

and is established in the villa of Lucullus at Misenum," continued Macro. "The distinguished Charicles could perchance pay a friendly visit without offence."

"Ah — yes," said the physician, glancing thoughtfully at his parchments, "next month, perhaps, when I shall be more at leisure, I—"

"Now, today," interrupted the other quickly. "Thou shalt return with me. There is no time to lose."

Charicles lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Here is thy fee," said the other impatiently, depositing a small leather bag upon the table. "There are horses below. Come, I pray thee, make all possible haste."

The physician lifted the bag deliberately. "I shall be able," he said with an air of animation, "to continue my experiments on—"

"The furies fly away with thy experiments!" cried the prefect with a stamp of his foot. "Make haste, I say."

"But there can be no possible doubt as to the succession, my good Macro," remarked the physician, beginning to gather his parchments together with an air of manifest reluctance. "Tiberius Gemellus, the grandson of the emperor, will of course—"

"But if the Fates have willed otherwise, there is no 'of course' about it."

"And the Fates in this instance are requested by the illustrious prefect of praetorians?"

Macro smiled as if not altogether displeased. He drew himself up proudly. "In any event we must know, and at once, the probable extent of the present reign," he said decidedly. "Art thou ready?"

The emperor Tiberius was dragging out the last wretched remnant of his days. There could be no possible doubt as to that. For three and twenty years he had sat upon the throne of Rome, "hater of all and hating," the fountain head of that flood of crime, bloodshed and lust which had swept over Rome in devastating tide, reducing it to "a frightful silence and torpor as of death." During this reign of terror, in a scarce-noticed province of his realm, a mightier One than he had begun a never-ending reign, Maker of countless worlds yet the humbler Burden-bearer of humanity. His cradle a manger, His roof the stars of heaven, His death-bed a Roman cross, Jesus of Nazareth, the Prince of Peace.

Tiberius had heard of this man in his wicked seclusion at Caprae,—a Jewish soothsayer, he was told, a man fanatic, a dangerous fellow, well out of the way when out of the world—had heard and forgotten long ago. Of what possible interest was the life and death of a Jewish peasant to this mighty emperor of mightiest Rome, and yet today it would be hard to find

a slave in all the palace who would exchange places with Tiberius. Tiberius himself knew this; he knew himself unloved unpitied tortured with the pains of swift-coming death, loathsome with the corruption of the tomb while yet cursed with breath. He watched his attendants with a terrible intentness, reading his sentence of death in their averted eyes. Clothing was torment, yet he forced himself to endure a kingly toilet every day. Food and wine palled upon him, yet he ate and drank with dogged determination. Sleeping and waking, he was haunted by the faces and forms of his countless victims; mingling with his attendants, their ghastly blood-strained faces hung over his couch at midnight; with withered fingers they beckoned to him from behind the shoulders of his counselors in morning hours. He longed to shriek aloud of his misery, to wail and lament even as a slave beneath the lash, but who would listen? Who in all the world of mortals or of spirits was there to whom he could unburden himself?

"The physician Charicles desires an audience with thee, divine master." And Stephanion bowed low before the royal couch.

"The physician Charicles," repeated Tiberius, rousing himself with difficulty from a frightful reverie. "Who is there here who needs or desires the presence of a physician?"

"Praise be to the gods, all are in health," replied Stephanion. "The wise Charicles comes not to exercise his craft, but only to look upon the face of his royal master, since there is no greater joy or privilege in all the world."

"Fetch me a mirror," commanded Tiberius. "But no — how do we seem today, Stephanion? The truth, knave—if thou hast a grain of truth in thee."

"As ever, divine master, the wisdom of the ancients and the majesty and beauty of the gods irradiate thy glorious countenance."

Tiberius made an impatient gesture. "Chattering parrot!" he muttered. He drew his gold-bordered purple mantle close about his shoulders. "Drop yonder curtain; the sun glares in impertinently. Now admit the man to my presence." He composed his countenance into an artificial smile.

"Nay, good Charicles, do not kneel, it rejoices me to receive thee, and to see that the passing years have used thee not unkindly."

"It is needless for me to ask after the health of the illustrious master of the world. It need but a glance to assure me of it," responded Charicles, kissing the proffered hand of the emperor.

"Ha, sayest thou so?" said Tiberius, drawing his hand quickly away. "Yet there are those who profess to think

me ill. I am no leech, but it seemeth to me that a man can scarce be ill who eats, drinks, and sleeps with the appetite of youth."

"A truer word was never spoken," asserted Charicles, cautiously studying the face before him. The swollen purple visage, the livid lips, the heaving breast, all repeating to his intelligent eye the story of the laboring pulse which he had managed to touch as he kissed the royal hand.

Tiberius was not looking at his visitor now, his eyes were fixed upon the space directly above his head; the expression of his face grew frightful.

"To eat, drink, and sleep well," continued Charicles in a somewhat louder tone, "the body must needs be in perfect accord with the indwelling spirit, all the parts of the machine working harmoniously. Thou hast in thy wisdom seized the whole meat of the matter."

