

# Sabbath School Missionary

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## YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND Page 3

### Jean Visits Aunt Margaret

It wasn't going to be any fun visiting with Aunt Margaret — there wouldn't be anything to do, for Margaret was an old maid who lived in a small town. Jean had often heard that old maids do not like children, that they are fussy about their work, and that they expect a girl of ten to be a grown-up lady and sit on a stiff-backed chair and read or sew.

The train whistled as it pulled into the station. Jean carried her suitcase down the steps. The lights twinkled at her. Were they smiling a welcome, or did they feel sorry that she was to spend two whole weeks in that small town, with nothing to do?

There was Aunt Margaret on the platform. The greeting was far different from what Jean had expected. Why, Aunt Margaret was really glad to see her.

"Let me carry your suitcase, dear. I know you are tired after that long dusty ride on the train. We have only two blocks to go, and it is such a pleasant evening. The moon and stars looking down on us, the crickets chirping—don't you love pleasant evenings, Jean?"

"Yes," said Jean simply. She was thinking she was going to like Aunt Margaret after all. She knew it. Aunt Margaret's eyes were so kind, her voice was so pleasant, her manner so charming.

"Isn't it refreshing to walk in the quiet evening when the hurry of the busy day is over?" continued Aunt Margaret.

Busy day! Perhaps there were things to do after all.

They reached the white cottage. There was a wide lawn with trees, vines, and bushes.

Aunt Margaret snapped on the porch light. How cozy everything looked! Comfortable pillows were invitingly placed in the easy chairs. Many plants were in the windows.

"Would you like to wash up a bit first? I shall show you to your room."

"Thank you, Aunt Margaret," said Jean as she followed her into the neat room, where a cool breeze was blowing in the open window. How spotless everything was! How dainty were the

embroidered pillowcases and the dresser scarf to match! Jean bathed her face and combed her hair. When she returned to the porch, Aunt Margaret had a lunch waiting for her — a tall glass of cold fruit juice and a plate of cookies. Aunt Margaret seemed like a young girl as they chatted gaily over the small table. Jean was now looking forward with pleasure to the two weeks instead of dreading it. Perhaps there would be something to do after all.

Before retiring, Aunt Margaret brought out her much-worn Bible and read a few verses aloud. Jean had heard the same verses many times before, but somehow they sounded different when Aunt Margaret read them. They seemed real, a part of one's own life. The passage concluded with, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

Then they knelt by their chairs to pray.

Several times during the prayer Jean was almost tempted to open her eyes to look. She felt sure she would see an angel standing by Aunt Margaret's chair; the prayer was so real, so earnest, as if the one to whom she was talking were right in the room.

Then they arose from their knees, and Aunt Margaret kissed Jean good night.

"Sleep well, dear, for there are many things to do in the morning."

"Many things to do—" the words were singing over and over in Jean's mind as she crept in between the cool white sheets and nestled her head on the soft pillow.

Birds were singing, the sun was bright, when Jean opened her eyes next morning. Aunt Margaret was busy in the kitchen, softly humming an old tune, "Work, for the night is coming."

Jean bounded out of bed, and was soon ready to do her portion of the "many things" that Aunt Margaret had referred to before she went to bed.

There was a rap on the screen door.

"Good morning," called Aunt Margaret cheer-

(Continued on page 2)



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### YOUNG PEOPLE'S FRIEND SECTION (of the *Sabbath School Missionary*)

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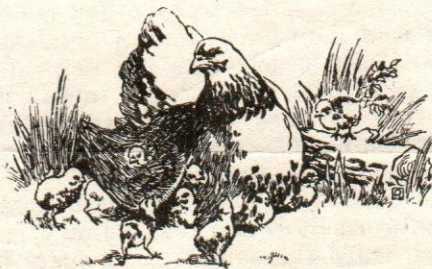
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## EDITORIAL



### Matthew 23.

37 O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, *thou*  
that killest the prophets, and ston-  
est them which are sent unto thee,  
how often would I have gathered  
thy children together, even as a hen  
gathereth her chickens under *her*  
wings, and ye would not!

How many of you have little chickens? What color are they? Some have already written and told about theirs, but we want to hear from others.

Have you a brooder stove for your chicks or do you bring them into the house at night? Or do they have a mother hen to cluck and talk to and protect them? I like to raise mine with a hen. I like to watch them run when she calls them to come and eat. If a hawk comes flying near or a cat chases them, how they scurry to their mother! Then when she tucks them under her soft, warm wing they are safe. Don't they look cunning when they peep out from their cozy nest!

Jesus once told the people of Jerusalem that He wanted to care for them as a mother hen cares for her chicks. But some of the people were foolish. They would not live right. They would not stay close to Him. A hen can not take care of a chick if it becomes naughty and runs away, can she?

I hope all the Missionary boys and girls live close to Jesus so He can care for them.

## JEAN VISITS AUNT MARGARET

(Continued from front page)

fully. "Come in, Mr. Graham. You are in time to eat breakfast with us. My young niece Jean is with me; she came on the train last night." And before Mr. Graham knew it, Aunt Margaret had a plate and silverware waiting for him at the table.

