

Sabbath School Missionary

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

THE SHEPHERD

By Mable J. Baker

Jesus is a shepherd kind
I want, like Him, to be;
I want to seek the little lambs
He loves so tenderly.

Jesus is a shepherd wise,
He leads us all, you know.
If we will only follow Him
He'll show us where to go.

Jesus is a shepherd true,
He knows our every need;
We will be safe inside the fold
If we will let Him lead.

::

A Good Shepherd

"Major!" called Dick's father, "Major! come here!" A large shaggy dog slowly stretched himself and went to his master.

"O Daddy, you wouldn't send him out in this storm, would you?"

"There is one lamb still missing, Dick."

"I know, but Major just brought the rest of them in, and he's tired."

"Yes, he is tired, but he will be willing to go. I just counted the sheep again to be sure I didn't make a mistake. One lamb is missing."

"What if Major can't find him and gets lost, himself?" wailed Dick.

"No, Major won't get lost; of that I am sure," replied Mr. Bower.

"But I feel so sorry for him. It is cold outside and the snow is getting deep."

"I know, it is a very stormy night. Would you like to be lost out there in the wind and cold?"

"N-n-no, I-I-wouldn't like it. Well, Major will come back and bring the lamb too, I know he will," said Dick, trying to be brave.

Mr. Bower motioned to Major and held up one finger to let the dog know one lamb was to be found. Then he opened the door. As he did so,



a swirl of snow was blown in and the dog shrank back a little, but at his master's command he dashed out into the stormy night.

Dick's mother, seeing the tears in his eyes, drew him close and said, "See this picture I have? Do you know who it is?"

"Yes, I know, it's Jesus. We learn about Him at Sabbath School."

"What does He have, Dick?" What is that which he is carrying?"

"Why, it's a little lamb, just like the one we sent Major for," cried Dick.

"Yes, and see! He has a shepherd's crook in one hand. He is called the good shepherd. The little lamb he has was lost, but Jesus didn't leave him out in the cold. He went after him. No matter how many sheep He has, if even one little lamb gets lost He goes out looking for him and brings him back to His fold. You see, we are like lambs, Dick, and Jesus is our shepherd. He is very sad if any of His lambs wander away, and

(Continued on page 2)

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND SECTION

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EDITORIAL

WE VISIT ANOTHER COUNTRY

Today we visit a warm country, one where the brown natives are quite poor, but where we shall see, in our imagination, some beautiful scenery. Maybe you've guessed. Yes, it is Mexico.

Do you see that Mexican gentleman? He is wearing a suit of linen. He wears a hat called a sombrero. It is made of gray felt, with a broad rim and a tall pointed crown trimmed with silver braid.

But the workmen wear coarse cotton clothing and coarse straw hats. Their sandals are of rawhide. We'd think we couldn't wear such sandals, in fact I doubt that we could keep them on. The natives know just how to walk so that the sand doesn't get between their feet and the sandals.

The houses of the richer Mexicans have an inner open space called a court. The people live there most of the time. They eat there and even sleep there in the warmest weather. Flowers, trees and beautiful vines grow in the court and the richer people have drinking fountains, statues and expensive vases placed there. The air is filled with perfume of lilies and roses. The windows are protected by iron bars. They do not often have glass, but some of them are covered with netting to keep out insects. There are shutters, not to keep out the cold, but to stop the rain. The flat roofs are covered with a kind of glue mixed with lime and sand. This glue is made from a certain kind of cactus plant.

The working people do not have decent homes. They have little to eat except maize, bean and bananas. They seem easily satisfied though and they are quite healthy.

The women and children carry globes like huge fish bowls on their heads. These globes are filled with water. You might think that would not be very good for the children's health, but doctors sometimes recommend carrying a

weight on the head to correct a crooked spine. So this may be the reason the Mexicans are strong. They do wear a towel pad on the head when carrying the water bowls.

Now, I suppose you children will be practicing so you can carry the water pail on your head. All right, but you'd better not have the pail too full at first.

Now, we've visited several of the other countries. There are interesting and pleasant things in all of them. But which land do you like best?

Yes, I knew that's what you would say: "None is as grand as our own America. We choose America."

::

A GOOD SHEPHERD

(Continued from front page)

is always searching everywhere for any that may get lost. As long as we follow Jesus and do things pleasing to Him, we are safe in the fold, but we must always be very careful not to let others lead us astray. Listen! I thought I heard Major whine."

