

Sabbath School Missionary

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No. 1.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

What The Airplane Brought

"Oh! I'm tired of this dreary old way of living. It's just the same thing day after day. Why doesn't something happen?" complained Lorene one spring day. She lived on a big farm where life seemed very monotonous. There were the same cows, the same horses, the same chickens and sheep from one week to the next. She had no brothers nor sisters and when a girl is fourteen she doesn't care about spending much time with dolls.

Her mother looked up from her churning. She said to herself, "Poor little girl! She doesn't realize what a blessing she has."

To Lorene she said, "I hear that airplane again." Every morning a transport plane passed above the farm and they liked to watch it disappear and wonder who was riding and where they were going.

When Lorene went to get wood for the dinner fire, she saw a scrap of paper fluttering in the yard. It proved to be a piece torn from a diary. It must have dropped from the plane.

She read, "How tiresome! Is there no fun at all in life for me, Ellen Parker, who has a nice home at fourth and Walnut, Chicago? I wish I could drop down here in the country and not go back to Chicago for months. I'm tired—" Here the scrap of paper had been torn off.

"I wonder who she is and what she looks like?" mused Lorene. "Why is she tired and lonesome? How does she spend her time?"

"Why not write to her and find out," suggested her mother.

"That's just what I'll do," decided Lorene. "Maybe she'll write to me. But she's probably a cross old lady, sixty years old. She may never answer a fourteen-year-old country girl."

However, the next morning the postman carried a neatly written letter away toward Chicago. Lorene had told about herself, her parents and the farm. That was all she knew to write about.

In less than a week came an answer, which said that Ellen was a thirteen-year-old girl who was tired of the city, of airplane rides, of parties, that she wished she could be in the country and



see what it was like. She wanted Lorene to write often and tell her more about farm life.

"Mother, may I ask her to visit me a week?" begged Lorene.

"Yes, dear, it might be pleasant for you both," encouraged her mother.

So again a letter sped toward Chicago, and immediately an answer came from a delighted girl who said she'd be at the station next Monday.

Such excitement followed! And such imagination and wondering! What kind of a life would she have? What would she like to eat? And a dozen other questions raced through Lorene's mind, the next few days.

Then Monday came, and soon after the family arrived at the station, the train pulled in, bringing a sweet, blond-haired girl with wistful blue eyes. She was smaller than Lorene and a bit pale.

By the time they reached the farm, the two girls were fairly well acquainted. When they drove into the yard, Ellen exclaimed, "Oh! this beautiful place! It is even nicer than I imagined. Just to think of your living here!"

I couldn't begin to tell all the wonderful times the two girls enjoyed during the week. They made garden, gathered eggs, set some hens and went flower hunting in the woods. Ellen did not eat much the first night, but soon she was hungry at each meal time and enjoyed the fresh, rich milk, eggs, butter and home-made bread.

Sabbath they went to Sabbath School and Ellen became acquainted with several other girls.

Sunday evening she became quiet and sober looking. Finally she said, "I've been thinking and thinking how I hate to go home. I will not get to be out here when the fluffy little chicks hatch out, nor when the peas and beans are ready to eat. Couldn't I stay here all summer? Daddy would be glad to pay my board. I might get a little lonesome to see Mother, but she's always too busy with her clubs and parties to play with me. She never reads to me nor plays the piano like you do when the neighbor girls come to spend the evening. She doesn't even go to

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THE SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARY

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND SECTION (Of the Sabbath School Missionary)

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EDITORIAL THE DANGEROUS PRECIPICE

I remember a story my father told me once when I was a little girl.

A man once owned a large and beautiful estate or what we would call a farm. Near it was a dangerous precipice which he and his family must pass as they went in their carriage. A precipice is a very steep and the scenery beyond this cliff very beautiful and the man enjoyed taking his family along this road, but of course it was dangerous because the carriage might slip off the cliff. The man, who was rich, advertised for a coach-driver whom he could trust.

Many drivers answered the advertisement. He asked each one how close he could drive to the cliff without going over it. One said he could drive within six inches of it; another said four. One said he could even drive within two inches of it. Still he did not like either of these.

Finally another driver applied for the job. When he was asked how close he could drive to the cliff he replied, "Sir, I do not know, for I always keep just as far from such a place when I'm driving as I can." Now this was the very driver that the man hired. Do you see why?

That is an excellent plan for us to follow at all times. Don't try to see how close you can get to danger and not be harmed. Don't try to see how close to sin you can go and yet not sin.

The next time you are wondering if it is wrong for you to do some certain thing, remember the dangerous precipice and just decide to shun it entirely.

