

Lillian Keim

# Sabbath School Missionary

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## YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

### PRAY AND RUN

One day a little boy and girl  
Were on their way to school;  
The springtime was pleasant, and  
The air was crisp and cool.  
They talked and played along the road,  
And didn't realize,  
Midst all their fun and happiness,  
How time so quickly flies.

Then suddenly the old school bell  
Beyond the woods of pine  
Began to ring in solemn tones  
The tardy hour of 9:00.  
Dreading to break his record, Frank  
Then said to little May:  
"We're late, we're late as we can be;  
Let's stop right here and pray!"

But May said: "No, let's pray and run!"  
Therefore, it seems to me  
A lesson we can gather, that  
In life should useful be—  
"God helps the ones who help themselves;"  
We've learned those words by heart,  
So, if we would have answered prayers,  
We, too, must do our part.  
—Girtrude B. Wyche (Sel.)

### The Kitten Mix-up

George ran over to Martha's home. He opened the door and stepped in on the screened-in porch. Then he hurried over to the basket of kittens.

"Hello, Peanuts. Hello, Cricket," he said as he lifted the yellow and black kittens into his arms. "Here I am back again. Martha isn't at home this time. But I'll play with you anyway. Martha won't care. She told me to play with you as often as I want, just so I close the screen door. That's to keep you from running away and getting lost."

He set the two little kittens down on the porch floor in the sunshine. Then he reached for the

others. "Hello, Sugar. Did you know that today is my birthday? Why, where is Tiger? He's gone."

George pulled the blanket from the basket and shook it. But no striped kitten tumbled out. He looked under the broken chair and behind the kindling box. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" he cried. "Tiger is lost. And he was the prettiest kitten in the basket."

Suddenly George began to wonder if he had left the door open. "I hope I didn't," he said. "I tried to remember to close it—every time." Sometimes when George was in a hurry, he did forget the very thing he meant to do, just like other boys.

"That's why Martha isn't at home," he decided. "She's looking for Tiger."

George dropped Sugar down beside the other kitten on the porch floor and dashed out of the door. "I must help to find Tiger," he thought. "Martha is my very nicest friend. It was kind of her to let me play with her kittens, and now I've let Tiger get lost. And she loved him best of all."

George looked up in the maple tree growing beside the walk, and down under the bushes.

"Did you lose something?" asked Benjy, hurrying up.

"Yes, I'm afraid I did," answered George. "Tiger is gone and I'm helping Martha to find him. Tiger is Martha's kitten, you know."

"Oh, my," gasped Benjy. "Let me help you look. And I'll tell Judy. She'll want to help too. Judy and I like Martha because she is kind. She gave me a ball when I was sick and she shared her bag of butterscotch with Judy one day." And away he ran to find his sister.

George ran up and down the street. He looked on every picket fence and behind every bush.

"What are you hunting?" asked Barrie, hurrying out of the house.

"I'm helping Martha hunt her lost kitten," cried George, "and I can't find it."

"I'll help you," cried Barrie. "I'd do most anything for Martha because she is kind. She

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## YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND

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## Editorial

The other day, I read about a family with four children. These children often forgot to wash their teeth and brush their hair; they seldom hung up their coats and caps. Sometimes they half dried their hands and would you believe it, they were almost too lazy to take their baths. This family was called the topsy-turvy family.

Now, I don't believe any of the Missionary readers belong to a topsy-turvy family, but I do rather suspect some of us could be a little more careful. I think a little brown-eyed boy complained the other morning when his mother washed his ears. And didn't that little girl with curls forget to clean her finger nails, this morning?

Wouldn't the first of the year be a good time to make some rules and regulations? We hear much fun and jesting about New Year's resolutions. Maybe that is because many people make them and then break them. It is better to make two or three resolutions and keep them than to make a dozen and forget them.

Some children make a set of rules, print them on a card and hang it where they can all see it. This helps them to remember. Then no one can say they have topsy-turvy habits.

pulled a splinter from my finger once and she lets me play on her swing every day." And away he hurried to search for the lost Tiger.

Once George thought he heard the kitten meow, but it was only a bird in the tree. "Poor little Tiger," he said. "If he sees a dog, he'll be scared. Oh dear, I must find him at once."

But George didn't find Tiger, and at last he turned toward home. He was too disappointed to look up. How could he ever prove to Martha how bad he felt?

Suddenly Benjy called to him. "Wait, George," he cried. "I've found a kitten and it is black. Judy found a kitten too. But hers is yellow. Which one is Tiger?"

George ran to meet them. "Neither one is Tiger," he said, shaking his head sadly. "You've made a mistake. Tiger is striped."