"Thank you, Miss Margaret," said Mr. Graham, adding a sort of apology, "but I—I didn't aim to come at breakfast time. I was on my way to work, and wondering if you would bandage up my wrist again. You seem to know better than any one else how to do it."

"Yes, indeed I shall be glad to," Aunt Margaret assured him.

They chatted gaily over their breakfast, then Jean watched with interest as the injured wrist was bathed and rebandaged. With a grateful smile and many thanks Mr. Graham went on his way to work.

Jean piled the dishes, and Aunt Margaret was beginning to wash them, when a knock was heard at the front door. Hastily wiping her hands, she went to see who was there.

"Good morning, Mrs. Kane, won't you come in?"

"I know you are busy this morning, but I wondered if you would help me cut out a dress for Betty. I can't seem to fit the pattern on the goods to make it come right."

So the material was laid on the kitchen table, after the dishes were put away. Mrs. Kane and Aunt Margaret then pinned the pattern down and cut out the dress for Betty.

"Thank you so much," said Mrs. Kane as she went down the walk between the flower beds. "It was so kind of you to take time to help me."

"Miss Margaret," called a sad voice at the back door.

"What's the matter, Elmer? Why all the tears?" asked Aunt Margaret sympathetically.

"It's my tooth; I can't pull it, and it hurts to even wriggle it any more. I'll let you spin my new top if you'll pull it for me, Miss Margaret."

Aunt Margaret admired the new top, then asked to see the offending tooth. Before Elmer realized it zip—the tooth was out. Aunt Margaret was handing him a clean handkerchief and a glass of water.

"Whenever you want to spin my new top, let me know," said Elmer, as he went whistling gaily down the walk.

Jean wondered if every day was like this with so many things to do. But this was only the beginning. The two weeks of her visit were going to be fairly crowded with things to do. Aunt Margaret had told her some of the plans they hoped to carry out, many for Jean's own pleasure. Tomorrow they would have a party for all the ten-year-old girls in the village. They would play games and have lunch on the lawn. The next day they planned to tie a small quilt for the new Morris baby. Then on Thursday they would make scrapbooks for the children's ward in the big city hospital. Jean loved to cut and paste the pictures for the thin cardboard covers.

(Continued next week)





"Seek the Lord and ye shall live."

Stanberry, Missouri, May 21, 1942

"Hate the evil, and love the good."

## The Painter

I am paintin' now the picture that  
I'll someday want to see.  
I am fillin' in a canvas that will come  
back soon to me.  
An' though nothin' great is on it, an'  
though nothin' there is fine,  
I shall want to look it over when I'm  
old, an' call it mine.  
An' I do not dare to leave it while the  
paint is warm an' wet  
With a single thing upon it that I'll  
later on regret.

I hope there'll be no vision of a  
hasty word I've said  
That has left a trail of sorrow, like  
a whip welt, sore an' red,  
An' I hope my old-age dreamin' will  
bring back no bitter scene  
Of a time when I was selfish an' a  
time when I was mean.  
When I'm gettin' old an' feeble, an'  
I'm far along life's way,  
I don't want to sit regrettin' any by-  
gone yesterday.

When my hair is thin an' silvered,  
an' my time of toil it through,  
When I've many years behind me, an'  
ahead of me a few,  
I shall want to sit, I reckon, sort of  
dreamin' in the sun,  
An' recall the roads I've traveled an'  
the many things I've done.  
An' I hope there'll be no picture that  
I'll hate to look upon  
When the time to paint is better or  
to wipe it out is gone.  
—Edgar A Guest (Scl.)

Ah yes, we are all painting a pic-  
ture, and when we have finished—  
will it be a beautiful scene, or will  
it just be a blur?

In the picture of life is there a  
plan, and do we have definite rules to  
go by or do we just paint as a small  
child would color a picture—a spot  
of one color here, another there, with  
no idea of proper colors, or how or  
where to put them?

First we might think about our  
words. Are they always kind? Are  
the words of our mouth acceptable to  
our heavenly Father? (Ps. 19:14). Do  
we mothers always send our children  
to school or play with a kind word? I  
have noticed many times the dif-

ference in the attitude of children  
and most of the time the happy, suc-  
cessful child in school or in life is  
the one that the mother always has  
a kind word and a kiss to start her  
child with. Somehow a cheery, kind  
word does so much to start our day.  
We have all noticed the difference—  
some one will greet us with a smile  
and some kind words, then go on  
their way leaving with us that happy  
feeling that all is well. And then  
maybe someone will stop a moment  
to talk and, ah, everything is wrong,  
the weather, the people, in fact life  
is not worth living. As they go on  
their way they have left that cloud of  
sorrow despair, and somehow it may  
take the joy out of that day.

We might read a few texts on  
"words." (Read Luke 4:22; 1 Cor.  
14:19; 1 Tim. 4:6; 2 Tim. 2:14; 3:2).  
John says the words of God are spirit  
and they are life (6:63).

