

Junior
GUIDE

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SCARS OF DISOBEDIENCE

Several large buildings were being erected close to Scott's home, and he loved to stand nearby and watch the men laying the bricks and hoisting the steel girders with their great, tall cranes.

But the thing that fascinated him most was a railway track the builders had laid to carry supplies from one place to another.

How he longed to sit in that little car and ride down the track! And all the boys in the neighborhood felt the same way about it. They would gather in a large group and watch by the hour.

They wished they could have just one little ride! But the workmen told them to keep far back, and they didn't dare go close.

Then they heard there was going to be a holiday. The men would be gone all day.



"This is our chance," said Scott.

"Have a good day," his mother said on the morning of the holiday. "Don't go over to that little railway. It's dangerous."

"Aw, Mom!" Scott exploded. "There's nothing dangerous about that."

"No," said Mother. "I want you to stay far away from it. I don't want you to be injured in an accident."

Scott knew better than to argue and went out in the back yard to play. But what fun can you have in the back yard when all the fellows are riding the railway?

The more Scott thought about it, the more unhappy he became. Finally, when he was sure Mother wasn't looking, he sneaked off to the new buildings and the little railway.

"Here's Scott!" some of the boys shouted. "Just in time for a ride!"

Scott climbed aboard, and away went the little car. What a thrill! He helped push it back, and climbed on for another ride—and another. It was such fun he forgot all about Mother and time and everything else.

Till he heard a familiar and unwelcome sound. "Hooo-oo! Scott! Where are you?" Mother!

"So long, fellows," Scott shouted, and began running away from Mother. He knew what she'd do if she caught him!

He started up a fairly steep bank. But he slipped and fell and cut his forehead on a sharp stone. It started bleeding, and Scott couldn't stand blood. He got up and ran as fast as possible—to Mother.

"It was because I didn't want you to get hurt that I told you to stay away from that little railway," she said quietly. "Now let's fix this cut."

The cut healed but left a scar. As Scott grew older, the scar faded, but never quite went away. Sometimes Scott's children climb on his knee and carefully examine his face. Often they ask, "What's that scar, Daddy?"

Then Daddy says, "That's my disobedience scar." He tells them again of the day he played on the little railway car. And he always finishes up by saying, "That's why children must always obey their mothers."

Your friend,

Lawrence Maxwell



No One Laughed

By MARGARET HUGHES

DAVID was far from being happy, but you never would have guessed it. He took an active part in the Pathfinder Club, Sabbath school, and church. He carried on with his schoolwork and play. It surely would be difficult to believe that anything was troubling him at all.

But down deep inside something *was* nagging away at him, taking away all the joy of living.

You see, he knew that even one unconfessed sin could bar him from eternal life,

and all the noise and activity in the world wouldn't let him forget that fact.

Several years before, when he was eight, he had taken a book out of the school library and had just kept it. Oh, yes, he fully understood that it should have been returned in two weeks, but he just wanted it. No questions were ever asked, which made things easier, David thought. Mom and Dad didn't even know he had the book.

That deed was bad enough, but one

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H. M. LAMBERT

One day David stole a book he liked from the school library and took it home and kept it.

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THE VOICE IN THE WOODS

By IVY R. DOHERTY

MOTHER, what *am* I going to do?" moaned Beth, dropping her school-books on the kitchen table and flopping heavily into a chair.

Mrs. Caldwell looked up from her biscuit making in mild surprise. "It must be something very serious," she smiled, "but how am I to know what you are going to do unless you first give me some idea what the problem is?"

Beth sighed and flicked some flour from the front of her mother's apron.

"Mrs. Burgess came to the school this afternoon at gym time and asked me if I would sing a solo for MV meeting, two weeks from now." Beth said it as though she had been asked to sit through an atom bomb explosion on a desert island.

"Why be so worried about that?" Mother asked. "You have a sweet voice and could do as well as most girls. I think it would be a very nice thing for you to do. There is something wonderful about singing for God," she added. "Somewhere among the people who will be there at that meeting listening to you will be at least one person who is feeling lonely or discouraged, or someone who has never been asked to give his heart to God, and it seems to me that a song can touch a needy heart more effectively than a spoken sermon. Wouldn't you feel happy if you could bring someone nearer to God with your song?"

Beth's eyes opened wide in thoughtfulness. She had never looked at things this way.

"Since you put it like that, Mother, maybe I shall tell Mrs. Burgess I'll sing after all." And she hurried to the piano bench to search for a suitable song.

There were many books, and hundreds of times as many songs. It was difficult to choose, but Mother's words kept flashing though her mind. She would be singing to someone lonely, someone discouraged, or someone needing a Saviour. An hour later she called to her mother that she had found exactly what she wanted, and she was ready to practice it if Mother would play the piano. Beth began to sing:

*"Why should I feel discouraged,
Why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely
And long for heav'n and home,
When Jesus is my portion?
My constant Friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow
And I know He watches me."*

Beth's heart sang along with the song. She was going to really do something for Jesus. Maybe there would be a star in her crown from this experience. She hoped so, anyway.

No one ever spent more time rehearsing a song for MV meeting than Beth spent on that one. Every chance she got she was at the piano singing, and when her hands were occupied with other duties so that she could not accompany herself at the piano, she sang lustily about the house. Eventually the song seemed a part of her. The hope and peace of it was bubbling in her heart. It

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was a part of her life, forever. There was no need to worry about Friday night now; everything would be all right.

"Our special music will be presented to us by Beth Caldwell," Mrs. Burgess said, as the MV meeting progressed. Beth went to the desk on the rostrum. Below her was a sea of faces. She looked about for a sad face. Who was lonely, she wondered, or who was having a hard battle to fight, or who was looking for the way to Jesus?

Her mother finished the piano introduction before Beth had time to pick out the right people who needed her song. She would just have to guess that they were there somewhere, waiting. Quickly her clear, sweet voice floated out across the sea of faces.

*"Why should I feel discouraged,
Why should the shadows—"*

And then her voice trailed away. At first her lips moved, but no sound came out. A sickening horror took possession of her. Oh, what was happening to her voice, the voice she had asked God to use?

It did not take some of the Juniors in the front seats very long to answer that one! They tittered and even laughed out loud. Beth knew she could not stand there another minute. Who wanted a lesson in lip reading

when they were supposed to be enjoying a song?

She raced off the platform, her knees wobbling, her heart pounding. She managed to find the side door, even though her vision was blurred with tears. She did not stop running till she had covered all four city blocks between the church and home.

She was lying across her bed trying to stifle big, oozy sobs in her pillow when Mother hurried in. She put her arm around Beth and tried to raise her drooping head from the pillow, while tears dripped everywhere.

Mrs. Caldwell tried to tell Beth that some of the most famous singers in the world had had stage fright, and that because that had happened to her, it did not mean that God had forsaken her, or that He did not want her to sing to His glory. She said that everyone would soon forget all about what had happened that evening and the best thing Beth could do was to sing again, the very first opportunity.

That was Mrs. Caldwell's idea, of course. Beth's thoughts went in an entirely different direction. Never again would she stand



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Beth sang the first two lines of the song well enough. Then her voice suddenly trailed off and left her soundless with all the congregation watching her!



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JOHN PATON

Missionary to Cannibals

ADAPTED FROM JAMES PATON

ONE evening I awakened three times to hear a chief and some of his men trying to break into my house. They were armed with muskets, but must have realized they were doing wrong. For they were very much afraid of my little retriever dog, which had often stood between me and death.