But the next moment George was looking at the kittens more closely. "Why," he gasped. "I'd know them any place. These kittens are Cricket and Peanuts. Where did you find them?"

At that moment Barrie joined them. "I found a kitten," he cried in delight. "It's real pretty, but it doesn't look much like a tiger, because it is white. But it is cute."

"Sugar!" gasped George as he stared at the kitten in amazement. "Where did you come from?"

Then, a deep, red flush began to creep up on George's cheeks. He knew now what had happened. In the excitement of finding Tiger gone, he had dashed from the porch and had forgotten to close the screen door. And the kittens, which he had taken from the basket and left on the floor, had crawled off the porch and had run away.

At that moment Martha came running down the street. Tears were in her eyes. "Oh, George," she cried as she hurried along. "Something dreadful has happened. While I was carrying Tiger over to your house to give him to you for a birthday present somebody left the back porch door open and all the kittens have wandered away."

Then she saw the three lost kittens in the children's arms. "Oh," she cried, "I'm so glad you found them. I was afraid I'd never see them again."

"Then Tiger wasn't lost after all," gasped George. "And he is to be mine, for keeps. But if I'm really going to keep him, I'll have to be more careful. I must remember to close the screen door—even if I am excited or in a hurry. I don't want any more kitten mix-ups."

—Little Learner Paper.

## SOMETHING FOR BOYS

A few days ago I saw a touching and beautiful sight. Driving through a rough part of the country my attention was directed to an elderly woman trying to pick her way over a rough hillside. I heard a whistling boy coming up behind me.

He bounded past, and running up the hill, put his arm around the woman and steadied her steps, saying pleasant words, I know, for the face looked happier for the remarks.

As I passed I heard her say these words, "It's nice to have a boy to come and help Mother down the hill."

They passed on and went into a farm-house.



*"Be ye therefore followers of God, as*

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*dear children; and walk in love."*

## Big Jim

Tall and unbending as the mountain saplings up Dogwood Hollow, Big Jim Hawley stood warily watching the strange young man who came stepping across the stones of Frog Creek. The stranger's bare head glinted a bright copper color against the gloom of the woods. His feet and legs were encased in high woodman boots, and a low whistling came easily from his throat. Strong he looked, too, though not so tall as Jim, but with muscles and a good, red, sunburned look that Jim Hawley respected.

Jim moved his foot, and a stone rolled down the embankment. The stranger looked up then, and in his steady gaze there was no visible surprise at finding another on this lonely side of the Hollow.

"Hello!" He spoke with a quick smile and a hearty note to his voice.

His voice was the most different thing about him, Jim decided—that and a something in his face. The mellow voice proved him a true foreigner—of no mountain kin—and certainly Jim knew everyone this side of Leaning Pine and beyond Perkins Center, for he had lived his twenty years up by way of Wiley's Wood Pile.

The mountain boy did not speak at once, and the newcomer sank down on a rock below him and looked up with a funny grin. "Like a bite to eat?" he asked unexpectedly, and brought a small tin cake box from the pocket. "Been tramping in the woods since dawn," he added easily. "Nothing like this raw spring air for raising an appetite."

With a shake of his head Jim refused the sandwiches that had appeared, but he came down the incline and leaned against a young pine and waited for the stranger to reveal something of himself.

"Name's John Moore," the young man spoke presently, munching his sandwich. "Come from North Georgia." He looked up questioningly.

"Jim Hawley. They call me Big Jim."

John Moore got up and held out his hand. "Glad to know you, Big

Jim," he said. "Do you live near by or come from Perkins Center?"

Jim did not answer. Not all at once would he make open friendship with any man.

John Moore looking at him steadily seemed to understand. "Great view you have up here," he said heartily, putting the lunch tin in his jacket pocket. "A good place for a man to come to — big trees with lots of strong white wood inside the bark, and sky and quiet."

The latter was a half question, and Jim nodded, a glint of smile in his eyes. He watched John Moore disappear through the trees, and a feeling of liking for the man spread over him. He was from a far place, but he seemed to feel the mountain way. That bit of talk of his about the trees that Big Jim helped fell and split into ties when he was working! This man knew even of the inside of trees that Jim could make into smooth tables and chairs up back of the cabin at Wiley's Wood Pile — when he worked at it.

Big Jim had not worked at anything for a good spell now. Timber was not being cut this year up Dogwood Hollow, and nobody whom Big Jim knew needed the plain but adequate furniture which he made from the pine wood that he brought in from the forest. Seemed as though he had used up his own market, selling so much in Perkins Center last spring a year ago. Hardly anybody was newly setting up house-keeping. Only Homer Bear had.

