

# TRUE STORIES FOR CHILDREN

By  
Marie Pauline Sass



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**MARIE PAULINE SASS**  
**Halgler, Nebraska**



**PART I**

**TRUE STORIES FOR CHILDREN**

Fourth Edition

**By**

**Marie Pauline Sass**

**Haigler, Nebraska**



*Suffer little children to come  
unto Me, and forbid them not.*

## **PREFACE**

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When the best Friend of everybody was visible on earth, He told a large crowd of people that their heart was like a field, some were hard-hearted and kind words had little chance to take root, others were very eager to hear the truth but their mind was so full of other thoughts that they soon forgot what they should most remember. You read about it in Matt. the 13th chapter.

This book combined now for children is bound to help every heart to receive the good seed which will bear fruit every day, as well as prepare the reader for a heavenly home.

Jesus dearly loved children. One time when His friends thought He was too tired to visit with any one, they tried to send some of the mothers with their babies away, but Jesus loved them. I think He took them on His knees and patted them and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Luke 18:16.

I hope and pray that I will meet every one of my readers in heaven, and that they all will make their homes as lovely and happy so all the neighbors and even wicked people can see that the readers belong to the Friend of sinners who died for them.

Your true Friend, who wishes to hear from you.

Marie Pauline Sass, Haigler, Nebr.

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**PUBLISHER'S NOTE:** — The author of this book, Marie Pauline Sass, has passed on to her reward. In her will she asked that a certain amount of her money be used to have this book reprinted. Her administrator said that she requested we give it free to the children and all who might want one. You can help us carry out her wish by sending in postage for a book to be sent to you or to your Sunday School class. This offer is only given for just as long as this one published edition lasts. —July 1962.

**Chapter One**  
**DISH-WASHING PROBLEM**

**Western Prairie Sunset**

Golden sunset rays, who directs your way?  
How I love to watch you at the close of day!  
Now the little bunnies love to romp and play  
While the moon is shining in the cool of day.  
Little birdies sleeping in their nest so fine,  
While Father watch is keeping, lovingly and kind.

"Oh, Miriam," called a gentle voice. Miriam, the oldest of the three children, was sitting in front of the two room, sod-house at twilight. Her share of the evening chores was finished. The chicken houses were closed and the milk-dishes carefully washed in a small separate building. She loved to sing, and just as her mind was taken up with the peace and rest of a well-spent day, Mother called her. "Miriam, you must settle this dish-washing problem." "I think somebody should play fair," said Jacob, the youngest and only boy of the family. "Regina promised to tell me a story if I'd dry the dishes; she did not finish the story and I shall not finish the dishes." "I forgot the rest of it," said Regina wearily, "so now how could I finish it?" "What does a little dish-washing amount to anyway? I'll finish drying them, then

we'll go out and play a while before bedtime," said Miriam. "I think Mother would like to sit outside a while; it's nice out," said Regina, so the two girls pulled the rocking-chair, Mother, and all out. After placing a cape around Mother's shoulders, they played "hide and go seek," sang some of their favorite songs until Mother said it was bedtime. Mother could not walk; she was paralyzed. The children helped her to bed. Father was not expected home until late. He had gone to town for the things they needed. It was a long way for horses to make the round trip in one day. Miriam placed a nice lunch where he could easily find it. The children always knelt at their Mother's knees before going to bed. Mother told them "that the angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear HIM," and they felt sure that the heavenly Father was watching over them although they were miles from neighbors. Miriam used to go away alone where no one could see her and pray, and it always made her feel good.

## **Chapter Two**

### **THE FORGOTTEN HOE**

Buffalo peas were in bloom. Clusters of them could be found in sheltered nooks. They resemble the sweet pea blossom very much. Also yuka lilies were shooting up their long spires; when in bloom they carry many bell-shaped flowers on one stem.

Regina and Jacob went to school quite regularly. They had to walk about four miles. After going one mile they usually caught up with the Tucker children, and other neighbors' children. They did not seem to mind the long walk so very much even though they did get tired. Sometimes they ran races, making play out of the long distance.

One evening they declared "they had seen a big snake," the first they had seen since coming West, or outside of an animal show. They were excited as well as a little frightened. They ran all the way home. Miriam had not yet seen a snake, and wished very much to see one. She could not go to school regularly, as some days she had to bake bread or help with the family washing, but she made the best of it and studied at home.

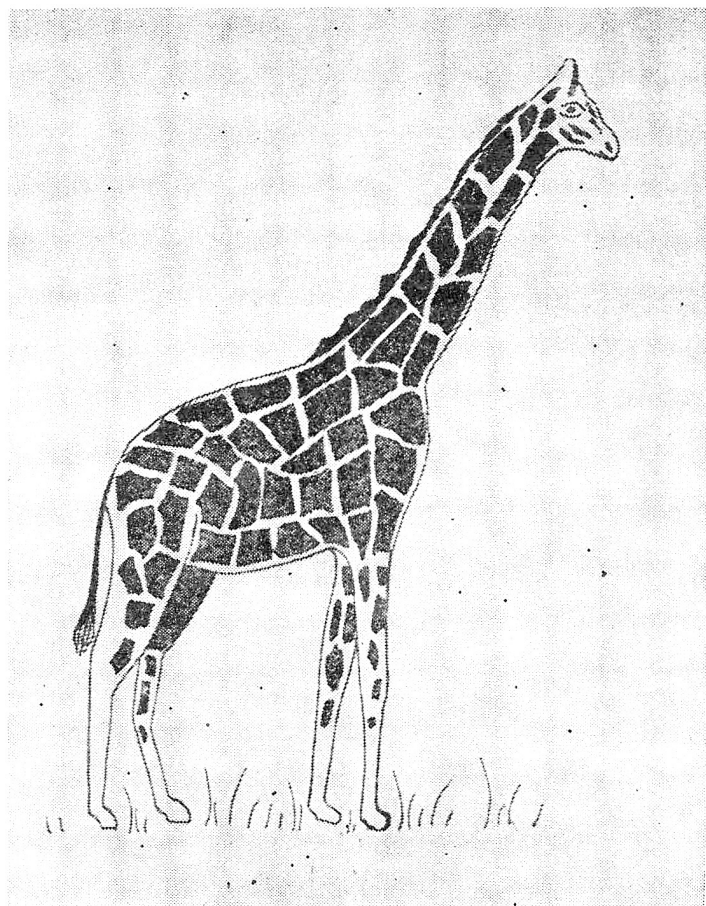
One day Father was about a mile from home planting corn. Miriam took his lunch which she had carefully packed in a basket. Feeling sure she would see a snake as she was going so far from home, she took a hoe. All the way over there she carefully looked for snakes but did not see any.



Father asked her why she brought a hoe. "Oh, to kill snakes, but I didn't see a one." On her way back she forgot all about snakes, and was humming a tune as she walked homeward, when all unexpected, right in front of her, was a gray and brown spot, round as a dishpan, with a head in the center and a red tongue protruding with a long, black end at the point of the tongue. At the same time she heard a rattling noise, and knew from what she had heard that the rattlesnake was just ready to spring at her. She ran every step home, being terribly frightened. When she told Mother her experience, Mother said: "You know what the Bible says about fleeing from a serpent? In one of the additional books called 'Sirach' it says, 'Flee from sin as from a serpent.' Never forget that sin of any kind is more dangerous than a poisonous snake, because it kills the soul which never dies while a rattlesnake could only kill the body, but the all-wise Creator has so arranged it that the rattle of the snake gives any one a chance to escape before they spring and bite. They can only spring the length of their bodies." "Our heavenly Father helping me, I shall always flee from sin," said Miriam. This terrible fright made a lasting impression on her. When Father came home he asked her what she did with the hoe. She said she guessed she must have left it up there where she saw the big rattler. Miriam saw many snakes after that, but none scared her like the first one. She

usually killed all the rattlers after that. Many of the other varieties are harmless, but they all look dangerous.

God will surely protect all who ask Him,  
And will help them to keep free from sin.



### **Chapter Three**

### **TOOL IN THE WELL**

The meadow lark and bobolink sang their very best,  
But the nightingale and mocking bird were not yet  
seen out West.

Only birds who build their nests on the ground, so far, made their home on the prairie. One could see nothing but miles and miles of prairie covered with the curly buffalo grass and bunches of cactus which bloomed beautifully during the late spring. There were the yellow, both single and double, pink and rose-colored, as well as the little pin-cushion cactus, which resembles a round pin-cushion, covered with purple-red flowers.

John Vogel, a jolly neighbor boy who had lived out West longer than Jacob, used to pride himself that he could walk barefoot on the cactus without hurting him, as they had very sharp stickers. John's feet no doubt were more used to going without shoes than the children who had not been out West as long. He no doubt stepped very lightly when near a cactus.

George Tucker, another neighbor boy, used to come to visit Jacob with his dog, "Spot," a bird dog hitched to a wagon. The wheels were made of inch boards, fastened to a soap box. The dog's harness was partly made of Mr. Tucker's suspenders. No boy was happier than George. One could hear his whistle and wagon rattle long before he arrived.

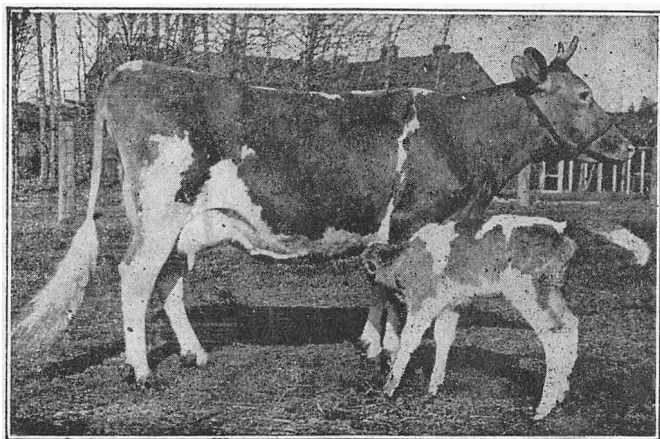
Down hill he would ride, but up hill he helped push. He knew that dogs had feelings same as boys and he treated his dog kindly.

The Vogel home was open for Sunday school every Sunday afternoon. Many of the neighbors came for miles on foot and horseback.

Good drinking water had to be brought from a spring many miles away. Animals would drink pond water. If the dear heavenly Father did not send rain, those ponds dried up. John Brunswig, who was handy at most any kind of work, started to dig wells, and was successful in finding water after digging something like two hundred feet deep. Not many people would risk their life like that, but without good water one could not live very long. Usually a gentle horse was used to draw the water.

One time a tool had fallen down one of those deep wells. As neighbors were far apart and there were no telephones or automobiles, Jacob's father asked the little boy if he would go down that deep well and get the tool. Jacob was used to minding whatever his father said, and dared not refuse. At the same time, he knew that Father would not ask an impossibility, and that Father would watch the rope and pulley and be very careful. Jacob's little heart, no doubt, beat fast when he was securely tied to that thick rope and let down into that deep well, two hundred feet. Mother knew nothing about it until the little man proudly told her how Father let

him down carefully and he picked up the tool, fastened it to a prepared loop, and was pulled up again. Mother said, "It is sometimes necessary for our heavenly Father to trust us to do some seemingly hard thing, but if we obey He will always help us—in our school problems or in any kind of work which pleases Him for us to do, He will always protect and help us."





