

Look at them! How empty! How vacant! You see them in swarms. Their faces are like their characters and their talk. Nothing but repetition of "They said," "He said," *et cetera*. No new conclusions, never an abstraction. Empty faces and hard faces, faces that want nothing of life except exotic excitement, faces without any real depth, and looking like grown-up children with the experience of a ten-year-old mind. As one said, "They are

like dinner plates; they have about as much subtlety as a painted oyster."

The faces are like the magazines of the class described—lacking in standards, shallow, worthless.

Quotations could be given at great length from prominent persons, from great writers, from social workers, from ministers and publicists; but the sad part of it is that all their outbreaks against this engulfing literature of license reaches only the higher classes, and very little seeps through to the class of people who need warning.

As Dean Inge says, after reviewing the work of the modern writers: "There never was a time when there was a more urgent necessity to direct the minds of the public to all things that are true and noble, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. We are threatened with an outbreak of licentiousness like that of the seventeenth century."

It is such a time as this that men and women, young men and women, should seek to spread abroad through their talk, through their lives, a purity of thought and word and speech. As Milton wrote: "He who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorable things."

TO BE PURE, NOBLE, AND OF GOOD REPORT

It is time now to awaken young people from the debauchery of the literature of license. It is high time to fill their minds with high and holy thoughts and ideas and ideals, so that there will be no place for that which is unholy.

For this purpose the reading and study of the Book of books comes first, together with the cultivation of the taste for true literature that is worthy, that is inexpensive, that is as easy of access as the smut in artgraveure covers.

It is one of the first duties and privileges of a parent to cultivate this love of the clean, the pure, and the beautiful. All nature beckons, master writers guide, noble periodicals are at hand for the purpose. If the home influences fail, as they seem to be failing; if the fountain becomes poisoned at its very source; then it will not be long before the judgment words of the Almighty are sounded throughout the length and breadth of the land from the north to the south, from the east to the west.

"He said unto me, Seal not up the words of the prophecy of this book; for the time is at hand. He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness still: and he that is filthy, let him be made filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him do righteousness still: and he that is holy, let him be made holy still. Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to render to each man according as his work is." Revelation 22: 10-12, A. R. V.

There will be no changing then. There is no desire for change now among those who are feeding upon literature that destroys the very sense of sin. "He that is filthy, let him be made filthy still." It will not be because of any mandate of heaven that takes the control away from the individual; it will be because that individual cares for nothing else, loves nothing else but filthiness.

The law is inexorable. As a man's thoughts and as a man's mind feeds, so will his life be. It is as hopeful as it is awful in its finality. It is as possible to influence and train and encourage for holiness as for unrighteousness. It is high time to exert every influence, so as, if possible, to save this modern Sodom until the world is warned.

WHILE the orthodox congregations of Jews still segregate the women in the religious service, and some of them require them to sit behind screens during the worship, the Reformed Jews are much more progressive. Recently the Central Conference of American Rabbis took action permitting women to become rabbis. All of these will be educated at Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, the only school that educates rabbis for the Reformed Jews. The women are not much in favor of the innovation yet, and it is not likely that the school will be overcrowded with them during the next ten years.—*Watchman-Examiner*.



The REVELATION of JESUS CHRIST

Studies in the Book of Revelation

The Open Door—The Door Shut

by LUCAS A. REED

NUMBER ELEVEN

THESE things saith He that . . . hath the key of David, He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth: . . . I have set before thee an open door." Revelation 3:7, 8.

It is the One with the key who can open the shut, locked, door. It is the One with the key who can shut and lock the door that no other can open. The key which Christ has is the key of David, or the key of the kingdom.

This kingdom the saints are to possess, and with Christ reign over forever. Daniel says, "The saints possessed the kingdom." Daniel 7:22. "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him." Daniel 7:27.

That the people of God should eventually enter the presence of God and behold Him upon the throne, was typified to His people anciently in the priest's work in the earthly sanctuary. The people came to the door of the sanctuary with their appointed sacrifice. They confessed their sins on the head of the offering, and it was then put to death as an acknowledgment that their sin merited the death of the sinner. In presenting the offering God appointed, they manifested their return to an obedience to the will of God and that they accepted the sacrifice God had ordained for them. The slain animal pictured the fact that some one was to be slain for them, that another should die in their stead. This blood, shed on account of their sins—this death for their sins, if you please—was taken into the sanctuary and sprinkled toward the veil. Thus the guilt of the sinner was transferred to the sanctuary.

