

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 33, No. 3

July, August, September, 1982

Part 1

July 4

Bee Prayerful

Another morning came; the morning of the last day Joyce and Don were to spend on the farm. They followed Grandma about the house, eager to do something to help. After the usual work was done, and they had taken turns at the churning, Grandma said she would make cookies to pack in their lunch-basket the next day.

So she gathered together eggs, sugar, flour, milk, butter, baking powder, and spices. Quickly she made the dough and rolled it out on the board. The children stood close to her, watching as she cut out the dough in different shapes.

She made quite an army of cookie men; and after they were baked, she covered them with icing. She made their eyes out of cinnamon drops; also the buttons down their vests.

"Aren't they lovely?" cried Joyce. "Put plenty of them in our lunch basket tomorrow, won't you, Grandma? Then we can take some home to Mother and Daddy."

"Yes," said Grandma, "and there will be enough for your little friends, too."

In the afternoon the children's trunk was brought out, and Grandma helped

them to pack. There were so many things they wanted to take home with them, that this was quite a task. At the last moment, just as Grandma was ready to close the trunk, Don ran and got the kite that Grandpa had made.

"Maybe Daddy will know how to make it fly," he said. But there was no room for it in the trunk, so he had to take it back to the woodshed.

"I can put it away in a safe place," he said. "It will be waiting for us when we come back next summer."

That evening the children did all they could to help Grandpa with the chores. They gathered the eggs, pumped water, filled the wood box, and did many other things.

"You are certainly fine little helpers," said Grandpa when they had finished.

"When you get home," added Grandma with a smile, "you must tell Mother and Daddy that we need you to help us on the farm."

"We will," promised the children with beaming faces.

When they had gathered on the porch for their last evening together, Joyce stole up to Grandma's chair and said softly, "Tonight you must tell us the very best bee story that you know."

"It couldn't be better than the one about Bee Content," said Don.

"I shall tell you about the bee that is perhaps the most important of all," said Grandma thoughtfully. "It does wonderful things for those who listen to its buzz; but those who refuse to listen are sure to be sorry afterward. It is called Bee Prayerful."

The children were eager to hear the story, so Grandma began at once:

"William Sutherland was a boy who lived in the state of Maryland. When he was thirteen years old, he gave his heart to God and became a Christian. After that, he would often steal away alone and spend a few minutes talking to God.

"When he was fourteen, William began to work in the bank as an errand boy. The banker soon found that he was honest, and trusted him with large sums of money. One of his errands was to carry the pay roll to a mill town several miles away. He made his trip every two weeks; and he always set out in the afternoon, and returned the following morning.

"There were no automobiles in those days, and no good roads. William had to ride a pony, leaving the main highway and riding over a trail that had been blazed through the forest.

"As he started out one afternoon, his mother said to him, 'Son, I'm afraid to have you carry so much money over that lonely trail.'

"'Oh, there is no reason to worry, Mother,' replied the lad cheerfully, as he swung into the saddle. 'You know I have always made the trip safely before.'

"'Yes,' replied the good woman, 'but I feel fearful today. I shall be praying for you while you are on your way.'

"William waved to her, as he turned his pony about and started on his journey. He had placed the pay roll in his saddle bags; and as he looked at them he said to himself, 'How glad I am

that my master trusts me with so much money.'

"He whistled and sang, as he rode along; but as he neared the lonely forest trail, a strange feeling of fear came over him. He reined in his pony and sat still for some time, wondering just what he ought to do. Then Bee Prayerful began to buzz about his ears. He had heard its little voice many times before, and he had learned always to listen and obey. He rode on to the spot where he must leave the highway and set out upon the forest trail; and then he slipped from the saddle and knelt down beside the bushes growing there.

"'Dear God,' he said aloud, 'I don't know why, but I feel very much afraid. Take care of me, as I ride through this lonely place. I believe You will because You have written in Your Book, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."'

"And as William knelt there, alone with God, all feeling of fear melted away. He arose, mounted his pony, and rode on with a light heart.

"The mill men knew he was coming, for they could hear his cheerful whistle before his pony came into view. He gave the pay roll to the foreman, spent the night in the little town, and the next forenoon returned safely to his home.

"His mother met him at the door. 'Son,' she said, 'something peculiar happened to me yesterday while you were away. I was very busy, but a little voice seemed to tell me that I ought to stop my work and pray for you. I felt that you were in danger, and that I should ask God to keep you safe. So I laid my work aside, went into my room and knelt down, and stayed there until I was sure that you were quite safe.'

"Then William told her how he had felt just before he reached the lonely forest trail, and how he had knelt down among the bushes and asked God to protect him. After that, they often talked

about this strange happening, and wondered what it could mean.

"William worked in the bank for quite a while, and then he went away to college. After he had graduated, he became a minister. Soon after this, God called away his good mother to her home in Heaven.

(To be continued)

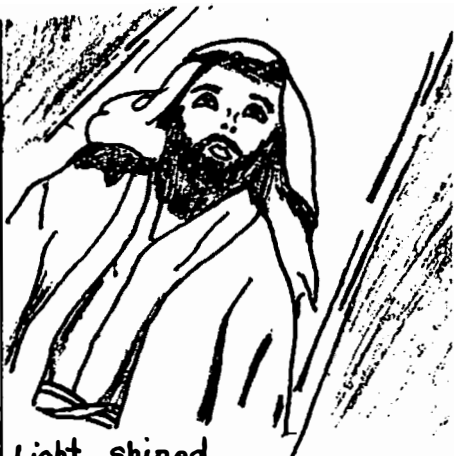
A Choice

Sometimes it is easy to choose, and sometimes it is very hard. I think I would have a hard time choosing between an orange and a banana, for I like them both. One day I offered our little girl the choice between a penny and a dollar. Would that be easy or hard? Oh, I'm sure she chose the dollar, you are thinking. No, she chose the penny. It was a clean shining penny, but the dollar was crumpled and dirty, and didn't look as valuable as that shining penny; so her little hand reached for the penny, and the choice was made. You smile at her foolish choice, but now I must ask you some questions, and we shall see if you have made any foolish choice yourself.