Tiberius dropped his eyes with a hollow laugh. "If thou wast asked to prescribe for a man, good Charicles, who was constantly plagued by visions of the dead," he said pulling at his pillows uneasily, "what wouldst thou do for him? There is in the palace a—a slave who constantly beholds the faces of murdered man, ay, and of murdered women—livid, ghastly, some with dagger-thrusts in the breast, others with swollen faces as of those strangled, and most terrible of all, a woman—" here his voice dropped to a husky whisper, "a woman whose discolored skin scarce covers the bones of her frame, and whose skeleton hands are ever outstretched as if to seize him!"

"A most unfortunate slave—a most unhappy slave," said the physician gravely. "Nay, I can do nothing for such an one; death is the best remedy."

"A wise man, art thou, O physician, I also have said it. But be the hour of dissolution far from us, who have reached the age of wisdom, and who after many follies are at last prepared to enjoy the serene pleasures of a riper old age. Thou shalt sup with me this night, good Charicles, that thou mayest drink to the prosperity of the four and twentieth years of my reign."

At midnight of that same day the prefect of the praetorian guard received the anxiously-awaited report of the physician.

"The emperor," declared Charicles solemnly, "cannot at the longest survive more than two days; he is even now a dying man."

"Sayest thou so?" cried Macro with manifest delight. "Art thou sure? They tell me that he remained long at table tonight, and ate and drank more than his wont."

The physician shrugged his shoulders. "That is also true," he said. "So might the mariner, who knows

the hull of his vessel to be gnawed by the tooth of the hostile rock, hoist sail to the wind, as if by any chance he could cheat the hungry deeps that await him. The emperor is dying. I, Charicles, have said it; and yet it is not I that have said it, but the Fates, who have spun and measured the thread of his life, and whose shining blades are even now uplifted to sever it."

Macro turned away abruptly. "There is no time to be lost," he said, "I must away." Then as if struck by some new thought he paused a moment at the door, to say with authoritative gesture, "Thou wilt remain, my Charicles, till all is over."

Left to himself, Charicles allowed a quiet smile to look out of his eyes. "If now I cared to meddle in the affairs of state-craft I might make or mar many a fortune," he said to himself. "There is Tiberius Gemellus, against whom the tide appears to set strongly; if at this moment I should seek the emperor and say to him, 'Thou art dying, and there is naught to save thee; his last moments of time might suffice to seat his grandson securely on the throne. I, Charicles, moreover would not fail of my reward, gold, estates, perchance an high office in some distant province, and—Macro and Caius Caligula for mine enemies. May the immortals avert the hour! Na, an I get back to my parchments, let who will rule Rome. Nevertheless I am minded to see the end of the play.'"

(Chapter X continued)

MISSING LETTERS TEST

(Complete the words by supplying the missing letters.)

- 1—E.....p.....s (Paul's fellow servant).
- 2—D.....m.....s (a preacher).
- 3—.....u.....h (a son of Ham).
- 4—E.....e.....e..... ("God hath strengthened"; "The strength of God").
- 5—.....a.....u.....l ("Asked of God")
- 6—K.....h (father of Saul).
- 7—G.....l.....l (A place near Jerusalem).
- 8—.....a.....n (an exalted place).
- 9—M.....Y.....e.....e..... (had neither beginning of days nor end of life).
- 10—.....o..... (smallest Hebrew letter).

(Answers on page 6)

—Donna Dee Faubion.

LETTER DEPARTMENT

FROM KANSAS

Dear Readers of the Y. P. F.:

Just received this week's paper and in reading over the articles I, of course read the article "Why?" where-in was a list of names that haven't appeared in Volume 57 of our paper. Yes, you guessed it, my name was one of them, but I'm going to see if I can't do something about it, aren't

you? I hadn't realized it had been so long since I have written. While I am still on the subject I might say I had been thinking of writing, but of course, thinking is not sufficient in itself.

Today is a nice warm day that makes the birdies sing and the early plants commence to push forth from the water-soaked earth. It is such a pleasure to be out doors after the zero days of a few days back. One can praise God that all days are not so uncomfortable.

Sometime back I heard a comparison of boats to people and it reminds me of the readers and contributors to the Y. P. F. There are the row boats — they do fine when someone pushes them along. Then the sail boats. They do all right too, when everything is in their favor and someone pats them on the back to encourage them along (the sails), but the steamboat, it just chugs along no matter if it goes upstream or downstream, moving along under its own power. Which one are you?

My letter is short but I believe I'll see if I can write some articles too. There are some names in the list that I haven't seen for so long I wonder if they appeared in Vol. 56 even. Anxiously expecting to see something from the rest of you and several others whose names do not appear, I remain,

A constant reader,
Agnes M. Haffner

FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

This is my first letter to our paper. Don't you think we have a nice little paper? I do, although I haven't written before. I have composed a poem and sent it in. Hope to see it in print. I have sent in three. I should write oftener.

Five snows have come in this part of Okla. I haven't seen much snow during my life.

When I get my paper I can hardly wait because I love to read about Paul, the Herald of the Cross. That is a wonderful story. I like to read the letters in the paper too.

I was in the city Manager's office today. While waiting to see him (I let two women go first), a man came into the office. He was just leaving for the army. He said, "I will get you a Jap," talking to the Manager. I looked at his face when he left. It was an ashen color. He was nervous.

Dear ones, there won't be any peace until the Prince of Peace comes. May God bless all who believe the truth and that He will save them. Let us serve God and keep His commandments that others may see our good works and glorify the Father who art in heaven.

Pray for me that I may endure the temptations that are laid before me.