"Blessed are the meek, for they  
shall inherit the earth." Matt. 5:5.

"Where there is no vision, the peo-  
ple perish, but he that keepeth the  
law, happy is he." Prov. 29:18.

One Sabbath the editor of the Y.  
P Friend preached a sermon on this  
verse in Proverbs, and somehow it  
seemed to me one of the best ser-  
mons I ever heard. Truly if we have  
no vision, no plan, in fact no goal in  
life, how can we keep in the strait  
and narrow way? The poet has  
said, life is real and life is earnest,  
and the grave is not the goal. Oh,  
no! our goal is beyond the grave in  
that happy, joyful, holy land with  
Jesus as our King.

Dear ones, let us take a new start,  
for each day is a new day, another  
opportunity to begin again. And then  
as we look back over the trail of life  
when we are old, oh, may there be no  
sad regrets of hasty words or unkind  
deeds that were left to mar the  
memory.

My prayer is that we will all be  
faithful and paint our "picture of  
life" the best we can.

—By Grace Ward.

"The Lord is my light and my sal-  
vation; whom shall I fear? the Lord  
is the strength of my life; of whom  
shall I be afraid?" Ps. 27:1.

## Friendship

Michelet says, "The way to gain a  
friend is to be one" and in Prov. 18  
we find, "A man that hath friends  
must show himself friendly." How  
can we show ourselves friendly?  
Simply by being kind and under-  
standing, find out other's good char-  
acteristics, not their bad. Let others  
know that you really care to have  
them as a friend. As a nurse, I real-  
ize that a kindly word, a smile or a  
simple task well done often results in  
lasting friendships. Don't wait —  
today to "show thyself friendly."

Did you ever stop to think

What makes a day seem bright?

It isn't just the sunshine—

Tho', of course, that helps, all right!

It's not just meeting friends you like  
Exchanging news and jokes—

No sir! It's little thoughtful things  
You've done for other folks!

—Anonymous.

## WHAT ABOUT YOU?

"Yea though I walk through the  
valley of the shadow of death—" how  
many of the young men today are  
walking through the "valley of the  
shadow of death"? How many of  
them are holding the banner of Jesus  
high above all else? Can they truth-  
fully say, "I will fear no evil for  
thou (Lord) are with me, thy rod  
and thy staff, they comfort me"?

Young men and women I'm speak-  
ing to you? Can you say it? Yes,  
I'm one of you, just a young girl try-  
ing by the help of the Almighty to  
walk the strait and narrow path.

If you are a young man in the ser-  
vice of our country what do you do  
with your "spare" time? I hope you  
do not go to some sinful place and  
drink of the cup that satan is willing  
to offer to all. Prov. 20:1 says, "Wine  
is a mocker, strong drink is raging,  
and whosoever is deceived thereby is  
not wise." I know that it is hard for  
you to be away from home and loved  
ones but is that an excuse for such  
a condemned thing?

Last Sunday afternoon as we were  
driving down the highway, we passed  
three boys from the army camp near  
Ft. Smith. They were so drunk they  
could hardly walk. Once or twice



they were almost hit by passing cars. Yes, they were some mothers' sons, who love them in spite of this. Do you think that our heavenly Father is pleased with such behavior?

When someone invites you to have a drink with him, ask yourself these questions before accepting. "Would God be pleased with it? Suppose I should be called to meet Him while I was drunk, then what? If Jesus were in my place what would He do? I'm sure that after you have answered these thoughtfully that you can refuse the invitation.

In Rev. 22:10-12 we find, "And he said unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book; for the time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And behold I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

I hope that in some way this has helped someone. I will conclude with Matt. 25:13, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

—By Mary Peaslee.

## THE DANIEL CLUB

Would you like to become a member of "The Daniel Club"? There are no dues to pay.

"I don't know," you reply, "I never heard of it before. Tell me about it."

The editor has had the idea of a "Daniel Club" for some time. The purpose is simple, yet needed, and the results of following its one rule is very helpful to every member.

The motto and one rule of this Club is "Pray without ceasing"—pray three times a day as Daniel did.

I believe it is safe to say that Christian young people do not do enough praying. Not only do we need to pray more that we may be overcomers in our everyday Christian life, but we need to pray more to withstand the trials ahead of us. With one look at the world and in the Bible we are sure great times of trouble are ahead for this old world. The faith of the Christians will be tried. If we are near "the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. 3:10), we certainly need to draw very nigh the Lord—as nigh as we possibly know how to get. "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried: but the wicked shall do wickedly—" (Dan. 12:10), and to stand through this *trying time* we will need the power of God in our lives.

Nothing in all this world is more important to us than fighting the good fight to victory. Through prayer we can get the power of God we need.

If you want to be a member of this Daniel Club or Daniel Prayer Band, decide right now in your mind you are going to find three times each day to spend some time upon your knees.

Let us hear from our readers on this. In your letter to this paper encourage others in this plan.