Big Jim chose a pebble at his feet and threw it ahead of him along the pig path which he followed. Homer Bear had been his pal. Together they had sawed big wood in the timber game and in Perkins Center had led the laughing in the back row at meeting. Homer had married and worked now at the blacksmith shop in town. Whenever Jim saw Homer he looked old and quiet. No, he had not tried to sell anything to the Bears. Why the last time he had spoken with Homer, Homer had said that he, Big Jim, had better go to school! And Homer had been serious, had meant it.

Big Jim pushed his hands into his overall pockets. He guessed that new fellow, John Moore, would understand

about seeing life first hand, out in the open, away from books and meetings. Big Jim went on wondering about the stranger. He had not heard of any new families in the mountains, and this fellow, with all his outdoor look, did not bring to mind a surveyor. There were lines in his face that came from something which Big Jim did not know. The only thing apparent about him was that he must be in his middle twenties.

Jim came suddenly upon the Hawley cabin with its hard, clean-swept yard and the old shepherd dog Renny who whined about his knees. Inside, Jim's father sat before the blazing log fire, and Big Jim asked him if he knew of new folks.

"None 'cept the new preacher in Perkins Center," the father answered.

"This here was a young fellow, a woodsman," Jim announced.

His mother leaned in from the kitchen to hear. She always took quick interest when preachers were mentioned. Big Jim knew that she was still hoping that he would take to the preachings. He held his hands out briefly to the fire.

Many times Big Jim spent all day in Perkins Center. Here were gathered most of the men of the Hollow, swapping mountain news over noontime cheese and crackers at the General Store. Today there was mostly talk of the new preacher.

Jud Thomas, a fellow not unlike Big Jim in appearance, grinned at the others knowingly. Wait till this new preacher sees us, he seemed to say. Wait till we laugh out in meeting. Big Jim remembered Preacher Curtis who had lately grown to feeble with age to preach. Christmas, he and Jud and Ira Simpson had scuffled on the back bench. Homer had belonged to the gang, only now someone said that Homer had joined the church.

As Jim left the store, he had a glimpse of Homer standing on the porch of his little house. It stood near, with two other small unpainted cottages, at the back of the General Store. This morning Jim left a mild curiosity about Homer, and he wondered what Homer would think of the fellow whom he had met in Dogwood Hollow. He nodded to Ira Simpson. It was then that he saw

John Moore, dressed in a neat dark suit, swinging along the street toward him.

"Say," Big Jim caught at Ira's sleeve, "what's that fellow doin' in these parts?"

Ira stared at him and laughed. "I 'lowed everybody knew him," he said. "He's the new preacher."

Big Jim stared. "A preacher! Him?"

"Yeah, just got this one out of college."

John Moore was approaching. He had seen Big Jim. It was too late for Jim to dodge that flashing smile that came and went so quickly.

"Hello, Big Jim!" came the mellow voice.

Big Jim turned away, a half nod given, and walked on. So John Moore was a preacher! Well, he reckoned when they started they were young, but he had never thought about it before. John Moore! Big Jim was suddenly curious what a young man could say at meetings.

It was up by way of Leaning Pine that Big Jim next saw the young minister. He came upon him tramping out of the woods much as before.

"Hello, Big Jim!"

"Hello, preacher," Jim said sullenly. No doubt John Moore had heard of him, that he was no good tending school, and about the Christmas schuffle. Oddly Big Jim felt uncomfortable. If only the preacher were not so hard and brown looking!

John Moore spoke of trees now, mentioning one with naked roots where the earth had eroded, bent grotesquely forward almost like Leaning Pine. "Reckon you and I are sorry to see that sight," he said.

"Reckon though," Big Jim said slowly, "we ain't much alike, seein' you are the preacher. Reckon, too, you heard of me and Jud and Ira Simpson."

John Moore looked at him soberly. "No, I hadn't," he said. "I did hear of some big fellows—of Jud—but I didn't know that you were one of them."

"And I didn't know you were the preacher," Big Jim said as if in defence. "Me," he said, "I don't lay store by church and meetings. It's the woods I want 'cause I'm a lumberman and I make furniture."

"Furniture?" the other said in surprise. "Here?"

"Sure," said Big Jim, and wondered why he did not walk on.

"I like to use a hammer and saw," the young preacher said. "Back home I made my family a dining table and some benches."

Big Jim stared, unbelieving. "You learn that in preachers' college?" he asked in wonderment.

"No," said John Moore. "I worked a year in a window-sash factory."

Big Jim stared. "So that's where

you got the muscles?"

John Moore smiled, pleased. "I got these mostly camping and swimming and tramping about in the woods." He leaned nearer Jim, serious. "Listen Big Jim," he said, "I work pretty hard to keep these muscles."

"You don't like being a preacher?" Big Jim inquired.