If you really want to be a worker for Jesus you may. Just look around you and you'll see plenty to do. You may help the poor and the sick, cheer the sad and tell the sinner about Jesus.

A Message From Aunt Lena

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

Greetings! Last Sabbath we had a lovely all-day meeting at West Olive about forty miles from my home. I noticed many people traveling in different directions. Some, like us, had a destination in mind. Others were just traveling seeking worldly pleasures, getting tired of one kind of entertainment, desiring something more thrilling and though they search their whole lives through they won't find peace and contentment this way. We see paved roads, clay roads, gravel roads and sand roads, but we like to travel the best roads, don't we? They have guide posts that help us to keep on the right road. People travel in airplanes, new cars, older cars, trucks, busses; some still use horses and others walk.

No matter what mode of travel or which direction we take, there are just two roads on the highway of life. Everyone of us is traveling on one of these roads. One is broad and wide, has many bright, alluring lights along the way, also, many sign boards with brilliant pictures of the fine time awaiting you at the beer garden just ahead, or how you can feel like a new person if you only smoke a cigarette or two, or perhaps an advertisement about a certain movie you must see to appreciate its worth while qualities.

Satan paints everything a beautiful picture even to the calling of a place a "garden." What he fails to tell the people is you may become a drunkard or an outcast. You even take one glass of beer. He even coaxes you to come in and eat ice cream, thereby breaking down your resistance against these evil places (but ask yourself this question: Can I take Jesus with me or do I have to leave Him outside?) He does not tell you that you will become a slave to the tobacco habit if you smoke a cigarette or two, but you will. Don't you see them all around you?

The movie he paints so attractive, probably contains scenes that cause a clean minded boy or girl to blush. These are just a few of the pictures that satan has painted to deceive us. He wants us to be like him for he knows that whoever travels this road will come to destruction—eternal destruction. How very sad!

There is also a strait and narrow road that leads to life everlasting. The Bible is our guide post that will keep sincere travelers on the right road. We can travel a smooth even gait if we stay on the main highway forsaking the lights of worldly pleasure for a season, looking straight ahead to the Holy City where we will need no light "for the Lamb is the light thereof." And let us not forget to put up our signboards along the way for others to read, such as: "good examples", "kind deeds", "brotherly love", "passing out Christian literature", "helping the evangelistic and radio work." Ask the Savior for something to do, or do what He whispers to you,

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"And that knowing the time, that now Stanberry, Missouri, January 6, 1941 it is high time to awake out of sleep."

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF "GRACE"

(Continued from last week)

But to those who did righteously, those who obey God and work for Him there is a great reward promised. If we will try our best to serve God, and try to be so good that we will not need to depend on grace, then, as the five wise virgins were, we will be ready; and can go in with Him to the marriage. And as the servants who took the talents that their Master gave them, our Lord will say unto us, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things," (notice that by his works, he was by the Lord called 'faithful'), I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt. 25:23.

Christ said, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify you as grace) "and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, . . ." Matt. 5:16, 17. And in verse 19 He places a curse on those who break one of the least of the commandments, or who even teach others so. But He places a blessing on those who do and teach them. He said that they (those who do and teach the commandments shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

And as some more proof that Christ did not change the commandments, or Ten Commandment law, from one of duty and obedience, to one of free will, and grace supreme, the last book in Bible, Ch. 22:1-5, tells of the great reward that awaits His servants. Verse 3 shows that we shall continue to serve Him.

Our Lord grants us the liberty to do as we please in this world. If we do not want to serve Him, that is our own business. It would be lots more fun, and much more pleasant if other people would not interfere when we want to do something that they don't think their God (who is our God too, for we profess Christianity) would approve. This is our own business for Rev. 22:11 says, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is right-

eous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

But—oh! verse 12, "And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his works shall be." It looks very much like we'd better use our liberty pretty sanely, and be very careful. By God's grace we can overcome the wickedness of this world, and if we ever are in trouble, and wonder just what is right, and what is wrong, you can depend very comfortably upon the wisdom of God, that He placed in the Ten Commandments. For they are simple, plain, definite. They are good, and they are not hard. "For this is the love of God, that we

ANOTHER Y. P. TRACT

We have just printed another tract for our Y. P. Tract Dept. The title is "Why Should I Be A Christian?" and gives a number of good reasons why you should be a Christian? It contains ten pages and the price is 10c per dozen. You may remember reading it several weeks ago when it appeared in this paper.

It is a good tract to use anywhere. If you go to school, get a supply and hand them out there. Send them in letters when you write to friends who are not Christians, or send them to Christian friends and urge them to get a supply to use themselves. Hand them out every chance you have.