"Yes! yes! O Daddy, open the door and let Major in!"

When the door was opened they saw Major, tired but very proud, for he had brought the little lamb home safely.

As Mr. Bower was tending to the lamb, Dick was very busy, patting the dog. "Good old Major! Good old Major! You are a good shepherd too."
—By Mable J. Baker.

::

GOD'S RAINBOW OF PROMISE

Or Noah Thanking God

Noah and his family were safe in the big ark when the flood came. The animals were safe in the ark too. It rained for forty days and forty nights. The water was so deep that it covered the tops of the mountains. The ark floated safely on the waters.

After forty days the rain stopped. A wind made the waters go lower and lower until the big ark rested on the top of a mountain. Noah sent a dove out of the window, but she flew right back. After seven days he sent the dove out again. She returned with an olive leaf in her mouth. The water was lower than the trees. After seven more days Noah sent the dove out again. She did not return. Noah opened the door of the ark. He heard God say, "Go forth from the ark, Noah."

How glad Noah and his family were to be back on the beautiful land! They gathered stones and earth and built an altar. They burned an offering and prayed to show their thanks to God.

God put a beautiful rainbow in the sky. He said, "Do not be afraid. There shall never be another flood to cover the whole earth. I have set my bow in the cloud as a sign of promise."

Noah and his family looked at the beautiful rainbow. They said, "We shall remember God's promise every time we see the rainbow in the sky." Then they built new homes and were very happy.
(By E. Gielove. Sel.)

Young

The
People's

Friend

*"Ye are my friends, if ye do
whatsoever I command you"**"Remember now thy Creator
in the days of thy youth"**"God looketh down from heaven*

Stanberry Missouri, Feb. 5, 1942

upon the children of men—" Ps. 53:2

HOW GREAT IS THAT DARKNESS!

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." Proverbs 3:13. The writer of these words must have been about the happiest man in the world, for he is said to have been the wisest. Perhaps that's why he exhorts us to "get wisdom" so often in his books. It is the wisdom of the Lord that we covet, for, "happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

We are discovering an appalling number of people who have no desire to learn, even when we offer to bring "wisdom" to them absolutely free of charge. My husband and I are working with the *Bible Truth* series. We find it very interesting, but feel sorry for the folks who answer as did one person: "No, I'm not interested in that stuff!" Others just don't have time. Some are too busy with their own church literature to read anything else...

I wonder if they are more interested in their church than in God and His word. Then, there are the ones, the few, who say, "Oh yes, I'd like it. I'm interested in everything about the Bible." We wish they all said that. Surely they are the ones who will find wisdom for they are looking for it. "He that seeketh findeth."

But what of those others who are in darkness and apparently want to be and intend to stay that way? There is only one thing lacking in their lives, but *that one* means more than all the rest — they do not have Jesus, the light of the world, so they are blinded. That darkness must be very great! They must be very blind, for how can they live in this world, wicked as it is, without seeing His love being manifested and His work being done? There are none so blind as those who do not want to see. Satan, "the god of this world, hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." 2 Cor. 4:4.

But, all in all, we are enjoying our missionary work. Most people are nice to us and several have invited

us into their homes. We hope to have some Bible studies with them soon, and we are praying that some day those other folks will see that they are wrong and that what they are interested in is "foolishness with God" and will profit them absolutely nothing. It is high time they found the path of light and stopped groping around for something they will never find in their darkness.

Listen to the words of the wise man again in Prov. 4:18-19, "The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble. . .

Living Joy

Trust in the Lord
Yea, do not fret.
And you will for others
The true way set.

Commit thy way
And rest in Him;
And soon the cares
Of the world will dim.

Cease from anger
And wait patiently;
And soon His praise
You'll be singing with glee.

A righteous man
Has more to hold;
Than a rich man
With mansions of gold.

The meek and mild's
Cares will cease
When here with Jesus
They reign with peace.

*(Taken from Psalm 37. Dedicated
to Elder D. A. Davis for his many
messages. —By Jean Brown).*

but the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." If they will only begin serving God instead of satan, that "great darkness" will vanish and they will find that their "whole body shall be full of light," and they shall know the joys of salvation.

The time is short and we must hurry to give a few more souls a chance to accept Jesus before He comes. We wish everyone were as anxious for that time as we are. If

they were, we would not need to wait much longer, for His Gospel would have gone to all parts of the earth.