Have you found it hard to choose whether to go fishing or go to Sunday school? Have you found it hard to choose between reading your Bible, or reading some foolishness? Here is the greatest question of all. Have you chosen to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour? or . . . What else can you think of that would be a better choice? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Do put aside everything else that may seem to you to be so very important, and accept now the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour.

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Matt. 16:26.

—Sel.



Light shined
from heaven.

Dear Boys and Girls,

After Christ died and rose from the dead, His disciples traveled many places telling everyone about Jesus. There were many people who believed in Him and turned away from their sins.

There were a number of people who believed in God, but did not believe in Jesus. Some of these people were called Pharisees. One of these Pharisees was a man called Saul. Saul loved God, but he did not believe in Jesus, so he tried to stop the Christians from spreading their beliefs. He had many Christians beat or put in prison, and some were even killed because of him.

Although Saul greatly persecuted the believers, God must have seen an honesty in Saul's heart to please Him. God can see into people's hearts and He knows if they are willingly ignorant or if they have a true desire to do God's will. There are people today who do not understand God's will in many things. Some of these people are like Saul—they are doing what they truly believe to be God's will. God can speak to these people because He knows they will accept the truth as He gives them understanding. There are other people who

seem to be in the same condition, but God sees that in their hearts they had rather be ignorant of God's will, than to really live in the truth. God cannot lead these people to the truth because their hearts are not truly seeking Him.

Let us be careful to keep honest in our hearts. We want God to lead us, and not to forsake us because we do not really want to know His will. This should be our true desire before God: "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Psa. 139:23, 24)

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 1, July 4, 1982

THE CONVERSION OF SAUL

Acts 8:1 And Saul was consenting unto his [Stephen's] death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judaea and Samaria, except the apostles.

2 And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.

3 As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison.

9:1 And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest,

2 And desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem.

3 And as he journeyed, he came near

Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven:

4 And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

5 And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

6 And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.

7 And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man.

8 And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus.

Mem. Verse: Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Isa. 60:1.

Definitions: *Lamentation:* grief.

Questions:

1. Whose death did Saul witness?
2. Was the church (believers in Jesus) being persecuted at this time?
3. How did Saul persecute the church?
4. What did Saul ask of the high priest?
5. Why was Saul going to Damascus? What happened on his way?
6. How did Saul react to the bright light?
7. What did the voice say? Whose voice was it speaking?
8. Where did Jesus tell Saul to go?
9. What happened to Saul's eyesight?
10. Had Saul thought he was doing God's will when he had the Christians put in prison?

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Part 2

July 11

Bee Prayerful

(Continued from last week)

"One day William received a letter stamped with the postmark of a town in a distant state. 'I am very ill,' said the writer, 'and the doctor says I shall never recover. I must see you, as I have something very important to tell you before I am called away to meet my God. Please come to me as quickly as possible.' There was no name written at the end of the letter. It was signed, 'A friend.'

"William turned the letter over and over in his hand. He knew no one in that far-away place, and for a time he was very much puzzled. Then he did as he had been in the habit of doing for many years—he slipped away to spend a few moments alone with God. And a voice in his heart kept saying, 'Go; someone is in need, and your work is to minister to every soul who asks for help.'

"'But whom shall I ask for, when I arrive?' asked William, still perplexed. And the voice answered, 'Only go; God will take care of the rest.'

"Hastily packing a few things in his traveling bag, William boarded a train

and started for the town in the far distant state. Arriving at the end of his journey, he stepped out upon the station platform. He was astonished when a gentleman came up to him and said courteously, 'Is this Bro. Sutherland?'

"'Yes,' replied the minister, 'I am he.'

"'I have been sent to meet you, sir,' said the stranger. 'I have met every train during the past week. Will you come with me?'

"A few minutes later, he led the minister into a darkened room where a sick man lay. As they tiptoed into the room, he looked up eagerly, and his breath came fast. Holding out his hand, he asked in a feeble voice, 'Is this Bro. Sutherland?'

"'It is,' said the minister gently, clasping the thin white hand. 'Where have I met you before, my friend—and what can I do for you now?'

"'You have never met me before,' said the sick man, and his voice sank to a whisper. 'I saw you only once and that was many years ago. But I have kept track of your whereabouts all these years. I have sent for you now, sir, because—I am dying.'

"The sick man sank back upon his pillows and rested a moment; then,

fixing his large eyes on the minister's face once more, he went on:

" 'Mr. Sutherland, one afternoon many years ago you were entrusted with a large sum of money to take to the foreman of a certain mill. In a wild and lonely spot, you slipped from your saddle and knelt down by some bushes and asked God to protect you. Do you remember it?'

" 'Yes, as if it had been yesterday,' said the minister. 'But, my good friend—what do you know about it?'

" 'Far more than you do,' said the sick man sadly. '*I heard that prayer.* I was crouching among the bushes nearby, with my rifle pointed at your heart. I had planned to kill you, take the money, and ride away on your pony. But while you were praying something white seemed to pass between us; I did not know what it was, but I believed that God had sent it to protect you. I sat in those bushes, too weak to pull the trigger, and watched you ride away—perfectly helpless to do any harm to you. But it has haunted me ever since—the thought of what I wanted to do, and what I should have done if God had not answered your prayer. I could not meet God without telling you all this. Can you forgive me?'