Beyond the veil in the second apartment of the sanctuary was the ark and the mercy seat, and above this hovered the Shekinah of God's glory. It pictured the throne of God, the presence of God, above the firm foundation of justice and righteousness, evidenced by the fact that under the mercy seat reposed the tables of God's perfect, spiritual law.

A CONSTANT OBJECT LESSON

In other words, there was pictured in this earthly sanctuary, man's path from sin by means of the sacrifice of God's Lamb from the court, this world, on through to the most holy place, where God resides.

But man himself could not enter God's presence merely by acknowledging his guilt in transgressing the law that rested in the most holy place. It is true that the blood sprinkled before the veil visualized that this transgressed law beyond the veil demanded his blood and that the blood of another had been accepted,—a vicarious sacrifice appointed of God.

Hence, once a year the guilt of the sinner, which all the year had been accumulating in the most holy place, was in shadow removed, taken entirely away, and thus man himself was saved from the consequences of his sin. This was done by selecting, on the day of atonement, two goats. One was chosen by lot for the Lord; the other, for Satan,

the cause of sin. The goat for the Lord was slain and its blood taken into the most holy place. This was the only time, this one day in a year, that the high priest entered this apartment.

It was a solemn day. If men went on as usual with their labor or business, it was decreed they should be cut off from among the people, for the act would signify that they had no interest in God's efforts to separate them from sin. All must be in a condition of penitence, for they, in the person of their high priest, were this day to enter into the very presence of God.

THE ANTITYPICAL DAY OF ATONEMENT

The high priest confessed upon the head of the goat the sins of the people. Then he slew the goat and with its blood he entered the most holy place. By the blood he carried into the presence of God, he brought the life demanded by God's broken law. This was an acceptance on the part of the people of God's sacrifice, and an agreement on the part of both God and man that they need not die themselves, since another was to die in their place. If the blood of the goat were not brought in by the priest for the people, it would be equivalent to their saying that they would not avail themselves of God's mercy in providing a victim for their sin; He could have their own blood instead.

That was the symbol. In the actuality, Christ was chosen of God to die for man. He stood in the sinner's place and received the sinner's death. He who knew no sin was to be made sin for us. He died for us.

Those who do not avail themselves of Christ's vicarious death will have to suffer and die for their own sins; for in refusing the sacrifice provided by God for them, in failing to avail themselves of the means of salvation put within their reach, they irrevocably declare themselves sinners of their own will and desire, and their evil deeds cannot be put upon any one else. They cannot be excused on the grounds that they were led into these things; for in refusing Christ, they make their sins wholly and entirely their own, and they must be punished for what they thus personally refuse to repudiate or to disown.

From the Day of Pentecost until the autumn of 1844 Christ performed in actuality the work which the Levite priests performed by shadow, or type, each day of the year in the earthly sanctuary. In the fall of 1844, at the end of the 2300 days, the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary began, even as the cleansing of the earthly sanctuary took place once a year—on the day of atonement.

The earthly sanctuary was cleansed with the blood of the slain goat; the heavenly sanctuary must be cleansed by a better sacrifice, even the blood of Christ. (Hebrews 9:23, 28.)

Since 1844 the record of the lives of the righteous dead has passed before God in review. All the names of those found worthy of eternal life are retained in that book; they are not blotted out. They have had pardon marked opposite the record of their sins, and in the end, just before Jesus comes, have their sins blotted entirely from the book

of record. (Acts 3: 19, 20.) As they have shown by their acceptance of Christ and His life that they repudiate the old life, God counts that it is not their life, and blots it from the record. On the other hand, all who have failed to forsake their sins have their names blotted out of that book. They are not carried on the roster of heaven. (Exodus 32: 33; Revelation 20: 15; 3: 5.)

But these sins that have been blotted from the record book were sins actually committed. Who shall be punished for them?—Obviously, the only one who still continues the life of rebellion and who is also the one who instigated them. This is Satan, and upon the head of Satan they will finally descend.

THE OPEN DOOR

When Christ began the work of cleansing the sanctuary in heaven in 1844, He began a work antitypically similar to that which the priest on earth performed on the day of atonement. He went into a new, a more sacred part of the sanctuary, and engaged in a new work. He opened a door that had long been shut—the way into the presence of God Himself in the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary. And it is to the church of Philadelphia that the promise comes, “I have set before thee an open door.”