# PAUL

## A HERALD OF THE CROSS

By Florence M. Kingsley

### CHAPTER XVI

#### THE COLOSSUS OF SIDON

A strange, inarticulate, inhuman, maddening noise, a sound now sinking to a low wailing like that of a despairing soul, now swelling shrilly to a full throbbing note of agony, a thunderous myriad-voiced pean of woe, rising and falling, fainting, dying, only to burst out anew into more terrible crescendos.

Publius Petronius the newly-made governor of Syria, arose from his couch at day-break with a curse, his usually fresh and ruddy countenance haggard and yellow.

"The seven and twentieth night," he muttered betwixt his teeth, "and I have not slept. Beasts!" He kicked the slave who had brought him his toga and sandals with such vigor and percision that the unfortunate menial landed upon the opposite side of the room. The man arose with commendable promptness and returned to the matter which he had in hand, namely that of investing his irascribe master with the habiliments of civilization. Petronius meantime was engaged in roaring out diverse great oaths, which comprehended creation in general, the gods, whom he held responsible for all his discomforts and miseries past, present, and to come, also and in particular his bed which he compared to a certain choice location in Hades.

"Beasts!" he growled savagely, striding to the window of his chamber, "I will show that I am not to be trifled with. There are at the least ten thousand of the devils—Nay by Apollo, I believe there are ten thousand of them, and all howling like condemned souls. And for what? because a certain crack-brained imbecile, who wears the purple, will set up his trumpery image in their temple. Let him take the matter in hand himself, I say, since he calls himself the god of the universe. Pah! He is inferior to the slave yonder whom I have kicked." He thrust his finger into his ears as if to shut out for an instant the frightful clamor which arose from the multitude below.

"The master stone-cutter from Sidon, excellency," announced the slave with some quite natural hesitation. "He wishes to consult your

worshipful highness concerning the transportation of the statue."

"The furies fly away with the master stone-cutter from Sidon! I have not breakfasted. Go tell him that I will not see him.—Nay, bring him hither and at once."

"Most worshipful, exalted, and revered—"

"Hold thy peace, man, I am no royal weakling, bloated nigh to bursting with impious folly, but a Roman soldier; speak to me as such. What wilt thou?"

"I have, excellency, well-nigh finished the work upon the colossal statue of the emperor, which is to be placed in Jerusalem. It will, I hope, be possible to erect it in the Holy of Holies before the next feast-day."

"Sanctissimi dei! what, finished already? Nay, thou art most diligent in the pursuit of thy calling, good stone-cutter."

"I am, in truth, diligent," replied the man complacently, "and at all times; yet on this present occasion I have wrought day and night, as it were, employing the most skiled artists, and sparing neither labor nor expense—even as thou didst bid me."

"It must be very perfect, man," growled Petronius, staring hard at the stone-cutter and pulling at his short beard. "This is no fool's job which thou hast undertaken; there must be no slighting of even the inferior parts; the smallest imperfection of the littlest fold of the robe, or the deviation of a hair's breadth in the disposition of a single feature; the—"

"Am I not the greatest artist in Sidon—nay, in all Phoenicia?" interrupted the master stone-cutter with heat. "Do I need therefore to learn my business anew?"

"Hold, my good stone-cutter, there are yet many things connected with thy business which thou wilt do well to consider," answered Petronius, leaning forward and staring yet more fixedly into the angry face before him. "Listen now for an instant. I pray thee. Canst thou hear the sounds from without? Ay, thou canst hear, thou hast ears. It is these good people without that thou art fashioning this statue of Caius Cæsar, the new Jupiter. It is to be their god. Now if it be set up in their shrine at Jerusalem, and they discover in it the smallest flaw, what think you, will they do unto the man that hath wrought the same to the dishonor of their temple?"

The stone-cutter grew pale.

"Ah, thou mayest well tremble," pursued Petronius, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "for they would not scruple to rend thee limb from limb; as for the statue—" He paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"But — thou hast legions at thy command," faltered the man, wiping the great beads of moisture from his



face. "Surely thou couldst protect me."

Petronius smiled. "I could crucify a score or more of thy murderers after thou wert dead," he smiled coldly; "but the legions of Rome can scarce stand guard over the body of a paltry stone-cutter." Then his manner suddenly changed; he clapped his great hand down upon his knee as if a solution of the whole matter had occurred to him. "Come, come, my good fellow," he said heartily, "thou art still alive and like enough to outlive by a score of years any one of these yelping dogs outside. Go back to thy stone-cutting, and fail not to refine thy handiwork to the last degree of perfection. Let the very hairs of the eyelash, the — hum — the texture of the robe, the sparkle of the eye—"

"'Tis impossible!" groaned the artist, wringing his hands in mingled indignation and despair. "Who can express the sparkle of the living eye in dull insensate ivory. Unless—" he added eagerly, "the eye be fashioned out of gems, the white of the eye from pearl, the iris from—"

"Yes, yes, that is what I meant," interrupted Petronius rubbing his hands genially, "exactly, let it be done in that way—by all means."