God restrained them again, and next morning the report went all around the harbor that those who tried to shoot me were "smitten weak with fear," and that shooting would not do.

A plan was therefore deliberately set on foot to burn the premises, and club us if we attempted to escape. But Abraham heard of it, and God helped us to spoil their plans. When they knew their plots were revealed to us, they seemed to lose faith in themselves, and tried to think of some more secret way to trouble us. Again God overruled their evil for good.

For fully three months, all our available time, with all the native help I could hire, was spent in erecting a building to serve for church and school. It was fifty feet long, by twenty-one feet six inches broad.

As we were preparing a foundation for the church, a huge round stone was dug up. When they saw it, the Tannese stood aghast. The eldest chief said, "Missi, that stone was either brought there by Karapanamum [the evil spirit] or hidden there by our great chief who is dead. That is the stone god to which our forefathers offered human sacrifices. These holes held the blood

of the victim till it was drunk by the spirit. The spirit of that stone eats up men and women and drinks their blood, as our fathers taught us. We are in greatest fear!"

A sacred man said it belonged to him, and wanted very much to carry it off. But I managed to keep it. And I did everything in my power to show them the absurdity of these foolish notions. Idolatry had not yet fallen on Tanna. But I felt one cruel idol, at least, had to give way so that God's house could be built on that darkened land.

One event I shall never forget was the printing of my first book in the Tannese language. I had been given a small printing press and some type. Printing was one of the things I had never tried. But I prepared a booklet in Tannese, and then set my printing press in order and began fingering the type.

But book printing turned out to be a much more difficult affair than house building. I kept at it, and at last I succeeded. My greatest difficulty was how to arrange the pages properly! I tried, and failed, many times.

Finally I struck on the idea of folding a piece of paper into the number of pages I wanted. Then I cut the corners, folded them back, and numbered them as they would be when correctly placed in the book. Next I laid the paper out flat without cutting up the sheet, and, behold! The numbers showed me the exact arrangement.

Do you think me foolish, when I confess

that I shouted in an ecstasy of joy when the first sheet came from the press all correct?

It was about one o'clock in the morning. I was the only white man then on the island, and all the natives had been asleep for hours! Yet I literally pitched my hat into the air, and danced like a schoolboy round and round that printing press; till I began to think, Am I losing my reason? Would it not be more missionary-like to be upon my knees, adoring God for this first portion of His blessed Word ever printed in this new language?

Friend, bear with me, and believe me—that was as true worship as ever was David's dancing before the ark of his God!

Dangers darkened around me. One day, while I was toiling away at my house, the war chief and his brother, and a large party of armed men, surrounded the plot where I was working. They all had muskets, besides their own native weapons. They watched me for some time in silence, and then every man leveled a musket straight at my head.

Escape was impossible. Speech would

only have increased my danger. My eyesight came and went for a few moments. I prayed to my Lord Jesus, either Himself to protect me or to take me home to His glory. I tried to keep working as if no one was near. In that moment, as never before, the words came to me, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do"; and I knew that I was safe.

Going back a little from their first position, and without speaking, the natives took up the same attitude somewhat farther off, and seemed to be urging one another to fire the first shot. But my dear Lord restrained them once again, and they went away, leaving me with a new reason for trusting God with everything.

One day while I was holding service in one of the villages, three sacred men stood up and declared they did not believe in Jehovah, nor did they need His help. "We have the power," they said, "to kill you by our sorcery or *nabak*. All we need is a piece of food of which you have eaten."

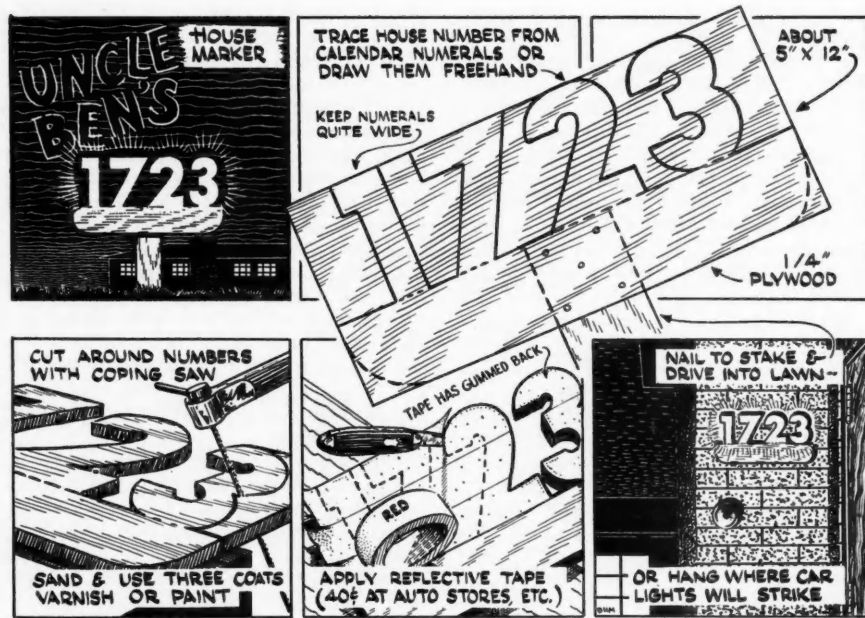
I watched eagerly as the three sacred men waved burning candles in the air and muttered through their teeth in an effort to kill me by sorcery. The other natives had already fled in terror.



HOMER NORRIS, ARTIST



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Getting a piece of food from which I had eaten was an essential condition of their black art. No native ever leaves the peel of a banana or an orange, or any scrap of food lying around, lest it should fall into the hands of the sacred men, and be used for *nabak*. This superstition was the cause of most of the bloodshed and terror upon Tanna.

Being thus challenged, I asked God's help, and determined to strike a blow against it.

A woman was standing near me with a bunch of fruit in her hand, like our plums, called *quonquore*. I asked her to be pleased to give me some; and she, holding out a bunch, said, "Take freely what you will!"

Calling the attention of all the assembly to what I was doing, I took three fruits from the bunch. I took a bite out of each, and gave them one after another to the three sacred men. Then, loud enough to be heard by all, I said, "You have seen me eat of this fruit. You have seen me give the remainder to your sacred men. They have said they can kill me by *nabak*. But I challenge them to do it if they can, without arrow or spear, club or musket. For I deny that they have any power against me by their sorcery."

The challenge was accepted. The natives looked terror-stricken at the position in which I was placed!

The ceremony of *nabak* was usually performed in secret, the Tannese fleeing in dread, as Europeans would from the touch of the plague. But I lingered and eagerly watched their ritual.

As the three chiefs arose, and drew near to one of the sacred trees, to begin their ceremonial, the natives fled in terror, crying, "Missi, *lawe*. Alas, Missi!"

But I held on at my post of observation. Amidst wavings and incantations, they rolled up the pieces of the fruit from which I had eaten, in certain leaves of this sacred tree, into a shape like a waxen candle. Then they kindled a sacred fire near the root, and continued their mutterings, gradually burning a little more and a little more of the candle-shaped things, wheeling them round their heads, blowing upon them, waving them in the air, and glancing wildly at me as if expecting my sudden destruction.

