

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 33, No. 1

Jan., Feb., Mar., 1982

Part 1

Jan. 3, 1982

Harry the Newsboy

Ever since the death of his father, Harry Armstrong had sold papers. His home was in a small upstairs room of a large tenement building in the great city of New York. There he lived with his mother, and although the room was small and there was barely enough furniture in it to make them comfortable, Harry had never known anything better and he was happy because he had his mother to love and comfort him when he was tired, hungry, or cold.

Many times after he had been out for hours, walking up and down the street, shouting to the people that he had papers to sell, he would hurry home to find a cup of warm cocoa and some bread or something else that he liked as well, waiting for him on the little table over in the corner of the room. How good the food tasted! Sometimes he wondered why his mother did not always sit with him at the table and eat, but he did not know that at those times she had only been able to buy enough cocoa and bread for her little boy after the coal and rent bills had been paid. But Harry's mother did not mind going hungry herself if her little

boy had all that he wanted to eat.

Harry knew that his mother was not very well, for she had told him that the time might come, almost any day, when she should have to leave him and go to be with his father. But Harry did not think that she would go away very soon. She had also said that when that time should come he must not be afraid, for he would have to be very, very brave and strong; and that he would have to do just the things that he thought were right and best.

Now Harry had passed his tenth birthday and he knew quite well the difference between right and wrong, for he had listened to a great missionary who was interested in newsboys. This missionary had been all through Africa and had said that some day he was going back to the land of the black people and the tigers. Harry and the other newsboys liked so well to listen to the stories that the missionary told that they went to hear him every Sunday when he was in New York. And, because the newsboys came so often, the missionary said that they could have a Sunday-school where they could come and study about the Bible when he wasn't there. And Harry liked to go to

the Sunday school after it was started.

Harry's mother had told him that it was wrong to smoke and chew tobacco, and the teachers talked about that, too. So when the other newsboys said that it would make him manly to smoke cigarettes, he told them that he knew better. Then, when they tried to make fun of him, he shouted louder to the people as they passed, that he had papers to sell, so that he could not hear what the boys said. After that, they did not ask him to smoke. And as for telling lies and stealing—Harry had learned from his mother that it was far better always to speak the truth and be honest.

Very often his mother told him Bible stories about men who had become great because they had been good boys. What she said about Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Daniel, John the Baptist, the boy Jesus, and Timothy pleased him more than anything else. Then she told him that it would be nice to try to be like these boys by being good and kind to everyone, but to remember that God had made every boy and girl a little different from every other person in the world so that it would be impossible to do exactly as someone else had done. To help him understand just what she meant, she had said, "Now just suppose that when Samuel was told to serve in the house of the priest Eli he had said, 'Why, Joseph and Moses were rulers in the land, and I don't want to be a humble servant.' God couldn't have blessed him as He did. If Samuel had refused to do the humble work that God had called him to do, his name would not have come down to us as one of Israel's rulers." And she had added, "I trust that my little boy will always be willing to do the little things that come his way, for this is the way that God takes to prepare his people for a greater and better place in life. Then he helps them to

find their place if they will let him."

Thus wisely had Harry's mother talked to her little boy. She had also taught him to read and write and to spell, "for the time will come, Harry," she had said, "when you will need to know many things, and I want to help you all I can while I am with you." And one day, while Harry was out selling his papers, the thing for which the mother had been trying to prepare her little boy came to pass.

That night when Harry came home from selling his papers he found no warm cocoa or bread and butter upon the table in the corner of the room, and everything was very quiet. He called his usual greeting to his beloved mother, but there was no answer. Then when he went close to her bed he saw that the hand that had so often caressed him was cold and helpless. Then he remembered that his mother had said that when this time should come he would have to be very brave and strong. And he wanted to be all that his mother and the good missionary wanted him to be, so he sat down beside the bed and thought and thought.

One by one, the things that his mother had told him that he would have to see about after she was gone came into his mind. Tears nearly blinded his eyes when he thought about the funeral. She had told him to see their neighbor Mr. Harper and let him attend to everything. Once she had said that usually a tombstone with nice things written upon it was placed at the head of a grave by some friend, but that he must not try to do anything like that, for he would not have the money to buy the stone. A great desire then came into his heart to place a tombstone at the head of his mother's grave after she was buried so that he could write some nice things upon it about her. He remembered that she had told him not to

try to do it because he would not have the money to spare. But he said to himself, "I can do without my cocoa just as Mother did, and perhaps with what money I have, I can buy a small tombstone."

Harry had no pocketbook in which to carry his money. But his mother, before she had become so weakened by her sickness, had made him a little bag that was very strong. Drawing the bag from his pocket, he counted all the pennies and dimes. There was just two dollars and fifty-five cents in all, and he wondered if this would be enough to pay for the stone. Never before had so many things been crowded into his mind all at once. But above every other thought was the one desire to be brave and strong so that he could attend to all of the things that his mother had said that he must do.

(to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls:

Have you ever been tempted to do something you knew to be wrong? I'm sure you have—perhaps several times. A temptation is something that lures or draws you from what is right. The Bible says, "Yield not to temptation." That means don't do something you know is wrong, although you may have an urge to do it.

Yielding to temptation always brings bad results sooner or later. One morning when I was about twelve years old, my mother told me to come straight home from school that afternoon. She didn't tell me why, but she wanted to take me shopping. That day several of my friends stayed after school playing games and talking. I knew I should go home, but my best friend talked me into staying. After about an hour we walked up town and found my friend's dad, and he took us home. Of course, when I got home, my mother was quite displeased with

me. I received some stripes for disobeying and I also missed the shopping trip.

Temptations don't end with childhood. Throughout a man or woman's life there will be temptations. Some temptations may be very strong and appealing, but remember, God has grace for you to hold to the right. And don't ever think that God doesn't understand what it's like to be tempted, because Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are.

One of the first things the Bible tells us about Jesus after he grew to manhood was of how the devil tempted Him. Jesus had been in the wilderness alone, fasting and praying for forty days. Afterward, He was hungry, or as we might say, "starving." There was no food close at hand, so the devil tried to get Jesus to use His power in a selfish way. Satan said to Jesus, "Why don't you turn these rocks to bread?" Jesus had the power, yet He was sent to live His life as a man and not as God, so He knew He should not use His power in this manner. The devil thought if he couldn't appeal to Jesus' appetite for food, he could appeal to His appetite for power. Just as the devil seems to rule in the hearts of the majority of people today, so he did in Jesus' day. The devil told Jesus that if He would bow down to him, he would give his power to Jesus. Jesus knew that bowing to Satan would defeat His very reason for being on earth. The devil made one last try. He took Jesus to the highest point of the temple and said, "Okay, if you're really the Son of God, jump down from here and it won't hurt you." Perhaps this thought came to Jesus: "Go ahead and do it and show Satan your power." But putting one's self in a dangerous situation just to show God's power is tempting the Lord. Each time Jesus was tempted, He used Scriptures to shut up the devil. We can still use Scriptures today to stop the attacks of the devil. —Aunt Sandra

January 3, 1982

JESUS IS TEMPTED OF THE DEVIL

Luke 4:1 And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness,

2 Being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended, he afterward hungered.

3 And the devil said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread.

4 And Jesus answered him, saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.

5 And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, showed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

6 And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will, I give it.

7 If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine.

8 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

9 And he brought him to Jerusalem, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence:

10 For it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee:

11 And in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

12 And Jesus answering said unto him, It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

13 And when the devil had ended all temptation, he departed from him for a season.

Heb. 4:15 For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Memory Verse: There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. 1 Cor. 10:13.

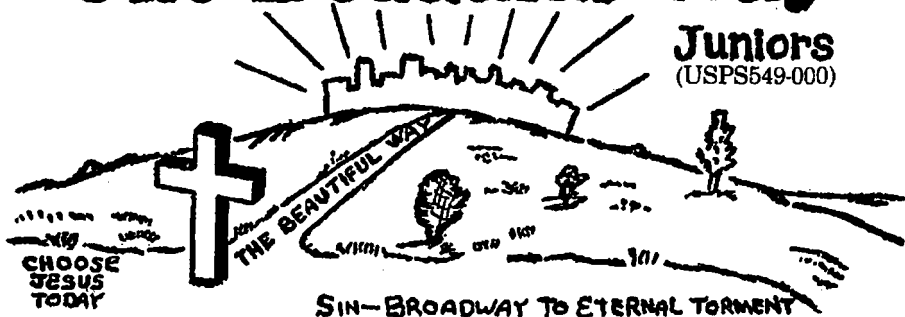
QUESTIONS:

1. Where was Jesus when the devil came to tempt Him?
2. How long did Jesus go without food?
3. Did Jesus get hungry? What did the devil try to get Jesus to turn into bread?
4. Did Jesus turn the rock to bread? Could He have done it? Why do you think He did not?
5. What did the devil show Jesus from a high mountain?
6. When the devil offered to Jesus the power over all the kingdoms, what did he ask for in return?
7. What Scripture did Jesus quote to the devil?
8. Where did the devil then take Jesus? What did he try to get Jesus to do?
9. What Scripture did Jesus then quote? How would casting Himself down from a high place have been tempting God?
10. Does Jesus understand our temptations? How can He?
11. Discuss some things that might be temptations and name some ways to avoid them.

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Part 2

Jan. 10, 1982

Harry the Newsboy

(continued from last issue)

Before going to see Mr. Harper, Harry kissed his mother's cold face and tucked the covers more closely about her. It was hard to leave her alone for even a moment, but remembering again that he was to be brave and strong, he hurried away to find his friend. Mr. Harper was very sorry when he heard that Harry's mother was dead. He was a poor man, but he did all that he could for the little orphan boy. And Harry's mother was placed in a pretty coffin and was buried in the cemetery by the side of her husband.

When the funeral was over the neighbors who had gone with Harry to the graveyard returned to their homes in the tenement house, but Harry did not go with them. And Harry did not know that Mr. Harper and the sexton were friends, and did not notice them talking near the gate about the funeral. Harry was thinking how nice it would be if he could get a pretty tombstone for his mother's grave. He was also thinking about a place that was called the Marble Yards where tombstones and monuments were for sale. The Marble Yards

was only a short distance from the cemetery, and he was wondering if he could get a stone that was nice enough for his mother's grave with the money that was in his little bag.

Perhaps Harry remembered how he had sometimes hurried past the Marble Yards where the white and gray monuments and tombstones were kept and how cold and gloomy they had looked. He no longer felt that they were cold and gloomy, and he wanted to go right in among them and find the one that was the right size for his mother's grave. And then it happened that a little later Mr. Stahl, who was sitting in his office looking out of the window, saw a small boy enter the yards and go over to the place where some of his best tombstones and monuments were kept. He noticed, too, that the boy was feeling of the smooth side of a certain stone and was holding in his hand a small bag. He was sure that he had met the boy somewhere and then he remembered that he was the little newsboy that he had so often met on the street and from whom he had sometimes bought a paper. As he continued to watch the boy looking at the tombstones, he thought, "I believe that he is

a good boy and I wonder why he has come to the Marble Yards today, and why he is rubbing his hand over that small tombstone in the corner?"

Harry may have thought that because that certain stone was so small it would not cost as much as those that were larger. But whatever he may have thought, he was soon standing in the office before Mr. Stahl and saying, "Mister, I want to get that smooth stone, that is over in the corner, to put on my mother's grave. You see she's dead and I want the stone so that I can write some nice things on it about her. It's all I can do for her now. If it doesn't cost too much money I think I can buy it, but I've only got two dollars and fifty-five cents. Will that be enough to pay for it, do you think?"

Now the stone toward which Harry had pointed had cost Mr. Stahl much more money than Harry had offered him, but Mr. Stahl was pleased to have Harry come to him in such a business-like way. And he said, "Yes, my boy, you may have that stone for two dollars and fifty-five cents." He then told the delivery man to take the pretty tombstone over to the cemetery and to see that it was properly placed on Harry's mother's grave. And Harry — almost before he knew what was happening — found that he was back again in the graveyard and that the stone had been placed by the delivery man and the sexton at the head of his mother's grave and that both of the men had slipped quietly away before he had thought to thank them for their trouble. But Harry was very grateful to the men and had meant to thank them for their work.

When Harry found that he was alone he drew from his pocket a piece of iron that he had found on his way to the Marble Yards. The iron was sharp on one end, and bending over the pretty

white tombstone he began to form the words that had all day been in his mind. But the rock was harder than he had expected it would be, and the sun was fast sinking in the western horizon when he had finished only the word "MY." He was so tired and weak that he could scarcely stand upon his feet when he went to step back and examine what he had done, but he was not discouraged. He was sorry to leave his work unfinished. But Harry, although but ten years old, had a business to look after, and he had been taught by his mother to be faithful in all that he undertook. So Harry went home. But the place where he had lived so happily with his mother did not seem like home to him any longer. He ate some hard bread that he found in the cupboard and went to bed. He could have cried himself to sleep, but he didn't, for he was trying so hard to be brave and strong. And he was still thinking about the nice things that he was intending to write upon the pretty white tombstone that was on his mother's grave.

In the morning Harry was awake very early. He felt much better after his good night's rest. After eating some more of the bread, that he had found in the cupboard the evening before, he went out and sold his papers. Then as soon as the last one had been handed out he went at once to the cemetery.

And, for several days, Harry spent every moment that he could spare in a place that one would least expect to find a child. And he was happy because he felt that he was doing something nice for his precious mother. He was adding one letter after another upon the smooth white surface of the tombstone. And near the end of the week this is what he had printed — "MY MOTHER, THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD."

There were many people who came to the cemetery, but there was no one so interesting to the sexton as little Harry. Many times during the week that followed the funeral he had found time to stand for a few moments near the grave to see what the next letter that Harry was forming was going to be. He thought often of his talk with Mr. Harper, and sometimes wished that Harry was his very own little boy. But his family was large and he was a poor man, so he said nothing about it.

As Harry left the grave that night he may have been intending to print some other nice things upon the tombstone about his mother, but he never had the chance. It was dark, and he was very tired as the small piece of iron, that was gradually becoming smaller, was slipped into his pocket. Then he found the gate a few minutes later and passed out into the public street. As the sexton listened he heard the gate click, and it swung to its place. Then there was a loud honking of an automobile horn as a large touring car came suddenly around the corner of the cemetery from another street. But the sexton did not see little Harry fall, or know of the terrible accident that happened until he saw that the car had stopped. Then he heard the sound of excited voices asking if anyone could tell them who the boy was who had been run over by the automobile or how it happened that he was coming out of the cemetery gate at that hour of the night.

(to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls:

Have you ever thought of what it might have been like to be a follower of Jesus when He was on earth? I'm sure it was wonderful to hear His voice and look upon His face, although His appearance was not outstanding from

other men. It would have been a great thrill to have followed Him as His disciples did, and to have been an eye-witness to the great miracles He performed. We feel that Jesus' disciples—especially the twelve apostles—were honored to have been chosen by the Son of God to be so closely associated with Him. But what price did they have to pay? They had to give up their own way of life to follow Jesus. Four of the disciples were fishermen. There is nothing wrong with fishing, but when they followed Jesus, they had to let Him and the gospel be the most important things to them. Instead of catching fish being their main concern in life, it would be turning souls to God.

Jesus still calls people to follow Him today. The price is still the same as it was then: "Let him deny himself." This means that instead of having things centered around ourselves, Christ will be the center of our thoughts and actions. God does not call everyone to quit his job and preach the gospel full time. But when He calls us, He wants us to let Him direct our lives in whatever He may plan. Some He wants to be missionaries, leaving their homeland to go to tell a strange people about God. Some He calls to be evangelists, traveling and giving the truth to others. Still others are called to be pastors, preaching the Word to a little congregation. There are many places God has to fill, and He calls special ones for that certain place. God is calling you—maybe not to preach, teach, or sing—but He is calling you to deny your self-centered ways and take whatever way God leads.

—Aunt Sandra

January 10, 1982

JESUS CALLS HIS DISCIPLES

Matt. 4:17 From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent:

for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

18 And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, calling a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

19 And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

20 And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.

21 And going on from thence, he saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.

22 And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.

Luke 5:27 And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he said unto him, Follow me.

28 And he left all, rose up, and followed him.

John 1:43 The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me.

45 Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.

46 And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.

47 Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!

48 Nathanael saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.

Mark 3:13 And he [Jesus] goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him.

14 And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach,

15 And to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils:

Luke 10:1 After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come.

2 Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.

Memory Verse: Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. Matt. 16:24.

QUESTIONS:

1. Who did Jesus see fishing? What did He say to them?
2. Did Peter and Andrew leave their nets and follow Jesus?
3. Who did Jesus see in a boat with their father? When Jesus called them, did they follow?
4. What was Levi's occupation? Did he leave everything to follow Jesus?
5. Who did Philip tell about Jesus?
6. Why did Jesus choose twelve men to follow closely with Him?
7. How many other men did Jesus appoint to tell people about the gospel?
8. For what did Jesus say to pray?
9. Is Jesus still calling people to follow Him today? What must we give up in order to follow Him?

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Part 3

Jan. 17, 1982

Harry the Newsboy

(continued from last issue)

The sexton explained that Harry was the little newsboy whose mother had recently died and that he had been coming every day since the funeral to carve letters upon a tombstone on her grave. When everything was made right as far as it was possible to make such things right, little Harry was buried beside his father and mother. He was no longer an orphan, for the family were at last united.

But although Harry could no longer carry on his business as a little newsboy and his work upon his mother's tombstone may not have been finished, Harry was not forgotten. Mr. Stahl over at the Marble Yards thought often about the brave little boy to whom he had sold a tombstone. He wondered what so small a boy could think of that would be nice enough to write upon a tombstone. So one day Mr. Stahl was taken by the delivery man over to the grave where the tombstone had been placed. They found the grave and they wondered why another grave had so soon been made beside it.

It was the sexton who explained. And

when he told how Harry had worked so faithfully day after day until he had carved the little motto on the tombstone, Mr. Stahl said in a trembling voice, "How I wish that I had taken that boy home with me! He was a good boy! I was intending to keep track of him and later on hire him as an office-boy. I'm sorry that I didn't talk to him about it the day that he was over to see about buying the stone. Boys like that are hard to find."

When the missionary returned to New York City and visited the little mission Sunday school, he missed Harry's bright face from among the crowd of newsboys that gathered to listen to some more of his wonderful stories and adventures among the black people in Africa. But when he learned from Mr. Harper of Harry's faithfulness, he also said, "Boys like that are hard to find." And he also added, "I'm so glad that Harry would not let the other boys teach him to use tobacco and do other things that were bad." When he told the other boys about it, he said, "It would be better to be a newsboy and have clean hands and a clean heart than to be the son of a millionaire without them."

—Isabel C. Byrum

“What Will Jesus Think?”

In a beautiful home, on a fashionable street in London, England, lived a little girl by the name of Ada Bartlett. Ada was an only child, which means that there were no brothers or sisters in her family and she had no playmates except those who now and then came to visit her. Because of this, her parents tried in every way that they could think of to make her happy. They wanted their little daughter to be the sweetest and the most contented child that they knew.

But although Ada's parents were able to buy her beautiful clothes and many costly toys to play with, they did not know how to make their child truly happy. For they were not Christians and knew nothing about the happiness that is enjoyed by those who love the Lord.

When Ada was about five years old, it happened that she went to visit in the home of a friend who not only knew about the Lord Jesus but was a good Christian woman. And it was while she was there that Ada, for the first time in her life, heard the old, old stories about the angels, the shepherds, and the wise men's visit to the stable in Bethlehem. There she heard about the tiny baby boy who came to live upon the earth long enough to tell the people many things about God and their beautiful home in heaven that is being prepared for all who love him.

Oh, it was so wonderful! Ada could scarcely wait until she could return to her home and tell her mama all that she heard about the Saviour of the world. She did not know that her mama had already heard the stories that had so thrilled her own heart. And she could not understand that it was because her mama was a very proud woman that she was not a Christian.

When Ada saw and told her mother all that she had heard about Jesus, her mother was not pleased. But when she sang the sweet little songs that she had learned, her proud mama listened and was glad that her little girl was no longer the naughty, selfish child that she had been before she went away.

Ada was not told that she must not repeat the stories nor sing to others. So many happy hours were spent by the little girl among her friends telling and singing about the things that she so much enjoyed.

When Ada's mama went to and from the stores to do her shopping she rode in a carriage that was drawn by handsome horses. Sometimes Ada went with her but at such times she was usually left in the care of the driver and the footman who always accompanied her on such occasions. One day while her mama was in one of the largest and most fashionable stores in London, Ada said to the footman, "John, I want to speak to you."

"Yes, Miss," John answered, "what is it?"

"I want to sing!" said the little girl.

John, knowing that he must be very courteous to his little mistress as well as to her mother, replied, "Yes, Miss, and what do you want to sing?"

"I want to sing, 'Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.'"

"Very well," John answered. But in a moment he added, "What will all these people think, and what will your mama say if you sing?"

"O John," Ada exclaimed, "I was not thinking what Mama and the people would think if I sing. I was thinking what Jesus would think if I did not sing."

The footman said no more. And as the sweet song went forth upon the still air, the people gathered one by one to listen to the words that the little child

was singing. When the mother returned from the store her proud heart was softened. And do you not think that Jesus and the angels were glad that Ada sang?

—Isabel C. Byrum

What Followed

A young man, arrested for swindling his employer out of \$30,000, sat alone in a criminal's cell out of which daylight had faded. Lying on his hard bed, he pictured himself with the world outside full of warmth, and light, and comfort. The question came to him sharply, "How came you here?"

Was it really the stealing of this great sum of money? Yes and no.

Looking back twenty years, he saw himself a schoolboy, ten years old. He remembered his Uncle John — such a queer, kind, forgetful old man. That very morning his uncle had sent him to pay a bill at the country store and there was 72¢ left and Uncle John did not ask for it. When they met at noon, this boy, now in prison, stood there under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait until he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his tough luck. If he does I can get it together again."

He never gave the money back.

A theft of \$30,000 brought this young man to a prison door, but when only a boy, he turned that way when he sold his honesty for 72¢. That night he sat disgraced and an open criminal, in his chilly cell. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, his mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew that what brought him there was not the man's deed alone, but the boy's. Had the ten-year-old boy been true to the teaching of God's Word, "Thou shalt not steal," life now would be different. One little cheating was the first of many, until his character was eaten out, could

bear no test, and resulted in a wrecked life.

—*The Youth's Visitor*

Dear Boys and Girls:

We have lots of ways of communication today, don't we? When you talk to your parents, you are usually face to face with them. Sometimes you call your friends on the telephone to talk to them. Perhaps your grandparents or other relatives live in a different city or state. You might get in touch with them by writing a letter. These are some of the ways we communicate with people. Just so, prayer is the way we communicate with God.

When Jesus was on earth (there were several times mentioned in the Bible), He got alone to pray, or commune, with God. In fact, the 17th chapter of John is a prayer of Jesus'.

Jesus told His disciples to pray so they would be strong enough to resist temptation. There are hard places in everyone's life. Sometimes it may be a disappointment or a deep sorrow. We feel so weak at those times, and some people just can't face those things without "going to pieces." This is why Jesus told us to pray—so we will have strength to bear the hard things of life. When you think no one understands you, get alone with God and talk to Him. He understands. **WHATEVER** problem you may face, God can help you. Prayer is not only asking for help, but it is **thanking** God for the things He has already given you. It can also be just sharing your thoughts or joys with God. Just as we like to hear about the good things that happen to our friends, God likes to hear about the good things that happen to us. Sure, He already knows all about it, but He likes for us to talk to Him.

Jesus' life was an example for us to follow. If He saw the need of getting alone to pray, how much more do we need to!

—Aunt Sandra

January 17, 1982

JESUS' PRAYER LIFE

Matt. 14:22 And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.

23 And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone.

Luke 6:12 And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.

13 And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles:

Matt. 26:36 Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.

37 And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

38 Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

39 And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

40 And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?

41 Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

42 He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.

43 And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.

44 And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

45 Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

Memory Verse: Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. 5:17.

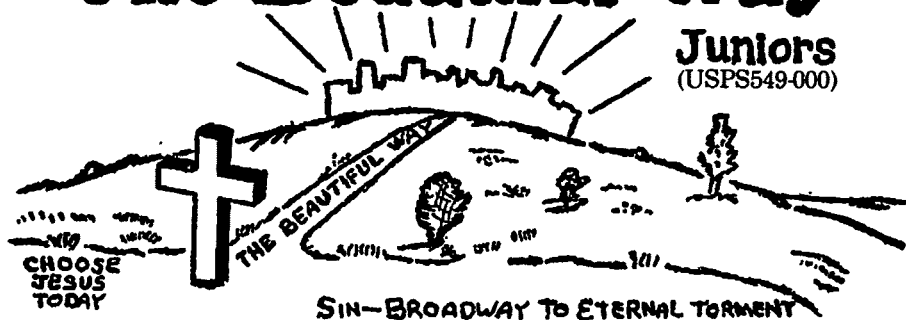
QUESTIONS:

1. Why did Jesus send the multitude and His disciples away?
2. Where did Jesus go to pray?
3. How long did Jesus stay in prayer the night before He chose the twelve apostles? Why did He need to pray about this?
4. The night before He was crucified, where did Jesus go to pray?
5. What did Jesus tell His disciples to do while He prayed?
6. Why do you think Jesus prayed so earnestly that night?
7. How many times did Jesus pray that night?
8. What did the disciples do while Jesus prayed?
9. What did Jesus tell them to do to keep out of temptation?
10. If Jesus, the Son of God, spent so much time in prayer, how much time do you think Christians today should spend in prayer?
11. How can a person "pray without ceasing"?

