

# Sabbath School Missionary

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

## Carolyn's Visitor

For weeks Carolyn had been a very sick little girl. Now she was able to spend part of each day in the big chair by the window. She was well enough to eat her meals from the little table that Mother placed beside the chair.

Carolyn was now glad that she did not have to stay in bed all of the time. She was pleased that Marie, who lived next door, could come in for a little visit after school each afternoon. She never forgot to bring her pet kitten along. Carolyn was glad, too, that Dr. Kent had given her permission to read from her books again, but even so, she was often lonely.

Mother had so many things to do that she could not spend very much time in Carolyn's room, and Daddy was in his office downtown all day. She would read until her eyes grew tired. Then, she would look out of the window, but there was not much to see except the lilac bush, and the oak, and they were not very pretty now without their green leaves.

One morning, when Carolyn had finished her breakfast and settled back in her chair, she looked out of the window and there, swaying on the top-most branch of the lilac bush, was a bright cardinal.

"Oh, what a beautiful bird!" whispered Carolyn. She sat very still so she would not frighten it. How I wish it would come nearer, she thought.

Then Carolyn had an idea. Slowly she reached for the small piece of toast left on her tray, and crumbled it into tiny bits. Now, if I can raise the window without making a noise, she thought! Slowly she leaned over the arm of her wicker chair. Very carefully she raised the window an inch or two and scattered the crumbs on the outer sill. Noiselessly she lowered the window, but the movement of her hand frightened the bird and it flew away to the oak tree.

"Oh, dear!" said Carolyn in disappointment, as she watched it. "Perhaps it will come back if I sit quite still and wait."

For a long while she waited. She decided she could not sit still a minute longer, when suddenly there was a splash of red in the lilac bush. As

Carolyn held her breath, the cardinal flew to the window sill, snatched a crumb and with a swish of wings it was gone.

Just then Mother came in to remove Carolyn's breakfast tray. She sat down for a few minutes and Carolyn told her about the cardinal's visit. "Our winter birds are very friendly," said Mother. "They like to stay near our houses and we should feed and protect them."

Later in the morning the cardinal returned for more crumbs. The noisy brown sparrows that were chirping on the roof discovered the nice brown crumbs, too, and soon they were all gone.

That evening, when Daddy came home from the office Carolyn told him about her visitor. Daddy was much interested in Carolyn's story. "Perhaps I could add a wide shelf to the window sill," he said, "and then you could put out a larger amount of food and attract more birds. How about it?"

"Oh, fine," cried Carolyn, clapping her hands. Her eyes were shining when Daddy left the room.

Next morning Mother brought a good supply of bread crumbs and a large piece of suet for the birds. She placed the crumbs on the shelf. "We must fasten the suet to the shelf. Mother explained, "so that all of the birds that come may share it. We don't want a greedy sparrow to carry all of it away; here is a little pan of water, also; the birds may want a drink."

Carolyn was happy. Brown sparrows came first. They were such greedy little fellows that Carolyn feared the crumbs and suet would soon be eaten. But just then the cardinal came. Carolyn was so excited that she could hardly sit still. Quickly he helped himself to a bread crumb and flew away.

After that, Carolyn always kept a supply of food on the shelf, and before many days she had a large number of bird friends. She recognized a chickadee and a wren, but most of them were strangers to her.

One day Mother brought her a little book about birds. It was filled with pictures, and

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### YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND SECTION

(of the *Sabbath School Missionary*)

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## EDITORIAL

Each of you little boys and girls probably ate your cereal this morning from a bowl. Then at dinner, you, no doubt, ate from a plate, and the vegetables were served in pretty dishes. Did you ever stop to wonder where these dishes came from?

"Oh! yes, Mother bought them at the store," you exclaim.

But where did the store-keeper get them? You might never guess it by looking at them, but they were made from clay.

A dish-maker is called a potter. First he grinds the clay to powder and mixes it with water. Then he moulds the dishes. He places them in a huge furnace or kiln and heats them to make them durable. Did you ever make playhouse dishes from clay? I have. But if we left them out in the rain they were ruined. The dishes that are baked in the kiln are not harmed by water. After they are removed from the kiln the potter smooths out the rough places. He dips them in a solution a little thicker than milk. This is to glaze them. Then they have to be baked again.

Is there a picture on your bowl? If so, it was painted with a brush, then put in the kiln a third time.

Some kinds of clay make a cream colored dish, and some a brownish red. The very finest makes a pure white dish. Maybe your Mother has some fine china which is nearly transparent. It is named china because the Chinese first made this kind of dishes.

Crocks and stone jars are more useful than chinaware for some things. You wouldn't put chinaware down cellar with milk in it, would you?

God is our potter; He moulds our lives. Some may be pretty and have beautiful clothes, but God doesn't think any more of them than homely people with plain clothes.