Now we must remember to be concerned with our own lives, too, that we may be acceptable and may never be castaways. May we all be humble and willing to do even more than our share.

We will go on striving to bring the wisdom of God to the people of this and many other communities, as long as the Lord is willing, for we do not want to "hide our light under a bushel."

We are not growing weary in well-doing, but it grieves us to find so many people who turn their back on God— Indeed "we are perplexed but not in despair."

—By Donna Dee Faubion.

PAUL A HERALD OF THE CROSS

CHAPTER V.

By Florence M. Kingsley

IN THE DESERT OF SINAI

"God, if I must die, let me die in the land of my fathers! Slay me not in this wilderness, I beseech thee."

The voice that had spoken these words faltered, died away into silence, then broke forth anew in a stifled wail, "I have sinned— I have sinned, but have mercy upon me according to thy loving kindness and the multitude of thy tender mercies!"

Again there was silence, the silence which beats in upon the brain with the awfulness of eternity.

The man who had ventured to break the terrible stillness with his petty clamor sat up and looked about him with wild eyes. On either side towered vast precipitous heights of naked rock, blood-red where the sun smote them, purplish black where the shadows fell. In the narrow valley where he crouched, sand also the color of blood lay in wrinkled waves about the huge fantastic boulders, splintered off from the crags above by some Titanic hammer. Overhead the fierce blue of the sky, unsoftened by fleece of clouds or fleck of wing,

closed in the narrow space between the jagger cliffs. Stay, there in a black speck high above yonder crag! The wretch on the sand stared at it with unwinking eyes. The black speck revolved itself into a body with wings.

"A bird," muttered the man.

Another speck appeared from behind the highest of the blood-red crags, then another.

"More birds," repeated the man, still staring stupidly. "One, two, three, four, five, six. They are—"

He burst into ghastly shriek, and tottering to his feet ran blindly down the narrow valley.

The six vultures circling on motionless wing, looked down unmoved. What matter if the thing below them crawled yet a little further. They followed him patiently; seeing him stumble and fall, they settled heavily down at a decent distance and watched him. They saw him tear at the sand with his claw-like hands. They saw him struggle again and yet again to arise—and fail. They saw him draw the corner of his ragged robe across his face, and their red eyes glistened with a solemn joy. They drew nearer.

*"Lord, Thou hast been our refuge
from age to age,
Before the mountains were brought
forth,
Or even the earth and the world
were born,
From everlasting to everlasting,
Thou art God."*

The vultures paused, then with hoarse croakings of disappointment arose and flapped heavily away. A man had issued from one of the cave-like apertures of the rock, and was walking slowly along the valley. His head was bent; he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left.

*"Thou turnest man to dust,
And sayest, Return, ye children of
men,
For in Thy sight a thousand years
Are like yesterday as it passeth,
Or like a watch in the night.
Thou destroyest them; they fall
asleep—"*

The sound of the chanting ceased suddenly; the man stopped in his slow, meditative walk and stared at the shapeless heap which lay across his path. He knelt beside it and drew away the ragged cloth.

*"In the morning he groweth like
grass;
In the morning it is green and
groweth;
At evening it is cut down and
withereth — cut down and
withereth."*

The new-comer shook his head sadly as he looked with keen eyes at the emaciated face and swollen purple

tongue of the lifeless figure before him; then, fancying that he detected a slight quiver of the muscles, he took the water-flask from his girdle and poured a few drops into the half-opened mouth. An hour or more the stranger persisted in his apparently hopeless ministrations; at the end of that time he was rewarded by a low moan, the sunken eyes opened, and an indistinguishable murmur issued from the livid lips.

"Drink — drink, friend; the breath had well nigh gone out of thee, but thou art saved. Be comforted and take of the water, for it is in truth the water of life."

"The vultures!" gasped the other, faintly.

"Nay, there are no vultures. Be comforted. God hath had pity on thee and hath saved thee out of all thy distresses. Canst thou stand?"

By way of answer, the man struggled to his feet, leaning hard upon the shoulder of his rescuer. The sun was sunken behind the blood-red cliffs, and solemn shadows filled the little valley. The savage blue of the sky had softened to an infinitely tender opalescent hue; no longer did it appear to close in above the rocky heights like the lid to a tomb, but rather to recede into remote and mysterious distances; no trace of cloud or fleck of wing sullied its purity.

"Be comforted and walk yet a little way; there is shelter and food near at hand."