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Juniors
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Vol. 33, No. 1

Jan., Feb., Mar., 1982

Part 4

Jan. 24, 1982

Jimmy's Friend

Jimmy was just a little boy. His home was in a large city in Ohio, and he was a very nice little boy. His hair was curly and his eyes were blue. And whenever he looked at you through those large blue eyes you could tell that he was a good boy. He was good because he had done nothing that he wanted to deny or to cover up. But although Jimmy was such a good little boy, he did not live in a happy home.

It was not because Jimmy was an orphan that he did not have a happy home, for his father and mother were living and they were at home. It was because they both drank beer and got drunk. Perhaps they did not know that it was wrong to drink beer. Anyway they liked the stuff and drank it every day. And the beer made them very cross when they were not asleep. They sent Jimmy to the saloon that was just around the corner for more beer, whenever the bucket was empty. And Jimmy did not know that it was wrong to drink beer. He tasted some one day and found that it was bitter. After that he never wanted to taste it again.

Because the father and mother spent all their money for beer and sometimes whisky, Jimmy had no nice clothes to wear. But he had never had anything that was better, and he did not think about his clothes as being ragged and dirty. And because he had so often to eat dry crusts of bread he hardly knew that there should have been any other kinds of food.

But although Jimmy's clothes were ragged and dirty and he was often forced to go to bed very hungry, there was some one who wanted to be his friend. It was a tall lady who saw him when he went to the saloon to get the beer. And one day she came to his home to see him there. Before leaving she asked him to come to the Sunday school that her own little boy attended. Jimmy hardly knew what to say. But when his mother said that she didn't care where he went just so he didn't bother her, Jimmy said that he would go.

Jimmy was just going inside the meeting house the next Sunday where the tall lady had told him to go, when a little boy called out to some other little boys, "Hey, boys, there comes Jimmy Jones. His father's Jerry Jones, you

know, who's nearly always drunk. And his mother drinks beer, too. Just look how ragged and dirty his clothes are, because they spend all their money for beer. Why, he goes down every day to the saloon for the beer. And my mother says that I must keep away from him."

This boy was not the son of the tall lady. But the tall lady and her son both heard what the other boy had said. And this is what the tall lady did. She went to Jimmy and said, "Jimmy, I want you to meet my son." And her own little boy came up very close to Jimmy and said, "I am glad to see you, Jim."

Poor little Jimmy! He did not know what to do. It was the first time that he had been told that his clothes were ragged and dirty, and he could see that they were not nice like the clothes that the other boys wore. He had just learned, too, that his father and mother were not doing right when they drank beer and were not considered nice people. He didn't know what to say. And he would have been very glad if he could have gone away some place where no one could ever see him again.

The tall lady seemed to know just how Jimmy was feeling. For she said, "Jimmy, come this way. I want you to sit on a chair between Thomas and me while I tell you a story from the Bible."

Now Jimmy didn't even know that there was a Bible. He had heard about God and Jesus, but he had only heard his father and mother talking about them when they were angry. But the story about Timothy sounded good. And when the tall lady said that he grew to be a good man and was a preacher he thought that he would like to be a preacher, too, though he didn't know what it meant to be a preacher.

While the tall lady was talking, Jimmy quite forgot about his ragged and dirty clothes. But when she had finished he

remembered what the boy had said, and again he wanted to hide. But when the tall lady and her little boy spoke to him kindly again, he did not feel quite so bad. Then the tall lady gave Jimmy a large bundle and told him to carry it home, for it had some nice things in it for him. And that was another time that Jimmy wanted to say something. But he didn't know what to say. He took the bundle and went home, and the boys didn't say a single thing to him about his clothes being ragged and dirty as he passed them. And, oh, how glad he was that they didn't!

The next Sunday when Jimmy went to Sunday school he wore all his new clothes. For the tall lady had been to his home during the week and had told him how to take a bath and what things to put on first. And Jimmy looked as nice and even nicer than some of the other boys in the Sunday school class. For his curly brown hair was combed and his large blue eyes were so bright.

From the tall lady he soon learned what it meant to be a preacher. He learned, too, that while the tall lady was his friend, there was someone else who was interested in little boys and could be a far better friend, not only to little boys, but to men and women, and that the name of that friend is Jesus.

To preach, the tall lady told him, is to tell the people about this great Friend and to get them to invite him to their homes. For that was what Timothy, the boy preacher, did. And through what Timothy said, many people were made very happy. So, like Timothy, Jimmy began to preach when he was a very little boy. After he knew that it was wrong to drink beer, he told his father and mother what the tall lady had told him. But they only laughed and said that he didn't know what he was talking about.

Now Jimmy is a man, and like Timo-

thy, he is a preacher. He has a happy home of his own and never has to carry any beer. And he does not ask his little boy to go to the saloon for him. He has no use for beer, for he knows that it makes the people who drink it sick and unhappy. He tells his little boy about the first time that he went to Sunday school, and was so ragged and dirty. And he says, "My son, never tell anyone who does not wear as nice clothes as your own that he is not fit to play with boys who are well dressed, for you do not know why they are so ragged and dirty. Instead, be like the tall lady, and give them a large bundle of good clothes. Be a good friend to them, for Jesus loves them and wants you to be good to them and love them, too. And if necessary help them get ready for Sunday school. Then when you grow up to be a man, you will be glad you helped instead of made fun of the little ragged boys."

—Isabel C. Byrum

—○—
"We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company." Psalms 55:14.

—○—
Dear Boys and Girls:

Wouldn't you like to have been standing at the tomb of Lazarus when Jesus raised him from the dead? I'm sure it would have been almost unbelievable! In fact, those who had not actually seen the dead body of Lazarus, perhaps thought it was just a hoax and that Lazarus had gone into the tomb alive. In our day there are many that pretend to perform miracles who are actually faking it. Although Jesus was a man, He was also the Son of God, so He had power that no one had ever had. The miracles that Jesus did were real, and they were astonishing.

Jesus still has power to raise people from the dead today, but He does not perform miracles lightly or without a good reason. There are few who would

really believe in God today just because of seeing one raised from the dead. There is too much doubt in the minds of our society today.

In the New Testament, Jesus told of a man dying and going to hell. In hell he realized what a mistake he had made in not living for God, and he wanted someone to rise from the dead to warn his lost brothers. Abraham told him that they had Moses and the prophets, and that if they would not believe what Moses and the prophets said, they would not believe even if one rose from the dead. That is much the same way people are today—if they do not believe the Bible and God's ministers, seeing one raised from the dead would not cause them to believe either.

Jesus said, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Jesus didn't mean that if we believe in Him we will never face death. Unless the Lord returns first, each of us will die physically. He meant that people who live in sin are considered dead to Christ. When they come to God and believe in Him, that person is given life to his spirit. Although a Christian dies, his soul lives on with God.

—Aunt Sandra

—○—
January 24, 1982

JESUS RAISES THE DEAD

Luke 8:41 And, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue: and he fell down at Jesus' feet, and besought him that he would come into his house:

42 For he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a dying. But as he went the people thronged him.

49 While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is

dead; trouble not the Master.

50 But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.

51 And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden.

52 And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.

53 And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

54 And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise.

55 And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway: and he commanded to give her meat.

John 11:1 Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.

6 When he [Jesus] had heard therefore that he [Lazarus] was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was.

17 Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already.

38 Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

39 Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days.

40 Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?

41 Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and

said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me.

42 And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

43 And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

44 And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.

Memory Verse: Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. John 11:25.

QUESTIONS:

1. What did Jairus want Jesus to do?
2. While Jairus was talking to Jesus, what did someone from his house tell him?
3. What did Jesus tell Jairus?
4. Who did Jesus take with Him to see the girl?
5. What did the people do when Jesus told them the girl was only sleeping? What did Jesus mean?
6. What did Jesus do and say to the girl?
7. What man in Bethany was sick?
8. Did Jesus go immediately to Lazarus when He heard he was sick? Why do you think He waited?
9. What did Mary say to Jesus?
10. What did Jesus tell the men to do with the stone covering the tomb?
11. When Jesus said, "Lazarus, come forth," what happened?
12. Do you think Jesus can still raise people from the dead?

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Part 5

Jan. 31, 1982

Seeing-Eye Boy

When Skip woke up that morning, he thought of all the things he might do that day. He could fly his kite. Or he could walk through the park. Maybe he and his best friend could have a picnic lunch together.

But Mother called out, "Grandmother wants to know if you will take her over to Sophie's house today?"

"Oh no," thought Skip. But he did not say anything. For he had said that wherever Grandmother wanted to go he would take her. This was Skip's part in making his grandmother feel at home in their house.

Grandmother could not see very well. She needed bright eyes to make sure of stop-lights and cars. Now she wanted to visit her friend Sophie. Sophie did not know the Lord Jesus as her own Friend and Saviour.

So after breakfast, Skip and Grandmother started down the street. "It's a nice day, Grandmother," said Skip. "The sky is oh, so blue today!"

Grandmother smiled. "You must be my eyes today! Tell me more."

As they walked side by side, Skip told Grandmother when to wait for a stoplight.

He told her how the trees were green and blowy. He told her how the children were playing ball.

The bus ride was very, very long. And the walk from the bus stop to Sophie's house was long, too. While Grandmother talked with Sophie about the Lord Jesus, Skip tried to find something to do. First he counted the boards in Sophie's white fence. There were 380. He played with the cat.

Then he saw that the boy who had mowed the lawn had not swept the walk or raked the grass. Skip ran to the back door to get the broom and rake he had seen there. Soon he had swept the walk clean and had raked the grass into a box. Then Skip took the broom and rake to the back door, just before Grandmother came out the front door. Skip wondered what Sophie would think when she saw what he had done.

Grandmother was pleased when Skip told her what he had done. "How nice! Sophie will be so happy when she finds out." Then Grandmother told Skip that Sophie had been glad to hear God's Word. "Today she said that she wanted the Lord Jesus to be her Friend and Saviour. And now, Skip, let's stop at a drugstore. We'll have some ice cream. It will be

my thank-you to you for leaving your own plans to come with me!"

As they left the store, something happened. A man came up and took Grandmother's black cloth purse right out of her hand. Away he ran. It all happened so fast. He was gone before Skip quite knew what had happened. Then he looked at Grandmother's hand. "Oh, oh, Grandmother—that man took your purse! And he ran away with it. Oh, what a bad man! What will we do, Grandmother? What will we do,!"

Grandmother said, "Oh, dear! Well, he will not find much money in it. All I had was a dollar. But it costs 50 cents to ride on the bus. And now I don't have any money to take us home."

But Grandmother did not seem to be afraid. She and Skip bowed their heads. Then they prayed that somehow the Lord would help them get home. All at once they heard a happy voice calling, "So here you are!"

They looked up to see Sophie. She was not coming from where her house was. No, she was coming from where the bus stopped. "I hurried to the bus stop," she said. "I was hoping to catch up with you." She was smiling and puffing. "I thought I had missed you."

"But why did you come?" asked the grandmother.

"Why, I found out just a little while after you left that Skip had swept the sidewalk and raked the grass. I was so pleased that I wanted to give him just a little something to show my thanks." She placed something in Skip's hand. Skip could tell by feeling it what it was. It was some money. It was 50 cents!

"Now we have enough money to go home," said Skip.

Grandmother told Sophie what had happened to her purse. After they had thanked Sophie, they said good-bye. A few minutes later Skip and his grandmother were on the bus.

As the bus started for home, Skip said, "Mother says that God has His own reasons for things that happen."

Grandmother patted Skip's arm tenderly. "This has been quite a day for you, Skip—my seeing-eye, boy."

"It's been a good day, Grandmother. We saw how the Lord Jesus loves us and takes care of us. Yes, it's been a very good day!"

—Sel.

Martin Luther Prays

Martin Luther, speaking of his own delighted use of the Lord's Prayer, wrote: "For to this day, I suck still at the *Pater Noster*, like a child; I eat and drink thereof like a full grown man, and can never have enough." His custom in private was, to take the prayer's separate petitions, one by one, and to enlarge upon them; and he says: "And so I have often learned more in one prayer, than I could have gotten from much reading and composing." It was said of him, that "he could have what he would of God." And it seemed literally so. One who had overheard Luther at prayer on a certain occasion, spoke with wonder of the deep earnestness with which he pleaded with God. His tones were reverent, as if he felt he was talking to his Maker; and yet he manifested the confidence of one who is conversing with a sympathizing friend. There was at one time, a crisis in the affairs of the reformation, when only faith could see cause for hope. Persecution had broken out with such power as to threaten to carry all before it. Friends were few and feeble; enemies were many, strong and exultant. But Luther did not waver. He remembered his own sublime hymn: "*Ein feste burg ist unser Gott*," (A strong fortress is our God) and sank upon his knees, that the powerful God might come to the help of weakness. He wrestled alone with God in his closet, until, like Jacob, he had prevailed. Then he went into the room

where his family were assembled, with joyous heart and shining face, and raising both hands, and lifting his eyes heavenward, exclaimed: "We have overcome! we have overcome!" It afterwards proved that just at that time, the Emperor issued his proclamation of religious freedom in Germany. No doubt Luther had pleaded, in his prayer, the declaration of Scripture: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will." Prov. 21:1.

—*Prayer and Its Remarkable Answers*



Jesus healed the blind.

Are you ready and eager to say a favorite Scripture verse by memory? It is important to share God's Word with others. You cannot always carry a Bible with you; but **hide a part of God's Word in your heart.** —Sel.

Dear Boys and Girls:

When Jesus began His ministry here on earth, He was kept very busy. Crowds of people followed Him everywhere He went. They wanted to be healed of their diseases, or they wanted others in their family to be healed. Everywhere Jesus went there were sick people calling unto Him to be healed.

The Bible tells of a woman who had suffered many things at the hands of of the doctors: then she came to Jesus. The doctors had tried to help her, but they did the wrong things and made her worse. When she came to Jesus, He made her completely well. Jesus can do the same thing today. Sometimes doctors don't know exactly what is wrong with a person, but God knows. God made our bodies so He knows how to make us well when we are sick.

When the people asked Jesus to heal them, He usually asked the question, "Do you believe I can heal you?" In order to be healed, the person had to believe, or have faith, in Jesus' power. We must have that same faith today if we are to be healed. There was a certain city mentioned in the Bible in which Jesus could not do many mighty works because the people did not believe in Him.

James 5:14, says, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." These instructions and this promise are for us today. Aren't we thankful that God cares about us and can make us well again when we get

sick? Learn to believe in God with all your heart. He will take care of you.

—Aunt Sandra

January 31, 1982

JESUS HEALS

Matt. 9:27 And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying, and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us.

28 And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him: and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord.

29 Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you.

30 And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straitly charged them, saying, See that no man know it.

31 But they, when they were departed, spread abroad his fame in all that country.

Matt. 12:22 Then was brought unto him one possessed with a devil, blind, and dumb: and he healed him, inasmuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw.

23 And all the people were amazed, and said, Is not this the Son of David?

24 But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils; but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils.

Mark 7:31 And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis.

32 And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.

33 And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue;

34 And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

35 And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.

36 And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it;

6:56 And whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment: and as many as touched him were made whole.

Memory Verse: Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Heb. 13:8.

QUESTIONS:

1. What question did Jesus ask the blind men? What was their answer?
2. Did Jesus restore their sight?
3. What did Jesus tell the blind men? Did they keep quiet?
4. Did Jesus heal the man who was devil possessed, blind, and couldn't talk?
5. What did the Pharisees say?
6. What was wrong with the third man mentioned in our lesson?
7. Describe Jesus' actions when He healed this man.
8. Did the people tell others what Jesus had done for them?
9. Does Jesus still heal today? Tell of a time He has healed you or someone you know.

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Part 6

Feb. 7, 1982

Susie's Prayer

It was a half-holiday. The children were gathered on the green and a right merry time they were having.

"Come, girls and boys," called out Ned Graham, "let's play hunt the squirrel."

All assented eagerly, and a large circle was formed with Ned Graham for leader, because he was the largest.

"Come, Susie," said one of the boys, to a little girl who stood on one side, and seemed to shrink from joining them.

"Oh, never mind her!" said Ned, with a little toss of his head, "she's nobody, anyhow. Her father drinks."

A quick flush crept over the child's pale face as she heard the cruel, thoughtless words.

She was very sensitive, and the arrow had touched her heart in its tenderest place.

Her father was a drunkard, she knew, but to be taunted with it before so many was more than she could bear; and with great sobs heaving from her bosom, and hot tears filling her eyes, she turned and ran away from the playground.

Her mother was sitting by the window when she reached home, and the tearful

face of the little girl told that something had happened to disturb her.

"What is the matter, Susie?" she asked kindly.

"Oh mother," Susie said, with the tears dropping down her cheeks, as she hid her face in her mother's lap, "Ned Graham said such a cruel thing about me," and here the sobs choked her voice so that she could hardly speak; "He said that I wasn't anybody, and that father drinks."

"My poor little girl," Mrs. Ellet said, very sadly. There were tears in her eyes, too.

Such taunts as this were nothing new.

"Oh, mother," Susie said, as she lifted her face, wet with tears, from her mother's lap, "I can't bear to have them say so, and just as if I had done something wicked. I wish father wouldn't drink! Do you suppose he'll ever leave it off?"

"I hope so," Mrs. Ellet answered, as she kissed Susie's face where the tears clung like drops of dew on a rose. "I pray that he may break off the habit, and I can do nothing but pray, and leave the rest to God."

That night Mr. Ellet came home to supper, as usual. He was a hard-working man, and a good neighbor. So everybody

said, but he had the habit of intemperance so firmly fixed upon him that everybody thought he would end his days in the drunkard's grave. Susie kissed him when he came through the gate, as she always did, but there was something in her face that went to his heart—a look so sad, and full of touching sorrow for one so young as she!

"What ails my little girl?" he asked as he patted her curly head.

"I can't tell you, father," she answered, slowly.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it would make you feel bad," Susie replied.

"I guess not," he said, as they walked up to the door together. "What is it, Susie?"

"Oh, father," and Susie burst into tears again as the memory of Ned Graham's words came up freshly in her mind, "I wish you wouldn't drink any more, for the boys and girls don't like to play with me, 'cause you do."

Mr. Ellet made no reply. But something stirred in his heart that made him ashamed of himself; ashamed that he was the cause of so much sorrow and misery. After supper he took his hat, and Mrs. Ellet knew only too well where he was going.

At first he had resolved to stay at home that evening, but the force of habit was so strong that he could not resist, and he yielded, promising himself that he would not drink more than once or twice.

Susie had left the table before he had finished his supper, and as he passed the great clump of lilacs by the path, on his way to the gate, he heard her voice and stopped to listen to what she was saying.

"Oh, good Jesus, please don't let father drink any more. Make him just as he used to be when I was a baby, and then the boys and girls can't call me a drunkard's child, or say such bad things about me. Please, dear Jesus, for mother's sake and mine."

Susie's father listened to her simple

prayer with a great lump swelling in his throat.

And when it was ended he went up to her, and knelt down by her side, and put his arm around her, oh, so lovingly!

"God in Heaven," he said, very solemnly, "I promise to-night, never to touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. Give me strength to keep my pledge, and help me to be a better man."

"Oh, father," Susie cried, her arms about his neck, and her head upon his breast, "I'm so glad! I shan't care about anything they say to me now, for I know you won't be a drunkard any more."

"God helping me, I will be a man!" he answered, as, taking Susie by the hand he went back into the house where his wife was sitting with the old patient look of sorrow on her face—the look that had become so habitual.

I cannot tell you of the joy and thanksgiving that went up from that hearthstone that night. I wish I could, but it was too deep a joy which filled the hearts of Susie and her mother to be described.

Was not Susie's prayer answered?

—————o————— —Sel.

Watching the Corners

There is a boy in my hometown whom the merchants hire to wash their windows every week. He is about twelve years of age and has a bright, sunny smile every time you see him. His mother washes clothes, and he washes windows, and the two of them seem to be very happy.

I wondered why it was that the storekeepers wanted no one but this boy to do their window washing. One day I stopped him as he came down the street whistling. I asked, "Bobby, why do the merchants always get you to wash their windows? Do you do it better than anyone else?"

Bobby looked at me thoughtfully and replied, "Why, I guess it must be be-

cause I watch the corners. I try to get the corners of the windows as clean and shiny as the middle."

That was it, of course. He "watched the corners." He did not neglect the little things. Every part of the window received the same careful attention.

I wonder if you are "watching the corners" of your life. Are you wiping away those little spots of pride and deceit and disobedience? Remember the window of your soul is a million times more important than any other window in the world. —Sel.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
—L. D. Pruitt, Publisher

Dear Boys and Girls:

As we mentioned in our lesson last week, wherever Jesus went big crowds followed Him. He would often have to slip away to keep them from following Him when He wanted to pray or just to rest for awhile. Sometimes the same people would follow Him for days to see Him heal the sick and to hear the words He would say.

One day after the crowd had been following Jesus for perhaps a few days,

Jesus said to Philip, "Where shall we get money to buy bread for this crowd?" Jesus knew the people were too weak from hunger to go back to their homes. Philip said, "Two hundred pennyworth would not be enough even to buy a crumb for everyone." Another disciple said, "There's a boy here with his lunch. He has five barley loaves and two small fish. But that's nothing for this crowd." Jesus took the boy's lunch and gave thanks and broke it up for His disciples to give to all the people.

I have heard some people say that God just caused the people's hunger to go away with eating a crumb, but we know this is not true. God actually multiplied the fish and bread, because when it started out there were only five loaves and two little fishes, and after the people ate and "were filled," the disciples took up twelve baskets of food! Isn't God's power great! Jesus not only performed miracles by healing people when they were sick, but He supplied food when they were hungry. God still watches over us today and supplies our food in various ways. Jesus tells us (in Matt. 6:31-34) not to be overly concerned with where we will get our food. "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." But if we seek God's kingdom, He'll supply all our needs. It is so good to know that God will take care of our daily needs. —Aunt Sandra

February 7, 1982

JESUS FEEDS FIVE THOUSAND

John 6:5 When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?

6 And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do.

7 Philip answered him, Two hun-

dred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.

8 One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him;

9 There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?

10 And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand.

11 And Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down; and likewise of the fishes as much as they would.

12 When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

13 Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.

14 Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world.

Mark 8:14 Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more than one loaf.

15 And he [Jesus] charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod.

16 And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread.

17 And when Jesus knew it, he saith unto them, Why reason ye, because ye

have no bread? perceive ye not yet, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened?

18 Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?

19 When I brake the five loaves among five thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? They say unto him, Twelve.

20 And when the seven among four thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? And they said, Seven.

Memory Verse: But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Matt. 4:4.

QUESTIONS:

1. What question did Jesus ask Philip?
2. Did Jesus know what He was going to do?
3. What did Philip say?
4. What did the boy have in his lunch?
5. How many did Jesus feed?
6. What did Jesus do before He distributed the food?
7. How much food was gathered after everyone had eaten?
8. Did some of the people believe on Jesus because of this miracle?
9. When Jesus spoke to His disciples about leaven of the Pharisees, what did they think He was referring to? What did He really mean? (Ask your teacher to explain if you do not know.)
10. Did Jesus remind them of the time He fed the 5,000 and took up twelve baskets of leftovers? How many baskets did He take up when He fed the 4,000?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
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Vol. 33, No. 1

Jan., Feb., Mar., 1982

Part 7

Feb. 14, 1982

Gambling

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 pocketbook 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 prison, 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 be-

cause, they had been gambling, forging checks, and stealing to meet their 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 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 taxpayers 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 billard 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 selfrespect 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 prayer 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 "green-horns" 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." Everyone, 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.

—From *True Stories for Children*



The Storm-tossed Boat

Dear Boys and Girls:

In our lesson today, we marvel with the disciples at the power of Jesus. Here was a man that not only healed the sick and raised the dead, but He caused the roaring winds to stop and a tree to dry up at His word. Truly, Jesus had great power. Do you think He still has that same power today? Yes, you can be sure He does. God can control the weather today as surely as He did in that little ship nearly 2,000 years ago.