Get a supply now and take part this way in getting others interested in the Christian life.

keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous. For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." 1 John 5:3-4.

IF they were grievous (which they are not) it would be worthwhile to keep them, for "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

"Do we than make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law." Rom. 3:31.

If we had no law, how could we recognize sin, for how can we sin if there is nothing to violate? Rom. 5: 13; 7:8.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." Ps. 19:7.

We must have faith. We are grateful for grace. We must obey God.

—Pearl Marrs.

—:—

PURE AS SNOW

I love to wake up in the morning and see the earth covered in its perfect coat of white. It reminds one of God's power and that He made this earth as a beautiful place and wants it kept beautiful.

In a few hours the perfect beauty is marred by the people hurrying to work. How many of them do you suppose stop to look at this beauty or think that God is the only one who can make it?

God want's our lives to be beautiful and free from spots also. Sometimes we form bad habits or permit little sins to blot our life. We should be studying God's word to find out what He wants us to do and how to keep our life spotless. We realize that sometimes we make mistakes that spot our lives, but God has said, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

At a glance all snowflakes seem to be alike, but if you look at them thru a microscope you will find each flake is different. It is the same with our lives. Each of us is blessed with certain qualities and ambitions and abilities. Don't try to be like someone else. Just be yourself.

You may admire some girl's beautiful hair and lovely eyes while you are plain looking. But instead of bemoaning the fact, develop the good qualities you do have.

You may have wanted to go to college like some of your friends but just because you couldn't, are you going to let that ruin your life?

One boy may possess a wonderful voice for singing while his pal may be a nature writer. One girl may possess a disposition to soothe pain while another can play sweet music. Don't say you have no talents. Get busy and discover them.

Even then it may not work out as you hoped. If you have the deter-

mination you can make a good farmer even though you had wanted to be a civil engineer, or a good home-maker when you wanted to be a private secretary. One thing certain, no matter where our path leads us we may all be workers for Christ.

As children, we have all been pure as the snow. Are we keeping our lives that way? As we are growing up and come in contact with the ugly tracks of sin let our prayer be:

"Blessed Jesus, Keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light,
All I have is wholly thine;
Blessed Jesus Thou art mine."

—Faye Lippincott.

Arland's Problem

UNCLE DAN'S SOLUTION

WORK'S TWO WAYS

(Continued from last week)

"Well," continued Uncle Dan clearing his throat, "I believe I see the situation clearly, drawing conclusions from things you have told me and what I know too. I certainly admire your Christian zeal in wanting to bring them to their spiritual senses and really vitalize their Christian life. Just to be good moral people and members of the church is not enough. And I well agree with you that the danger in almost no definite Christian training in the home—and family worship should play a big part in this—is the spiritual drifting that follows which so often results in the Children marrying out of the faith."

"That's exactly it, and just what I'm afraid of," Arland almost interrupted.

"Suppose, my boy, you would marry out of the faith, or marry someone who was strong in their opposing belief. What would Mr. and Mrs. Downing think of that?" asked Dan.

"Oh, they'd throw up their hands in lamentation and despair. Why, the strongest religious scruples my parents have is their opposition to just such a thing."

"That's just what I thought," Dan chuckled, "so I have an idea my plan will be effective, if you play your part well."

"And what's my part?" queried the listener with all ears.

"Don't get too excited. You might not like the plan so well, and again you might. But you must play fair." Then he paused for a moment, wrinkled his forehead and said slowly, "You say this Lenora Benson is from your home town? You never met her before?"

"That's right. But where is the connection? I can't see any."

"What do you know about her? What's your impression?"

Arland's eyes opened still wider, almost keeping up with his mouth.

"Seems to me you've derailed the subject, but I'll give you an answer. The Bensons are fine people. Mr. Benson is a Lutheran minister. My sister Grace knows Lenora quite well and speaks highly of her. As for my impression of her — well she does appear above the average. Not a bit proud and certainly carries herself well. Now does that satisfy your curiosity which I fail to see thru?"

"Very good, very good — it does," replied Dan with satisfaction as they drove into the yard. "And being a Lutheran minister's daughter she'll take a leading role in our play."

Arland's bewilderment seemed to go over the top of perplexity. "And who's going to sell tickets to this play?" he inquired, thus showing how competely he failed to understand what his Uncle was driving at.

As the car came to a stop they hopped out and carried the berries into the house.

"I'll explain it all soon so you won't think I'm talking in such hard parables," came the assuring answer. "We'll can these berries early tomorrow and then go after more, so you can have fresh ones to take home with you since you are leaving the day after."