"Again William grasped the hand of the dying man, saying in a husky voice, 'My friend, as God has forgiven my sins, I freely forgive you. Ask now for God's forgiveness, and be at peace.'

"The minister stayed with the man for some time, talking and praying with him; until at last the light shone in his dark soul, and God forgave his sins.

"He died soon after that, and William Sutherland was asked to preach his funeral sermon. He chose as his text those words from the book of Proverbs: 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge

him, and he shall direct thy paths.' "

The children sat very still for some time, after Grandma had finished her story. "I think Bee Payerful is the best of all," said Joyce at last. "I shall remember that story as long as I live."

"I hope you will, dear," said Grandma. "No matter where you go—no matter how busy you are—always listen to the gentle buzz of Bee Prayerful."

"We will, Grandma," said the children soberly.

"And now," said Grandma, "it is bedtime for two little folks who will have to be up bright and early in the morning. You know the train leaves at eight o'clock."

"Good-night, katydids and whippoorwills," murmured Don a little drowsily. "We shall come back to hear you sing again next summer."

With that, two tired children crept upstairs and tumbled into bed; and very soon they were in the Land of Dreams.

(To be continued)

Maple Sugar

Benny's mother was going away to shop in a town twelve miles distant. She was to be gone nearly all day, and the children would have to get their own lunch. When she was ready to leave, she said to the children, "Now don't meddle with the maple sugar I have put away in the cupboard. I have left your lunches all ready for you to fix as you like; also I have left you some of the fresh maple sugar to eat at lunch time. Be good, and goodbye."

And then she was gone. It was rather nice to be left all alone—it made you feel big to be trusted to the care of the house and the farm for most of a whole day. Everything went along fine until afternoon. Then all the older children went to play among the maple trees back of the barn; seven-year-old Benny went into the house for a drink. What

was that good smell in the kitchen? The closed room was fragrant with a strangely sweet odor. What was that good smell? He sniffed and sniffed; ha, now he knew. It was the sweet smell of the fresh maple sugar mother had set in the cupboard to dry out. Dear, oh dear, how Benny did wish for a little piece! True he had had some at lunch time; but that was all gone now.

A small voice seemed to whisper to him, "You can get a little slice, no one will ever know, your mother is twelve miles away." Right then Benny should have run outdoors, but he didn't. He listened to that whisper and sniffed the sweet sugar smell.

Soon he decided to get a little piece—no one would ever know. Softly he tiptoed across the floor to the maple sugar box. Yes, he felt so guilty he even looked back to see if his mother was looking at him. And he was ashamed, and a big heavy lump like a rock seemed to be right inside of him. Yet he went on and got the sugar. But it did not taste as good as he thought it would, and he could not get rid of that heavy lump in his chest. It was so heavy he could hardly play any more.

Mother came home in a few hours, and sure enough, while she was getting supper she looked in the box. Then she called the children together and asked, "Which one of you took some of the sugar while I was away?" All the other children looked surprised, and denied taking any. But Benny could not say a word, and his head hung down on his chest, and he could only see the floor. And Mother knew who had taken the sugar.

Benny was sorry for being bad. How good it felt to be forgiven, and he never did forget that mean heavy feeling he had inside him when he disobeyed. The Bible says, "Children, obey your parents." -From *True Stories of Children*



Ananias laid his hands on Saul.

Dear Boys and Girls,

After Saul had been blinded by the light from heaven, but had been spiritually awakened, he went into the city of Damascus. For three days Saul fasted and prayed. During these three days, I'm sure, he was humbling himself before God and seeking God's will.

God appeared in a vision to a Christian man named Ananias. God told Ananias that he was to go to Saul and pray for him that he might receive his sight. At first Ananias could not understand why God would send him to Saul. He knew that Saul had persecuted many Christians, and that even now he had written permission to take some Christians back to Jerusalem as prisoners. But God told Ananias that Saul was His chosen vessel to preach to the Gentiles, or the people who were not Jews.

When Saul began preaching, many of the Christians were afraid of him. No doubt, they thought he might be pretending to be saved only to get among them and then arrest them. Today there are times that other people at first doubt one's sincerity in living for the Lord. It may take a year or two of consistent, holy living for people to give their full confidence to one that he is going to be a stable Christian. It is important for people to have confidence in us if we are to work for God. As a young person, don't ever do things that

would cause others to doubt your love for God. Keep your life straight and clean. God may want to use you as a chosen vessel to spread the gospel to others.

—Aunt Sandra

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Lesson 2, July 11, 1982

ANANIAS SENT TO SAUL

Acts 9:10 And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord.

11 And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth,

12 And hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight.

13 Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem:

14 And here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name.

15 But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel.

16 For I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake.

17 And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

18 And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized.

20 And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God.

21 But all that heard him were amazed, and said; Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?

22 But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ.

Mem. Verse: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. 1 Cor. 1:27a.

Questions:

1. To what man did God appear in a vision?
2. To whom did God send Ananias?
3. Had God also given Saul a vision? What was the vision?
4. How did Ananias first answer God?
5. For what did God say He had chosen Saul for?
6. For what did God say Saul must suffer?
7. Did Ananias obey God?
8. What did God send Ananias to do?
9. What did Saul do after he received his sight?
10. How did the people feel about Saul's preaching?
11. Do people today have to prove their love of God before God can really use them?
12. How do we gain the Christian confidence of others?

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Part 3

July 18

Home Again

The sunlight was streaming in at their bedroom windows, when Joyce and Don awoke the next morning. They dressed quickly, and ran down to watch Grandma pack their lunch for the trip home. At the breakfast table, they talked of all the nice times they had had during the past few weeks; and they promised to persuade Mother and Daddy to come with them to the farm next summer.