With Christian love,
Odell Mooney

Y. P. LESSON STUDY

LET US "SEE"

- 1—What three things cover most if not all the sins men commit? 1st John 2:16.
 - a. Do you think movies should be included in the lust of the eye? (Are they produced for the carnal or the spiritual?)
- 2—Where does pride, lust, etc., originate and come from? Mk. 7:20-23.
- 3—What danger is there in having much self-esteem as found in 1st Tim. 3:6?
- 4—What does Prov. 8:13 say the fear of the Lord is, and what does God hate?
- 5—Comment on Prov. 11:2.
- 6—Do you think wealth often makes people proud? Comment.
 - a. How about becoming absorbed in keeping up to the minute in dress fashions and style?
- 7—Through the knowledge of Christ and great, precious promises we might be having escaped the, that is in the world through" 2 Peter 1:4. Comment.
- 8—With what is the lust in the world contrasted in 1 John 2:17. Who then will abide for ever?
- 9—What spiritual lesson can we get from Matt. 20:33? In connection read Luke 24:30-32. (Their eyes opened to what? What do we need to "see"?)
- 10—What counsel do we find in Rev. 3:18? Eyesalve? — what might it represent and be for?
- 11—(First we need to see "self" and its condition. Then we must see our need, and that we must see Christ and understand what He did and can do for us.) Why is it so many in the world never "see" their need or see into spiritual things? 2 Cor. 4:4.
- 12—Since we now "see", how should we not walk? Eph. 4:17.
- 13—What has darkened the understanding and blinded the hearts of many? Eph. 4:18-19. (Sin did it.)
- 14—In closing this study comment on Matt. 13:13-15. How may we be blessed? Verse 16. —L. C.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches;

To him that

overcometh

will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Rev. 2: 7.

ANSWERS TO LETTER TEST

- 1. Epaphras (Phil. 23); 2. Demas (Phil. 24); 3. Cush (Gen. 10:6); 4. Ezekiel (Ch. 2:3); 5. Samuel (1 Sam. 1:20, see margin); 6. Kish (1 Chron. 12:1; 7. Gilgal (1st Sam. 7:16; 8. heaven; 9. Melchisedec (Heb. 7:3); 10. Jot or jod.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

Cathie Entertains a Stranger

It was a beautiful morning. A little girl should be happy on such a fine morning. But Cathie wasn't a bit happy. She even refused to smile when Kittie Kat went plunging through the heap of leaves at her feet.

"I wanted to go to the station with mother," she pouted. "Now Carl will see Auntie Jane first."

As long as Cathie could remember, mother had talked about the great-aunt with whom she had spent most of her childhood days. Mother had said to Cathie and Carl, "Auntie Jane was a perfect angel, she was always so kind and understanding."

And now after many years Auntie Janie was coming to make her first visit at mother's home. For the first time Cathie and Carl were to see the little old lady. And at this very minute mother and Carl were on their way to meet her.

Mother had told Cathie to dust the books on the library table. Cathie turned to mother's Bible first of all. It lay open to the verse that read, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Cathie was pondering over the verse when a knocking came at the door. A minute later Cathie opened it. There stood a little old lady with an old-fashioned bag in her hand.

"Please, my dear, may I come in and sit awhile?" asked the old lady. "I have come quite a piece and am weary."

The old lady's voice sounded very tired and there was a weary droop to the thin little shoulders.

"She is a stranger about here," thought Cathie. "Now, who can she be?"

Cathie thought of the Bible verse she had been reading. Cathie's dimples deepened prettily as she smiled at the old lady.

"Do come in and rest," she cried, "I will make you a nice warm drink."

Seating the tired old lady in the big easy chair, Cathie hurried to the kitchen for refreshments. She smiled to herself and thought, "She can't be

an angel, but she is a very tired old lady, and mother would want me to be kind to her."

Cathie's little old lady was drinking when the front door opened and in came mother and Carl. "Auntie Jane," cried mother as she took a glance at her little girl's visitor, "however did you get here? We were thinking you missed your train."

Cathie stared at mother and then at the little old lady, who so calmly sipped her drink.

Little Auntie Jane's eyes twinkled. "Your little girl has entertained me royally," she said to mother.

Auntie Jane had arrived at the station on an earlier train, and not wishing to wait for mother, she had decided to walk out to the farm, and take everyone by surprise.

"I didn't realize what a walk it would be," laughed the old lady. "Luckily, I got a ride part way."

Happy days followed for everyone. Cathie learned to love cheery little Auntie Jane. Telling mother of the verse she had read that morning of Auntie Jane's arrival, she declared, "In entertaining a stranger, I really and truly entertain an angel, for Auntie Jane is an angel."

—Nola Theesfeld in Our Little Friend.

WINTER DAYS

There's lots to do when winter comes

We skate and sleigh and run—

Up and down the hill so steep,

And have just lots of fun!

Tom and Dick and Harry, too,

Mary, Jill and me,

We laugh and pull together

As happy as can be!

But, oh; how fast the hours go by,

While soon the stars appear

We kneel and give our Father thanks

For all His loving care!

—Katie Roberts, in Sunshine for Little People.

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EDITORIAL

SOMETHING TO MAKE

Did you save your fancy paper, string, spools, etc., in the box I told you about? Haven't they proven to be handy and entertaining on stormy days or when you were not well enough to be outdoors?