"Big trees and big men are a part of God's kingdom. "Jesus," said John Moore, "was a carpenter."

Big Jim studied the other's face. "I never thought of that," he said honestly, "but what I hate are books and mighty talkin'." He had never expected to speak to a preacher like this. "You're preachin'," he accused. "It's just a new way o' preachin'."

"Listen, Jim. You don't want to think. You're one-sided. You don't keep a balance. You can't be too much of one thing or another."

"And you ain't sorry to be a preacher?" Jim asked, looking at him.

John Moore laughed heartily. "I'm proud to be a preacher. I want the church and the people, and I want the land and the hard work. I want more than just myself—"

"And you want to make a convert of me," said Jim.

"Only you can make a convert out of you."

Jim listened, and he said awkwardly, "I reckon you mean well. I reckon you might even have the right o' it, but I guess we'd better stick to talk of trees and furniture."

They talked a long time about the furniture right then, and before the young preacher disappeared through the trees he went up to the Hawley cabin to see the tools and workbench by the pear tree. Not till he was gone, did Big Jim remember that he had been talking to the preacher. He had even told him how hard it had become to sell his handiwork work. Big Jim humble! But no two ways about it, he would not be friendly to him around Jud Thomas or Ira Simpson. He would not be much friendly to him in the woods any more, so help him, for he reckoned that it was cowardly to be two ways about it.

The next day Jim proved, if it had needed proving, that he was no physical coward. Alarm had broken out in Perkins Center, wildly called from person to person. There was fire behind the General Store, in the little house where Homer Bear lived. There was no equipment to fight fire, only willing hands and water from the town pump.

Big Jim, one of the first volunteers, gathered with the men and began the fight, but wild flames were already under way. They licked up hot and greedily, and the little house of Homer's was quickly doomed. The men turned their alert attention to the store. The General Store must be

saved.

Precious water was poured over the white walls of the store, the timber roof. Whole sections of shingles were torn loose to see if sparks or hot coals had lodged there. Big Jim was up there, his face stinging, his sooty hands tearing at the boards. Suddenly there was a fresh yell. Flames licked out from the east corner. Jim worked furiously, dashing futile pails of water which someone handed up to him. Close beside him worked two others — Homer whose house was gone, a grim Homer, and still another. It was the young preacher, blackened and determined, beating at the fire with canvas.

Side by side the three men worked, and finally a fourth climbed up—Jud Thomas. Silently they flung their feeble weapons at the slackening flames, and at last the menacing tongues of fire subsided into smoke. Big Jim looked up, taking a deep breath. To his utter astonishment the unprecedented was happening. Raindrops were falling into his hot face—water from the heavens! The store, except one blackened, smoking corner, was saved!

Big Jim grinned broadly at the young preacher when next he saw him in the woods. At last the barrier was completely down. They had been through fire together.

But the following day Big Jim was hard put to it, for early that afternoon a wagon drew up in front of the cabin. John Moore was the driver and the buckboard contained an odd assortment of household goods—bedding, dishes, a rusty stove.

"They are for Homer Bear," John Moore explained to Big Jim and his mother. "Homer's found a new rental place, and the community is helping out for furniture. How about some of your pieces you can't sell, Jim?"

Big Jim stared. His new furniture? He looked at John Moore sullenly. "I guess I want to keep my furniture," he said.

"Be a good sport, Jim," the young minister begged, and Jim, to his own surprise yielded. His table and chairs and a little smooth chest went down the hill to Homer Bear.

Jim did not expect to see Homer soon, but two days later Homer walked into the Hawley cabin yard. A little brighter of countenance, he greeted Jim pleasantly and then made comment. "There's a man in at the county seat that'll buy home-made furniture—gets orders regularly for your kind. I've know it a long spell, but—well—"

"Then you're fixed up all right?" Big Jim wondered, and the two looked at each other. Neither would embarrass the other with thanks. But in a few days word spread about the

mountains that Homer Bear and Big Jim Hawley were friends again.

Sabbath, Big Jim walked into meeting, cap in hand, and sat down about halfway down the room. Jud Thomas and Ira Simpson waited—though a bit uncertainly—to see if Big Jim would lead out with a little interruption. But Big Jim had come to listen, to see what John Moore, who loved trees and big men, would say. There was a new feeling of peace, too, inside Big Jim since he had had a substantial order for furniture.

The preacher was speaking easily, smilingly, almost as he had up there in the woods. He was talking about a young fellow named David who tended sheep on a hillside. Big Jim could understand that and how this David was strong and unafraid, so much so that once he had killed a great giant of a man, and had sung praises to God who had made the earth and men so strong.

