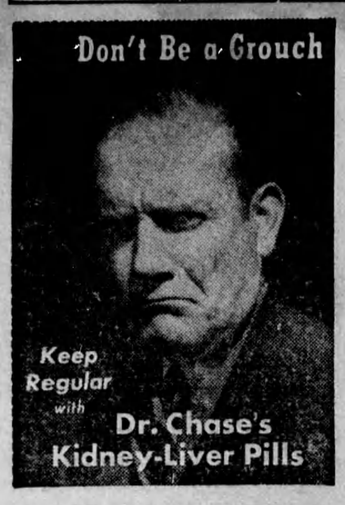

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JANUARY 7th
MAT. 2:13-23
Golden Text.—Gen., 28:15.

Joseph Is Warned

At the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, Wise men from the east came to worship the new King. Following their departure an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, warning him of Herod's intentions to slay the child, and directing him to take the babe with Mary the mother down to Egypt where they would be safe from the hands of Herod.

In fleeing to Egypt with the Christ child, Joseph was not only flinding a place of safety, but was fulfilling words of prophecy spoken over seven hundred years previously by the Prophet Hosea, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son", Before he could be called out it was necessary for Him to go into Egypt.

Lamentation and Weeping

Herod had commanded the Wise men to bring him word once they had found the new born King, with the pretence that he, too, would go and worship him. God knew the intents of His heart, and warned the Wise men not to return to Herod but to travel home another way. Upon realizing that the Wise men had bypassed him on their return home, Herod was exceeding wroth. In his rage he sought to slay the Christ Child, and sent forth and slew all the children in Bethlehem and vicinity of two years old and under. It was a dreadful act and little can we imagine the sorrow to the mothers whose children were slaughtered. Jeremiah had told of this event many years before. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."

Jesus, The Nazarene

It was not God's will that His son should be raised in Egypt, and after the death of Herod, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream telling him to take the child with its mother back to the land of Israel. As directed Joseph returned to his native land with Jesus and his mother, Mary.

When Joseph heard that Herod's son Archelaus was reigning he was fearful lest the new king seek the young child's life. It does not mention where Joseph had intended living in Israel, but it may have been near Bethlehem, the former home of Mary. However, because of his fear of what Archelaus might do, he turned aside from his original plan and settled in Nazareth. Here, too, we can see the hand of God, for it had been foretold "He shall be called a Nazarene". "And behold, I am with thee, and keep thee in all places whither thou goest".

Bread Stays Fresh For Two Weeks

One thing to look forward to after the war is bread that won't get stale. It will stay fresh for two weeks — just as fresh as when it came out of the oven.

Girls in the British Army are already making this new kind of processed bread. In fact, it was supplied to invasion troops who landed in Normandy.

THEIR GOAL: HOMES IN U. S. A.

Here are a few of the 1200 Australian wives and children of American fighting men who hopefully await the day when they can come to America. Jamming Australia's port cities in hopes of obtaining early passage, many of the wives will have to wait a year before they will be able to see their future homes in U. S. A.

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER III

They were in the house now, it was softly lit; there was a buzz of conversation, the alluring sound of distant music, beautifully gowned women, distinguished looking men. Mark suddenly perceived the girl who stood beside the stately, white-haired hostess. There are moments when the rush of an emotion makes a man change color; Mark Grant—knowing how he came there and why—went white when he first saw Pamela Rodney. The next moment Landon was reluctantly presenting him to Mrs. Lynn. Mark noticed that he omitted the words, "my friend," he said only: "Stewart Byram," the name Teddy Banks had given him.

"One of the Utica Byrams, I presume?" she said.

* * *

Mark bowed; he was only conscious of the presence next to her, and that he hated the whole business!

"I know one of your aunts, I think," said the suave voice, and Mark cursed Teddy Banks for playing some trick on them. Then he heard Mrs. Lynn again. "Pam, dear, let me present a friend of Archie's, Stewart Byram. Mr. Byram, my niece, Miss Rodney."

Again Mark bowed.

Pam had just passed Archie Landon on to a young girl in pink, and she turned with a radiant smile for the newcomer. Mark scarcely heard the words of her little conventional greeting; he was listening to her voice; it seemed as lovely as her face. He had been too long in prison to turn his tongue easily to social inanities, but he found something to say to her.

"I've been out of the gay world so long I feel dumb," he told her, "but Balaam's Ass spoke when the angel stood in the way."

His bluntness caught her; she laughed delightedly.

"I wonder where you've been?" she said; then she caught the fire that played in his eyes and flushed prettily. "You look romantic; as if you'd journeyed far—in strange lands and done—" she laughed again softly—"strange deeds!"

"You're right," said Mark, "I've been to Nomansland and lived in a castle there."

Pam laughed back at him, her eyes shining. She was small and slender, with an erect head and bright brown hair.

"I haven't danced in fifteen years," he said in a low voice, "few do in Nomansland. But will you sit out one dance with me—just one?"