"But it may occasion a great delay," said the artist pursing up his mouth with a dubious expression. "Six months or more might be consumed in seeking out the proper materials; perhaps after all the ivory—"

"The delay is no matter, sirrah," roared Petronius with an emphatic stamp of his foot. "The statue must be perfect. Do you understand me?"

"I—I understand, yes—assuredly, I comprehend perfectly," faltered the stone-cutter, stepping back a little in his alarm. "I will send at once for the gems, and with all possible speed; but the — ah — the added expense, how is that to be met?"

"With gold, knave, with gold, how else? There is no lack of gold with the emperor of Rome—the gods be praised for that much. Now get thee gone; the needed gold shall reach Sidon within the month."

The stone-cutter still lingered, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "If I had the gold today," he began at length, "or at the latest by tomorrow it might save two months of time in the completion—"

But at this Petronius sprang to his feet, calling with a mighty voice upon the gods of the nether world to bear him witness that a more stupid, thick-skulled, monstrosity than the stone-cutter from Sidon never existed, vowing moreover by all the divinity of Olympus that he would take the commission from him and give it to the slave who trimmed his beard, since the slave was the better artist of the two.

The unlucky sculptor retreated open-mouthed to the door, reaching it with a sigh of relief, and disappearing therefrom with the celerity of a withered leaf before the imperious blasts of the north wind.

Seeing that the man from Sidon was fairly gone, Petronius chuckled to himself. "So far, good!" he growled. Then he rapped upon the table. "My breakfast! and tell Valerius Flaccus that I will see him at once."

"I suppose," he said, betwixt great mouthfuls of the porridge which he preferred to all other dishes for his morning repast, "I purpose to advance at once to Tiberias, that I may see whether this same state of affairs prevails over the entire country; also I shall send for Herod Agrippa and put the matter to him. He may perchance have some influence with these blockheads. 'If they endeavor to prevent the worship of my statue,' says the emperor, 'put them down by force of arms.' Very good, I am ready to fight, but who can fight men who throw themselves flat upon the ground rowling like a lot of sick children?"

"Charge upon them with a legion, excellency, and the cowards will shortly get up and run away," advised Flaccus, drumming loudly on the edge of his chair with his closed fist. "That is how I should deal with the rascals; give them something to howl for, say I."

"I have not asked your counsel, sir," growled Petronius. "No, they must be persuaded, though may the gods smite me, if I know how it is to be done. But come, we start without delay with one legion, the other shall remain here under command of Proculus."

Valerius Flaccus shrugged his shoulders, but he nevertheless prepared to carry out the commands of his superior. That day Petronius at the head of his cohorts marched from Ptolemais to Tiberias, pursued all the way by the dark cloud of mourning Jews. Thousands upon thousands, and tens of thousands of them beset the stolidly-marching columns before and behind, in companies of old men, of young men, of matrons of maidens, of young children; gaunt and wasted with fasting their voices hoarse with prolonged wailing.

—*ScL.*

(Chapter XVI continued)

## QUESTION DEPARTMENT

QUESTION: Were Adam and Eve under grace in the beginning? Was "grace" known before the fall?

ANSWER: The editor asks the above question that a brief discussion concerning the first question in our Y. P. Lesson Study of last week might be given here.

The word grace has more than one meaning. Grace means "the influence of God's Spirit in the heart of the believer"; also it is "any of the Christian virtues as meekness, love, etc." Further: "God's unmerited mercy toward mankind"; "the free mercy of God, or the enjoyment of his favor."

If "grace" meant only the enjoyment of God's favor, minus the thought of mercy, then we might say Adam and Eve were under grace before they sinned, but grace has a broader meaning. *Mercy* means "willingness to forgive, spare or pity; pardon, etc." Adam and Eve did not need the "mercy" part of grace before they sinned. While they had not earned God's favor, neither did they earn or deserve to the contrary.

We remember "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Eph. 2:8. God's grace operated through His love for man—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son—" His grace operated through the giving of His Son on the cross in the sacrifice and atonement made there which brought redemption.

Paul tells us that "where sin abounded (was in abundance), grace did much more abound." Rom. 5:20. The more sin the more grace was needed. Now if much sin brought much grace, some might think that they should keep on sinning that grace might keep on abounding toward them. Paul seemed to know some would get mixed up on this point so he asks a question up on this point so he asks a question that he might give warning. He asked, "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?" He answers in part, "God forbid." Then he goes on to show that we are to be "dead indeed unto sin." A dead person does not work or act, so we are not to work unrighteousness and are inactive when it comes to sinful things.