Big Jim folded his arms and smiled as he sat in meeting. He reckoned preachers were pretty good. He met John Moore's gaze over the congregation. In it was friendship and admiration. — *By M. B. Hubbard in Young People's Weekly.*

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**LETTERS FROM IDAHO**

Dear Readers,

I have never written to your paper before and hope this won't be the last time.

We have a wonderful church here in Meridian, Idaho and are trying to carry on the Lord's work as we feel He wants us to. Besides Church on Sabbaths we have prayer meetings the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. We do have so much to live and work for and now it seems the 5th chapter of Matthew is very much impressed on my mind; especially the 3rd verse, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The same chapter also tells us about the meek, merciful; pure in heart; they that mourn; and peacemakers, and others too.

I will close asking a part in your prayers and with this verse, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Your Sister in Christ,  
Mrs. Ruth Estep

Dear Readers,

I haven't written to the paper since we moved to Idaho, and hope many others haven't done the same as I. Much can be done if we only begin with the little things around us. By letting our "light shine" we may lead others to the truth. It is hard, these days, not to attend and take part in the many programs which are on Friday nights, but we must do what we believe is right and live

faithful to the end.

If we had a camera which took pictures of the good and bad things we have done in our lives and then had the films developed and the pictures put into two albums, I wonder which album would have more pictures in it—the good or the bad? We would probably be surprised at some of the pictures and wonder why we ever did such a thing. The way to fill the "good" album is to do each day what Jesus wants us to do, it is like in school, each day's recitation counts toward the final grade which is recorded on our cards.

Let us all do what we can.  
Opal Estep

Dear Readers,

It has been a long time since I wrote to the Young People's Friend. I believe we all enjoy reading the nice letters in it each time.

I am in the 8th grade this year. My Birthday is June 1, and I am 13 years old.

We went to Sabbath School today. We are having very nice weather now so we enjoy going. We are not having such good attendance now because so many people have had colds or something else. There has been between 30 and 40 lately. I will close for this time and leave room for others.

A friend,  
Elnora Estep

**Our Bodies**

We are indeed glad to be back in Idaho and to meet with the children of God at the Meridian church. It brings joy to our hearts to see such a large number of clean young people, who have heeded the admonition of Eccles. 12:1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and are now in the service of our Lord. To these and other young people we would say with Solomon, "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth' and consider that only the Creator could have given you such marvelous bodies, and it is the duty of each one to be temperate in all things, and keep the body clean and pure, and a fit dwelling place for the Holy Spirit. The word says: "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

In these days of temptation we need the clear brain that is found in clean bodies, to be able to meet the problems of life, and to say 'no' to the evil, and to stand firm for the right, even though we might have to stand alone.

Remember Paul said, "to glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's." Can one truly glorify God if the body is defiled? "To them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, even their mind and conscience is defiled." James speaks of the little member,

and says it can defile the whole body; so it behooves each one to watch his tongue, "For if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

May God's richest blessings be upon the youth of our church and help them to realize that it is only thru prayer, and following God's commandments, and serving Him in truth that the body may be kept clean, and that they may have a right to enter into His glorious kingdom; for Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Your sister in Christ,  
Mrs. Roy Davison

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**From Texas**

Dear Friends in Christ,

Well the time has rolled around for me to write again to all of the Y P F. As in regard to the Elgin (Texas) meeting we had a very soul inspiring gathering; in the words of our cowboy evangelist we had a real roundup the last day and night of the meeting. There were several additions to our happy family with practically all members reconsecrating their lives to a higher fulfillment of God's word. We made our home with Brother and Sister B. G. Sweet of McDade, about five miles from Elgin. Our next meeting occurred in Conroe about 150 miles from Elgin and about 40 miles north of Houston. While in Conroe we were honored with the presence of Lena and Laura Davis, twins who devoted their time to the Lord singing specials. At Conroe we made our home with Brother and Sister H. M. Perkes. We highly appreciated the hospitality that Bro. and Sister Sweet and Bro. and Sister Perkes set forth and are sure that if all were as sincere and devout in their religion as these two families what a wonderful world this would be. We hope and pray that they may continue in the work of the Lord and may have a right to the tree of life.

On December 14 Brother and Sister Perkes, the Davis twins, Brother Hawkins, and myself went to Huntsville to visit the Texas Prison System (State Penitentiary). The inmates of the T P S have a choice of occupations to their own environment. The most interesting occupation in the T P S was the license bureau which makes on an average of 11,100 licenses per day. In visiting the death chambers I sat in the electric chair hoping never to again have the honor in real life. While in Huntsville we also had the privilege of visiting another educational spot, the home of Sam Houston, his memorial, and the Steamboat house in which he died.