If we have to go through much suffering, it may be that our Potter is testing us to make us strong so we'll be useful in His work.

## CAROLYN'S VISITOR

(Continued from front page)

after looking at them Carolyn soon learned the names of the birds that came to her feeding station.

"The cardinal is my favorite," Carolyn told Marie on the following afternoon, "because he was my first visitor." "I never knew that birds could make such interesting friends and I shall keep right on feeding them when I get well," she declared. —Alma Brown in Young Pilgrim.

## EARS IN HER HEART

Ruth loved her flowers. She never wanted to cut a single one. Each one must bloom in all its beauty as long as it would.

One day Ruth was alone in her garden. Yet she heard a voice. It spoke about her flowers. Ruth tried not to hear the voice.

"I will not cut my flowers, not even for Jean." Ruth spoke aloud. She wanted to frighten the voice away. But it stayed.

"Jean has no flowers of her own," said the voice.

"Let her grow her own flowers as I do mine," Ruth stamped her foot on the ground as she spoke.

"Jean has no place for a garden," the voice went on.

Then Ruth knew what she would do. She would not listen to the voice.

A strange thing happened. Ruth put a finger in each small pink ear. She pressed so hard she could not even hear the robin singing in the apple tree, although the bird sang a loud, joyous song. No, Ruth could not hear any noise around her. But she still heard the voice!

"Jean was crying this morning because she had no flowers," the voice seemed to be even louder.

Now Ruth knew that her ears at the sides of her head were not the ears that heard the voice. For the voice was inside her. It was in her heart. Where were the ears in her heart? How could she close them?

Soon Ruth looked up and saw Jean passing by. "Are you going to your teacher's house?" Ruth asked.

"No, I am not going." Jean turned her face away and hurried on.

Ruth and Jean did not go to the same church. Ruth knew that Jean's teacher had asked each girl in her class to bring a bouquet of flowers that afternoon. The flowers were to be sent to boys and girls in the hospital. Ruth knew, too, that Jean did not like to miss being with the others at their teacher's home.

"She is not going because she has no flowers to take." The voice in Ruth's heart spoke again.

Now Ruth tried to run away from the voice. She ran through her garden to where sweet peas grew beside a wire fence. All at once she stopped. Yesterday there had been many sweet pea blossoms. Today most of them were dried!

Even here Ruth had not run away from the voice. It repeated the words her grandmother had told her only the day before.



*"Seek the Lord and ye shall live."*

Stanberry, Missouri, April 23, 1942

*"Hate the evil, and love the good."*

## Are You Enjoying Spring

We are always glad when spring comes, aren't we? Did you ever stop to think why? Isn't it because we enjoy creation and regeneration? Things become so beautiful in the spring, but then winter has its snow and ice-clad beauties too, and the many things that we do then are interesting. However, we don't get the same sense of enjoyment from them as we do the unfolding beauties of spring, do we? If we have been able to enjoy the previous spring we are glad when winter is over and we can take off our heavy winter clothes and put on lighter ones. I think we enjoy the sunshine more in the spring than we do in the winter. We seem to feel uplifted by the renewing of nature. To me and many others this is one of the most enjoyable seasons.

You know, we have seasons in our lives too, most of us. We are all born in the winter season of life or the darkness of sin and we live that way for some time wearing the heavy clothes of the burdens of sin. It is a bitter thought to think that many remain in that season all of their life, never getting the opportunity to enjoy spring. We can't change the seasons of nature, but we can, or rather God can change the seasons in our lives and He can take off our heavy raiment of sin and clothe us with lighter garments of righteousness. True, we enjoy the pleasures of sin to a degree, but how much better we feel when spring comes! All things become new again, life vibrates with the beauty of creation and so we are also glad when spring comes in our lives and we are made new again. At this season God comes into our lives and we enjoy the real sunshine of His love. Our life begins to unfold. Compare your life to the bud that has been sleeping during the winter months and then as you accept Jesus as your Savior and Master and believe on Him, the bud begins to grow and as you grow into this new life it grows and grows until finally on that great day when we shall be fashioned like unto His own glorious body, it bursts forth into a

beautiful bloom. This year you can double your enjoyment of spring if you will let Him come into your life and renew you as He renews nature. The winter of sin has been too long and we are weary of waiting for spring, but remember we can change the season by saying, "Master, I'm ready to serve You." If you have not had the privilege of having the seasons changed in your life, if you are still living in the winter part, why not consider Jesus now and tell Him you are ready for this new season in your life? —Anonymous.

## PAUL A HERALD OF THE CROSS

By Florence M. Kingsley

### CHAPTER XIII

(Continued from last week)

"Dost thou not believe me?" he cried passionately. "Did not your Master — nay, my Master also — did He not declare that He could save unto the uttermost? And why dost thou doubt the power of His grace for even such an one as I."