Further when he says "for ye are not under the law, but under grace" he quickly asks, "What then? shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace?" This is the same question, with a little addition, as he asked in verse 1 of Rom. 6. Again he answers, "God forbid." Those under grace must not continue in sin. But suppose they do, then what? "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death or of obedience unto righteousness?" Now if they couldn't fall from grace why warn them about being servants of sin unto death? Could a man yield himself to be a servant of sin and still be under grace? Right here we add Paul's question and answer of Gal. 2:17 "But, if while we seek to be



justified by Christ, we ourselves also are found sinners, is therefore Christ the minister of sin? God forbid." Then he adds, "For if I build again the things which I destroy, I make myself a transgressor." Then back to Rom. 6, verse 22, "But now (after accepting Christ and being baptized) being made free from sin (no more a servant of sin), and become servants of God (ye cannot serve two masters) ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." But if we do not have our fruit unto holiness, and if we continue in sin—"the wages of sin is death. Therefore it is up to the individual whether he stays under or falls from grace—according to whom he serves and how he lives.

May we conclude, (even though it is beside the question) with the admonition found in Gal. 5:15, "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh," "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." V. 24. Have yours been crucified? Have they been buried? Is your life bringing forth fruit unto holiness? Think on these things, and may God increase your thirsting after righteousness.

—Editor.

LETTER DEPARTMENT

FROM KANSAS

Dear Y. P. F. Readers:

This is my first time to write to the little paper. Have enjoyed the letters the others have written, so tho't I should try to do my part.

Have been having rainy, cool weather here in Kansas.

My husband and I have lived here in Parsons since Jan. 1st. I do not know of any Church of God (7th day) people living here, but there are several S. D. A's. and they have a church here. I have never attended, but would like to.

Am sorry I missed seeing Bro. & Sister Kenneth Walker, as I was told they were by here one day when I was visiting my parents in Missouri. And was also sorry I missed seeing Bro. J. T. Williamson, as he had just left my parent's home when I arrived there, and I just missed seeing him by a few hours.

I suppose a lot of you readers have brothers and friends in the U. S. Army. I have a brother who is in the medical detachment at Moffett Field, Calif. He has been in the Army since April 4, 1941. He would be glad to hear from anyone who would care to write, especially the ministers. His address is: Sgt. Harmon E. Rice, Medical Detachment, Moffett Field, Calif. Please pray for him that he might endure all the trials that are to come.

My letter is getting long, so must close and leave room for others.

Would be glad to hear from any of

the members that would care to write. Please pray for me.

With Christian love,  
Mrs. Lela Blankenship  
1324 S. 13th, Parsons, Kans.

FROM NEBRASKA

Dear Y. P. F.:

Hello everyone! It has been raining off and on for the past three or four weeks. Last night we had a short but violent hailstorm which was followed by a rainstorm. This morning the sun is shining and it promises to be a nice spring day.

We are living in Gering, Nebraska. We moved here from Canon City early in March. At first I didn't like Gering because it doesn't have any mountains but I am beginning to like it now.

Daddy followed up Bro. Donald Brandt's work with the Bible Truth series by about four weeks meetings in Scottsbluff. Many are interested in the truth. We have been holding Bible studies on Wednesday nights and Thursday afternoons. There are quite a few interested and attend these studies regularly. Let us hope that these people will decide to step out to follow in Jesus' footsteps.

In a few days we will start on our trip to Oregon. We are stopping for about a week in Upton, Wyoming to baptize a sister in the faith and hold a few days meetings and then on we go to Oregon. Of course I don't like to move again but since it seems best that we go, we go.

I would like to say "hello" to all of my friends and to Lavonne Henion. I would like your address, Lavonne. Any who care to write, I will answer your letters.

Since my letter is getting long I will close for this time.

With Christian love,  
Bernice Walker  
Box 223, Gering, Nebr.

FROM IDAHO

Dear Ones of like Precious Faith:

Sometime back in the Young People's Friend was a letter wondering why various ones who used to write articles for the paper hadn't been heard from for so long. I'll admit it has been on my conscience for a long time for not writing anything, but I always have the feeling that I can't write anything that would be worth sending to the paper. I shall try to do better though hereafter, because even though what we write may not seem so important to us, still it may be just what some one is wondering about or wanting to hear. Also it does the writer good in that it makes one study and read the Bible too and often we find thoughts in the Bible we either had forgotten or didn't know were there.

During these times when conditions in the world are getting worse and worse I ask you all to remember Matt. 6:24-34. This is in one of the

chapters of Christ's sermon on the mount. These words have always been a source of comfort to me, and more so now as we face the uncertain days ahead. So many of us put the cares of this life ahead of working for God; but verse 33 in this chapter tells us to "seek first the kingdom of God" and all these things shall be added unto you. So if we want to claim these promises we should first seek the Lord, and do His will.

Psalm 91 is also a good chapter to remember. I can't think of the reference now but there is a verse which tells us not to put our trust in horses (or implements of war) but to trust the Lord. So as we see the nations in their armament race let us much rather trust God.

I certainly enjoy attending the church here at Meridian. We've been having wonderful attendance lately, and several interested out-siders have been coming. We have Y. P. meeting on the first Sabbath of each month.

Hoping to see articles and letters from many more of you.

