

Zion's Advocate

Christmas Greetings

NO GREATER LOVE

O Judean hills! O starlit night!
Earth bathed in wondrous glory bright,
And hallowed by the angel's song,
Still echoing down the ages long,
'Tis "peace on earth, good will to men"—
Greed mocks the chorus now, as then.
The mystery of iniquity
Forbids earth's mortals to be free.
Why then, does not the dream depart
From every living human heart?
What—Shall we say our God is sleeping,
Not o'er his earth a vigil keeping?
Nay, in his own appointed time,
He'll usher in his peace sublime.
Why wonder then, if men awaken,
Seeing our civilization shaken,
And almost from his very youth,
A man has dared to seize a truth,
And as a soldier staunch and true,
Uplifts his standard to the blue;
Has fought straight on toward his goal—
A noble heart, a dauntless soul.
Counting self well lost, if he
Helped other men to be more free,
And fighting to attain such ends,
Laid down his own life for his friends.
Than this, there is no greater love,
None more commended from above;
Its light once lit dark Calvary's brow,
And blesses earth's drear prospect now.

Gertrude Walker.



way. He still had his pearl. He was close to the gate of Damascus when soldiers came down the street dragging a young girl with torn dress and dishevelled hair. When she saw the Magian she broke away from the soldiers, threw herself at the feet of Artaban and implored protection from a life worse than death. Her father was a merchant of Parthia. He was dead, now, and she had been seized for his debts, and was to be sold. Artaban trembled. He could purchase her freedom with his remaining pearl. "Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the worship of religion had been drawn from his hand to the service of humanity." "Was it his great opportunity, or his last temptation?" There come times in our lives when it is hard to decide what is best to do, when the only guide we have is the prompting of immediate duty. To our mind the story reaches its greatest climax at this point. Artaban is in doubt. There is only one thing that stands out clearly. This poor girl needs him now before any other consideration. The author strikes the keynote of the problem; "it was inevitable," and he asks, "Does not the inevitable come from God?" As you go through life, often stumbling along, hardly knowing whether you have taken the right course or not, if it was the best thing you could see to do, do not worry. Trust God for the outcome.

So Artaban parted with his last jewel—"This is thy ransom, daughter! It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King." Then the human there is in us all said to Artaban, "The quest is over and you have failed", but even so, he felt a peace in his heart. The human judges as humans do, but something speaking to his soul told him he had not failed. "He had done the best he could from day to day. He had been true to the light that had been given him. He had looked for more. And if he had not found it, if failure was all that came out of his life, doubtless that was the best that was possible."

Earthquake shook the ground. The walls of houses rocked, dust and clouds filled the air. A heavy tile, shaken from a roof, fell and struck the old man. As he was dying he murmured, "I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King." And a voice answered:

"Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it onto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Thus the "other wise man" ended his quest.—A calm, radiant joy lighted his dying face. In defeat he had found victory.

This beautiful story symbolizes the course of life, how we are often checked and hindered in our striving towards a goal. Perhaps we have talents we have never been able to cultivate. Ill health may have held us back, or the means we would have spent to further our own interests we have felt called upon to share with others because of their misfortune or need. Few of us ever attain to that which we see in our dreams, but the lesson of the story teaches that it is nobler to do the plain, homely things that present themselves, than to follow the more brilliant course of our ambitions, or the more pleasant path of our desires. When we reach the end of the way, and look back over life, its realities will stand out more clearly. We will then see that much we desired when we were young was not worth while, and there will come to us the realization that the path of the cross is, after all, the only road that leads upward to the sunlit heights of true happiness and noblest victory.

L. P.-S.

THE FLINTS ABROAD

To All the Dear Saints and Friends in America: We take this opportunity to reach all who asked us to write to them from here. There were so many that did that that we cannot possibly write individually to each one. We think of you all, and pray God to bless you all, the while we also ask your prayers in our behalf that we shall be successful in the objective for which we have made this trip.

It is hard for us to realize that the mighty Atlantic rolls between us. We never realized, even in our wildest dreams, the real magnitude of the waters that separate the continents, until we were actually on the sea. We had a very pleasant voyage, the sun shining most of the way and the sea calm. This was much to the surprise of the officers of the boat, as it was the time of the usual autumn squalls. We wondered if the prayers of the saints on both sides of the Atlantic for our safety, and the importance of our mission, hadn't something to do with it. At any rate we are willing to give the praise to our kind Father in Heaven for it regardless of what other construction may be placed upon it.

We left our dear children in Minneapolis, Saturday morning; September 14th, by train for Chicago, arriving there in the evening. After a light lunch we boarded a bus for Niagara Falls, New York; riding all night and all day Sunday, arriving in Niagara Falls late in the evening. We were nearly worn out by that time, and spent until Thursday morning the 19th at the very hospitable home of Bro. & Sister Alex. Warner, in Niagara Falls, resting up for the final plunge into our new experience. And, by the way, a better place for that purpose is not to be found anywhere. God bless them.

We went by train from Niagara Falls, by way of Albany, to New York City, down the picturesque Hudson, and saw mountains for the first time in our lives, the Catskills. We arrived in New York in ample time to reach the White Star liner, Berengaria, and get comfortably established with our luggage in our stateroom, before the time for sailing came. We left the docks at just 1:30 A. M. Sept. 20th. All of us were out on deck until the light atop the Statute of Liberty became like a dim little star in the distance. Of course we slept little the rest of the night, the feelings that swelled in our bosoms, and the novelty of our surroundings forbidding that. We were told that to avoid seasickness we must walk the decks and get the roll of the ship as soon as possible. Of course, third class has the poorest part of the deck for their promenade, being over the stern and the churning of the propellers, but we were out bright and early in the morning to take advantage of the beautiful sunshine on the ocean.