## **Chapter Four**

### **THE FAMILY SURPRISE**

A lovely white pigeon flew into the sod-house, and lit on Mother's shoulder. She was much pleased and exclaimed, "Grandma Miller must be coming and her pet beat her here." Sure enough, soon a white-haired, lovely old lady appeared, whom they were all pleased to see. Grandma had a chance to ride over. The men folks were going to town and she would stay until their return, to help Miriam with the sewing. The pigeon went wherever Grandma was. When it saw her reach for her sunbonnet, it would start out ahead of her. Sometimes it would soar away out of sight, then very unexpectedly it would light on her shoulder.

The Millers had come from Wisconsin where trees are plentiful. The wide stretches of prairie did not seem like home to them. They did not stay out West long. Being homesick for their old home, they returned. Grandpa Miller was a very fine old gentleman. He said before they left that he "guessed they were really homesick for heaven." Not long after they went back to their old home, Jesus took them to live with Him.

The children's first teacher was a nice elderly lady, Mrs. Giles. She lived about five miles from the schoolhouse. She walked the whole distance most of the time. Her only daughter, Vernie, who also attended school in Eureka District, came

with her. Mrs. Giles was very kind, and called whenever possible on the children's invalid Mother, usually remembering her with something to cheer her as the days seemed very long. Also little Dolly Goodwin seemed to love to cheer Mother with flowers, or some of her drawings. It is wonderful how little deeds of kindness brighten the days for those who are unable to help themselves. It used to hurt Miriam when people pitied Mother and the children, as she tried so hard to make up for Mother's helplessness. Mother directing her, she would bake bread, cookies, and most everything other housekeepers make. One time while Father took Mother to visit a neighbor, she baked her first cake, wanting to surprise them. It tasted strong of soda, but otherwise it was not bad. She learned by her mistakes.

Jacob was badly in need of a Sunday suit. Money being scarce, Miriam decided to make him one. She saved enough eggs for that purpose and bought some gray material with a narrow white stripe. As she wished to surprise the whole family, she worked on it when alone. After it was completed she proudly brought it forth. The trousers fitted fairly good. She helped Jacob slip on the coat. To her dismay, he could not let his arms down; had to hold them out straight. Father certainly laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Miriam said she could correct that all right, by

taking out the sleeves and making them wider and inserting a piece under the arm, which she did.

Two dear teachers whom the children liked very much were Mamie Foot and Jane Foot. They taught several years after Mrs. Giles. They not only taught the children their lessons, but impressed on them neatness in sewing, and during the noon hour and recess they showed them how to sew on buttons and mend the linings in their coats, as mothers are often too busy to attend to all that. Even Queen Victoria was not too proud to wear neatly mended clothes. If all little girls and boys would be careful of their clothes and shoes, it would be much easier on father and mother, and more help could be given to the missionaries.

While Mother could not walk, she often exclaimed that she "was blessed with such beautiful dreams where she always walked," so the kind heavenly Father comforted her.

## **Chapter Five**

### **THE FUNERAL**

Birds knew no fear of the first settlers. When pursued by a hawk, mountain eagle or before a storm, they often flew into the house or barn.

Regina dearly loved to play with young chicks. She had a special place for cripples, or any which did not act just right. One day a young mountain eagle swooped down and sat right down by the box, the home of some little chicks. No doubt the big bird was expecting some of them to come out. He wanted to get acquainted and possibly feast on them. Jacob had been given a nice, pearl-handled knife before coming West which he prized highly, and considered quite a weapon. When he saw the big bird, he took out his knife. At the same time Miriam picked up a heavy stick to drive it away. Instead of flying, it walked into a cornfield about twenty steps away. The children followed it. When it started to fly at Jacob, Miriam hit it hard with the stick and stunned it. Had she not been on time with the blow, the long claws might have caused the death of them. When the bird was dead, they laid it in front of the door so Father would be sure to see it when he came home.

One time a tailless young rooster, who always acted so important, was strutting around with all the chicks following. The children investigated to see what the parade was about. It proved to be that

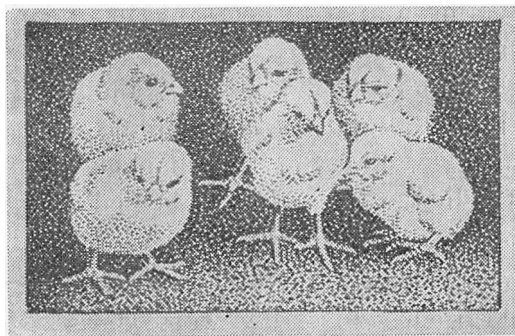
'Bob' (that's what Regina named him) had slain a small snake and was proudly carrying it around.

'Speckles' had thirteen chicks; twelve were dark like herself and one was white. One chilly morning the white chick was stiff and cold. Regina placed it in a small pasteboard box, covering it with paper. She felt sorry to lose one of her pets. The children thought it proper to have a little funeral. They drove 'Speckles' and her flock down south of the barn, dug a little grave where it was sunshiny out of the wind, and they buried the little white chick. Jacob spoke a few comforting words to 'Speckles' who scratched and clucked busily, then they sang a song. Realizing they had done their duty, they returned to their work. Toward evening, nearly roosting time for chicks, 'Speckles' made her appearance near the house with twelve dark chicks and one white one. Mother as well as the children, were puzzled. Didn't they bury the white one? They certainly did. Mother said that possibly the white chick was only stiff from the cold, and the warm sunshine helped it, so it could walk again. It was the only thing she could think of to explain the mystery. Maybe 'Speckles' happened to scratch where the chick was buried and helped it out. Anyway her family was complete again.

Grandma Lucas was always a welcome visitor. She spoke such comforting words to Mother and sang with her one of their favorite songs: "Joyful-



ly, joyfully, onward I move, bound for the land of bright spirits above. Angelic choristers sing as I come, joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home. Soon with my pilgrimage ended below, home to the land of bright spirits I go. Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, joyfully, joyfully resting at home." Grandma Lucas lived in a small sod-house about four miles away. Everything about it was spotlessly clean, even the floor, which was plastered and smooth as a dish, as well as the outside of the house was covered with native lime. As Mr. Lucas was not well most of the time, it fell on her to do most of the work. When the sun was in the west, their little home looked like a big white mansion off in the distance, and it was a place where Jesus seemed very near.



## **Chapter Six**

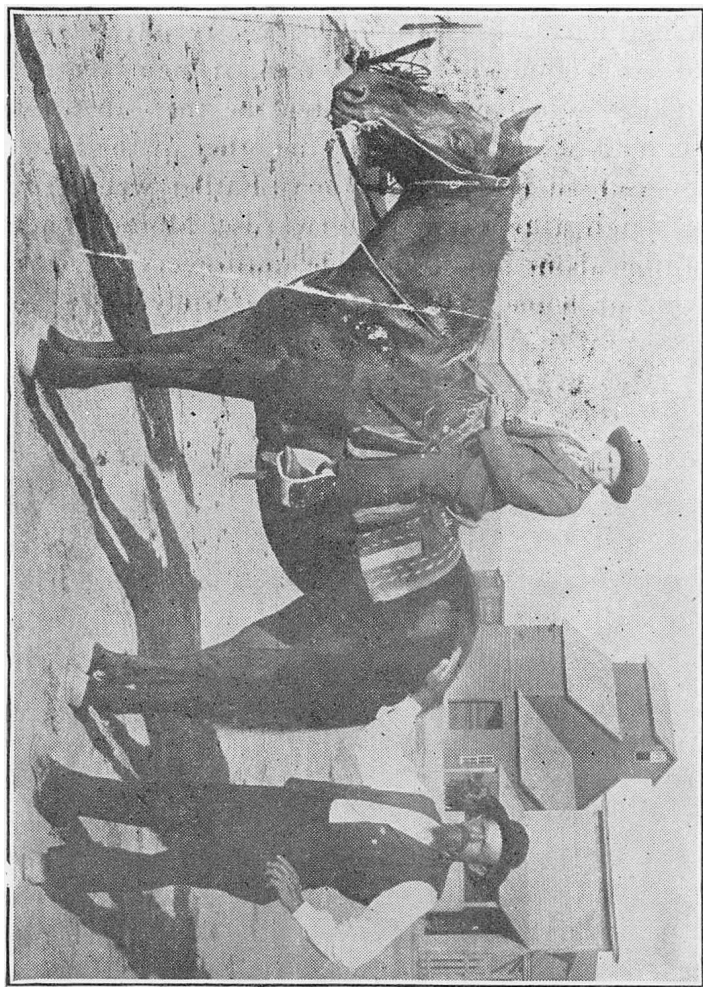
### **THE SLEIGH RIDE**

When traveling over the prairie one would often see paths in a perfect circle. The children were curious to know what caused them. A cowboy who had been out west driving cattle, told them that the fathers of the baby calves would bunch the mothers and their babies up, and march around them sometimes all night when coyotes and prairie wolves were plentiful. The fathers would form a circle and keep the enemies away with their sharp horns. Even the cowboys would acknowledge the fact that the great Creator was mindful of His creatures to give them instinct to protect the weak. In the Book of books we are told that the heavenly Father watches over us. If our hearts are right we have nothing to fear.

Wild horses from Oregon were shipped in by horse-traders who sold them to the settlers. Jacob's father bought two of them. They had never been handled except when caught, and put on the train. One day Father and one of the neighbors hitched up one of them (Fannie was her name) and went to town. While Father was gone, Miriam and Jacob hurried up with their allotted work, and expecting to surprise Father, they planned to hitch up the other one whom they named Flora. There was snow in places, but more bare ground as the high wind had blown the snow in drifts. By placing

the best of hay in the manger and corn in the box, and moving about very carefully, they succeeded in harnessing Flora. She was very shy. Finally the bridle was slipped over the halter. In addition to the long halter rope, they tied a long rope to the bridle, so each had a chance to hold her. They dared hardly breathe, it seemed, for fear they'd make a move to frighten her. There was nothing to hitch to, but a wooden sled which had a very high box on it. No one could climb into it without help, or having something to stand on to reach the top. Flora was finally hitched to this ark. Regina was rather doubtful about their venture. When everything seemed all right to start, Miriam gave Regina the long rope which was fastened to the bridle and told her to hold on to it, as she could easily hold her, her mouth being tender. Miriam and Jacob climbed into the box, Jacob holding the other rope and Miriam the lines. When they tapped her the least bit, she started out at a high speed. Regina flung the rope to the winds, while Flora was tearing away with that strange contraption following. She had never been pursued by a thing like that, and who could blame her? Finally she found out that she could not get away from it, and didn't seem to hurt her. When she ran into a deep snow drift, she lay down tired and no doubt disgusted with her harness and everything. She had been enjoying freedom so long that everything was so strange

and uncomfortable. The snow, too, was something she had never seen before. Very carefully Miriam and Jacob climbed out of the back of their box, and managed somehow to unfasten the tugs, then one took hold of the bridle rope, the other of the halter rope and led Flora back home. Father went after the sleigh a few days afterwards. Mother knew nothing about the sleigh ride until everybody was happy at home. Her prayers certainly were answered for the protection of her family many times.





## **Chapter Seven**

### **THE LOST COAT**

There was a time when Kansas land was thought of  
no account,  
When cactus, snakes and prairie dogs did plentiful  
abound—  
Dug-outs and small sod-houses were scarce and  
far between,  
And many times a traveler deceived by a mirage  
scene.

One would often, on a clear day, see lakes of water but would never be able to reach them. The light atmosphere made these false lakes, which looked very inviting, especially on a hot day.