When everything was ready, Grandpa lifted the little trunk to his shoulder and carried it out to the car; and soon they were on their way. When they reached the station, Grandpa bought the tickets, checked the little trunk, and gave the children a story book to read on the train. Dear Grandpa and Grandma! They always knew just what to do to make the children happy.

As the train whistled in the distance, Don caught Grandpa's hand and held it tightly. Joyce threw her arms around Grandma and whispered, "Dear Grandma, I love you! And I've had such a happy time!"

The train pulled up, and the conductor called, "All aboard!" After Grandpa had

helped them on the train, and had gone back to the station platform, the children waved and threw kisses through the window. As the train moved away, they pressed their faces to the window and watched Grandpa and Grandma as long as they could. But they soon were left behind. The train moved faster, and the little village passed out of sight. Happy vacation days on the farm had come to an end.

For a few moments the children had to fight to keep back the tears. Then Joyce opened the book that Grandpa had given them, and soon their loneliness was forgotten.

There was a story about a little lame dog that came to a man's house one cold winter night and whined about the door. He let it in, bound up its foot, and gave it some food and a comfortable place to sleep.

The man liked the dog so well that he decided to keep it. One night, when everyone was asleep, the house caught fire; and the dog awakened the man in time to save the whole family from burning to death.

When it was time for lunch, Joyce opened the basket that Grandma had packed for them. They spread out a

napkin on the seat in front of them, and ate their lunch off this "table" in the most grown-up fashion. Grandma had tucked in several surprises; and how good the cookie-men tasted!

In the middle of the afternoon they began to pass through the suburbs of the city, and soon familiar sights came into view. When the train backed into the station, there stood Mother and Daddy waiting for them.

"O Mother," cried Joyce with a bear hug, "I've had a good time, but I'm so glad to see you again!" Don, big boy that he was, had jumped into Daddy's arms. Soon the little trunk had been placed in the car, and they were driving toward home.

"What did you enjoy most of all, during your vacation?" asked Mother.

"Fishing," replied Don quickly—"and catching the big turtle."

Joyce sat quietly, with a far away look in her eyes.

"O Mother," said Joyce, her eyes shining, "I was happy every minute. But what I liked best was to sit out on the porch in the evenings, and listen to the katydids and whippoorwills, and watch the stars come out one by one. Grandma would tell us stories about a Hive of busy Bees. I liked all the stories and I want to always remember them."

"I liked the stories, too," said Don. "I think they will help me to stay out of a lot of trouble."

The End

Workers for Jesus

"Oh, Dot, would you take us swimming?" asked Lisa.

"Please do," echoed Lou Ann as she threw her arms around Dot's neck.

"What? Swimming? Who is going swimming?" asked Dot with a smile.

"We want to go swimming and we

want you to take us," replied Lisa. "Will you please?"

"Well, I'll see if we can work it out," answered Dot.

"Dot, does this pen write with green ink?" asked Bunnie as she pointed to the pen Dot had been using before the girls came in.

"Yes," replied Dot.

"Does it really?" asked Lisa as she picked it up and removed the cap. "Just what we wanted," said the girls as they left the room.

"Girls, bring the pen back," called Dot, "or I will not be able to finish my work and if I don't get finished we can't go swimming." Soon all three girls were back to return the green pen.

"Look," said Lisa as they held up the back of their hands for Dot to see, "We have formed a missionary club." On the back of each girl's hand were the words "Missionary Club" in green ink. "May we have some tracts to hand out?"

"Where are you going to hand out tracts?" asked Dot. "You know it is against the law to put them in mail-boxes, but you could put them in doors or knock on the door and hand them to people."

"No," said Lisa, "we are going to stand on the sidewalk and hand them out like Bro. Titus Enu, the native pastor from Africa, does."

"Yes," said Lou Ann, "we want some tracts to hand out."

"All right, you may each have half a dozen and then more later when those are all gone," Dot consented. Soon each girl had chosen six tracts. "Now girls, don't just pick out any tract but pick out the ones you feel the Lord could use to bless someone. Those are good selections," said Dot as they let her look at what they had chosen.

Off the girls ran, excited about doing some missionary work for the Lord. Ten minutes had hardly passed before the

girls came hurrying in where Dot was still working. "These other girls want some tracts, Dot. They want to join the club, too," said Lisa. "We have already given out two tracts and we all want to give out more."

"Well, now girls, let me see, you say you have already given out some. Who did you give them to?" asked Dot.

"We gave them to two boys who passed on the street," said Lisa. "Can we have more for the new members of our club?"

Dot's approval was soon given and the girls then picked out more tracts, but before they left, Dot said, "Girls, now don't mess up the tracts, as no one will want to take a dirty or wrinkled tract. And if you don't pass them all out today, save them and give them out tomorrow."

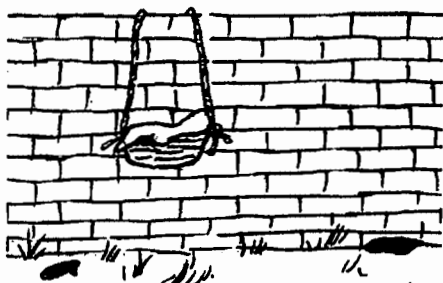
"Come on girls, lets go," said Lisa, as she headed for the door.

"Oh, for more missionaries!" thought Dot as she returned to her work. "We need to get the Gospel to every one we can. What a good way for children to work for Jesus. The Bible says, 'A little child shall lead them,' Isa. 11:6. I do believe that many will be led to Jesus through the efforts and zeal of children. We as children of God need to find every way we can to help others see the way to heaven. Passing out good tracts and books is a good way for people to hear the gospel. Jesus said to 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God' (Mark 10:14). We need to always be as these little children and be full of zeal and be willing to work for the Lord even at home. Some think, 'I'd do some things for Jesus if I could go on a missionary trip across the waters,' but handing out tracts to a passing friend is a good way to be a missionary."