The Berengaria is one of the largest of the Cunard line and is a veritable floating palace. We were permitted a tour of the ship with a guide one day, and the sumptuousness of the appointments of the first class cannot be described. The main lounge where, by the way, religious services are held each Sabbath, was the most gorgeous room I was ever in in my whole life. Then there was the palm room, the winding staircases, the swimming pool, etc. Altogether it was an experience never to be forgotten. We were also permitted to visit the mammoth kitchens where the food for the entire passenger list was prepared. Even in the third class, where we were, we had every convenience. A fine large stateroom, which by reason of the lateness of the season and the fewness of the passengers, was in reality a tourist

stateroom, near the center of the ship on the E deck. In this we had, besides two nice big berths, a dresser, two wardrobes, and a fine big couch. Then we had the best of everything in the dining room, though not so sumptuously arranged as the higher classes, but the food was the same all over the ship. This was as good as at the best hotels. Then on the promenade level there were lounges, smoking rooms, with luxuriant couches and tables for writing etc. Then each evening there were concerts, movies, and other forms of amusement to make the journey pleasant and to break the monotony. There was also an orchestra playing always at meal time. We weren't seasick at all any of the way. One very interesting feature of our trip to both of us, as you will all know, was the fact that about half of the passengers were Jews returning to Palestine. To us, this was literally Ephriam carrying Judah home, and was in direct fulfillment of the prayer of Orson Hyde on the Mount of Olives October 24th, 1841, when he was sent there by Joseph the Prophet to pray for the curse to be lifted from that land. The White Star lines are British lines, and of course, Britain is eminently Ephriam. So much for the Ocean trip. We were six and one-half days on the water, and at Thursday noon docked at Southampton, England, having stopped at Cherbourg, France, earlier in the morning to disembark the Jews who were to go overland to the Mediterranean.

At Southampton we felt like we had been transplanted into another world, the little trains, the autos all going on the wrong side of the road etc. We will have to leave impressions along these lines till some future time, as we know the saints are more interested in our work for the church. Suffice to say the trip by train up through southern England to Cardiff, Wales, made us think of the English stories we had read, telling of the green fields and cottage homes of England with their quaint old thatched roofs.

We arrived at Cardiff, about 8:30 P. M., and were met there by our dear old brother John G. Jenkins, his son David, the pastor of the Gilfach Goch local, and Sister Edwards of Treawlaw. We had, of course, never met these saints before, but the welcome they gave us made us feel it takes more than the Atlantic to separate the saints in spirit, when the real spirit of the gospel is present. And for the benefit of those who were disposed to question the wisdom of this mission being undertaken we will simply state that we have never undertaken a mission in our whole lives that is more promising than this one. These folks here are real saints of the old fashioned type. The Gilfach Goch branch is the largest in Wales, and the first Sunday evening we spoke to them the hall was filled to capacity, which, in fact, it is every Sunday evening. This is not due to curiosity, either, because these Welch people who are by nature a very religious race, take their religion seriously. Besides this they are conscientious to the last degree. Any dishonorable act is viewed with horror by them. In this we were very happily surprised, and found an interest in the gospel second to none anywhere. Of course, there were one or two who had been influenced by the unpleasantness and suspicion that had been engendered by the things that have been in the past. These reserved comment or judgment until we arrived, and while we knew nothing of it, they were taking stock of us, but thanks be to God, the reserve has all gone and the Gilfach Goch local is now 100% active. We were able to answer the Godhead heresy to the complete satisfaction of those who had accepted it. Added to this two Fettingites have returned, and three

good sisters have asked for baptism. One in Skewen has transferred, and by letter from Sister Stivers in Hull, England, she has a number of her relatives ready for baptism. So it can be seen that we have a very busy season before us in every way. Here in the Gilfach Goch local we have a number of the finest brethren of the ministry we have anywhere in the church. Of course, the list is headed by the grand old missionary of the past, and who has the respect of saints of all groups in the British Isles, Bro. John G. Jenkins. Associated with him is his son David, the pastor, his son-in-law, Bishop Samuel Beacham, who is certainly one of God's noblemen, and a wonderfully interligent and wide awake man. Then there are Brotheren, Edwards, Allen, and some others that are all wide awake and zealous for the work of the church, and a group whom it is a pleasure to work with. Then there is a splendid group of sisters who in Sunday school and Religio render splendid account of themselves. The Welch are famous for their musical talents, and really I never heard such singing, even among the little children. There are about forty ranging from six to fifteen years of age, presided over by Br. Ivy, and it is really marvelous to hear how wonderfully their young voices blend in the hymns. Not a single discordant note anywhere, and it makes no difference whether it is an English or a Welch hymn, and they go from one to the other with the greatest of ease. Our Indian hymns have also made quite a hit. Little boys eight or ten years of age will get up and repeat a whole chapter from the Bible from memory. It isn't mechanical, either, because they show a remarkable understanding and answer any question readily and without hesitation. I wish you all could look in on them at one of their Sunday school sessions. Another fine trait is the perfect order that is insisted on at all times. No confusion or disorder ever mars any of their services.

The reunion, as they call it here, last Sunday, was certainly a wonderful success from every standpoint. There were saints here from Skewen, Aberewmboi, Pontrhydfen. They were the same fine type of Welch saints as we have here in Gilfach Goch. Among the priesthood from those places was Farrage, Jones, Crouch, Snook, etc. No one was able to get here from Pontyeats, nor Llanelly, though they sent their greetings. One sad incident that threw gloom over the assemblage, was a very serious accident to Elder Thos. J. Picton of Aberamann, recently transferred from the Reorganized church. He was out in one of these big busses, and by a lurch on a curve, he was thrown out and was unconscious for a number of days, and sustained a fractured skull. The prayers that were offered up in his behalf at the reunion certainly showed not only brotherly love, a striking characteristic of these fine folks, but there ran through the whole a spirit of faith that has been rare in the gatherings of the saints for a number of years. Thus in all I have said, you will discern that this group of saints here are of the old fashioned type. Well you may be assured that under our ministry here there will be nothing presented that will disturb that faith. We will rather try to build upon it constructively. Already there seems to have been established a bond between the saints here and in America that will bring to you in America a message of cheer. I have never seen Sister Flint enter so whole heartedly into the work of the church as she is doing here. The work among the Lamanites being the nearest to her reaction here.

We are expecting to visit all of the locals as speedily as it is possible to do. The main drawback to that being the meagerness of the funds we have in hand. So

far as our comforts are concerned, we have never had a finer welcome anywhere. Nothing is good enough for us. God grant that we do nothing to impair the faith and confidence the saints have in us, but may we in humility and love meet their every expectation. Of course their customs and manner of living are all strange to us, but when it comes to hospitality, there is no finer in the whole world.

We have already made this letter quite lengthy, so will forbear a description of the methods used in the homes, in the shops, the railroads and other items of interest till some future time. Suffice to say that this is a very old country, in the heart of the coal mining mountainous district of Wales. The old mountains are crossed and criss-crossed by old Roman walls built back just subsequent to the time of Christ. There are ruins everywhere, and old churches. One here in Tonyrefait over five hundred years old. Ten miles from here is an old church still in use, which it is alleged the Apostle Paul visited, and according to tradition that persists, and seems to be founded in fact, we have reason to credit it. You know the mania both Sister Flint and I have for ferreting out all that pertains to the scattering of Israel, and the work of the Restoration of the whole house of Israel, so you can readily realize how we fairly revel in all of this wonderful experience and wish we could bring it all home to you on our return. Of course we will obtain pictures of all of these outstanding relics of the past, and bring them back with us. This part of the story of the restoration seems to be still new to the saints in this land. It won't be for long. Love to everybody.