During the long summer days Mother was usually taken out to sit in the shade, where Fritz, the little shepherd dog, felt it his duty to be also. He was expert at killing snakes. When just a puppy he was bitten several times. His head would be swollen several days but sweet milk and being left alone, and prayed for by the children who could not bear the idea of losing him, usually got him over his snake bites in a short time. It was remarkable how swiftly he could shake the head off a rattler without giving him a chance to bite him. Sometimes he would leave Mother for a short time and return with a rabbit, laying it at her feet. He would look up at her with his intelligent eyes as if to say, "I brought you a present."

Jacob by this time was quite at home on his Indian pony, Billy. A herd of cattle had to be herded, as there were no fences. There were small fields of corn, cane, and millet. It was Jacob's job to keep the cattle away from these fields. One day he was not feeling well and Miriam had to take his place. Growing cane, when eaten by cattle, will poison them. They have been known to die shortly after they eat a small quantity. The day Miriam was watching them, a black cloud was coming up from the northwest. South of the cattle was a cane field. She tried hard to turn the herd, but the wind began to blow so hard she seemed to be helpless. Not knowing what to do, of course, she prayed but something else, she felt, had to be done also. She patted Billy, let him have his own way and with the help of Nigg, the big black dog, the cattle were hunched up before it started to hail. Then Miriam dismounted and leaned up close to Billy who braced himself against the storm with nothing but the saddle to protect him. He seemed to sense his responsibility and really was a hero. The storm soon blew over and all was well.

Jacob would often take his lunch when herding the cattle. Sometimes other boys would join him. Water holes were down on the Hackberry where they used to bathe and play. One evening Nigg, the dog who went with Jacob all the time to herd the cattle, did not come home for his supper. The

children were anxious about him, and when he was gone several days they took it for granted that in some way he must have gotten killed, as he was too faithful to stay away any length of time. They began to mourn for him as dead. One morning just as Jacob was starting out with the herd, Miriam noticed that he had forgotten his coat. Not wishing for him to go without it, as the weather changed so suddenly at times, she hunted for it. Being in a hurry and unable to find the one she was looking for, she gave him one of Father's coats. That evening Jacob came home a little earlier than usual, followed by faithful Nigg who hardly looked like himself. "I found my coat," shouted Jacob, "and what do you know, Nigg has been watching it!" I wonder how many boys and girls there are who would go without food and shelter to prove their loyalty?

## **Chapter Eight**

### **MOTHER'S PROMOTION**

Prairie schooners like sail ships on the ocean, could be seen in every direction. The difference was that the sail ships were carried by the wind, while the prairie schooners were drawn by horses which were often too poor to be expected to pull a load.

There had been no snow during the winter. Instead of spring rains there were dust-storms. The settlers sowed wheat, planted corn, but there was no moisture to even sprout it, much less to help it to grow. People got discouraged, and many covered their wagons with heavy white muslin and started back east to their old homes. The ones who stood the test, and made the best of conditions had at least a home. God never forsakes His children. He even saw that Elijah was fed by ravens, and He is just the same today. As there was little to do, Father decided to go East also where there was employment. The children were able and dependable to look after everything.

After Father was gone, Mother seemed to get weaker. One day Miriam asked Dr. Jacobson (a Swedish doctor, also a friend of the family) to please tell her the truth regarding Mother's condition. She said, "I hate to tell you, but your mother has contracted pneumonia, and her weakened constitution, I fear, will never be able to throw it off."

Grandma Lucas and a few others who could not leave the country, called regularly. One night Mother called Miriam to her bed side and said, "Put your arm around me, I am going home." There was a smile on her face. She seemed to say, "No more on earth to be found am I; I am greeting you from the sky." After Mother was gone Miriam remembered how one time the neighbors wanted her to go with them fishing. She asked Mother who did not give her consent, but she went anyway. How sorry she now felt! She wished many, many times she had obeyed. Although she knew God had forgiven her, yet she could not help thinking about her disobedience. Strange, but Nigg disappeared the same time Mother was taken to heaven. We never saw him any more.

I'd love to stop at the old homestead and watch the  
rabbits play,

Where the sunflowers bloom and the turtledoves  
croon,

And the quail gather at close of day.

I'd love to stop at the old homestead, where the  
meadowlarks feel at home,

Where the birds fly into the old sod-house, weary  
and loath to roam.

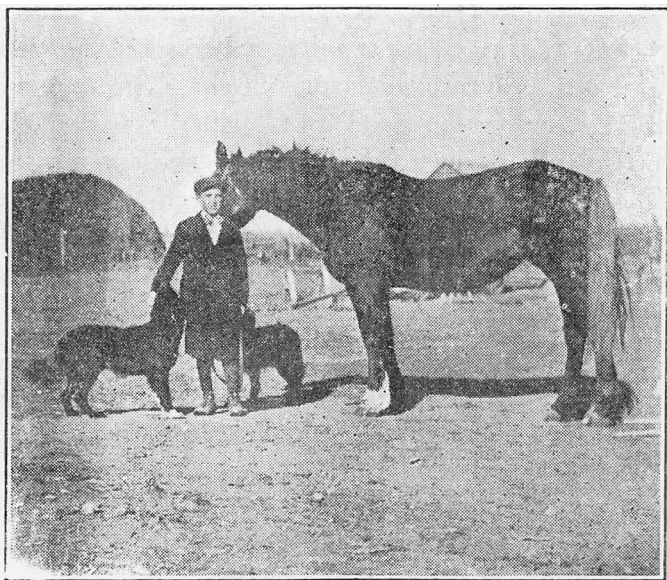
I'd love to stop at the old homestead, in the dwelling  
made of ground—

Just the place to study the Book of life, a pilgrim  
homeward bound.

I'd love to stop at the old homestead, with Mother  
greeting me—

She's promoted now to her home above; some day  
I'll with her be.

—Marie Pauline Sass, Haigler, Nebr.



## **FATHER'S EVENING STORIES**

### **Chapter One**

#### **THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT**

"Oh, say folks! we're going to have some time," exclaimed Billy, as he came rushing into the living room. "Suppose you take off your overshoes and cap out in the hall," said John. "Since when are you my boss?" retorted Billy. "In matters of conduct and principle we should be our own governors," quietly advised Father. "Billy just forgot; that was all."

Soon they were all assembled in the comfortable living-room. "Now Billy-boy, tell us about your time," Father encouraged, "I'll listen at least." "We are to have a Christmas tree all of our own, I mean just our class, and we aren't to buy any presents," said Billy. "Everything has to be home-made. The girls are going to make handkerchiefs, and hem towels, and make doll houses and all such nonsense out of pasteboard. The boys, of course, can make all kinds of pretty things with their tools. We are not going to tell what all, 'cause we expect to surprise the folks. Then each has to make a speech. That's going to be hard. It has to be about Christmas, every bit of it. When and where was Santa born anyway? What nationality was he? I wish, Daddy, you'd give me some pointers." Billy talked so fast in his excitement that no one could get in a word. "Well," said Father, "I think

your teacher's plan is splendid; but I'm sorry to think that you really are so ignorant regarding the fact that Christmas is celebrated because our Savior was born on Christmas day, or as near the 25th of December as historians can agree on the time. Saint Nicholas was a good-hearted old man who always remembered good children of his town with gifts at Christmas time in honor of our Christ's birthday, and after the old gentleman died, others followed his example until the whole (so-called) Christian world has adopted it, and the practice is very beautiful so long as no selfish motive prompts the givers, but when simply a spirit of exchanging toys or merchandise is the principal idea, and when Christ, who was born in a manger to save mankind from sin, is left out the practice is demoralizing!" "Where can I get the exact account about Jesus' birthday?" asked Billy. "Christ's birth was prophesied thousands of years before He came to earth. You can find that in the Old Testament, but in the second chapter of St. Luke you read about the angels, shepherds, etc.—that's where you can get your real pointers." "Goody," said Billy, "I'll sure give 'em the truth."

The whole family got new inspirations about making things. Original ideas popped up every where. Instead of grieving because of the absence of money, real heart service and "goodwill" went into every gift. The palace of a millionaire or king



could not contain any more joy than was manifested at Billy's home at Christmas time.

Many years ago there lived  
A kind man called St. Nick.  
A lover of good children,  
A man of noble deeds.

St. Nick sought out the needy, supplied them with  
good food.

The ragged children blest him, for toys and clothes  
and shoes.

The kind Gent so arranged it so his deeds were  
never seen,

Done in honor of the Savior who was born in Beth-  
lehem.

Dear St. Nick would be offended, were the Christ  
CHILD set aside,

And who deserves all adoration this happy Christ-  
mas tide.

---

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

---

On December the 25th our Saviour's birthday comes.  
He left the grandest home in heaven in a manger  
to be born,

Because He loves us children, that's why He came  
down here.

He's waiting to fill every heart with peace and  
Christmas cheer.

## **BETHLEHEM**

---

"Glory to God in the Highest, peace and good-will  
to men,"

Thus sang the angels announcing Christ's birth-  
day in Bethlehem.

Among the poor and lowly He chose to cast His lot,  
The planetary system did homage to the spot.

Wise students of astronomy from the far East were  
led

By brilliancy of the strange star to our Savior's  
bed.

Not in the palace of kings, nor in a popular inn  
Was found a resting place for Him, now crowned  
the KING of kings.

Low cradled in a manger, right close to nature's  
heart,

The humble shepherds found Him while attending  
to their flocks.

And all through life we find Him, where broken  
hearts are healed,

A Comforter in sorrow our Savior. "Prince of  
peace."

## **HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME**

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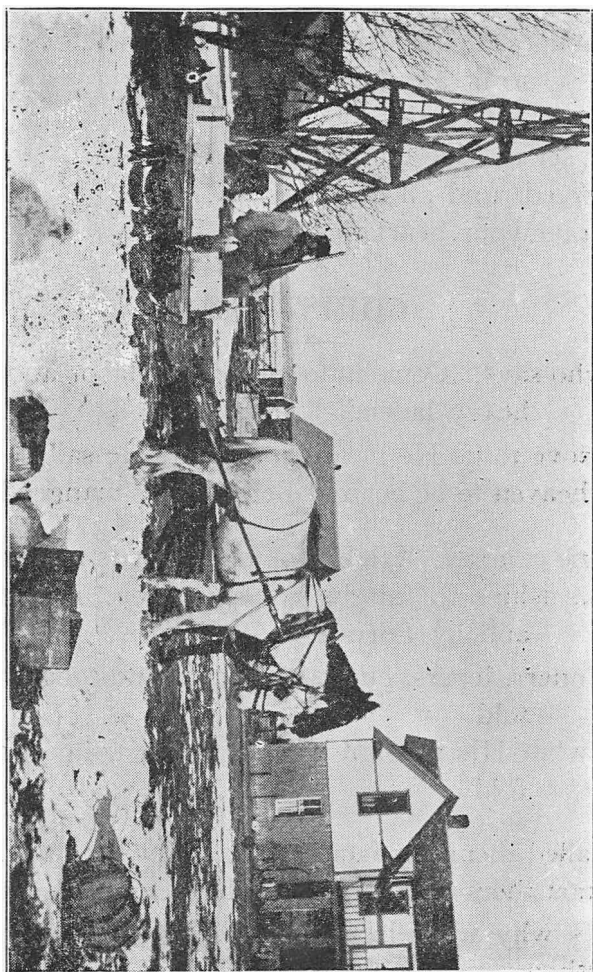
Again the blessed time is here when the air is full  
of Christmas cheer,  
When knowing that the KING of kings left heaven  
to us good tidings bring,  
Of peace on earth, good-will to man.  
Pray, let us give our hearts to Him—  
Let creeds and all divisions fly,  
Just give your heart to Him on high.