And so, by slow degrees, the two came to the cleft in the rock, which in truth was not far distant. And there the starving man ate and drank like a child from the hand of him that had saved him, and when he had eaten he immediately sank into a deep sleep.

Strange dreams visited the desert cave that night; they clustered thickly about the heap of dried shrubs whereon lay the man whose feet had passed quite through the valley of the shadow of death, only to turn back again. At the first, there came to him a vision of many men and beasts traveling along a stony wilderness, the burning desert flint under foot, the burning Syrian sky overhead. On and on they toiled, and as they went the pitiless sun climbed its appointed way till it stood in mid-heaven and looked down at them with red murderous eyes. Then — suddenly for so it seemed to the dreamer — the sun fell, enveloping them with sheets of awful splendor.

The scene changes. He is in a great city now, walking down a long street lined with stately colonnades; past him hurried a great multitude of every nation under heaven—Arab merchants, laden with their precious wares; Egyptians, with their dark faces and gay robes; Roman soldiers,

fair-haired Greeks, Syrians, Jews, Phoenicians Edomites — mingling and intermingling in endless confusion, amid a deep, monotonous humming as of a gigantic swarm of bees. He himself — so he fancies — is leading a blind man, and with infinite difficulty keeping him from falling beneath the feet of the reckless crowd. Suddenly the gay street vanished, and in its place stretch long visits of yellow desert. He is riding again beneath the fierce eye of the sun, riding swiftly to escape something that pursues him from behind; through long ages, it seems, he flees onward, ever faster and faster. His mysterious pursuer gains upon him; it is clutching at him from behind; his beast is falling. Ah, he is alone now, staring up vacantly into the brazen sky, shut in on either side by walls of naked rock. What is yonder black speck against the unanswering heaven? God! the end has come at last; but not this — not this!

*"Turn, Jehovah!—How long?—
And pity thy servants."*

*Fill us each morning with thy love
That we may rejoice and be glad
all our days.*

*Give us joy for the days that thou
hast afflicted us,*

*The years we have known adver-
sity."*

The dreamer turned on his rough couch and opened his eyes. The cool light of the early dawn streamed into the narrow opening of the cave, and rested like a benediction from heaven upon his burning forehead.

"Thank God!" he cried aloud, "Thank God!" His eyes fell upon a gourd of water placed within his reach; he grasped it with trembling fingers and drank long and deep. "Thank God!"

"I also thank God in thy behalf, and for myself that I was able to save thee," said a grave voice at his side. "But come, break thy fast that thou mayest recover thy strength more perfectly; thou art as yet weak and fevered."

"Who art thou that hast saved me?" cried the other, trembling. "Surely, thou art Saul of Tarsus!"

"Even so, and thou art—"

"Silas, the son of Ezra, of all men most miserable."

"Nay, call not thyself miserable, who livest to thank God for thy life."

"But I have sinned."

"Have not I sinned, who of late made havoc of them which believed on the Anointed of Jehovah, pursuing them even unto strange cities in my fury? Yet hath God had mercy upon me in that He hath revealed to me the truth."

"Thou wast honest in thy wrath against the disciples," groaned Ben Ezra, "but I—what canst thou say to

me? I knew Jesus of Nazareth while He yet lived; I say His miracles, I heard His words. Nay, I was convinced that He was the Christ of God, and for a time I was numbered with the disciples, but when He was seized by the chief priests I was afraid lest I also should suffer. I fled from Jerusalem till His death was accomplished, and afterward I denied Him, not twice nor thrice, as did Peter, but daily — hourly. How can I be forgiven when not content with denying the persecuted Christ, I also denied Him risen, ascended, glorified? For all of these things were known unto me, and not once did I doubt the truth of them, yet because of my cowardice I even joined myself with them which hated Jesus, and when persecutions arose against them that believed, I made common cause with the chief priests, insomuch that I received position and advancement at their hands. For this cause also was I chosen one of them who should accompany thee to Damascus. Again, I beheld the glory of the Lord when he appeared unto thee by the way, but for me He had no word. I have sinned beyond forgiveness. Would that I had died yesterday, and that the vultures had devoured my polluted flesh."

"What wast thou doing in the desert alone?"

"I fled from Damascus beneath the scourge of an accusing whisper which pursued me from behind," groaned Ben Ezra, hiding his face in his hands.

"What said the voice?"

"Nay I know not; but it was death. Why hast thou saved me? I must again go forth."