"The Flints."

FROM APOSTLE WHEATON

Dear Editor:

I have contemplated writing a few lines for some time past by way of comment on one of your recent editorials, which was of vital interest to me. I have reference to your editorial appearing in the October issue of the Advocate concerning "Referendum Bill No. 4."

To my way of thinking, it seems that for sometime the Church of Christ has lost sight of her objective relative to the gathering together of the honest in heart from all divisions of the Restoration, as a prerequisite to the building of the Temple and the establishing of Zion.

As a body of believers in the Restoration of the gospel in these last days, we have been intrusted by the Lord Jesus Christ and the word of the Lord with the responsibility of holding up a standard of righteousness to the other divisions of the church, by which they could find common ground to unite and be a people prepared for the coming of the Lord. Apparently we have gone off on a tangent after strange gods which have blinded us to our real mission. I am becoming more and more convinced that we have been too gullible with regard to Fettingism, and allowed the pernicious spirit of the same to obscure our vision as to the paramount needs of those who are sick (spiritually) as a result of the delusions to which they have been subjected.

I am in accord with your splendid editorial on the subject above referred to. It sounds like the old clarion cry of the Church of Christ back in those days when Brother Sheldon was with us with his valiant and splendid courage to speak out, "without courting favor nor fearing controversy." It has the sound of the oft repeated watch-word of the Church of Christ, "Back to 1830,—Back to the fountain-head of Truth." Here is hoping

that more and more of such reminders of our objective shall find space in the Advocate. If ever there was a time when the position of the Church of Christ should be clearly set forth it is now. Seemingly for the past few years the Advocate has been under the influence of a sedative that has not only soothed itself to a state of lethargy, but has also caused many of our members to drop away and return to new or former church associations. Zion's Advocate was inaugurated for the purpose of advocating the cause Zion; to expose error; to set up a standard of righteousness.

When referendum Bill No. 4,—1935 was proposed by Apostle Yates, I could readily see that an effort was being made by the good brother to hark back to our former objective. The objective of calling upon "our brethren" of the various divisions of the Restoration to choose representative men to meet around the counsel table and talk things over in the spirit of the Master, that we might come to the unity of the faith. Such has been the spirit that has motivated the elders of this church for as long as I can remember, and as recorded in the Truth Teller, The Searchlight and The Evening and Morning Star. Seeing the possibility of reviving this objective of unity influenced me to give my support to the document in the face of the counsel and opposition of the brethren. Even when this bill was defeated in the assembly, I had faith and confidence enough in the majority of our people to support it as a minority measure to go out for referendum.

It is to be hoped that when representatives of the Church of Christ do act under provisions of this bill that they will be men who are 100% converted to this phase of the mission of the church, for it is one of the most important forward steps conceived since the days of 1925-26, in the church. Let us have faith! Let us go forward! Let us become imbued with the spirit of uniting our brethren into one fold! Then the Spirit of the Master will return to us in greater measure, and we will be able to make a greater return in the way of true conversions to the true principles of the Restoration from among our brethren of other divisions of the church, than for some time past. I am quite satisfied that for the present our mission is not to the world at large. As the gospel of the early days of Christianity was first to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," so today, our efforts should be confined more particularly to the scattered sheep of Latterday Israel.

My faith in the mission of the Church of Christ has never changed. I look forward to the ultimate accomplishment of its objective in gathering the saints together as the Lord has commanded.

Most Sincerely Your Brother in Christ,
Clarence L. Wheaton.

PRESS THE BATTLE

Press the battle; do not falter;
Time is fleeting and will end.
What we do we must do quickly,
Helping hands we all may lend.
Press the battle; there are many
Who are burdened with distress;
We may aid in word and action;
Joy to us they will confess.

Press the battle when in sorrow,
And when joy our hearts doth fill.
Then we'll have the joy of knowing
We are walking in his will.
There are many faint and weary
Looking for a way to turn;
Show them where the true path leadeth;
They will bless you when they learn.

A REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

For over forty years I have been convinced that while tithing does not, as I believe, comprize the whole law pertaining to temporalities; that there is a higher step—free will offerings, or in other words, to be ready and willing to give all we have for the building up of God's kingdom, helping all mankind and caring for the poor and needy, yet I believe that tithing and free will offerings go together; that they can not be separated any more than can repentance and baptism for the remission of sins. Let me relate some experiences that have convinced me that God sanctions tithing under present conditions.

Over forty years ago I cast my lot with the Church that was established in 1830. Being zealous to spread the message of the Restoration I felt a burning desire to go down in my pocket and part with my money to help all I could. I had just purchased a home and a blacksmith shop and was under heavy mortgages and we had no trade in the shop to begin with.

My first move was to value every item of our assets, then deduct my entire debts therefrom. I estimated my assets to be \$1,500 more than my liabilities. I had no cash to pay the \$150, which was the tenth, so I borrowed this much cash and sent it to the church, trusting God would send me work to pay the note.

My first month's entire receipts were only \$18.00. Out of this I had to pay interest, taxes, pay for the stock used and feed my wife and five small children. I started a separate Day Book, kept a daily account of all receipts and expenses. At the end of every three months I would sum up all earnings, count the overhead expense and deduct it to find to a penny what the correct tithing was. I kept this daily record for ten years, until I sold out, and that book showed that each and every month there was a remarkable increase in assets over expenses till I was clearing \$200 a month, which meant that I regularly paid to the church \$20 a month tithing, besides I gave generously of free will offerings. In time God prospered me tenfold and blessed my family in a thousand ways so long as I kept close to him.

Let me relate one of the many experiences I had in my blacksmith shop when I opened my business. A wealthy farmer brought a huge, treacherous horse to be shod. He said when he came into the shop, "I can't get any one to shoe this horse, and if you can, I'll give you all my trade." I did my best to shoe that horse, but found it was impossible. He weighed over a ton, stood as high as my head, would kick with his hind feet and strike straight at you with his front feet; would froth at the mouth and roar like a lion; would try to jump on me sideways when I'd try to pick up his front feet. It was impossible to even get near him. I said to the owner, "Wait a few minutes, until I come back." I went out to my coal house, closed the door, and in a few trembling words asked God to quiet that horse so that I could shoe it and get this man's work.