I know of a Christian family who one day became alarmed at the weather conditions. Hearing a roaring noise, they stepped outside and off in the distance they saw a dark funnel-shaped cloud. They knew it was a tornado. As they watched it for a few seconds, it seemed to be heading their way. Immediately they went inside and all of them fell on their knees in prayer. Miraculously the tornado passed around

their house and farm, although some of the neighbors' houses were heavily damaged. When they cried unto God, He changed the path of the tornado.

Perhaps you can think of some times that the weather was changed in answer to prayer. Remember what Jesus told His disciples when they were astonished at His power: "Have faith in God." God works according to our faith.

—Aunt Sandra

—o—
February 14, 1982

NATURE OBEYS JESUS

Mark 4:35 And the same day, when the even was come, he [Jesus] saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

36 And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.

37 And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.

38 And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?

39 And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

40 And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

41 And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?

11:12 And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry:

13 And seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon: and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet.

14 And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever. And his disciples heard it.

20 And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots.

21 And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto him, Master, behold, the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away.

22 And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God.

Memory Verse: In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Genesis 1:1.

QUESTIONS:

1. What did Jesus do after He sent the multitude away?
2. What happened while Jesus and His disciples were at 'sea'?
3. What was Jesus doing while the storm was tossing the ship about?
4. Were Jesus' disciples afraid? What did they do?
5. When Jesus rebuked the wind, what happened?
6. What kind of tree did Jesus see in our lesson?
7. What did He find when He went to get some figs?
8. What did Jesus say to the tree?
9. The next morning, what had happened to the fig tree?
10. Name some other instances in the Bible that show God controls nature and the weather.

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Part 8

Feb. 21, 1982

Who Was the Hero?

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?" asked 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 with 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 animals 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. Ter-

ror 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. 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.

—From *True Stories For Children*

Carlos' Knife

Little six-year-old Carlos sat on the bank of a river. It was a rather high bank and Carlos could see quite a long distance down the river. It was a bright sunny morning, and Carlos was whit-tling on a small stick. Whenever he could get a good shaving off of the small stick, he would throw it out into the river. Each shaving was a boat. Although it was only a small river Carlos played that it was a big one and that its rushing swirling waters would carry his shaving boats far off to the ocean.

Carefully he cut an extra long shaving. There, that would sail away like a real steamship! How much he did enjoy having the little knife!

Grandma had given it to him last Christmas. It was bright and shining,

and had two blades. Such a knife would gladden any boy's heart.

Carefully he smoothed out the long shaving, then drew back his arm and gave the shaving a big fling out into the river.

Oh! oh! oh! With the smooth shaving went the shining little knife. For just an instant it was a shining bright streak, then it dropped with a splash into the muddy waters.

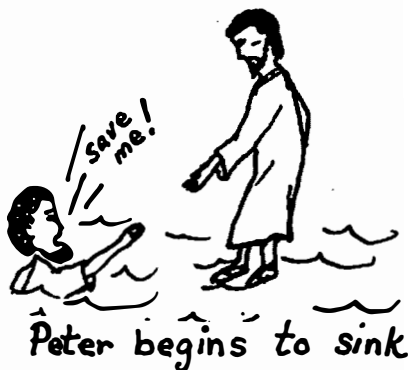
Speechless, little Carlos watched its gleaming lines; but as it sank out of sight he realized his little knife was gone, gone down in the muddy swirling waters of the river. With a loud and bitter cry, he scrambled up the bank and ran to where his father was at work. "Oh! My knife, my knife! It's way out in the river," he wailed, and burying his face against his father's shoulder he sobbed heart-brokenly.

His father tried to comfort him; but there was no other knife or toy for the child, nor was there a mother to soothe the little broken heart. At last his father said, "Let's pray about it." Together they knelt and asked God to comfort the boy or by some miracle let them have the knife again. When they rose from their knees the little boy said joyfully, "Oh, I'm going to have it again." The father thought of Elisha and the axe head, and said to the child, "I'll try to find it."

They returned to the place where Carlos had sat shaving the stick. There the father laid aside his coat and walked directly down the bank and out into the water. He walked out until the swirling water was almost waist deep. Then he said reverently, "In the name of the Lord, I'll try." Slowly he stooped over and put down his right hand, down, down, down; at last his finger touched the bottom of the river and he took up a handful of sand; and there in his palm lay the little knife. Does not

God hear and answer prayer?

—Taken from *True Stories of Children*



Dear Boys and Girls:

Last week we studied about Jesus' calming the storm at sea. That was really fascinating. Today's lesson is just as exciting. Can you imagine someone walking on water? Jesus did. If you had been in the ship with the disciples, you would have probably been afraid just as they were. Here they were far from land, and there appeared to be a man walking toward them on the water. They thought it must be a ghost—people couldn't walk on water! They began to tremble. Jesus saw they were afraid and called out, "Be not afraid; it is I."

Now Peter replied, "If it's really you, Lord, bid me to walk to you on the water." Jesus told him to come. Peter had much faith in Jesus and stepped onto the water and began walking to meet Him. Had Peter kept his eyes on Jesus and his faith looking to Him, everything would have been all right. But Peter began to notice how hard the wind was blowing, and fear and doubt began to come to his mind. His faith began to be overcome by fear and his feet and legs began to sink beneath the water. He cried, "Lord, save me!" Jesus

reached out His hand and lifted Peter up.

That is the way of the Christian walk today. As long as we keep our eyes on Jesus, our faith is strong and God can do great things for us. But when we begin to look around at others and listen to the ungodly beliefs that people try to get in our mind, we begin to doubt, and our faith weakens. If we do not look to Jesus, we, too, will be like Peter and sink in waves of doubt and unbelief.

—Aunt Sandra

February 21, 1982

JESUS WALKS ON WATER

Matt. 14:22 And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.

23 And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone.

24 But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary.

25 And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

26 And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

27 But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

28 And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.

29 And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

30 But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

31 And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

32 And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.

Job 9:1 Then Job answered and said,

2 I know it is so of a truth: but how should man be just with God?

8 Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea;

10 Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number.

Memory Verse: Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand. Isa. 40:12a.

QUESTIONS:

1. Did Jesus sail in the ship with His disciples?
2. What did He do when He sent them away?
3. How did Jesus get to the ship?
4. Were the disciples afraid? What did they think Jesus was?
5. What did Jesus tell them?
6. Did Peter walk on the water? What caused him to start sinking?
7. Will getting our eyes on the things of the world cause us to lose faith in God today?
8. Who made the heavens and the sea?
9. Do you think man can fully realize the power of God?

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Part 9

Feb. 28, 1982

Another Home

A neighbor coming from quite a distance carrying a gasoline can wanted to borrow some gas, so he could go to 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 a 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. "Oh," 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 the 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. Tin 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 anyone 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.

—From *True Stories for Children*

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 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 to 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.

—From *True Stories for Children*



**She anointed
His feet.**

Dear Boys and Girls:

Not long before Jesus was to face death, He visited in the home of Lazarus. Lazarus and his two sisters were always glad to have Jesus with them. Martha spent much of her time cooking and serving, making sure that Jesus and her other guests were taken care of. But Mary sat near Jesus, listening to His Words. She was so filled with love and admiration for Jesus, that she took some costly ointment, or perfume, and poured it on Jesus' feet. Then she wiped His feet with her hair. Does this not show great love and humility of heart?

Each of us appreciate the good meals people cook for us when we visit them and the kind hospitality shown, but we also appreciate the love they show in their conversation and how they seem to enjoy our presence. This was the way Mary felt toward Jesus. His very presence inspired a deep love in her heart for Him, just as it should each

Christian today. We should not let our business and cares of life come before our communion, or prayer life, with God.

Our memory verse says, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel." This is such a true statement. It is a real pleasure to have one of God's ministers in one's home—to listen to the encouraging words and to discuss the gospel and how it affects our lives. We should respect those whom God has called to give the wonderful tidings of the gospel to others. We may not feel led to anoint another's feet with oil, but let us show from our heart, as Mary did, that we love God and His people.

—Aunt Sandra

February 28, 1982

THE ANOINTING

Luke 10:38 Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

39 And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.

40 But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.

41 And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

42 But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

John 12:2 There they made him a supper; and Martha served: but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him.

3 Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.

4 Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him,

5 Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?

6 This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.

7 Then said Jesus, Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this.

8 For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always.

Memory Verse: And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things! Romans 10:15.

QUESTIONS:

1. In whose home did Jesus visit?
2. What was Martha concerned with?
3. What was the "needful" thing that Mary had chosen?
4. What did Mary pour on Jesus' feet? With what did she wipe His feet?
5. What did Judas Iscariot say should have been done with the ointment? Did he really care about the poor?
6. What did Jesus say about his being anointed?
7. Why do you think Mary anointed Jesus' feet rather than His head or hands?

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Jan., Feb., Mar., 1982

Part 10

Mar. 7, 1982

When the Fog Comes In

Ten-year-old Charles lived on the Atlantic sea coast. His father was a fisherman and owned several good sized fishing boats, and had men to help him with the fishing. When the weather was good Charles often took a row boat and went out alone on the water to fish. There were certain times of the year when it was not safe for him to go out very far even when someone went with him. At these seasons the danger lay in the fogs; but on sunny days it was usually safe.

One sunny morning while one of the larger boats was being loaded for a fishing trip, Charles took a small pail of bait and hopped into a small rowboat and rowed out on the shining water to fish awhile. It was very pleasant out on the calm sparkling water, even if the fish didn't bite very well.

Suddenly a broad shadowed line appeared in the water at some distance ahead of him. A whole school of fish were coming straight toward his boat. Quietly Charles dropped several baited hooks over the side of the boat, and made each line fast to its own little rings.

Then he got the long handled dip net ready for use. If those little fellows came close enough he meant to have several dips at them for they made fine fries. Soon he was busy with his short lines, and the shimmering fish came right around his boat; he could almost get them with his bare hands.

Suddenly, a thick gray darkness settled down over him, the air became cold, the sea looked like a sheet of lead, and the fish no longer shimmered. The fog had come in.

Hastily Charles drew in his lines and caught up the oars. Now which way was the shore and the wharf where the boats were tied up? While he fished his back had been toward the shore. Carefully he turned the boat and rowed contentedly and steadily in the direction he supposed the wharf to be. He could not see a boat length ahead of him because the fog was so thick. Then he noticed that the water about the boat had shreds of white foam on it. That white foam meant the water had dashed over the great rock, the rocks at the Point. Boats were smashed there. Already he could feel the current tugging at the oars and the boat. He must get

away from there at once. As he vainly tried to force the boat in another direction one oar was jerked from his hand and floated away out of his reach. When he tried to use the other oar for steering, it also snapped from his hands and almost tossed him overboard.

Helpless now, and at the mercy of the waves which were rising in great swells, Charles clung to the narrow seat in the middle of the boat and sobbed with fear. There was no way he could be saved now.

Suddenly he thought of praying. Surely he needed help now. No one could find him in this thick fog, and no one could save him from the rocks. He had been so busy trying to help himself all the time that he had not thought to pray. But now he earnestly prayed to be saved from death on those terrible rocks.

He felt his boat tilt upward, the fog was so thick he could hardly see outside the boat, then there was a long sweeping rush forward and his boat was carried completely over the first shoal of rocks, and grated crunchingly on a sandy spot. As the boat became stranded, Charles leaped out and clambered quickly up over the slippery rocks to a place of safety.

His prayer was answered, he had been saved from death on the rocks, and he had been delivered from the power of the sea. Charles never forgot that answered prayer.

—From *True Stories of Children*

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 schoolmates, 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 overheard 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 millions 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 corn-field, 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 removed his clothes, he discovered that the letters, G-O-D (God) were burned into his chest.

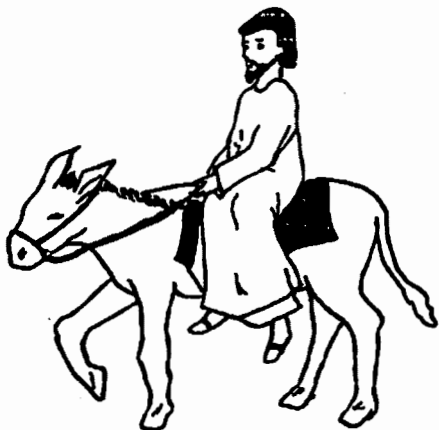
"People came for miles to see the terrible sight, some on horseback, some afoot, in wagons and buggies as there were no autos at that time. Only a few clouds were floating around the day of the funeral. A good-sized tree was near the open grave. Just after the body was lowered into the grave an awful 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."

—From *True Stories for Children*



The Grand Entry

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our lessons have been about the life of Jesus. We have talked of some of the wonderful things He did for people and of how He wanted them to believe in God and love others.

In today's lesson we see Jesus being praised as the king that He was. He had never been received with such honor. In fact, when he was in His hometown of Nazareth, He couldn't even perform many miracles because the people didn't believe in Him. They said, "Who does He think He is? Why, we know Him. He's the son of Joseph, a mere carpenter."

Sometimes when a person gets saved, it's his family and friends who turn against him and persecute him. But God will give you more friends and brothers and sisters in the Lord, who will love and encourage you.

Just as the people praised Jesus and proclaimed Him king on that memor-

able day shortly before His death, God wants us to acknowledge Him as king today and praise His name. How do we praise God? One way is by living a Christian life and not trying to hide our Christian walk. If someone asks, "Are you a Christian?", or "What do you believe in . . .?", don't be afraid to speak up and let them know your beliefs. Singing spiritual songs unto God is giving Him praise. Also, testimony meeting is a good time to let others know what God has done for you. Let us not be guilty of withholding praise from God. He deserves our praise and He wants it. "While I live I will praise the Lord."

—Aunt Sandra

March 7, 1982

JESUS' TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Luke 19:28 And when he [Jesus] had thus spoken, he went before, ascending up to Jerusalem.

29 And it came to pass, when he was come nigh to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount called the mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples,

30 Saying, Go ye into the village over against you; in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat: loose him, and bring him hither.

31 And if any man ask you, Why do ye loose him? thus shall ye say unto him, Because the Lord hath need of him.

32 And they that were sent went their way, and found even as he had said unto them.

33 And as they were loosing the colt, the owners thereof said unto them,

Why loose ye the colt?

34 And they said, The Lord hath need of him.

35 And they brought him to Jesus: and they cast their garments upon the colt, and they set Jesus thereon.

36 And as he went, they spread their clothes in the way.

37 And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen;

38 Saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.

39 And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples.

40 And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

Memory Verse: But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house. Matt. 13:57b.

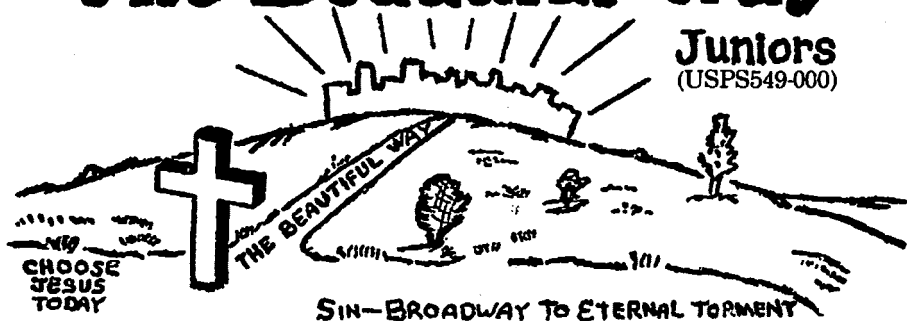
QUESTIONS:

1. In our lesson, to what city was Jesus going?
2. For what did He send His disciples into the village?
3. What did the people spread in the streets as Jesus went along?
4. What did the people cry out?
5. What did Jesus say would happen if the people did not praise Him?
6. Did Jesus receive such praise everywhere He went? Why not?
7. Does Jesus want us to praise Him today?

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Part 11

Mar. 14, 1982

Going Where You May Be Tempted

The summer Harry was ten years old he lived in a Children's Home. It was a religious home and the children were taught to read the Bible and to pray.

Four other boys about Harry's age and three smaller ones were given a plot of ground for a garden. This was down by the lake side.

The boys dug, planted, and pulled weeds. The four older boys each had their own little strip of ground. They could plant what they liked; but they must each keep their strip free of weeds. Radishes, carrots, onions, beans, melons—how fast everything grew. The melon patch they owned together.

The radishes came first, and the boys ate them as soon as they were big enough to make a bite. Now if there was one thing that Harry liked better than another, it was to eat; he kept his row of radishes, carrots, and onions thinned down to very little ones.

One day the boys picked their green beans on the same day, and took them to the house to be cooked for their table. The cook boiled the beans with some

bacon and at dinner served them on the boys' own table. How those boys did eat! Didn't those beans come from their own garden?

When Autumn came there was nothing left in the gardens but the muskmelon vines. One day they found a melon that was turning yellow. "Two more days, and you may cut it off and eat it," said the gardener.

Two more days and they would take it down by the willows where they played Indian, and what a feast they would have. That night it rained and the gardener told the boys not to walk amid the vines while the ground was so wet.

Harry kept thinking of that fat melon. Would the wet spoil it? Whenever he thought of it, he could taste the sweet yellow slice that would be his when they cut it.

Autumn is a good time to gather beech nuts, too, and there were some beech trees about the Home. The boys each had a tin cup for gathering the little three-cornered nuts. That afternoon the boys took their cups and went up in back of the Home to gather beech nuts. They worked like little squirrels. It takes quite a while to fill a pint cup with

little beech nuts. Harry worked fast; he wanted to fill two cups if he could. Harry was fond of beech nuts. He did not bother to peel them—he ate them skin and all. When his cup was full, he hurried to the house and poured the little brown nuts in his own special box. At once he started back for another cup full. As he came out the side door and stood on the steps, he could look down on the garden patch by the lake. How hot the sun was. He was sure the ground was dry by now. There were no boys in sight. He might run down and see if the melon was all right. When he was off the step he could not see the garden because of the bushes about the house. He thought, "I had better go get the nuts." No, he would just look at the melon and hurry right back. He ran as fast as he could toward the melon patch. He felt mean to go without the boys for the melon belonged to all of them. But one boy would not tramp the ground up very much, and he just must see that nice yellowish melon. There it lay in the golden sunshine. Tomorrow, they would eat it; four boys; four big slices!

Harry smoothed the melon with his hands. He turned it just a little and tried to measure how big his slice would be. It looked so good—he turned it just a little more. There was a soft snap and the melon rolled free of the vine. There—now what should he do? Take it up to the house and admit he had disobeyed? Then the Tempter whispered, "If you take it to the house you may have to divide with more than four boys and the slices will be smaller. If you eat it all alone, no one will know what became of it. Part of it is yours anyway." This way was the easiest way out, and clutching the melon under his jacket, Harry ran for a thicket of willows. Once in the willow he broke and ate the melon as fast as he could. But he had to

eat it fast, lest someone should call him; and he had to be so careful not to get the least drop of juice on his clothes, that the melon did not taste good at all. But he ate every scrap of it and felt ready to burst. Then he buried the rind and seeds under the willow leaves and slipped back to the house.

Just before the evening meal, the gardener gave the boys permission to go and look at their melon. Harry did not go. Soon the other boys came back, excitedly saying some animal had stolen the nice melon. They were very disappointed, and threatened what would be done to the creature if he was caught. The bell rang and they came in to eat. They had chicken with noodles. Harry liked chicken noodles, but he was so full of melon he could hardly bear to look at the food. "Are you sick, Harry?" asked the waiter, who knew how well he liked to eat. Pretty soon the gardener came in. He had hastily gone down to the garden as soon as the boys told of their loss. In the gardener's hands was a paper. On this paper were melon seed and rind.

"Now," said the gardener, standing by Harry's table, where the boys were eating chicken and noodles—but Harry wasn't eating—"which one of you boys stole down to the garden and ate this melon?" and he held out the seeds and rind. The surprised boys chorused, "I didn't."—All but Harry. He turned red, gave one look at his full plate, then he confessed. He told how "he went to look," "he stopped to touch," "then stayed and ate," all because he went where he could be tempted. "Lead us not into temptation."

—Taken from *True Stories of Children*

Planting Time

This is a good time of the year to plant a garden. Are you going to grow

flowers this year, or do you want vegetables in your back yard? Even indoors you could start some flowers in a flowerpot or some tomatoes in a plastic carton if you have some seeds.

On paper we can pretend to plant several rows of lettuce. We will make each a good idea for a Christian, beginning with the words "let us."

Let us read the Bible every day.

Let us talk to God in prayer.

Let us _____

Let us _____

Let us _____

Let us _____



Jesus made
a whip of
cords.

Dear Boys and Girls:

In our lesson today we see Jesus as He came to Jerusalem and looked over the city from a hillside. He loved this city for its people, and He longed to give them the peace of heart and mind for which all people long. His love and compassion caused an ache in His heart

and He cried for this city. He knew that they had stoned many prophets and that they would also put Him to death, yet He would gladly stretch out His arms to them in love, if they would only turn to Him.

Most of the time when we read of Jesus, we think of His character being that of humility, love, and quietness. He healed the sick, comforted the sad, straightened out crooked lives, and wherever He went He did good. But with all this, He had a firm disposition, too.

When Jesus went to the temple, there He found people selling doves, sheep, and other merchandise. This was an insult to God! God's temple was to be a place of prayer, and these people were carrying on business affairs there. Jesus made a whip of small cords and drove the people and their animals from the temple.

There are things being carried on today in church buildings that have nothing whatsoever to do with the worship of God—bingo, bazaars, plays, parties, and even dances. Some of the things are ungodly anyway, but how dishonorable to bring them into the house of God! I'm sure God's wrath is stirred at these worldly activities going on in so-called places of worship. We should have respect for the meeting houses today. Worldly affairs should not be carried on in them, and an atmosphere of honoring God should be felt in any activity carried on in the church building. Also, children should go outside after meeting if they want to run and play, and not show disrespect to the house of God. Preaching and praying are not the only things that can be carried on without bringing displeasure to God. Can you name some other things carried on in the meeting house that would be approved by God?

—Aunt Sandra

JESUS USES AUTHORITY IN THE TEMPLE

John 2:13 And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.

Luke 19:41 And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it,

42 Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.

13:34 O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!

John 2:14 [Jesus went to the temple] And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting:

15 And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables;

16 And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.

Mark 11:17 And he taught, saying unto them, Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves.

Luke 20:1 And it came to pass, that on one of those days, as he taught the people in the temple, and preached the gospel, the chief priests and the scribes came upon him with the elders,

2 And spake unto him, saying, Tell

us, by what authority doest thou these things? or who is he that gave thee this authority?

3 And he answered and said unto them, I will also ask you one thing; and answer me:

4 The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?

5 And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From heaven; he will say, Why then believed ye him not?

6 But if we say, Of men; all the people will stone us: for they be persuaded that John was a prophet.

7 And they answered, that they could not tell whence it was.

8 And Jesus said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

Memory Verse: And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Matt. 28:18.

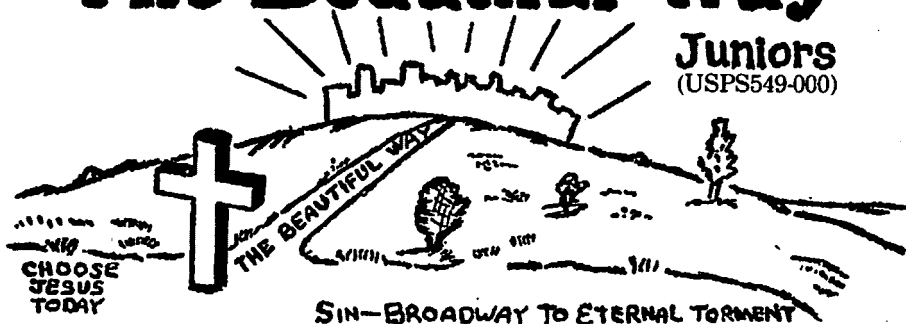
QUESTIONS:

1. To what city did Jesus go?
2. What did Jesus do as He looked over Jerusalem?
3. How did Jesus feel about this city?
4. What did Jesus find some people doing in the temple? What did He do?
5. What did Jesus say the Scriptures said the temple should be called?
6. Did Jesus teach in the temple?
7. What question did the chief priests and scribes ask Jesus?
8. How did Jesus answer them?
9. Why would they not answer Jesus' question?
10. What are some things that church buildings are being used for today that are not pleasing to God?

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Part 12

Mar. 21, 1982

A Widow's Trust

The following story is true. The author writes in sending us the manuscript, "William, the boy in the story is a grown man now. He told me the story with deep emotion. He regards it as a direct answer to his mother's prayers. Truly, 'To obey is better than sacrifice.'"

"O Mother, I don't want to stay in bed all afternoon; can't we get up now?" The childish voice sounded through the open bedroom door into the kitchen, where Mrs. Nevius was frying potatoes over a very small fire of chips. "I want to get up, too!" chimed in a lesser voice from the same direction.

"You are warmer in bed than anywhere else," replied Mother, "but it is almost supper time, so you can get up now. Ruth, please go into the bedroom and help Mary and John get dressed."