## **CHRISTMAS**

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He who says, "Come unto me all who labor and are  
heavy laden,"  
To prove to us He meant just what He said,  
Left heaven to be born in Bethlehem's manger bed.  
No one can say, "He knows not what is meant  
By hardships to falsely be accused by loved ones  
and by friends."  
To sinners, lepers, out-cast roughs, and toughs He  
told  
Just what His mission was, to bring them to His  
fold.  
He called them out from all that's low and vile,  
To start them on their way to heaven with a smile.  
That's why we celebrate His birthday so,  
And show "good-will" to friend as well as foe.

Then when He comes again to claim His bride,  
His plaudit, "Well done, my dear and faithful  
child."



## **Chapter Two**

### **WHY BILLY QUIT SWEARING**

One day while Billy was playing marbles and the game did not come his way, he said some very naughty words to his playmates, and worse still, he took the name of his very best Friend in vain, just as his Father chanced to go by. Billy was usually on his guard about using bad language when Father or Mother were in hearing distance, as neither of them allowed utterances one would be ashamed to speak anywhere. Some of Billy's school-mates, however, did not have as careful training and shamefully took the name of the ONE (who did, and is still doing everything possible to make everyone happy) in vain.

His father did not show, in passing, that he over-heard the dispute, but after supper when the children were all home—some busy with their lessons, the little girls helping with the dishes, and making necessary preparations for the next day, Father took Billy on his knee, asking him, "Say, my boy, did you ever hear me swear?" Billy turned red in the face and shook his head. Father continued, "Would you children like to hear why I never take the name of God in vain, the name of the great Creator of all things, the One who sends the rain permitting the nice fruit we eat to grow, the One who permits the sun to rise just at the proper moment, and regulates the million of stars so they

sparkle in their proper places every night, the One who helps us when we are in trouble, heals us when we are sick?" The children by this time had all gathered around Father. John stretched on the floor, Jimmy on the other knee, little Jane on a footstool, Nell in a rocker near by mending her stockings. Father began, "When I was a boy our near neighbor owned a large farm. I think the biggest body of land owned by any one for many miles around was controlled by this man. He had a number of big boys. They were all very industrious—the best of farmers and planted hundreds of acres of corn. One year in the latter part of June, after the corn was up and an excellent stand, it started to rain and kept it up for weeks. The weeds came up thick in the cornfield, but the ground was too wet for cultivation. Finally one day the sun came out, bright and early. Our two neighbor farmers came over to borrow some of our machinery as they wished to put as many men in the field as soon as possible to destroy the weeds in the corn fields. The sun however, was again hidden by heavy rain clouds. Before the young men reached home, one of them cursed God for permitting it to rain so much. The other one warned him, but it had no effect on him. He swore worse than before. Again his brother pled with him, asking him not to talk so wickedly. All of a sudden while he was taking the name of the Lord in vain, a bolt

of lightning instantly killed the blasphemer. When the undertaker changed his clothes, he discovered that the letters, G-O-D (God) were burned into his chest.

"People came for miles to see the terrible sight, some on horseback, some afoot, in wagons and buggies as there were no autos at that time. Only a few clouds were floating around the day of the funeral. A good-sized tree was near the open grave. Just after the body was lowered into the grave an awful crash of thunder roared, lightning struck the tree, partly uprooting it and throwing the coffin out of the grave. Never did any happening so affect the people for miles around, and I am certain that not any who knew of this calamity ever used the name of the Lord in vain.

"In the Book of books, if you read the twentieth chapter of Exodus, you will notice that God says, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless.' Commit it to memory, so as to be sure to remember."

"Father," said Billy, "I am sorry I swore but I'll never do it again." Those hearing Billy's evening prayer that evening heard the added sentence: "Dear Jesus, please help me to always remember to never swear again."

### **Chapter Three**

### **ROMAN HEROES**

Meal hours were supposed to be quietly observed at Billy's home but unusual happenings usually popped out, so this evening John very abruptly asked, "Bill, did you ask Glenn if you could ride his pony?" Billy's face turned very red, but his mouth being full, he did not answer. John seemed bound to be heard, so he said, "Say, but we did run across some real heroes in our ancient history today." "Yes," Father said, "as far as warfare was concerned they certainly were powerful and skilled, 'but pride always comes before the fall.' If I am not too sleepy by the time you have your evening work completed I will tell you a true hero story."

All was quiet for a moment when Father inquired, "So Billy had a horseback ride?" "Yes," said Billy, "while the bigger boys played ball Glenn's pony was standing near. He always rides it without a bridle and it never runs fast and I know he doesn't care if I ride it, so I just jumped on and then it began to tear away. I never saw a horse run so fast. I surely thought I would be killed, but it finally stopped after it nearly scared me to death." "Guess you were scared! you looked like a ghost when Glenn and I met you," said John; "you ought to have had more sense than to ride a strange horse without a bridle, and the way you yelled was enough to scare the most gentle animal, and I suppose you



pressed your heels into his side so as to stick on—no wonder he ran,” said John. “Well,” said Father, “I guess Billy learned a lesson.”

### **WHO WAS THE HERO? (Supper Over)**

Billy and Jimmy on Father's knee reminded him of the Roman hero story he promised to tell. Nell perched on a stool with mouth puckered, determined to win the first prize for best button holes. “Mother, I don't believe I can ever get the stitches even,” she said. “Practice makes perfect,” encouraged Mother. “What's the use of worrying about even stitches?” said John. “Girls surely have silly notions.”

“Father is nodding, too tired to tell stories tonight,” said Mother. Jimmy pleaded, “Please Father just a short one.”

“You studied Ancient History today did you?” asked Father. John affirmed it. “You notice that the Romans were great sticklers for power. Portus, quite a prominent office holder in the Roman Empire, was annoyed one day because one of his subjects dared to acknowledge a higher power than his.” Father continued. “Seated in his stately courtyard, surrounded by servants and luxury he gave orders. Immediately a stately but modest acting young man was ushered through a side door. His hands were tied behind him. Then he was led

to a marble pillar where his hands were tied above his head. 'Will you give up your faith in this Jesus?' Portus asked. 'I cannot,' was the reply. 'Strip him of his clothes, now scourge him.' Two powerful men with all their might made their long lashed whips which lashes finished with pointed steel, cut into the Christian's body. The blood oozed out of the wounds. The tormenters were ordered to stop. Again Portus asked, 'Will you give up your Christ?' The man nearly unconscious shook his head. 'Rub turpentine and salt into his body,' was the next order, 'and when he is about healed if this does not finish him, we'll give him another treatment.'

"Kings and men holding high offices in olden times used to go on big game hunts. Wild hogs, deer, and also lions and tigers as well as any animal which their notion demanded, was their game.

"Portus took a notion to go on a big hunt into a wild dense forest where all kinds of dangerous animals made their homes. Of course he was never in danger, as he had a body guard of expert marksmen, and too, he was always careful to be on the safe side, so far as his body was concerned. Well, he decided to have that contrary fellow go along who thought more of his God than he did of him.

"After they reached the wild forest he gave his men orders to take the young Christian away into the timber and bind him to a tree for wild ani-

mals to devour. He selected the roughest characters to do the work and they did it well. Of course, they were well paid. The hunting party was having a big time—shot and captured all kinds of wild animals. All they thought about was having a good time and selfish gain, regardless of the pain they caused poor dumb creatures. They used to wear large feathers in their hats which were pulled out of the living fowls. But so long as their pride was gratified, they thought nothing of the suffering they caused. I got it from authority that the finest kid gloves are from skins taken from the animals while living. Since I heard that, I prefer wearing other material or rather go without gloves.

“Our young friend, while tied to the tree, was perfectly reconciled to his lot. Of course he prayed and tried his best to untie his rope or whatever they had fastened him with. To his great delight, he succeeded and was free. Thanking God for his deliverance and asking Him for guidance, he started away from the direction he came. All of a sudden a man on horseback overtook him. The horse was evidently running away. Going at a terrible speed, the horse stumbled. His rider fell against a tree. When the young Christian examined him, he found him to be unconscious, and to his great surprise discovered that it was Portus. He suddenly raised his hand as if to slay him, but just as quickly, he dropped it. Laying him in a comfortable position,

he did all in his power to have him regain consciousness. For a long time it seemed as though his efforts were in vain. But finally Portus opened his eyes. Terror was plainly seen in his face, as he knew the young Christian at once. He seemed speechless. But the young man spoke kindly to him, asking him what direction to go and how far he was from his headquarters, etc. When Portus saw that the young man was not angry, he asked him, 'Why did you not kill me?' And the young man answered, 'Because Jesus would not let me.'

"The horse was grazing not far away. Portus was helped on his steed. The young man led the animal to camp. The proud Roman asked to have Jesus rule in his heart instead of pride and selfishness. The young Christian became his teacher. And many were brought to believe in our Saviour because of the loyalty of one.

"Now, who do you think was the hero?" Father asked, and all voted that the young Christian was.

Not one of them was sleepy, but it was bedtime, and after a hearty "Good night," all scrambled off to bed.

## **Chapter Four**

### **A TRAVELING MAN'S EXPERIENCE**

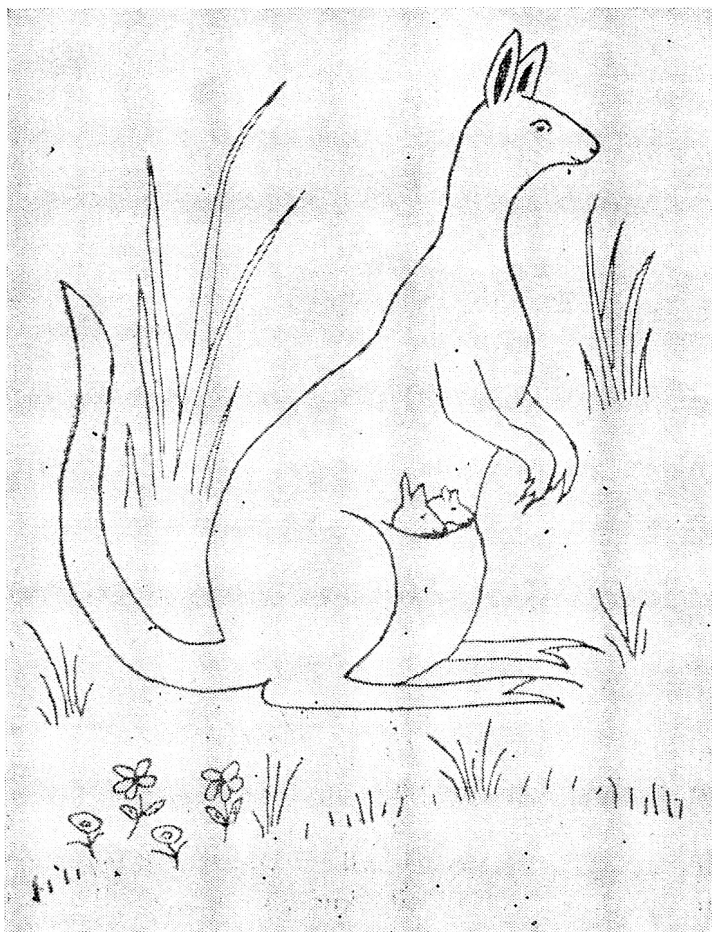
Father, Mother and the children were gathered in the living room. John was busy popping corn, Nell mending the boys' socks, Mother helping Jimmy with his lessons. Billy's voice was heard above the patter of the popping corn. "Say, Father, Warren Jenkins tried to make some of us believe that there is no God, but I told him there was. I told him who he reckoned was letting the sun shine and made the world move so it wouldn't bump against the other planets. He said that the sun and world just naturally acted that way." "Well, well," said Father, "how ignorant some people are. If John will stop popping corn a while, I'll tell you a true experience." John, too, wanted to hear.