I came right in, not knowing what would happen. I went straight up to that horse, picked up his feet and shod him, and he was as docile as any horse I ever shod in all my forty years of business. When I had finished the owner said, "I don't know what ever came over this horse; I never saw him quiet before." I did not answer, but got not only his trade, but the trade of many of his neighbors. I only wish I was as good a man now as I was then.

Yes, God placed the stamp of his approval on my theory and practice of the law of tithing and offerings.

When I took the Lord into my blacksmith shop as a silent partner, I found him true to his promises. The promise of the Lord to Israel of old is just as true today: "If you bring in your tithes and offerings I will pour you out such blessings you will not be able to contain them."

My testimony is that when I walk with the Lord he walks with me; when I talk with the Lord he talks with me; when I wander away, and try other plans, I fail with head, and I fail with my hands.

George Buschlen.

A LETTER FROM SR. VIDA

Our departures from Independence are always attended with sadness, for we love it there. Some day we are coming back. I have so many pleasant memories of the place. I recall my first arrival. I was a girl, in my teens. In the starlight I walked across the Temple Lot. I thought of its history and the hope that centered in it. The trees and the grass seemed to hold some secret beauty for me. I liked to go there and dream in the sunshine, but I never forgot my first walk in the starlight in the spring of the early eighties, and the thrills I experienced. Many are the changes since that time.

Our leaving Independence this time seemed very sad, but the sun shone on us all the way. We came into this city (Detroit) about midnight, on Sunday, glad to be through and be able to rest.

We remember the many kindnesses at Independence. One thing stands out—the prayers that were offered for me there. I can not forget. Leaning on the faith of believers is such a comfort when one is ill. They came to see me too, ones and twos and in groups, and that was sweet to me. There were flowers, also, so appreciated by a shut-in. One evening as I lay ill—it was past bedtime, and in the darkness I thought I heard something on the porch, and sure enough—they broke out in song—a band of singing girls. We asked them in and they gathered at the foot of my bed. I knew the mothers of some of them. Then the temple workers came, and they are workers, too. I call them to mind with much pleasure.

We stopped at Hannibal, Mo., long enough to see the Mark Twain museum and his monument, a light-house. That was a great thought—a light-house for a monument. What would he say to it, I wonder? It was with thoughts of our childhood that we crossed the great Mississippi and entered Illinois, the state of our birth. We journeyed awhile in that historic part of the country. One is always interested in the memories of the past. Here took place that sad and bitter parting of the church that set us so far apart, and the division today is sad indeed. We long for unity and peace.

Leaving the lovely hill country we came out into the wide flatness of the open land. Rich in its fertility it stretches to the far horizon. A land of large and rich farms, a land of corn and plenty. Far north they had not gathered the corn; it was cut and stood in acres and acres of stacks. It looked romantically beautiful in the sunshine. The harvest was plentiful in this land, and marks of plenty were on every side. We found the water plentiful and good—soft and sweet. The lake-side we have not yet seen, nor any of our church people. We hope to see them soon.

In the moonlight we passed the place of the accident that ended in the death of Bro. Bennett, and we were made sad as we talked of the going away of that good man. He was a warm friend of our son-in-law, J. W. Davis.

There is not much to tell, yet, because we have only just come, but there is much to remember. The evening before we left Sr. Anderson's Sunday school class came and sang outside in the dark for us. She calls them the Rod of Iron class. We asked them in, and they stood around the piano and sang in the dear old room at White Gables. I want to express my gratitude to all who contributed to my home coming. It has been a long year of affliction, but I have been cheered and gladdened by the kind remembrances of saints and friends and the attention of my dear daughter. In her care I rested and recuperated and James was free to go as his work demanded. Sweet memories all of dear old Independence.

Vida E. Yates.
5811—4th, Detroit, Mich.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Sister Sheldon: "Today I am going to write and tell you how much I am enjoying the Advocate. I am glad to see so many spiritual, uplifting articles written by our people. This gospel is the most wonderful thing in the world. It was given not only so that we could be saved in the next life, but was to be demonstrated here.

"I am so thankful for the lessons I have learned, so thankful for the Lord's love, mercy and patience in that he has led me step by step along this journey of life. I am thankful for both the bitter and the sweet, yes, thankful for the bitter because it has taught me to enjoy the sweet. I accepted the gospel in the year 1916, and yet I feel as if I am still on the surface, but I feel that I am learning from my Master, learning that I must be obedient to him if I would enjoy his blessings; learning that I must love my brothers and sisters, and that to be in the Master's service is to serve others. I am learning to take my problems to Him and let Him lead me step by step day by day. God is greater than I, greater than my problems, and if I will put my trust in Him, He will show me the way out of trials and difficulties. His Spirit so enlightens our mind that we are enabled to know what is best to do, and prayer is the key.

"Last winter I had a problem that was troubling me. I knew not what to do. I worried and worried until I came to realize that would not solve the problem. I began to fast and pray about the matter. After I had fasted nearly forty-eight hours I took my Bib'e, opened it at random, and found St. John, 19th chapter, before me, verses 9 to 11, where Jesus was before Pilate when Pilate asked Jesus, "Whence art thou?" and Jesus gave him no answer. Then Pilate asked Jesus if he did not know that he, Pilate, had power to crucify him or to release him. Jesus told Pilate that he had no power only as the Father above granted it to him. When I read this far a voice spoke to me and said, "Even as Pilate had no power over Christ, neither will these troubles which are seeking to crush you have power over you if you will but be obedient to my voice and trust in me; I will take care of them for you."

"It was wonderful. I stopped worrying, and from that day things began to shape—not all at once, but I could see day by day, changing for the better. It has taken faith and courage to go on, and sometimes I have been inclined to become discouraged, but those words would come back to me and give me fresh courage to go on. I pray for strength and wisdom to the end of the way that I may gain the victory."

This sister tells of her Sunday school class of boys, from eleven to fourteen years of age, of her interest in them, and her efforts to prepare lessons for her class.

Then she says, "I found the lessons in the Advocate along the very lines I wanted. They have been a great help to me, because I am pressed for time. I have to go out to work at times to help out financially in our home, so you see how I appreciate the lessons." The sister wishes we could have lessons or quarterlies for the ages of those in her class. This sister is taking her class seriously, and she asks our prayers. She gathered these boys together in the hope of getting them interested, and she is being rewarded. One of the boys is thinking about coming into the church. The boys who are not members of the church seem very much interested, and do not miss a Sunday. Let us remember this good sister in her missionary work with her class of boys. The editor gives to the readers the above extracts from a private letter to her. She feels that this sister's testimony will be encouraging to others, and that her example and her zeal in service may stimulate others to do likewise. With her permission we give the sister's name—

MRS. H. DARBY.