"Won't Aunt Bess be surprised," said Arland, "when she comes home and sees these berries all canned."

In a few minutes they sat down to a quickly prepared lunch and Uncle Nephew asked the blessing. Then Dan pulled back the curtain of curiosity and explained his plan clearly. The visitor hardly knew what to say. An interlude of several moments of silence crept in before he answered. Finally he agreed, "I'll take a chance and do my best if I can get to first base to begin with."

* * *

It was 11 o'clock the next day when they finished canning, took their lunch and started back to the blue-berry wilds. The day was hot, but a breeze brought welcomed relief. The mosquitoes, like tiny dive-bombers, kept up their annoying attacks, but were not as bad as the day before out in the woods where the berries grew, and the breezes were few.

Toward the middle of the afternoon Arland remembered that he had promised Charles he might visit him at his cabin near the river. Mentioning it, his Uncle replied, "I know where their cabins are. We're only about a mile east of them now. You hike over there, and in an hour or so I'll drive around after you. I'll have enough berries picked by then."

As Arland started off he thought more about the plan he was soon to get to working. In a short time he would know if he could even get it started. Upon nearing the cabins he saw Charles running north along the bank of the river with a fishing

rod. Seeing a stranger near one cabin, Arland refrained from calling after his new friend, but rather turned in his direction and followed him. A lively trot soon brought him to where Charles had stopped, near his sister Lenora, who was using a casting rod.

Arland gave a low whistle and they both looked around quickly.

"How's the fishing?" he asked as they recognized him.

"Hello, Arland," greeted Charles. "Fishing's poor."

"I've caught one," boasted Lenora, but my brother here—he's no fisherman." Then noting that the young man was sweating and breathing rather hard she asked, "Been chased by a bear, haven't you?" she questioned with a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Why? what makes you think so? Have you seen another one today? Maybe you need a body-guard," he suggested.

"You pant like you've been running, or chased by something," she joked.

"The only bear I came up against today," he explained, "was that I barely escaped running into a hornet's nest a few minutes ago."

"I suppose you came up here again with your Uncle, after more blue-berries?" asked Charles.

"Wanted to get some to take back with me tomorrow," was the reply.

"Are you going back so soon?" spoke Lenora in a tone of slight disappointment which Arland noticed.

"Yes, I think I will." Then he became very enthusiastic as he said, "Say, I've got something to show both of you—something my Uncle made for me."

"What is it?" they asked in almost one breath.

"A beautiful violin, and it has a wonderful tone too. I want you to see it."

"Why not bring it over a week from tonight? We'll be home then?" invited Charles.

Sure, do that. I've some new pieces of music that will sound very good on a violin," put in Lenora. "I love violin music. Grace told me you are a good violinist."

They visited together for almost an hour and then Arland left as they directed him to a trail south of the cabins. He had to wait only a short time for Uncle Dan.

"Mr. Downing's a fine young man," complimented Charles after he had disappeared.

"I wished he belonged to our church," Lenora replied.

"That's a chance to do some gospel work," suggested her brother.

"Yes, if I only had the chance, but I'm of the opinion he's strongly persuaded in his belief."

"But you can try," urged Charles.

* * *

Early the next morning Arland bid

his Uncle farewell and was on his way south toward home. He was elated over the thought that Uncle Dan's plan, which was his too now, was so far showing prospects of at least a good start. Just what reaction his parents would display when they saw where his interests were turning, not realizing in the least the purpose behind them, remained to be seen. The secret of the whole thing was to remain hidden until — well, why ever tell it to anyone? If need be, he would use his brother Leland in part of the plan and he would never catch on either.

It was a long drive back and he had ample time to figure out a number of things and work over in his mind several minor parts of the plan. It would be wonderful if it would only work and arouse his parents from their present religious lethargy.

If he could awake in them an interest — real live interest — in the Christian life they would find the joy every true Christian has, and which was now so lacking in what little religion they now possessed. While his parents were not necessarily partial to any certain one of their children, yet Arland had been called the pet, and therefore he knew his actions would count much with them.

It was 7:30 when he drove into the car shed. Leland came out to meet him. He was delighted to see the blueberries, and helped carry them in. The whole family were glad to come unto me: some and sample the same.

"Did you bring that violin?" asked Alice, "or didn't it suit you?"

"Sure did. I left it in the hall back of the door to see if you would mention it. Will you please get it, Leland?"

Everyone admired it very much, though Alice couldn't help reminding, "Tomorrow is my birthday, Arland."

