



"And that knowing the time, that now Stanberry, Missouri, Dec. 30, 1940 it is high time to awake out of sleep."

Arland's Problem UNCLE DAN'S SOLUTION WORK'S TWO WAYS

The curtain rises and the living room of the Downing family comes into view. Arland, the oldest son, age 23—a son any parents would be proud of—is seated by the reading lamp reading a magazine. As he finished the article "Does America Need God" he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees with his chin cupped in his hands, in deep meditation. He was thinking about his parents and his brother Leland, who was just 16, and his two sisters, Grace, age 19, and Alice, age 12, who were spending the evening at a birthday party. Arland had not gone because he half expected a friend of his to call to practice some music with him that evening.

The young man sat motionless for some time, thinking. Not only did America really need God, but his father and mother—the whole family—needed God too. But how could he wake them up to this fact? What could he do to make them God-conscious and bring them closer to God? This had been his problem ever since he had taken a short course in a distant city two months ago, where he also had opportunity to attend the last ten days of an old fashioned revival meeting conducted by the church of which he was a member. This meeting had aroused him to sense several important facts in a very clear way. One of these facts was that we should be God-conscious every day of our life, and that the principles of Christ should motivate our whole life. Another fact was that Christendom had slumped into spiritual drowsiness and was lukewarm in its professed following of the Lord, and needed awakening. Mere church going was far from the answer to these things.

Just then the telephone rang. As Arland took down the receiver the voice at the other end of the line said, "Hello, that you Arland? Say, I'm sorry to be a little late, but I'll be over in twenty minutes. Am bringing a friend, Charles Benson. He will play the piano for us. That's all right with you, isn't it?"

"Sure, that'll be grand," was the reply, and then the receivers clicked.

Arland got out his violin and began to tune it to the piano. His problem and his parents again bounded into his thoughts for further mental discussion. So far he had been unable to arouse them or devise any suitable plan by which he thought he could awaken them to fully sense their Christian duty especially toward their family. He was proud of his parent in many ways. They were indeed highly respected people, and Mr. Downing had provided well for his family, but in recent years they had slipped spiritually and gotten lax in their religion. They went to church occasionally, but in the home seldom asked the blessing at the table and did not have family worship as had been their custom when Arland was in grade school. He could see that neglecting these things was beginning to fashion its unwanted reward, but he left sure it was not too late yet to do something about it. His brother and sisters certainly needed more Christian training and influence than they were getting. He had talked with his mother, but to little avail, it seemed. She had said that as long as they were good church members there was nothing to worry about, especially since they did not keep company with young people of questionable character. She did not realize that they were gradually leaving God out of their lives more and more. The parents had unconsciously set the example and the children had automatically followed—all except Arland who took more interest in spiritual things than any of the others.

Arland looked at his watch just as the door bell sounded. In a moment the two gentlemen were inside. Upon introduction Arland said to Charles, "Am I right in guessing your father is the Lutheran minister, who pastors the church on North 8th Street?"

"You're right. My father has been pastor there almost two years," was his reply in a pleasant tone.

"My sister Grace has mentioned you," said Arland, "and I'm glad George brought you along. You play the piano, don't you?"

"O some," he said, his words lacking any shade of boastfulness.

George took out his violin while Arland got his and sorted out some music. They spent a pleasant evening together with Charles Benson at the piano, George playing second and Arland first violin. Half way through their last piece the door opened and in came the Downings, home from the quiet but gay party.

(Continued on page 4)

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF "GRACE"

A few years ago I had quite a lengthy discussion with some people about keeping the Ten Commandments, which they more commonly referred to as "the law." Of course as many other people are, they were very much set against the idea of still being obliged to keep all of the Ten Commandments. And they would take you around in such a foolish circle of dizzy ideas in attempting to tell you why, that it almost makes me sick to think about it, and it is pitiful to see people with such twisted views. One of such, that impressed me most, was the way they take advantage of "grace."

But there are many people, who stubbornly insist that Christ came to take away the Ten Commandments (which is often termed "the law"), to destroy the only definite means of knowing right from wrong; that He brings a "free" salvation; and that we need *only* to believe, and our "sins" will be forgiven us.