Clare, Michigan, R. No. 4.

Dear Editor Zion's Advocate:

We are happy in the service of the Lord, and more so because of recent happenings.

Realizing the great need of workers in the harvest of the Lord, and being one of the Seventy and knowing that the Church is not able to support more missionaries, we have prayed that the Lord would open the way that we might be of service to him in our calling. Now that the way has been opened, I am sending this.

Greeting to all the members and friends of the Church of Christ in Michigan. As the way has opened whereby I shall be able to spend my time in active missionary labor, I wish to assure you that I am at your service in any way to help the cause of Christ along. My home address is as above.

Another thing happened a few weeks ago. Some twenty-one years ago when I was a priest in the Re-organized church I came up through these parts and opened meetings in a small village called Loomis. As a result of those meetings a branch was organized. About seven years ago I came to call on old friends again at this place. I was an elder now in the Church of Christ. The doors of the little church were locked against me. But to my surprise a few weeks ago, the pastor of that branch called on me and said he would open the church if I would come and preach there. They have not been holding services for about one year. Since then I have been preaching to old time friends, telling them the wonderful things concerning the cause of Christ, and have been making some new friends for the gospel.

From now on I hope to be of more service to the cause I have loved these 45 long years, for it was back in 1890 that I obeyed the first principles of the gospel.

Hoping and praying for the redemption of Zion, I am your brother in Christ.

L. E. Welch.

There is joy in aiding others;
There is peace the world knows not.
Press the battle, keep your courage;
Victory then may be your lot.
When the shadows seem to gather
And the gloaming time is nigh,
Press the battle, look up bravely,
Catch the echo from on high.

Published by Request.

10 Heol Pentwyn, Tyny Bryn, Tonyrefail, Wales.

Dear Editor:

I thought a few lines from me at this time would not do any harm. I feel it is my duty to let you know that our beloved Apostle and Sister Flint are among us. We went to meet them at Cardiff, the pastor and myself, and Sr. Edwards. When we reached Tonyrefail station, there were all the saints on the platform, waiting to welcome the missionaries. I will say that their coming is one of the greatest blessings that has ever come to the churches in Wales. They have been very busy since they came, and they have been able to bring the saints to a unity of the faith once more in the Gilfach church, and today we are all working together in the interests of the Church of Christ.

We had our reunion in the Mission Hill Gilfach Goch church. There were representatives from Skwenm, Pon-tehydfen and Abercwmboy. Seventy-four were present, and the saints were made to rejoice to hear Bro. Flint, the apostle, preaching the Restoration doctrine in such a powerful way that the visiting saints shouted, "When will you come and visit us?" We are starting out upon a new era in Wales. This kind of preaching is something we haven't had before by any of the other missionaries from the states. I expect many will be baptized before long. The Apostle has no time to be idle. Sister Flint is doing a good work among the sisters.

On behalf of the saints in Wales I wish to thank all who have contributed that Bro. and Sr. Flint might be sent to us, and especially those members of the Twelve who made sacrifice that the money might go to the British mission. The coming of the missionaries has been a God-send to us in this land. We shall never forget the interest that has been taken in us in the States. The Lord will surely bless for the consideration shown us. We, in Wales, feel that the last Assembly of the Church was led and directed by the Lord. There is a call for the Apostle all over Wales. We are having a little concert next Monday night, and Bro. Flint is to take the chair.

It is with regret that we inform you of the sad accident that happened to Elder Thomas J. Picton. He fell out of a buss on his face and is in a hospital, very ill. Let us all pray for his speedy recovery. Bro. Flint intends to visit him Sunday. He has a busy time before him. The saints in Wales are delighted with them both.

Your brother in the Church of Christ,
J. G. Jenkins.

Brother E. E. Thompson, of Bend, Oregon, writes of his desire "to do something for the good of the church." He says it seems to him that we are "going too slow," but he feels confident the Lord is only waiting on us, and when we are ready to go forward, he will do his part. He was pleased with Bro. Jordan's article in the Advocate—has been thinking along the same lines himself for several years. Thinks the Book of Mormon should be preached more. Believes the Bible and the Book of Mormon, when placed together, are powerful in converting the honest in heart. Says the Restoration has the best there is in religion, and is the only standard that can be measured by all the Bible. He exhorts the more frequent preaching of the Book of Mormon as a witness for the Bible.

The Latter Day Restoration is the chart and compass to God's deposits for man that were lost to the world.

FROM OUR PASTOR OF THE LAMANITES

(Bro. Warner)

We are very happy at this time to tell you that God has poured out many blessings upon us since we last wrote to the Advocate.

We have had a visit from Sister Sampson and her husband, who were on their honeymoon to Niagara Falls. We enjoyed their visit. May God bless them in their pursuit of happiness.

Bro. Anderson is with us for awhile. Our Lamanite brethren have been lifted up spiritually by his teachings.

Bro. Loft has given the church at the Reserve enough land for a church building and a burial ground. We have a very fine and earnest people here.

God has blessed our labors again by giving us another brother through the waters of baptism, one who is worthy to take upon himself the name of Christ.

Sr. Hill brought four of her children, and with the help of Bro. Anderson we blessed them and put them in the care of the Great Spirit.

We at the Reserve are still enjoying many favors and blessings from the Great Spirit.

O-ron-ya-te-ka
Gon-or-ong-que.

Nov. 5, 1935.

REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTMAS

Though ages have passed slowly onward,
Father Time, in perpetual flight
Has indelibly inscribed in our vision
The joy of that first Christmas night.

How fondly we cherish the treasure
That was found while assembled there,
Beholding the glory from heaven,
Transforming the mid-winter air.

Still new is the star that conducted
The shepherds from hillside and plain
To the stable, where humbly and meekly
The Christ-child had entered His reign.

The Virgin, rejected, forsaken,
Sought refuge with cattle that night;
The babe in a manger was cradled,
So sad and forlorn was their plight.

We recall how the wise-men, rejoicing,
Presented their gifts from afar;
How they fell down and worshiped the infant,
After led there by means of a star.

We read how the cruel king, Herod,
Had sought to destroy the young child;
But by God's angelic visitations
His wicked attempts were led wild.