I began to wonder whether after all they did not believe their own lie, for they seemed to be in dead earnest. Eager to break the chains of this vile superstition, I urged

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CHARLIE COCKATOO'S AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURES

By KEITH MOXON

The Flower With a Hat and the Birds That Wear Striped Pants

THE day I met the fabulous Mrs. Emu and her family (said Charlie the Cockatoo), I found that her little ones had entirely different feathers from their parents. Mr. and Mrs. Emu were quite a drab gray, but their children were *striped*, big long stripes running from head to toe in perfect arrangement. Humans would feel quite upset if they got a baby a different color from what they were, but in the bird family such a thing is quite common.

Mrs. Emu explained to me that her little ones would lose their juvenile plumage (or

in plain English—*young feathers*) after a while, and be the same color she was.

I don't like to gossip, but Mrs. Emu really has her husband well trained. Do you know that he has to do most of the hatching of the eggs after Mrs. Emu lays them? Yes, sir. Off goes Mrs. Emu and has a fine time in the forest, while her poor hubby has to stay home to hatch the babies! But he takes it all in good part, and really they are very nice birds to know. Very shy, and backward in showing themselves to strangers, but awfully good friends once you break through. They like to live on the isolated plains in the drier areas of Australia.

I was not out in the drier areas too much during my traveling days, but when I did get there I always looked forward to seeing the Emus, and also to seeing the flower with a hat, often called the Mottlecah flower. This is one of the flowering eucalypts that grow everywhere in Australia, and has the largest flower of them all—about the size of the top of a cup. As you can see, the flower takes its hat off, and there is a mass of fuzzy-wuzzy "hair" underneath.

This hair is really the stamens of the flower, of course, but I have often seen Australian boys and girls put a face on the rounded part, and then put the hat on top of the hair. They call them "gum-nut babies." (A lot of eucalyptus trees are called gum trees in Australia.)

Next time I shall tell you about one of my most embarrassing experiences.

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS & INFORMATION BUREAU



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BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM THE BEES

By V. E. ROBINSON

MAMMA, can't we do something different tomorrow? It's Larry's birthday, you know. He is our guest and he is a long way from home and I think we should do something special. I know you are going to make him a cake, but please, Mamma, can't we go somewhere? Just a picnic or a hike or something?"

Eleven-year-old Nancy had put the whole proposition to her mother as strongly as she could as she helped get breakfast in the old mission house at Utimbaru Mission Station in Tanganyika, Africa. Mrs. Reid looked up from the table where she was rolling out some biscuits.

"Well, maybe we could. What would you think of going to that pretty place in the hills we found last year, where we had such a wonderful view? Do you think he would like it if we took him there?"

"Oh, I am sure he would. He'll be interested in all the wild beasts you can see from the top. We could take our supper and have a lovely time."

"Well, I guess we could. I would like to be back in time to do a little work in the evening, and it is quite a long walk. But supper out on that cliff would be lots of fun."

"Goody, goody!" exclaimed Nancy and she was off to find Larry and tell him the good news. Younger sister Jeanette and brother John danced with glee when they heard of the plan. Larry Andrews had come with his father to Utimbaru Mission. Pastor Andrews had left him there to visit his school friends for two weeks while he went visiting some of the mission schools scattered among the far-reaching Tanganyika hills.

So it came about that before sunrise the next morning the family was astir. The lunch basket was packed with sandwiches and punch and a great big chocolate cake. With a large picnic jug of fresh water the happy group set off a little after three in the afternoon. The sun was hot, but they were happy as they tramped along the road they knew so well.

It was about four miles to the spot they had chosen. But they reached it almost before they knew it and deposited their lunch basket under a tree and walked out on a ledge of rocks overlooking the valley.

Sitting there on the grass they could look down two thousand feet to the floor of the famous Mara Valley, one of the best known big-game hunting grounds in Central Africa; a valley where one could still see in a single day lions, elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, rhinos, and a great variety of lesser game. And as they sat they talked. Mrs. Reid told stories of the early days when she had grown up at old Union College in South Africa where her father was principal. The children talked of their school in Nairobi now out for a month's holiday.

They sat a long while. Then the children turned with the keenest of appetites to their lunch. Over a little fire they scrambled eggs and fried potatoes and no food ever tasted better.

"Let's go exploring a bit," exclaimed Larry after they had finished. "If we went down the ravine on this side of the ledge, we could go part way down the mountain, pass under the cliff, and come back up the other side."

Nancy thought this was a good idea. She had never gone down that particular ravine,



The children raced up the rocks as fast as they could climb, but the bees were quicker.

but she did know there were monkeys and baboons living in caves all along the cliff.

Mrs. Reid decided not to go. "Go along, children, and have a nice time," she said. "Don't go too far. Daddy is coming out to get us in a little while. I wouldn't want him to come and find nobody here." And she spread her blanket on the grass under a tree and sat down to enjoy a good book she had brought along.

The gully down which the children went was bare of trees, but there were plenty of rocks. The children took their time, stopping every now and then to rest or to look at some animal life. Jeanette, who was leading, stopped suddenly and pointed to a big grandfather baboon sunning himself on a large rock.

They had nearly reached the point where they would turn and cross over under the face of the cliff and start back up the other side. Suddenly Jeanette stepped on a rock that moved a little under her, and out from the side of that rock rose a swarm of the most ferocious bees you ever heard of.

Tame bees when they are angry are bad

enough, but wild bees are usually worse, and African wild bees are truly terrible. These bees came up in clouds around the children stinging them all over. They began to run as hard as they could over the rocky ground, round the bottom of the cliff, but the bees followed them. Attack after attack was pressed home by those "dive bombers," all over the head, face, neck, arms, and bare legs. Somehow they seemed to concentrate on poor Larry. This was his birthday, and each bee seemed to have an individual present to give him.

It was harder climbing back up that steep gully and running was impossible. The children kept their arms and hands going vigorously, but it was of little use. Jeanette passed a native boy with a long stick in his hand.

"Drive them off! Drive them off!" she cried.

The boy apparently did not understand what he was supposed to do, for he started beating Jeanette as hard as he could with the stick. Then two of the bees found him, and

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I HEARD you!" Nelda said, in a voice that wasn't the least bit sweet. She let the screen door slam after her and stamped her way down the front walk. She didn't like the way her big sister, Evelyn, kept reminding her of things to do. "Be sure to stop at Mrs. Downing's for that package on your way home," Evelyn had told her at least three times that morning.

Nelda knew she had a bad habit of forgetting things. The whole family knew it, but this was her birthday and Evelyn didn't need to spoil it by saying the same thing over and over. Nelda was going to spend the day with her cousin Marjorie. They were going swimming that afternoon with two other girls, Marie and Helen. It was going to be a lot of fun.

Nelda would have liked a real party but this was fruit-canning time. For days Mother had been busy making pickles, preserves, and jelly, so Nelda had not mentioned a party. This morning Mother was canning peaches. There was a sweet peachy smell in the kitchen. If it hadn't been her birthday she would have been helping Evelyn with the

dusting but instead she was walking along the sunlit sidewalk to Marjorie's. The nearer she came to her cousin's house the happier she grew. She forgot all about Evelyn telling her what to do and soon she saw Marjorie running to meet her.

"Happy birthday!" Marjorie called, "Happy birthday! Did you bring your swimming suit, Nelda?"

Nelda stood still. "Oh, no, I forgot," she

WHEN I



Evelyn called as she shook the gray rug. "Don't forget to get that package on the way home, Nelda."