Saul was silent for a space; he put forth his hand and touched the other upon his bowed head. "Silas, son of Ezra" he said solemnly, "I cannot speak unto thee with the authority of a holy man, bidding thee put thy sins behind thy back and rejoicing in the Lord, for I myself have sinned too grievously. I came forth into this desert place that here I might commune with the Eternal One in solitude, for He hath showed to me this much, that I am set apart for His service. Now, therefore, I will withdraw myself into the mountains to fast and pray this day in thy behalf, and I will entreat the Lord to reveal His pleasure concerning thee. Do thou remain here and cease not to humble thyself before Him till I shall come back unto thee." With these words he turned away, and Silas Ben Ezra, remaining behind in the cleft of the rock, heard his refreathing footsteps growing fainter and fainter, till at last the silence of the desert settled down once more over the little valley.

All that day did Ben Ezra remain upon his face in the shelter of the

cave, but at evening he rose and drank of the water and ate of the bread which Saul had placed ready at his hand, then he sat down in the door of the cave to wait. When at length the first faint stars shone in the depths of heaven he heard afar off on the mountain the sound of solemn chanting, the sound drew nearer, until the measured words were distinctly audible.

*"With waiting I waited on Jehovah,
And He inclined to me and heard
my cry;*

*He raised me from a pit of destruction,
from the miry clay,
And set my feet on a rock, making
firm my steps,
He put in my mouth a new song,
praise to our God."*

Like the song of an angel fell the familiar words upon the sore heart of the listener. He arose to his feet and stretched out his arms toward heaven.

*"And I — distressed and needy—
The Lord careth for me;
My help and deliverer, Thou,
My God, tarry not!"*

Ben Ezra cried aloud in his joy. He knew that he was forgiven.

The day following Saul journeyed with his guest till they were come to the border of the wilderness; there they parted, for Ben Ezra was minded to return to Jerusalem.

"I must confess my sins before the disciples," he said, "and before the chief priests also, that I may witness how great things the Lord hath done for me."

But Saul returned again to Sinai that he might be alone with God.

Next Week

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE OF CAPRAE

Y. P. LESSON STUDY

WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

1—Read Isa. 26:20 and then consider the following questions:

- First, who does God call to here and what are they told to do?
- As for entering the chamber for protection, read Ps. 91:1. (Note: Shadow—protection; secret place might be in prayer). Also read Matthew 6:6.
- For what reason does Isa. 26:20 call us into the chamber? Last part of verse?

2—What will last but a short time, as found in Isa. 26:20?

3—The Lord comes out of His place to do what? Verse 21, first part.

- Why is God going to punish the inhabitants of the earth? Middle part of same verse?
- The earth will do what? Last part of verse 21.

4—Now a study on "the indignation"

of the Lord.

- At one time what did God use as the rod of His anger and the staff of His indignation against sinful Israel? Isa. 10:3-7.
- God's indignation is upon how many nations? Isa. 34:1-3.
- Discuss Ezek. 22:29-31 and compare with conditions today?
- Consider Nahum 1:6. Also, the Lord is what in the day of trouble? Verse 7.
- What is in store for those who obey not the truth? Rom. 2:8-9; also Heb. 10:26, 27; Rev. 14:9 and 10.

5—What important question is asked in Rev. 6:17? (A similar question is found in Ps. 76:7).

- In answering this question, comment on 1 John 4:16, 17; 1 John 2:28; 1 Thess. 5:8, 9; 1 Thess. 1:8 to 10. —Editor.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

(We are glad to receive questions for this Dep't and especially good ones like those below. Any reader who cares to send in their answer, it will be appreciate.)

QUESTION: Is there ever a time when the Sabbath commandment isn't binding?

QUESTION: In the march around Jericho that lasted seven days, did the people break the Sabbath?

QUESTION: How do we show our faith in God?

QUESTION: Can Christian boys in the army be compared to Joseph in Egypt or the Children of Israel in bondage?

QUESTION: Will God condemn Christians for their lack of faith in these last days when He knew and understood people were going farther from God as time continued?

QUESTION: Can not a soldier in the American Army today live a Christian life as well as Daniel and his companions while in captivity?

QUESTION: David and his men ate of the shew bread when it was against the law and he wasn't condemned for it. Could there be extenuating circumstances for the Sabbath commandment, too?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PREVIOUSLY SENT IN

QUESTION: Just when was Jesus' birthday? Would it be wrong in any way to observe the so-called Xmas on His real birthday?