Shall not the church of Philadelphia feel and show the results of the opening of this door which leads into the presence of the most holy God? Can any power or influence on earth shut that door which Christ has thus opened? Shall not this Philadelphia church, this church of the advent, enter some day through that open door into the very presence of God Himself? Read Revelation 3: 12 and Revelation 14: 1, 3, and you will find that this is exactly its glorious destiny. Since 1844 that door has been opened, and the result has been the new life of peace and joy and light and power that has come to the people of God. It will continue to show it until the whole earth is lighted with God's glory from their holy lives. (Revelation 18: 1.)

And since the days of 1844, as in no other time of the world's history, “the open door” has stood as a door of opportunity, opened in the freedom and peace of the nations; a door of activity, opened in the most tremendous missionary movements and achievements; and a door of ability, opened in facilities of traveling from place to place and of communicating of part with part, all over this whirling globe on which men dwell.

TIMES OF LIGHT AND KNOWLEDGE

Marvelous and glorious is this open door of the Philadelphia church in the time of Christ's second coming!

But just as firmly closed is the old door as is the new door open and inviting. No more are men to do as was done in earlier years. There are *new* ways now of living as there are new ways of doing. A life accepted of God in ages dark with misapprehension of Him, may not be a life accepted in these times of light and knowledge.

It is not enough now to look up by faith to Christ, as may have been done for nearly two thousand years, and ask merely to be forgiven of sins committed. *This is the time of preparation* for the kingdom. This is the time of the putting away of sin forever. Men are to enter or be shut out of the coming kingdom; they must now be fitted or unfitted for that glorious estate. Now it will not do to go moaning along asking God merely to forgive sins. Now men must overcome sin, must live free from sin, above sin, showing that the “door” is open and that living contact is already made between man and his Maker, a bond never to be severed while the universe lasts.

Do not seek Christ in the first apartment of the heavenly sanctuary; that is, with merely a confession of your sins. This was never the ideal state; but if it was tolerated in those days of His priestly service, it certainly will not be now.

We are in the time of the latter rain when the genial showers ripen the crops. We are in the time when the grain must mature and grow rich and full and hard and perfect, ready for the heavenly garner.

Have you not as yet concerned yourself with this new phase of Christ's work for man's salvation? Have you thought you could do as men did in the centuries gone by? If so, you have come to be like all Laodiceans,—fairly content with your lot, thinking yourself rich and increased with goods and having need of nothing. If you do not change, Christ will spew you out.

Oh, the glory of the times when the door stands open, leading us to opportunities, to facilities, to highways and avenues, but, best of all, into the freedom of holy and happy living for God through faith in Christ! And this promise of the open door to higher and better, to holy and eternal things, was made to the Philadelphia church, the church of brotherly love.

Do not forget then that if this open door set before the Philadelphia church is to mean all that God intended, it must mean a door that opens for us into His holy and glorious and happy presence.

A CALL TO REPENTANCE

As we are in the days of the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary, and as the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary is but the removing of the sins men have confessed to Christ, the removal of the sins we have confessed under God's conditions, does it not follow that, if we are to escape the judgment of these sins, we must so live and act that they shall not be retained on our record, some day to be visited on our heads. We must repent and leave them. We must eventually come to the place where our lives are as clear of sin as the books in heaven are clear of the records of those sins. For God will not blot out the sins from the books until He has blotted these sins first from our lives, our characters, our very bodies. Even the memory of them is to perish from the cells of the brain. Even the tissues of nerve and blood vessel and muscle are to know a new highway of action, the dominating power of the Spirit of God.

It is those who repent and are truly converted who are to have their sins blotted out by the spirit of refreshing. And that spirit of refreshing is to bring the very presence of God Himself. (Acts 3: 19.) We are, by the Spirit, to be brought where Christ our Advocate and Priest now has entered for us—into the very presence of Jehovah Himself. By a holy life, *before* Jesus comes, we are to become accustomed to the Spirit's presence, that, *when* Jesus comes, we may endure and enjoy the very presence of God Himself.

The door for us into the place of divine glory, the most holy place where God resides, is wide open. Thank Him without ceasing for that open door! Show by your entering in each day your gratitude and thankfulness that the way has been opened and that you know it is open. Thus you may convince others that there is a way into the presence of God for them as well as for you.