N NELDA FORGOT

By RUTH WILSON KELSEY

answered slowly. "I left it at home."
"Oh, well, we'll go back and get it," Marjorie said gaily and they started toward Nelda's home. But Nelda didn't feel so gay about going after it. She wished there was some way to get into the house without Mother and Evelyn seeing her, especially Evelyn.

"Let's go in the kitchen door," she said as they neared home. "Mother is canning peaches; maybe we can each get one to eat."

"That sounds good," Marjorie said. She did not realize Nelda had another reason for going in the back way.

"Well, I thought you had gone for the day," Nelda's mother said, looking up from the peaches as the girls came in.

"Nelda forgot her swimming suit," Marjorie answered. But Nelda walked quickly through the kitchen without a word. She heard her mother say, "Oh, I see," in that discouraged tone she often used of late when Nelda forgot.

Evelyn was in the living room using the vacuum sweeper. Her back was turned and she did not notice Nelda come in and go up to her room for the swimming suit. Nelda felt very lucky as she and Marjorie crossed the front

lawn, each carrying a large ripe peach, but just then the front door opened and Evelyn, with a rug in her hands, came out on the front porch.

"Hello there, girls," she called. "O say, Nelda, don't forget to get that package on your way home."

Nelda bit her lip. She thought, There she goes again! She made no answer, didn't even look up.

"Why didn't you answer Evelyn?" Marjorie asked as they reached the sidewalk.

"She's just too bossy," Nelda replied. "She's told me about that old package all morning. She wants me to stop at the dress-maker's to get something for her on my way home. I don't care if I do forget."

"Oh, yes, you do!" Marjorie laughed. "Aren't you glad the sun is so warm? The water in the pool will be just right for swimming."

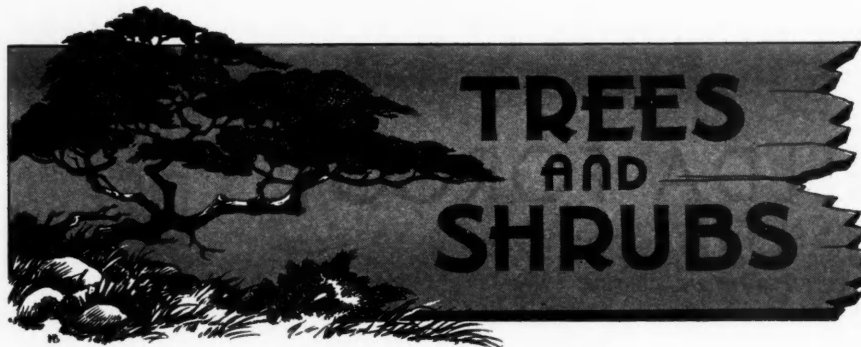
A few hours later they found the water was just right when they met Marie and Helen at the pool. They swam and played about in the water until they were so tired they could scarcely dress to go home. As they came across the park from the pool, Marjorie sank down exhausted in the soft grass under a tree. "Let's rest here in the shade awhile," she suggested. The other three girls were only too glad to drop down beside her. "When we are rested enough we'll give Nelda her birthday spanking," Marjorie said with a giggle.

For some time the girls sat laughing and talking. Finally Nelda said, "My stomach feels like dinner time. We had better be starting home."

"You're right," Marjorie said.

"It's been a lovely birthday," Nelda told
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By HARRY BAERG

IV—KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT

ANSWERING QUESTION 2. (a) Collect and identify typical leaves from fifteen different species of trees and/or shrubs.



The Biblical statement, "The tree is known by his fruit," applies equally well in identifying trees of the woods as it does in knowing those of the orchard. In the preceding article you noticed that all the oaks had acorns and all the legume family bore beans of some kind. Not one of the many kinds of oaks bore beans or walnuts. This same rule holds in the trees we will consider now.

The sycamore, sweet gum, and Osage orange have fruits in the form of balls. The fruit balls of the sycamore are about the size of crab apples and stay on all winter. There is a sycamore across the street from me as I am typing this and the abundant fruit easily identifies it.

The sweet gum of the Southeast has smaller balls with horn-tipped seed capsules and a dainty star-like leaf. It is an important lumber tree, producing wood with a fine grain and a satiny luster.

The fruit ball of the Osage orange is about the size of an orange—green, compact, and heavy. Boys sometimes like them to play catch with—but not for long. The milky sap that oozes out of cuts and bruises

soon makes a sticky mess. The roots and wood of this tree are bright orange-yellow.

Large, creamy-white flowers, six to eight inches in diameter, and an egg-shaped fruit with scarlet seeds showing against shiny, deep green leaves make the magnolia one of the most strikingly beautiful trees of our forests. It is native in the Southwestern States. The tulip tree and the cucumber tree are related to the magnolia and also have large flowers. Those of the first are tuliplike and yellow-orange in color, with fruit like a pointed cone. The flowers of the cucumber tree are pale green and do not show up very well. Its fruit is shaped something like a cucumber.

California laurel, also known locally as Oregon myrtle, is a compact, evergreen tree with narrow, pointed leaves that smell strongly of camphor when crushed. It has a small yellowish fruit that resembles a plum. The burls of this tree have a beautiful grain and are used for making ornamental souvenirs and for turning bowls and vases.

Of all the maples the sugar maple is probably the most widely known. In cold climates it is tapped for the sap, which is made into syrup and sugar. The wood is hard and is used for flooring and furniture.

Curly maple and bird's-eye maple are odd forms of wood that have an exceptionally attractive grain. All the maples can be recognized by their two-winged seeds, which are similar yet slightly different in each of the many species. Box elder, silver, mountain, and big-leaf maples are a few of the more common native kinds in America.

Horsechestnut trees have striking clusters of tall white flowers against the dark foliage. Their leaves are composed of seven leaflets that radiate from the end of the stem in a palmate arrangement. The Ohio buckeye, a native American relative, has five leaflets that are long-pointed. Those of the commonly planted horsechestnut which comes from Europe, are more blunt and wide at the ends. The seeds of both trees are shiny, dark brown nuts enclosed in spiny husks.

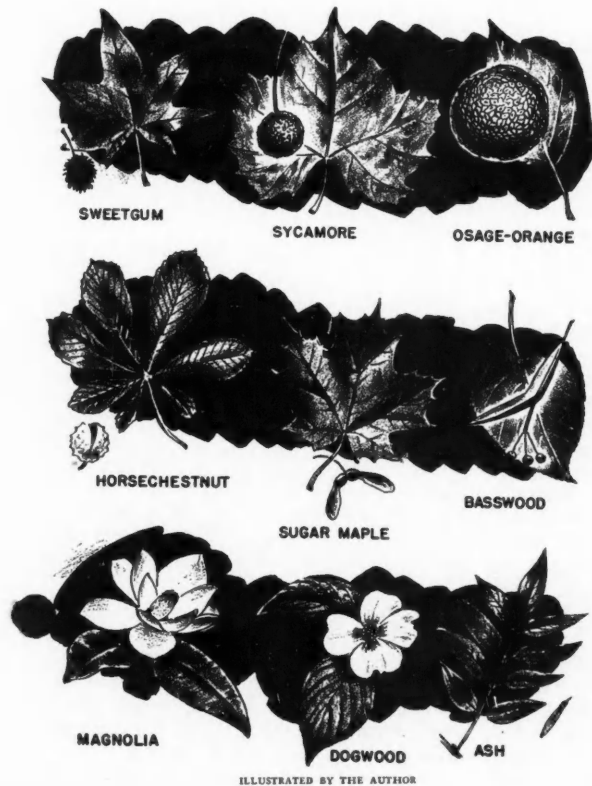
Basswood, linden, or lime trees, as they are variously called, are native to both the Old and the New World. Bees are so fond

of their numerous small flowers in spring that they are also known as bee trees. The flowers and fruit grow on a stem that comes from the middle of a special type of leaf, different from the others on the tree and from any others you will find on other trees. The soft, white wood has a variety of uses including veneer, boxes, toys, and drawing boards.