ANSWER: There is no record of the exact date of Christ's birth anywhere in the Bible. However, it must have been near the middle of

October. Elizabeth was a cousin to Mary (Jesus' mother), and wife of Zacharias. Zacharias was one of 8 brothers who took turns of serving in the temple in the following method. First half of the month one brother served, second half, another brother served, and so on. Zacharias' turn would have been the last half of the 4th month as he was the last brother to serve.

The Bible year begins with the moon nearest the spring equinox, or near March 21. Therefore, the middle of April would be one month; the middle of May, two months... and the middle of July, four months. That made Zacharias' turn end the middle of July. It was at this time the angel appeared before Zacharias when he was praying, and said, "Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard. Thy wife Elizabeth, shall bear thee a son..." Six months from that time Mary received the glad news that she would bear a son so she went to visit Elizabeth and to tell her. Therefore six months from the middle of July would be the middle of January. Nine months from then would be the middle of Oct.

As an after thought, Mary visited with Elizabeth three months and returned to her home. Soon after her departure Elizabeth's son was born.

As to the second question, nowhere in the Bible do we find any desire on Jesus' part to have us observe His birth. What we are to observe is His death. It would only cause confusion and still do no good to observe the so-called Xmas. on His real birthday.

QUESTION: Why don't preachers of other churches who know the 7th day is the Sabbath, preach what they know?

ANSWER: If you know the preacher knows this, why not make an opportunity to ask him why he preaches opposite from what he believes?

My opinion is that it could be several different reasons. Some say they can't make a living if they keep the Sabbath. Some say it doesn't matter which day we keep, and it is more convenient to keep Sunday. In some it may be pride, or love of man more than love of God. In any case he would naturally preach in favor of the day he kept.

QUESTION: Is it wrong to build fires and sweep in a church on the Sabbath?

ANSWER: I see no reason why it would be wrong to build fires on the Sabbath if it were necessary, as that would be for the comfort of one's body. But I don't think it would be necessary to sweep except in cases—for example: If there was an all day meeting and lunch was served it would be all right to sweep up the

crumbs. Or if it was so far to the church that it was impossible for anyone to clean it up through the week. A true Christian would understand and overlook it if the floor was a little dirty.

I think it would be all right to dust the seats as that would be helpful in keeping one's clothing clean.

—Above answers by Avis Hicks

LETTERS

FROM CALIFORNIA

Dear Readers of the Y. P. F.:

It has been some time since I last wrote to our paper, so I thought I would write again. I love to read the many letters that appear from time to time, but I am sure more could write if they would so lets all get together and write at least one thing for our paper, won't you? Fine—we will be looking for a letter or article soon from you.

I will try to tell you of some of the sights I have seen since coming to California. First of all the ocean. I thought it was the most wonderful thing I have ever seen, and I still think the same whenever I see it. It makes me think of David when he said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." It also makes me think of the song "Dreaming" where it says, "When I gaze on the blue Galilee, it makes you feel so close to the Creator" when you see the handiwork of God. May we learn to love His great world that He has given us, that is, the beauties that are here.

I want to take this opportunity to say hello to my many pen pals whom I owe letter, especially Pauline Kiger of Calif., Helen Carlock, Freda Griffiths, Genevieve Moore, and all of the others that I correspond with and have not answered their letters, but be patient and I will soon.

Well friends, I see my letter is getting long, so I will quit and leave room for others. I hope to see many letters in the Y. P. F. in the near future from our readers, and the call is to our new readers as well. Let us know what you think of our paper. We hope you like it as well as we do.

May the Lord be with each one of you, and keep you ever in His service. Pray for me.

Yours in His service,
Josephine English

FROM ARKANSAS

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

Greetings. It is after a long delay that I write again. I have no suitable excuse, but the Lord knows all, and I think that is enough.

It has been weeks since I have written, but the Lord has blessed in so many ways I don't think I can tell all.

There was the Campmeeting at Ft. Smith. I can't name all the bless-

ings that I received while there, and I'm certainly thankful for each of them.

Sister Opal Williams has been ill. I trust that she is still gaining in health.

There was the marriage of Bro. and Sister Bill Watts. The Lord will bless them in their lives together if they will only trust in Him. I sometimes believe that young people have more effect on the lives of the sinners than older people have. I like to tell other young people what the Lord has done for me, thus showing them that we can serve God while we are young.