"A strange story," said one of his listeners hesitatingly. "I would fain believe it, but—"

"Over-strange to be true," said the other, turning away with an air of decision. "Either a devil hath entered into the man for the purpose of deceiving the elect, or—" and he lowered his voice to a whisper, "he doth feign to be one of us that he may the better entrap us."

"I had not thought of that," said his companion, turning his troubled eyes upon Saul, who stood with drooping head as if awaiting sentence.

"Come, let us leave him; we can speak of the matter to the brethren, but who are we, that we should receive him, and by so doing bring fresh distress upon the innocent? Go thy way," he continued, raising his voice, "until we shall have reported this matter which thou hast declared unto us to them which are in authority."

"But why may I not go with thee, that I may speak for myself?" said Saul eagerly. "What hast thou to fear at my hands? behold, I have

spoken truly unto thee of all that hath befallen me."

"So also did we speak truly unto thee in days past, and for the truth of God thou didst recompense us with scourgings and chains; forty stripes save one received I at thy command — not once only, but twice, thrice, and my wife—Nay, I cannot speak further with thee thou art hateful in mine eyes. Get thee gone."

"For the love of the crucified One."

"Nay, we will none of thee. Go thou unto thine own." And the two strode rapidly away, not without many a fearful backward glance at the lonely figure of Saul, who stood still in the place where they had left him, his face bowed upon his hands.

An hour later they spoke to the brethren of the matter. "The man Saul," said they, "who formerly scourged, imprisoned, and put to death divers of our number, and with the rest dealt even as the strong wind dealeth with the chaff of the threshing-floor, hath returned, and we have had speech with him. A strange tale told he us of a heavenly vision, whereby he was rebuked and turned from the error of his way. He would have come with us to this place, but we suffered him not, fearing lest it should be a device of our enemies to spy upon us in our worship."

And of them that listened was there found not one to speak any good word for Saul; for they were all afraid of him. But as they talked together, Joseph, called also Barnabas, which is being interpreted, the Son of Consolation, came among them, and to him they repeated their story.

And when he heard it he praised God with a loud voice. "Behold," he said to them, "I have known this man from his youth; he hath ever feared God, truth and verity also, hath his tongue spoken. When he persecuted them that believed, it was because the light had not been revealed unto him; terrible was he in his blindness even as the strong man Samson, who also destroyed and spared not but now shall he greatly glorify the name of the ascended One." Straightway he went forth to seek Saul, and when after nearly an hour he found him at the place where the cross of Golgotha had stood—which place is called Golgotha, he brought him to Peter and

James and declared unto them how that he had seen the Lord in the way, and that He had spoken to him; and how he had preached boldly in Damascus in the name of Jesus. Then they received him with gladness.

And he was with the brethren certain days in Jerusalem, speaking boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus in the synagogues of the Grecians, where also he himself in former days had striven to overthrow the young man Stephen. Moreover, he was not afraid, but rather rejoiced when he heard that he had made enemies amongst them and that these were mindful to accomplish his death. "It is just that I die in this place and for this cause," he said.

But Peter reasoned with him, "It is not expedient that thou die for the faith at this time, for behold the fields are white to the harvest, but laborers be few. Go, therefore, in peace."

That same day Saul was in the temple praying, for he desired with a great desire to remain in Jerusalem. And as he prayed, all that was earthly faded from before his eyes. He saw again the form which had appeared to him on the Damascus road, again he heard the voice which had once smitten him to the earth in an agony of contrition—

"Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me."

Then did Saul answer out of the fullness of his heart, "Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee; and when the blood of Thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him."

"Depart!" commanded the solemn voice, "for I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles."

When he was come to himself he returned to the brethren and told them of the vision. And certain of them accompanied him as far as Caesarea; from thence he went to Tarsus.\*

(\*We have no means of knowing what took place during this period of the Apostle's life. It is only known that he remained in Cilicia for a number of years, the length of time being variously estimated according to the date of his conversion. This date is not exactly known, but the year 37 A. D. is generally accepted by authorities.)

#### CHAPTER XIV HERODIAS

The city of Caesarea-Philippi was in full gala dress, every road and broad leading to the open gates was thronged with sightseers. Haughty Roman officials caracoling on their mettlesome Arabian, keen-eyed inhabitants of the desert, mounted on

swift dromedaries, turbaned Hebrews, ambling decorously on slow-stepping mules as sleek and solemn-looking as themselves, mingled with the still greater throng of pedestrians of almost every nation under heaven, which was crowding into the little mountain city. Eight thousand feet above their heads towered Hermon, his ancient crest white with the snows of countless winters; his scarred and rugged shoulders veiled in mystic robes of floating mist, pierced with the flashing splendor of many a milk-white torrent. But the age-long miracle of eternal snow, of unfailling flood, of evanescent vapor, attracted no second glance on this morning of all others.