Ruth, who had been hugging a large cat to keep warm, dropped her comfortable burden on the floor and disappeared in the bedroom. Soon there issued squeaks and squeals as the younger children dressed for supper.

The kitchen, where they quickly joined their mother, was a pleasant room.

Mrs. Nevius' face showed signs of

grief and care, but her smile toward her children was cheery as she placed the meager supper of potatoes, bread, and preserves upon the table.

"I'll put some bigger sticks upon the fire," she remarked half to herself and half to the children. "Our woodpile is almost gone, but I sent William down to Mr. Johnson's coal yard to order coal. I'm sorry we can't pay for it now, for your father always insisted on 'paying as you go.' But things are different now," and a tear slipped down her cheek as she spoke.

Just then the door flew open and the stalwart William of twelve years, rushed into the room.

"Old Johnson's the meanest man that ever was!" he exclaimed. "When he found we wanted to be trusted he would not let us have a pound of coal. Said he'd been stung too many times already. He told me I was big enough to pick up all the wood we needed along the road."

"He never lost money from our family, and he never will," quietly remarked Mrs. Nevius. "I'd have paid him right away, but the doctor and undertaker's bills were so big, and we had to have potatoes and flour. We won't have the money for the coal until I get a chance

to help with the neighbor's house-cleaning, but then Mr. Johnson would get it. However, I'm sure the Lord will provide, and we must not worry."

When they were seated at the table they all bowed their heads while the mother asked the blessing. Then they fell to it with a will, and the portions, small for the children's appetites, soon disappeared. The mother's portion was smaller than the others but she took equally as long to eat it.

"It's a cold night, and we want a pleasant evening. William, please go to the shed and get some wood."

In a few moments William returned and threw a big armful of wood into the box. "I declare, Mother, there are only two or three more such piles out there. We don't have enough wood to last us two days."

"Well, then maybe we'd better not burn any more this evening. I'll put the little ones to bed and Ruth, and you and I can sit by what fire we have until it goes out."

A shadow of anxiety rested upon the little group. At last William blurted out, "He told me to pick up chips along the road. I guess I know where I can find some pretty big chips, enough to keep us warm all winter."

"Why, William what do you mean?"

"I mean old man Johnson's rail fences over by the canal basin. There's no moon this week, and there's a heap of good wood in them. They won't be missed until spring and by that time nobody can tell where our wood ashes came from. Oh, but that's a great ideal!"

"No, William," said Mother sternly, "that is not a great idea. That is a very poor idea. Your father was an honest man. You remember that the day before he died he commended us all to God's care and said that God would take care of us. No, no you must not think of such a thing." Mrs. Nevius buried her face in

her hands and burst into sobs.

"Well, Mother, I don't want to be a thief, but we have to get wood somewhere or we'll freeze to death before the winter is over."

Mother calmed herself in a moment, "If God wants us to freeze we'd better freeze than steal. But I believe that He will take care of us, and we have tomorrow to decide what to do."

"And to pick up chips along the road," added Ruth with a faint smile.

"Well, children, Jesus said, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Matt. 6:34. We can't do anything tonight, and worry does us no good. Suppose you study your lesson for next Sunday now."

After a few minutes Ruth exclaimed, "See, Mother dear, how our Bible story matches our case. It's about the poor widow who asked Elisha what she should do to pay her debt, and how he told her to borrow vessels and pour her oil in them. And she kept on pouring until she had enough to buy everything she needed. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Bah," said William, "that's just like the Bible; but such things don't happen now days."

Soon Ruth spoke again, "The Bible tells about when the Israelites needed food in the wilderness God sent a great wind that brought quail, which fell around the camp, and everybody had all the meat they could eat."

After a moment Ruth turned her head toward the window, listening. "Why, the wind is rising now. Just hear how it moans in such a funny way over the canal!" she cried.

"It'll take a pretty big wind, I reckon, to blow coal or wood to us," remarked the skeptical William.

After the lessons were learned, Mother offered a little prayer commending herself and children to their father's God, and the three left the chilly kitchen for the warmth of their beds. While the

children slept, the listening mother heard the bleak wind whistling around the cottage, but never thought that, as the wind of old was the hand of God bringing food to His children, so now in her day the wind could again be God's hand bringing the means of warmth to their very door.

William, who since his father's death had felt the responsibilities of his position, was up early to build the morning fire. "I won't be able to do this many more days," he muttered as he opened the kitchen door.

"Why! Oh! Why, what's this? Wood, sticks, big and little, piled up all along the bank by the door, and the canal full of logs clear down to the turn, bobbing up and down in the freezing water! Why, I never saw anything like this in my life before!

"Mother! Ruth! all of you come here quick, just look at this."

In a moment the family, clad in their night robes and wrapped in their blankets were crowded at the kitchen door. As far as eyes could see the canal was full of floating driftwood, which in places the wind had pressed upon the bank. There was enough fuel at their door to last them the entire season.

"Again the wind is the hand of God," said Mrs. Nevius, sinking on her knees. "Children, get dressed as quickly as you can. Get the garden rakes and the clothes poles and pull the wood on land."

How they worked! Even baby John did his little best to drag the logs on shore. Breakfast was forgotten in the pressure of more important business. By the middle of the forenoon the wood-house was full, and the surplus of big sticks and little sticks were piled up against the southern side of the cottage.

When the dinner hour came the kitchen stove was red hot with an unstinted fire of their former meager supply, and an

awe-struck group of children listened to their mother's broken prayer of thanksgiving.

—Mrs. Sue Reed

"For God's blessings unto us, for all our needs He fills,
Let us thanks to God return before we eat our meals."



Judas gets
30 pieces
of silver.

Dear Boys and Girls:

We have had several lessons now on the life of Jesus. In all the wonderful things He did, His twelve specially chosen friends were with Him. Now one of the twelve has sold Jesus' life for thirty pieces of silver! How sad to be betrayed by one's friend.

The chief priests and scribes were religious men. For a long time they had wanted Jesus to be killed. They knew that Jesus taught the people against some of the traditions they held to. There had been a few times they had tried to take Jesus when He was teaching in the temple, but He managed to slip away from them. But most of the time they were afraid to lay hands on Him because the majority of the people loved and respected Him. The priests and scribes knew that if they were ever

to seize Jesus, it must be at a time when He was somewhat alone, so the crowd couldn't protect Him. This was how Judas betrayed Jesus. He told the priests he knew where Jesus went with only His eleven followers. The priests would send enough soldiers to take care of the eleven in case they put up a fight. Jesus was taken by soldiers, but He could have called 10,000 angels to fight for Him had He wanted to. He did not do that because he knew that He must be put to death in order to bring salvation to mankind. Although other people killed Jesus, always remember that He willingly gave up His life for us.

—Aunt Sandra

March 21, 1982

JESUS IS BETRAYED

Luke 19:47 And he [Jesus] taught daily in the temple. But the chief priests and the scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy him,

48 And could not find what they might do: for all the people were very attentive to hear him.

Mark 14:1 After two days was the feast of the passover, and of unleavened bread: and the chief priests and the scribes sought how they might take him by craft, and put him to death.

2 But they said, Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar of the people.

Matt. 26:14 Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests,

15 And said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

16 And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him.

John 18:1 When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples.

2 And Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place: for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples.

3 Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons.

Matt. 26:48 Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast.

49 And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him.

50 And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.

Memory Verse: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. John 15:13.

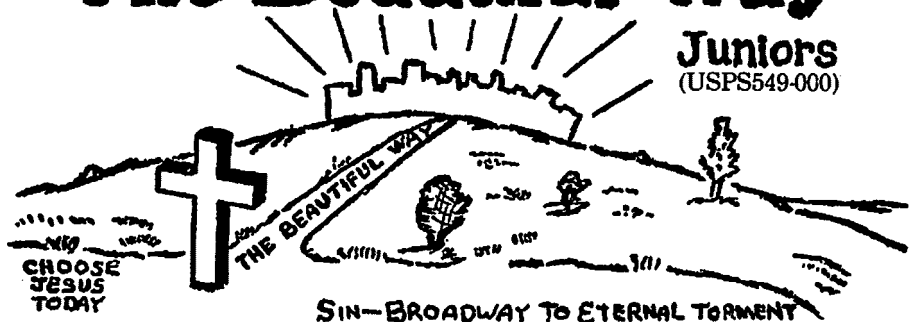
QUESTIONS:

1. Who wanted to kill Jesus and why?
2. Why did the priests and scribes not kill Him while He taught in the temple?
3. Which of the disciples betrayed Jesus? How much money was he given?
4. Where did Judas lead the soldiers to arrest Jesus?
5. What was the sign that Judas gave to identify Jesus?
6. Do you think Jesus could have escaped had He wanted to? Why did He not?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 33, No. 1

Jan., Feb., Mar., 1982

Part 13

Mar. 28, 1982

Dancing

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 heavenward 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 opposed to 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 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. 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.

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.

—From *True Stories for Children*

Trouble at Bessie's House

In a little country home where six-year-old Bessie lived, there was trouble; the kind of trouble that makes your heart hurt all the time.

Although Bessie's was a Christian home where all the family knew about God, yet this great trouble made all sad, and no wonder, for Bessie's mother was very seriously ill. People came every day to help do the work and take care of the sick mother.

Every morning the children asked, "How is Mother?" and walked softly about the house so as not to disturb her rest.

Then came a day when a kind Auntie gathered them all into a room and silently led them into mother's room. She lay still and white on the bed, and everyone stood back from the bed and let the children come near the bedside. She was not at all like the mother they had known a few weeks ago. They stood there weeping bitter tears; it seemed as if their hearts would break.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and motioned them to come nearer. Her weak voice comforted each in turn; after that Auntie took them out of the

room, and told them their mother was about to die.

It was a very sad group of children that loitered lonesomely about the house and yard.

Bessie slipped away from the other little children—she wanted to be alone; she wanted to talk to God for a little while. She felt she could talk to Him better if she were alone. Bessie looked about for a place where no one would be apt to see her, for she did not want anyone to know of this little talk. Where could she go? All at once she knew.

There was a wide cleared space down back of the long chicken house. She would not be bothered there, and she would hurry as her heart was very sad. Soon she reached the cool shaded place. Here, down on her knees with tears and sobs, she prayed over and over again, "Dear God, don't let our mother die; don't let our mother die. Dear God, help her to get well."

Soon the little troubled heart was comforted, and wiping away her tears she returned to the house. She did not tell anyone of her prayer; but the terrible ache was gone from her heart. God was going to make it all right.

When they went upstairs to bed that night, Bessie crept into bed with her older sister, but it was a long time before they could sleep. They could not forget the sick mother downstairs.

About two o'clock in the night, someone came to the rooms upstairs, and waking the older children told them that the crisis was past, and that their mother was not going to die; and that with good care, in a few weeks she would be well.

Lying in the dark, Bessie remembered the comforting feeling that crept into her heart when she was praying and now her heart was overflowing with joy.

—Taken from *True Stories of Children*



Dear Boys and Girls:

It is so heart-rending to think of how much love Jesus had for mankind and yet they wanted to kill Him. He came to give peace in our hearts here and eternal life in Heaven. But the religious leaders of His day rejected Him and sentenced Him to die by being nailed naked on a cross. What a humiliating death!

Notice that it was the chief priests and scribes who wanted Jesus dead. These were religious people who claimed to know God. It was not the wicked sinners who had no profession in God. These religious men appeared to be holy and love God, but the righteousness and goodness of Jesus made the evil in their hearts show up even more. They wanted to worship God by observing ordinances and keeping traditions, and not by having a pure heart and a love for others.

It is the same way in our land today. Christians receive their worst persecutions from other religious people. There are people who want everyone to look at them as Christians, but they want to continue in their selfish, ungodly ways. When they see someone living a holy life, they realize how ungodly they are, so they try to put down the true Chris-

tians by calling them "fanatic" or "self-righteous." The good deeds of Christians make others' bad deeds show up. Just as Jesus had grace to bear all the unkind remarks, shameful treatment, and false accusations, God can give us grace to face any persecution that comes our way. Be strong in the Lord!

—Aunt Sandra

—o—
March 28, 1982

JESUS IS TRIED

Mark 14:53 And they led Jesus away to the high priest: and with him were assembled all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes.

55 And the chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death; and found none.

57 And there arose certain, and bare false witness against him, saying,

58 We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands.

59 But neither so did their witness agree together.

60 And the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee?

61 But he held his peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him, and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?

62 And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

63 Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, What need we any further witnesses?

64 Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.

65 And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophecy: and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.

15:12 And Pilate answered and said again unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom ye call the King of the Jews?

13 And they cried out again, Crucify him.

15 And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified.

Memory Verse: But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. Isa. 53:5.

QUESTIONS:

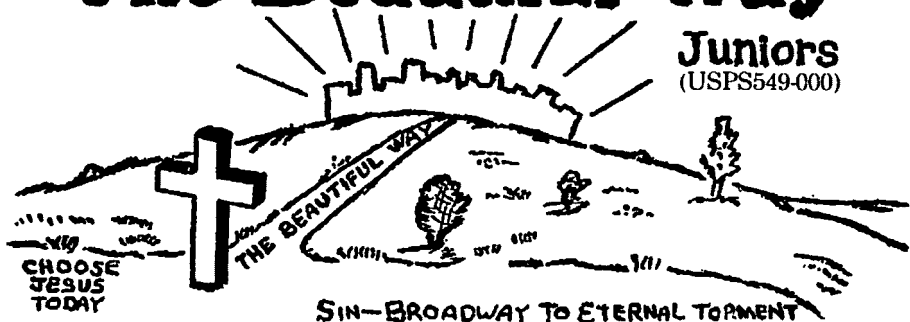
1. Who wanted to kill Jesus and why?
2. When Jesus was tried, did the witnesses agree?
3. What did some say Jesus had said about the temple? Of what temple was He really talking about?
4. What did the high priest ask Jesus and what did Jesus answer?
5. Of what did the high priest then say Jesus was guilty?
6. What ugly things did the men do to Jesus?
7. When Pilate asked the people what to do with Jesus, what did they reply?
8. Did Pilate think Jesus should be killed? Why did he then deliver Jesus to be crucified?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors

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Vol. 33, No. 2

April, May, June, 1982

Part 1

April 4

How It Happened

"The sun's gone under a cloud," called Grandpa cheerily over his shoulder, as he came into the dining-room.

Grandma, following close behind, answered laughingly, "Why, my dear, this is the brightest day we've had for two weeks!"

"But look at Don's face," said Grandpa soberly, "and Joyce's too, for that matter"—glancing from one to the other.

"Children, children," said Grandma kindly, "do tell us what is wrong."

No answer.

"Only," said Daddy at last, "that they are thinking about next summer."

Grandpa threw back his white head then, and laughed his loud, hearty laugh. "You little trouble-borrowers," he cried, "worrying about next summer! Why, only day before yesterday was Christmas; and by the looks of the dolls, trains, and picture-books lying all over the house—"

"But, Grandpa," said Don in a small voice, trying not to cry, "summer will be here before we know it—you said so this morning yourself; and Daddy says he's going up north on a fishing trip—"

"—And so," added Joyce sorrowfully,

"Don and I can't go to the farm and stay with you as we did last year, and the year before last, and every year since we can remember."

Joyce looked anxiously from one face to another. Daddy's eyes were twinkling. Mother looked rather sorry, and so did Grandma. But she knew at once, by the look on Grandpa's face, that *he* understood. He only nodded his white head wisely. "I see," he said. And some way, after that, Joyce felt that it would come out all right.

It did.

On the last morning that Grandpa and Grandma were there, Daddy said at the breakfast table—quite suddenly, as if he had just thought of it—"Mother, suppose we let the children choose for themselves. You and I will go to the lake next summer, and catch the big fish; but if they would be happier on the old farm, why—"

"Oo-oo-oooh!" cried Joyce delightedly. "Don, you and I may go to Grandpa's house next summer, if we like!"

"How do you know?" said Don rather crossly, "Daddy hasn't said that we could."

"Why, he said it just now—didn't you, Daddy?"

"Not exactly; but that is what I was going to say," said Daddy, smiling into Joyce's shining eyes.

After that, it wasn't a bit hard to tell Grandpa and Grandma good-by. "Only until next summer," whispered Joyce when she kissed Grandma for the last time.

Long months followed, but June came at last. One happy day the children came home and threw their books down on the table; and Don raced through the house singing the last song he had learned at school:

*School is done! school is done!
Toss up caps and have a run!*

"And now," said Mother that night, "we must begin to get ready for our trips. Are you sure, children, that you still want to go to Grandma's?"

"Sure!" whooped Don, dancing about the room; while Joyce answered quietly, "You know, Mother, nothing could ever change my mind."

"Very well," said Mother, "tomorrow we must go shopping, for you will need some new clothes—good, dark-colored clothes to work and play in, so Grand-

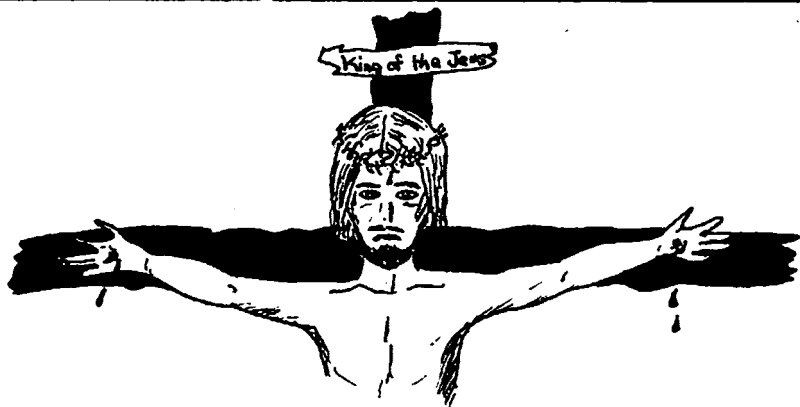
ma won't have to be washing all summer."

What fun they had in the days that followed! Mother's sewing machine hummed for many hours every day. And at last she got out the little trunk and began to carefully pack away the neatly folded gingham dresses, the blue shirts and overalls, a few toys and other things she knew the children would need. A letter had already been written to Grandma, telling her when to meet them at the station. And she had written back, promising to be there at the very minute.

When the great day came, the children were so excited they could hardly eat any breakfast. Mother wisely remembered that, when she packed their lunch-box. The last minute, they ran across the street to tell their playmates good-by. When they came back, Daddy had already brought the car to the front of the house and was carrying out the little trunk. Mother was already waiting in the car.

(story to be continued)

The Christian fight is not a fight with guns and airplanes or submarines. It is



They nailed Him to a cross.

a fight to do the right and stand for God. The Bible tells us, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Ephesians 6:12).

Crucified for Me

Prince of glory condescended, he has favored me.

On the cross he meekly suffered my poor soul to free;

He has cleansed my inner being, changed my life of wrong;

How his touch of healing virtue fills my heart with song!

Chorus:

He was crucified for me,

He was crucified for me.

He was crucified for me,

On the cross of Calvary.

See the Sov'reign of creation, King of earth and skies,

All for sinful man's salvation thus he dies, he dies;

Yet he lives a mighty monarch, reigns o'er ev'ry foe,

Causing mortal man to triumph over sin below.

* * * * *

Dear Boys and Girls,

It is sad to think that men crucified the one Person who could make them truly happy. But many people do the same thing today. Instead of loving Jesus and following His life, they want to do evil things and even laugh and ridicule those who do follow the Lord.

For a moment, imagine that you are on the hill of Golgotha, and that Jesus is being crucified. There He lies on the cross and His hands are held in place ready for the nails to be driven into His flesh. As the men draw back their mallets, you find your eyes closing tightly,

your jaws clinch, and you turn your head away. A sickening feeling rises from your stomach to your throat. "Uh-h-h!" A cry of pain escapes His lips as the nails being driven into His hands send pain up His arms and throughout His whole body. A couple of soldiers straighten out his drawn up legs. Again you cannot bear to see the human suffering as a large nail is driven into His feet. Again a cry of agony is heard. The men carrying out the brutal deed seem to have no compassion or feeling for Jesus. They perform their duties as if they were merely ridding themselves of a pesky animal.

The cross is lifted by several men, and as it drops into the hole, the jolt again brings fresh pain as the flesh is ripped a little more. For a while some of the people walk about in front of Him—cursing Him, laughing, daring, and spitting upon Him. There He hangs, stripped of His clothes and all human dignity. Your heart beats fast as you watch the gruesome scene. It is like a nightmare.

After an hour or so, the people begin to tire of mocking Jesus, so they split up into little groups talking or playing games—anything to occupy their time while they wait for death to claim the Sufferer. You find yourself slowly edging toward the Man on the cross. His body is sagging, but at times it moves in agonizing pain, as He tries to relieve the intense pain of his body's weight as it pulls on the nails in His hands. Now and then a groan slips from His lips and His face is twisted with pain. He slowly opens His eyes and they meet yours. What a look of pain is in those eyes! Not just the pain from His torn body, but deep pain from the soul. His look seems to say, "I'm here for you. Will you believe in me?" Your body shakes as sobs break forth, and as you cover your face with your hands, you find that your face is wet with tears.

Christ did die for you. He would have gone to the cross even if you were to be the only one that would ever believe in Him. There comes a time in each of our lives that we stand at the cross—we must choose to let Jesus' blood make us pure or remain in sin. Which will you choose?

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 1, April 4, 1982

JESUS IS CRUCIFIED

John 19:17 And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

18 Where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

19 And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Mark 15:29 And they that passed by railled on him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ah, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days,

30 Save thyself, and come down from the cross.

31 Likewise also the chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, He saved others; himself he cannot save.

32 Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe. And they that were crucified with him reviled him.

34 And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

36 And one ran and filled a sponge

full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, saying, Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down.

37 And Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.

John 19:32 Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him.

33 But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs:

34 But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.

Memory Verse: For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

Definitions:

Rail: to speak bitterly

Scribes: teachers of the Jewish law

Gave up the ghost: died

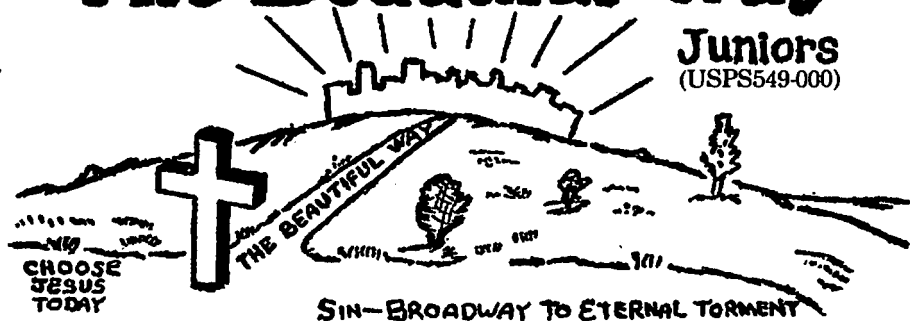
Questions:

1. On what hill was Jesus crucified?
2. Who was crucified on each side of Jesus?
3. What did Pilate write and hang on Jesus' cross?
4. What did some of the people passing by the cross say to Jesus?
5. Could Jesus have come down from the cross? Why did He not?
6. What did Jesus cry out at the ninth hour?
7. What was Jesus offered to drink on the cross?
8. Did the soldiers break Jesus' legs? Why not?
9. What did one of the soldiers do with his spear?

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Vol. 33, No. 2

April, May, June, 1982

Part 2

April 11

The Sting of the Bee

(continued from last week)

It was getting near time for the train, so Daddy quickly drove off to the station. He bought the children's tickets, had the trunk checked, and then he gave Joyce some money to put into the new red purse Mother had given her as a parting gift. He slipped a few coins into Don's pocket, too, and the little boy rattled and jingled them with delight. How grown-up he felt!

By and by, in her most grown-up way, Joyce looked at the watch on her wrist. It was just noon, so she opened the lunch-box; and dainty sandwiches and fruit soon disappeared. But they saved two big slices of Mother's good cake—to take to Grandma and Grandpa.

After lunch, the train seemed to creep along rather slowly. But at last it stopped at the station where Grandma had promised to meet them. And sure enough, there stood Grandpa with his snowy hair and his big broad smile. Grandma was waiting nearby in the car.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" called Don in a shrill voice, dancing into his sister's room.

Joyce opened her eyes and looked about her. The bright morning sunlight was

streaming in through the little pink and white curtains. "Wh-where am I?" she asked sleepily, seeing Don standing there.

"Where are you?" cried Don merrily. "Why, on the farm, of course! Don't you hear that old rooster telling you to get up? There he is," he added, pulling aside the curtain. "He is stretching himself, and standing on his tiptoes. Grandpa says he's saying, 'Welcome to the farm, Don and Joyce!' Do hurry and get up! We must go out and help Grandpa do the milking."