With Christian Love,  
Edna Palmer

Y. P. LESSON STUDY

BREAD OF ETERNAL LIFE

- 1—In John 6:25-26 why were certain people seeking Jesus?
- 2—What instruction did Jesus give in verse 27? Comment on the first and second parts of this verse.
- 3—What question was asked in verse 28?
- 4—Comment on Jesus' reply in verse 29? (See also 1 John 3:23). What does sincere believing cause us to do? Can we believe without action? James 2:20; Matt. 7:21.
- 5—What questions were asked in John 6:30-31?
- 6—Explain Jesus' answer in verses 32-33.
- 7—Is the request found in verse 3 commendable? Do you think many people today are asking for the same with earnest desire?
- 8—What was the Savior's reply? V. 35. (See also Matt. 5:6). Do we continue to hunger and thirst after more after conversion? Does this give complete satisfaction? Don't we still long for immortal bodies and to be born from the dead?
- 9—Comment on John 6:37 with V. 44. Might we be turned down if we come to Him? But suppose we harbor a grudge or have some unconfessed sins—then what?
- 10—Did Jesus come to do as He pleased? V. 38.
- 11—What does verse 39 say His will is?
- 12—What promise is repeated in verse 40? How vital a point is this in our faith?
- 13—What chief point of points do you get from this study?



### DON'T LOITER

One day Edith Anne was sent to the store to get a pattern of a dress.

"Don't loiter," mother had said.

"I'll stop by Mrs. Barton's," Edith said. "Mother wouldn't care a bit."

"Are you obeying?" asked a voice in her heart.

"That isn't loitering."

"It will make you later."

"I don't care."

When she stopped at Mrs. Barton's she found Helen at home. She played a bit with her.

"I must go now," she said after she had stayed half an hour.

She poked on. Finally she got there. "I want the pattern of the dress with ruffles," she said.

Mrs. White went to the back of the store and brought back the very pattern. Edith stayed there a while reading funny papers.

"I'll go around by the mountain," she said, "it's not much farther. I'll pick some flowers."

She started. The voice didn't pipe up again for it was of no use.

She saw the creek. "Oh goody! it's up. I can wade." She sat down on a stone and pulled off her slippers. The bottom of the creek was made of rock so it was slippery. The sun was setting behind the mountain. Soon it would be dark! Edith Ann slipped down. Plump! She slipped right down, pattern and all. She left one of her slippers in the creek. She tried to dry her dress by shaking. It was dark. She stumbled around and found the pattern. It was all wet! How she wished she was home in bed!

Once she ran into a tree. Blinded by tears she stumbled on. "I shall never get home!" She lost her other slipper. All kinds of animals seemed to grab her. "If I had only obeyed!"

She lost the trail, but she kept walking. Finally she saw a light. This encouraged her. The moon was coming up. By hard searching she found the trail.

At home they were all in a hurry. Edith had never done like this before. Perhaps she stayed all night with someone without asking mother or father, ran through their minds.

Edith sat down to rest on a stone. A little cricket came out and sang to her. She got up and walked on. At last she got home, weary and tired and footsore from walking.

Nothing was said to her about it that night. The next morning she told the whole story, ending in, "I'm sorry." Mother didn't punish Edith for she had already had her punishment.

Edith Ann helped with the dishes, swept the floor, thinking she would pay for what she had done.

—By Arlene Killgore.

### NELLY'S PEARL OF LOVE

Nelly came home from school in tears. Sobbing, she flew to the shelter of her mother's arms. When she could tell what the trouble was, she said that one of the well-dressed little girls had made fun of her clothes.

Mother knew how things like that can hurt; she had been a little girl herself once.

"I want a new dress," sobbed Nelly.

Mother looked sad. She knew that Nelly's dress was rather shabby, but there was no money to buy a new one for her now.

"Never mind, dear," she said trying to comfort the little girl. "Would you like to have mother tell you a story?"

Nelly nodded. A story from mother, who was usually too busy to take much time for such things, was a great treat.

"I will tell you about the little oyster," began mother. "One day a tiny bit of shell got inside the oyster and stayed there. It was sharp and hurt the little oyster's soft flesh very badly. The oyster had no way of getting the bit of shell out, as it had no hands, and the piece had slipped in while the oyster had its shell open, feeding."

"But Mother Nature had given the poor little oyster something to protect itself with. Oysters have the ability to make their own shells as they grow, out of a kind of shiny stuff that comes out of the border, or mantle, as it is called that edges their bodies. Nature has made it so that when any hard or irritating substance, like a bit of sand or an insect, gets inside their shell and into their bodies, they coat these objects with some of the stuff out of which they make their shells. The first coat is so very thin that it can not be seen by our eyes.

"Day after day a new coat is put on, so that the thing that hurts and cuts the tender little body gets walled off, and all covered with the shiny stuff, which is nice and smooth, so it can't hurt any more.

"Years go by, and the tiny, thin coating keeps being put on the object, until, by and by, a lovely glossy pearl, shining like satin, is formed inside the oyster's body. This, Nelly, is the way pearls are made. I'll show you one in a ring next time we pass a jeweler's store.