They magnify the meaning of the word grace so much that it seems as if they would have you believe that God, by His grace, would forgive us of our sins so freely that we would have little reason to fear sin or its consequences—do anything we wish and He will forgive us. This leaves a man to draw his own conclusions, make his own laws of right and wrong. In drawing his own lines, if they suit the people, they are good moral folks and God, by His grace, will forgive us if we *don't* happen to abide by all of His desires.

They would rather believe that we have no obligations at all toward God. Only "believe" in Him and His Son and we would be "saved" by His never failing grace.

To those who believe that way I

ask, as do others, What is sin if it is not disobedience? And how can there be disobedience if there is nothing to disobey? And what good does it do to believe, if we do nothing about it? No! I do not mean to insinuate that you do not do any thing. But I do say that you do not do any thing that is good without first being commanded by the law to do so.

Back to the subject of grace. First we must have faith before we can expect anything of Grace (Heb. 11:6). I believe we are agreed on that. Faith is believing. Faith also includes action, or doing, as faith without works is dead (James 2:20). What is work, and what good is work without a purpose a goal or some end toward which to work. Over which road do we travel by our works if we have not a map guide or set of rules to follow and who beside God has knowledge and wisdom enough to make a set of rules for us to follow that will take us safely to our destination? When we take a journey do we just sit down and say "I believe that God will take me safely there"? Or do we get up and make preparations? Our journey through life is important for if we don't drive safely we may not reach our goal.

However there is such a thing as Grace and Grace and Faith both have their perfect meanings and uses.

We as people, are weak and we need faith to keep from being so weak that we can not stand. But even with faith we are still so weak that we often stumble, and then is when we need Grace, not Grace on our part (in this instance) but God's Grace, to forgive us for being so weak and to gladly help us back up again. It is grace on God's part, that He keeps on loving and helping us when we are so weak. When we honestly and sincerely try to do the best we know how, and then when in our weakness, we stumble, but are honestly and sincerely sorry that we stumbled and put forth our best efforts to make up for the harm done, and to overcome that weakness or those weaknesses, then is when God is graceful toward us.

But I tell you that no matter how hard you try to make it that way, God *does not* extend grace to those who deliberately disobey Him. Paul in Romans 6:1, 2 says, "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. . ." And verse 23, "For the wages of sin is death; . . ."

Neither does God extend grace to those who just let happen what will, and care not. Those who think doing nothing can harm no one might change their minds if they would study Matthew 25. For what happened to the five virgins who had no oil in their lamps? They were called foolish and were left outside when

the Bridegroom arrived. And what happened to the servant who was given a talent, and was too lazy to do any thing with it. He had the liberty to do as he pleased with it, but because he was so slothful and did not use his liberty righteously, his master called him wicked, took away even that which he had and commanded that he be cast into outer darkness where there would be weeping and gnashing of teeth. —Pearl Marrs

(To be Continued)

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Do You Know?

- 1—What Bible character had a disease in his feet in his old age?
- 2—Who called another man a dead dog?
- 3—Who had his head caught in an oak tree and hanged himself?
- 4—What men were slain because they could not pronounce "H"?
- 5—Who was slain because he wrongly placed his hands on the ark?
- 6—What nation was saved by using moldy bread and old shoes?

ANSWERS

- (1) 1st Kings 15; 23; (2) 2 Sam 16:9; (3) 2 Sam. 18:9; (4) Judges 12:6; (5) 1 Chron. 13:9, 10; (6) Joshua 9:11-27.

—Anna Fern Leasure.

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ARLAND'S PROBLEM

(Continued from page 3)

"That's very good music," complimented Mr. Downing as they finished. "Won't you play some more?"

George looked at his watch. "It's later than I thought. I'll have to run along. Next time we'll play each of you a special piece," he promised.

"Mother," said Alice after they had gone, "I wish I had a violin."

Before she could reply her oldest brother spoke, "That's an idea, Alice. I was thinking about your next birthday."