Half an hour later, Grandma called two hungry children in to breakfast. After that, they were busy and happy all the morning long. Joyce helped Grandma to wash the dishes and tidy the house, and Don followed close at Grandpa's heels as he did his morning's work about the farm. He felt very grown-up indeed when a neighbor came by, and Grandpa told him he had a "new hand."

After dinner, Grandma settled down for her afternoon's nap. Grandpa went to help a neighbor with some work, and so the children were left alone.

They began to run races in the wide grassy space in front of the old farm house. But they made so much noise that soon Joyce said, "I'm afraid we'll wake Grandma, Don. We'd better be quiet."

"Let's go to the orchard," said Don. "We can be as noisy as we like there, and she won't even hear us." So away they scampered, to play in the shade of the old apple trees.

But Grandma's nap was not to last long; for soon she was awakened by a scream from the orchard. Hurrying out, she found Joyce dancing up and down, with her hand pressed tightly over one eye. Don stood watching her with round, frightened eyes. He could not imagine what had happened to make his sister act like that.

But Grandma knew. Away back in the orchard, Grandpa had several hives of bees. Joyce had gone too near one of the hives; and a bee had done the rest.

Grandma did not say much. Quietly she took the little girl's hand and led her back to the house. Soon Joyce was lying on the couch, and Grandma was wringing a cloth out of cold water and gently placing it on her eye. Before long the pain was gone; but the eye began to swell, and soon she was not able to see out of it at all.

"It's all my fault that we went to the orchard," said Don, looking sober.

"No, it's mine," said Joyce. "I was afraid we would wake Grandma."

"Well," laughed Grandma, "I guess it was mine, because I forgot to tell you about the bees."

When it was time to get ready for bed that night, Grandma bathed the swollen eye again. "I wish there were no bees, Grandma," said the little girl suddenly.

"Why, you like honey, don't you dear?" asked Grandma.

"Ye-es, I like honey; but I don't like bees—they sting so!"

"Bees are very interesting and hard-working little creatures," said Grandma; "and if they are let alone, they will not harm anyone."

"I didn't mean to bother them," said Joyce, "but one stung me."

"That's so," said Grandma, "but they

have certain rules, and you must have broken one of them. A bee's sting is the only thing she can use to protect the hive against intruders—and the bee that stings you always dies. That's the price she had to pay to do her duty."

"Oh!" said Joyce, "I'm sorry I went too near. But please, Grandma, tell me some more about bees."

"There are lots of things to learn about them," said Grandma. "They live in queer little houses called hives. They have a queen; and if she is stolen, or dies, they will not go on working without her. Only one queen can live in each house; when a new queen is about to come out of her cell, the old queen gathers her followers and they swarm.

"The queen bee lays the eggs; and when the eggs hatch, the hive is so full of bees that it cannot hold them all. As soon as they find another queen, some of them must move out.

"When the bees are swarming, they always take good care of their queen. Sometimes they settle on a limb of a tree; and while they are there, they keep their queen covered, so no one can find her. They send out scouts to find a new home; and as soon as it is found, they all move there.

"Sometimes Grandpa finds the queen, and puts her in the hive. She makes a sort of drumming noise, and the other bees follow her inside."

"Was it the queen bee that stung me?" asked Joyce.

"No, the queen never uses her sting except when in battle with another queen bee; but the other bees take care of her, even if they must die for her sake. There are different kinds of bees in the hives. Drone bees cannot sting; they will not work—they are lazy fellows. In the fall they are all killed, so that during the long winter months they cannot eat the honey which the workers have gathered.

"Bees are busy all the time. On sunny

days they gather honey; and on cloudy days they make little wax cells in which to store the honey."

"That's why they say 'busy as a bee,'" said Joyce. "It means 'busy all the time.' I didn't know there was so much to learn about bees."

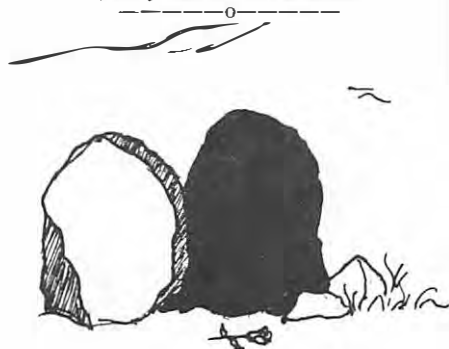
"I have been thinking about another kind of bee," said Grandma.

"Do they sting, like the bees in the orchard?" asked Joyce with a little shiver.

"Their stings are much sharper," answered Grandma, "and the pain lasts much longer. There is a hive full of these bees, and they are always very busy. But it is bedtime now. Wait till tomorrow night, and perhaps I shall tell you about one of them."

Ten minutes later Don fell asleep, wondering what the strange sort of bee was like, and hoping it would never sting him as the cross bee had stung Joyce.

(story to be continued)



The tomb
was empty.

He Arose

Low in the grave He lay, Jesus my Savior!

Waiting the coming day, Jesus my Lord!

Chorus:

*Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes.*

He arose a victor from the dark domain

And He lives forever with His saints to reign.

He arose! He arose!

Hallelujah, Christ arose.

Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Savior!

He tore the bars away—Jesus, my Lord!

* * * * *

Dear Boys and Girls,

Today is Easter, or the day that Christians think especially about the resurrection of Jesus Christ. This is the greatest holiday we have. At Christmas we think of the *birth* of our Savior. That was a wonderful event indeed! But how much more wonderful it is to think of His coming alive after having been dead for three days! Because He overcame the power of death, it means that we will, too. When we die, our bodies will not always stay in the ground. Within a few weeks our skin and muscles will begin to decay and turn into dust. After a few years if someone dug our grave up, they would find nothing but bones. That is rather a sad thought. But some day those bones will be changed into a new body that can never die. Isn't that a wonderful thought!

Death comes because a person's body becomes so weak it can no longer function. Perhaps the heart gets weak and can no longer pump the blood, or one may have a lung disease in which he does not get enough oxygen. Sometimes people are killed in car wrecks—maybe they are badly cut and they lose so much blood they die. Even though a person's body dies, there is one part of him that

never dies—that is his soul. The Bible tells us that the body will turn into dust, but the soul will return to God who gave it. Because Jesus overcame death and rose from the dead, someday we will also rise from the dead. God will give us each a new body, and our souls will go into the new body. The new body will never die; in fact, it will not even feel pain! Isn't that marvelous! The grave could not keep Jesus and it will not always keep us either. Let us praise God that because of Jesus we have everlasting life.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 2, April 11, 1982

THE RESURRECTION

Matt. 27:57 When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathaea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple:

58 He went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

59 And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth,

60 And laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.

Matt. 28:1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

4 And for fear of him the keepers did

shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

Mem. Verse: But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. 15:20.

Definitions:

Sepulchre: tomb

Countenance: face

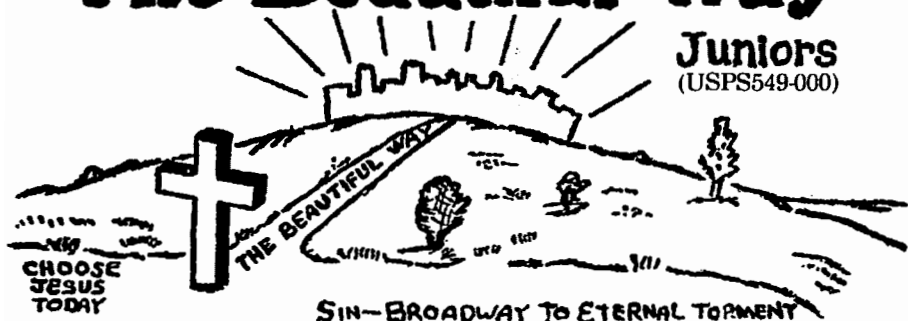
Questions:

1. Who went to Pilate and asked for Jesus' body?
2. What did Joseph do with Jesus' body?
3. What was put over the door of the tomb?
4. On the first day of the week, who came to Jesus' tomb?
5. Was the stone still over the door? What had happened to it?
6. Who was sitting on the stone? Describe the angel.
7. What happened to the men who had guarded the tomb?
8. Did the angel talk to the women? What did he tell the women to tell Jesus' disciples?
9. Did the women take word to the disciples? How did the women feel as they left the tomb?

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Vol. 33, No. 2

April, May, June, 1982

Part 3

April 18

Bee Obedient

(continued from last week)

"I have something to show you," said Grandma after breakfast the next morning. "Come with me."

"Oh, a little calf?" exclaimed Don a moment later.

"Isn't he cute?" cried Joyce. "See how wobbly his legs are. What's his name, Grandma."

"Grandpa says he's not going to bother naming him, when he has two bright grandchildren here on the farm," answered Grandma, smiling.

"Does he mean that *we* can name him?" asked Joyce.

"Yes," replied Grandma, "he means just that."

"Oh, Don," cried Joyce, "what shall we call him?"

"I think Bruno is a nice name," said Don.

"So do I; we'll call him Bruno," agreed Joyce.

"I wonder if he would let me pet him," said Don, gently touching the calf on his small white nose.

The little fellow tossed his head and wobbled over to the other side of his mother. The children laughed merrily; and they were so interested in watching

the little creature that Grandma had to leave them and go back to her work.

The hours passed by very quickly and very happily—there were so many new things to do! Of course Joyce had to write a long letter to Mother, telling her about the sting of the bee, the new little calf, and many other interesting things.

Late in the afternoon the children remembered about the cows, and they thought they would pump the trough full of water ahead of time. It was such fun that they kept on pumping until the trough overflowed, and the ground around it was all muddy.

After supper, they let down the bars for the cows to come through. The cows had just finished drinking, when Don slipped in the mud and fell backward right into the trough. He kicked and splashed about, trying to get out; and Joyce got a good drenching when she tried to help him. Grandpa had to come to the rescue, and fish him out; and then they all had a good laugh—even Don. The children could not watch the milking that night, because they had to go to the house and put on dry clothes.

Later in the evening, they reminded Grandma that she had promised to tell

them a story. They drew their chairs close to hers, and she began:

"It was to be a story about a bee, wasn't it? Well, this bee has a sharp sting, and it goes very deep."

"I hope it will never sting me, then," said Joyce.

"I hope not," said Grandma. "The boy and girl in my story were stung severely; but it was all their own fault, as you shall see."

"Anna and her brother lived near a pond, and when the cold weather came it was great fun to skate on the ice. Oftentimes they would slide across it on their way to school. One morning, as their mother buttoned their coats, she said, 'Don't go across the ice this morning, children. It has begun to thaw, and it is dangerous.'"

"No, we won't," they promised.

"When they reached the pond, Willie said, 'Why, see, Anna, how hard and thick the ice looks. Come on, let's slide across it.'"

"Instantly the bee began to buzz about Anna's ears. 'Bzz-z-z-z! Don't do it!' said the bee. 'It's dangerous. You promised Mother.'"

"We'd better not, Willie," said Anna quickly. "We promised Mother, you know."

"But Mother'll never know," said Willie.

"But you *promised*," buzzed the bee again.

"Mother thought the ice was thawing," added Willie. "She won't care, when she knows it isn't. You may do as you like, Anna, but I'm going to slide across right now."

"When Anna saw her brother starting across the pond, she followed, in spite of the bee. But they had gone only a little way when the ice began to crack, and then to give way under them."

"Anna turned and hurried back to the bank, but Willie had gone too far. She saw him go down in the icy water, and

she ran to the road, screaming at the top of her voice.

"A man was passing by at that moment. He picked up a board and ran to the pond as fast as he could. And he reached it just in time to save little Willie."

"Dragging the lad up on to the bank, he called loudly for someone to come and help him. Two or three men came running; and they worked over Willie, until at last he opened his blue eyes and asked faintly, 'Where am I?' Then they took him home to his mother."

"She thanked God for saving the life of her disobedient boy, but the danger was not yet past. For many weeks, Willie was a very sick little boy. When at last they carried him downstairs, he lay on the sofa day after day, pale and quiet—sadly changed from the merry, romping Willie of other days. The spring-time came; but it was a long time before he could go into the woods with Anna to hunt for wild flowers, or sail his toy boats on the pond."

"There was no more school for Willie that year. As Anna trudged off alone day after day, she seemed to hear again and again the buzzing of the bee about her ears—'Bz-z-z-z! You promised Mother!'"

"I heard it so plainly," she would say to herself. "It must have been my conscience. But I wouldn't listen—and I almost lost my brother." "

The old farmhouse kitchen was very quiet for a moment, after Grandma had finished her story.

"What was the bee's name, Grandma," Joyce asked.

"Bee Obedient," answered Grandma. "It has sometimes stung boys and girls so deeply that the hurt has never healed."

"I can see," said Joyce thoughtfully, "that a sting like that would be far worse than the one I got in the orchard yesterday."

"But," said Grandma cheerily, "this

bee will never bother you, if you listen to its first little buzz."

"We will, Grandma, we will!" cried the children as they drifted off to the Land of Dreams.

(story to be continued)

He Lives

I serve a risen Savior,
He's in the world today;
I know that He is living,
Whatever man may say;
I see His hand of mercy,
I hear His voice of cheer,
And just the time I need Him
He's always near.

CHORUS:

He lives, He lives,
Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me
Along life's narrow way.
He lives, He lives,
Salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives?
He lives within my heart.

* * * * *

Dear Boys and Girls,

After Jesus had been crucified and buried, He did what no one else had ever done—He came back to life in a new body. This was a body that could never die. He talked to His disciples and told them things that He wanted them to do. Jesus wanted His disciples to go into all the other cities and countries and tell others about Him. He wanted them to tell people that although wicked men had killed Him, He rose from the dead and lives on forever and ever.

One day Jesus was with His disciples on a hillside near Galilee. He had been resurrected from the dead forty days before. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Just as He finished speaking, He began to rise into the air. The dis-

ciples were astonished. They watched Jesus as He continued to rise higher and higher into the air. He rose upward right into a fluffy, white cloud and the disciples could see Him no more. But the men were so amazed they continued to stare at the cloud that had taken Jesus from their sight. Suddenly two angels stood before the disciples. "Why do you stand gazing up into heaven?" the angels asked. "This same Jesus that you just saw taken into heaven, will return the same way someday."

Can you imagine how the disciples must have felt? They had seen many strange things. They had seen Jesus nailed to a cross and then laid in a grave. A few days after His death, they saw Him alive and talked with Him. Now they had seen Him float upward into heaven, and the angels had told them that one day He would come back from heaven. They had many things to think about.

Boys and girls, you and I did not see Jesus go into heaven as His disciples did, but we will see Him when He comes out of heaven. The Bible says *every* eye shall see Him. If we are saved and living for God, we will rise into the air to meet Jesus in the sky. That will be a wonderful day! Always remember that Jesus is alive and with God in heaven right now.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 3, April 18, 1982

A RISEN SAVIOR

Luke 24:13 And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

14 And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

15 And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

16 But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

17 And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

18 And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

19 And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

20 And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

28 And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further.

29 But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

30 And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

31 And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

Mark 16:14 Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

Acts 1:9 And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

10 And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold,

two men stood by them in white apparel;

11 Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

Mem. Verse: For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first: 1 Thes. 4:16.

Definitions:

Commune: talk privately

Constrain: to force

Stedfast: constantly

Questions:

1. What were the two men discussing on the way to Emmaus?
2. Who joined them on their walk? Did the men know it was Jesus?
3. Did Jesus tell them who He was?
4. What did the two men tell Jesus concerning Himself?
5. Did the men want Jesus to come into their house?
6. What did Jesus do just before He broke the bread?
7. Did the two men realize then who Jesus was? Who revealed His identity to them?
8. What happened to Jesus then?
9. What did Jesus admonish His disciples for when He appeared unto them? What do you think your reaction would have been if someone had told you that Jesus had risen from the dead?
10. Who stood watching as Jesus went into heaven?
11. Who appeared to the disciples as they looked up into heaven?
12. What did the angel tell them?

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Vol. 33, No. 1

April, May, June, 1982

Part 4

April 25

Bee Honest

(continued from last week)

It seemed to Don that he had just fallen asleep when he heard Grandma's cheery voice calling, "Breakfast!" He dressed as quickly as he could; but when he got downstairs, all the others were waiting for him.

After breakfast Joyce dried the dishes for Grandma, and then she helped with the sweeping and dusting. Don helped Grandpa to grease the wagon and oil some harness, and he handed the staples to Grandpa, while he mended some broken fence.

The children were kept busy until time for dinner, but in the afternoon they were free to do anything they liked. Today, they decided to play house in the orchard; so they got out some of the things that Mother had packed in the little trunk, to fix up their house.

But Don soon grew tired of that sort of play. "Let's play hide-and-seek," he said.

"All right," answered Joyce. "I'll run and hide, while you count to one hundred."

Away she ran as Don began to count. Just as he said, "Ninety-five," she ran to

the chicken house door. It was standing open, so she stepped inside.

Now there was something in the chicken house that Joyce did not expect to find. One of Grandpa's pigs was there, rooting around in the loose straw.

The pig was not looking for company, and he was so frightened that he ran toward the door pell-mell. Joyce, standing just inside, was in his way; and as he ran against her, she was lifted off her feet and thrown onto his back. Mr. Piggy dashed wildly out of the chicken house.

Just outside the door was a large shallow pan full of water, which Grandma kept there for the chickens. Joyce fell off the pig's back into the pan of water, and then she rolled over in the dirt.

Don stopped counting when he heard her screams, and Grandma came hurrying out. Poor Joyce! What a sight she was! And she was so frightened that it took Grandma quite a while to quiet her sobs. But a bath and a change of clothes made the little girl feel quite like herself again.

That evening when Grandma came up from the milking, she found the children on the porch waiting for another story.

"Very well," said Grandma, "I shall tell you a story tonight about Bee Honest.

"Many years ago there lived three little boys—Joe, Henry, and Charles. They all started to school at the same time. For a long while they kept together in their classes, and they were very good friends.

"But when they were about fourteen, two of the boys—Joe and Henry—began to go out nights, and it was always late when they got home. Charles stayed at home in the evening and studied his lessons for the next day, as he had always done.

"Of course, the difference soon showed up in their school work. Charles always knew his lessons, while Joe and Henry fell far behind.

"When examination time came, the boys begged Charles to help them.

"'No,' said Charles firmly, 'I will never do anything like that. My mother says that my father wanted me to be honest, and I mean to be.'

"'Aw,' said Henry, 'your father has been dead a long time, and your mother will never know.'

"'I say there's no harm in giving a fellow a lift in his examinations,' grumbled Joe.

"'It would be cheating,' said Charles quietly, 'or helping you to, and that would be just as bad.' And with that, he turned to his own work, and began to write diligently.

"Of course Charles passed all his examinations with honors; of course, Joe and Henry failed.

"After that the boys tormented Charles in every way they could. They called him 'Mother's honest little darling,' and when they saw him coming they yelled, 'Go home and hang on to your mother's apron string.'

"Mother knew, by Charles' sober face, that something had gone wrong. 'What

is it, son?' she asked, and Charles told her what had happened. She told him how glad she was that he would not do wrong, and how proud his father would be of such a son.

"'I shall never be ashamed of you,' she said, 'as long as you are perfectly honest. Sometimes you will find it rather hard, but just wait a few years, and you will see that it pays.'

"Charles had been almost discouraged, but Mother's words made him feel quite strong and brave again. The next time he saw the boys, his honest blue eyes looked straight into their faces, unashamed and unafraid. They dropped their eyes, and hurried away as quickly as they possibly could. They did not bother Charles again, for the principal had heard of their actions, and had punished them severely.

"When school was out, the boys began to think about doing something to earn a little money. Henry was passing the drug store one day when he noticed a sign in the window—'Boy Wanted. Apply in Person.' He went into the store at once, and asked for the job.

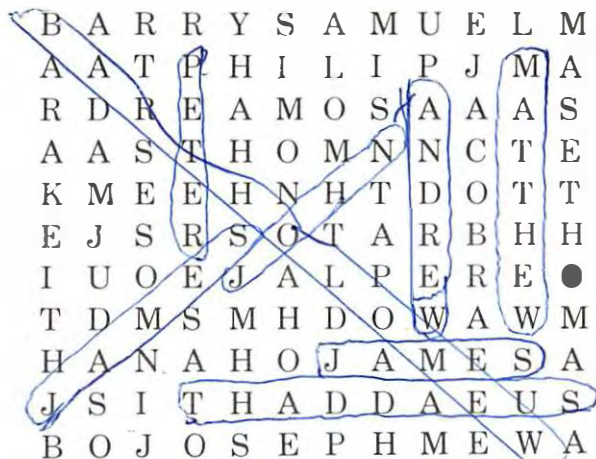
"The druggist took him to a little room back of the store. 'Here,' he said, 'is a chest of nails and bolts. You may sort them.'

"The boy worked for a while, and then he said to himself, 'What a queer job this is!' He went back into the store and said to the druggist, 'If that is all you have for me to do, I don't believe I want the job.'

"'Very well,' said the druggist, 'that is all I have for you to do just now.' He paid Henry for the work he had already done, and the boy went home.

"The next day Joe passed by and saw the sign. He too went in and asked for the job. The druggist took him to the little room and showed him the chest of nails, and told him to sort them.

Can you find the names of the twelve apostles? Circle the names. They go up, down, across, and diagonally.



"When the boy had worked only a little while, he went back to the druggist and said, 'Those rusty old nails are no good. Why don't you let me throw them all away? I don't like this kind of job, anyway.'

" 'All right,' said the druggist, and he paid Joe for what he had done, and let him go. As he put the nails and bolts back in the chest he said to himself, 'I am willing to pay more than this to find a really honest boy.'

"Later Joe and Henry, sauntering down the street together, saw the same sign in the window—'Boy wanted. Apply in Person.'

" 'Guess he doesn't want a boy very bad,' said Joe. 'That's no job—sorting those old rusty things. Did you find anything in the chest besides bolts and nails, Henry?'

" 'I'm not telling *everything* I found,' said Henry with a laugh.

"Joe looked up, puzzled and a little alarmed. 'Now I wonder—' he began—but broke off suddenly and started to talk about something else.

(story to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

We have been studying the life of Christ. He lived only thirty-three years, and of that time only about three years were spent in preaching the gospel. Jesus knew that length of time is not as important as the effectiveness of one's preaching. But Jesus wanted someone to tell others about Him and the good news of salvation. He called many disciples, or followers. From those disciples, He chose twelve to be especially close to Him in His ministry. These twelve men spent much time with Jesus while He was teaching, healing, and going about doing good. After He was crucified, buried, and resurrected He spent forty more days among His disciples strengthening them for the things ahead.

This quarter we are going to study about some of the men Jesus chose to tell others about the glorious gospel. They had the blessed privilege of walking in person with Jesus. We may think of them as being in an angelic realm, but they were men, the same as you and I. They had their weaknesses, peculiar personality traits, and various back-

grounds. They were all of humble birth, with little or no education, and had lowly occupations. They counted their life's chosen occupation as nothing compared to preaching the gospel, and they consecrated their lives to the mission that Jesus laid out for them. Willing to forsake family, friends, and comforts, they ministered to many, strengthening people's belief in Christ because they were willing to forsake all and follow Him.

In the coming lessons we will talk about what kind of men these twelve disciples were. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 4, April 25, 1982

JESUS CHOOSES TWELVE APOSTLES

Luke 6:12 And it came to pass in those days, that he [Jesus] went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.

13 And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles;

Matt. 10:1 And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease.

2 Now the names of the twelve apostles are these; The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother;

3 Philip, and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican; James the son of Alphaeus, and Lebbaeus, whose surname was Thaddaeus;

4 Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him.

5 These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not:

6 But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

7 And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

8 Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.

[When Jesus had risen from the dead]

Mark 16:14 Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat . . .

15 And he said unto them, Go ye into ALL the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

Mem. Verse: Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee. Matt. 19:27a

Questions:

1. What did Jesus do all night before He chose His disciples? Why do you think it was necessary for Him to pray about this?
2. What did He call the twelve men He chose?
3. Against what did Jesus give His apostles power?
4. What kind of sickness were they given power to heal?
5. To whom did Jesus first send His apostles to preach?
6. What did He tell them to preach?
7. After Jesus rose from the dead, to whom did He tell them to preach?
8. Does the Lord still need disciples today? Why?
9. Name the twelve apostles.
10. If the apostles were here today, what are some problems they might encounter?

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Part 5

May 2

Bee Honest

(continued from last week)

"A few days later Charles passed by the drug store and saw the sign in the window. He went in and told the druggist he would like to have the job.

"Are Joe and Henry friends of yours?" asked the druggist, looking at Charles sharply.

"Oh, no, sir," replied Charles quickly. "We used to be good friends, but something happened between us that I don't like to tell, and they wouldn't have anything to do with me afterward."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the druggist. "I rather think you're the boy I want."

"For two or three hours Charles worked steadily, now and then whistling part of a tune. Then he went to the druggist and said, 'I have finished the job you gave me. What shall I do next?'"

"The druggist went to the little room to see how Charles had done his work. The boy had found some boxes lying about, and he had placed the bolts in one, the nails in another, and the screws in a third.