Flowering dogwoods have showy, white blossoms, but what appear to be the petals are really white bracts or leaves and the real flowers are in a small cluster at the center. The Pacific dogwood has six white bracts, the eastern species has four. Another dogwood that is unusual yet common is the red osier dogwood. It shows up particularly well in winter when the bright red twigs stand out against the more drably colored shrubs in damp woods. It is often called a red willow, but the flowers and fruit show that it belongs to the dogwoods.

The ash trees can be recognized as easily as the maples by their one-winged seeds and pinnate leaves. In Arizona I was once puzzled about a tree that had single leaves with occasionally three leaflets till I saw the ground littered with ash seeds and also found some on the tree. Then I realized that I was looking at a specimen of the single-leaf ash. I knew it by its fruit!

The white ash with its seven leaflets on a stem and its paddle-shaped seeds is one of the important lumber trees of America and Europe. The close-grained, light wood is used for baseball bats, hockey sticks, and tool handles. The Indians made their snowshoe frames of ash, the Norsemen their spears, and the Egyptians their chariots. It is found throughout the eastern half of the United States. Along the West Coast grows the Oregon ash. It has five leaflets to a stem and seeds with a broader, notched wing. It finds the same uses as the eastern tree and is also useful for fuel. There are several



other ashes that are named by color: the black, blue, green, or red ash.

If you live in an area where palms, yucas, and cacti grow you will want to learn to know them too. Pressing them may be quite another problem!

In addition to the shrubs mentioned there are several more you may want to know about. The elderberry with its pithy twigs and large, dense clusters of blue-black or scarlet berries is a common roadside shrub that often grows to tree size. Clematis is a woody vine that is often seen in the woods or along roadside fences.

Shrubs may not seem important, but they do have great value as forest cover and they also prevent the washing away of soil on hillsides and riverbanks during the rainy seasons of the year. They also provide food for birds and animals.

When Nelda Forgot

From page 13

them. "As nice as any party could have been."

It was quite a long walk home for Nelda, especially when she was so tired, but she'd had so much fun she really didn't mind. If she would hurry she could get home in time to sit down and eat a good dinner. There might be a cake—with candles! Mother wouldn't forget that. Evelyn always decorated the birthday cakes and made them look so pretty.

The thought of Evelyn made Nelda's steps go slow. Evelyn had said—oh, dear, she had forgotten again! Forgotten to get that package at Mrs. Downing's, and Mrs. Downing lived on the other side of the park. How easy it would have been to have gone for the package before she left the park. Why hadn't she thought of it? Nelda knew she had not really tried to remember.

"I'm not going back," Nelda told herself. "Evelyn will just have to wait till tomorrow." She took a few steps forward. She didn't know what was in the package. It was no doubt something Mrs. Downing had finished for Evelyn. "What if Evelyn is going somewhere tonight and needs to wear it?" Nelda asked herself. "Oh, dear!" she sighed and slowly faced the other way.

It took a long time to get back to the park. All the way along the streets, the smell of good things for evening meals floated out to her—baked beans, candied

sweet potatoes, apple pie. Nelda became more hungry at every step. She took a short cut through the park and finally reached Mrs. Downing's.

"I'm afraid it will be dark before you get home," Mrs. Downing said, handing over the package. Nelda was afraid it would be too. But there was nothing to do but to turn about and start walking.

"It's all because I forgot," she told herself as she made her weary legs hurry along the dim path through the park, on, past the houses where people were now washing dishes. They had all had their dinners, but Nelda was still feeling very hungry.

A dog barked sharply behind her. She jumped and almost dropped her package. The street lights came on. What was Mother thinking by now? Just then a car, driving slowly along the street, stopped beside her. A familiar voice called, "Nelda!"

"Oh, Daddy!" Nelda answered with a glad cry. She ran toward the car and a door swung open for her. Of course, it didn't take long to get home now. From the garage Nelda went into the kitchen where Mother and Evelyn were anxiously waiting. Nelda scarcely looked at Evelyn when she handed her the package. Evelyn thanked her and left the room but Mother sat beside her while she ate the plate of food that had been kept warm for her.

"Were you worried, Mother?" Nelda asked.

"Yes, until we called Marjorie. Then we knew you must have gone back for the package."

Just then Evelyn peeped in through the door. "Can't you hurry a little, Nelda, and come to your room?"

"Why should I hurry?" Nelda asked.

"Don't ask questions on your birthday," Evelyn laughed.

Nelda hurried. On the way to her room she caught sight of a large white cake on the buffet. It had candles on it but more surprises awaited her. There, on her bed, lay the loveliest pale green dress she had ever seen.

Touching the soft folds, she asked, "Is it for me?"

"Suppose we try it on and see," Evelyn said, helping Nelda out of the dress she was wearing. In just a few moments Nelda stood before the mirror. "It's the prettiest dress I've ever had!" she whispered.

Just then, from the front of the house, she

heard many voices calling, "Surprise! Happy birthday!"

Yes, it was a party.

Nelda opened her eyes wide as she recognized the voices of her friends calling to her. She started toward the living room, then she stopped, turned back and throwing her arms about Evelyn she kissed her and whispered, "Oh, thank you, Evelyn, thank you! I'm sorry I was so cross." For she knew, without being told, that her own beautiful dress had been in that package.

No One Laughed

From page 3

wrong led to another. David went to the newspaper office with Dad one day. He spied an attractive pencil on the floor. Brushing aside the twinges of conscience, he slipped the pencil into his pocket.

Neither wrong was ever detected, so perhaps David reasoned that God, too, would not notice so small a boy doing so small a wrong.

The family moved to another city. One morning teacher asked David to tidy up the schoolroom cupboard. He came across some attractive little dishes of water colors. The temptation proved too strong once more. Yielding to sin serves to weaken one's character.

Before you could turn around, David had slipped several of those paints into his jacket pocket. Later, perhaps in an effort to relieve himself of some of the guilt, he passed a few out to the other boys.

Seeing this, the schoolmaster asked David where he got the paints. Fear of punishment prompted him to lie. "I bought them."

Now, when he was older, the memory of these experiences kept coming back to him.

Finally, he mustered up enough courage to tell Dad about it. Dad talked kindly to him and helped him to see that the thing to do was to write letters, enclose money enough to cover the stolen articles, and ask forgiveness.

"But I am saving for summer camp, and it will take a big chunk out of my money," objected David.

"It's worth that and more to have a free conscience, isn't it, son?" queried Dad.

To that David had to agree.

He was filled with a dozen forebodings as

he shook the money out of his bank and sat down to write those letters. He feared more than anything that folks would laugh at him.

But did folks laugh? Perhaps you'd like to take a peek at the letters David received in return:

"DEAR DAVID:

"I was pleased to receive your letter and also the postal order for one shilling and sixpence [about 18 cents]. I certainly admire you for your honesty because I know we all make mistakes in life and it is always hard to admit we have done something we ought not to do. Still, you have made retribution and I know your conscience is easier now. If everyone in life would act as you have acted, this world would be a much happier and better place. . . .