Bro. Hawkins and myself are spending the holidays in Rattan, Okla.; I hope that everyone had an ideal vacation during the holidays, while still holding that Christmas and New

Years are pagan holidays and must not be worshipped by us. I wondered upon listening to several radio programs Christmas eve that if the people, who hold the standard that Christ was born on Dec. 25 and also have such fantastic ideas of Jesus, really understood the simplicity of His birth. One program stressed the idea that possibly the stable was a mistake while God never made a mistake. I wonder how many of the young people differ on this point of view. True, God *never makes* a mistake. The stable being a mistake is something that can't be fully explained while yet it stands to reason that Jesus might have been born outside the stable and then laid in the manger inside as according to Luke 2:7, "And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." Therefore the Bible does not say that Jesus was born in a manger nor does it say that He was born in a stable. The *manger* or *midwad* mentioned was not like the manger we call this day; it was a trough-like hollow on the edge of the raised floor of the "khan" making a convenient and safe place for the little ones.

We plan to hold a few more nights meeting in Conroe before ventures on further East, so hoping to hear from some of you in the near future. I remain,

Your brother in Christ,

Ersol G. Davison

### Hidden Verses

Can you find the verse hidden in the following:

The prince will hereafter have nothing to do with the affairs of this world. I will not talk much to you concerning this matter, for when he cometh, hope he hath no interest in me.

We bring very much of our trouble upon ourselves, and then seek refuge in God, who is our strength and is always present when we need help.

(After studying them out see if your answers are right by turning to St. John 13:30 and Psalm 46:1).

—By a reader

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### A Study of Angels

A messenger of God is sometimes called an angel. Also when spoken of in great numbers are called Hosts of God—a celestial spirit. Heb. 1:14.

The angels were created on the 6th day as found in Gen. 2:1; Neh. 9:6 and Col. 1:16. They were created in different orders as recorded in Isa. 6:2—"Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. Other relating references in 1 Thess. 4:16; 1 Peter 3:22; Jude 1:9.

The angels of the Lord God and

Our Lord Jesus Christ have had numerous missions to fulfill as recorded in the scriptures. Among the more interesting ones we find where the angels disposed of the law to the people in Acts 7:53. They were a medium of revelation to the prophets. 2 Kings 1:15; Dan. 4:13-17; Acts 8:26; 23:9; Heb. 2:2, etc.

These angels of God are immortal and worship God. Luke 20:26; Neh. 9:6; Phil. 2:10, 11; Heb. 1:6. They are not to be worshipped because they say of themselves (Rev. 19:10) "See thou do it not: I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God: for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

They do not marry. Matt. 22:30; Mark 12:50. They have knowledge and interest in earthly affairs. Matt. 24:36. Some appeared at the transfiguration.

These angels are examples of meekness—2 Pet. 2:10 & 11.

Angels are wise, mighty and holy. 2 Sam. 14:17; Ps. 103:20; Matt. 25:31.

Angels have been known to announce births of outstanding Bible characters: Samson (Judges 13); John the Baptist (Luke 1:11-20) and Jesus (Matt. 1:20 & 21).

Angels of the churches were revealed to John in Rev. 1 & 2. This is a grand study.

In closing please read these fine references: Luke 15:10; 12:8; Matt. 24:31-36; Mark 9:37.

—By Lula Stith

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### A Hidden Verse

This verse has 31 words which are as follows:

The 4th, 13th, 20th and 28th words are the same; you will find it by turning to Psalm 119:165, the third word. The 14th is also the 2nd word in this same verse.

The first is the second in Ps. 73:12. The 29th is the third in Rev. 21:7.

The 7th and 21st which are the same are the 4th word in 1 John 2:15. This word is repeated three times in this verse.

In Matt. 5:14 the first word will be the 11th & 18 of this hidden verse. They are the same.

The second is a six letter word repeated twice in Heb. 11:1.

The 3rd and 27th which are the same is the first in Luke 5:32. The 5th is the next to the last word in Rom. 14:16. The nineteenth is the third in Mark 8:36.

The 16th and 13th which are the same is the second in Luke 12:37.

Rom. 12:12 the 6th word is the 21st in this hidden verse. The 9th and 15th is found in John 14:2 the first word.

The sixth is the 2nd in Matt. 11:28. The 7th is the fifth in Matt. 11:29. The 23rd to 26th inclusive, are the 3rd to 6th in Acts 27:25. The 10th

is the 3rd in Matt. 11:28. The eighth is the next to last word in Matt. 10:15. And the 12th is the last word in Deut. 6:5.

—By Genevieve Moore.

A reader in Iowa sent in a fine long letter containing an article by a friend of his, a college student. The title of the article is "Why Religion For College Students." It will appear in the next issue of the Y P F. so watch for it.