"So you didn't forget my hint," he replied. "We'll not wait until then, but," he went on in a pretended official tone, "I do now, in the presence of the Downing family, release ownership of my old violin and give it to Alice to have and to hold without deed or title hence forth and forever, and thus my ownership expires."

"Oh, thank you," cried Alice, putting her arms around her brother. Then she ran and took possession of her gift. "You'll give me lessons too?" she asked as well as reminded.

"Indeed I will," he promised.

As they all ate a dish of berries with cream and sugar Arland related his adventures while visiting Uncle Dan. Meeting the two Bensons and the bear story captured their attention.

"Bravo," cried Grace. "Saving a girl's life from a wild bear—especial-

ly a friend of mine—deserves a real medal." Then she calmed down and added, "Don't you think she's a splendid girl?"

"Why — she certainly seems to be. Has a pleasant and likable personality. They asked me over to try some new pieces of music on my new violin, when they get back, next week."

"I'll bet it was Lenora who asked you over," cried Grace inquisitively.

"Any harm in that?" Alrand asked in half pretended earnestness, to see what she would say.

"Not in that itself, but I know her quite well. I never did tell you what she said about your photo the first time she saw it. That's why I don't doubt her asking you over."

"Why, what did she say?" his inquisitiveness stirred him to inquire.

"O, I'll tell you sometime — maybe. I don't see how I failed to tell you before—forgot it I guess."

Mr. Downing had been listening to the conversation and finally spoke, "I don't think it would be wise to get too thick with them."

"Why, what's wrong with them?" Grace asked quickly, a little amazed.

"Nothing against their reputation, to be sure," Mr. Downing replied, "But remember her father is a Lutheran minister and—" Just then the telephone rang and he hurried to answer it.

As Arland went to bed that night he could not sleep, but he was pleased with the way his plan was taking a hold. But would it work in the right way? How could he keep it from bringing division between him and his parents should it turn that way? He must not allow this. That would put the plan in reverse. But what should he do to avert such a turn in affairs. He read his Bible, knelt beside his bed in prayer and then crawled in. For some time his mind was in deep thought. Then, like a flash, the answer came to him. "I got it!" he told himself. With that settled he soon fell asleep.

(To be continued)

From A Missourian in Texas

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

Editorials are funny little things, aren't they?—I read one on the front page of the Y. P. F. and since I can't find a good answer I wonder how many of your can?

I have truly taken a trip on a gospel ship this fall and winter, though I can hardly believe it is winter since it is so warm here, and I wish all of you young folks could have been along. After Campmeeting in August we started south with our trailer-house. We visited church folks at Stanberry, Mo., Inola and Mazie, Oklahoma, Ft. Smith, Hackett, Ashdown and Faulk, Ark., and Texarkana

and Houston, Texas. We attended tent meeting at Texarkana where Bro. Hawkins and Bro. and Sister Faubion held an effort and then after the tent was stored we went to the church building a few nights. It is indeed a spiritual feast to hear sermons from God's Word. I would that all of you could be where you could hear preaching of God's truth. So many things from the modern pulpits are so distorted that they are not even Bible. In a sermon recently I heard a minister make the statement that no one who died before Christ's crucifixion went to heaven prior to His (Christ's) death. Yet he left the impression that they all went afterward, but he gave no scriptural evidence. How many people do you suppose believe him without a fair trial-proof by the word of God? The more I realize how many things are misrepresented, the more I realize how much we ought to study the Bible for ourselves. "Study to shew thyself approved unto God." God does not approve of the modern way of accepting because we are told—"Try the spirits" and "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good."

The B—I—B—L—E

Yes, that's the book for me,
I stand alone on the word of God
The B—I—B—L—E

No matter what doctrine, what philosophy of life is brought to our attention we must accept *only* what is truly the word of God.

Satan is transformed into an angel of light and he doesn't miss an opportunity to attempt to deceive us, so we must not miss an opportunity to study that we may know which is deception and which is truth.

So now we are at Houston, Texas. We have met Bro. Walton and family here. We plan to spend the winter in the south, and come back to Stanberry for C. M. next fall. It is truly a pleasure to meet God's children.

Most of the church of God members are rather scattered and are glad to meet others of like faith. But it is inspiring to find that more often than not the isolated ones stand stronger in the faith than those who have opportunity of meeting with others.

May God keep us all near as the time of trouble grows worse.

Yours in His Service
Opal Williams

From Idaho

Dear Young People Everywhere:

I think it is a wonderful privilege to have the paper coming every week and I hope you will all do your part to make it as interesting as possible. I would like to congratulate all those who have written in answers to the questions, as they have all taken time for thought and study.