"Before railroads and automobiles traversed the dark forests of Russia, one evening a large crowd of men were listening to a traveling man in an inn or hotel. He declared that there was no God. He said only superstitious people believed in such things. He seemed to be the main entertainer for a long time. No one seemed inclined to contradict him. After supper he inquired for some one to take him to a town which could be reached only by passing through a dense forest where wolves were plentiful, and at that time of year, very dangerous. They would go in packs and attack travelers, kill and devour horses, not even leaving trace of the

harness. One of the silent listeners to his brave assertions that there was no God, offered to take him for a certain good-sized sum. As the trip was exceedingly dangerous, money, he said was no object to him as he had plenty of that. Soon well-fed, prancing horses hitched to a sleigh were in readiness and the two dressed in their heavy fur coats were on their way to the next town.

"After reaching a dense part of the timber the driver suddenly stopped his horses. Grabbing the traveling man and holding him firm as a vice, he stated at the same time, 'Say, my friend, I heard you brag that there is no God. Well, I am badly in need of money. I see you have plenty. No one knows but that the wolves have gotten you. I can handle you nicely.' The traveling man begged pitifully for his life. Drops of perspiration in zero weather dripped off his brow. The driver, holding him firmly and with a smile on his countenance, coolly stated that he firmly believed in God who knows our thoughts and actions, and in the Saviour who shed His blod for sinners, and in the Holy Ghost—the three in one God, who will witness to a change of heart, namely a dying to self and permitting the Spirit of God to rule the heart. 'Now,' asked he, 'Will you again say that there is no God?' 'No,' said the poor frightened man. 'As long as I live, God helping me. I will strive with all my heart to repent and seek until I know experimentally that

I am a child of God.' And he kept his word. The driver saw him safely to his destination and they parted the best of friends. A different light was in the traveling man's eyes when he reached his home and told his family about his conversion."



## **Chapter Five**

### **THE OLD MAN**

"Say, Father," said Billy "you know, a new family has moved into the neighborhood. They have a boy my age. He seems to know everything. He said his old man didn't care what he did, just so he was on the job and did his appointed work." "Who is the old man?" asked Father. "That's Max's father. Max is the new boy's name. He can go fishing and to ball games or wherever he wants to go on Sunday." Father said, "You know children, that the sun and the stars move systematically. You know every business enterprise of any importance have regular hours. Take the different railroads, for instance; if the employees were permitted to run their trains just whenever the notion happened to strike them what a dangerous undertaking that would be. So the all-wise Creator, for the good of His children, saw best to command us to observe Sunday, as well as other days, in harmony with the Spirit of perfect love. Not to spend the day simply in seeking pleasure, but to study and store up helpful thoughts in order to be able to resist temptations, so we will have courage to say, 'No,' to any evil suggestion. There are sick people we can cheer with flowers or fruit. How pleased any old person is to see boys and girls treat them with consideration. Usually the shiftless class are more active on Sunday than



any other day. If you are not too sleepy I'll tell you a true story. I think you older ones have read it. I shall withhold the names of the principal parties and then ask you their names."

"Once there was a boy who could be trusted with a herd of sheep insomuch that when a lion attacked them he slew the lion. And that was before the days of shotguns. Just how he accomplished it we do not know exactly but we do know that the young chap was very active and handy with a slingshot. He also killed a bear when about to attack his charge. He was the youngest of a family of eight boys, and as is often the case, he had to do the things that his big important brothers disliked. But the ONE who can see into everybody's heart, knew that the boy's motives were good and pleasing to Him. He saw that he was promoted and helped him to be one of the leading generals at that time when all national troubles were settled with bloodshed. I am glad that you children are living in an age when it is possible to settle national differences like other troubles, by reasoning and arbitration. In early manhood our young shepherd was anointed King over the most prominent nation at that time. He was the father of several sons. One of the wisest men that ever existed was his son. Another one was noted for his handsome appearance. Men at that time permitted their hair to grow, especially when it was thick and wavy and long. This hand-

some son of the King greatly desired to be in his father's place, so whenever it was possible he would flatter the people and thus win the affection of those who were not loyal to the King who had risked his life many times to protect them from their enemies. Some favorable moment he had gathered a large company of men around him and by previous arrangements they declared him King. He was sure the 'old man' was out of date. The few loyal friends of the old King were determined to fight for his right. He wished to share the danger with them. But they did not permit him to go, saying that his life was worth ten thousand times more than the life of any ordinary man. Before they went to battle he cautioned them not to do his rebellious son any bodily harm. God always honors the truth, and justice will be meted out. While the King, seemingly forsaken and heartbroken awaited the outcome of the battle, one of the generals happened to go into the forest and there he saw the would-be king hanging by his beautiful hair on the limb of a tree. He, of course, hastened to tell his superior, who said: 'Why didn't you pierce him with a dart?' But the man who found him said, 'Didn't you hear that we should deal gently with him?' The man was so anxious to have the battle stopped and the old King restored to his place that he slew the proud young man. The old King grieved greatly because his son was slain. You see

that is the real love of a good father. He did not care for worldly honor, but for the people's sake who placed so much confidence in their King, he had to stop mourning publicly. So our heavenly Father loves the wayward ones. But sin will always be punished."

"Oh!" said John, "I know who that proud young fellow was! That was Absalom, and the old King was David."

"You see the results of sin," said Father. "Had Absalom complied with the law of the all-wise Creator his life and end would have been a blessing to the world instead of a disgrace. You children, undoubtedly, will have to face the atheistic spirit in school or in business circles, then for your own dear sakes and the welfare of your precious, never-dying souls, take the Bible way. Unpopular as it may seem at times it certainly is the safe way for time and eternity."

**STORY ABOUT A MODEL YOUNG MAN****Chapter Six**

It was drizzling and damp outside. Mother thought it was a good time to make use of the oven while the kitchen had to be kept warm anyway, so she stirred up a cookie dough. The smaller children were given a quantity of the pliable mass which they delighted in shaping in all kinds of shapes. There were birds and animals, and even baked girls and boys with raisins and nuts for noses and eyes. All of those odd figures had been handled so much before they reached the oven that it is doubtful that they tasted as good as those Mother simply cut out with scarcely any handling. But that did not matter.

Father came in all damp and chilled after taking good care of all the animals on the farm. He saw that they were well sheltered and fed, and now he enjoyed the sunshine in the home. Not really sunshine, but it seemed that way because they all were so kind to each other and it was so comfortable inside.

As soon as he had changed his shoes for his slippers, the children asked for a story. He was not exactly in a story-telling mood, yet they all begged for it, so he consented with the understanding that they must be very quiet as he was very tired and to be interrupted would not be agreeable.

"Would you like a story about a large family

or a story about a small family?" All wanted to hear about the large family. "Very well," said Father, "unless I make a mistake I shall withhold the name of the principal character until I have finished and give you a chance to tell us who the main person is. There were twelve boys in this family. I shall not mention the girls, although girls are as important as boys, and can be a great blessing. Over in China and parts of India, girls are not wanted and are sold. But not so where Christians are in the majority. Well, some of the older boys in this family were in the cattle business, possibly on shares with the aged father. Now this old father loved all his children, but you know some children are more obedient than others. And, too, some seem to know just exactly what father or mother wants without asking for it. Some children have to be told and told over again what they should do, and then if they do it at all it is done in such a hateful manner that the parents would rather not ask for any favor. Now, the next to the youngest of this family had such pleasing ways and was so unselfish that his father could not help but show he loved and appreciated him. One way to show his love to his dear boy was to have him dressed more attractively. Now the older brothers did not like that. And the old father might have shown his special approval of his dear boy without giving the others a chance to be jealous.

"One time this younger boy, next to the baby had a dream. He dreamed that he and all of his brothers were in the harvest field and that eleven grain-bundles or sheaves bowed to his sheaf. He told his brothers his dream and they hated him more than ever. They said, 'it looks like he expects for us to bow to him.' At another time he dreamed that the sun and moon and eleven stars did him honor. He told this dream in the presence of his father, and even his father thought that he was trying to exalt himself but he had only told the truth. He could not help it because he dreamed. His brothers after that nick-named him, 'The Dreamer.'

"In that country cattlemen took their cattle sometimes far from home and herded them wherever the grass was best or where they had a right to the territory. The elder brothers had not been home for some time. The old father was anxious to know how they were, so he told the boy next to the baby boy to see how they were getting along. Like a good boy, he went. He had to inquire along the way about them as he could not find them. But a man who had seen them told him to go to Dothan, as he heard them say they expected to go there. Sure enough, that's where they were. When they saw him coming off a distance, they said, "There comes the Dreamer; let us kill him and cast him into some pit. No one will ever know what became

of him and when asked we'll just say that some wild animal must have killed him. Then we'll see what will become of his dreams.' But the oldest brother, Reuben did not like the idea. He said, 'Let us not shed innocent blood. Let us just put him down in this cistern.' I think Reuben intended to help him out again when the others were not there, so he could go back home. They took his nice coat off and put him down into that old pit. There might have been all kinds of hateful creeping things down there. Usually there are lizards and snakes, etc. While they were eating their lunch one thought of one thing and another of something else as to what was best to do with their helpless brother. Looking down the highway they saw Ishmaelites coming. They traded in spices, perfumes and other things. 'Now,' said Judah, 'here is our chance! Let us sell him. That won't be as bad as killing and we'll have some spending money.' So they sold their own brother for twenty pieces of silver. It must have been that Reuben had gone to look after the cattle because he was surprised when he looked down in the pit and his younger brother was not there. They took his beautiful colored coat, dipped it into some blood of a young goat and sent it to the old father, asking him if that was not his younger son's coat. Of course, he knew it right away and believed that a wild beast had killed him. He mourned and cried for a long time

for his dearest boy. Nobody could comfort him. He said, 'I will go down to my grave mourning for my dear boy.'

"These traders did not care anything for the young man. They were wanting to make a profit out of the deal. They sold him. No doubt they got more than they paid for him. Down in Egypt they sold him to a certain man of the guards. His name was Potiphar, a rich officer of the king. God watched over the young man who loved the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. No doubt his father and mother had often spoken how wonderfully God cares for His children. He believed it and lived up to it. His boss soon saw that the young man had no bad habits. He did not tell any bad stories, did not swear, steal nor lie—was perfectly dependable. The big officer turned his house and everything over to be managed by him. Potiphar's wife did not love the Lord. She was very worldly and wicked, and tried to get the young man to do wrong; but he ran away from her. One time she grabbed his coat, but the young man just let her keep it. Then she showed it to the other servants and accused the young man falsely. When his master came home he, of course, believed his wife and had the young man cast into prison. Innocent as he was, God was still with him. Even the keepers of the prison found it out and treated him kindly. God heard his prayers while in prison. He no doubt



told the other inmates about our wonderful God who gave him wisdom. So at a time when no one else could give the King advice, the young man told the King what to do. The King honored him greatly. If you children will flee from sin like this young man did, you too will be a power for good like he was.

"It is getting late. In case I should not tell you the rest of the interesting story, who can tell me where it is recorded and what was the young man's name?" None of the children could tell exactly where they could find it, but Mother said they could read it in the 37th and 39th chapters of Genesis.