"I hope you are working hard at school and learning all you can. You will require as much knowledge as possible in your journey through life.

"My kind regards to your parents.

"The staff sends you their kind regards and best wishes,

"Yours sincerely,

Headmaster."

"DEAR DAVID:

"As I look after the children's club connected with this paper, your letter came to me and I should like to thank you very much indeed for the sixpenny postal order to clear your conscience.

"You are forgiven, of course, for taking the pencil that did not belong to you, and I always remember something that was told to me when I was a very small boy. That was: 'It is a sin to steal a pin.' If everybody remembered this it would make a lot of difference.

"Yours sincerely,

UNCLE BOB."

Those are in part the two letters David has received so far. No letter has come yet from the library concerning the seven-shilling book. But he has done his part in making the matter right.

His fears were unfounded—not a soul laughed at him. The world does not laugh in the face of courage. If we have done something wrong even years ago, let's be courageous enough to make it right now, and be one of God's heroes.

The Voice in the Woods

From page 5

before an audience to sing. God had let her down badly, she felt, and what was the use of trying again? The same thing would most likely happen.

For months Beth tried to push her humiliation as far from her mind as possible. No songs of hers floated about the home to cheer others and make them glad. She closed up like a clam. She told herself she did not want to make a spectacle of herself again, not for anything.

But it seemed that God wanted Beth to sing again. He had permitted her to endure this humiliation so she would never feel proud of her voice, but would give God every chance to use her songs to bring others to Him. Sometimes God works very quietly to put the patterns of our lives in order, and that is how it was with Beth.

Months later Beth was walking through dewy, spicy woods. She felt sure God was somewhere, very near. The tiny bells, the glistening buttercups at her feet, the sighing of the wind in the trees, the fragrance of the moist earth made her unbelievably happy. It seemed that everything about her was smiling and clapping its woody hands, and faintly there was ascending to the Creator a hymn of gladsome praise. She felt she had her ears tuned just the right way and that was how she came to be able to hear the little voices that delighted her soul.

Then strangely, magically, stealing from far away trails on the other side of the woods, there floated the music of a man's rich tenor voice.

Beth halted. She did not recognize the tune the man was singing, but the voice was glorious. It seemed to be trying to meet the lark somewhere far, far above the trees. The song too, seemed to have wings, and yet, unlike the lark, it sounded as though it would never grow weary.

At last the song had reached the place where it had striven to go and Beth could hear it no more. She stood for many minutes. The desire to sing flooded back into her soul. No wonder the man had to sing; no wonder the woods were astir with hymns! They could not help singing with a God so wonderful as theirs watching over them all the while, making life so absolutely wonderful. She too must sing.

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Beth took off like a lost fawn searching for its mother. Reaching home, she found that the house was empty. She thumbed through her favorite songbooks and when she found what she wanted, she sat at the piano and her fingers rolled lightly over the keys. Then her voice took wings, trying, like the man's, to join the lark in its flight.

*"I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me."*

A surprised Mrs. Caldwell opened the living room door.

"Oh, Mother, I said I would never sing again as long as I lived, but I found today that I just *have* to, and that is all there is about it. I think perhaps God gave me that experience so I would always realize that there is something in everyone's heart that makes him have to sing praises to Him. And I feel I should live to sing to glorify Christ instead of myself."

Mrs. Caldwell's eyes glistened with motherly happiness. She would never know how Beth managed to get past the crossroads, but she did know that she was happy because Beth had made the journey safely. And as Beth's voice became richer and sweeter with the passing of the years, she ever remembered the voice in the woods, and won many a lost soul to Christ through her own ministry of song.

John Paton

From page 8

them again and again, crying, "Be quick! Stir up your gods to help you! I am not killed yet; I am perfectly well!"

At last they stood up and said, "We must delay till we have called all our sacred men. We will kill Missi before his next Sabbath comes round. Let all watch, for he will soon die and that without fail."

I replied, "Very good! I challenge all your priests to unite and kill me by *naba*. If on Sabbath next I come again to your village in health, you will all admit that your gods have no power over me, and that I am protected by the true and living Jehovah God!"

Every day throughout the remainder of that week the signal shells were sounded. And over that side of the island all the

sacred men were at work trying to kill me by their arts. Now and again messengers arrived from every quarter of the island, inquiring anxiously after my health, and wondering if I was not feeling sick. Great excitement prevailed among the poor deluded idolaters.

Sabbath dawned upon me peacefully, and I went to that village in more than my usual health and strength. Large numbers assembled, and when I appeared they looked at one another in terror, as if it could not really be I myself still alive and well. Entering into the public ground, I saluted them to this effect, "My love to you all, my friends! I have come again to talk to you about the Jehovah God and His worship."

I asked the three sacred men if they had succeeded in killing me. They admitted that they had tried to kill me by *nabak*, but had failed. "Why did you fail?" I asked. They gave the clever reply, "You also are a sacred man, and your God is stronger than our gods and has protected you."

That was what I wanted them to say!

Speaking to the multitude, I said, "Truly, my Jehovah God is stronger than your gods. He protected me, and helped me. He is the only living and true God, the only God that can hear or answer any prayer from the children of men. Your gods cannot hear prayer, but my God can and will hear and answer you, if you will give heart and life to Him, and love and serve Him only. This is my God, and He is also your friend if you will hear and follow His voice."

Having said this, I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree. "Come and sit down all around me," I invited. "I will talk to you about the love and mercy of my God, and teach you how to worship and please Him."

Two of the sacred men then sat down and all the people gathered round and seated themselves very quietly. I tried to present to them ideas of sin, and of salvation through Jesus Christ, as revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures.

The third sacred man, the highest in rank, a tall man and very strong, had meantime gone off for his spear, and returned brandishing it in the air and pointing it at me. I said to the people, "Of course he can kill me with his spear, but he set out to kill me by *nabak*. He promised not to use against me any weapons of war. If you let him kill me now, you will kill your friend, one who lives among you and only tries to

do you good. If you kill me this way, my God will be angry and will punish you."

I sat down calmly in the midst of the crowd, while he leaped about in rage, scolding everyone for listening to me. The other sacred men, however, took my side, and many of the people also were friendly to me.

For weeks after that, go where I would, that old sacred man would suddenly appear on the path behind me with that huge spear, ready to throw. God only kept him from doing it. All the time I had to attend to my work as if no enemy were there, leaving all other results in the hands of Jesus.

This whole incident did, doubtless, shake the prejudices of many as to sorcery; but few even of converted natives ever get entirely clear of the dread of *nabak*.

(To be continued)

Birthday Present From the Bees

From page 11

dropping his stick he fled with a shriek much to Jeanette's relief.

At last they neared the top, but each one still had a small buzzing swarm around his head. Mrs. Reid heard them coming and called to ask what was the matter.

"The bees, Mother. The bees found us."

Then she saw. Her children were still vainly trying to drive the bees away with their hands, but poor Larry had entirely given up.

"Brush them off, Larry, brush them off," Mrs. Reid cried to him.

"It's no use," said Larry in despair. "They will only come back again."

But as they reached the top, the bees fell away. The children threw themselves groaning to the grass. Mrs. Reid saw that they had been stung hundreds of times. Larry evidently had received the most, John the least. But they were all badly stung. How could she get them back to the mission where she could treat their tormented skins? The children could walk no farther. As if in answer to her unspoken prayer she heard the approach of a motor car, and Pastor Reid arrived just when he was needed most.