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### Why I Consider Squirrels Unclean

Squirrel: A small, active grey or reddish-brown, gnawing animal with a long bushy tail. Animal: beast.

Lev. 11:27, "And whatsoever goeth upon his paws, among all manner of beasts that go on all four, those are unclean unto you." How travels a squirrel? Deut. 14:2-6. In verse 4 we read, "These are the beasts (animals) which you shall eat: the ox, sheep and the goat."

Beast: Any four-footed animal as distinguished from birds, insects fishes and man.

Verse 5 reads, "The hart, and the roebuck and the fallow deer, and the wild goat and pygarg, and the wild ox and the chamois.

Pygarg: bison or buffalo.

Chamois: an antelope found on high European peaks; commonly a soft leather. (An antelope is an animal belonging to the same family as the goat and deer.)

Thus we readily see the difference between the clean and the unclean beasts as pertaining to food for God's peculiar people.

Walk in the light as it comes to each. God is your Judge of how much you know or have the chance of learning.

"O! I like the taste!" exclaims someone. Remember poor Eve? She also found something pleasant to one of her senses! Just that *small act* in the garden of Eden makes a lot of difference between sinners and righteousness.

Think these things over. This animal under consideration is also claimed to carry the bubonic plague as the rat carries it.

—By Minnie Mims

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### OUR HONOR STATE

IDAHO is the first to be Honor State this year, with 50 points. Other States which earned points are Kan., Iowa, Texas, Oklahoma and Wis.

Very likely we will continue this feature for several months, and we wonder which State will be Honor State the most times with the highest number of points.

We are pleased that our readers have taken such a good interest in this paper, and hope the good work will continue.

—Editor.

I know they were mother and son.

"There is a sermon in those few words," I thought. I wish every boy could have heard them. —Unknown.

### OUR LIVES

We are writing a gospel,  
A chapter each day;  
By the deeds that we do,  
By words that we say.  
People read what we write,  
Whether faithful or true;  
Say what is the gospel,  
According to You?

Children, what are you doing for Jesus? Do the children in the school yard know you are trying to live a useful, happy Christian life? If not, why not? We are all writing a chapter into our lives. What does it say? Something you do or say might not hurt you but some one is watching. What do they see in your life? The children of today are the leaders of tomorrow. Will you, one and all, do your part? Just what is the gospel according to YOU.

Mrs. Frank M. Walker

### A BOY'S WISH

I wish I might have been the boy  
Who followed Christ that day,  
Who gave his lunch that He might feed  
The crowd that followed him.  
I wish I might have helped him do  
Some wondrous miracle.  
I wish — But I, of course, can't be  
That boy so long ago.  
So I'll look about to see  
If I can help today.  
Perhaps the thing I'd like to do  
Is just what someone needs,  
And maybe he is waiting now  
For me to help him work.

—James A. Johnson (Sel.)

### FROM KANSAS

Dear Missionary Readers,

This is my first time to write to the paper. I was 11 years old Dec. 16. There are 9 in my class. My mother is the teacher. We have learned the Lord's prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the 23rd Psalm this quarter.

We made booklets and pasted in our picture cards. We write the lesson story under each picture. There are to be prizes for the three best booklets.

We are going to have a program at the end of the quarter. We will each tell a story about one of the lessons. Some of us will sing. I will close with a puzzle: eht dolr lliw otn ferusf eth

ouls fo eth tegihour to miasfh: tub eh steacd ways het satbcnules fo eth kicedw.

Your Friend, Eileen Reynolds

(We enjoyed hearing about your wide-awake S. S. class. Thanks for the puzzle. Write again. —Editor).

### QUESTIONS

- 1—How many men did Samson kill with the jaw-bone of an ass?
- 2—Where did Samson's strength lay?
- 3—Whose wife became a pillar of salt?
- 4—How old was Noah when he died?
- 5—Who cut off the skirt of Saul's robe?
- 6—How many days and nights did Jesus fast?
- 7—Who raised Lazarus from the dead?
- 8—How many years had the famine been in the land of Egypt when Joseph made himself known to his brothers?
- 9—Who caused the iron to swim?
- 10—How many years did the Lord add to Hezekiah's life?

(Answers to appear in next issue.)

—Ella Wright

### NOTICE ABOUT THE LESSONS

We hope the S. S. teachers especially will notice there are three Intermediate and Primary lessons in this issue. Three appear this time that the lessons might hereafter be moved one week ahead for the benefit of Sabbath schools which, in the past, hardly received their paper in time to use the first lesson in each issue.

### PRIMARY LESSON No. 2, 14, 1939

#### WHY ADAM LOST HIS GARDEN

Gen. 2:16-17; 3:1-8, 23, 24

Read the story and learn the Memory Verse.  
Titus 1:16.