—D. B.

Accept and trust the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ! He will cleanse your heart and make you a lamb. A lamb does not like mud-puddles. Be a lamb of God and hate the mud-puddles of sin.

If you read a promise in the Bible, take it like a check and cash it.



They let him down by
the wall in a basket.

Dear Boys and Girls,

After Saul got saved, he began to tell others of what God had done for him. Many of the Jews did not believe that Jesus was the son of God, so they wanted to stop Saul from preaching in the name of Jesus. Some of the Jews decided to kill Saul; therefore, they set watches at the city gates day and night. When Saul got ready to leave the city, he knew he would be killed if he went through the gates. Some of Jesus' disciples let him down over the city walls in a basket.

When Saul returned to Jerusalem, the disciples did not trust him. He had so persecuted the Christians, that they could not believe he had really become one of them. One man befriended him—that was Barnabas. Barnabas knew how Saul had witnessed at Damascus at peril of his life. Barnabas stood by Saul and gave a good report of him to the other disciples.

It is wonderful to have a friend to stand by us when all is going wrong. It is also wonderful to *be* a friend to one who seems to be downcast and deserted by others. When a new boy or girl comes around your school or church, often he is slighted by the other children. Do you try to include new boys and girls in your conversation and activities? you should. Try to put yourself in their place, and be the friend you know they need. The Bible says, "A man that would have friends must show himself friendly." Will you be a friend to the shy boy or girl?

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 3, July 18, 1982

SAUL ESCAPES FROM ENEMIES

Acts 9:23 And after that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him [Saul]:

24 But their laying await was known of Saul. And they watched the gates day and night to kill him.

25 Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket.

26 And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple.

27 But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus.

28 And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem.

29 And he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians: but they went about to

slay him.

30 When the brethren knew, they brought him down to Caesarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus.

13:1 Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul.

2 As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.

3 And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.

Mem. Verse: He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me. Psal. 18:17a.

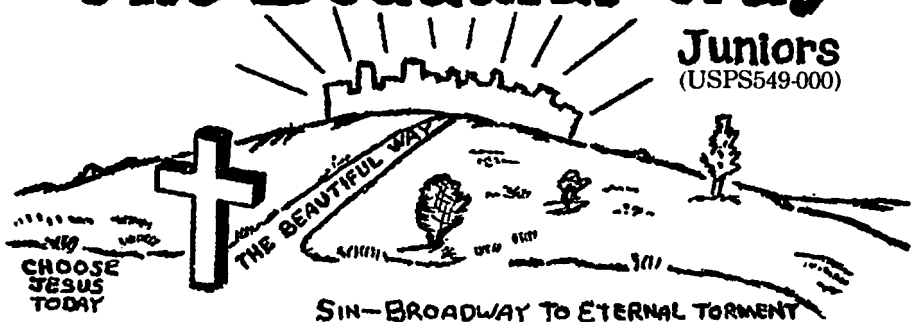
Questions:

1. Who wanted to kill Saul?
2. Did the Jews watch the gates day and night? How then did Saul escape?
3. When Saul reached Jerusalem, did the disciples want to have anything to do with him? Why not?
4. Who befriended Saul? To whom did Barnabas take Saul?
5. What did Barnabas tell the apostles?
6. Was Saul timid in speaking for God?
7. Why was Saul sent to Tarsus?
8. Who said to separate Barnabas and Saul for a special work? Does the Holy Spirit call people today to work for God?
9. What did the prophets and teachers do to Barnabas and Saul before sending them on their way?

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Vol. 33, No. 3

July, August, Sept., 1982

Part 4

July 25

Christie's Old Organ

By Mrs. O. F. Walton

THE OLD ORGAN

"Home, sweet home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home," played the unmusical notes of a barrel-organ in the top room of a lodging house in a dreary back street. The words certainly did not seem to apply to that dismal abode; there were not many there who knew much of the sweets of home.

It was a very dark, uncomfortable place, and as the lodgers in the lower room turned over on their wretched beds, many of which were merely bare wooden benches, it may be that one and another gave a sigh as he thought how far he was from "home, sweet home."

But the organ played on, though the hour was late, and the candle was put out, and the fire was dying away. If you had climbed the crooked staircase, you would have seen an old man sitting alone in his attic, and smiling at his organ as he turned it with a trembling hand.

Old Treffy loved his barrel-organ; it was the one comfort of his life. He was a poor, forlorn old man, without a friend

in the world. Every one that he had ever loved was dead. He had no one to whom he could talk, or to whom he could tell his troubles. Thus he gathered up all the remaining bits and fragments of love in his old heart, faded and withered though they were, and he gave them all to his old organ, which had well-nigh seen as many summers as he had. It was getting very antiquated and old-fashioned now. The red silk in front of it was very soiled and worn, and it could not play any of the new tunes of which the children were so fond. It sometimes struck old Treffy that he and his organ were very much alike—they were getting altogether behind the age; and people looked down on them and pushed past them, as they hurried along the street. Though Old Treffy was very patient, yet he could not help feeling this.

He had felt it very much on the day of which I am writing. It was cold, dismal weather. A cutting east wind had swept round the corners of the streets, and had chilled the old man through and through. His threadbare coat could not keep it out—how could he expect it to do so, when he had worn it so many years he could scarcely count them? His thin, trembling old hands were so benumbed

with cold that he could scarcely feel the handle of the organ, and, as he turned it, he made sundry little shakes and quivers in the tune, which were certainly not intended by the maker of the old barrel-organ.