If you haven't sent some material for "our" paper lately, please don't take me as an example, and put it off so long as I have. Send it today. I like to speak of the Y. P. F. as our paper because it belongs to all who read it or furnish material for it.

I'm sending some material and I trust that it is suitable. Pray for me.

A sister in Christ,
Mary Peaslee

FROM IDAHO

Dear Readers:

May I join the circle of friends again and say hello to everyone?

I'm afraid that I haven't been as faithful to our little paper as I could have been. It is sometimes my weakness to let other things crowd into my spare time so that I don't find time for my Christian duties. And I know when I let this happen I am not living as close to God as I could. I hope there aren't any of the rest of you guilty of this, and I pray that I may try harder in the future to put my Christian duties first and fill my spare moments with the things that will make me a better child of God.

I am enjoying very much the new continued story that is running in our paper now, and also the many good questions that so many sent in for the contest. I am anxious to hear different opinions and answers to the questions as I too am puzzled with many of them.

I think that the suggestion for a column of proverbs, poems, clippings, etc., would be very interesting so let us all send in some material that we may have or could be able to get.

It is my prayer that each of us will strive harder to be a "Shining Light for Jesus" in this new year ahead of us.

A friend, Helen Carlock

TIRED OF GIVING?

"Go break to the hungry sweet charity's bread, for giving is living," the angel said.

"Must I be giving again and again?" the weary, wondering question came.

"No," said the angel, piercing me through, "just stop — when the Lord stops giving to you."

—Sel. by Dimple Presler.

Loyal Juniors

GIFTS ONLY!

GOD NEVER SELLS ANYTHING

This is something difficult to bear in mind—when, on every hand, it seems someone is trying to sell us something.

God gives gifts only.

And what marvelous gifts they are! Eternal life, for instance, is the "gift of God" (Rom. 6:23). We cannot possibly buy it, for it is not for sale.

And there is faith — another gift of God (Eph. 2:8). And faith enables one to overcome the world. That which enables one to overcome the world. That which enables us to move mountains, to overcome obstacles, to accomplish great things for God, is given to us free!

Then we read of God's "unspeakable gift" (1 Cor. 9:15).

These are some of the greatest of His gifts to us. But we have other gifts on every hand — so common, so constant, that we are in grave danger of overlooking them entirely. The pure air we have to breathe. The water we enjoy is another gift. It is not always free, but God gives it just the same, though man charges for it sometimes. The beauties of nature everywhere are a gift from God. So also are the sun, the moon and the stars, the mighty sky overhead. There are gifts and gifts. God gives and gives. We receive and receive. Or do we follow His wish and give of ourselves, our talent, our substance, our all, to advance the work in which the Lord Jesus Christ is most interested, and for which He gave His very life?

"And... remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—Sel.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as the days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am;
I don't want to dress myself up in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect.
But in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to think as I come and go
That I'm buster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see;
I see what others may never know,

I never can fool myself, and so
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

—Sel. by Avis Hicks.

SUNBEAMS

FROM ARKANSAS

Dear Missionary Readers:

It has been a long time since I have written to the Missionary.

I like to go to Sabbath School. We have just two in our class now. The teacher is Mary Peaslee. Today we studied about Jesus being baptized by John. Then we talked about Daniel.

We have had a big snow, but it is melted now. We have been studying about Eskimos in school. They live in the north where it is cold almost all of the time.

I will close now and try to write again soon.

A friend, Bobby Peoples

(Yes, it was time for another letter from you, bobby. Would you like to live in the far north? —Editor).

—:—

THE LAST SPELLDOWN

Mabel and Emma were walking home from school arm in arm. Behind them they could hear rustlings and stealthy steps. They knew it would be that red-headed Charles Jenkins again. He was always pretending to be an Indian stalking his prey.

Just then Charles popped out from a clump of bushes.

"Yah, yah," he shrieked, "I am going to win the last spelling match."

"You are not," defended Emma stoutly. "Mabel will win."

"Boys are better spellers than girls. There ain't nothing girls are better at."

"At least," retorted Mabel, "girls don't say 'ain't.'"

There had always been a rivalry between Charles and Mabel in spelling matches. Miss Day, their teacher, had announced a spellover for the Thursday before school closed. The winner was to receive a book.

The time came for the spellover. Mabel was the first one chosen on one side, and as usual Charles was the first one chosen on the other side.

One word was spelt after another. There were now six on each team. And then came the word "amethyst." First one team, then the other, tried to spell it correctly. The children went down one by one.