The children were put gently into the car and hurried back home. Hours were spent pulling the stingers out one by one. More than three hundred were taken from Larry

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Bible Adventures

A DAY-BY-DAY STUDY OF THE
SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

Prepared by the Sabbath School Department of the General Conference

III—TRIBUTE MONEY; THE GREAT COMMANDMENT; THE TWO MITES

(October 20)

MEMORY VERSE: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's" (Matthew 22:21).

SABBATH AFTERNOON

Read the memory verse carefully three times, and think what it means. Review it every day.

Read the lesson stories from the Bible. Matthew 22:15-22, 35-40; 23:37, 38; Mark 12:41-44; Luke 20:45-47.

SUNDAY

Tribute Money

Review the memory verse, and try to say it. Then open your Bible to Matthew 22.

Do you know what is meant by tribute money? Tribute money is that money charged by a stronger nation from a weaker nation under its control. A nation that is conquered through war must recognize the authority of the superior nation by paying so much tribute every year. It is a form of taxation.

This company of men came to Jesus with flattery. They gave Him praise which they did not mean. It was quite long and sounded as though they were really sincere, but Jesus understood. Then they asked Him the tricky question: "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?"

The searching eyes of Jesus rested upon them. Already they were losing confidence in themselves. Jesus understood their evil plan, and let the crowd of people know it. Jesus asked, "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?" They truly were hypocrites, pretending to be good, while they were planning murder. **How did Jesus answer the question? Read verses 19-21.**

With such an answer they were dumfounded and speechless, astonished and surprised. Their scheme failed; so they went their way.

MONDAY

The Great Commandment

Do you ever pray before studying the Bible? It is a good plan. Breathe a little prayer, then open your Bible to Matthew 22.

More determined than ever, the Pharisees gathered about Jesus again. They appointed a lawyer to speak, again hoping to confuse Christ. **Read his question in verse 36. Read Jesus' answer in verses 37-40.**

Maybe this sounds as though there are only two commandments, but the ten still remain.

Think of it this way: "If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments." Think of the tree of life. It has two separate trunks that are joined above, making it just one tree. The river of life flows between the trunks. So it is with God's law. There are two main trunks, two main divisions of the law of God. One trunk represents our love to God and the other trunk represents our love to one another. Each trunk has its branches above. Let us suppose the first trunk has four branches, each branch representing a commandment, including the first four. Let us imagine the second tree has six branches, representing the last six commandments. The river of life flows between them. The tree will die without water, and we will die spiritually if the love of God and living water are not in our hearts. We must keep the commandments because we love God and because we love other people. If we keep them in order that we may be saved, we are like the Pharisees. We become selfish and proud, as they were. Let the streams of God's love flow through your heart, and because you love Him, keep His commandments.

TUESDAY

The Widow's Mite

Review the memory verse.

Close your eyes in prayer and ask God to bless you as you study His word. Then open your Bible to Mark 12.

Collections and money offerings were not gathered up in the Jewish temples and synagogues as in our churches today. Inside the court of the Temple were treasure chests where the people put their money.

Jesus, with His disciples, stood by this treasury watching people drop their coins into the boxes. The rich sometimes dropped in a handful of large coins, making a big fuss and as much noise

as possible to attract the attention of those watching. An expression of sadness crept across the face of Jesus as He witnessed the gifts given merely to be seen of men.

A widow came in, but fearing lest others see her, she lingered behind, until she thought her gift could be dropped in without attracting any attention. She was very poor. All she had was two mites, which would be one half a cent in United States currency. She loved God and desired to present to Him a gift. Hurriedly she put her money in, and turned quickly to go away, when she caught the eyes of Jesus upon her. **Read what Jesus said about her in verses 43, 44.**

She gave all she had, and saved nothing for food. Her gift was valuable because she loved God, because she made a sacrifice in giving her all, because she was humble.

Would you like to know what God considers most precious in His sight? Notice the words written by Mrs. E. G. White in *The Desire of Ages*, page 615. Read them carefully. "*The little duties cheerfully done, the little gifts which make no show, and which to human eyes may appear worthless, often stand highest in His sight. A heart of faith and love is dearer to God than the most costly gift.*" (Italics ours.)

WEDNESDAY

The Sins of the Jewish Leaders

Repeat the memory verse. Turn to Matthew 21. Pray for God's Spirit to help you understand this lesson.

How many times Jesus had warned and en-

deavored to teach the Jewish leaders the way of life, and how often He tried to help them through miracles, parables, and scriptures to believe that He was the Son of God! Jealousy, envy, hate, and pride filled their hearts until Jesus could do no more for them. They had closed their hearts against Him. Jesus had not rejected them, but they had forsaken Him.

In Luke 20:45-47 and in Matthew 23:1-7, are recorded the sins of the Pharisees, scribes, and leaders, for which Jesus pronounced "woes" upon them. Just look at them.

1. They loved the highest and most exalted seats in the synagogues, because their hearts were full of pride.

2. They delighted in walking about in long robes with wide fringes.

3. They added man-made laws, which were known as traditions, to God's laws. These were false teachings, which means that they were teaching the people falsehoods instead of truths.

4. They loved high honor and special titles, such as Rabbi, Father, Master, forgetting that Jesus alone was their Master, Father, and Teacher.

5. They took the widows' homes away from them.

6. They wore broad phylacteries just to be seen of men. A phylactery was a slip of parchment or sheep skin about one inch wide and eighteen inches long, on which was written a part of the law. This was rolled and placed in a little box. The little box was bound to the under side of the left upper arm to indicate that they were placing the law in their heart. Sometimes the little box was bound to the forehead to indi-

The widow tried to slip her offering in without being seen, but Jesus was watching and praised her.

HUGO MEITH, ARTIST



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cate that God's law was in their minds. The Pharisees made broad and much longer pieces of parchment to indicate that they were much holier than anyone else.

7. They made long prayers with the hope that they would appear to be righteous.

8. They killed the prophets who were sent by God to warn them.

Because of their sins they were soon to be rejected by God as a nation, no more to be His chosen people. **Read the sad words found in Matthew 21:43.** This verse foretold the future of the Jewish nation.

Jesus loved Jerusalem, but His heart was grieved because the leaders had rejected Him.

THURSDAY

A Farewell Lamentation

Bow your head before studying this lesson. Prayer will help you to better understand God's Word. Recall the memory verse. Open your Bible to Matthew 23.

Do you know what a "lamentation" is? Yes, there is a book in the Bible by that name, but it has a definite meaning. "Lamentation" means a sorrow with walling or moaning. A sorrow so deep that weeping and voice are used with it. The book of Jeremiah's sorrows or lamentations expressed his grief because the Jews were taken away as captives by their enemies, and Solomon's beautiful Temple was destroyed. He had warned them that this would happen, but they would not listen. Many years after the captivity the Temple was rebuilt.

The same grief that filled Jeremiah's heart filled the heart of Jesus as He looked upon the beautiful Temple before Him. His sorrow was not for the building, but for the people. Jesus loved the Jews. With a sad and aching heart He wept aloud. After a pause He raised His voice and spoke some sad words, or a lamentation.

Read what He said in verses 37, 38.