Let's make a little flyer. First, have you a cork in the treasure box? Any size will do. If you wish the flyer to be fancy, paint the cork, but it is not necessary.

Now draw a bird head on very thin board. Cardboard will do. If you painted the cork, paint the head also. Cut the head out leaving a neck on it.

Now make a slit in the top of the cork at one end only. Slip the bird neck into the slit. If it doesn't seem solid you may glue it.

Stick three small feathers in the cork for a tail. Spread them out a little. Now put a larger feather on each side for wings. Let them stick straight out.

The last thing is to place a tack or very small wire staple in the front of the body right under the head. Tie a string to this and you are ready to fly your queer looking bird through the air.

::

"IF YOU TALK TO HIM YOU'RE A 'GONER'"

"When I am grown up, I'm going to keep a country store," said Jack Curtis to his sister Ruth, "and I'll have all I want to eat myself, you see if I don't."

"I am afraid," said Ruth laughingly, that there will not be much left to sell if you do. There, you can have just one more chocolate and that is positively the last you can have. So run on."

Jack took the chocolate, but was not inclined to go.

Ruth was expecting company that evening and was arranging some very tempting home-made candy with which to treat her guests. Jack, who had a very sweet tooth, was watching proceedings wistfully.

"I should think you'd love your own brother more'n you did company," he said.

"So I do," answered Ruth; "but you have had all you ought to have now, and all I can spare. Some day you may have a party, and I will make some candy for you. Now you must run down the street and get the yeast cake Mamma wanted."

Jack went off regretfully. When he came back Ruth had finished her arrangement and gone upstairs to dress.

"I just want to look in and see how she has fixed them," said Jack to himself.

He had an impression that it was not a very wise thing to do, but he persisted. How nice they did look!

"I wonder which is the best," he said. "If Ruth is going to make some for me I ought to know. I'll just take one of each kind; that won't do any harm."

Accordingly Jack helped himself to a chocolate peanut and a caramel.

"There wasn't enough of that peanut to tell just how it did taste; and there's some regular peanut candy, I do believe."

After that was gone Jack saw a broken cream walnut.

"Ruth would most probably have given it to me if I'd been here when she put it in the dish," he remarked. So he took it; but he would not listen even then to the little voice within, which kept saying, "Go away, go away." Suddenly, as he looked around, he realized that the pretty dishes of candy were much lower than they had been.

"I've only taken one piece at a time, and it don't seem as if I had had very many pieces," he said.

He began to be very much frightened. Ruth would not like it, and what would Mamma say!

He covered the dishes over as he had found them, and went up into the play room to think it over. He began to feel a little sick presently.

"Maybe I'm going to be real sick," he thought. "Joe Willard has the measles, and Mamma said perhaps I'd catch them. If I should be sick and die, Ruth would be glad I had candy, of course. But if I don't be sick, I'm afraid she will scold, and Mamma will look at me so sorry and say, 'Oh, Jack! how could you do so?'"

"I wish I hadn't gone near the old stuff."

By and by the supper bell rang, but Jack didn't go down.

"I—I didn't feel hungry," he told Mamma when she came in search of him.

Then after one look at her face, he broke down completely.

"O Mamma! don't look so 'shamed and sorry!" he sobbed. "I was dreadful! I know it now, but I didn't think then I was so bad. I just kept taking one at a time, and the first I knew there were lots gone. I'm ever'n ever so sorry. Won't you forgive me and love me?"

Of course Mamma forgave him freely.

"But how about Ruth?" she asked. "You have spoiled her treat for the evening. Ought you not to get some more candy?"

"But I haven't any money," answered Jack. Then he faltered, as he met Mamma's question-



"Seek the Lord and ye shall live."

Stanberry, Missouri, Mar. 19, 1942

"Hate the evil, and love the good."

Are You Wearing The Armour of God?

We are at war!

Every day the terrible fact is bro't just a little closer to us. Whether we object or not, our country is at war. Our young men are rapidly leaving home and loved ones to take up arms and defend the country that we know and love as home — America. All of us are called upon to prepare to work, to save and if necessary, to make the supreme sacrifice for the things that our country stands for.

War is not a new experience in the history of our country. In less than two hundred years we have engaged in eight major wars. But it is not of these wars I am thinking. Even since sin entered the world, we who would be Christians have been at war with satan. And it seems that as time draws nearer to the return of our Savior, satan is exerting his every effort to grasp a few more

Are we allowing satan to gain a foothold in our lives, or have we put on the full armour of God? The armour of God does not require a gun, a bayonette, or a bomb. In Eph. 6:13-17 we read, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." 1 Thess. 5:8 reads, "But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation."

Are we clothed with truth, righteousness, love, and peace? Are we carrying a shield of faith and "harvesting souls" with the sword known as the Bible? This is the armour we should be wearing, for it is the armour which will be worn by the victorious army of God.

Christ should be first in our lives, and since we are admonished to put first things first, let us put on the full armour of God before we put on the armour of our country. But being loyal to God is certainly not being disloyal to our country. We can fight for our country and be victorious. But victorious for what? Yes, we may gain temporary peace. But if we are wearing the armour of God and fighting the fight of faith, we will win an eternal peace, an eternal home in the Kingdom where Christ will reign.