There was not much variety in the tunes old Treffy could play. There was the "Old Hundredth," and "Poor Mary Ann," and "Rule Britannia"; the only other one was "Home, Sweet Home," but that was old Treffy's favorite. He always played it very slowly, to make it last longer, and on this cold day the shakes and the quivers in it sounded most pathetic. But no one took much notice of old Treffy or his organ. A little crowd of children gathered round him, and asked him for all sorts of new tunes of which he had never even heard the names. They did not seem to care for "Home, Sweet Home," or the "Old Hundredth," and soon moved away. Then an old gentleman put his head out of a window, and in a cross voice told him to go on, and not disturb a quiet neighborhood with his noise. Old Treffy meekly obeyed, and, battling with the rough east wind, he tried another and a more bustling street; but here a policeman warned him to depart, lest he should crowd up the way.

Poor old Treffy was almost fainting, but he must not give up, for he had not a cent in his pocket, and he had come out without breakfast. At length a kind-hearted farmer's wife, who was passing with a basket on her arm, took pity on the trembling old man, and gave him a coin from her pocket.

Thus all day long Treffy played on. Over and over again his four tunes were sounded forth, but that was the only money he received that cold day.

At last, as the daylight was fading, he turned homeward. On his way he parted with his solitary cent for a cake of bread, and slowly and wearily he

dragged himself up the steep stairs to his lonely attic.

Poor old Treffy was in bad spirits this evening. He felt that he and his organ were getting out of date, things of the past. They were growing old together. He could remember the day when it was new. How proud he had been of it! Oh, how he had admired it! The red silk was quite bright, and the tunes were all in fashion. There were not so many organs about then, and people stopped to listen—not children only, but grown men and women—and Treffy had been a proud man in those days. But a generation had grown up since then, and now Treffy felt that he was a poor, lone old man, very far behind the age, and that his organ was getting too old-fashioned for the present day. Thus he felt very cast down and dismal, as he raked together the cinders, and tried to make a little blaze in the small fire he had lighted.

But when he had eaten his cake, and had taken some tea which he had warmed over again, old Treffy felt rather better, and he turned as usual to his old organ to cheer his fainting spirits. For old Treffy knew nothing of a better Comforter.

The landlady of the house had objected at first to old Treffy's organ; she said it disturbed the lodgers; but on Treffy's offering to pay a little per week extra for his little attic, on condition of his being able to play whenever he liked, she made no further opposition.

Thus, till late in the night, he turned away, and his face grew brighter, and his heart lighter, as he listened to his four tunes. It was such good company, he said, and the attic was so lonely at night. There was no one to find fault with the organ there, or to call it old-fashioned. Treffy admired it with all his heart, and felt that at night at least it had justice done to it.

There was one who was listening to the old organ, and admiring it as much as old Treffy, of whom the old man knew nothing. Outside his door crouching down with his ear against a large crack lay a little ragged boy. He had come into the lodging room downstairs to sleep, and had lain down on one of the hard benches, when old Treffy's barrel-organ began to play. He had not listened to it much at first, but when the first notes of "Home, Sweet Home" had been sounded forth, little Christie had raised his head on his elbow, and listened with all his might. It was almost too much for him. It was a memory of the past. A few months ago, little Christie had a mother, and this was the last tune she sang. It brought it all back to him—the bare, desolate room, the wasted form on the bed, the dear, loving hand which had stroked his face so gently, and the sweet voice which had sung that very tune to him. He could hear her, even now:

"Home, sweet home, there's no place like home; there's no place like home."

How sweetly she had sung it!—he remembered it so well. And he remembered what she had said to him just afterward—

"I'm going home, Christie—going home—home, sweet home. I'm going home, Christie."

And those were the last words she had said to him.

Since then, life had been very dreary to little Christopher. Life without a mother, it hardly *was* life to him. He had never been happy since she had died. He had worked very hard, poor little fellow, to earn his bread, for she had told him to do that. But he had often wished he could go to his mother in "Home, Sweet Home." And he wished it more than ever this night, as he heard his mother's tune. He waited very patiently for it, whilst old Treffy was

playing the other three which came first, but at length some one closed the door, and the noise inside the lodging room was so great that he could not distinguish the notes of the longed for tune.

(To be continued)

Have a high ideal; the archer must aim above the target if he hopes to hit the bull's-eye.

Dear Boys and Girls,

From the beginning of creation God had a chosen people with whom He worked and showed forth many mighty miracles. It is only reasonable to expect God to want this chosen people to be the first to have the preaching of Jesus Christ to them. The disciples started out by telling these people, the Jews, about Jesus. The majority of the Jews would not receive the words of Jesus' followers. They rejected Christ as being the Son of God, and sought to put a stop to anyone's preaching in His name.

When Paul (whom we have called Saul until now) and Barnabas preached first in the synagogue it was to the Jews. The Jews didn't really believe what Paul preached, but it seems that the thing that stirred their anger was not *what* Paul preached, but *to whom* he preached. God had given Paul instructions to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. The Jews did not want to follow God's ways, but they were jealous of the plan of God to include anyone but themselves. This attitude of exclusive rights on God is directly contrary to God's plan of salvation. God's plan of salvation is to unite all mankind in the bond of love. Jealousy breeds hatred and ill-will, and separates rather than bring together. When a person really has the love of God in his heart, he wants everyone to come to know God as his Savior.

The Jews thought they had salvation because of their natural birth, but this was not true. Even though they were born into a family whose lineage was nothing but Jewish descent, each person had to accept Jesus personally if he were to receive salvation. The same thing is true today. Even if someone is born to parents and perhaps grandparents that are staunch Christians, and the person has been among the church since birth, he still has to personally believe in Jesus to be saved. Each soul is equal in God's sight. We should appreciate godly parents, but remember that their salvation covers only their own souls.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 4, July 25, 1982

PAUL PREACHES TO THE GENTILES

Acts 13:42 And when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought that these words might be preached to them the next sabbath.