"I know the young man's name," said John. "It is Joseph, and we children at least myself will never forget that a hard beginning, if a fellow wants to do right, is bound to come out all right. Of course, one has to look to a Higher Power than self to be victor."

—MARIE PAULINE SASS



## **PART II**

# **HOME, AMUSEMENTS AND LOVE**

Fourth Edition

*Remember now thy Creator in the  
days of thy youth. Eccl. 12:1.*

## PREFACE

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With love and best wishes, this book is dedicated to the young people of the whole world. As my only object in writing is the glory of God, and good of humanity, it is bound to prove a blessing.

Sincerely,

Marie Pauline Sass  
Author

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- Chapter 7—Love.
- Chapter 8—Junia's Confession.

## **Chapter One**

### **THE HOME**

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One of our aged neighbors is dangerously ill, and wishes our presence. After doing the most necessary work which means that the house is in order and lunch prepared for those who might, in our absence, come home, we leave a note on the table, as to our errand and go to visit our neighbor. Every move counts: we dare not waste a moment.

Arriving at the home, which is a three room sod-house, we notice that every constructed thing about the place is home-made, the furniture consisting of tables, benches and chairs. Some are made of willows. The only thing which was bought is the cook stove. The walls are white-washed, which give the place a clean, wholesome effect.

Grandfather's face lights up as he sees us. Offering his hand he says, "Guess you came to bid me good-bye. My race is about run. I am ready; tell everybody the Bible way is the only way; the narrow is the safe way. It is good to know that to follow the lovely Nazarene will surely lead anyone to the place where there is no disappointment, sorrow or remorse. His precious blood atones for what I could not do. No, I do not want a doctor. The Lord has healed me many times, but now I

am sure my work here is done." To make a long story short, Grandfather shortly after this was found asleep never to wake again this side of the grave.

From reliable statistics we have proof that the following named characters were all raised in homes where love, principle and justice ruled.

Like Joseph in the prison cell, keep trusting in the  
Lord,  
A clear conscience is sweeter far  
Than Mrs. Potiphar's rich board.

When David chased from hill to dale—  
By king Saul's jealous carrier,  
He turned his cheek, and saved Saul's life,  
He knew no slavish fears.

Daniel thrown in the lions' den by a hateful,  
wicked mob,  
Knew that his life was in the hands of his  
Almighty God.

The Hebrew children and Saint Paul,  
With all the martyrs blest  
Will spur us on to daily live,  
And work for HIM our best.

As soon as one stepped into that home an atmosphere of peace and rest was very noticeable.

Did not the ONE to whom all power is given say, "My peace I give unto you," and another strong authority hundreds of years before assures us of peace, which may be ours if we are willing to pay the price by forsaking sin? The only son of that home (married) was sitting by the window reading the Book of all books. The children were enjoying the home-made swing; mother was watching them. The whole family seemed eager to be of help to someone. This was on Sunday. Should anyone step into this home on week days, they would find them equally as happy, every one busy at their task. The older girls comb and braid the hair of the younger ones. They know that the Bible forbids the bobbing of the hair, and too, it is a pleasure to arrange sister's hair. True, some of the children at school may call them old-fashioned, but that is not as bad as the names they call some of the others. A spirit of self-denial prompts the actions of every one. Unbelievers are attracted by this home and given a chance to take hold on eternal life. Gladly a meal is given for a chance to have the visitors at family prayer. The meal might consist of just plain vegetable soup and bread, but with the blessing of the Giver of all good, it is a feast. The boys find it a pleasure to construct their own toys. Certainly children who are raised in a home atmosphere like this will always be of a constructive, rather than destructive nature.

So much depends on the home atmosphere. Where a spirit of harmony and cooperation is prevalent, well balanced characters are the results. In some homes when company arrives, all the young folks pile into a car (if possible) and away they go, hard to tell where, to be entertained. If they would stop and meditate just a little, they would decide that it is much safer, and more satisfaction can be obtained by staying at home, where they are treated best; corn can be popped on winter evenings, songs practiced, stories told and if not imposing on the pocket book too much, candy made. Any intelligent mind can think of some respectable way to spend the time without endangering life or character.

### Boys and Girls of the Future

Give us boys who have faith in God,  
Who are loyal, pure and strong,  
Willing to bear the burden of the nation,  
Opposing all that's debasing and wrong.

Give us girls who will mend their clothes and stockings.  
The ones who are morally clean,  
The kind who are willing to do kind and hard things,  
Without show or making a scene.



## **Chapter Two**

### **ANOTHER HOME**

A neighbor coming from quite a distance carrying a gasoline can wanted to borrow some gas, so he could go for the doctor. As I had no car nor gas stove I could not accommodate him. He asked if I would not come over as their boy had another severe attack of stomach trouble. I promised I would be over as soon as possible.

It was a lovely autumn morning, just cool enough to make a long walk pleasant. As I approached the house, I could not help but notice what a pleasant dwelling it would be if the screens had been tacked on, the step to the porch repaired, and other repairs made which would only take a short time by either man or woman to do. Often husbands have to go a long way to make a living for the family, then the wife and children should do all in their power to keep things in repair about the home.

A washing machine was setting at one end of the porch. The clothes which evidently they had intended to wash, were scattered about the place where some of the pups were having a jolly time playing "pully."

A weary voice invited me in. There were several children in the family; the sick boy lay on the bed groaning. I asked what the nature of

his ailment was. "O," said the mother, "I do like to go to a dance once in a while, so I coaxed my husband to take me. Well, we left the children at home. They got their supper, and I guess some of the canned stuff did not agree with him. Canned food is about the cheapest food one can buy. A body does not need much fuel and when the weather is hot, it is less work."

Several partly empty tin food cans were on the table. I asked for an egg, but the mother said they had none as she left them on the lower shelf and baby, when she was not watching, had fun breaking them. She sent one of the children to a neighbor, who loaned her one. I beat it up, gave it to the sick boy, and soon his stomach seemed to be settled.

"I hate for Dad to have to go to work without his breakfast, but it was getting late, and he had to go," said the mother. "We had no gas for the stove." I looked out and observed, "There are plenty of dry weeds, and trash you could use in your range to do your cooking, and you would be killing two birds with one stone. It would help to clean your yard too." "Well, I never thought of that," said the mother. "You know," she continued, "when a man is on the relief a woman has not much to do with." I noticed her hair looked like she had a permanent hair wave, and I referred to it. "Well," says she, "you know they usually charge five dollars and because we are hard up she did it for half

price." I noticed that the mother was honest, and possibly never did have a real mother to teach her. I silently prayed for God to give me wisdom. I asked her if she would permit me to speak to her, as I should wish for her to speak to my daughter, were she in her place. She said, "Sure, I'll be glad for some advice."

I hardly knew where to begin, but started by emptying some of the tin cans, and pointing out the fact that, if food is left in tin, it shortly will endanger the user of ptomaine poison, and too, it is expensive, as often the tin costs more than the food. Ten canned food is all right for bachelors and campers, but a housewife should so arrange her affairs so dried fruit and vegetables or home canned food will grace her table. Beans, potatoes, apples, which are usually the cheapest when bought in quantities, and can be prepared in so many different appetizing ways, will prove much more healthful than ready-prepared food attractively wrapped, or canned food displayed in show windows.

The price of a "permanent" would more than pay for a sack of flour; you could have gotten enough sugar also, to have done considerable baking, and just think how much fun you and the children can have baking and preparing food yourselves. Then too, you know you are all played out after being out late hours. It is bound to tell on

your health, and much harder on you than to tidy up the house, wash and mend, and have a cozy home for husband to come to. There is no need of any one going hungry if the money spent for unnecessary things is used for useful and necessary articles. Here is a good motto: "He who buys what he does not need, will soon need what he cannot buy."

After promising to help her, and praying with her I left her, seemingly anxious to be a good mother and housekeeper.

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### JOHN'S MOTHER

What's a home without a mother?  
The kind with common sense  
Who can cut down dad's old trousers,  
To make me a new pair of pants.  
From the old hose and stockings she keeps in a box,  
She severs the tops and makes nice warm socks.  
Potatoes and peas, which some people despise,  
She fixes up dandy and so she does rice.  
We children all help her in making ends meet,  
We're thankful for plain clothes, and plenty to eat.  
My dad never grumbles about paying old bills,  
Mother's a good manager, saving and skilled.  
She says, "If all people would take time to pray,  
The Lord would direct them each step of the way."  
~~She~~ seems to pray always, not always down on her  
knees—  
But while she is working, her Master to please.

### **Chapter Three**

## **A HIGHLY APPRECIATED LETTER**

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In one of my former books, "The Farmhouse" mention was made of a dear orphan boy whom we partly raised. At the age of about sixteen he thought he was in love with one of his schoolmates, a neighbor girl. They, no doubt, needed help as farm help during the war was scarce. He left us. After he formed the tobacco habit and the work mostly done, he drifted away.

He must have gotten hold of one of the "Farm-home" books, wherein we expressed the hope of meeting him again, if not this side, on the other side of eternity.

To my great delight, I received a letter from him after about sixteen years. It read as follows:

Waukensha, Wisc. 4-29-36—Dear Ma: I have been trying to write to you for a long time. Today I heard about dear old dad having gone to his long home, (through the Metropolitan people). May his soul rest in heaven, where we all hope to meet some day.

I sure would like to see the old farm again. But without dear old dad it would be lonesome. How are you anyway? One thing your life has brought you is the satisfaction of knowing that your little Johnny is trying very hard to live like God wants

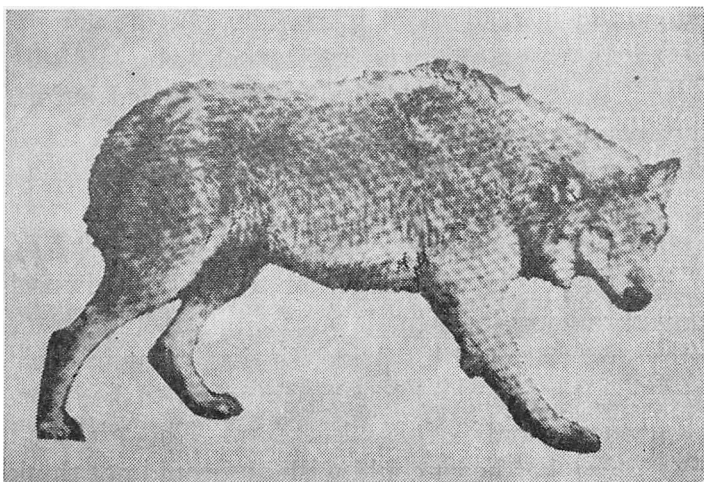
us to live. Last summer God gave me a chance to live again. He raised me off a death bed. Praise His Holy name! I hope to always honor Him no matter what hardships might come my way.

I have a wife and four children, Mary Ann, the oldest, and three boys. Tell my pal Fredrick "Hello," also Ester. Tell them to scribble me a line.

I have aged some, have some gray hair. How I would love to hear Ma say, "Johnny, did you shut the chicken house door?" I used to think you whipped me too much, but I see now you only whipped me about one-tenth enough. I hope you all forgive me. I see now that you did for me more than money can buy.

Do the coyotes still howl in the McKee canyon? Remember the skunk Watch and I killed and got fifty cents for, and the young ones I hung on the wire fence, and the badger Watch and I dug out; worked nearly all day? Remember when Dad talked to Ed Brunswig, Jack and Dick, and the old team came home for their dinner without him? I can still see the golden sunset over the prairie, the tank down in the big pasture where we took our swims. Remember when Dad let me run the headder? Those were the days! All the happy days shall never be forgotten. I am always the same, your Johnny. Give my respect and love to all. —John W. S.