"The day will be fair," quoth the weather-wise, wagging their heads in the face of the mountain. "So much the better for us." Then they fastened their eyes the more eagerly on the gay banners which streamed and fluttered from every tower and battlement wall of the city. Within the gate, the houses, theaters and temples were decked out with a wondrous profusion of wreaths and garlands, intermingled with gay hangings of scarlet, of blue and of yellow; the streets resounded to the tread of marching columns and the loud cheerful blare of golden-throated trumpets.

All day long in the great square before the splendid temple of Augustus, liveried servants stood in long lines and distributed to the people heaps of loaves, mountains of roasted flesh, cheeses without number, fruits without limit. As for the central fountain it no longer gushed the pure sparkling water of the mountain, for by some cunning device it was made to pour forth red wine. About it surged a throng of revelers who drank till they could drink no more, lifting their dripping mouths from its purple flood to shout themselves hoarse in honor of the founder of the feast.

"The king! The king! All hail to Agrippa, the king—the king!"

In honor of the king also were magnificent shows in all the theaters and not so much as a farthing's charge to see the best of them. Nor were the temples forgotten; with a splendid impartiality services were smoking on Roman and Syrian altars alike, and at Jerusalem, it was rumored, in the great temple of the Hebrews no fewer than a thousand beasts were to be slain on this day of rejoicing.

In the midst of the banqueting hall of his palace, surrounded by throngs of gaily-attired courtiers, was Agrippa himself. Arrayed in royal purple, his dark curls bounded with a diadem of gold, the newly-made king lay at his ease on his elevated couch surveying with a smile of triumph his scenes of revelry about him. By his side reclined his wife, the fair Cy-

pros, her delicate face flushed with joy and pride; a little below and at the right hand the boy Agrippa, robed like a Roman prince, was devoting himself to the delicate sweetmeats and fruits with all the zest of unaccustomed appetite. On the left of the royal couch reclined a magnificently-appareled woman, in whose darkened jewel-like eyes, pale olive complexion and haughty aquiline features could be traced a sufficiently strong resemblance to Agrippa to betray their kinship. Her companion, a man apparently many years older than herself, played with the grapes upon his plate, and from time to time addressed a remark to his nephew, the young Agrippa.

"Come, princeling," he said languidly, "drink with me now to the health of the Emperor, Caius Cæsar, who has bestowed upon thee all these good things."

"Gladly will I drink to the emperor" cried the boy lifting his cup, "though truth to tell, I like him far ou better than near at hand. Yet by his grace I also shall be king one day."

"Thinkest thou so?" said Herod Antipas with a half sigh "My father was a king, yet am I only a governor."

"The more fool thou," murmured the woman at her side, with an impatient toss of the head which set all her jewels winking.

"Yet hast thou not failed of being queen—who art queen of my soul," whispered the man with an admiring glance at her beautiful face.

"Methinks the garland of pearls we sent thee adorneth the fair Herodias even as drops of dew adorn a royal rose," said Agrippa graciously, turning his flushed face upon the pair. "What sayest thou, my Antipas?"

"Thou hast spoken golden words, as becometh a king and one favored by the king of kings—the great and glorious Cæsar; a fairer jewel have I rarely seen; 'tis worthy to adorn a queen of beauty."

—Sel.

(Chapter XIV to be continued)

### CHRIST the SON of GOD

He was taken from prison and from judgment. Isa. 53:8.

(No prison sentence or judgment. Read John 18 & 19th chapters.)

He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet He opened not his month. Isa. 53:7.

(But He answered him nothing. Luke 23:9. But Jesus gave no answer. John 19:9.)

He was numbered with the transgressors. Isa. 53:12.

(There were two others, malefactors led with Him to be put to death. Luke 23:32.)

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. Isaiah 53:7. When thou shall make his soul an offering for

sin. Isa. 53:10.

(Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. John 1:29.)

(Continued from last week)

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. Isa. 53:5.

(Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity. Titus 2:14; also 1 Peter 2:24.)

They shall look upon me whom they have pierced. Zech. 12:10.

(But one of the soldiers with a spear, pierced his side. John 19:34.)

They parted my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture. Psalm 22:18.

(Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be. John 19.)

Awake, O sword, against the shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts, smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered. Zech. 13:17).

(Then saith Jesus unto them all, Ye shall be offended because of me this night. It is written, I will smite the Shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. Matt. 26:31).

He was cut off, out of the land of the living, for the transgression of my people, was he stricken. Isa. 53:8.

(And they crucified him. Mk. 15).

And in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease (the sacrifice of lambs for sin) Dan. 9:27. Lambs without blemish or spot.

(We are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ without blemish or spot 1 Peter 1:18-22).