"Not danced in fifteen years?" she breathed her quick surprise; it seemed immensely long to her. "Why, I was only six years old." Then she blushed furiously; "you've made me tell my age! Yes I can give you this dance; I kept it for Teddy Banks, and Archie Landon's just told me he can't come—" She stopped short, glancing aside at her aunt.

Mrs. Lynn, in the midst of new arrivals, had turned to a tall, gray-headed man who had just taken his place beside her. Mark stared at him. He knew that profile, but he scarcely knew the face. Could this old, stooping, broken man be Burleson? Fifteen years had wrought fearful havoc; he looked forty years older. Could it be the man? The man who had testified against the boy of seventeen?

"There's Uncle Herbert," said Pam. "It's lucky; if he hadn't come Aunt Henrietta would keep me here! You haven't seen the conservatory. Come, let's go and look at the banana tree!"

"Is Mr. Burleson your uncle, then?" Mark asked, as they threaded their way through the gay throng; stopped here and there by first one guest and then another, all eager to greet the girl.

"No, his wife—she died three years ago—was my aunt; he's my guardian, that's all," Pam explained, "but he's good to me—oh, wonderfully! He's always good, you'll like him."

"Shall I?" Mark pondered, smiling down at the dark head below him. Then he caught Landon's eye across the dancers in the ballroom and read wrath in it. In a flash he understood. Landon was jealous!

* * *

They were in the conservatory now, alone in the sweet scented aisles, and something in his look, in the tense hardness of his face—seen in this light—gave her a delicious thrill of fright. She was young, and the touch of mystery about him intrigued her fancy. He was so different!

"We've only just met, you know!" she said, as lightly as she could, but her lip trembled; she was caught too in the tide of an emotion that swept them together like two chips in a torrent.

"I've known you all your life," Mark answered, with a deep note in his voice.

The aisles of the conservatory were tropical; tall ferns and palms waved their fronds about them; lights shone like stars in the high arches overhead; a fountain played amid the full blown blossoms of the lotus, its heavy scent filling the air with the opium of madness. Music came to them softly, seductively, and Mark's hands closed on hers and held them.

* * *

Her warm, soft hands trembled in his; he knew why her dark lashes swept her flushed young cheeks; the tide had caught them both. Madness leaped up in him; in a moment he would have kissed her, he would have dared even that, for he knew she was in a dream, carried away; then, suddenly, his sanity cried out within him:

"Thief; thief! You can't steal her love—you're a convict, let her go—you fool, you fool!"

He heard the voice and he let her hands drop. But he was swaying on his feet, sheer madness had him. After fifteen years of misery he loved—loved at first sight!

"I'm mad," he said, "stark mad"—then he bent humbly and crushed her fingers against his lips—"forgive me!"

She was not angry; he felt that as he looked up at her. Her eyes were clear and bright, her face had softened, her lips curved; she looked at him a moment, silent, and then, softly:

"You've been unhappy—there's a mystery about your life. I can see it!" Suddenly she laid her soft fingers lightly, a touch like thistledown, on his short crisp hair. "Some time you'll tell me, won't you?"

* * *

Mark mastered himself. He dared not take her hand again then. "Yes," he said bluntly, "I'll tell you some time and then, perhaps, you'll hate me for coming here today!"

She did not in the least understand; he had swept her off her feet; there was something about him that fired her imagination; his evidently huge strength, his heathenish disregard of the conventions, the hint of unhappiness and proud endurance in his face: all these things captured her fancy. That half hour in the conservatory, twilight and fragrant as its aisles, was a kind of dream. She was still in a dream when someone came to take her off for a dance. In a dream she saw Mark, standing there in the ballroom door, watching her. His eyes followed her wherever she went, and there was that flame of life in them. The girl, young and romantic, was carried away with it; she had never seen quite such a man. Among the ballroom dancers he towered like a giant.

* * *

"I wonder who he is?" she thought, and could not keep her eyes away from the corner where he stood. She was angry with herself; she was caught like a girl of sixteen! Caught by the mystery about him.

"He'd be a wonderful lover!" she thought, dancing with Archie Landon, and she blushed softly.

Archie thought the blush was for him, but an instant later, whirling around in the dance, he saw that they had been passing Mark Grant. Landon set his teeth.

"I'll get him out soon now!" he thought.

But he reckoned without his hostess. When another dance claimed Pam, he found himself near Mrs. Lynn.

She was gracious. "I want you to stay to dinner, Archie. I've just asked your friend, Mr. Byram. He's so unusual. Mr. Burleson thinks him interesting. You're a good boy for bringing him here."

Landon reddened furiously. "I don't believe he can stay to dinner," he said hastily; "I know he's got an engagement—absolutely."

* * *

She looked frankly incredulous. "Why, Archie, he's just accepted! I sent him to tell Pam just now, so she wouldn't invite another person. We're twelve as it is."

"You sent him—" Landon prudently choked down the words; he was raging at the thought of Grant again with Pam. "The fellow's mad; he'll make love to her!" But aloud: "I'll speak to him about it."

"I shan't let him off," Mrs. Lynn replied coldly, "there's the telephone—he can cancel his engagement," and she turned to speed a parting guest.