What a beautiful illustration! In danger, or when it is cold, when they are hungry or thirsty, the little chicks flock to their mother's sheltering wings. Even at that late hour, if the Jews had repented and turned from their sins, if they had followed God's Word instead of traditions (man-made laws), if they had accepted Jesus as their Saviour, Jerusalem would still remain and they would still be God's chosen nation. As a result of rejecting Christ, the Jews have been scattered throughout the world. They are a living proof today that the Bible is an inspired Book.

Jesus said, "Your house is left unto you desolate" (meaning empty). From this time on, Jesus made no more effort to save the nation. *Individuals* would be saved, but the city was doomed to be destroyed, never to be rebuilt as a strong nation again. Even then Jesus delayed the destruction of Jerusalem until nearly forty years later, hoping they would still return to Him.

God is so patient, so long-suffering. The reason that Jesus has not yet come to take us to heaven is that He is waiting for His people to get

ready. He is waiting for the gospel to be finished in all the world. He is waiting for you to let Him make you ready. Are you ready?

FRIDAY

Your Memory Quiz

1. Repeat the memory verse, and give the reference.
2. What is meant by tribute money? To whom did the Jews pay tribute?
3. How did Jesus answer the Herodians when they asked whether it was lawful to pay tribute?
4. Which is the great commandment?
5. Explain how the poor widow with two mites had given more than the rich.
6. List a few things Juniors can do to show their love for God.
7. Name at least three of the sins of the Jewish leaders.
8. What is meant by a "lamentation"?
9. What bird did Jesus use as an example of the Jews' refusing to accept Him?
10. What people today are a living proof that the Bible is true?

Birthday Present From the Bees

From page 19

alone. The children were very sick that night. No one slept. The children felt as though they were on fire.

The next day they felt more comfortable, but it took three or four days for the poison to wear away.

Looking back over the experience they were thankful that no lives had been lost. Severe bee stings have been known to cause death. Then, too, in their blind haste to escape the bees, how easy it might have been for the children to fall over the rocks as they climbed up the steep gully. Yes, they had much to be thankful for.

Larry has never forgotten his eleventh birthday, though he has now left Africa and is in faraway Singapore with his parents. And is it any wonder that Nancy, Jeanette, and John still feel inclined to duck when they see a bee coming their way?

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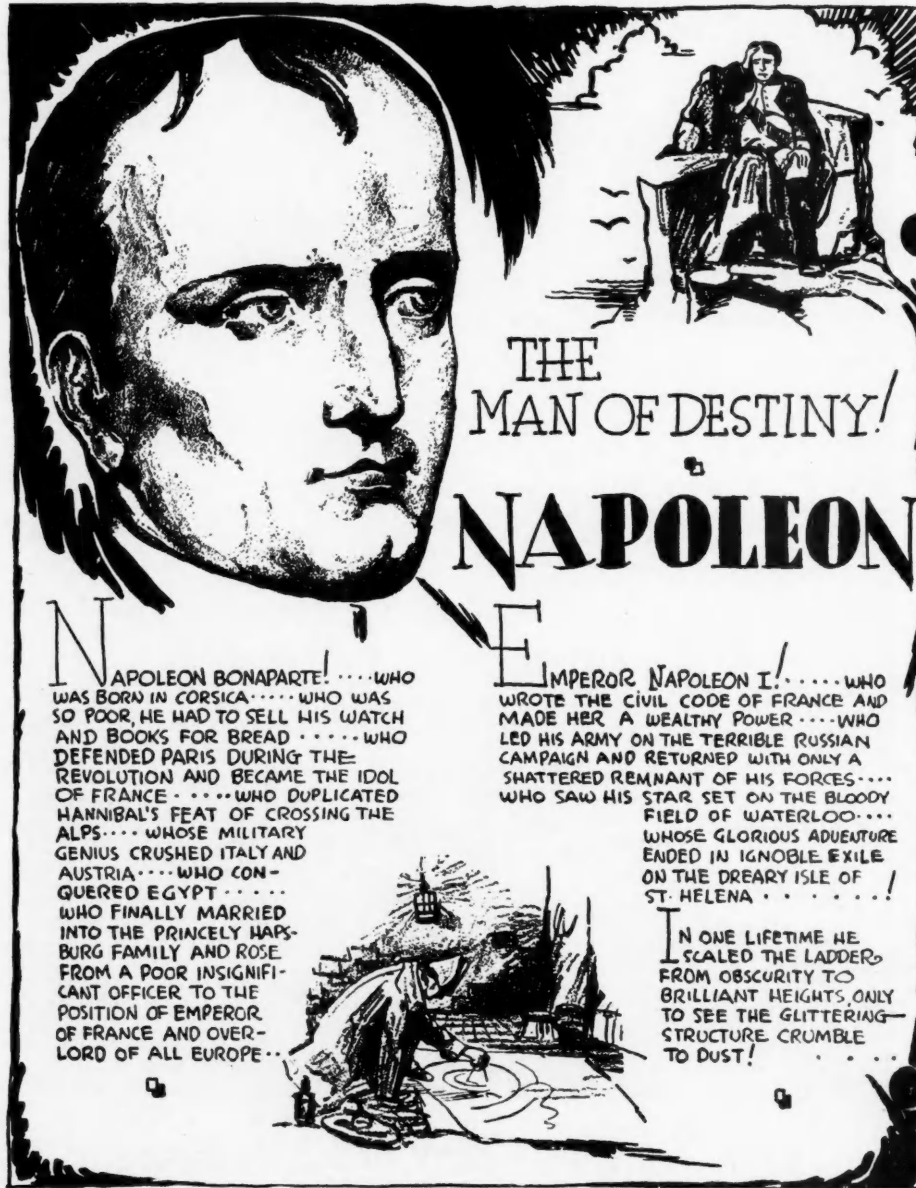
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OCTOBER 10, 1956 / 23

FAMOUS STATESMEN-2



THE MAN OF DESTINY! NAPOLEON

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE! . . . WHO WAS BORN IN CORSICA . . . WHO WAS SO POOR, HE HAD TO SELL HIS WATCH AND BOOKS FOR BREAD . . . WHO DEFENDED PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION AND BECAME THE IDOL OF FRANCE . . . WHO DUPLICATED HANNIBAL'S FEAT OF CROSSING THE ALPS . . . WHOSE MILITARY GENIUS CRUSHED ITALY AND AUSTRIA . . . WHO CONQUERED EGYPT . . . WHO FINALLY MARRIED INTO THE PRINCELY HAPSBURG FAMILY AND ROSE FROM A POOR INSIGNIFICANT OFFICER TO THE POSITION OF EMPEROR OF FRANCE AND OVERLORD OF ALL EUROPE . . .

EMPEROR NAPOLEON I! . . . WHO WROTE THE CIVIL CODE OF FRANCE AND MADE HER A WEALTHY POWER . . . WHO LED HIS ARMY ON THE TERRIBLE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN AND RETURNED WITH ONLY A SHATTERED REMNANT OF HIS FORCES . . . WHO SAW HIS STAR SET ON THE BLOODY FIELD OF WATERLOO . . . WHOSE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE ENDED IN IGNOBLE EXILE ON THE DREARY ISLE OF ST. HELENA . . .

IN ONE LIFETIME HE SCALED THE LADDER FROM OBSCURITY TO BRILLIANT HEIGHTS, ONLY TO SEE THE GLITTERING STRUCTURE CRUMBLE TO DUST! . . .

BORN 1769 IN AJACCIO, CORSICA—DIED 1821 ON THE ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA

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