He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken. Psalm 34:20. (The Jews were not to brake a bone of the lamb used in the Passover Supper). Numbers 9:12.

(A bone of him shall not be broken. John 19:36).

He made His grave with the wicked, and the rich in His death. Isa. 53:9.

(A rich man begged the body, and buried it in his own tomb. Matt. 28).

Neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption. Ps. 16:10.

(Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified he is risen. Mk. 16).

Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights. Ch. 1:7.

(The Son of man was three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. Matt. 12:40).

I believe that this was Christ's sign to the world, that He was really the Son of God.

With His stripes we are healed. Isaiah 53:5.

(By whose stripes ye were healed. 1 Peter 2:24).

He bare the sins of many. Isa. 53: verse 12.

(And ye know that he was manifest to take away our sins. 1 John 3, verse 5).

He made intercession for transgressors. Isa. 23:12.

(Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7:25).

What did the centurian say about this man who entered the Sheepfold by the door of Divine Prophecy? "Truly this man was the Son of God." Mark 15:39.

What did the angel tell Mary? "That holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. Luke 1:35.

What did God say? This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Matt. 3:17; John 3:16.

Sometimes it just makes our hearts ache when we see people who deny that Christ is the Son of God. Christ is the only way that we can reach the throne of God through prayer, for He is the mediator between us and God. For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Jesus Christ. 1 Tim. 2:15; also read Heb. chapters 9 & 10.

May we pray as never before thru the name of Jesus Christ, so that God will hear us, that our cries may be heard to save us and our country before it is everlastingly too late.

God bless the reader.

—By Helen Crandall

### —EDITORIAL—

No so long ago I heard a radio preacher tell of a conversation he had with a young lady. He asked her if she was saved. Her answer was that she thought she was. He then asked what made her think so. She replied, because she went to church and said her prayers. The speaker further questioned her by asking how long would a person have to go to church and say his prayers to get saved. Supposing a person started to do this late in life, could he go to church enough and pray enough to get saved if he lived only a short time thereafter?

It is a sad fact that many people, even though they belong to some church, have never been converted. The chief reason is that they have never been taught what conversion really is. Some churches teach and have "confirmation" but not "conversion" in the full meaning of the word. Before continuing on this point let us take up a few thoughts on the world "saved."

Some do not like the question "Are you saved?" saying that no one is saved until Jesus comes. In one sense this is right, but there is more to this subject than just that. Note the use of the word "saved" in 1 Cor. 1:18. "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which 'are saved' it is the power of God." Notice it says "are saved"—present tense. This does not

mean there is no possibility of falling from grace after being saved. Paul told the Corinthians that he declared unto them the gospel, "By which ye are saved. IF ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain." 1st Cor. 15:2. He also said, "For we are saved by hope—" So then we should notice that to "stay" in a saved condition we must *keep* in memory or hold fast the gospel and our *hope*. If we let them slip we are apt to fall from grace. Since we are saved by hope (through grace by faith), how can we be saved if we lose our hope?

In Acts 2:47 we read about the Lord adding "to the church daily such as *should be saved*." And Jesus said, "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same *shall be saved*." Here we learn of saving to come in the future—"shall be saved." If we start out with faith and hope but don't endure we will be lost. It is possible to confess Christ, repent and be baptized and be a member of the family of God, and then fall by the way, not endure, and thus have your name blotted out of the book of life.

A Christian is saved "now" from evil habits covetousness and love of the world, but is not saved from death and the grave until Jesus comes and redeems them from the power of the grave. If we have our sins forgiven and are living right before God we are in a saved condition waiting for Christ to come with salvation that shall burst into full bloom for the righteous.

Peter said, "Save yourselves from this untoward (perverse, wayward, stubborn) generation." Acts 2:40 in part. The only way we can save ourselves is to follow the saving plan God has given us. Peter had just been telling the people to repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. That was and is part of the plan and shows our faith in Christ's redemptive work. Such is necessary because it composes part of the obedience required of us. In fully obeying God we are saved from the wrath to come upon the untoward generation we live in. However we are not saved out of and away from this generation until Jesus comes, for then we are made immortal and it is not possible thereafter for any wicked person to entice or tempt us to sin.

As for going to church, we go because we love God and love to worship Him in song and service, and we want to edify others by Christian fellowship. Some people go to church and are helped to live a good moral life in many respects, but are never converted to the Lord. They may be morally minded but not spiritually minded. They may at times even pray after a fashion, and feel they are a pretty good person, but have never really poured out their heart to God, died to sin, or were baptized

the Bible way and let Jesus come into their heart.

Do you love to worship God? yes, from the depth of your heart? If you have been truly converted and are living in obedience to God's word you do? And may God increase your hungering after righteousness to such an extent that you will have no desire for the things of the world that displease God.

—Editor.