* * *

Three days later Arland received a letter from their Uncle Dan who lived on the shore of a beautiful lake in northern Wisconsin. Uncle Dan had just finished making a violin, using some choice bird's-eye maple he had salvaged from an old abandoned saw-mill, and it was well seasoned. He thought Arland might be interested in buying it at a reasonable price since he had written about having a violin made some months before.

Arland was delighted over the thought of getting a violin made by his Uncle, who was an expert violin maker. If he bought it he could give Alice his present one, and he'd give her some lessons too.

Early the next day young Mr. Downing was on his way north in his own blue roadster. He was planning to stay a few days and was sorry not one of the family could go with him because of other plans that had been made.

Just as the sun touched the horizon that evening Uncle Dan's home and the lake came into view. The beauty of it all fascinated him. Another mile and he stopped in the yard just as his Uncle was coming out of the house.

"A very welcomed surprise," Dan greeted him. "I didn't expect you this soon."

"How are you Uncle Dan?" replied his nephew taking his hand for a lively shake. "I had to come and see that violin you wrote about."

"It's waiting for you, my boy, but first we shall have a bite of supper."

"But where's Aunt Bess?" questioned Arland as they entered the house.

"She went to visit her sister and won't be home this week. We'll have a pleasant time just the same."

When Dan brought out the special violin, Arland stared at it in amazement. It's golden beauty was out of the ordinary and beyond his expectation. And when he put it to his chin the deep clear tone fascinated him. He played one piece and then his Uncle played one.

"Considering its value," Arland began after he was satisfied it was the best violin he had ever played, "I'm almost afraid to ask what your price is, but I am anxious to know."

"It's worth much more than I'll ask you," assured Dan. "Make me an offer."

"O I couldn't do that."

"Well, you can have it for \$25."

"Do you mean that? Why, that's hardly a down payment. But here's the money," he said counting out five fives.

* * *

The next morning at breakfast Dan said, "Arland, I've some exploring to do today and want you to go with me. I'm sure it will suit you. We'll take several pails with us."

The young man look puzzled. "I guess I don't catch on. It's the wrong time of the year to tap maple trees."

"It's blueberry season now and I felt sure you'd like to go with me and pick a few. About 20 miles north of here near the river are a lot of them I understand. It's a bit wild up there—that is not settled but very little because of the sandy land, but it is good berry country."

"Won't I surprise the folks if I bring them a few quarts of blueberries," Arland replied. "They all like them in our house and Grace can make the best blueberry pie. Mother says her berry pies are just as good, but I'm not so sure of it—Dad is tho."

Ten o'clock found them on a narrow, sandy, untraveled road near the place of their destination. On their way up Arland had explained to his Uncle his problem concerning his parents, and in fact, the whole family. Dan, being an earnest Christian,

became very interested and promised to help him all he could. He would give him some advice before he returned home, but he needed a little time to think first.

Upon rounding a sharp turn—"We'll stop here," directed his Uncle.

Arland was out of the car almost before it had stopped and was sampling the blue bits of deliciousness in a patch thick with them.

"Don't you reckon you'll need a pail?" reminded Dan.

Arland laughed. "I suppose we did bring them to use," he said between swallows.

In a short time they had gathered three gallons between them.

"Shall I look for another patch?" asked Arland.

"It'd be all right. I'll finish these up here. The river is less than a quarter of a mile west. Why not go over that way? I'll come with the car before long."

In almost no time the young man was out of sight. It was great to be in such wild country. It looked that way to him. Upon nearing the river he was surprised to see a canoe anchored near a small tree. Looking around he saw not a sign of a soul, spirit or body. Did it belong to some Indians, he asked himself? Suddenly he heard some one scream. It sounded like a girl's voice, but he could see no one. Standing motionless he looked about bewildered. Another scream pierced his ears, and looking down the river he saw a big black bear standing on his hind legs looking at something.

"To the rescue," quoted Arland, and he crouched low and darted behind some thick brush in a roundabout way toward the direction of the bear to see what was engaging his interest, feeling sure the screams had come from that direction. Running like a deer he headed for a thick clump of bushes, behind which he intended to pause to see what all the excitement was about.