44 And the next sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God.

45 But when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming.

46 Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles.

47 For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light

of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.

48 And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord: and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.

49 And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.

50 But the Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts.

51 But they shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium.

52 And the disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost.

Mem. Verse: Is he the God of the Jews only? is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also. Rom. 3:29.

Questions:

1. To whom did Paul first preach in the synagogue?
2. Did the Jews accept Paul's teaching?
3. What group of people wanted Paul to preach to them?
4. Did very many people come to hear Paul preach?
5. How did the Jews react to Paul's preaching to the Gentiles?
6. What man labored with Paul in the gospel at this time?
7. Were the Gentiles glad to be included in the plan of salvation?
8. Who stirred up the people against Paul and Silas?
9. Who were the Gentiles?
10. To whom does God want the gospel preached today?

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Part 5

Aug. 1

Christie's Old Organ

(Continued from last week)

So Christie crept out quietly in the darkness, and closing the door softly, that no one might notice it, he stole gently upstairs. He knelt down by the door and listened. It was very cold, and the wind swept up the staircase, and made little Christie shiver. Yet still he knelt by the door.

At length the organ stopped. He heard the old man putting it down by the wall, and in a few minutes all was still.

Christie crept downstairs again, and lay down once more on his hard bench, and fell asleep. He dreamt of the mother in the far-off land. He thought he heard her singing, "Home, sweet Home. I'm home now, Christie. I'm home now, and there's no place like home."

CHRISTIE'S IMPORTANT CHARGE

The old, dismal lodging house had a charm for little Christie now. Night after night he returned there, that he might hear his mother's tune. The landlady began to look upon him as one of her regular household. She sometimes gave him a crust of bread, for she noticed his hungry face each night, as he came to the large lodging room to

sleep.

Every night old Treffy played, and Christie crept upstairs to listen.

One night, however, as he was kneeling at the attic door, the music suddenly ceased, and Christie heard a dull, heavy sound, as if something had fallen on the floor. He waited a minute, but all was quite still; so he cautiously lifted the latch and peeped into the room. There was only a dim light in the attic, for the fire was nearly out, and old Treffy had no candle. But the moonlight, streaming in at the window, showed Christie the form of the old man stretched on the floor, and his poor old barrel-organ laid beside him. Christie crept to his side, and took hold of his hand. It was deadly cold, and Christie thought he was dead. He was just going to call the landlady, when the old man moved, and in a trembling voice asked:

"What's the matter? Who's there?"

"It's only me, Master Treffy," said Christie, "it's only me. I was listening to your organ, I was, and I heard you tumble, so I came in. Are you better, Master Treffy?"

The old man raised his head, and looked around. Christie helped him to

get up, and took him to his little straw bed in the corner of the attic.

"Are you better, Master Treffy?" he asked again.

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "It's only the cold, boy. It's very chilly o' nights now, and I'm a poor lone old man. Good-night."

The old man fell asleep, and Christie lay down by his side and slept also.

That was the beginning of a friendship between old Treffy and Christie. They were both alone in the world, both friendless and desolate, and it drew them to each other. Christie was a great comfort to Treffy. He went errands for him, he cleaned the old attic, and he carried the barrel-organ downstairs each morning when Treffy went on his rounds. In return, Treffy gave Christie a corner of the attic to sleep in, and let him sit over his tiny fire whilst he played his dear old organ. Whenever he came to "Home, Sweet Home," Christie thought of his mother, and of what she had said to him before she died.

"Where is 'Home, Sweet Home,' Master Treffy?" he asked one night.

Treffy looked round the wretched little attic, with its damp, weather-stained roof, and its rickety, rotten floor, and felt that he could not call it "Home, Sweet Home."

"It's not here, Christie," he said.

"No," said Christie, thoughtfully; "I expect it's a long way from here, Master Treffy."

"Yes," said the old man; "there must be something better somewhere."

"My mother used to talk about heaven," said Christie, doubtfully. "I wonder if that was the home she meant?"

But old Treffy knew very little of heaven; no one had ever told him of the home above. Yet he thought of Christie's words many times that day, as he dragged himself about wearily, with his

old organ. He was failing very fast, poor old man. His legs were becoming feeble, and he was almost fainting when he reached the attic. The cold wind had chilled him through and through.

Christie was at home before him, and had lit the fire, and boiled the kettle, and put all ready for old Treffy's comfort. He wondered what was the matter with Treffy that night. He was quiet and silent, and he never even asked for his old organ after tea, but went to bed as soon as possible.

The next day he was too weak and feeble to go out, and Christie watched beside him, and got him all he wanted, as tenderly as a woman could have done.

The next day it was the same, and the day after that, till the attic cupboard grew empty, and all poor old Treffy's money was gone.

"What are we to do now, Christie?" he said, pitifully; "I can't go out today, my lad, can I?"

"No," said Christie, "you mustn't think of it, Master Treffy. Let me see, what can we do? Shall I take the organ out?"

Old Treffy did not answer. A great struggle was going on in his mind. Could he let any one but himself touch his dear old organ? It would be hard to see it go out, and have to stay behind—very hard indeed. But Christie was a careful lad; he would rather trust it with him than with any one else; and he had come to his last piece of money. He must not sit still and starve. Yes, the organ must go; but it would be a great trial to him. He would be so lonely in the dark attic when Christie and the organ were both gone. What a long, tedious day it would be to him!

"Yes, Christie, you may take her to-morrow," he said at length; "but you must be *very* careful of her, my lad—very careful."