Have you enlisted in the army of the Lord? Don't wait to be drafted, you might be rejected. Don the armour of God, and there is no doubt about your VICTORY. And let us heed Rom. 13:12. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." —By Doris E. Ford.

INVICTUS

Recently I heard the harmonious voice of the "Songfellows" blended in singing the familiar "Invictus" which ends with the words:

*I am the Master of my fate—
I am the Captain of my soul!*

For some reason those words lingered in my mind long after the dial was turned. I wonder— Am I the Master of my fate? Am I the Captain of my soul? Do I let others influence me to such an extent that I rely on them to make my decisions, determine my livelihood and choose my companions even though I disapprove? Am I being tossed about by winds of doctrine, propaganda and false teaching so that I am unable to keep my boat steady on the troubled waters? We, young friends, must determine to make our fate eternal life and become complete masters of our souls. Only then can we chart a strait course on life's voyage and safely drop anchor on the shores of the new earth. Christian friend, can you truthfully say—

*I am the Master of my fate.
I am the Captain of my soul?*

—By Phyllis Ford.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PREVIOUSLY SENT IN

QUESTION: Should we worry about our neighbors not visiting us just because we are living up to God's commandments? Please explain why we should not worry.

ANSWER: Being an isolated member of the Church of God who believes we must keep the commandments of God and have the faith and testimony of Jesus Christ the Son of God, I believe I am qualified to answer this question as I am going through the same experience

Not only my neighbors but "best friends" as well as relatives take this stand against me because I stand for these things which seem to worry the one asking the above question.

Let me assure you this is the seed the devil is planting among God's people everywhere he can. Its' a test. So do not weaken nor let it worry you in the least. If I had I would have weakened a long time ago and gone back into the world where the devil wants me and all whom he can embarrass by such conduct in question. You remember God has said His people would be a peculiar people, and nothing stamps one so peculiar as this combination—God's commandments, the faith of our Lord and Master, and His testimony—the things He testified to as the Word of the Father. So when I hear some one has said Mrs. Lower has such a peculiar religion, I feel complimented, and could shout for joy, and do some times.

So my dear, whoever you are, who seem to be troubled, let it be a blessing to you instead, is my prayer. You have more assurance than those who look upon you as peculiar as you are on God's side, and if God be for us, who can be against us, friend or foe.

—Rose B. Lower.

QUESTION: Can Christian boys in the army be compared to Joseph in Egypt or the Children of Israel in bondage?

ANSWER: Possibly in some respects Christian boys in the army are in a situation comparable to the two examples in question. If they have

the faith in God which Joseph had and use it, then they will come out all right. May their faith increase.

As for Joseph, he was taken to Egypt against his will, but we have no doubt but that he was true to God in every respect. Very likely he kept the Sabbath there too, at least we feel sure he did after he became a ruler and had great authority. Possibly he could have left Egypt then (though our boys cannot leave the army at their will), but God was using him and by dreams he knew what was in the near future and was there to prepare for it. There is no record that at any time was he called upon to participate in anything dangerous that might call for a sacrifice of his life.

When Israel first went into Egypt upon learning Joseph was there, (for he sent for Jacob and all his), they were shown favor and surely they worshiped God, at least up until the time the Egyptians began to make slaves of them.

There seems to be no proof that they kept the Sabbath all through their bondage in Egypt. However, it appears that Moses and Aaron, who live in the closing days of Israel's bondage, tried to get them to keep the Sabbath if we understand Ex. 5: 4-5 correctly. Here Pharaoh said, "Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron let the people from their works. . . ye make them rest from their burdens."

When Moses told Pharaoh that God said, "Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness" (Ex. 7:16), possibly they did not serve Him in Egypt as He wanted them to because they could not, being slaves in the Egyptians.

Christians are not to go back into Egypt. But some may say, "Supposing you are forced there, then what?" We are to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's so long as it does not conflict with what God requires, for we are to also, always, render unto God what He requires. God is to be put first always.

In the dark ages when Christians could not worship God as they knew they should they gave up their lives rather than go back on God.

In Egypt after Israel became bond-servants, they had, so far as we know, no choice in the matter of their occupation. But today in the army, those who choose to worship God have some liberty to do so. Also some choice can be made as to the kind of work or part you prefer, and the medical division may be chosen, if I am informed correctly. If the Sabbath is granted those who desire to obey the fourth commandment, thank God for the privilege.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" and this as well as other subjects. Serving God is an individual matter and each of us

must make our own decisions. May the Word ("What saith the Scriptures?") always be your guide.

QUESTION: Can not a soldier in the American Army today live a Christian life as well as Daniel and his companions while in captivity?

ANSWER: We shall allow the answer to our first question in this Department serve to solve this one.

Daniel and his companions had faith beyond any manifested in the earth today, so far as we know, but before the very end it may be some will have as much faith. Hard trials require great faith, and possibly some have never yet had trials that required the limit of *all* their faith.

QUESTION: In Gen. 8:20 how did Noah take of every clean beast and fowl and offer burnt offerings on the altar and still leave male and female of each kind to multiply on the earth? (Gen. 7:15).

ANSWER: You may remember God told Noah (Gen. 7:2) to take into the ark, "Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by *sevens*, the male and his female—", clean fowls likewise. Then in Gen. 8:20 Noah took "of" the clean beast for sacrifice, but it doesn't say he took "all of" the clean beasts. When you are invited out for dinner and partake "of" the meal you only take a "part" of the food. —L. C.