For the Father so loved His creation
That His Only Begotten He gave
To the world, that whoso believeth
Might not perish; His work is to save!

The prophets, all down through the ages
Have predicted His coming to men,
First, as a babe in a manger,
And soon in full glory, again.

How indebted we are to our Maker;
How thankful we always should be
For a Savior, whose love is a blessing,
And whose face we are longing to see.

So again, we accept the glad heralds
That Bethlehem held, far away;
To renew in our memory the vision
Of the Christ-child that first Christmas Day.

Mary Smith.

Editorial

When the Christmas angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men", they did not mean that that happy condition was coming right away. Jesus, himself, said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I come not to send peace, but a sword." Matt. 10:34. Jesus well knew that where ever the gospel was preached, it would draw a line between those who loved truth, and those who loved the world better; he knew there would be those who would grasp the truth readily, and those who would shut out its light because of their prejudice and ignorance.

The scriptures do not teach peace at any price. We read that we "should contend earnestly for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints." Jude 3.

On the other hand, there is every assurance that the time will come when peace shall reign upon the earth; when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together; when the meek shall inherit the earth; when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess "that Jesus Christ is Lord."

All this is not going to be brought about by any magic, neither is the Almighty going to pick us up out of one condition and plant us in the other. He expects us to bring it about ourselves. Christ came to set us an example and show us the way to attain the goal that the Creator destined for the earth. If men will be blind and slow to learn, they will have to be made to realize what is for their best good in the hard school of experience. When the time of which the angels sang two thousand years ago comes it will not be because it is forced upon men, but because they want it. Isaiah foretold the day would come when there would be no more war, but it would be when nations learned to stop fighting—"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. 2:4. When nations learn to apply the teachings of Christ they will say to the nation that has not room for its increasing population, "Here, we have plenty and to spare; take some of our territory." When men and nations learn to regard one another as brothers there will be no more war. There will be no rich and poor, and it will not

be hard to solve the problems of equitable distribution. These problems loom large now, because the cures proposed do not provide for the removal of the cause. Only one philosophy has ever been given to men that was adequate for the needs of life, and that is the gospel of Jesus Christ which teaches that love is the great dynamic underlying brotherhood.

Claiming to be foremost exponents of that gospel in its fulness, let us ask ourselves this Christmas if we people of the Restoration comprehend and apply, among our different divisions, one toward the other, the principles that we preach from the pulpit must be practiced in order to bring about peace on earth. Can we expect the world to be impressed when we entertain jealousy, rivalry, division, selfishness among ourselves, each desiring to be the people, instead of working toward the end of unitedly performing the work? We are called to proclaim the best panacea for the world's ills that was ever made known to men. If we have not made more headway in convincing men, it is because we have not furnished a better example among ourselves of brotherly love and co-operation. Isn't it time that latter day Israel began to consider what can be done to remove the causes that have divided us and keep us separated? Are we big enough, are we consecrated enough to put Christ and the success of his work before everything else? Do we truly desire to be instrumental in bringing about the fulfillment of the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good will to men"? Let us think about it.

Zion and brotherhood have been a dream of spiritual minds down through the ages. Abraham longed "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Heb. 11:10.

Tennyson sang of the brotherhood of men and federation of nations.

"Till the war-drums throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were fur'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

From Locksley Hall.

OUR TRIP TO THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH IN THE WILD WOOD



Sunday November 10th, through the kindness of Bro. A. S. Wheaton, it was our privilege to be one of a party that visited our little group of members near Kinderpost, Mo., 260 miles south of Independence. Our party consisted of Bro. and Sr. Chas. Derry and their twelve year old daughter. Bro. Derry is a grand son of Charles Derry, one of the honored pioneer missionaries of the Reorganization. Sr. Derry is a niece of the late Apostle Butterworth of the same church. Besides these and the editor, there were Bro. Wheaton and Bro. McClain, the Independence pastor. We rode from 8 o'clock Saturday evening until 4 o'clock Sunday morning, when sleepy and tired we "honked" our horn beside the home of Bro. and Sr. R. B. Trowbridge, where Bro. Trowbridge soon emerged in a hastily donned dressing gown, followed by the cutest little shaggy black and white dog, barking and wagging her tail vigorously. After delivering us at the picturesque Trowbridge home, amid



the pines, oaks and trees of other variety in this south Missouri forest, Bro. and Sr. Derry went to the home of Bro. Derry's parents. Grandma Derry told us afterwards

Continued on page 147

SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

To The Sunday Schools, Home Classes and Scripture Students :

Until such times as we may provide Quarterlies of our own, the officers of the Sunday school Association have decided to use the International Lesson Texts. The Cook Quarterlies are quite satisfactory in the helps and historical background they furnish, and we can supplement the lessons with doctrinal comments through our Sunday school department when it may be necessary. Because they are so low in cost, and for convenience of our members, arrangements are being made to supply these Quarterlies from our general church office in Independence, Mo. Send your orders to J. R. McClain, Church of Christ, Box. 472.

Prices as Follows:

Beginners (3-5 years)	3 cts.
Primary (6-8 years)	5 cts.
Junior (9-11 years)	4 cts.
Intermediate (12-14 years)	5 cts.
Young People's and Adults	6 cts.

INTRODUCTIONS TO LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

The International Lessons for the quarter (Oct., Nov., Dec.) have taken up the prophecies and the history of the first captivity and return of the Jews.

The kingdom of Judah was overthrown by Nebucadnezzar, king of Babylon, and the Jews carried captive into Babylon in the years 597 to 586 before Christ (B. C.) There they remained for seventy years, until Cyrus, king of Persia, captured Babylon, 538 B. C.

The Lord "stirred up the spirit of Cyrus" and we read in Ezra 1:2-4, how he issued a proclamation throughout his realm declaring that the "Lord God of heaven" had charged him to build Him an house at Jerusalem." This Cyrus designed to have the Jews do, so they were given freedom to return to their own land.

This was a very unusual thing for a king to do. The usual thing was to banish conquered people, but Isaiah had prophesied that this king would be an instrument in God's hand and he would not know it. See Isa. 44:28; 45:1-5. It was a part of the king's edict that the Jews should rebuild the temple.

Zerubbabel, of the tribe of Judah, was appointed by king Cyrus to the office of governor of Judea. Smith's Bible Dictionary says: "On arriving at Jerusalem, Zerubbabel's great work, which he set about immediately, was the rebuilding of the Temple."