The only thing God told Adam and Eve they should not do was to eat fruit from the tree of knowledge. But satan tempted Eve and told her she could eat it if she wanted to. The things we are not supposed to have always look good to us until after we get them. The fruit looked good to Eve so she ate it. Then she gave Adam some of it. Was God pleased with them? Could they hide from God? Because Adam and Eve disobeyed God they were driven away from their home. They had to work hard. God even cursed the ground. He made thorns and weeds grow. If they had obeyed God we would probably be living in the Garden of Eden today.

(You may paste in the card).

### PRIMARY LESSON No. 3, Jan. 21, 1939

#### WHY GOD HELPED NOAH

Gen. 6:13-22

Read the story on the card and learn memory verse. Gen. 6:22.

Noah is a good example of a faithful person to us. He trusted God completely and did **everything** God told him to do. If he had disobeyed God in **one** thing, he would not have been saved. Noah not only served God himself, but for 120 years he preached to the people. He told them to obey God. Do you think you would keep on preaching for so long a time if no one believed what you said? Or would you decide you were wrong? No matter how much people make fun of us, we **must always** do what God wants us to do! He alone can save us but we must obey Him. (You may paste card in book).

#### PRIMARY LESSON No. 4, Jan. 28, 1939

##### GOD'S RAINBOW OF PROMISE

From Gen. 9:8-17

Read the story on the picture card and learn the memory verse. Gen. 9:13.

The 120 years God spoke of passed. Noah finished building the ark. He put all the birds and animals and food into it that God had told him to. Then it began to rain.

It rained 40 days and 40 nights. Everything on the earth was covered with water—even the very highest mountains.

After the rain stopped the waters went away. The very first thing Noah did after they all got out of the ark was to worship God.

Then God made a promise to Noah. Can you tell us what that promise was? The very same rainbow we see today is a remembrance of that promise to Noah. Don't you think it is a beautiful remembrance? (Past card in book).

#### INTERMEDIATE LESSON No. 2, Jan. 14, 1939

##### WHY ADAM LOST HIS GARDEN

Gen. 2:16-17; 3:1-8, 23, 24

Read the lesson. Learn memory verse. Tit. 1:16

- 1—Why do you suppose God put the tree of Knowledge in the garden?
- 2—Why did He let the serpent tempt Eve?
- 3—Do you think God wants us to serve Him because we are forced to? or because we love Him? Why?
- 4—Why did God drive them out of the garden?
- 5—Did God make sure they would not go back to the garden? How?
- 6—Did God say they would die? Is that why we have to die, too?
- 7—Was that death eternal? Why not?
- 8—Do Adam and Eve have a promise of Christ the same as we?
- 9—Read Gen. 3:15. The seed of the woman,

spoken of there refers to Christ.

- 10—Don't you think the example of their sin and punishment should be a good lesson for us? How?

(For your scrapbook: Find or write anything you like that is about the lesson just studied).

#### INTERMEDIATE LEESON No. 3, Jan 21, 1939

##### WHY GOD HELPED NOAH

Study Gen. 6; learn memory verse: Gen. 6:22.

1. Why did God repent in His heart that He had made man?
2. Why did God select Noah and Noah's family to be saved?
3. How long did God say He would wait before He destroyed all the people?
4. What did God tell Noah to make?
5. Describe the way Noah was to make the ark.
6. Of what benefit was the pitch that God instructed Noah to use?
7. How many animals and birds of each kind was Noah to put in the ark?
8. What kind of food did he take?
9. In how many things did Noah obey God?
10. Do you think it would have been all right if Noah had left out some of the little things or had added his own ideas? Why?

For your scrapbook—draw (or get from somewhere) a picture of the ark as you imagine it. Then write a short article on the most interesting point brought out in the lesson.

#### INTERMEDIATE LESSON No. 4, Jan. 28, 1939

Read Gen. 8:15-22; 9:1-18.

Learn memory verse: Gen. 9:13.

1. What did Noah do first after he left the ark?
2. How was this offering accepted by God?
3. What did God tell Noah they could eat? (Notice this is the first record we have of flesh being eaten. Before the flood only herbs (or vegetables, we might say) and fruit are mentioned for food.)
4. With whom did God make a covenant?
5. What was the covenant?
6. What was the token of the Covenant?
7. How long was the covenant to last?
8. Do you ever think of God and Noah when you see a rainbow?
9. Name Noah's three sons.

For your scrapbook: If you have ever seen an especially interested rainbow try to describe it or draw a likeness of it. (I have seen two rainbows side by side. I have also seen a rainbow form a complete circle around the sun at noon). Be sure to write in your scrapbook all the colors of the rainbow and the order in which they appear.