PAUL

A HERALD OF THE CROSS

By Florence M. Kingsley

CHAPTER X

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE EMPEROR

The physician Charicles stood near the large open window of his library, his hands folded behind him. He was apparently intent upon the scene without, and indeed a wiser than he might look again and yet again from that lofty window with both pleasure and profit, for in a manner the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them lay spread out before him. Rome, the undying city, in the full strength of her mighty youth, gleaming with palaces, temples and statues, her yellow Tiber shining like a veritable river of gold in the clear morning sunlight, Rome sat like a throned queen upon her seven hills, inviting the homage of the gazer.

But Charicles was not looking at the haughty mistress of nations; his eyes were fixed upon a spider's web which hung from a coping not ten feet from his window, the owner and maker of which, equally indifferent to the grandeur of the imperial city, was casting line upon line of his filmy thread about the body of a fly. The luckless insect struggled valiant-

ly, and the physician stretched forth his hand as if half minded to release it, then he gave vent to a short laugh.

"Nay, if I save the fly," he said aloud, "I shall ruin the domicile of the industrious spider besides depriving him of his morning meal: moreover, the fly will have derived no wisdom from his experience which will serve to keep him from tomorrow's web; also he must in any event perish soon, therefore let him die now. In like manner do the Fates watch unhappy mortals entangled in the web of life; in like manner also is the prosperous spider spared and the foolish fly devoured, and so doth death and oblivion sweep away all." With a single motion of his hand he destroyed the web.

"I am called the wise Charicles," he continued, turning away from the window with a sigh, "yet I know little more than yonder insect concerning these wondrous human bodies which I profess to understand. Understand? Who then can understand the fountain of the heart, the rivers of the blood, the mysterious alchemy which takes of dead flesh and transmits it into living flesh; the eye, that globe of living fire, set in a cavern of bone which defies corruption. Nay, these things are too wonderful for me, and there is no voice that explains in all the empty heavens. Man is a question to which there seems to be no answered, and yet some unseen power compels us to labor as beneath the lash to solve the problem."

Seating himself at his table he began to make diligent study of a portion of human vertebræ, stopping from time to time to add a line to closely-written parchment which lay before him.

His labors were presently interrupted by his favorite slave, who with many apologies announced a visitor.

"Have I not told thee, knave, that I must not be disturbed by visitors during the morning hours? Nay, I am too merciful, I should command thee to be tortured once for disobedience."

"But a messenger from the emperor my good lord," began the slave cringing.

"Why didst thou not say so at once, fool. Admit him instantly. Ha, 'tis the praetorian prefect. Greetings, my lord; I trust there is nothing amiss with the emperor; does he send for me?"

"The master of the world is apparently in his usual health," responded the new-comer with a cautious air. "Yet there are those of us who feel much anxiety concerning him. He steadily refuses to see a physician; but if by chance a physician should see him—"

"I think I understand," said Charicles gravely. "But how may that be?" "He has left the island of Caprae,

and is established in the villa of Lucullus at Misenum," continued Macro. "The distinguished Charicles could perchance pay a friendly visit without offence."

"Ah — yes," said the physician, glancing thoughtfully at his parchments, "next month, perhaps, when I shall be more at leisure, I—"

"Now, today," interrupted the other quickly. "Thou shalt return with me. There is no time to lose."

Charicles lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Here is thy fee," said the other impatiently, depositing a small leather bag upon the table. "There are horses below. Come, I pray thee, make all possible haste."

The physician lifted the bag deliberately. "I shall be able," he said with an air of animation, "to continue my experiments on—"

"The furies fly away with thy experiments!" cried the prefect with a stamp of his foot. "Make haste, I say."

"But there can be no possible doubt as to the succession, my good Macro," remarked the physician, beginning to gather his parchments together with an air of manifest reluctance. "Tiberius Gemellus, the grandson of the emperor, will of course—"

"But if the Fates have willed otherwise, there is no 'of course' about it."

"And the Fates in this instance are requested by the illustrious prefect of praetorians?"

Macro smiled as if not altogether displeased. He drew himself up proudly. "In any event we must know, and at once, the probable extent of the present reign," he said decidedly. "Art thou ready?"

The emperor Tiberius was dragging out the last wretched remnant of his days. There could be no possible doubt as to that. For three and twenty years he had sat upon the throne of Rome, "hater of all and hating," the fountain head of that flood of crime, bloodshed and lust which had swept over Rome in devastating tide, reducing it to "a frightful silence and torpor as of death." During this reign of terror, in a scarce-noticed province of his realm, a mightier One than he had begun a never-ending reign, Maker of countless worlds yet the humbler Burden-bearer of humanity. His cradle a manger, His roof the stars of heaven, His death-bed a Roman cross, Jesus of Nazareth, the Prince of Peace.