This brings us up to the lessons for December. The Jews never all returned. Some, of their own free will, preferred to remain in Babylon where they had acquired property and wealth. They were the poorer Jews who returned, and they did not go all at once. It was seventy-eight years after the proclamation of Cyrus when Ezra, the great scribe and priest, went to Judea to teach the people the law, for they had become very indifferent to it. A company of thirty-eight Levites and others accompanied Ezra.

Nehemiah is another noted character in the history of the restoration of Judaea after the Babylonish captivity. He is believed to have been of the tribe of Judah, but was living in Babylon when a kinsman from Judea brought "deplorable" news of conditions back there. Nehemiah who, by the way, was cup-bearer to the king of Persia, who was Artaxerxes, now (ninety years since Zerubbabel and those who were with him, went up to Jerusalem), was stirred by the account his kinsman gave, and he desired to go to the help of his people. Finally he obtained the consent of the king, who appointed Nehemiah governor over Judaea. His great work was to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem and restore the city "to its former state and dignity."

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

- LESSON 9. December 1.
Ezra's Mission to Jerusalem,
Scripture Text: Ezra 7:6-10; Ezra 8:21-23, 31, 32.
Golden Text: The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.—Ezra 8:22.
- LESSON 10. December 8.
Nehemiah Rebuilding the Wall of Jerusalem,
Scripture Text: Nehemiah 4:6-9; 15:21.
Golden Text: The people had a mind to work.—Neh. 4:6.
- LESSON 11. December 15.
Ezra Teaching the Law of God,
Scripture Text: Ezra 7:10; Nehemiah 8:1-3, 5, 6, 8-12.
Golden Text: Thy word have I hid in mine heart.—Psalm 119; 11.
- LESSON 12. December 22.
Christmas Lesson,
Scripture Text: Matthew 2:1-12.
Associated Text: Isaiah 11:1-9.
Golden Text: Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.
Time: The exact date of Jesus' birth is uncertain, but is supposed to have been on December 25th. "How much time elapsed before the visit of the Wise Men is not known."

THOUGHTS ON TEACHING

Bro. George Buschlen, the "Village Blacksmith," of Hollywood, California, writing October 9th, says he is glad to hear of a general Sunday school association in the Church of Christ. He says the Sunday school is the best place and the best way to impart knowledge if the teacher knows how to teach. "Preaching is one thing, and teaching a class is quite a different thing." He says that a teacher who does all the talking is a failure; that his observation and experience have been that the best way to interest a class is to draw them out by questions, and let them do the talking. See that only one speaks at a time, and give preference to those who seem to be less informed. A teacher should respect each scholar's question, and give equal opportunity to all. The teacher should preserve order in discussion and be prepared to

give proof for his final decision on questions coming up in the class.

(We should like brief, pointed suggestions on teaching from others. Here is a thought that Sr. Vida Smith-Yates once dropped in conversation. She said that she always presented a lesson so as to be understood by the youngest in the class or the most backward.—Ed.)

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

Has your local answered the Secretary's request for a report on the questions asked in our last issue? If not, please respond as soon as possible. We wish to hear from every local, so that we can get a line-up of our Sunday school work.

Louise Sheldon, Sec.,
Independence, Mo.

801 W. Kansas St.,

INDEPENDENCE ITEMS

The speakers for the month have been H. E. Moler, E. E. Long, J R. McClain, W. A. Closson, C. A. Gurwell, and Bro. Bell.

Elder J. E. Bozarth has come in from Canada for a short stay before he goes to other parts. He is to preach tonight, Nov. 17th.

Bro. A. S. Wheaton took the pastor and a few others down to Kinderpost, Mo., Sunday, Nov. 9th, where he and Bro. McClain preached. A fuller account of this pleasant trip is given elsewhere.

Tuesday evening, November 12th, Elder T. B. Nerren and Sr. Leona Gould were quietly married at the Temple workers' home on Forest St., C. A. Gurwell performed the ceremony. After prayer meeting the following evening everybody went to the home to celebrate the event and extend good wishes. The Advocate hopes the couple will make a good gospel team and enjoy life and service together.

The sisters meet to sew every Thursday. They have done a lot of canning for the store-house as well.

We think the sun has gone traveling. He hasn't shown his face in Independence for over a week.

We still have unbound sets of "The Evening and Morning Star," reprint edition, with markins showing changes in the revelations. It also contains Washington's Vision and the Cole vision. Per set of 23 copies, post paid, \$1.00 while they last.

To realize this purpose—to change humanity, to triumph over evil, and to honor the Father by a union never to be broken of the Father and the many sons who should be brought into glory—this was the thought which filled the mind of Jesus Christ.

—Observer.

True Christianity is the highest and richest mountain in existence.

CORRECTION

In the November Advocate, on page 135, the date in the 24th line, second column, should be 1852-3, instead of 1952-3.

Our Trip To The Little White Church In The Wild Wood

Continued from page 145

that her heart jumped when she heard their voices. We were made welcome, indeed, by Bro. and Sr. Trowbridge. We rested a few hours, breakfasted, and were shown through the home and the grounds we had been so curious to see, an artistic example of pioneer industry and ingenuity.

At the usual time we met in the "little white church in the wild wood" for Sunday school. Bro. Kessler is the superintendent. This neat, clean little structure was built by Bro. Kessler, seats and all. The ground was donated by one of the Bro. Rathbones, we believe.

At eleven o'clock Bro. A. S. Wheaton was the speaker, saying a lot of good things in his modest fashion. There is always something invigorating about this young brother, because he enjoys his work and radiates enthusiasm.

There was a basket dinner at noon, spread in the home of Bro. and Sr. Arthur Rathbone, but we were sorry that we could not meet Bro. Rathbone. He was away. However, Sr. Rathbone performed fully the part of host as well as hostess, and we ate, chatted and got acquainted. One pleasant feature of this occasion and of the day was the presence and co-operation of brethren and sisters of the Fetting group. Sr. Trowbridge, also, though not a member of that or the Church of Christ group, was one of the busy workers who, as well as her husband, did all they could to contribute to the success of the day. We especially admired the friendly, brotherly and sisterly attitude we saw manifested on all sides. That is the way it should be among Christian and gospel believers. There can be tolerant, kindly friendliness and mutual helpfulness if all do not belong to the same organization.

At two o'clock Bro. McClain preached and was accorded the best of interest and attention. Bro. Boyd DeLong, the local pastor, in his dignified way, closed the services of the day with fitting remarks, and we felt a sense of regret that we must separate from this quiet, peaceful place in the heart of nature and say goodbye to these good people.