Those of you who haven't helped before have a chance to help out in another way now, that is by paying tithes. Sometimes there isn't much a young person can do to earn money but I will tell you of some ways some of our young people in Idaho earned money this past summer. One little boy only six years old fed rabbits. The older boys and girls picked peas, sold papers and magazines, drove derrick horses, picked berries and took care of children. These were all of school age and paid tithes of their increase.

Sincerely,
Josephine Kling

From Colorado

Dear Christian Friends,
Greetings in Jesus' Name:

Again I find it is time to write to our little paper. I enjoy it more and more each time I receive it, and since it has become a weekly, it seems as I read it, that I am talking to each one of you young people.

We have had snow the last week, but it is almost all gone now. Although the mountains around us are all covered with snow it really is beautiful. It makes me think of the Psalmist David, when he said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork." (19:1). Yes the heavens are declaring His glory and the firmament is showing His handywork.

We have the pleasure of having Bro. and Sister Frank Walker and family with us in our Sabbath school. They moved here from Kersey, Colo. They bring our attendance up to 30. We are very glad indeed to have them with us.

Well, as my letter is getting long I must close, hoping to see more letters, articles and material for our Young People's Friend in the near future. Please pray for me.

Your friend in the true faith,
Josephine Edwards

From Texas

Dear Readers:

I thought I would write to the Y. P. F. and thank the young people who wrote me after they saw my letter in the Y. P. F. I received so many letters that it is almost impossible to answer all of them. I hope those who wrote last will consider this letter as an answer. To those who asked for a description: I am 5 feet, 7 inches in height, weight around 145 pounds, dark hair and blue eyes. I must say that the letters really helped to cheer me up.

I received a letter from Elder and Mrs. R. C. Ward of Vista, California stating that they were going to tour the country and try to spread the gospel. They plan to stop here. Please everyone pray for them that they may be able to come.

Please pray for us. A Reader,
Ohleen Bryce.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Don't forget to write up your answers to some of the questions that appeared in the last issue.

* * *

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PREVIOUSLY SENT IN

* * *

QUESTION: Did Christ ascend into heaven more than once after His crucifixion?

ANSWER: "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up and a cloud received him out of their sight. And . . . two men . . . said,— ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1:9-11. This is the only ascension of which we have a positive record. However let us examine some other texts.

John 20:10-17, "Then the disciples went away again unto their own home, but Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping — she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre — she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing and knew not that it was Jesus." "Jesus sayeth unto her, Mary. She turned herself and sayeth unto him, Rabboni." "Jesus sayeth unto her, *Touch me not*, for I am not yet ascended to my Father, but go on my brethren and say, I ascend unto my Father and your Father and to my God and your God."

We know this was Jesus' first appearance after His resurrection. Mk. 16:9. He was not to be touched because He had not ascended to God. Why it made a difference I do not know, but that was Jesus request.

Now notice Matt. 28:7-10. "Go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead and behold he goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see Him. And they departed — Behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail: and they came and held him by the feet and worshiped him. Then said Jesus unto them (touch me not? No! He said) Be not afraid. Go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee and there shall they see me."

If God was in heaven (and doubts that?) then Jesus evidently ascended into heaven between the time He spoke to Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre and the time He appeared to the two in the way (Mark 16:12) though the Scripture does not say Jesus went to heaven and returned in just those words. It is plain enough to me that He did. Jesus was consistent and truthful. He said, "I ascend to my Father." Not, I will ascend in forty days. And He would not respect persons in that one could touch Him and another not be permitted to before His ascension. Since we can

take these Scriptures at their actual value and conclude that He ascended, I do not think it presumptuous to assume that He ascended shortly after His resurrection.

—Opal Williams

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QUESTION: Should we try to answer our prayers? Is it a lack of faith to do anything ourselves?

(A lengthy answer to the above questions will appear next issue by the above writer.)

* * *

ANSWER to question, What are al-mug trees? (Mentioned in 1 Kings 10:11-12).

Smith's Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible gives the following in regard to the above: Al-gum or al-mug trees, both Hebrew, the former occurring in 2 Chron. 2:8-11, the latter in 1 Kings 10:11-12. The words are undoubtedly identical. From 1 Kings 10:11-12 and 2 Chron. 2:8-11 we learn that these trees were brought in great plenty from Ophir; together with gold and precious stones, by the fleet of Hiram, for Solomon's Temple and house and for the construction of musical instruments. In 2 Chron. 2:8 Solomon is represented as desiring Hiram to send him, "cedar trees, fir trees and al-gum trees out of Lebanon." From 1 Kings it seems clear that the al-gum trees came from Ophir.