The cracking of twigs under his feet as he ran revealed his presence and just as he came upon the intended spot he almost ran into a young lady, who cried again, "Help, Charles a bear's after me," and she rushed toward him for protection before she noticed it wasn't Charles after all.

The bear quickly scurried away into the woods as Arland came into sight, and the girl's fear of it vanished close behind. Utter surprise took its place as she stopped only a few feet from the blueberry hunter who was a stranger to her and bursted out, "O, I thought you were my brother Charles. I'm glad you came anyway," she said, half apologizing. "I thought sure that bear, standing on its hind legs was going to charge. I never was so frightened in all my

life."

"A bear will seldom attack a person," said Arland with a smile, "unless it has been hurt." Then he changed the subject. "You are here with your brother Charles?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, looking around. "He was here just a few minutes ago. I had no idea he was out of hearing distance."

"You don't happen to mean Charles Benson?" he asked noting a slight resemblance and thinking there was one chance in a hundred she might be his sister.

"Why, yes, he's my brother," she answered in more surprise. "Do you know him?"

"He was at my house the other night. First time I met him. Nice fellow. You must be his sister Lenora."

Another wave of surprise fashioned an expression on her face not unpleasant. "Then you must be Grace Downing's brother Arland I venture to guess."

"You're right. Grace Dawning is my sister and I'm her brother Arland. But how do you happen to be away up here in Wisconsin? Isn't it strange how both of us from the same town meet for the first time so far away in a place like this?" he said.

"It's more than strange to me, but what's really out of the ordinary is to have a bear as the chief factor in bringing about this informal introduction," laughed Lenora.

Just then they heard cracking of twigs near by and looking around saw Charles coming into view.

Not expecting to find his sister here, much less two people, he stopped short, mouth ajar and gazed dumbfounded for a moment.

"We won't harm you," beckoned Arland.

"Why—what's—that you Arland Downing, way up here in Wisconsin?" stammered the surprised young man.

An explanation soon followed and he laughed freely when he heard about the bear. "Wished I'd seen it."

"We came up the river in a canoe," explained Lenora. "We're staying with some friends in a couple of cabins about two miles down the river. We came up with them the day before yesterday."

The sound of a car horn in the distance startled Charles and Lenora.

"That's my Uncle," calmed Arland. "He knows this country well, and we came up here today to pick a few blueberries. I'll have to be going."

As he started off Charles called after him, "Why not stop in at our cabin before you go home? Your Uncle will know where it is."

"Thanks," Arland called back, "may-I will tomorrow."

Upon reaching the car Arland had quite an experience to tell Uncle Dan.

Toward evening, as they were returning with several pails full of berries, Uncle Dan said little.

"You feeling all right?" asked his Nephew.

"Feeling as fit as your fiddle tho I'd rather call it a violin. But, my boy, I've a few questions to ask you and if you've the right answers, I think I have a plan that will help, if not completely bring about a solution of your problem concerning your parents. Seems to me it should work if I know them like I think I do. It will make then see and realize just what their lack of definite Christian training and education in their home is doing."

"What is your plan?" asked his Nephew with excited interest.

—Contributed to the Y. P. F.
(To be Continued)

From Missouri

Dear Readers,

What is the matter with everyone? Why are there not more articles and letters by the readers and fewer selected? Don't you always look to see if any of the readers have something in the paper? I do, for I like to read them first.

I don't suppose many of you know that there are young people in Canada who read the Y. P. F. each week. Why don't they and readers in various parts of the U. S. write something for the paper so we can become acquainted?

It will not only help the Editor but will make our paper more interesting. I realize that I haven't done my part in setting an example but now that my pen is started I hope to keep it moving in providing more material for the Y. P. F.

Perhaps you think you cannot write as interestingly as someone else or cannot express your ideas well. You will never know if you don't try.

Let's each make a resolution to provide material at regular intervals. Let us not only make but keep this resolution.

Watch our paper improve!

Faye Lippincott

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From West Virginia

Dear Readers of the Y. P. F.,

I want to thank all of you young people for your prayers in my behalf. I know you prayed for me because I could feel them. I am glad to say that I am at home now and getting along fine. I also want to thank those who wrote and sent cards to me. They were certainly a great help to me during my illness.