Mabel had been looking out of the window. There were many stores facing the school. A sign over a shop caught her eye. "Amethyst Hosiery Company."

Now only Charles and Mabel were left; then he, too, went down in defeat. "Now Mabel," said

Miss Day, "I am sure you can tell the class how to spell amethyst.

"A-m-e-t-h-y-s-t," spelled Mabel, from the sign across the street.

"That is right!" exclaimed Miss Day, putting an arm about Mabel and leading her to the desk. The teacher opened a drawer and took out a gaily-colored book.

"I will write your name in it as the best speller in Room 5," said Miss Day.

The recess bell rang and the class marched out. Mabel remained by the desk until Miss Day came back.

"I was so sure you would win that I was almost tempted to write your name in beforehand," said Miss Day.

"Oh," exclaimed Mabel, and there were tears in her eyes, "I did not know how to spell amethyst."

"But you spelled it correctly," said Miss Day.

Mabel twisted her dress. "I was looking out of the window and I saw — I saw 'Amethyst Hosiery' across the street."

Miss Day put down her pen: "Mabel, are you a Christian?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Day," Mabel replied.

"You would not think of copying from anyone's paper, would you?"

"No," answered Mabel miserably.

"Copying from a sign is the same thing." Miss Day put the book back in her drawer, saying, "We will have another spelling match tomorrow."

When the children were seated after recess Miss Day announced: "I thought Mabel was the winner of the book. She has told me that she spelled 'Amethyst' from the sign across the street. It is only fair to hold another spell-down tomorrow."

The class all looked at Mabel, who felt her face turning red.

"It was splendid of her to be honest in telling me. Now let us turn to our last history lesson," suggested Miss Day and the class settled down once more.

After school as Mabel was walking home alone, she heard some one coming behind her. This time it was no slinking Indian, but a pair of boy's feet. It was Charles.

"Mabel," he began, "I think you are fine to tell. I don't think I would have. I—I hope you win tomorrow."

"I don't deserve to win," answered Mabel. "You should. You always said boys were better spellers."

"I did not mean it, really. You get higher marks than I do," replied Charles.

"You are very nice to say that, and if I should win I will let you read my book first," answered Mabel.

The next day the same sides were chosen for the spell-down. Charles failed to spell "onyx" correctly so Mabel won easily. This time Miss Day wrote in the book, "To Mabel Dodge, the best speller in Room 5, and one who believes in winning fairly."
—The Junior Friend.

PRIMARY LESSON No. 7, Feb. 14

Lesson Material: Mark 2:1-12.

Memory Verse: "I say unto thee, Arise." Mark 2, verse 11.

JESUS HEALS A HELPLESS MAN

One day Jesus went to the city of Capernaum. When the people of the city heard that He was there, many of them came to Him. There were so many that the house was full, and people were crowded around the door outside.

Jesus preached to them.

Four more people came to the house with a sick man. They carried him on his bed, or mattress. They wanted Jesus to make him well.

They could not carry the sick man into the house through the door, because there was such a crowd of people in the way. They took him up to the roof of the house. They made a hole through the roof. Then they let the sick man down on his bed, right into the room where Jesus was.

Jesus was very glad that they had so much faith. They really tried hard to get the sick man to Him. Some might have gone back when they saw such a crowd of people, but the sick man's friends did not.

Jesus told the sick young man—"Arise, and take up thy bed and walk." He had made him well.

The young man walked, and the people thanked God.

Questions on this Lesson

- Where did Jesus go?
- How many people were there?
- How many people carried the sick man?
- How did they carry him?
- How did they get him into the house where Jesus was?
- Did they have faith?
- What did Jesus tell the young man to do?
- What did the people do?

INTERMEDIATE LESSON, Feb. 14

Lesson Study: John 5:2-9; John 6:1-13.

Memory Verse: John 1:17 (1st part); John 5:36.

JESUS THE GREAT HELPER

Look up the meaning of: Impotent, halt, (ch. 5, verse 3) infirmity (verse 5) whence (ch. 6, verse 5) pennyworth (verse 7) sufficient, fragment (verse 12).

- 1—What was unusual about this pool?
- 2—Why couldn't this certain man be healed?
- 3—What did Jesus do for him?
- 4—Why did the crowd follow Jesus?
- 5—Why did Jesus ask Peter where they could buy bread? (Verse 6).
- 6—How was the problem solved?
- 7—How many were fed?
- 8—Why was much left over?