Bro. DeLong was not in good health. Several repaired to his home where he was administered to by Brn. McClain, A. S. Wheaton and Chas. Derry. Sr. DeLong, by the way, is Ollie Derry, a grand-daughter of the before mentioned Charles Derry, of early fame.

We made hasty visits to the cottages of the senior Derrys and Chas. Derry, Jr. Final good-bys were said, and we hurried to get off that we might make as much of our eight hour drive as possible before dark. We wished to see more of south Missouri by daylight, too.

The day had been cloudy at the outset, but nature graciously gave us clearing skies and genial warmth for our stay. We started back to Independence under a beautiful sky with a crimson and gold west. We had nicely cleared the forest roads and got out on the paved highway when clouds began to darken the sky again, and by and by a light rain began to fall, but we did not care. The moon shown through the mist sufficiently so that we could see our way. There was a car full of us for company. We had had a good time. We felt satisfied and we arrived home safely, for which we felt thankful. We retired at a late hour feeling that the Father in heaven had presided over the day and had a watch-care over us all. Our prayer is that He will bless the dear saints and friends down in the forest of south Missouri, and will meet with them when they gather in the "little white church in the wild wood."

THE OTHER WISE MAN

There are few books that I read twice, but "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke, is one of them. It grows on you. It applies to the circumstances and conditions of your life, and you find yourself often making comparisons. You come to appreciate the book more and more.

In his preface, the writer intimates that the story was suggested by his own disappointments and realization that his achievements in life had not fulfilled his ambition. He was near death, and felt that he had not finished all that he had wanted to do. Then the story of "The Other Wise Man" unfolded in his mind.

"The Other Wise Man," Artaban, by name, was a Median priest of the Magi, who were followers of Zoroaster, or fire worshippers. He knew of the promises concerning the coming of a great prophet—"Around him shall shine a mighty brightness, and he shall make everlasting, incorruptible, and immortal, and the dead shall rise again," Artaban told his friends. To his father he said: "I have kept this prophecy in the secret place of my soul. Religion without a great hope would be like an altar without a living fire."

Artaban explained to his friends that in the past, which was ancient even at the time when he spoke, there were wise men in Chaldea who expected the coming of a great leader whom Artaban sometimes calls the Victorious One, sometimes the Deliverer, sometimes the King, or the Prince. He quotes to his father and friends the prophecy—"There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel."

Artaban reads to his hearers from the words of Daniel, also, who is held in high esteem by the Magi. Artaban informs his father and the few friends whom he has invited that evening that the star is expected at that very time; that it has been seen once, and if it appears again, three of his bretheren in the priesthood who are watching at Borsippa, in Babylonia, intended starting out to find the King whose birth they understood the star heralded. They would wait ten days for Artaban to join them. He had made all preparations to go. He had sold his possessions, and put the money in three precious jewels, a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl, which he intended to offer as a tribute to the infant King.

Artaban finds his friends incredulous and pitying, but they wish him a safe journey. Faith in a great promise seems always to be given to a few only, in the beginning, who, moved by the conviction that urges them onward, lead the way or blaze a new trail, and when success begins to appear, the crowd follows. The old father and the friends depart. Artaban is left alone. He walks out upon the terrace on the roof. He looks at the night sky. Yes, there it is, the Star. "It is the sign," he murmurs; "the king is coming, and I will go to meet him."

"The other wise man" loses no time. Early in the morning, as the songs of waking birds fill the air, Artaban starts out on his swiftest horse, Vasda. Hour after hour he glides along, expectation and eagerness throbbing within him. He is within three hours journey of the place where he is to meet the three wise men when his horse gives signs of seeing something, and then comes to a stand-still. Artaban dismounts to find what the trouble is, and there, lying across the road, is a poor Hebrew exile, about to expire with a deadly

fever that ravages those marsh lands in autumn. Artaban is faced with the necessity of deciding whether he will minister to this sick man and miss his friends, or take no chance and continue his journey. It is a trying moment for Artaban, and he asks why did this have to happen when he was hurrying to his King. Ah, Artaban! Men before you and after you, out of the earnestness of a great purpose have cried out "Why?" against the causes that held them back and caused them to wait!

Artaban decides to delay his desires and minister to his fellow being in need. The Magians "were physicians, as well as astrologers," the author tells us. When he has done all he can for the sick man, after hours of watching beside him, Artaban is rewarded by seeing him revive and sit up, and Artaban resumes his journey. He is compensated to some extents because his horse is rested and can travel faster. Again hope beats high in Artaban's heart. He knows he is three days late. The other three men will have gone on. He will have to go alone, still he hopes to find the King. He has been directed where to go. He makes his way to Nazareth and to the stable. A young mother with a baby greets him, but she is not Mary and her son is not Jesus. She tells him of the strangers (the Magi) from the East. Yes, they came. They said a Star had guided them. They found Joseph and Mary and the Child. They paid reverence to Him, left their gifts, and departed. She said Joseph had taken his little family away, it was whispered, to Egypt, and since they had gone there seemed to be a strange expectancy of something terrible to happen. Even as she and Artaban conversed, sounds and shrieks were heard outside, and there was a confusion of terrified women and cruel soldiers rushing through the streets. "They are killing our children!" the women cry. Artaban goes to the door, while the young woman behind him claps her babe to her breast and crouches back in the darkest corner of the room. The soldiers come up to Artaban. He never moves. He offers one of his precious jewels, the ruby, to the captain. The greedy captain takes it, and orders his soldiers to march on. Artaban parts with something he had sacrificed his possessions to obtain that he might present it to the King, but he saves the child's life and wins the heart-felt gratitude of the young mother.

The years pass. Artaban's black hair has turned to gray. He has through all the time been searching for the King, not looking for him in palaces, but among the oppressed and down trodden, where he had been given to understand he would find him. He had comforted the sorrowing, fed the hungry, clothed the naked and healed the sick. He had done good wherever opportunity presented itself along the pathway of his life. He had parted with his jewels to meet the necessities that arose. He has only the pearl left.

And now it is the time of the Passover in Jerusalem, and there is unusual excitement in the city. He inquires the cause. "We are going to a place called Golgotha," he is informed, "where a man called Jesus of Nazareth is to be crucified." These are familiar terms to poor, tired Artaban. He has traversed land and sea for a lifetime, and has he at last found the King, and under such circumstances? He was troubled, but he did not give up. He would go to Golgotha, hoping this Jesus was the one who was born in Bethlehem thirty three years ago. Perhaps he could help Him in some