"And see what I found!" exclaimed Charles. "It was lying under those old crooked bolts in the bottom of the chest." And he handed the druggist a five-dollar gold-piece.

"The druggist took the money and said with a smile, 'Now you may place the bolts, nails, and screws back in the chest just as you have them arranged in the boxes.'

"After he had done that, Charles was sent on a few errands, and then he was dismissed for the day.

"A few days later the druggist gave Charles a key and said, 'You may come early in the morning and open the store, and do the sweeping and dusting.'

"At the end of the first week, when Charles received his pay envelope, he found the five-dollar gold-piece along with the week's wages.

"One morning not long afterward, when Charles was sweeping the floor, he found a few pennies lying near the counter. He picked them up and laid them on the shelf, and told the druggist about them. Another day he found some pennies, a dime, and two nickels. These too he laid up on the shelf, telling the druggist where he had found them.

"About a month later, when he was

sweeping one morning, he found a bright, shiny new dollar. How he did wish he might keep it for himself!

"The druggist would never know it," whispered a tiny voice.

"But just that instant, Bee Honest began to buzz around his ears. 'Don't forget what Mother told you,' said the bee. 'She said she would never be ashamed of you, as long as you were perfectly honest.'

"Charles turned the shiny dollar over and over in his hand. The bee kept on buzzing—'Never do anything that will make your mother ashamed of you. Be honest! Be honest!'

"Yes," said Charles at last, 'I will,' He laid the dollar up on the shelf; and when the druggist came in, he told him about it.

"The druggist smiled and patted him on the shoulder. 'You are an honest boy,' was all he said. And at the end of the week, Charles found the shiny dollar in his pay envelope beside his usual wages.

"A few weeks later, the druggist began to give Charles large sums of money to take to the bank for him. 'I have found that I can trust you, my boy,' he would say.

"Charles worked in the store all that summer. When school opened again, he helped the druggist mornings and evenings. His tired mother did not have to take in so many washings now, for Charles gave her his money at the end of the week.

"After he had finished school, the druggist gave him a steady job in the store, with good wages.

"Charles," said the druggist one day, 'do you remember the day you sorted bolts and nails for me?'

"Indeed I do," answered Charles. 'How glad I was to find work that day, so I could help my mother a little! And I shall never forget how surprised I was

when I found a five-dollar gold-piece at the bottom of the chest.'

"I put it there on purpose," said the druggist. 'I wanted to find out what sort of boy you were.'

"You did!" exclaimed the astonished boy.

"Yes, and when you brought it to me, I was pretty sure that I had found an honest boy. But I wanted to be able to trust you with large sums of money, so I tested you still further. I left pennies and nickels and a dime on the floor, and last of all, a dollar. When you picked them all up, and laid them on the shelf and told me about them—I knew then that I could safely trust you.'

"I should like to ask you," Charles said suddenly,—'was there a gold-piece lying in the bottom of the chest when Joe and Henry sorted the nails, too?'

"Yes," said the druggist, 'each of them found a gold-piece there; and each of them kept it for himself.'

"So you lost ten dollars!" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, lost ten dollars hunting for an honest boy. But it was worth it—for I found one at last!"

"Is that the end of the story?" asked Joyce, as Grandma paused.

"Not quite," said Grandma, who had been listening. "Tell them what happened to Henry and Joe."

"Oh, yes; I must not forget to tell you about them," said Grandma. "Soon after Charles started working for the druggist, Henry was caught stealing some things from a department store. He was arrested, but his father paid the fine, so he was allowed to go free.

"But his dishonest habits soon got him into trouble again. He broke into a house while the family was away, and stole some money. He was sent to a reformatory for boys, and he had to stay there for a long time. After that, he never could keep a job very long, for he

was so dishonest that no one could depend on him.

"Joe did not get into so much trouble in his boyhood, but after he became a man he forged a check, and was sent to the penitentiary."

"How much better it would have been," said Joyce thoughtfully, "if Henry and Joe had only listened to the bee in the first place."

"Yes, indeed," said Grandma, "I have often thought of that; for I am sure the bee talked to them as well as to Charles."

"Maybe," said little Don softly, "they didn't have a Grandma to tell them how to be good."

"Maybe not," said Grandpa, smiling as he rose to take the little fellow in to bed.

"Didn't they ever change into good men?" asked Joyce.

"I'm afraid not," answered Grandma. "That's the saddest part of the whole story. They felt the sting of the bee as long as they lived."

(story to be continued)

We Are His Disciples



(Tune: "Bringing In the Sheaves")

*There were twelve disciples,
Jesus called to Him,
Simon Peter, Andrew,
James, his' brother John,
Philip, Thomas, Matthew,
James, son of Alphaeus,
Thaddaeus, Simon, Judas,
And Bartholomew.*

*He has called us, too.
He has called us, too.
We are His disciples;
I am one and you.
He has called us, too.
He has called us, too.
We are His disciples;
We, His work must do.*

Dear Boys and Girls,

One day James and John were with their father mending their fishing nets. Jesus walked along the shore and called to them. "Come, follow me." James and John left their father and their nets and followed Jesus. During Jesus' ministry these two disciples had close contact with Him. Jesus surnamed them "Boanerges" (sons of thunder), meaning they had fiery speech. We can realize their emotional personalities from a particular incident. Once a Samaritan village would not receive Jesus. At once this stirred the feelings of James and John. They said, "Lord, do you want us to command fire to come down and do away with these people?" But Jesus was more merciful than this. He was concerned with the people's souls.

These two brothers were at Peter's house when Jesus healed Peter's mother-in-law, and they were on the mountain-top as witnesses to the Transfiguration.

James and John requested that they be given the most honored seats when Jesus sat on His throne. Their mother also made this request to Jesus. Jesus answered that those places were not His to give, but His Father's.

After the death of Christ, James and John began to preach the gospel in other countries. Herod greatly persecuted Christ's followers and had many put to death. James was the first of the twelve apostles to be killed for Christ's sake. About ten years after Christ was crucified, Herod had James killed with a sword.

John contributed much to the New Testament. He wrote the books of St. John, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd John, and Revelation. He did much of his writing while he was a prisoner on the isle of Patmos. It is believed that John lived to be an old man and that he took the gospel to Asia, and to the people near the border of Russia and Turkey.

The two brothers, James and John, spent their lives in telling others about Jesus.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 5, May 2, 1982

**THE DISCIPLES—
JAMES AND JOHN**

Matt. 4:21 And going on from thence, he [Jesus] saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.

22 And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.

Matt. 20:20 Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshipping him, and desiring a certain thing of him.

21 And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She saith unto him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom.

22 But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able.

23 And he saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given them for whom it is prepared of my Father.

Luke 9:51 And it came to pass, when the time was come that he [Jesus] should be received up, he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem,

52 And sent messengers before his face: and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans, to make ready for him.

53 And they did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem.

54 And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?

55 But he turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.

[At the crucifixion] John 19:26 When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple [John] standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!

27 Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

Acts 12:1 Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church.

2 And he killed James the brother of John with the sword.

Mem. Verse: And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him. Matt. 4:22.

Questions:

1. Who were the two sons of Zebedee? What were they doing when Jesus called them to follow Him?
2. What did James and John's mother ask of Jesus? What did Jesus then ask James and John?
3. Why did Jesus say He couldn't grant the mother's request?
4. How did the people of the Samaritan village treat Jesus?
5. What did James and John want to do to the people of the village? What did Jesus tell James and John?
6. When Jesus was hanging on the cross, what did He say to John?

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Part 6

May 9

Bee Truthful

(continued from last week)

Every day Joyce and Don went out to meet the mailman. How glad they were this morning when he brought them a letter from Mother! Mother and Daddy were having a good time at the lake; and there was a picture of Daddy, smiling at them, as he held up a day's catch of fish.

"What a string of fish!" exclaimed Grandpa, when they showed it to him. "And what fine big ones they are!"

"I wish," said Don, "that we could go fishing, Grandpa."

Grandpa whispered something in his ear, and the little fellow began to jump about and clap his hands.

"What is it?" asked Joyce excitedly.

"Only that we're going fishing tomorrow," said Grandpa. "We'll start out bright and early in the morning, take our lunch, and spend the day at the river."

Joyce and Grandpa were busy all morning about the house. In the afternoon they baked cookies, and got the lunch as nearly ready as they could for the trip. Grandpa and Don went out to the garden to dig for bait.

They soon had a can full of worms, and then Don found a larger can and filled that, too. When Grandpa said they had enough, Don covered the worms with loose dirt and set the cans out in the shed. Then they got out the fishing tackle.

Late in the afternoon, Grandma called the children and asked them to catch a chicken for her, so she could get it ready for their picnic lunch.

The children asked if they might pick off the feathers. They had watched Grandma do it so many times, they thought it would be an easy job. But when they tried it, they found it was not so easy after all. They turned the chicken round and round, picking first in one place and then in another. It took them a long time to get all the feathers off.

Then Grandma cut up the chicken and put it in a crock, and took it to the spring house to keep it cool. "I will fry it in the morning," she said.

How quickly the day had passed by! It was already time to do the evening chores. Grandma was trying to teach the brown and white calf to drink milk from a pail. Grandpa was busy

in the barn, so she called the children to come and help her.

The calf was kept in a lot near the orchard. "I want you to drive him to the corner of the fence for me," said Grandma. "Then I will try to coax him to drink the milk."

But the little creature was not so easy to manage. As soon as they had driven him into the corner, he would back away; and off he would go again across the lot.

After this had happened several times, Don said, "Just wait, Grandma; when we get him into the corner again, I will hold him there."

So the next time, he grabbed the calf about the neck and jumped on his back. Instantly the calf turned and galloped across the lot. When he reached the farther side, he turned again, and Don rolled off on the soft grass.

Just then, Grandpa came to the rescue. He drove the calf to the corner and held him there, while Grandma coaxed him to drink from the pail.

"We must go to bed early tonight," said Grandpa as they started for the house. "We want to reach the river by the time the sun comes up."

"But you'll tell us a story first, won't you, Grandma?" asked Don.

"Yes," said Grandma, as she sank into a comfortable old rocking chair in the kitchen.

"About another bee?" asked Joyce. "Which one?"

"Bee Truthful," answered Grandpa. "Boys and girls who will not listen to him often come to grief—as the boy did that I shall tell you about."

"Little Milton lived on a farm. His father had a number of mules, which he used in plowing his fields. Two of the young mules were very ill-tempered. Milton's father was careful to keep the little pigs and calves out of their way,

for fear the mules would paw them to death.

"When Milton was almost nine, a little baby brother came into his home. His name was Marion. Milton loved the baby dearly, and never grew tired of playing with him.

"Their father built a fence around the yard. They were careful to keep the gates of the fence closed, so little Marion could not wander away—especially after the two ill-tempered mules were put out to pasture in the lot just behind the house.

"Late one afternoon, Milton was helping his father in the back lot. Daddy had to go and do something else, so he left the boy to finish the job.

" 'As soon as you have finished,' said Daddy, 'you may go to the house. But be sure to latch the back yard gate.'

"Daddy did not get home until after dark. 'Milton,' he said, while they were eating supper, 'did you latch the gate when you came in this afternoon?'

"Milton knew he had forgotten, but he thought to himself, 'If I tell the truth, I shall have to go out and latch the gate now, and I'm afraid of the dark.'

" 'Aloud, he said, 'Yes, Daddy, I did.'

" 'Are you *sure*?' asked Daddy.

" 'Yes,' said Milton again.

"The little boy suddenly heard a bee buzzing in his ears—"Tell the truth, Milton, tell the truth!" But he said to himself, 'It won't matter if the gate stands open all night; I will latch it the first thing in the morning.' And so he soon forgot all about it.

"The next morning, right after breakfast, Milton's mother sent him on an errand. Marion was still asleep.

" 'Where's Marion?' asked Milton when he came back.

" 'He woke up a little while ago,' said Mother. 'After I gave him his breakfast, I let him go out in the yard to play—it's such a bright morning.'

"Instantly Milton thought of the gate, and he went to look for Marion.

"A moment later he heard his father cry out in alarm. Looking toward the pasture where the two young mules were kept, he saw little Marion just inside the fence.

"Daddy ran toward the baby as fast as he could, but he was just too late. One of the mules kicked Marion, and he fell over in a little heap.

"Daddy picked up the limp little body and carried it to the house. The baby lay so still that at first they thought he was dead.

"Milton was terribly frightened, and he cried almost all day; he knew this dreadful thing had happened because he did not latch the back yard gate—and because he told Daddy a lie about it.

"Poor little Marion! His spine had been injured, and it was many, many months before he could sit up.

"It was a long time before Mother and Daddy found out how the baby came to be in the pasture with the mules. But one day, Milton told Daddy the whole sad story.

"I'm very sorry," said Daddy kindly, when he had finished. "I wish you had told me the truth. I wouldn't have sent you out alone in the dark, son. I would have gone out and latched the gate myself."

"It was almost more than Milton could bear, to have his father talk to him so sadly and yet so kindly. The sting of the bee went deeper and deeper, as he watched his pale-faced little brother day after day. Always after that, he was careful to listen to the buzzing of little Bee Truthful."

Two very sober children said good-night to Grandma just as the clock struck half-past eight.

—Effie M. Williams
(story to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you ever tell others about Jesus and what He has done for you? Philip did. One day Jesus called Philip to follow Him. Philip was happy to do so, but he wanted others to know about Jesus. Philip went to Nathanael and said, "We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Philip had a simple, but firm faith in Jesus.

There were times that Philip did not understand everything that Jesus said. Once Jesus was talking to His disciples about God. He said, "If you have known me you should have known my Father. You do know him, and have seen him." Philip said, "Lord, show us the Father, and we shall be satisfied." Jesus answered, "Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father in me?"

Sometimes we are like Philip and do not understand. God wants us to ask Him our questions. He can answer us through the Bible or through His Spirit. Sometimes a minister or another gospel worker can help us to find answers to our questions.

There was a court officer one time who was sitting in his chariot reading the book of Isaiah. Philip went to him and asked, "Do you understand what you read?" The man replied, "How can I except someone explain it to me?" Philip began to explain the Scriptures to him. That is the reason that God has ministers and missionaries today—to explain Scriptures to others and help to guide them in the way of truth.

Let us be like Philip and try to lead others to Christ. —Aunt Sandra

—o—
Lesson 6, May 9, 1982

THE MISSIONARY PHILIP

John 1:43 The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth

Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me.
44 Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter.

45 Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.

John 12:20 And there were certain Greeks among them, that came up to worship at the feast:

21 The same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus.

22 Philip cometh and telleth Andrew: and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus.

Acts 8:26 And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert.

27 And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship,

28 Was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet.

29 Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

30 And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readeest?

31 And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.

35 Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

36 And as they went on their way,

they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

37 And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

39 And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.

Mem. Verse: The day following Jesus . . . findeth Philip and saith unto him, Follow me. John 1:43.

Definitions:

Eunuch: an officer of the court

Esaias: Isaiah

Questions:

1. From what city was Philip?
2. Who did Philip first tell about Jesus?
3. What did the Greeks tell Philip? Did he tell Jesus they wanted to see Him?
4. What did an angel tell Philip to do? Did Philip obey?
5. Who did Philip see?
6. What was the Ethiopian eunuch doing?
7. Did the man understand what he read? Did he want Philip to explain it to him?
8. After Philip had explained the Scriptures, what did the eunuch want Philip to do?
9. What did Philip ask the eunuch before he would baptize the man? Did the eunuch believe with all his heart?
10. What happened to Philip after he came up out of the water?

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Part 7

May 16

Bee Kind

(continued from last week)

"Don," said Grandma, shaking the little sleeper, "it's time to wake up!"

Don turned over, rubbed his eyes, and with a deep sigh settled back to sleep.

"Here, here!" cried Grandma, shaking him again, "do you want us to leave you at home all alone? We're going fishing today!"

Instantly Don was wide awake. He bounced out of bed and began to dress as quickly as he could. In five minutes, he was in the kitchen; but Joyce was there ahead of him, helping Grandma pack the lunch basket.

Don was so excited that Grandma could coax him to eat only a few bites of breakfast. He was the first one in the car, ready to start for the river. "This is always a good place to fish," Grandpa said. They stopped under a tree whose great, spreading branches leaned far out over the water. Soon they were untying the fishing poles and baiting their hooks.

"I'll give a nickel to the one who catches the first fish," said Grandpa.

Suddenly Don's cork began to bob up and down in the water. Joyce felt a strong pull on her line, too. Almost at the

same instant each of them lifted a fish from the water. Grandpa took a little perch from Don's hook, and a catfish from Joyce's, and with his big, hearty laugh he gave them each a nickel.

The hours passed so quickly that before the children knew it, it was time for lunch. But when Grandma spread out the chicken, sandwiches, cookies, and lemonade in the shade of the big tree, they found that they were as hungry as bears.

After lunch, Grandma lay down in the shade and tried to take a nap, while the others went back to their fishing. But the fish did not bite so well as they had done in the morning.

They had already caught a large number of fish, so they decided to go home early. Grandpa had been stringing the fish one by one as they had caught them, and had let the line hang down in the water. Now, when he lifted it out, the children were delighted to see how many fish they had caught.

"That is a longer string of fish than Daddy has in the picture!" cried Don.

"We cannot use so many fish ourselves," said Grandpa. "We shall have to share with the neighbors."

When they reached home, Don help-

ed Grandpa to clean the fish. Grandpa skinned the catfish, and Don scraped the scales from the perch. When they had finished, Don had fish scales all over him—even in his hair.

But this trouble was all forgotten at supper time, when Grandma set a large platter of fish on the table. Grandpa said it tasted better than the fried chicken.

In the evening, the children came to Grandma for their usual story. They sat down on the porch, with the soft summer dusk gathering about them.

"I shall tell you a story tonight," began Grandma, "about a bee that every child should listen to and obey. Its name is Bee Kind.

"James and Richard lived near each other, and they were playmates. One day they were flying their kites in a vacant lot, when they saw a dirty little puppy. Richard began to stamp his feet and try to scare it; but as he could not chase it away, he threw stones at the poor little thing.

"A stone struck the puppy on his head, and hurt him very badly, for he began to turn round and round, whining and howling pitifully. Richard laughed, as he thought it a great joke.

"Shame on you!" cried James, "for treating a poor little puppy like that!"

"You're a sissy," said Richard, "or you wouldn't care."

"You may call me what you please," said James, "but I shall never hurt a poor little dog that can't help himself. Maybe he's lost."

"With that, he lifted the little creature in his arms and carried him home. The puppy's head was bleeding where the stone which Richard threw had struck him. James washed the blood away and gave the little dog something to eat, talking to him kindly and petting him all the while.

"When his father came home that eve-

ning, he told James that the little puppy showed marks of being a very good dog, and that if the owner never came, he might keep him for his own.

"James was delighted. He named the dog Rex, and at once began to teach him to do all sorts of tricks. Rex learned to walk on his hind feet, sit up straight and beg for something to eat, play 'dead dog,' roll over and over, chase his tail, and run through a hoop.

"In a few months, Rex had grown to be quite a large dog. By this time, James had taught him to swim. When the boy would throw a stick into the water and say, 'Go get it, Rex,' the dog would bring it back in his mouth.

"All the boys in the neighborhood liked Rex, and he liked them all—except Richard. Whenever he came around, the dog would growl and show his teeth.

"Two years later, one warm Saturday afternoon in April, James called Rex and started for the pond. Oftentimes fishing parties visited this pond, so a number of small boats were tied among the willows fringing the shore. On this particular afternoon, Richard and his little brother Harry had also gone to the pond, and Richard untied one of the boats to take a ride. Of course he had no right to use a boat that did not belong to him, but he thought that no one would ever know.

"Just as James came around a clump of willows, he saw the little boat tip over. Richard and Harry fell in at the deepest place in the pond. James knew they could not swim, so he began to call for help as loudly as he could. Rex ran back and forth whining, looking first at James, then at the boys in the water. Suddenly a happy thought struck James. Pointing to the two boys, he said, 'Go get them, Rex!' Immediately the dog jumped into the water and began to swim toward the boys. He soon had Harry's collar between his teeth, and was swimming back to shore.

"James helped Harry to his feet; and then, pointing to Richard, he said, 'Go get the other one!'"

"Richard had gone down the second time when Rex reached him, but as he came up to the surface of the water, the dog caught him and began to swim back. It was a hard task, as Richard was heavier than Harry, but at last Rex brought him safely to shore.

" 'Who got me out of the water?' he asked, as soon as he could speak?"

"Tears rolled down Richard's face as he said brokenly, 'Just think! I almost killed him when he was a little puppy! I know one thing—I'll never do such a thing again.'

"Everybody petted and praised Rex for what he had done. Richard's father bought a beautiful new collar for him. Although Rex had saved Richard's life, he never would have anything to do with him afterward. He could not forget how cruelly the boy had treated him in his puppyhood."

"Daddy promised to get a puppy for me soon," said Don. "I shall name him Rex, after the good dog in the story."

"And I'm quite sure," said Grandma, "that you'll always be as kind to him as James was to Rex. But I know a little man that will be asleep in about five minutes. Hustle him off to bed, Grandpa, or you'll have to carry him upstairs."

—Effie M. Williams

(story to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

In our lesson today we are studying about the two disciples Nathanael and Levi. In some books of the Bible Nathanael is called Bartholomew, which means "son of Tolmai." Levi's other name was Matthew. Let's remember that most of us have three names. Some people call us by our first name, some by our middle name, and some may call us simply by our last name. There are

others who might even call us by a nickname. Sometimes the writers of the Bible did the same thing.

Nathanael, or Bartholomew, was led to Jesus by Philip. When Philip told him that he had found the Messiah and that it was Jesus of Nazareth, Nathanael questioned him, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Perhaps Nathanael thought that anyone as great as the Messiah could not come from a village next to his own rural Cana. Or maybe he recalled that the Scriptures said that the Messiah would come from Bethlehem. At any rate, it seems that Nathanael hesitated accepting Jesus as the Messiah just on Philip's word. However, after a short conversation with Jesus, Nathanael promptly declared his faith in Him. Nathanael was the first to give Jesus the title "Son of God." There is not a lot said in the Bible about Nathanael (Bartholomew). According to history, after the death of Christ, Nathanael preached the gospel in Asia. It is believed that he received much persecution and was flayed (skinned) alive and then crucified.

Matthew (or Levi) was a tax collector. His brother James was also a disciple of Jesus. Matthew is credited with writing the book of Matthew. Soon after Matthew became a follower of Christ, he gave a feast at his house. To the feast he invited Jesus and the other disciples, and some fellow tax collectors and sinners. The scribes and Pharisees, who were religious people, began to talk and condemn. They told Jesus' disciples that it was wrong to eat with sinners. Jesus told them that He came to save sinners because they are the ones who need salvation. There are religious people today who watch closely the actions of Christians, so they can find fault with them. We must follow Jesus and do what His word instructs us to do, even if others speak evil of us. —Aunt Sandra

THE DISCIPLES MATTHEW AND BARTHOLOMEW

John 1:45 Philip findeth Nathanael [Bartholomew], and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.

46 And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.

47 Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!

48 Nathanael saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.

49 Nathanael answered and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.

50 Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these.

51 And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.

Luke 5:27 And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi [Matthew], sitting at the receipt of custom: and he said unto him, Follow me.

28 And he left all, rose up, and followed him.

29 And Levi made him a great feast in his own house: and there was a great company of publicans and of others that sat down with them.

30 But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners?

31 And Jesus answering said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick.

32 I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Mem. Verse: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Lk. 5:32.

Definitions:

Guile: deceit

Publican: tax collector

Questions:

1. Who led Nathanael to Jesus?
2. What question did Nathanael ask Philip? What do you think Nathanael meant?
3. What were the first words Jesus said to Nathanael?
4. How did Jesus say He knew who Nathanael was?
5. Did Nathanael believe Jesus was the Son of God?
6. What did Jesus tell Nathanael he would see?
7. What was Levi's occupation? Did he leave his tax collecting to follow Jesus?
8. What was Levi's other name?
9. What did Levi invite Jesus to? Who else did he invite?
10. What did the scribes and Pharisees say about the feast? Are there people today who try to condemn true Christians?
11. What did Jesus tell the scribes and Pharisees? Does Jesus want us to be concerned about the sinners today?

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April, May, June, 1982

Part 8

May 23

Bee Polite

(continued from last week)

When the children came down to the kitchen in the morning, they found that Grandpa had eaten his breakfast, and had gone out to build a pig pen behind the barn. Don hurried out to help him, and Joyce went to the spring house to do the churning for Grandma.

The little girl plunged the dasher into the thick cream, lifted it, and plunged it again, until her arms ached. At last the dasher began to look clean, and tiny particles of golden butter clung to it and she knew that the butter had "come." Then she took the butter paddle and the bowl and cooled them in the spring, just as she had seen Grandma do. She lifted the butter from the churn with the paddle and began to work it to get the milk out. She had watched Grandma do this many times, and it had looked very easy; but she found it quite another thing, when it came to doing it herself.