## LETTER DEPARTMENT

### FROM ARKANSAS

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

Greetings in the Master's name.

It has been many weeks since I have written to the most wonderful paper I know of. I have no excuse to offer, but the Lord knows all, yes, He knows even our thoughts.

That makes me think of an incident that happened this morning. While milking cows my brothers dog was run over by an automobile. It killed her instantly. This brought to me the thought of how God can take us at once. Just a few minutes before this dog was killed she was playing with the children in our front yard. So, dear friends, let's remember to live every day as it were our last one, because we don't know one minute where we will be next! And I'm sure that it's the desire of everyone to be ready when the Master calls us.

Our Missionary came this morning. As I was reading it I saw a letter from Edward Hosteter. It was his first time to write. It makes me rejoice to read letters from other young people. But have *you* ever written to the Y. P. F.? If not why not sit down now and write a few words? If it doesn't help you, I'm sure that it will help someone, somewhere. It always makes me feel better to write to the paper I feel then like I'm doing something for some one who has done so much for me!

I like to be alone and remember each thing we have record of that our Savior did while He was here. He cured the lepers; He healed many different ones. He resisted satan, (which we have to do also). But most of all He died that we might live. He was wounded that we may not be. He left His heavenly home that we might gain one like it.

My letter is getting long and I have a good many things that I could be doing, but I thought I would write to my many, many friends again.

I am hoping to see letters from more of you in the Y. P. F. soon:

Yours in the Master's service,  
Mary Peaslee

### FROM ST. JAMES, TRINIDAD

To the Workers for Christ:

Greetings in His matchless name.

By the time of reading this, that

solemn and most sacred moment of our Redeemer, the command to keep the service in remembrance of His death, may be past. But I pray that the partakers will be so united with God that a great blessing be derived from it. Paul says that many taking it unworthily are weak, sickly and die. 1 Cor. 11:20-34. Does this mean physically?

I am now 15 years old and my new year's resolution is to be baptized in the name of the Lord and serve Him wholly, showing forth His death in its season as long as I live 1 Cor. 11:26. It is now 9 years since I am a follower in the church.

We are again experiencing the dry season, having heavy drizzles now and then according to the changes of the moon. The country district, San Fernando, Princetown, Chaguanas, etc. and even Port of Spain the capital, suffer much for water at this time.

I've been spending some weeks with my aunt again at Four Roads. Here we fetch water from a most beautiful spring in the valley. The stream abound with fish called Cacoula. There are cribish and lobsters. These are small though, 2 to 2½ inches long.

Washing is done in the stream away from the spring. The only *foar* aspect is the snakes which, though seldom seen, I am dreadfully afraid of. Once while getting some water I saw one going down an earth lizard's hole to catch it for food. I screamed and my cousin Fritz Roy, (he attends too) called a neighbor. By this time the lizard escaped by another hole. The snake was killed. All these remind us of the curse of sin and the time spoken of in Isa. 11:6-9.

On Monday night March 2nd I witnessed for the first time the eclipse of the moon which was at its full, when at about eight o'clock the light began to darken, and within nine minutes there was only a crimson ball in the heavens. This phenomena was foretold several months before. O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, etc.

Yours in the faith,  
May Cumberbatch

### FROM TRINIDAD

Greetings to the Church of God and all likeminded with faith of our Redeemer:

It has been quite a long time since my last letter, and what changes in the world—they bring to my mind the story of Joseph's faith.

We read of him being the dearly beloved son of his father; of the special coat he made him; of his dreams and his honesty; his Christian attributes which greatly aroused the jealousy and anger of his brothers to the extent they thought like Cain, to slay him. God holding our future in His hand moulds us as we yield to His commands; and we

find Abel's faith an exhortation to us spiritually, and Joseph's also.

But why the coat of many colors? Was its beauty a token of the myriads of trials in his life which so beautified him that he in Egypt was not recognized by his brothers? Likewise Christian beauty is accomplished by overcoming the lust of the flesh. 1st Peter 1:7.

In these perilous times we are admonished in spite of carnal warfare, to adopt a spiritual battle that we be found faithful at the second advent of our great King.