Dear reader, my advice to all is to give some homeless child a home, if possible. Take them in the name of the ONE who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and if you take a child in my name it is the same as taking me, only bring them up in the love and fear of the Lord (fear to displease Him). So many people prefer a dog or bird to a child, and they are all right in their place. But we must give an account of our time and means.



## **Chapter Four**

### **DANCING**

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The Bible, book of authority, tells us "there is a time to mourn and a time to dance." Let us consider two characters, one in the old, and the other in the New Testament.

King David, after a long siege of wars, because of the presence of the Ark of God, which represented His presence, when the ark was again restored to Israel, danced for joy, not with the opposite sex. He was so thankful and full of happiness because the symbol of God's presence was again with his people.

When Herod gave a birthday party to his friends (you read about it in Mark 6), the daughter of the woman he was living with, who lawfully should have lived with his brother, danced before the banqueters. Now deep down in Herod's heart he respected John the Baptist. He knew that John preached the truth, when he told him that he was living in adultery. He could not have been happy living in sin as he was, but when this flirting damsel came prancing in, it made such a hit with his company and flattered his pride, so that right in their presence he promised her anything she asked for, even to the half of his kingdom. The girl had everything her heart could wish and could not think of one thing she needed or wanted, so she went to



her mother, like most children do when puzzled. (Right here let us notice how a mother's influence will direct her children heaven or hellward. Her mother hated John, because he fearlessly told the truth to beggar and king, and the truth, when not agreeable to the carnal mind and heart causes war. So I suppose the mother put her arms around her spoiled darling who had thrilled the honored company. "Well, my dear," she said, "there is not one thing you could ask for in my estimation that would give me as much pleasure as to actually see the head of John the Baptist on a platter." And Herod, in spite of his better reason and conviction, granted her request. John was the first martyr recorded reliably, to the dancing profession. No doubt millions before and after him have fallen a prey to the lust-demon, who according to a converted dancing master has full sway in a dance hall.

Mrs. O——, a mother who knew the danger of the ballroom, to keep peace in the family, permitted her youngest daughter to go along with her older sister to the picture show one Saturday evening. While the mother, with an aching heart, was reading one of my books (she told me so herself) a fear for the safety of her baby girl came over her. It was nearing the midnight hour. She hastily slipped on her coat and went to the public hall, where they were dancing. She was so overcome with the love for souls, and the spiritual danger

they were in that she dropped on her knees in the dance hall, and audibly prayed for their conversion. The music and dancers stopped for just a moment; some laughed; others went home; a few turned from the worldly way to my knowledge. God's way, the narrow way, is always the safe way.

My father, a church member in good standing, though according to his own statement a sinner, was strongly against dancing. He served in the Franco-German war in 1871, and saw the terrible results of the dance. When we lived out on the western prairie, where all the public gatherings consisted of neighbors, living sometimes fifteen miles apart, dances were held in some of the homes, which my parents did not approve of. Young people naturally crave excitement and the company of others. Some of the neighbor girls asked my father if I could not go to singing school with them some evening. He gave his consent. One evening a lot of the neighbor young folks piled into a wagon. We sang for some time, and I cannot help but think about the harmony and sweet voices, after many years, that filled the air. There was no musical instruments. Organs and pianos had not yet reached that western territory. The singing was refreshing, wholesome, coming from the heart, not depending on an instrument to take the lead.

A nice supper was served. If, after a few more good songs, the crowd had thanked their hosts for

the pleasure of the evening and had gone home, no condemnation would have been on the conscience of anyone, but some suggested that they would finish by dancing a while. The hostess, not willing to be discourteous, granted it. In a short time "Choose your partner" was heard from a fellow standing in the corner. String instruments were in readiness, and so were the players.

When young girls began to dance with married men and wives with others not their husbands, the whole atmosphere seemed to be turned into that of hell. A terrible spirit of darkness came over me, which time has not been able to erase. The evening was spoiled, from a social as well as spiritual standpoint.

A brother, one evening, was walking down a certain street. The door was ajar; he could see a father sitting by the lamplight reading the Bible to his family. A number of demons were standing near frowning terribly, but a higher power prevented them from touching him. You know God placed a wall about Job. Without the permission of God Satan dared not touch him. The brother walked a little farther down the street, where the dance hall door was open. Only one demon was seen, with his arms folded; being at leisure he had nothing to do. Everything was coming his way, down where the fire is not quenched, where there is gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, where

remorse never dies, where the rich man wishes for Abraham to send someone to earth to warn his five brothers, so they will be spared this eternal torture. Father Abraham said, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them."

Mr. Faulkner, an ex-dancing teacher, speaking from experience, tells the following story. The place was in Los Angeles. A beautiful girl was deliberately singled out on the street as a victim of lust, traced to her home, her place of business, and to her church by a man who was bent on overthrowing her. This man enlisted the help of a dancing master. She was invited to school. The girl asked her preacher about it. He told her he could see "no harm in it." She went, and there she was introduced to the man in polite society (so called). He was skilled in an up-to-date fashion, to bring about her downfall and disgrace. Shunned by her friends, heartbroken, she committed another crime. This operation not being successful, the doctor told her death would be certain.

When dying she sent for Mr. Faulkner, begging him to warn others, so that her terrible experience would cause them to live unspotted from the world. She said, "When I entered the dance-hall I was pure as a child; I was happy. Promise me that you will warn young and old to shun the dance."

A converted dancing master gives the following reliable statistics. Of 200 inmates of brothels.

whom he interviewed, 163 traced their downfall to the dancing school, 20 to drinking intoxicants, 10 to wilful choice and 7 to poverty and abuse.

## **Chapter Five**

### **GAMBLING**

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The expression that "life is a gamble" is often heard. With the shifting class it may be true, but there is a vast difference between chance and honest endeavor. When anyone starts the day desiring to do their best, walking by faith in the ONE who has promised to give strength and wisdom for the duties at hand, they can, with a clear conscience, face results. Every intelligent reader knows that there are many games of chance. Horse races, rooster fights, flipping pennies, etc., are a few ways wherein the ones who had rather take chances than work pass away their time.

Walking down the street with a friend, Major T—— pointed across the street to where a young man was seen with a dog. Major said to his companion, "That is all he has left of the many thousands of dollars he inherited. We can't keep him from the card table."

All so-called high society has its card parties. Just to make the game more interesting prizes are given, depending in value on the liberality or pocket book of the host or hostess. When a so-called Christian mother proudly displays her dish won at the card party, can you blame the boys if, on a small scale, they start out playing to win?

Usually, when in a city or town, if possible. I

visit the jail or prison. While in our home county, in company with a dear sister we went to the jail, getting permission from the sheriff, who said he trusted us to "speak to the inmates." As we walked through the lobby, I noticed a deck of cards on the table, in plain sight of the encaged prisoners. Depositing the deck of cards in my handbag and leaving a testament in its place, we walked over to where about a dozen young men were shut up. We told them that the FRIEND of the friendless in the 25th chapter of Matthew convicted us to visit the prisons, and if the inmates were honest to confess and forsake their sins they would be forgiven, and their life thereafter a blessing, rather than a curse. Some, with tears in their eyes, told us that if they had obeyed their elders they would not have been there. Some felt sorry because of the disgrace they brought on their hard-working mothers. Others just pitied themselves because they hated the place. Upon inquiry as to what their offences were, we discovered that about half of them were there because they had been gambling, forging checks and stealing to meet the demands. In different round-about ways they had gotten enslaved by gambling. We told them about dear Joseph, who was imprisoned because he would not be enticed by the lust demon. He suffered wrongfully rather than live a life of ease. Gen. 39:20.

A month or so later we again went to B——,

also to the prison. Shortly after we entered the courthouse (the prison is in the basement) the deputy met us. Addressing me, he said, "You are a great Christian; you took my Christmas present." I was surprised. On reflecting I remembered that I took the deck of cards, which I had replaced with a Testament. A number of officials heard our conversation. Answering him I said, "I am one of the tax-payers in this county helping to pay your salary. About half of the inmates in this jail are here because gambling has brought them here directly or indirectly, and you play cards right in their sight. All officials should set a better example. Besides, the Testament I left represented a much greater money-value than the cards, not to speak of the moral influence." The sister and I proceeded to give the prisoners some good reading matter, also prayed and sang before we left. Thereafter, we never saw any more cards on the deputy's table. The sheriff, we found out, was not in favor of cards.

Just "innocent pasttime" is what you are sometimes told when reproving card players. You will notice that usually mother, father or wife or some other near loved one has to bear the burden of the ones who spend their time at the card table. I know of one maiden sister of a young man. They were the children of a widowed mother, whose father passed away in their early childhood. Mother and sister worked hard to keep the farm running. The



young man, enticed by shifting neighbor's boys, spent much of his time in the billiard hall, and at the card table. Little by little he got from one trouble into another, which resulted in his getting deeply into debt. One time he was arrested, which nearly killed his loved ones. Finally the community became so disgusted with him that he was compelled to leave the country. His own instinct or what self-respect he had left, made him move to another state. His dear sister worked for years as a maid, paying his old bills as she would not have their good family name disgraced. A jewel like her is hard to be found. She had the pleasure of seeing her wayward brother converted and living a respectable life, which, no doubt, was the result of the prayers of a praying mother and loving sister.

Take a look into the homes after the card parties. Were it possible for human eyes to search the hearts of the players, no more parties would be given.

Martha was a lovely young girl, a splendid manager, energetic, and full of desire to make home like heaven as much as possible when she promised John to share the joys and sorrows with him for life at the marriage altar, to be loyal and true, for better or worse, until death does part. John too, seemingly was in earnest when, with a deep, firm voice, he said "Yes" at the marriage altar. John was a carpenter by trade. All went well for some

time, but gradually it kept getting later every evening before John came to supper. Several children by this time were blessing the home. Martha had located the place where his evenings were spent. A number of times, when the children wanted and needed their father, she called where he was deeply interested in a game of cards. He would promise to be at home immediately, and no doubt meant it at the time, but the love for his family was smothered by the passion to "win the game." Many nights he never showed up at home at all. To make a long story short, the heartaches, the mental strain, left Martha physically in such a weakened condition, when the "flu" epidemic reached the community she too, was a victim. All the tears John shed and the terrible remorse he felt, did not restore his faithful wife to his motherless children.

Not very far from the eastern Colorado line, a number of young men made it a practice to meet and play an "innocent game" in a vacated house. About midnight one night, a few of them at least who were not wise to the game, were ordered to face the wall. "Hands up," said the two masked men. Searching them they took all the valuables that could be found. The masked men carried weapons, and took care of the telephone before they made their get-away. The cars, too, were taken care of, so it took some time to get them in running

order again. The 'greenhorns' had plenty of time to reflect.

In the basement of a certain place of business an expert at cards always, when possible, enticed novices to take a hand, and often permitted them to win at the beginning, when only a little was at stake. He always carried a gun. One Sunday morning his lifeless body was found. His own weapon was by his side. It was reported that he committed suicide. Those who saw the corpse claimed that he had been shot in the back of the head. No harm in it, just innocent pasttime.

The Bible does not mention cards, but it does say, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Every one, sooner or later, must give an account for the way they spend their time. "Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin." "Shun all appearance of evil." Eph. 5:16. "Redeeming the time because the days are evil." Strong drink, tobacco and cards usually go together. Is it not best to take the safe side? It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of God unprepared. Heb. 10:31.