"Now this is what I want my little girl to do. I want her to put a coating of kind thoughts and little prayers around that cruel thing your little playmate said to you about your dress, and then it can't hurt you. Every time you think of what she said, add another little coating to it. Keep on thinking loving thoughts of her, and some day my little girl will have a beautiful, shining pearl of love and forgiveness in her soul. You can't see it, but God will know it is there, and you will know, and Mother will, too."

Nelly looked up smiling now. Mother wiped the tear stains from her face. "There must be one coat on it now," said Nelly. "It doesn't hurt so much as it did." —By Ethel Sheaffer Martin.

## SUNBEAMS

FROM OKLAHOMA

Dear Readers:

In school a while we read books taking turns because we just had one book of the kind. One was "Little Tony of Italy." It was about a boy who stole and told things that weren't true. He stayed with an old woman. One day he brought in a puppy. It was the marionette puppy so he took it back. Then she stayed with marionette man. One day a girl and man came and said the



puppy was theirs. It was. Tony hung on the back of the car to get the dog. He rode with them to their house. He took the dog to Pompei, a town in Italy where he used to live. A volcano was coming, he told the people but they would not believe him. He was put in jail. He went back to the people who owned the dog. He never told lies again.

Another was "Dodo, A Mexican Boy." He was lazy. Finally he became a very good potter and was not lazy.

My letter is getting long. I hope none of us is like Dodo or Tony.

A reader,  
Arlene Killgore

(We enjoyed hearing about your books, Arlene. —Editor.)

Dear Readers:

It has been a good while since I have written to the good little paper.

I can not go to S. S. down here. But when I go down to my Grandma's I can go to S. S. I sure like to go. I love to read Aunt Lena's letters and the rest.

I have three sisters and two brothers. For pets I have a cat.

My mother is not feeling good now.

I will close with a puzzle: hout sahlit aveh on ehtor ogds ebofre em.

Your little friend,  
Vivian Fern Killgore

(Perhaps you appreciate S. S. more because you can not attend every Sabbath. When I was a little girl I did not have the pleasure of attending S. S. except once a year at Camp Meeting. Of course we had it at home with only our family. —Editor.)

### FROM MISSOURI

Dear Missionary Readers:

This is the first time I have written to the paper for quite a while. The first time when I wrote to the little paper I was down at Easton, Missouri. I live in Stanberry, Missouri.

I have a black cat with a white spot on its neck. I am five years old. I have one doll named Marilyn and she rolls her eyes.

I am in bed now sick with the measles, but I dont feel very bad. Mother is writing this for me while I tell her what to write.

My little friend Gilbert Lee Kauer is sick with measles, too.

Mother reads stories to me out of story books and from the Missionary. Daddy reads me stories from the Bible and explains them.

Daddy and I made a bird house (I pounded in some of the nails) and now there is a little wren living in it. Daddy put the bird house in a tree beside the garage. My letter is getting long so I will close.

Your little friend,  
Helen Christenson

(You are a very energetic little lass, Helen. Did Marilyn have the measles too? —Editor.)

### PRIMARY LESSON No. 10, June 6

#### JESUS DIED TO SAVE

Lesson Material: Mark 15:20:37.

Memory Verse: "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures." 1 Cor. 15:3.

A while before Jesus died, they put a crown of thorns on His head and a purple robe on Him. They called Him the King of the Jews. They mocked Him and treated Him badly. Then they took Him out to crucify Him.

A man named Simon had to carry the cross to a place named Golgotha. There they crucified Jesus on the cross. They put nails through His hands to hold Him there.

They put up two other crosses, one on either side of Jesus. They took two thieves and hung them on these two crosses. What a shame to put Jesus between such wicked men!

The Jews mocked Him, and told Him to save himself. They told Him to come down from the cross. Jesus did not save Himself. He died so that we might live. He died to save us from our sins. When He was so good to us, don't you think that we should thank Him by trying to be just as good as we know how?

#### Questions:

What did they put on Jesus' head?

What kind of a robe did they put on Him?

Who carried the cross?

Where did he take the cross?

What did they do to Jesus' hands?

Whom did they put on the other two crosses?

What did the Jews tell Jesus to do?

Why did Jesus die?

#### Something to Remember:

I will remember to keep my heart clean and pure for Jesus.

**Something to Do:** You should have quite a few cards pasted in your book by now. Cut a cross out of cardboard, or draw a picture of a cross, and print above it the words, King of the Jews.

### INTERMEDIATE LESSON For June 6

Lesson Study: Mark 15:33-34; Luke 23:23-46.  
Golden Text: Isaiah 53:5.

#### CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSS

Give the meaning of the following words: malefactor (Luke 23:33); raiment (V. 34); derided (V. 35); superscription (V. 38); railed (V. 39); condemnation (V. 40); veil, rent (V. 45); commendation (V. 46).

1. When was the sixth hour? the ninth hour?
2. Who were crucified with Jesus?
3. What did Jesus pray for His enemies?
4. What was done with His raiment?
5. What did the two thieves say?
6. What did Jesus answer? (Teacher explain. This did not mean that the thief would go to heaven that day, as some teach.)
7. What were Jesus' last words?