Tiberius had heard of this man in his wicked seclusion at Caprae,—a Jewish soothsayer, he was told, a man fanatic, a dangerous fellow, well out of the way when out of the world—had heard and forgotten long ago. Of what possible interest was the life and death of a Jewish peasant to this mighty emperor of mightiest Rome, and yet today it would be hard to find

a slave in all the palace who would exchange places with Tiberius. Tiberius himself knew this; he knew himself unloved unpitied tortured with the pains of swift-coming death, loathsome with the corruption of the tomb while yet cursed with breath. He watched his attendants with a terrible intentness, reading his sentence of death in their averted eyes. Clothing was torment, yet he forced himself to endure a kingly toilet every day. Food and wine palled upon him, yet he ate and drank with dogged determination. Sleeping and waking, he was haunted by the faces and forms of his countless victims; mingling with his attendants, their ghastly blood-strained faces hung over his couch at midnight; with withered fingers they beckoned to him from behind the shoulders of his counselors in morning hours. He longed to shriek aloud of his misery, to wail and lament even as a slave beneath the lash, but who would listen? Who in all the world of mortals or of spirits was there to whom he could unburden himself?

"The physician Charicles desires an audience with thee, divine master." And Stephanion bowed low before the royal couch.

"The physician Charicles," repeated Tiberius, rousing himself with difficulty from a frightful reverie. "Who is there here who needs or desires the presence of a physician?"

"Praise be to the gods, all are in health," replied Stephanion. "The wise Charicles comes not to exercise his craft, but only to look upon the face of his royal master, since there is no greater joy or privilege in all the world."

"Fetch me a mirror," commanded Tiberius. "But no — how do we seem today, Stephanion? The truth, knave—if thou hast a grain of truth in thee."

"As ever, divine master, the wisdom of the ancients and the majesty and beauty of the gods irradiate thy glorious countenance."

Tiberius made an impatient gesture. "Chattering parrot!" he muttered. He drew his gold-bordered purple mantle close about his shoulders. "Drop yonder curtain; the sun glares in impertinently. Now admit the man to my presence." He composed his countenance into an artificial smile.

"Nay, good Charicles, do not kneel, it rejoices me to receive thee, and to see that the passing years have used thee not unkindly."

"It is needless for me to ask after the health of the illustrious master of the world. It need but a glance to assure me of it," responded Charicles, kissing the proffered hand of the emperor.

"Ha, sayest thou so?" said Tiberius, drawing his hand quickly away. "Yet there are those who profess to think

me ill. I am no leech, but it seemeth to me that a man can scarce be ill who eats, drinks, and sleeps with the appetite of youth."

"A truer word was never spoken," asserted Charicles, cautiously studying the face before him. The swollen purple visage, the livid lips, the heaving breast, all repeating to his intelligent eye the story of the laboring pulse which he had managed to tough as he kissed the royal hand.

Tiberius was not looking at his visitor now, his eyes were fixed upon the space directly above his head; the expression of his face grew frightful.

"To eat, drink, and sleep well," continued Charicles in a somewhat louder tone, "the body must needs be in perfect accord with the indwelling spirit, all the parts of the machine working harmoniously. Thou hast in thy wisdom seized the whole meat of the matter."

Tiberius dropped his eyes with a hollow laugh. "If thou wast asked to prescribe for a man, good Charicles, who was constantly plagued by visions of the dead," he said pulling at his pillows uneasily, "what wouldst thou do for him? There is in the palace a—a slave who constantly beholds the faces of murdered men, ay, and of murdered women—livid, ghastly, some with dagger-thrusts in the breast, others with swollen faces as of those strangled, and most terrible of all, a woman—" here his voice dropped to a husky whisper, "a woman whose discolored skin scarce covers the bones of her frame, and whose skeleton hands are ever outstretched as if to seize him!"

"A most unfortunate slave—a most unhappy slave," said the physician gravely. "Nay, I can do nothing for such an one; death is the best remedy."

"A wise man, art thou, O physician, I also have said it. But be the hour of dissolution far from us, who have reached the age of wisdom, and who after many follies are at last prepared to enjoy the serene pleasures of a riper old age. Thou shalt sup with me this night, good Charicles, that thou mayest drink to the prosperity of the four and twentieth years of my reign."

At midnight of that same day the prefect of the praetorian guard received the anxiously-awaited report of the physician.

"The emperor," declared Charicles solemnly, "cannot at the longest survive more than two days; he is even now a dying man."

"Sayest thou so?" cried Macro with manifest delight. "Art thou sure? They tell me that he remained long at table tonight, and ate and drank more than his wont."

The physician shrugged his shoulders. "That is also true," he said. "So might the mariner, who knows

the hull of his vessel to be gnawed by the tooth of the hostile rock, hoist sail to the wind, as if by any chance he could cheat the hungry deeps that await him. The emperor is dying. I, Charicles, have said it; and yet it is not I that have said it, but the Fates, who have spun and measured the thread of his life, and whose shining blades are even now uplifted to sever it."

Macro turned away abruptly. "There is no time to be lost," he said, "I must away." Then as if struck by some new thought he paused a moment at the door, to say with authoritative gesture, "Thou wilt remain, my Charicles, till all is over."

Left to himself, Charicles allowed a quiet smile to look out of his eyes. "If now I cared to meddle in the affairs of state-craft I might make or mar many a fortune," he said to himself. "There is Tiberius Gemellus, against whom the tide appears to set strongly; if at this moment I should seek the emperor and say to him, Thou art dying, and there is naught to save thee; his last moments of time might suffice to seat his grandson securely on the throne. I, Charicles, moreover would not fail of my reward, gold, estates, perchance an high office in some distant province, and—Macro and Caius Caligula for mine enemies. May the immortals avert the hour! Na, an I get back to my parchments, let who will rule Rome. Nevertheless I am minded to see the end of the play."