Arland notices that the al-gum trees which he ascribed the growth of to Lebanon (so Mr. Houghton must be an interpolator of some transcriber, or else it must bear a different interpretation. Perhaps the wood had been brought from Ophir to Lebanon, and Solomon instructed Hiram to send on to Jerusalem the timber imported from Ophir that was lying at the Port of Tyre, with the cedars which had been cut in Mount Lebanon. The al-gum or al-mug tree may have been the red sandal-wood. This tree is a native of India and Ceylon. The wood is very heavy, hard and fine grained, and of a beautiful garnet color. Dr. Royle favors the white sandal-wood. This tree grows in the mountainous part of the coast of Malabar, etc., and is deliciously fragrant in the parts near the root. It is much used in the manufacture of wood boxes, cabinets, and other ornaments, and by the Chinese as incense.

—By Genieve Moore.

* * *

Should we try to help answer our prayers? Some think it shows lack of faith to do anything ourselves. Others say we should pray like it all depends on God, and work like it all depends on us.

* * *

Begin everything at the right time.

Loyal Juniors

LOVE

God is love. John 4:8. How many of you know that verse? Probably when you first started to learn about God and His Holy Book, the first verse you committed to memory was that very one. It was my first verse. Even then it seemed beautiful to me.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Lev. 19:18. We should not do anything to harm or hurt our neighbor any more than we would hurt ourselves.

Another very good verse is found in 1st John 2:15, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." In the above verse it means that if we partake in worldly things we are disobeying our Father.

Read John 3:16 for a beautiful verse. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." How terrible if God had not sent that beloved Son! How thankful we should be to Him for our Savior.

Jesus loved the little children. Do you remember when some little children came to the disciples and wanted to see Jesus, and how they ordered them away? When Jesus heard them He said, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me: for such is the kingdom of heaven." What a beautiful verse!

Love is used in many places in the Bible. Some are Luke 7:42, Neh. 1:5, Psalm 145:20, Prov. 10:12 and Rom. 5:8.

Some cold day when you're sitting by the fire get you Bible and see how many more you can find.

By Evelyn McCance

:::—

Dear Loyal Juniors,

Here I come from Oklahoma. I am glad that we have a place in the paper. I am twelve years old. I have had the flu and mother has had the flu too.

There are seven in our family and we all had the flu but my oldest sister and my smallest sister.

I like to read the letters in the Missionary and I hope that every one else likes to read the Missionary too.

My sister wrote to the Missionary but she forgot to put her name on it. Some of you might want to know her name so here it is, Velma Killgore.

I will close with a puzzle. I ilwl sni unot the dorl esucabe eh htat tlaed llybuoftniu iwth em.

I would like for boys and girls to write to me that are my age, my address is Box 223 Crowder, Oklahoma.

Your sister in Christ,
Nita Killgore

WHAT THE AIRPLANE BROUGHT

(Continued from front page)

church with me."

So it was decided that Ellen was to stay at the farm all summer. And such a summer! Each



day seemed better than the last. Of course there was the time Ellen slid down out of the hay-mow and scrambled a dozen eggs in her lap. And the day a sheep ran after her. The louder she screamed, and the faster she ran, the faster the sheep ran. Just as she expected to be butted over the fence, the sheep stopped at her side, and Lorene laughingly called to tell her that it was a pet lamb playing with her.

But school time DID come and a very healthy and happy little maiden prepared to go to her city home. She promised to come next summer and maybe bring her mother for a few day's visit.

Just as they started to the car with her suitcase, they heard the familiar hum of the airplane passing above. "That's just like music to my ears," said Lorene. "Just think! That's what brot a perfectly grand summer to both of us."

I believe a few tears trickled down the faces of the two girls, but I am sure they were tears of happiness. —Written for the Missionary.

:::—

WORKING FOR JESUS

One time there was a little girl whose name was Edith. She was going to be an all-day meeting. She did not want to sing, she did not want to say a poem. It was going to be held at the lodge.

A young man was to come around to each house and ask if they had a poem or speech or a song. Soon the man came to Edith's house. He asked her if her family had anything for the service.

Edith answered, "no."

The man said, "Please do try to."

"I might," said Edith.

The day after the next it was to be. Soon that day came. Edith was in a hurry for she had a poem. She and her family were ready and they were on the road. When they arrived there were already some people there. When they were started they soon came to her poem. She got up to say it. These words she said:

THE PRECIOUS BIBLE

The precious Bible is a very fine book,
And on its pages I love to look.

Jesus says to read it,

And He also says to believe it.