Landon, caught in the throng about her, could not at first disengage himself. Then he saw Mark Grant leaning over Pam, his elbow rested on the high mantel, his fine head was bent. Landon could not see his face, but hers was flushed and intent; she was drinking in Mark's words, whatever they were, with the wide intent eyes of a child. Landon raged again.

"Curse him!" he said to himself; "I'll have to get him out or break his neck!"

(To Be Continued)

No Happy Homes To Come Home To

Permission by the ministry of home security for evacuees from Britain's "Shellfire Corner" around Dover to return home brought no plans for happy homecomings. "There is no place for the 18,000 evacuees to come to," said a Dover official. "The 20,000 who are here now occupy damaged houses which are repaired almost daily as new damage comes to light. Ninety-eight per cent of Dover's homes were struck by shells, bombs or splinters."

The moth of the silkworm has lost the ability to fly and is completely dependent upon man for survival.

Quality You'll Enjoy
"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, it's the day after Christmas "and all through the house, not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse". Partner and John are out at the barn; the homecomers are sleeping as only city folk know how to sleep; Mitchie is contentedly licking her paws in satisfactory reminiscence of yesterday s Christmas fare — and no doubt hoping for more to come. The tree is still pretty with its tinsel and gold but its base is conspicuously bare. An array of cards adorns the mantelshelf and here and there a gift card or a piece of ribbon betrays an unswept floor.

Outside the sun is shining clear and cold on what has been very much "a white Christmas". We didn't have to dream of one—it was very much with us.

* * *

Did you have a good Christmas? I sincerely hope so. But maybe it was like ours — quiet but happy. We missed our soldier son, spending his first Christmas away from Canada. Our thoughts were often with him and we hoped he managed to get leave so that he could at least spend the day with some of our numerous relations in England.

* * *

Meeting this one and that before Christmas I thought so often how different this Christmas and New Year will be for so many. There was the young English wife with her baby — her first Christmas in Canada with her returned airman-husband . . . another, a Canadian bride, the first Christmas in her married life — and her husband already overseas. The family of a young soldier — so pitifully young — once reported missing but now known to be a prisoner of war in Germany. The happy mother with her sailor son home on furlough from the Seven Seas. And alas, the saddened family to whom word has come for the second time — "We regret to inform you . . ." There are, too, families spending their first, second or perhaps third Christmas, with the hope that the age for miracles is not yet past and that from the "underground" will eventually emerge those reported missing. Truly, we should be very thankful if we can say "We spent a quiet, but happy Christmas".

* * *

And now it is time to say "A Happy New Year to you all". And I am sure we all hope that 1945 will see the turning of the tide — a tide to bring victory and peace to Allied nations and liberation to the oppressed peoples of the world.

A happy new year—it is a wish that we express so glibly, isn't it? I wonder how often the wish is followed by action. I mean, when we wish someone a happy new year is it just a meaningless phrase prompted by custom, or do we intend to do our part towards making this a happy year for the people to whom we speak. Perhaps you will say—"That's ridiculous—we can't take part in the life of every person we meet." That is true to a certain extent, our influence is limited by the closeness of our contact, but if we know a person well enough to pass along a new year's greeting then we know them well enough to impart a sincerity in our greeting that they will be quick to recognise—of sympathy, encouragement, or just cheery goodwill. I cannot know which applies to each of you who read this column—I can only repeat that I wish the best for you—and only you can know what that "best" should be.

And so, until next year good-bye and good wishes.

What every woman wants — a good, all-purpose shirtwaist frock. Pattern 4508 has time-saving front buttoning. Note wide size range.

Pattern 4508 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 takes 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

Children Of Burma Keep Routes Open

Hundred of Arkanese children armed with tin cans, kept the supply routes from blowing away as the Allies prepared for the current western Burma offensive against the Japanese.

The main supply road on the Mayu Peninsula is deep in dust at this time of the year, and with winds sweeping across the Peninsula there was danger of the road being blown away. The children, however, sprinkled the route with water laboriously hauled from the paddy fields.

They made a game of it but the Army gives them credit for keeping the trucks rolling in the critical pre-offensive period when supplies had to be stored up forward.

Get quick relief from HEADACHE this way . . .

WHEN you suffer from an annoying, aggravating headache, get *quick, triple-action* relief just by taking a *fast-acting* prescription-type Instantine tablet. This tested and time proved remedy is specially compounded to ease your headache *fast:*

1. Speedily eases pain.
2. Prolongs relief from pain.
3. Reduces "depression." Gives mild, stimulating "lift."

Take Instantine for other pains, too: *rheumatic, neuralgic, neuritic* suffering, or the misery of colds. All drugstores have Instantine. 12 tablets 25¢

Instantine
a product of The Bayer Co., Ltd.

Warning—
Watch out for sniffly Head Colds!

Head colds can cause much suffering. To promptly relieve the sniffly, sneezy, stuffy distress—put a little Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Va-tro-nol works right where trouble is to soothe irritation—reduce swelling—make breathing easier. Try it! Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

British Consols
Cigarettes
PIPE TOBACCO
CIGARETTE TOBACCO