Let us then have “boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus, by the way which He dedicated for us, a new and living way, through the veil, . . . let us draw near with a true heart in fullness of faith, . . . let us hold fast the confession of our hope that it waver not” (Hebrews 10: 19-23, A. R. V.), for we know that He has set before us a door opened, and what He opens none can shut.

Oh, the glory and the joy, the peace and the light through that open door!

“HOME AND SCHOOL”

A NEW monthly magazine has come to our desk, *Home and School*. It is devoted to the emphasis of Christian principles in the education of the boys and girls, and to the upbuilding of Christian homes. Surely such a magazine “is come to the kingdom for such a time as this,” for real homes are becoming scarcer every day, and in the name of education, what crimes are committed! If you are a parent or an educator, you will want this magazine published by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D. C. \$1.50 the year.

A MAN'S JOB

(Continued from page 10)

to cover it if we are forced to pay, it won't be like going in debt. And maybe something will turn up by the first of the year."

So they agreed.

The minister was keeping in close touch with their situation by frequent calls. He longed to do what little he could to help them and to ask others better off than they to aid a little, but he knew the caliber of their pride, and he bided his time. He knew, too, from long experience in the things of God and men, that the Ingles would come out of this trial veritable giants of faith. After careful thought, he finally decided on a bold move,—almost heartless, men of the world would say,—but he knew his message and his God; and he was sure of the firm-lipped little woman Jennie, she of the brave heart and the dauntless courage, which had not yet been tried to the limit. About Mr. Ingle's staying qualities he was not so sanguine; yet what a man he was proving himself to be!

(Concluded next week)

FROM INDIA

"How am I to express my deep gratitude for the club of SIGNS? The papers are a real blessing, help, and comfort to many hungry souls in this famine-stricken part of the world. The people are not famishing for food, but for the bread of life. The club of thirty SIGNS is reaching not thirty people only, but a far greater number. I am sending copies to Europeans, Mohammedans, Punjabis, and Bengalis; and from all directions I receive evidences that they are read, appreciated, looked for, and passed on to others. Only when we reach the other shore shall we know of the vast numbers that have been thus reached, touched, and brought to the feet of Jesus."

Such is the encouraging word received from one of our earnest, faithful workers who is laboring in difficult India. Through the generosity of friends, he has been favored with this club of papers; yet many others who can make equally good use of the SIGNS have not had their request granted. Any offerings received will be used by the publishers in making possible just such a work as is being carried on by Brother Campbell in Delhi.

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"PAPA, IS GOD DEAD?"

by NELS P. NEILSEN

I ONCE read of a little girl whose father at one time had been an earnest worker for God, but who became so indifferent that he had ceased to pray. One day this little girl climbed up into her father's lap, and in her childish way, asked him, "Papa, is God dead?" "Why, no, my child," he answered; "but why do you ask?" "Why, you see, you never talk to Him any more," she said, "and so I thought perhaps He is dead."

It was a childish thought and expressed in a child's words, but it contains an important lesson for us. When we pray, we talk to God. We open our hearts to Him and tell Him all our needs. He speaks to us by His Spirit and through His Word. We need not be afraid to tell Him all the secrets of our hearts, for He is our Friend. There is nothing in our experience too small for Him to notice, nor is there anything too intricate for Him to unravel. Surely we may talk with God, for "prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend."

How earnest we were when we first gave our hearts to God! How we rejoiced in the assurance of the forgiveness of sins! We loved to attend the prayer meeting and to hold communion with our God. We took delight in telling others about our Saviour, and we sought to lead them to know Him. We loved to read His Word and to meditate upon His goodness. Our hearts were aglow with His love, and our lives were warmed by His presence. Our communion with Him was unbroken, and we rejoiced in His love.

Those were the days of "the first love" in our Christian experience. But how is it now? Do we pray to God as fervently as then? Does the fire on our altar of prayer burn as brightly as in former days? Perchance we have permitted it to burn low until it has gone out altogether. Has real communion with Him faded out of our lives? Do we love to attend the prayer circle, or are we too busy in these days of hurry to take time to pray? May it not be well for us to ask ourselves the question, Is God dead to us in so far as our talking with Him is concerned?

We should take an inventory of our Christian experience, comparing it with the days of our first love. What is our standing? Do our seasons of communion with God grow sweeter as the years roll by, or do we give our children occasion to ask the question, "Is God dead?" What does the inventory show?