It tells us how to love our neighbors

And when to rest from labor.

If you want to be happy, my friend,

"Read the Bible from the first to the end.

"Thank you," said the minister. "I believe yours was the best."

Many people bragged on her poem. Edith was glad she did say a poem.

—Written by Arlene Killgore, age nine.

"I'M SORRY"

"Come on and play ball," Harold called.

Eric was just coming out of his house. "I can't now," said Eric.

Harold looked at the box of tools Eric was carrying. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going to fix up Mrs. Barton's rose trellis," he explained. "You know where our ball broke it yesterday."

"What?" cried Harold. "Did that old meanie make you do that after you said you were sorry?"

"No," Eric shook his head. "She didn't say anything at all, but someone will have to fix it. I said I was sorry, so I'm showing her I meant it."

Harold stood looking after him as he went on down the street whistling. He felt a little uncomfortable. Yesterday he had broken a favorite dish of his mother's. She liked it, not because it was valuable, but because it was so handy for putting so many things into. Down in the store they had one just like it, and it didn't cost very much. In fact, Harold had enough to pay for it—only he was saving up to buy a catcher's mitt.

Shucks! He had said he was sorry, and Mother had said she knew it was an accident. "It was a careless accident," said his conscience. "What would Eric do?" Well, Eric would buy another. But if Harold did that it would take most of his savings. Then Harold remembered Eric going to spend a morning mending a trellis instead of playing ball, when Eric hadn't been any more to blame than anyone else on the team. The ball just went over there and broke the trellis, and that was all there was to it. And Eric had said, "We're sorry. We'll pay for it." But Eric had gone back to repair the damage. There wasn't anyone else to blame for the dish.

Somehow Harold's feet had carried him to the store window. Yes, there was the dish over to one side.

A few minutes later Harold came home with a package under his arm.

"Here, Mother," he said. "I got this for you."

Mother looked surprised. "Why—it isn't my birthday—or anything."

"No," said Harold. "It's a dish. To make up for the one I broke yesterday."

"Why, Harold!" cried Mother. "It's exactly like it! But you didn't need to do that. Mother knows it was an accident."

"Yes," said Harold. "But I'm just showing I meant it when I said I was sorry."

—In Picture World. (Sel.)

One watch set right will do to set many by; on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; the same may be said of the example we each set to those around us. —Sel.

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." 1st John 2:1 and 12.

A MESSAGE FROM AUNT LENA

(Continued from page 2)

be it little or much. If you think your little isn't worth while, remember how the tin mustard seed grew into a tree large enough for birds to sit among its branches.

Many people are hurrying so fast that they are hurled into eternity by accidents in a moment's time, usually taking innocent lives along with them. Now Jesus wants us to keep traveling ahead but He wants us to take time for our daily duties to help "the man from Jericho" that lies sick and wounded along the way. He wants us to be the good Samaritan. He wants us to follow him every day traveling down the road that leads to everlasting life. May He help each one of us to travel life's highway in an acceptable manner.

Lovingly,
Aunt Lena

PRIMARY LESSON, No. 3, Jan. 18, 1941

A FEAST FOR THE POOR

Scripture Reading: Luke 14:16-24.

Memory Verse: Luke 14:17b.

After reading the story on the card answer the following questions:

- 1—What kind of man was Jesus eating with?
- 2—Why did Jesus tell them a story? These stories Jesus told are also called parables.
- 3—Whom did the man in the story invite to dinner?
- 4—Who prepared the dinner?
- 5—What did the servants tell the people?
- 6—Did the people come?
- 7—What were their excuses?
- 8—How did the master accept these excuses?
- 9—What kind of people did he then invite?
- 10—How many did he want to come?

INTERMEDIATE LESSON No. 29, Jan. 18, 1941

BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

Scripture Reading: Luke 1:57-80.

Memory Verse: Luke 1:76.

- 1—Elizabeth gave birth to a V. 57.
- 2—Describe the dispute between Elizabeth and the others over the name of her son? 58-60.
- 3—Why did they think he should not be named John? Verse 61.
- 4—Why did they make signs to Zacharias? Read verses 13 & 20.
- 5—What happened to Zacharias when he wrote that his son should be named John? V. 64.
- 6—For what reason did Zacharias praise God? Verse 68.
- 7—Explain or discuss what a horn of salvation might mean. Verse 69.
- 8—What was John to be called? Verse 76.
- 9—Where did John spend his time as a child? Verse 80.
- 10—Whose coming did John precede? Verse 76. Does this mean the coming of Christ? Find other scriptures telling how John the Baptist preached of the coming of Christ.