This is another Sabbath day and I would certainly like to go to Sabbath school. I don't feel like going as yet but by next week I can go.

I sometimes wonder if we realize how thankful we should be to our

Heavenly Father for the wonderful privilege He gives us of being allowed freedom of worship. When we think of all the persecuted people in the war-stricken countries and what they have to endure, we should be ashamed to complain about our petty trials and persecutions.

I am closing with the prayer that we may all be faithful until the end, and work tirelessly in the Lord's service.

Anyone is welcome to write who would like. I will be delighted to hear from you.

A Christian youth,
Anna Fern Leasure

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From California

To all the Y. P. F. Readers, greetings in Jesus' name:

I have just been acquainted with the Y. P. F. a short time but I think it is a good paper. I thank God for the various ways of witnessing for Him and spreading His wonderful Gospel of salvation.

In Matt 5:16 we read, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

I ask the prayers of each one that I will do God's will.

If any one wishes to write to me I would be glad to correspond.

Lee English

Rt. 1, B. 6, Corcoran, Calif.

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From Colorado

Dear One and All,
Greetings in Jesus name,

Time surely flies. Here it has been more than two months since I wrote to our little paper.

I am still herding sheep. I thank the Lord that I can have a job where I can keep the Sabbath without any trouble.

I do not get to attend Sabbath school, which I would like very much to do. I surely long to hear one of our ministers speak and to hear some good songs again.

I certainly hope Brother Frank Walker can get started to broadcasting over the radio before long.

It seems that we can't get enough funds for the radio work. Let us all take hold of the wheel and pull together and see if we can't get this broadcasting to rolling.

I know it is hard to get along these days, but if each one of us can help just a little I think we will be well paid for our effort. We will also be spreading the blessed Word to many others. Some of the time we probably cannot see where we are making any head way, but let us not be weary in well doing.

A brother in His service,
Kenneth Churchwell

EDITORIAL

We are pleased with the amount of material that has come in for the Y. P. F. the last few days. Some of it will appear in this issue, and much we would like to see appear now will have to wait until next week (not two weeks, we can we glad) because of material already in type for this issue.

Those who have not sent in any material of late, please don't get the mistaken idea that we now have a supply sufficient for weeks ahead, for that is not the case. Time goes fast, and one week rolls around right on the heels of the preceding week without an inch of space between or a minute of vacation. (To the editor it seems like time goes faster since this paper was made a weekly).

It is indeed good to see the interest you readers take in this paper, and may the coming year find us all, individually and collectively, much alive to our Christian duty before God and our fellowmen. There are many ways we can cast our bread upon the waters. And speaking of letting our light shine—one way is through the Y. P. F. —L. C.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

What is the difference in judging after the flesh and as God judges. John 8:15-16.

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Do we find Christian Fellowship in the old Bible?

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What does it mean to afflict our souls in Isa. 58:3.

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Do you have to speak in tongues to have the Holy Spirit?

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What is in heaven that was made by man?

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When thinking of those that will be saved, is it wrong to consider ourselves among them?

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Are monuments and statues considered idols?

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When we pray to God, do we know why we close by saying "These favors we ask in Jesus' name" and "Amen"?

What is the meaning in Proverbs 26:4 and 5?

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I have talked with people who say we do not know what day we keep. That Wednesday might be the 7th day for all we know as there is no accurate record of time. Can this be proven?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PREVIOUSLY SENT IN

ANSWER to question, Should we try to help answer our prayers. Yes I think we should. Read Jas.

2:14-22. "Faith without works is dead." Therefore when we pray we should help as much as possible to help God answer our prayers. How would it be if we pray, "Give us this day our daily bread" and sit down and not help God to give us our daily bread? We have to work as well as pray. Works do not show lack of faith, but they increase it, for "As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

—Josephine Edwards.

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ANSWER to question, Was wine and strong drink used before the flood? Where is the first recording of it?

There is no recording of wine and strong drink before the flood. The first record of it is found in Genesis 9:20, etc.

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ANSWER to question, Are the writers of St. John, John 1-2-3, Revelation and the beloved disciple all the same person?