## **Chapter Six**

### **PICTURE SHOWS**

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Millions of dollars are involved in the picture show business. The theater, which can be traced as far back as history goes, and one time to some extent was a movement of art and culture, is now to a great extent supplanted by the picture shows. In order for the financial investors to be on the safe side they must give the public what the majority calls for.

Everyone with an eye for purity knows that the general tendency is for excitement and thrills. When a pure show, pertaining to beautiful scenery of nature, animals or Bible scenes is shown, the public at large is not enthused. Just look at the advertisements conspicuously displayed of the opposite sex embracing each other advertising the next show, and see the crowd turn out. Meetings which would be a blessing are neglected, and so are home duties. Dimes and quarters which are needed for necessities are handed in at the cashier's window. They will not give credit like the bakery and general store. Results are, a nervous disposition and a guilty conscience (if it is not already seared with a hot iron as the Bible says).

Judges of note have proved that the crime wave of young outlaws is largely due to shooting and robbing and deceiving characters depicted on the

screen. Young minds ponder on these things and with a desire to imitate, venture to practice what they saw. Because of the love of money, and the desire to gratify the lust-demon, it is plain that a show which deserves the endorsement of clean, moral educators and parents is as scarce as a fragrant flower on a public dunghheap.

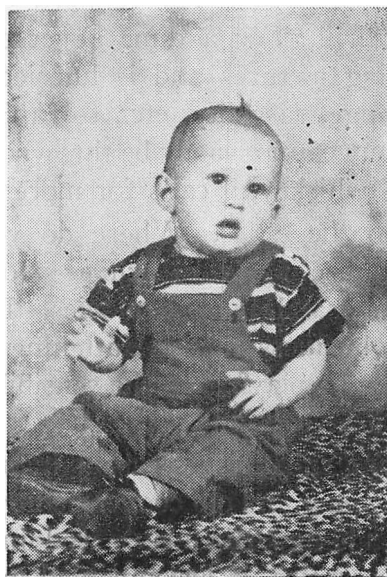
Listen to what one who has had close connection with the picture show business says, "In my estimation, the movie show is the most demoralizing agency that exists. The very life of the movie is the sex thrill. For a dime a person is shown some dazzling pictures and is hurried through a plot of revenge, rascality, etc., so rapidly that the scene and hum cannot easily be thrown off, and like tobacco and whiskey, it calls for more."

Go into the cities. Where do you find the crowds? At meetings worthwhile? Not often; you will find thousands at the movies. It is a commercialized business that is fattening the pocket-books of men by playing on the sensibility and passion of our dear boys and girls.

We must substitute pleasant home surroundings where young and old cooperate in pleasure and character building. Birthdays, wedding days, and other anniversaries, if accompanied with innocent games and wholesome refreshments, are to be encouraged and certainly enjoyed. They make and

keep binding friendships and family ties, without leaving scars on conscience or character.

Ex-Governor Hoch, of Kansas, in one of his speeches brought out these beautiful thoughts from the Bible: "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4:8.



## Chapter Seven

### LOVE

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There is no word in any language that carries such a pleasing and lasting satisfaction with it as LOVE. Next comes Mother then home, and where pure holy love is the mainspring, heaven will certainly be the final goal.

Every normal girl and boy, between the ages of twelve and eighteen years are apt to fall in, what they think is love, several times and it is often the case that it is hard for them to decide which one of their admirers is the most beloved. The fact is, they admire certain traits in their friends more or less, and in their youthful dreams they imagine that whoever they take a notion to, comes up to their standard.

Often when advised or warned by parents or friends they feel deeply hurt or insulted, while if they would heed the warning many tears and heart-aches would be spared.

Young people who are full of energy should be always engaged in some useful worthwhile pursuit. Have friends of both sexes but never allow any intimate advance. "Hands Off" is a good motto. Girls who cheapen themselves by allowing holding of hands, and kissing before they are engaged, will never be respected and honored after

marriage as those who carefully save all action of endearment until after marriage.

Many a woman who took it for granted that her lover was telling the truth when he promised that he would quit every bad habit after marriage, has found out to her sorrow that the marriage certificate did not take away the desire for strong drink, tobacco, love for extravagant dress, gambling, drug stores and beautiful material. The pretty little girl after marriage is not anxious to get up and get breakfast, and keep the house tidy and her person neat. Selfishness, love of ease is often the cause of discount and will eventually lead to divorce. Where real love exists, which overrules selfishness, self-denial is a pleasure because the beloved is dearer than self.

So, dear girls and boys, take plenty of time in selecting a life companion. Wait until you are at least past twenty, even though you really fall in love before that time. It will mean a great deal to you to wait for many years if necessary until all obstacles will be removed and you can claim your rights with a clear conscience, and a life-long honeymoon will be the results.

Referring to the best authority, we read that Jacob really fell in love with Rachel, whose father evidently was ruler of his household. Well, Dad says, "You youngsters shall not get married until Jacob proves he is worthy of you, and if he loves



you well enough to work for me seven years, O.K.” The book tells us that the seven years seemed as but a few days because Jacob loved her. Gen. 29:20. In that country it was customary to veil the bride until after the marriage ceremony. Laban deceived Jacob and gave him his oldest daughter instead, but Jacob wanted Rachel for he loved her and he worked seven years longer to get her. So time is nothing when it comes to real love. Why spoil your whole life, when you may enjoy those beautiful young years in forming pure, holy friendship with both sex? Most every one expects to reach the age of about seventy-five or eighty years. Then, after twenty, are still sixty years left for a “better or worse,” married life. At the marriage altar the bride and groom promise to honor, protect and care for each other through better or worse. To be true and loyal until death doth part means so much. So, many times (when the grace of God does not rule the heart), so long as better conditions are prevalent all well and good, but when sickness, poverty and the worse comes, the marriage vow is forgotten and the cry is for a divorce. The sad part is that not a bit of the courtesy is practiced that existed before marriage, and the solemn vow is forgotten, and often innocent children are life-long victims of the parents’ sin. A real heart-searching, and determination to be guided by the Spirit of GOD

is absolutely necessary for a happy, successful married life.

No doubt some of my dear readers at least, has read the poem "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight." It tells about a young man who, in order to see his mother and friend, left his post of duty in the army, which action was punished with sudden death.

In nearly all of the civilized old countries the church bell is rung about eight o'clock p.m. The steeples, where the bell is hung, vary in height. Some of the spires reach hundreds of feet in the air.

This young man who deserted his post for just a short time, had a sweetheart who was determined that her lover should not be killed. He was sentenced to die after the curfew bell rang a certain night. His beloved climbed the church tower. I do not know how high it was. With her hands she grasped the hammer of the bell. When the Sexton pulled the rope to ring the bell, her body touched the sides, and the bell did not ring. She risked her life to save his.

Personally, I believe that where the curfew system is established it has a good effect on the community, as many devout people called it the hour of prayer. Children were supposed to be off the streets at that time.

Then again, from the best authority, we learn

that Naomi, after a siege of famine, after losing her husband and sons in the land of Moab, decided to go back to her old home. Both of her daughters-in-law accompanied her for a ways. When Naomi thought they had gone far enough she requested that they return to their own people where they were raised and enjoyed their early girlhood. One of them, Orpha, after kissing her mother-in-law, returned, but Ruth loved her so much that she could not be persuaded to go back. She said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy GOD my God." You see, Ruth desired or had the love of the true God in her heart and knew that HIS way would be best for her. Their marriage evidently was in the love of God, or she would not have gone with an old mother-in-law to a strange, poverty-stricken, country, not knowing what kind of welcome they would receive. They walked by faith. The whole book of Ruth is very interesting.

So many girls have a fear of becoming old maids. Is it not far better to be an old maid, happy and free, than a miserable married woman or grass widow?

King Cyrus had in his domain a beautiful young woman whom he greatly desired for his harem, but he could not get the attention of this

young lady. Every scheme he employed failed. He sent delegation after delegation making her fabulous offers to receive favor but to no avail. Finally, he discovered that she had a LOVER, so during the war he had it so arranged that her lover was forced to go to the front, which resulted in the young man's death. Before he breathed his last, his sweetheart was at his side. Grasping his hand she said, "I have been true to you in life and shall be in death." Falling on her lover's spear, she died with him. The ruler had his eye on the couple. Arriving at the scene he uncovered his head. Looking up he said, "God, I thank thee that there is yet pure love in my kingdom."

### LOVE

Love, pure love never grows old and stale—  
For it throws every charm bright and clear.  
Round the one who is so dear,  
Virtues rare guide to this,  
Thrills the soul ne'er will miss,  
Bearing fruit for the ground:  
"Honor True" we have found.  
We shall build firm and true,  
Strong and deep, thorough, too.

Thus our love upward springs,  
Far above earthly things,  
Love pure love.—This will do,

Inspire all that's fair and true,  
Yet, the best is not told,  
While our eyes seek the gold,  
Which is tried everywhere,  
For pure love's bound to bear burdens great,  
With a joy void of alloy.  
Planning always all that's good:  
For the one who has stood faithful, true always  
    dear,  
And in love ever near.



## Chapter Eight

### JUNIA'S CONFESSION

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As her friends knew her, Junia was an attractive girl full of fun but always wary of doubtful amusements or company. She was, to some extent, responsible for the welfare of the younger children of the family. Her mother had gone to her heavenly home, and her father, a cultured man, was not dependable as a good father from a moral standpoint. It was a disgrace to break a promise. A divorced person was (without showing it) considered not dependable to society, at least for young people.

Like most young people, Junia more or less courted, but cared for no one especially. ~~Some-~~  
~~times she laughingly said, "I care for my girl chums~~  
more than any man."

To the surprise of her friends she unexpectedly married a man who was greatly devoted to her. Outwardly, she seemed to be happy. Since she was very energetic, her time was always occupied. During some business transactions one time a wonderful change came over her. She really had fallen in love. Junia was frightened to think she, a mother, had fallen in love with another man, not her husband. Her husband was so kind to her and their children. She was helpless; she examined herself; had she done anything to encourage this change? If

she had, she certainly did not mean to, by looks, or any other way. This terrible love drove her to her knees. She asked God to help her; this was stronger than she. She avoided meeting the man. Whether he thought more of her than anyone else she knew not.

The trees and breezes whispered of him. The nightingale sang of him; her dreams were full of him. Sometimes she thought of telling her husband about it, but she hated to grieve him. She tried to make up for any possible mistake by being more considerate in every motherly and wifely duty, praying almost constantly for guidance.

One day the message came over the wires that the man she loved had been accidentally killed. It was a terrible blow, but she thanked God that he had given her grace not to yield to temptation. She did not disgrace her family, neither did she tempt the other man to lower his standard or disgrace his loved ones. She found the promise, "My grace is sufficient for you" really true.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." Prov. 31:10. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Prov. 31:30.

BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN

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'The following song may be sung to replace the visionary words to "Beautiful Isle."

After life's stormy voyage, we'll meet to part no  
more,  
After the tears and heartaches, we'll reach the  
golden shore,  
'There we will meet the faithful, those who have  
run the race,  
Piloted by our Savior, kept and redeemed by His  
grace.

## Chorus

Heaven, heaven, beautiful beautiful heaven,  
When saved by grace we'll see face to face,  
Our Redeemer forever.  
Joyfully we'll be welcomed by our loved ones gone  
before,  
All sorrow and grief turned to blessings, over on  
yon golden shore:  
Anthem by heavenly chorus, zephyr from the tree  
of life,  
Will be the golden harvest, after a faithful life.

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