After she had worked for some time, she had a solid roll of butter. She salted it, and worked it some more, and then she called Grandma to come and see it.

"I could not have made better butter

myself!" said Grandma. So Joyce had something new to write about in her next letter to Mother.

"What do we hear about tonight?" asked Grandpa. "I believe I like to hear the stories as well as Don does."

"All boys are just alike—big and little," said Grandma with a smile. "My story this time is about Bee Polite."

"Oh," said Don, "I know a little verse about politeness. I learned it at school:

"Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way."

"Then politeness means kindness, doesn't it, Grandma?" asked Joyce.

"Yes—and more than that," replied Grandma. "A polite person is never rude. The story is about two children who were stung by Bee Polite just once—but they never forgot it.

"Daisy and Dan were twins. When they were babies, their mother took them from their home in the East to live in a far Western state. They could not remember their grandmother, who still lived back in the old home town. All they knew about her was what their mother had told them. She often wrote long letters, and sent them lovely presents.

"One day they received a letter from Grandma, saying that she was coming to spend a few weeks with them. They could hardly wait for the Thursday to come when she was to arrive at the station.

"The train was due at six o'clock in the evening, and Mother promised the twins that they might go to meet Grandma. After school she sent them to the store to buy some things for supper, and she gave them ten cents to buy candy.

"Now there were some children living in the neighborhood who were very rude. For this reason the twins were never allowed to play with them. But today, on their way to the store, they met these children, and all went on together.

"They crossed a vacant lot, where there was a pile of crushed rock. Near the rock pile they met an elderly woman carrying a small satchel. She spoke kindly to them; but one of the boys answered her rudely, and stuck out his tongue at her. The lady turned to him and said, 'My boy, you need someone to teach you how to be a gentleman.'

" 'Oh, do I?' said the boy roughly. And picking up a stone from the rock pile, he threw it at her. Another lad did the same, and still another.

"Now the twins had been taught to be polite—especially to old people. Just now little Bee Polite began to buzz about them. But when children are in bad company, it is always hard for them to hear the small voice of conscience. For a moment they stood and watched the boys throw rocks at the old lady; and then they began to throw them, too.

"No matter how hard she tried, Daisy could not throw a stone straight. But Dan had a better aim, and he threw a rock which struck the old lady's hand.

"When the twins reached the store, there were several customers ahead of

them, so they had to wait their turn. It was nearing supper time as the children came out of the store with their bundles. The rude boys had waited outside for them all that time, and the twins gave them some of their candy.

"When Daisy and Dan reached home, they were much surprised to find a visitor there. It was the old lady whom they had treated so unkindly. Mother was crying, as she bathed the hand that had been hurt by Dan's rock.

" 'Children,' she said, 'this is your dear grandmother who has come to see you. She came on an earlier train than she expected; she inquired the way and walked out from the station alone. Some rude children treated her very unkindly on the way. You will have to be very good to her, to make up for it.'

" 'Well, well,' said Grandma kindly, 'is this Daisy and Dan? I should never have taken them to be my grandchildren.'

"The twins expected her to add, 'So you are the naughty children who threw stones at me.' But she did not say it, and Daisy and Dan hurried out of the room as quickly as they could.

"So the good times the children expected to have with their grandma were spoiled in the very beginning. After that, whenever they went into the room where she was, they felt very uncomfortable.

" 'I don't understand why the twins act so strangely,' said Mother one day, as she and Grandma sat mending together. 'I am really ashamed of them. They had planned to do so many things to make you happy during your visit. But they seem to keep away from you all they can.'

"Daisy, who was passing outside just under the window, heard every word distinctly. Her heart pounded like a

hammer. She held her breath, to hear what Grandma would say.

"Grandma went on mending, without saying a word. 'Dear Grandma! She won't tell on us for throwing stones at her,' said Daisy to herself. 'Then I'll tell, that's what I'll do!' she added with a sob.

"An instant later, Mother was surprised to see the little girl dash into the room with tears running down her cheeks. She threw herself down by the chair and laid her head in her mother's lap. She was crying so hard that for a moment she could not speak.

" 'There, there little girl,' said Mother, 'what has happened? Tell Mother all about it.'

"Then Daisy told the whole story. When she had finished, she threw her arms around Grandma.

" 'I'm so sorry, dear Grandma!' she cried.

"Just then Grandma looked up and saw Dan standing there. He had come in so softly that no one had noticed.

"Grandma held out her hands to him, and he burst into tears. 'It was my fault, lots more than Daisy's,' he sobbed.

"Grandma talked to the twins for a long time, then, in her own quiet way. She told them that children who were in bad company were almost sure to do wrong themselves, and that polite boys and girls usually grew up to be the best men and women.

" 'I know that such a thing will never happen again,' she said, kissing them both; 'so now it is all forgiven and forgotten.'

Joyce winked the tears out of her eyes, as she threw her arms around her grandma's neck. "I could never treat you like that, dear Grandma!" she cried.

"Neither could I," said Don soberly,

kissing her good-night.

—Effie B. Williams

(story to be continued)

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Dear Boys and Girls,

One day Andrew and his friend were walking along with John the Baptist. These men were disciples of John and believed the things that John taught the people. John lifted up his eyes and saw Jesus walking along. He said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Andrew and his friend decided to follow Jesus. As they were following Jesus, He turned around. "What do you want?" Jesus asked Andrew and his friend. "Master, where do you live?" "Come and see," Jesus told them.

After Andrew had met Jesus he was eager to lead others to Him. He hurried to find his brother Peter. "Peter," he said, "Come with me for I have found the Messiah." Andrew took Peter to Jesus.

There were other times mentioned that Andrew led others to Jesus. Once some Greeks wanted to see Jesus, so they asked Philip about taking them to Him. It is not stated why that Philip did not take them to Christ himself, but instead he told Andrew about their request. Together Andrew and Philip took the men to Christ. Andrew seemed to have no fear or reserve about talking with Jesus.

Another time Jesus and His disciples were out in the desert among a large crowd. The crowd had been following Jesus for several days. He knew they were weak from hunger. He asked His disciples what they thought was best to do. Andrew was the one who spoke up. "There's a boy here with five barley loaves and two small fish: but what is that among so many people?" Andrew knew it was not enough to begin to feed the people, but somehow he felt impressed to tell Jesus about it. Of course,

we know that Jesus did use the boy's lunch to feed the multitude.

Andrew did not seem to draw back from talking to Jesus. He seems to have felt like **speaking just** what was on his mind. Jesus **wants us** to be like Andrew. We should not be afraid to tell Jesus any of our problems or thoughts. There is no problem too simple for Jesus to be concerned with. We should also be like Andrew in telling others about Jesus. The Bible does not say that Andrew preached to big crowds, but he personally led several to Jesus, one of whom was his brother Peter, who grew to be a mighty man of God. We may not preach to big crowds, but we, too, can lead one here and there to Jesus.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 8, May 23, 1982

THE DISCIPLE ANDREW

John 1:35 Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples;

36 And looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!

37 And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.

38 Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi (which is to say, **being** interpreted, Master,) where dwellest thou?

39 He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour.

40 One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.

41 He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have

found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.

Matt. 4:18 And Jesus walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

19 And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

20 And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.

John 6:5 When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?

6 And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do.

8 One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him,

9 There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?

Mem. Verse: And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. Matt. 4:19

Questions:

1. What was Andrew doing when Jesus called him?
2. Who was Andrew's brother?
3. Who were Andrew and his friend with when they saw Jesus?
4. What did John the Baptist say when he saw Jesus?
5. Did Andrew follow Jesus? What did he ask Jesus?
6. Did Jesus take them to His house?
7. Who did Andrew tell about finding the Messiah?
8. When there was a big crowd to feed, who told Jesus about the little boy's lunch?
9. Do you think Andrew was a good personal worker for Jesus?

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Part 9

May 30

Bee Gentle

(continued from last week)

In the morning, another letter came from Mother. "Daddy and I are getting lonesome for you," she wrote.

"We're having a better time than Mother and Daddy are," laughed Don. "If they had come with us to Grandpa's, they wouldn't have been so lonesome, would they, Joyce?"

"I should say not!" answered Joyce.

When story time came, Grandma, gently rocking back and forth, began: "I shall tell you tonight about a bee that is very necessary to have in the home; and it is also much needed by those who have anything to do with animals. Its name is Bee Gentle. Have you ever noticed how gentle Grandpa is with all his animals?"

"Yes, I have noticed it," said Joyce. "And the horses love him for it, too. Whenever he goes to the pasture, they trot up to him and begin to nose about his pockets."

"He usually carries something in his pockets to give them," said Grandma. "He has raised all his horses from little colts; and he has always treated them kindly. Some men think they must treat

animals roughly, to make them obey; but that is not so.

"Jake and Jenny were a brother and sister who loved each other dearly, but they were quite different in disposition. All the animals about the place were afraid of Jake, for he treated them roughly, and sometimes beat them. But they loved Jennie, because she was gentle with them. The dog would follow her about, and the cat would curl up on her lap and purr itself to sleep. When she went to the pasture, the horses would trot up to her and rub their noses on her shoulder. She often gave them lumps of sugar, or other dainties that horses like. No matter how wild or shy they were with others, Jenny could always catch them easily.

"Of all the horses in her father's pasture, Jenny loved best a beautiful swift-footed mare called Fanny. Sometimes she would ride about the country on Fanny's back. But as gentle as the mare was with Jenny, she was afraid of Jake and would not let him catch her in the pasture.

" 'It would be much better,' Jenny would often say to her brother, 'if you would not treat the animals so roughly. See how easily I can handle Fanny—

just because I am always gentle with her.'

"'Oh,' Jake would answer with a laugh, 'that is all right for a woman, Jenny; but a man, you know, must show his authority.'

"Very early one morning, Jake's father came into his room. 'Jake,' he said, shaking the boy, 'wake up, son! Mother has burned herself very badly. Catch Fanny and go for Brother Gentry as quickly as you can.'

"The hired man was sleeping in the next room, and he heard what Jake's father said. He also got up and dressed, and hurried out to the pasture to help Jake catch the mare.

"The two were gone quite a while. At last they came back to the house, and Jake said, 'I can't catch Fanny, Father. She has jumped the ditch a dozen times. What shall I do?'

"'Try again,' said his father. 'I can't leave Mother long enough to go to the pasture.'

"Just then Jenny came in. 'I will catch Fanny for you, Father,' she said, and hurried out to the pasture.

"'Fanny, O Fanny!' she called; and the beautiful creature turned her head and trotted toward her. But an instant later, to Jenny's surprise, she galloped away across the field. Glancing behind her, Jenny saw Jake and the hired man coming up the lane.

"'She sees you coming,' called Jenny; 'that's why she won't let me catch her. Go back to the house and wait; I'll bring her to you.'

"Jake and the man went back; and Jenny went farther into the pasture, calling, 'Fanny, O Fanny!' Instantly the mare turned and trotted toward her. She came close; and when Jenny gave her a lump of sugar, she rubbed her nose against the little girl's shoulder.

"Quickly she put the bridle on the mare, and led her through the lane to

the barn. Then she harnessed her and hitched her to the buggy, and called to Jake. The boy hurried out, looking rather pale and worried; and as he stepped into the buggy Jenny stroked the mare's neck, saying gently, 'Now go along, dear Fanny, and do your best for Mother.'

"Fanny rubbed her nose against Jenny's shoulder again, as if to say, 'I will, little mistress; you may depend on me.' Then, as Jake lifted the reins, she trotted down the road at a rapid gait.

"Jake found the minister just sitting down to breakfast. When he heard the boy's story, he did not stop to eat. He rode right back with Jake, and in a short time he was at the mother's bedside. She was suffering with much pain. Brother Gentry and the family gathered around the bedside and called out to God to relieve her pain. Very soon the mother was resting comfortably without any pain.

"'I am glad you came,' said their father. 'She has been suffering much. I wish you could have gotten here sooner, but Jake could not catch the horse.'

"When Jake heard that, he went into the kitchen, sank down on a chair, and leaning his head on the table, he sobbed like a child. Jenny found him there a little later.

"She stood there beside him, gently stroking his hair. 'Jake,' she said at last, very softly, 'don't cry any more, because God was very kind to us to spare her life and take away her pain. But she did suffer quite a bit for a while. Don't you think it would pay to be always kind to the animals?'

"Jake nodded; he could not trust himself to speak.

"The sting of little Bee Gentle went very deep. Never again was Jake cruel to animals. He tried hard to make friends with Fanny; but she would have nothing to do with him. She remem-

bered how roughly he had treated her in the past; and being only a horse, she did not understand that he never would do so again."

"How glad Jenny must have been," said Joyce, "that she had treated Fanny kindly! Because Fanny brought the minister."

"And besides," added Grandma softly, "people are always glad when they know they have done right."

(story to be continued)

Let Go Of Sin

It is strange how some will hold on to sin when it is leading them to misery and death.

"The ship *Britannia*, which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large sum of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the lifeboats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks of money, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him. 'What are you doing?' shouted the youth. 'Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?' 'The ship may,' said the man. 'I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich.' His protests were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet; and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves. We count such a sailor a madman, but he has many imitators." How many there are who thus hold on to sin and finally sink into the ocean of eternal despair!

"And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life

consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Luke 12:15.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you sometimes find it hard to believe some of the things people tell you? Perhaps you think, "I'll believe it when I see it." That's just the way that Thomas felt.

A few days after Jesus' crucifixion, His disciples were meeting together, but Thomas was not there. Suddenly Jesus appeared in their midst and they were amazed. Later they told Thomas that Jesus had appeared to them and talked to them. Thomas probably had seen Jesus crucified and later His body placed in the tomb. He probably had seen the soldier pierce Jesus' side with a spear. Thomas *knew* Jesus was dead because he had witnessed it. So when the other disciples told Thomas about seeing Jesus, he just couldn't believe it. "Unless I shall put my finger in the print of the nails in His hands, and thrust my hand into His side where the spear pierced it, I will not believe." This is why Thomas is called the "doubting disciple." He doubted that Jesus had been raised from the dead.

About a week later the disciples were together again. This time Thomas was with them. The doors were shut, but suddenly Jesus appeared. He looked at Thomas and said, "Thomas, reach forth your fingers and feel the nail prints in my hands. Thrust your hand into the spear wound in my side. Don't be faithless but believe." Then Thomas knew it was Jesus.

Sometimes people today doubt there is a real God, or they doubt that He sees and cares about people. They doubt Him because they cannot see Him with their eyes. They doubt Him because they do not hear Him audibly speak. God wants us to have faith—which means to believe in something we don't see. We have

many things to establish our faith in God. One is, the Bible. It has been preserved for hundreds of years. Another thing is, the Spirit of God. We can feel His spirit sometimes in prayer. His Spirit causes us to know what is right. Another thing that increases our faith is the testimony of another—a testimony of how God is helping them. Let us all seek for more faith and cast away all doubts in God.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 9, May 30, 1982

THE DISCIPLE THOMAS

John 14:3 [Jesus said] And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life:

John 20:19 [After the resurrection] Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

24 But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

25 The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

26 And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

27 Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

28 And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

29 Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

Mem. Verse: Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. John 20:29b

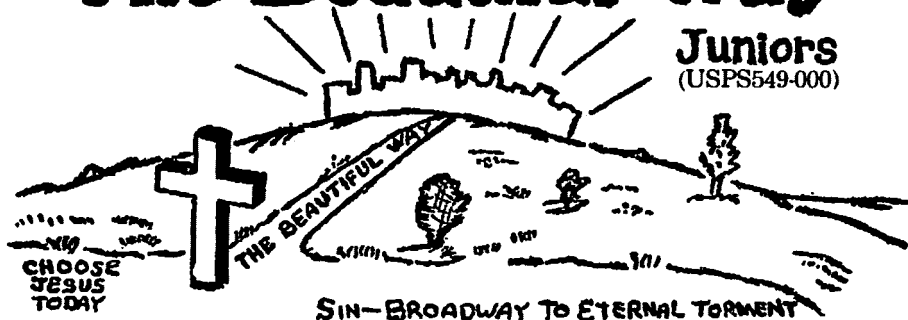
Questions:

1. Where has Jesus gone to prepare a place for us? When He told His disciples this, did they know what He meant?
2. What did Thomas ask Him?
3. What is the way to heaven?
4. After Jesus' death and the disciples were gathered together, who stood in the midst?
5. Which disciple was not among the group that day?
6. What did Thomas say when the other disciples said they had seen Jesus?
7. Did Jesus appear to the disciples again? Was Thomas with them this time?
8. What did Jesus tell Thomas?
9. Did Thomas believe that it was really Jesus?
10. Name some reasons that you believe Jesus still lives.

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
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Vol. 33, No. 2

April, May, June, 1982

Part 10

June 6

Bee Helpful

(continued from last week)

The next evening, Grandpa and Grandma and the children sat on the porch, listening to the chirp of the katydids and the call of the whippoorwills.

"Grandma," said Don, "what kind of bee will you tell us about tonight?"

"Bee Sleepy, and go to bed," said Grandpa, with a wink at Grandma.

The children laughed. "No," said Don, "I don't want to hear about that bee—not yet."

"All right," said Grandma, "we'll have our story first; but we must begin right away, because it is almost bedtime. The bee I am thinking about tonight comes often to us all—especially to little children.

"Once there was a boy named Alfred who was the only child in his home. He was very selfish; and often he was determined to have his own way. But he had his good points, too.

"Alfred lived in the country; and during the Christmas holidays, he visited a friend of his who lived in the city. Then his friend in turn visited him during the summer vacation.

"As soon as his company came, Alfred thought it was quite too much for his mother to ask him to help her. He forgot how very ill she had been, and how frail she still was. Indeed, it was hard for him to think of anything but having a good time with his friend.

"The two boys had planned to spend a certain day at the creek, fishing. Of course they were eager to start as early as they could that morning. After they had gathered together everything that they needed for their trip, they went out to the kitchen and found Alfred's mother packing a lunch for them.

"'Alfred,' she said, 'I wish you would help me a little with the work before you go. I am afraid I shall not be able to do it all alone. Would you mind stopping long enough to wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen for me?'

"Alfred began to pout, but his mother continued, 'I really wish you were not going fishing today. Your father will be away all day; and I would rather not be left alone, for I do not feel as well as usual. But I will not keep you, if you will wash the dishes before you go.'

"'Now, Mother,' said Alfred angrily, 'why do you ask me to do that, when you know I want to get started early? If I

have to wait half the day, I don't care to go at all.'

"Just then the bee began to buzz about Alfred's ears. 'Help your mother! Help your mother!' it said. But Alfred did not pay any attention. 'Let the dishes go,' he cried. 'I don't care whether they are ever washed or not.' And picking up the lunch which his mother had packed so nicely for him, he started toward the creek. He did not even look back to say 'good-by.'

"The boys found fishing very good that day. They caught a fine string of trout, ate their lunch, and in the middle of the afternoon were ready to start for home. Alfred was much pleased with their catch, and on the way home he said over and over, 'Won't Mother be glad we went fishing today, when she sees our string of trout? She is so fond of trout.' But even while he was saying it, he could not forget the tired look on his mother's face, or the hurt look in her eyes when he had refused to wash the dishes for her.

"When the boys reached the house, it seemed strangely quiet. They found the dishes cleared away, and the kitchen neatly swept. Alfred's mother was lying on the couch, and she seemed to be resting very comfortably.

" 'See, Mother,' said Alfred, 'isn't this a nice string of trout?'

"But Mother did not answer. Alfred spoke to her again. Still no answer. He touched her hand then, and found it icy-cold.

"Then the awful truth dawned upon him—his mother was dead! She had died while he was fishing; but she had done the work that she had asked her boy to do.

"All his life, poor Alfred felt the sting of the bee that had buzzed about him on that summer morning. What hurt him most deeply was that he would never again have a chance to help his frail

little mother who had done so much for him."

"I'm so glad," said Joyce, "that I still have my mother, and that I can do things for her when she is tired."

"It's a sad story, Grandma," said little Don, "but I'm glad you told it to us. I'm going to remember it always."

(story to be continued)

The Lost Ball

Nora and Lou lived on a farm out in Texas. They did not have a great many playthings, but they enjoyed playing with a good rubber ball. Balls made of rags tied with string did not bounce very well; besides, they came apart every little while. There is not much fun in tossing a bunch of rags about. So the girls did not often play ball.

Then one day Daddy came back from the far-off town, and what do you think he brought his little girls? A new bouncy ball. My! how it would hop about the floor and around the yard. When the girls threw it back and forth it was so nice and light. When bounced against the barn door it seemed to fly right back to them. They were so thankful for the new ball and never tired of playing with it.

One way they liked to play was to bounce the ball on the hard smooth ground, then as it rose up, hit it with a tap of their hand and thus chase it about the yard. But they had to be careful, for if it once got out of the yard and into the tall grass they might never find it.

One sunny morning they chased the ball down to the wagon yard. Suddenly they both hit it at the same time, then it was gone. At first they looked about carelessly, laughing and telling each other how high it had bounced. But they both could not find it. Now they began in earnest to search. Carefully, they went over the whole yard, under

the wagon, around the wheels, but no ball. Nora even climbed up and looked in the wagon box and in a box that was in the wagon. By this time Lou was ready to cry. She did not want the nice ball to be lost. Nora felt tears coming, but she was the older and ought to be braver. But where had the nice ball gone? How could they find it?

Suddenly she knew what she would do; she would pray and ask God to show her where to look, so she might find it. She went a little way off to herself and then prayed that she might know where to look to find their ball. She came back to her sister and they stood tearfully by the big wagon. All at once she said to her sister, "I'm going to look again in that box in the wagon." She climbed into the wagon and carefully one by one she took out everything in the big deep box. Sure enough, down in one corner was the lost ball.

That little happening often helped Nora in after years to take her problems to the Lord. God says, "Call upon me and I will answer."

—Taken from *True Stories of Children*

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Dear Boys and Girls,

The Bible tells us about many men throughout the ages—some good, some bad. Some of them were noble, godly men, while others were weak cowards. There is one though who seems to stand out as the most tragic and contemptible character in Bible history—that is Judas Iscariot. Every thought we have of Judas is one of weakness and traitorousness.

Judas was wicked long before he betrayed Jesus. About a year before His crucifixion, Jesus told His disciples, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" Judas was not destined for His part in the death of Christ. God does not create anyone without giving him a will and choice of his own.

So it was with Judas Iscariot. Judas made the choice to betray Jesus. God used Judas to carry out what had to be, but had Judas repented before the deed was carried out, God would have used another person that was filled with the devil.

Jesus knew the wickedness of Judas' heart all along, but it seems that the disciples trusted him. They trusted him to handle the money and business matters of the group. They trusted him in his relation to Jesus. When Jesus told the disciples that someone would betray Him, they didn't look suspiciously at Judas and say, "Is it Judas?" Instead, each thought of himself and asked, "Is it I?" This is true of people today. We may have confidence in someone and yet not realize the wickedness of his heart, but God knows. None of our feelings or thoughts are hidden from God.

After Jesus was condemned to death, Judas realized the wickedness of his deed. He went to the chief priests to try to make it right. This was another error that Judas made. Instead of going to his co-conspirators, he should have gone to the One he had wronged—Jesus. Had Judas truly sought forgiveness even at that late moment, Jesus would have forgiven him. Judas died with remorse, but not forgiveness, because he sought it in the wrong place.

Since the terrible betrayal of Jesus Christ, the name Judas has carried with it a tag of being a traitor. Today a goat used to lure sheep to their destruction in a slaughter house is called a "Judas goat."

—Aunt Sandra

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Lesson 10, June 6, 1982 THE BETRAYER, JUDAS ISCARIOT

John 12:3 Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his

feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.

4 Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him,

5 Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?

6 This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.

Matt. 26:14 Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests,

15 And said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

16 And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him.

Matt. 26:47 And while he [Jesus] yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people.

48 Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast.

49 And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master; and kissed him.

50 And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.

Matt. 27:3 Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he [Jesus] was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders,

4 Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that.

5 And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself.

6 And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said, It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.

7 And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in.

8 Wherefore that field was called, The field of blood, unto this day.

Mem. Verse: Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil? John 6:70b

Definitions:

Spikenard: perfume from spikenard plant

Covenanted: made an agreement

Questions:

1. What did Mary pour on Jesus' feet?
2. What did Judas Iscariot say should have been done with the ointment? Did he really care for the poor?
3. To whom did Judas betray Jesus? How much money was he given for the betrayal?
4. Who went with Judas to take Jesus?
5. With what sign did Judas betray Jesus?
6. Was Judas sorry he had betrayed Jesus? Why do you think Judas betrayed Him in the first place?
7. Did Judas return the thirty pieces of silver?
8. Why did the chief priests not put the money back into the treasury? What did they do with it?
9. What did Judas do to himself?
10. Do you think that from the beginning Jesus knew who would betray Him?