There is no Bible proof in answer to this question but Smith's Dictionary of the Bible defines the beloved disciple as being the writer of St. John, 1st John and the Revelations, but John 2 and 3 they have not been able to discern the writer of.

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ANSWER to question, Did Christ ascend into Heaven more than once after His crucifixion?

John 20:17, Jesus told Mary to "Touch me not," as He had not yet ascended unto His Father. Later in the chapter, after several days He tells Thomas to, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands: and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless but believing." Thus he must have ascended to His Father and come back. Read John 20:17 also 24th to 27th verses. —Genevieve Moore

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ANSWER to question, "Should we help answer our prayer?"

I certainly do believe that we should help to answer our prayers. I wouldn't say go and do just anything that happens to enter one's mind, and think that it would be helping our prayers to be answered, as we should use good judgment in all things. If we don't know what to do to help our prayers to be answered then we need to show no lack of faith.

We should not ask and not have faith enough to believe that we will be answered. But if we can help, then I believe that we should, for James says, "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." And in verse 18, Ch. 2, "I will shew thee my faith by my works." Verse 24, "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only."

—Pearl Marrs

Dear Fr.

It is about
ance. I saw the
How many of you
and I thought I bet
hope every reader w
article to the paper before

It has been snowing here.
I think of the song, "O wash m
writer than snow."

I have a book at home called Little
very good I think. Some places it sp
things I don't believe in but all around it is a ver
good book.

Last Sabbath only twenty-one came to Sab-
bath school. We were glad for that many but
wished for the usual fifty or sixty. Bro. Hugh
Miller spoke on the Beatitudes. He took each
one separately and explained it. This was very
interesting and I learned some things about them
that I didn't know before.

I was glad to see Una Lea Williams' letter in
the Missionary. I met her at Campmeeting and
thought she was a very sweet little girl.

A few days ago I received a letter from Aunt
Lena's little girl, stating that Aunt Lena has not
been feeling very well. She asked prayer for her.
I hope by now she feels much better.

With Christian love,
Evelyn McCance

SUNBEAMS

FROM MISSOURI

Dear Missionary Readers:

A year ago I was in the dark, not realizing that
the Sabbath was on what we call Saturday. But
when Bro. Williamson held the tent meeting we
finally found the light, in fact while in the Chris-
tian Church we very seldom even looked at the
Bible. But now we study the Bible almost
every spare minute.

The people now-a-days sit through a sermon,
drinking it in as it is fed to them. It's just like
a mother bird feeding its young. They would
think you a crazy person if you stood up and ask-
ed the preacher a question.

I'm thankful that in our Church of God we
can talk and discuss the lesson together.

My playmates come over on the Sabbath and
try to draw my attention to worldly pleasure,
when I've told them that the Sabbath is not for
worldly pleasures. But still they come over to
play. There are so many things to draw a per-
son's attention that it is hard to resist them.

Well my letter is getting long so will close.

Your Bro. in Christ,
Bobby Wirth

(Yes it is hard for children to always do right
when their playmates do not. But the Lord will
always help you. —Editor).

Some Day It Will Be Too Late

Some day it will be too late,
Some day to enter the Golden Gate;
Some day soon, Jesus will call
And you cannot stand alone, but will fall.

Be ready to serve the Lord day and night,
Or you shall not enter the Gate to the right;
Do not lay down your burdens and rest
But carry them on and you shall be blest.

For Jesus will come in an hour ye know not,
And will be ready to gather His flock;
So be ye ready to answer His call
For Jesus loves both, great and small.

—By Kleetis Wirth

(Yes, you are helping the letter box by doing
your part. Thanks for the poem. —Editor).

FROM OKLAHOMA

Hello, Missionary Readers:

I thought I would write and tell you what has
happened in the past time. I have been paying
more attention to the little paper. I read yester-
day about Gerald's Testing Time. It was pretty
long but I liked it. I like the poems and the
story on the first page.

I read in the Bible yesterday in Genesis 1:14
how God made the lights. I like to read the
Bible. I am nine years old. I am going to send a
story. I will close. Your little friend,

Arlene Killgore

(Crowder is well represented in our little paper
lately. Thanks for your help. —Editor.)