(Chapter X continued)

MISSING LETTERS TEST

(Complete the words by supplying the missing letters.)

- 1—E..... p..... s (Paul's fellow servant).
- 2—D..... m..... s (a preacher).
- 3—..... u..... h (a son of Ham).
- 4—E..... e..... e..... ("God hath strengthened"; "The strength of God").
- 5—..... a..... u..... l ("Asked of God")
- 6—K..... h (father of Saul).
- 7—G..... l..... l (A place near Jerusalem).
- 8—..... a..... n (an exalted place).
- 9—M..... l..... e..... e..... (had neither beginning of days nor end of life).
- 10—..... o..... (smallest Hebrew letter).

(Answers on page 6)

—Donna Dee Faubion.

LETTER DEPARTMENT

FROM KANSAS

Dear Readers of the Y. P. F.:

Just received this week's paper and in reading over the articles I, of course read the article "Why?" wherein was a list of names that haven't appeared in Volume 57 of our paper. Yes, you guessed it, my name was one of them, but I'm going to see if I can't do something about it, aren't

you? I hadn't realized it had been so long since I have written. While I am still on the subject I might say I had been thinking of writing, but of course, thinking is not sufficient in itself.

Today is a nice warm day that makes the birdies sing and the early plants commence to push forth from the water-soaked earth. It is such a pleasure to be out doors after the zero days of a few days back. One can praise God that all days are not so uncomfortable.

Sometime back I heard a comparison of boats to people and it reminds me of the readers and contributors to the Y. P. F. There are the row boats — they do fine when someone pushes them along. Then the sail boats. They do all right too, when everything is in their favor and someone pats them on the back to encourage them along (the sails), but the steamboat, it just chugs along no matter if it goes upstream or downstream, moving along under its own power. Which one are you?

My letter is short but I believe I'll see if I can write some articles too. There are some names in the list that I haven't seen for so long I wonder if they appeared in Vol. 56 even. Anxiously expecting to see something from the rest of you and several others whose names do not appear, I remain,

A constant reader,
Agnes M. Haffner

FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

This is my first letter to our paper. Don't you think we have a nice little paper? I do, although I haven't written before. I have composed a poem and sent it in. Hope to see it in print. I have sent in three. I should write oftener.

Five snows have come in this part of Okla. I haven't seen much snow during my life.

When I get my paper I can hardly wait because I love to read about Paul, the Herald of the Cross. That is a wonderful story. I like to read the letters in the paper too.

I was in the city Manager's office today. While waiting to see him (I let two women go first), a man came into the office. He was just leaving for the army. He said, "I will get you a Jap," talking to the Manager. I looked at his face when he left. It was an ashen color. He was nervous.

Dear ones, there won't be any peace until the Prince of Peace comes. May God bless all who believe the truth and that He will save them. Let us serve God and keep His commandments that others may see our good works and glorify the Father who art in heaven.

Pray for me that I may endure the temptations that are laid before me.

With Christian love,
Odell Mooney

Y. P. LESSON STUDY

LET US "SEE"

- 1—What *three* things cover most if not all the sins men commit? 1st John 2:16.
 - a. Do you think movies should be included in the lust of the eye? (Are they produced for the carnal or the spiritual?)
- 2—Where does pride, lust, etc., originate and come from? Mk. 7:20-23.
- 3—What danger is there in having much self-esteem as found in 1st Tim. 3:6?
- 4—What does Prov. 8:13 say the fear of the Lord is, and what does God hate?
- 5—Comment on Prov. 11:2.
- 6—Do you think wealth often makes people proud? Comment.
 - a. How about becoming absorbed in keeping up to the minute in dress fashions and style?
- 7—Through the knowledge of Christ and great, precious promises we might be having escaped the, that is in the world through 2 Peter 1:4. Comment.
- 8—With what is the lust in the world contrasted in 1 John 2:17. Who then will abide for ever?
- 9—What spiritual lesson can we get from Matt. 20:33? In connection read Luke 24:30-32. (Their eyes opened to what? What do we need to "see"?)
- 10—What counsel do we find in Rev. 3:18? Eyesalve? — what might it represent and be for?
- 11—(First we need to see "self" and its condition. Then we must see our need, and that we must see Christ and understand what He did and can do for us.) Why is it so many in the world never "see" their need or see into spiritual things? 2 Cor. 4:4.
- 12—Since we now "see", how should we not walk? Eph. 4:17.
- 13—What has darkened the understanding and blinded the hearts of many? Eph. 4:18-19. (Sin did it.)
- 14—In closing this study comment on Matt. 13:13-15. How may we be blessed? Verse 16. —L. C.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches;

To him
that

overcometh

will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Rev. 2: 7.

ANSWERS TO LETTER TEST

- 1. Epaphras (Phil. 23); 2. Demas (Phil. 24); 3. Cush (Gen. 10:6); 4. Ezekiel (Ch. 2:3); 5. Samuel (1 Sam. 1:20, see margin); 6. Kish (1 Chron. 12:1); 7. Gilgal (1st Sam. 7:16); 8. heaven; 9. Melchisedec (Heb. 7:3); 10. Jot or jod.