Yours in the faith of Jesus,  
Jocelyn E. Weeks

## Y. P. LESSON STUDY

### The HOPE OF THE RIGHTEOUS

- 1—Looking at the world without hope in God what did Solomon say? Eccl. 1:2? What question did he ask in verse 3?
- 2—Looking at man's works what did he say in verses 13 & 14?
- 3—As for pleasure and mirth—what about them? Eccl. 2:1-2.
- 4—What did he have to say about material possessions? Do they give lasting satisfaction? Eccl. 2:4 to 12; also Ch. 5:10.
- 5—Consider the admonition he gives in Eccl. 7:18; 8:12-13; 12:13.
- 6—What is great gain? 1 Tim. 6:6. Do you think many people realize this? If this is true in our lives what undesirable characteristic or traits or habits will it eliminate?
- 7—So far as things of this world go what should we always remember? 1 Tim. 6:7.
- 8—What hope do we have beyond the things the world offers? 1 Thess. 5:8 & 9.
- 9—What do we "hope" to be like? and having this hope what do we do? 1 John 3:2-3.
- 10—Comment on Titus 1:11-12, and what is included in our hope? V. 13.
- 11—Paul was called in question over what hope? Acts 23:6; 24:15 & 21.
- 12—What should we not be ignorant about? and what do unbelievers not have? 1 Thess. 4:13 & 16-17.
- 13—What should we continue in and not be moved from? Col. 1:23.
- 13—Notice how Paul commended the Thessalonian brethren in 1 Thess. 1:3. Emphasize the kind of hope they had that showed its lasting quality. Same verse.
- 15—Comment on Rom. 15:4, telling why we have so much ancient history and record in the Bible.
- 16—In order to be part of the house of Christ what must we do? Heb. 3:6. How does this hope make us feel?
- 17—Conclude this study by commenting on Rom. 5:2-5. Bring out *how* or through what we have access to God's grace and how this makes us feel. Do "we" glory in and rejoice in our hope as we should? L. C.

"If you want your sweet peas to bloom you must pick them often. The more you pick them, the more blossoms there will be."

She had never picked 'one.' Ruth looked closer. Why there were no new buds on the stems! A dreadful thought came to her. What if all her flowers stopped blooming because she did not pick them. Oh, she did not want her flowers to die!

Then the voice said a strange thing. "If only flowers would keep alive forever!"

How could they do that? Ruth sat down on a small bench and thought hard. The voice had nothing more to tell her. Then all at once she knew the answer. There was only one way to keep her flowers alive forever. That was to keep in her heart the happiness they gave her, even as the voice was in her heart.

Away Ruth ran to pick all the flowers she could carry. Oh, Jean should have more flowers than anyone else!

Never again would she try to stop the ears of her heart, she told herself as she hurried off to Jean's home with a large basket of flowers. Yes, she would always listen to the voice inside her that told her to do good deeds. For never, never had there been so much joy in her heart before she began to cut her flowers for Jean.

—G. M. Gearhart in Our Little Friend.

## SUNBEAMS

### FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Missionary Readers:

This evening some of the children are going on the hill to gather flowers. We are going by a rock house where there are many "Sweet Williams." Last Sunday we went on the hill, too. I will close with a puzzle: I olve hete O orld ym senthrt.

A friend,

Arlene Killgore

(I know you have wonderful times on your trips. No wonder you go often.)

Dear Readers:

I thought I would write to the little paper again to tell you about our S. S. We took the Lord's Supper at Sardis. There were about twelve who took it and we had a good crowd.

In S. S. there are seven in the Primary class and two in the intermediate class.

Let us try to get all of the letters in that we can.

Your Sister in Christ,

Edna Wood

(You are a help to the letter box, Edna. Wish we could visit your S. S.)

### FROM MISSOURI

Dear Little Missionary Friends:

It has been a long time since I have written to the little paper, and I am sorry I waited so long to write. I wrote a letter in March, sometime, and I never did get to mail it. My birthday was February 28th, and I was ten years old.

Our school was out the 27th day of March and

I wish it would last forever. My teacher's name is Lynn H. Martin. I like him very much. This year in school we had a spelling contest. It was given to all the schools in the county. There were three second prizes and one first prize. My girl friend and I both won a ribbon for the second prize; they were red silk. I was in the 5th grade last year and I was promoted to the sixth grade.

I like to go to S. S., and also like to read the stories in the little paper. I liked the little story the name of which was "Pitt and the Pins."

I would like for someone to write to me. I live in the country. My address is, Kimble, Mo. My Mother is sick in bed. I think all little children should write to the little paper. When I write to the little paper my little sister Shirley, who is four, is going to write. I will write for her.

For pets I have a little white lamb. I feed him the bottle. He is very cute. Well, my letter is very long so I will close with a puzzle: urnter oodg orf eliv. With lots of love,

Rosemary Lou Schlup

(What an interesting letter. Don't wait so long next time.)

Dear Little Friends:

I am a little girl four years old. My sister is writing for me. She reads stories out of the little paper to me. I like to hear them.

My Mother is sick. I can carry in wood, I can dry dishes and I can also take my Mother a drink. I like to wait on my Mother.

I have a little brother one year old. He never does cry. His name is Edward Leroy Schlup. We call him Eddie. Well it is about time to close so I will close and try to write again soon. Here is a puzzle: useJs wpte. Love,

Shirley Schlup

(You are a big help to your Mother. Wish we could see Eddie. When my little girl was three years old, one day I found her sitting on the footstool holding her baby brother. She had lifted him out of his basket and was holding him tightly so she'd not drop him.)