Dear Missionary Readers:

I am seven and in the second grade in school.
I like to read the little paper. They stopped
school here for a week because flu was so bad.
They have all had it in our family but myself and
one sister. I hope we don't take it. We had an
all-day meeting here last Sabbath. There were
lots of visitors here. We had a good time.

Your friend, Fern Killgore

(We hope you escape the Flu and that the
rest are well now. Write again. —Editor).

ABRAHAM'S BLESSING

Abraham lived to be an old man before he had any children. Then God promised him a son. This son was Isaac, and Abraham loved Isaac very much. God promised that through Isaac all the nations (or people) of the earth would receive a blessing.

When Isaac was grown he had two sons, Esau and Jacob. Jacob was blessed by Isaac before Isaac died, and through him came the blessing of Abraham his grandfather.

Jacob's name was changed to Isaac when God blessed him in the wilderness after he had wrestled with an angel. So his twelve sons were the beginning of the twelve tribes of Israel—or the Israelites.

The Jews are the descendants of Jacob and Benjamin—two of Jacob's sons. The Jews are all Israelites. But there are also many other Israelites who are not Jews, because the other ten sons had many descendants. But it is from the Jewish tribe that Jesus' ancestors are numbered. Jesus was a Jew.

Now God promised a temporary blessing, or a blessing for this life to Abraham's descendants IF they would obey Him. This was the promise of a land of their own to dwell in. But they were not true to God and the land was taken from them, because they worship false gods.

God also promised a greater blessing—an eternal one—through Abraham's seed—one seed, and that seed was Christ. So when we accept Christ as our Savior and live a Christian life, we become spiritually Abraham's seed, and have the promise of receiving that eternal blessing. All Christians are Jews or Israelites thru Christ.

The eternal blessing we receive is Eternal life in the earth made new—not in heaven or "off somewhere" but right here where God intended for us to live when He created the earth and gave Adam and Eve dominion over it. Everything will be pure and good in eternity and there won't be any sorrow, suffering or unhappiness. I think—I know! it's worth working for, don't you? But remember, to gain that blessing, we must follow Christ, and to follow Christ we must study the Bible to know what He wants us to do. And the more we study the more we appreciate God's goodness to us.

—A Reader.

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9—We should invite,, people
to our feasts.
10—Teacher may explain that these might be
spiritual feasts as well as meals.

INTERMEDIATE LESSON No. 28, Jan. 11, 1941

A YOUNG JEWISH BOY

Reading: Proverbs 3:1-6, 7-12.

Memory Verse: Proverbs 3:6.

(Please read the lesson in class before attempting the story. I find it helps to let the class read it, a verse to each one).

1. What or who is a Jew? Note: the Jews are descendants of Benjamin and Judah. These were 2 of the 12 sons of Jacob or Israel, hence a Jew is an Israelite.

2. What is an Israelite? Literally, the descendants of Israel. Spiritually all true Christians. (God blessed Abraham and Abraham's descendants. Isaac, Abraham's son, was Israel's (Jacob's) father. These all would have received the blessing if they had been faithful. But they weren't faithful. So all who accept Jesus as a Savior receive the blessing of Abraham. (Look for the article "Abraham's Blessing" to explain this more fully).

3. Today's lesson in Prov. is to a spiritual Jew or Israelite—to us individually in our Christian life. What is the very first and most important thought? Verse 1. How can the heart keep God's commandments? Discuss.

4. V. 3. Let not... truth forsake thee. Can we deny any part of God's law and still not let the truth get away from us?

5. Does God like a half-way Christian? V. 5-6.

6. Are we wise or does God make us wise? V.7.

7. Is it necessary for children and young people to give offerings to God? V. 9. Notice it says with the first fruits of all thine increase. That would include it at any age.

8. There is a blessing promised for this obedience. V. 10. Does this mean exactly as it reads or is it figurative? Discuss.

9. Read Verses 11-12. Should we forsake God when we have trials and hardships?

Should we ever feel that God has forsaken us? Shouldn't we rather try harder than ever to serve Him?