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April, May, June, 1982

Part 11

June 13

Bee Grateful

(continued from last week)

Another morning came to the farm—another day for the children to roam about the fields and enjoy themselves in God's big, free out-of-doors. How much more pleasant than having to play in their own yard in the city, these hot summer days!

That evening, as twilight settled down, Grandpa and Grandma and the children sat on the porch and listened to the lonely call of a whippoorwill from the neighboring woods.

At last Grandpa said, "I guess it's about time to turn in for tonight."

"Oh, no," said Don—"not till Grandma tells us our story."

"All right," said Grandma; "I shall tell you this time about a little bee called Bee Grateful. It has a very sharp sting, as you will see.

"Far away, under sunny Italian skies, there is an old, old town by the name of Atri. It is built on the side of a steep hill.

"A very long time ago, the king of Atri bought a great golden-toned bell and hung it in the tower at the market-place. Fastened to the bell, there was a long rope that reached almost to the ground.

" 'We shall call it the bell of justice,' said the king.

"He proclaimed a great holiday in Atri, and invited everyone to come to the market-place and see the bell. It shone like gold in the bright sunlight. When the king came riding down the street, the people whispered to one another, 'Perhaps he will ring the bell.'

"But he did not. Instead, he stopped at the foot of the tower and raised his hand. All the whispering and talking stopped; for the people knew that the king was about to speak.

" 'My good people,' he said, 'this bell belongs to you. No one must ever pull the rope unless he is in trouble. But if any one of you—man, woman, or child—is ever treated unjustly, you may come to the market-place and ring the bell. The judges will come together and listen to your story; and the one who has done wrong will be punished, whoever he may be. That is why this is called the bell of justice.'

"Year after year passed by, and the great bell still hung in the tower. Many people who were in trouble had rung the bell; and in every case, the judges had been perfectly fair, and had punished the one who had done wrong.

"The rope had hung there so long in the sun and rain, and had been pulled by so many hands, that it was almost worn out. Some of the strands were untwisted; and it had grown shorter and shorter, until only the tallest man or woman could reach it.

" 'We must have a new rope,' said the judges at last. 'If a little child should be wronged, he could not reach high enough to ring the bell. That would never do.'

"At once the people of Atri set about to look for a new rope; but there was none to be found in all the town of Atri. They would have to send someone to a country across the mountains to get the rope. But that would take quite a while; and what should they do, while they were waiting?

"One man thought of a plan. He ran to his vineyard and came back with a grapevine. Then he tied the vine to the rope.

" 'There!' he said, 'the smallest child will be able to reach it now, and ring the bell'; for the vine, with its leaves and little tendrils, trailed on the ground.

"The judges were pleased. 'Yes,' they said, 'that will do very well, until we can get a new rope from the country beyond the mountains.'

"Near the village of Atri, higher up on the hillside, there lived an old soldier. When he was a young man, he had traveled in far-distant countries, and had fought in many wars. And he was so brave that his king had made him a knight.

"He had had one true and faithful friend all through those hard and dangerous years. It was his horse. Many a time the brave steed had saved his master's life.

"But now that the knight was an old man, he no longer wished to do brave deeds. He cared now for only one

thing—gold, *gold, gold*. He was a miser.

"One day, as he passed his barn, he looked in and saw his faithful horse standing in his stall. The poor creature looked almost starved.

" 'Why should I keep that lazy beast any longer?' said the miser to himself. 'His food costs more money than he is worth. I know what I will do. I will turn him out on the hillside, and let him find his own food. If he starves to death—why, he will be out of the way!'

"So the brave old horse was turned out to graze as best he could on the rocky hillside. He was sick and lame, and he grew thinner every day; for all he could find was a tiny patch of grass or a thistle now and then. The village dogs barked at him and bit at his heels; and naughty boys threw stones at him.

"One hot afternoon, the old horse limped into the market-place of Atri. No one was about the streets; for the people were trying to keep as cool as they could in the shelter of their homes. As the horse went picking about trying to find a few blades of grass, suddenly he discovered the long grapevine trailing on the ground at the foot of the tower. The leaves were still green and tender, for it had been placed there only a short time before.

"The horse did not know that the bell would ring if he pulled the vine. He only knew that here was a juicy bit of dinner for him, and he was hungry.

"He nibbled at the end of the vine; and suddenly, far up in the belfry, the huge bell began to swing back and forth. From its great throat, golden music floated down over the town of Atri. It seemed to be saying:

" 'Some — one — has — done —
me — wrong!
Ding — dong — ding — dong!'

"The judges put on their robes, and hurried out of their cool homes into the

hot streets of the village. Who was in trouble, they wondered?

"When they reached the market-place, no one was there; but they saw the starving old horse, nibbling at the tender grapevine.

" 'Ho, ho!' cried one, 'it is the miser's brave old steed. He rings the bell to plead for justice.'

" 'And justice he shall have!' cried another.

" 'See how thin he is,' said a lad with a kind heart.

"By this time, many people had gathered in the market-place. When they saw the old horse, a murmur of astonishment swept through the crowd.

" 'The miser's steed!' cried one to another. 'He has waited long; but he shall have justice today.'

" 'I have seen the old horse wandering on the hillside day after day, in search of food,' said an old man.

" 'And while the noble steed has no shelter,' said his neighbor, 'his master sits at home, counting his gold.'

" 'Bring his master to us!' cried the judges sternly.

"And so they brought him. In silence he waited to hear what the judges would say.

" 'This brave steed of yours,' they said, 'has served you faithfully for many a long year. He has saved your life in times of danger. He has helped you to hoard your bags of gold. Therefore, hear your sentence, O Miser! Half of your gold shall be taken from you, and used to buy food and shelter for your faithful horse.'

"The miser hung his head. It made him sad to lose his gold; but the people laughed and shouted, as the old horse was led away to a comfortable stall and a dinner fit for the steed of a king."

"Hooray!" cried Don. "Good for the brave old horse! Grandpa, I'm so glad you aren't a miser!"

"Bedtime!" announced Grandma, as she led the way into the house. "Good-night, children—and happy dreams to you!"

—Effie Williams

(story to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

The disciple we know the most about is Simon Peter. It seems that he was the spokesman for the group of disciples. He was quick spoken and quick acting.

When Jesus came walking on the water to His disciples, their first reaction was fear. He tried to calm them by saying, "Be not afraid, 'tis I." Immediately Peter said, "If it really is thee, Lord, bid me come to thee on water." He stepped out in great faith, and began to walk on the water. But looking about him, his faith sank, and so did his body. This was typical of Peter—one moment full of faith and going forth boldly, the next his faith gone and shrinking back.

On the night Jesus was killed, Peter showed his forceful personality when the soldiers came to take Jesus. Peter would defend Jesus even against all the soldiers. He drew his sword and cut off a soldier's ear. But Jesus rebuked him. Peter had thought Jesus would not let them take Him, and he would stand by Jesus. Shortly after this, his fearlessness had ebbed away and three times he denied even knowing Jesus. Jesus turned and looked at Peter. Peter's own weakness brought him a desolate feeling and he left the palace and wept bitterly.

We can all associate somewhat with Peter. Sometimes our quick actions bring regret. We tend to act too hastily at times rather than waiting patiently. Although Peter was so weak and cowardly that he denied knowing Jesus when Jesus needed him the most, there was later a transformation in Peter's life. That transformation was brought about by the Holy Spirit coming into his heart. Next week we will study about a changed Peter.

—Aunt Sandra

THE DISCIPLE PETER

Matt. 14:25 And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

28 And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.

29 And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

30 But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

31 And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

Matt. 26:31 Then saith Jesus unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.

33 Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.

34 Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, That this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

John 18:3 Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons.

10a Then Simon Peter having a sword drew it, and smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear.

Matt. 26:69 Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee.

70 But he denied before them all, say-

ing, I know not what thou sayest.

71 And when he was gone out into the porch, another maid saw him, and said unto them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth.

72 And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the man.

73 After a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech betrayeth thee.

74 Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew.

75 And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

Mem. Verse: Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. Matt. 26:34b

Questions:

1. When the disciples were in a boat who came to them walking on water?
2. Which disciple walked on the water to Jesus?
3. Why did Peter begin to sink?
4. Had you been on that boat, would you have tried walking on the water to Jesus?
5. When Jesus said His disciples would be offended, what did Peter say?
6. What did Jesus tell Peter would happen that very night before the cock crew?
7. When the soldiers came to take Jesus, was Peter ready to defend Him? What did he do?
8. How many times did Peter deny knowing Christ? Why did he deny it?
9. What did Peter do after the cock crew?
10. How do people deny Christ today?

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Part 12

June 20

Bee Loving

(continued from last week)

When the children ran down to meet the mailman in the morning, he handed them another letter from Mother. She and Daddy were going home next Friday, she said; and they must be there Saturday, to start school on the following Monday.

"Only three more nights to be here," said Joyce, taking the letter in to Grandma. "I want to go home and see Mother and Daddy, but I wish I could stay on the farm, too."

"And only three more stories about bees," added Don. "We must remember them all, Joyce, so we can tell them to Mother."

"What do you want to do today, children?" asked Grandma.

"After our morning work is done," said Joyce, with her most grown-up air, "we must finish weeding the flower-bed."

"Grandma," called Don a little later, "come and see how nice it looks where we pulled the weeds yesterday."

Grandma stood a moment thoughtfully looking down at the half-weeded bed of flowers.

"Children," she asked suddenly, "If

you wanted a flower this morning, where would you pick it—in the part of the bed that is full of weeds, or in that patch over there that you have weeded so nicely?"

"I would pick my flower where there aren't any weeds," answered Don, wondering why she asked. "I would take that pretty big red one right over there."

"And so would I," declared Joyce, pulling at a stubborn weed.

"But why wouldn't you take this one?" asked Grandma, as she parted the weeds and showed another red beauty.

"Well," answered Don, "I s'pose it's just as pretty, but some way the weeds make it look ugly."

"That's just what I was thinking about," said Grandma. "I have seen children who were like this flower in the weeds. They had beautiful faces; but they let the weeds of disobedience, selfishness, deceit, and pride grow all about them; until you could not see their beauty for the ugly weeds."

"This garden makes me think of two cousins that I knew once. One was obedient, unselfish, and kind to everybody; and although she did not have a beautiful face, she was loved by all who knew her. The other girl had a beautiful

face; but she had such an unlovely disposition that nobody cared for her, and so she was left very much to herself. Her beauty, like this lovely flower, was quite hidden by the ugly weeds growing up all around her.

"These weeds in the flower-bed were very small in the beginning; but they grew and grew, until now they are taller than the flowers. And the weeds in God's child-gardens are small at first, too. To begin with, there springs up the weed of telling a story that is not quite true. If it is not pulled up at once, soon it grows up into a big ugly lie weed. Other weeds—disobedience, selfishness, and unkindness—spring up around it; and soon the beautiful flower is hidden by the tall weeds. And when the Master of the Garden wants a lovely flower-child to do a kind deed for Him, He never thinks of choosing one that is surrounded by weeds."

"What a nice story!" exclaimed Joyce. "But it wasn't about a bee, Grandma." "Yes, it was," said Don—"Don't Bee Weedy."

"But there haven't been any Don't Bees in the stories before," said Joyce. "Besides, I wouldn't call that Don't Bee Weedy; I'd call it Bee Clean."

"That's a good name for it," said Grandma. "I hope you'll always keep your lives clean from the weeds that children so often allow to grow up around them."

"Grandma went back to the house, while the children set to work weeding the rest of the flower-bed. They were very careful not to pull up any of the flowers with the weeds. When they had finished, the flower-bed looked beautiful, cleared as it was of all weeds and grasses.

"I surely don't want ugly weeds to grow in *my* garden, so I shall always listen to Bee Clean," said Joyce softly, as she walked slowly toward the house.

That evening, as they sat on the porch in the quiet twilight, they heard the faint tinkle of a cowbell in the distance. They talked a while, and then they sang some songs together.

"It's story time, isn't it?" said Grandpa by and by. "Who is going to get stung tonight?" he asked, winking at Joyce.

"I hope I don't," she laughed, remembering the time the bee had stung her on the first day of her visit.

"No one shall be stung tonight," said Grandma. "I have a very sweet little bee to tell you about. And because the little girl in my story listened to its buzz, it made honey for her all her life. Its name is Bee Loving; and it can do things that nothing else in the world can do. You know people can sometimes be *loved* into doing things that they could not be persuaded to do in any other way.

"Gene was a very little girl who had been left alone in the world. She had never seen her father; and her mother had died when she was only two and a half. Some kind people had taken care of the little girl when her mother was ill; and when she died, they tried to find her relatives, to ask what should be done with Gene. But they could not find any trace of them.

"When Gene was three, these kind people wanted to go away for a couple of weeks, and they asked a lady to take care of the child while they were gone. The lady was very glad to do this, for she loved little children. And so Gene came to stay in the big mansion where the lady, her husband, and grown-up daughter lived.

"The lady's husband did not like children very well, and it always annoyed him whenever little Gene came near him. She had a sunny disposition and a very sweet smile, and she tried to make friends with the man; but he would not pay any attention to her.

"He always read his paper in the morning before he went to work, and in the evening after he came home. Little Gene would peep up at him under the paper, with her sweetest smile. He would lay the paper down, and walk away; but soon he would come back and pick it up and begin to read again. And in a moment, there little Gene would be, peeping up at him again with her lovely smile.

"One day when Gene had been living in the home about a week, the man was reading his paper and she was peeping under it with her usual smile. Suddenly he laid aside the paper and took her in his arms. He kissed her on her forehead, saying tenderly, 'It doesn't matter how hard a man tries to keep from loving you; you just love your way right into his heart.'

"Gene threw her small arms about his neck, and laid her curly head on his shoulder, saying in her pretty baby way, 'Gene woves oo, big man.'

"That completely won his heart; and when the two weeks had passed and Gene's friends came after her, he did not want to give her up. So he decided to keep her and bring her up as if she had been his own little girl. This also pleased his wife and grown-up daughter very much, for they had loved little Gene from the beginning.

"Gene is grown now, but she still has the same sunny disposition and the same sweet smile, which make her beloved by all who know her. Nothing but love could have won for her the beautiful home she has had all these years.

"I know someone that I love," said Don, throwing his arms round Grandma's neck.

"So do I," said Joyce as she kissed Grandma good-night.

—Effie Williams

(story to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you remember our lesson last week? It was about Peter's denying Christ. He didn't want to deny Him, but Peter was weak and afraid. Today we read about the same Peter, but he was like a different man.

Peter and John were called before the rulers, elders, scribes, and high priests.

These men wanted to know by whose power, or name, the disciples had been preaching and doing miracles. Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost and began to talk to the rulers and elders. He told them about Jesus. When the elders saw Peter's boldness, they were amazed.

The rulers and elders began to talk together. They could not deny that by some power Peter had healed a lame man, but they did not want people to believe in Jesus because they had been the ones to kill Him. They commanded Peter not to preach anymore in Jesus' name. Peter answered them, "Is it right to obey you or God? We cannot but tell of the things we know to be true."

It is hard to believe this is the same man who denied knowing Jesus. He is now not only *not* denying Christ, but is proclaiming Him among the very ones that put Jesus to death. Even when the rulers forbid him to preach in Jesus' name, he boldly says he will obey God rather than man. The difference in Peter is the Holy Spirit. Earlier he loved Jesus as much as he does now, but he was fearful under the hand of opposition. He had no power outside of himself. But while waiting and praying in an upper room, God filled Peter and the other disciples with the Holy Spirit. Today we, too, must have the Holy Spirit if we would be courageous when we are persecuted for Christ's sake. We are like Peter and not strong enough to face persecution with our own power.

Peter continued spreading the gospel

story. It is believed he was finally crucified head-downward on a cross.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 12, June 20, 1982

A CHANGED PETER

Acts 3:1 Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour.

2 And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple;

3 Who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple asked an alms.

4 And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us.

5 And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them.

6 Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.

7 And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ancle bones received strength.

Acts 4:13 Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.

18 And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus.

19 But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.

20 For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.

Acts 5:12 And by the hands of the

apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; (and they were all with one accord in Solomon's porch.

14 And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women.)

15 Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them.

16 There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one.

Mem. Verse: Then Peter . . . said, We ought to obey God rather than men. Acts 5:29.

Questions:

1. Which disciples went into the temple at the hour of prayer?
2. Who was at the gate of the temple and what was he doing there?
3. What did the lame man ask of Peter and John?
4. Did Peter give the man money? What did he do for the man? Do you think the man liked this better than he liked money?
5. Why did the people marvel at Peter's and John's boldness?
6. What were Peter and John commanded not to do?
7. Who did Peter and John say they should obey?
8. Did God give the disciples much power? Does God want His people to have power today?
9. How does one get power from God?
10. Why did people lay the sick in Peter's shadow?

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Part 13

June 27

Bee Content

(continued from last week)

"Listen to the mocking bird!" exclaimed Joyce, early the next morning. "It sounds as if he would burst his throat. Sometimes his song is loud, and then again he whistles softly, like our canary."

As they listened, the bird whistled shrilly, like the cardinal; then he trilled like the canary, and chirped like the sparrow. He gave a call like the hen quail's, and sang a song exactly like the song of the bluebird. Then he twittered like a number of smaller birds, sang the song of the robin, and came back to the whistle of the cardinal.

"Did you ever hear such a wonderful song?" cried Joyce. "I could listen to him all day long."

"I like to hear him sing in the daytime, too," laughed Grandma; "but during the night I don't enjoy it so much. Last spring the mocking birds built their nest in the same tree where that little fellow is singing now; and such music, all night long, during the time when they were nesting! It was beautiful, but it kept me awake many an hour when I should have been sleeping. Mocking birds usually build their nests near

houses, to protect themselves from robbers."

"Robbers! What kind?" exclaimed Don.

"Sometimes larger birds; and sometimes cats, or snakes. You can always tell when a robber is about, by the fuss the old birds make. Last spring I heard a great commotion in that tree, and I went out to see what was the trouble. I looked about for quite a while before I discovered the nest; and all the time, the birds were darting here and there and giving their sharp little cries of distress. When at last I found the nest, I saw a big black snake crawling toward it. I got the garden rake and pulled him loose from the limb; and when he fell to the ground, I killed the cruel thief."

Joyce stepped out into the yard, to get a better look at the little songster as he sat swinging at the top of the old apple tree. Just then he flew across the orchard and down to the creek, alighting among the willows along the bank.

That evening, as they sat on the porch, Joyce said a little sadly, "It will not be long before we shall hear the noisy street cars again, instead of the katydids and the whippoorwills. Only

one night more after this, and we shall be home."

"Yes," added Don—"only two more stories about the bees." He clambered up on to the arm of Grandma's rocking chair, while Joyce sat down at her feet.

"We're ready for our story, Grandma," said Don.

"All right," answered Grandma. "I shall tell you this time about a little bee called Bee Content. Its buzz is often heard among children at play, when things happen that no one can help. Some will not listen to it, and so they complain and make everyone about them miserable.

"Willie was a poor boy who lived on a farm. Although he had to work very hard, helping his father, he always went about whistling or singing. His clothes were old and patched; and he did not have things to play with, as other boys have. But he did not mind being poor, because he had parents who loved him dearly.

"One day when Willie was working in the field, he looked up and saw a great cloud of dust. A team was running away. The horses were hitched to a buggy; and as they came rushing toward him the thought flashed into Willie's mind that he must try his best to stop them. A short distance down the road, there was a bridge. 'If the horses should run into the railing,' he thought, 'they would tear the buggy to pieces, and perhaps hurt themselves.'

"The boy leaped over the fence, and braced himself; and as the horses came near, he grabbed one by the bridle and held on tightly. This was a very brave thing to do; for if he had missed catching hold, he might have been thrown under the horses' hoofs and trampled to death. His weight swinging on the horse's bridle soon stopped the team.

"Soon a man came running along the

highway; and when he learned what Willie had done, he said, 'You are a brave boy. What do I owe you for your trouble?'

"Willie smiled his friendly smile as he answered, 'I did not stop the horses for pay, sir. I thought of the railing on the bridge; and I was afraid the horses would break the buggy, and hurt themselves.'

"Noticing that Willie's clothes were badly worn, the gentleman said, 'Will you not let me give you some money to buy clothes?'

" 'I have a better pair of shoes than these—and a better suit of clothes, for Sundays,' answered Willie. 'And these clothes are all right to work in.'

" 'But you will need some new books for school this fall,' said the gentleman.

" 'I have some books that were given to me,' replied the lad; 'and Mother glued in the loose leaves, so that I can use them very well, thank you.'

" 'Wouldn't you like to have a ball and bat?'

" 'I made a ball from some old wool that Mother gave me,' answered Willie; 'and I whittled out a bat which answers the purpose very well.'

"The gentleman laid his hand on Willie's shoulder, saying kindly, 'My boy, I understand now why you have that smile; for you have learned a secret which few people know—the secret of contentment. I shall have to call you The Contented Boy.' And with that, he drove away.

"A few days later, a large box came to the village, addressed to Willie. The express agent sent word out to the farm, and Willie's father drove in to the village to get it.

"When Willie opened the box, he found a large card lying on top on which were written the words: *To the Contented Boy, From a Grateful Friend and Debtor.* He knew then that the box had

come from the man whose team he had stopped a few days before.

"It contained a new suit of clothes, some shirts, overalls, stockings, a warm cap and mittens, and a new baseball and bat. When he lifted out the over-coat he felt in the pockets and discovered a five-dollar bill.

"How pleased Willie was! As he went back to his work in the field, he whistled more cheerily than ever.

"But that was not all. At Christmas time, a wonderful bicycle came from his new friend. You will believe me when I tell you that he was the happiest boy in the country."

"That's the best story you have told us yet," said Don. "I think Willie was a brave boy."

"And he deserved everything he got," added Grandma; "for he had learned the secret of being content with a very little."

—Effie Williams

The Seed Takes Root

Stanley Thomson was a very selfish boy. He was just about as selfish as any boy could be. In the school room, on the ball diamond, or at any game he played, Stanley could not keep this selfishness from showing itself.

Because of this selfish attitude, all the other children avoided him.

Stanley was a very good student in school. He always could get his lesson assignments with very little effort. But if one of the other students asked him to explain the problem to them or help them with their history, Stanley was never willing to do so.

Because of this selfish attitude, Stanley did not have many friends, either in the classroom, or at play.

Dear Boys and Girls,

We have been studying the lives of the twelve apostles. They were special men chosen to work personally with Jesus

and to carry forth the gospel after His death. The apostles and other believers spent much time together after Jesus' death. The twelve felt they should not spend so much time in serving tables and taking care of material needs. So they chose seven men to take care of these duties. One of the men chosen was Stephen. Stephen was a man of great faith, and through him God worked many miracles. Stephen not only served tables, but he was an eloquent speaker.

Some of the people of the synagogue began to dispute some of the things Stephen said. A number of the people got stirred up, and Stephen was brought before a council. His trial was much the same as Jesus' had been—false witnesses lied to convict him. Amidst all this persecution Stephen had the countenance of an angel.

"Men, brethren, and fathers . . ." Stephen began as he talked to the high priest and elders. He began to tell them of how God had promised to bless Abraham. Stephen gave the Old Testament history and told of the many times the Israelites turned from God. He then said, "Ye resist the Holy Ghost as your fathers did. Which of the prophets did they not persecute?" This angered the crowd of religious men. They began to come upon Stephen in such a rage they bit him. Stephen looked up into heaven. There he saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God. They dragged Stephen outside the city and began to pound him with stones. As the stones were fast beating upon him, Stephen fell to his knees and prayed for his assassins.

We marvel at the love and meekness of Stephen in the heat of persecution. These men were pelting him with rocks, and as the pain shot all through his body, Stephen asked God not to hold them guilty of his death. This is true godly love, and a good example for us to strive to pattern after.

—Aunt Sandra

THE MARTYR STEPHEN

Acts 6:2 Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables.

3 Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business.

5 And the saying pleased the whole multitude: and they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,

9 Then there arose certain of the synagogue, which is called the synagogue of the Libertines, and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians, and of them of Cilicia and of Asia, disputing with Stephen.

10 And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake.

15 And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

Acts 7:51 [Stephen said] Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye.

52 Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers:

54 When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth.

55 But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God,

56 And said, Behold, I see the heav-

ens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.

57 Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord,

58 And cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul.

59 And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

60 And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

Mem. Verse: And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. Acts 6:8.

Definitions:

Gnash: bite by grinding teeth

Questions:

1. Why did the twelve appoint others to serve tables? What were the qualifications for the servers?
2. How many servers were chosen? Who was one chosen?
3. Who disputed with Stephen?
4. In the dispute describe Stephen's face.
5. What did Stephen tell the group?
6. How did the crowd react to Stephen's speech?
7. When Stephen looked up, what did he see?
8. What did the men do when they took Stephen out of the city?
9. What did Stephen say as he was being stoned?
10. Do you think Stephen should have resisted?