### TONY'S NEW FRIENDS

Roy lovingly put his arms around the neck of Tony, his pony. "Tony, I hate to do this to you, really I do," he whispered to it. "I told you before that I hate like everything to leave you, but it can't be helped."

Tony put his head on Roy's shoulder.

"I am glad, Tony, that you seem to understand how it is. You see my grandmother out in California is sick, and she wants us to come out to see her. It will be a long trip from Minnesota to California. I wish there was some way to take you along, but daddy says that will be impossible, and I am sure that daddy knows best. So you see, Tony, we shall have to be parted for a while, but I shall not forget you. And let me hope that you will miss me a bit too.

"You will not need to worry, for we have already arranged to take you to the country; and

there, at the Helmer home, you will be cared for by two boys who will love you very much, and they will be kind to you."

Several neighbor boys were at Helmer's to help the boys welcome the pony. Roy was parting with a dear friend, but he was glad that his pony was going to have a good home while he was away. Roy and his father went in the truck that took Tony.

"There they come now," said one of the boys when the truck was still some distance away. Each wanted to be the first to catch a glimpse of the pony.

"There is Tony!" shouted Robert as the truck came nearer.

"Isn't he pretty—black with a white star in his forehead!" said one of the boys.

"Let us be quiet so we will not frighten him," suggested Harold. "He is in a strange place, and we want him to feel at home."

Roy, though he would miss the pony, went home knowing that Tony would have the best of care.

The boys decided that, after Tony had been in the barn awhile, they were each going to have a short ride on his back.

What fun the boys had that day! The pony, too, enjoyed it, for the boys were very considerate. They let him rest and nibble grass occasionally. Tony knew from the start that he was going to like his new home and that the Helmers were going to treat him kindly. Even Mrs. Helmer came out to pet him.

"It seems," said Robert, "that horses know when we like them."

"It does," said one of the boys. "My dad says that horses will pull a good load for a man who is kind to them, while they will refuse to even try to pull a load for a man who speaks roughly to them."

"I never thought of that," said one of the boys, who had been a quiet listener. "Let us always be good to horses, and we can have a lot of pleasure with them."

That evening the boys agreed that they had had a good time, and had learned some new things about horses too.

—Mrs. W. Klinger in *Our Little Friend*.

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## PRIMARY LESSON No. 6, for May 9

### RESPECT FOR GOD'S HOUSE

Lesson Material: Matthew 21: 12-17.

Memory Verse: "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples."

One day Jesus went into the temple, or church. He found some wicked men there. These men were supposed to help the people, but they were cheating them. Some of them were selling doves, some were changing money, and some were buying things.

Jesus did not like to see such wickedness in the house of God. He turned the tables over that the money changers used, and the seats of them that sold doves. He said, "It is written, My

house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

After Jesus had driven them out of the temple it was more like the house of prayer should be. Then the blind and the lame came to Jesus in the temple, and He healed them.

The children in the temple said, "Hosanna to the son of David."

Let us always remember that the church is the house of prayer. May we always be very good when we go to the house of prayer.

#### Questions:

Where did Jesus go?

Whom did He find there?

What were they doing?

What did Jesus do?

What should the house of prayer be called?

What had these men made it?

Who came to Jesus in the temple?

What did the children in the temple say?

**Something to Remember:** I will remember to use my ears to listen to what Jesus wants me to hear.

**Something to Do:** Don't forget your picture card. How would you like to find a cardboard box, and try to make a little church? Color the door and window, and paste a steeple on top. Maybe you would rather draw and color a church on some nice white paper.

## INTERMEDIATE LESSON for May 9

Lesson Study: Matthew 21:12-22.

Golden Text: Isaiah 56:7.

### JESUS' RIGHT TO COMMAND

That bought and sold (verse 12). People who came long distances could not easily bring animals for sacrifices, so they bought them after arriving at the temple. Men made a business of selling these animals. Different kinds of money were used in the countries from which the different people came, so they had to exchange their money for Jewish coins before they could pay their tax. These moneychangers charged for this service.

Children (verse 15). In the Jewish worship the boys sang in the temple.

Fig tree (verse 19). Jesus meant to teach the disciples that they must bear spiritual fruit or perish.

1. What did Jesus do about the traders in the temple?
2. Why were the chief priests and scribes displeased?
3. What lesson did Jesus teach the disciples?
4. How can Juniors live for the Lord?
5. How much faith should we have?
6. What did Jesus say about God's house?
7. How can we show reverence to the church?

#### A PRAYER

Dear Lord, help me to remember that the church is thy holy house. Help me to feel that thou art very near and dost see and hear every thing I do and say. I thank thee for the privilege of worshipping thee. In Jesus' name. Amen.