"All right, Master Treffy," said Christie cheerily; "I'll bring her safe home, you see if I don't."

(To be continued)

God Is Love

"Blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows—that wind is best."

Once a man put on the weather vane of his barn the words, "God is Love."

"Do you mean," said a neighbor, "that God's love is changeable like the wind?"

"No, no! I mean that whichever way the wind blows, God is Love."

Our heavenly Father told the north wind that it must go away and take the snow and ice with it. He has called the west wind to blow away the leaves and sticks and dirt, and to help old Mother Earth to clean up and get ready for spring. He calls the east wind to bring the rain for the flowers and wheat and other things that grow. He calls the south wind to bring warm, beautiful days, and the winds that blow hear His call and hurry to do just what he says.



Dear Boys and Girls,

Most of the people in the United States believe in the one true God. Their understanding of God's Word is not always the right understanding, but we seldom, if ever, encounter people here

who believe in a number of gods. But there are countries yet today where people believe in one god of the sun, another of the moon, another of love, etc.

When Paul and Barnabas went into the city of Lystra, they came across a crippled man. Probably most everyone in the city knew he was crippled, for he had not walked since birth. After listening to Paul and Barnabas tell about the gospel, he had faith to believe that he could be healed. Paul commanded the man to stand upon his feet. The man stood, walked, and even began to leap. The people of the city were astonished. Never had they seen men with such power! They began to proclaim Paul and Barnabas as gods. "Yes," they said, "the gods have come down to us in human form." The heathen priest gathered the people together and was going to sacrifice some oxen to Paul and Barnabas, whom they thought were gods.

When Paul and Barnabas learned what the people were going to do, they ran among the crowd and cried out for them to stop. Paul explained that they were only men. He told them there was one true God. Paul encouraged the people to turn from their ignorant worship of many gods to worship the Creator of man and the universe.

Much of the good that Paul did or might have done was brought to naught by some Jews that had come from another city. These Jews turned many of the people against Paul. They must have been persuasive talkers, because the people took Paul out of the city and stoned him, leaving him for dead.

It takes much courage to stand up for God when a number of people are against you. But as God was with Paul and gave him boldness, God will also be with us if we draw close to Him.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 5, August 1, 1982

PAUL PROCLAIMED A GOD

Acts 14:8 And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked:

9 The same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed,

10 Said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked.

11 And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.

12 And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker.

13 Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people.

14 Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out,

15 And saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein:

16 Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways.

17 Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

18 And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them.

19 And there came thither certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the people and, having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead.

20 Howbeit, as the disciples stood round about him, he rose up, and came into the city: and the next day he departed with Barnabas to Derbe.

Mem. Verse: For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. 2:5.



Questions:

1. What was wrong with the man at Lystra?
2. Did the man have faith to be healed?
3. What did Paul tell the man to do? Was the man healed?
4. What did the people think Paul was?
5. What gods did they call Paul and Barnabas?
6. What was the priest of the god Jupiter about to do?
7. How did Paul and Barnabas stop the people from doing sacrifice?
8. Whom did Paul try to get the people to believe in?
9. What were some things Paul said God had done?
10. What did the people do to Paul after the Jews stirred them up?
11. Did they think they had killed Paul?
12. How are some ways Christians are persecuted today instead of being stoned?

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Part 6

August 8

Christie's Old Organ

(Continued from last week)

What a day that was in Christie's life! He was up with the lark, as people say, but there was no lark within many a mile of that dismal street. He was certainly up before the sparrows, and long before the men on the benches in the great lodging room. He crept out cautiously into the court in the grey morning light, and kneeling by the common pump, he splashed the water upon his face and neck till they lost all feeling with the cold. Then he rubbed his hands till they were as red as cherries, and he was obliged to wrap them up in his ragged coat, that he might feel they still belonged to him. Then he stole upstairs again, and lifting the latch of the attic door very gently, lest old Treffy should awake, he combed his rough hair with a broken comb, and arranged his ragged garments to the best possible advantage.

Christie was ready; and he longed for the time when old Treffy would wake, and give him leave to go. The sparrows were chirping on the eaves now, and the sun was beginning to shine. There were noises in the house, too, and one by one the men in the great lodging room shook

themselves, and went out to their work and to their labor until the evening.

Christie watched them crossing the court, and his impatience to be off grew stronger. At length he touched old Treffy's hand very gently, and the old man said, in a bewildered voice:

"What is it, Christie boy? What is it?"

"It's morning, Master Treffy," said Christie. "Shall you soon be awake?"

The old man turned over in bed, and finally sat up.

"Why, Christie, boy, how nice you look!" said Treffy, admiringly.

Christie drew himself up with considerable importance, and walked up and down the attic, that Treffy might further admire him.

"May I go now, Master Treffy?" he asked.

"Yes, Christie boy, go if you like," said the old man. "But you'll be very careful of her, won't you, Christie?"

"Yes, Master Treffy," said the boy. "I'll be as careful as you are."

"And you'll not turn her round too fast, Christie?" he went on.

"No, Master Treffy," said Christie. "I'll turn her no faster than you do."

"And you mustn't stop and talk to boys in the street, Christie. They're very

rude sometimes, and they always want new tunes, but never you heed them. Her tunes are getting old-fashioned, poor old thing. She's something like me. But you mustn't take no notice of the boys, Christie."

"No, Master Treffy," said Christie, "no more than you do."

"There's one tune they're very fond of," said old Treffy, meditatively. "I don't rightly know what it is. They call it 'Marshal Lazy' (Marseillaise) or something of that sort. I reckon it's called after some man in the wars, maybe."

"You don't know who he was?" asked Christie.

"No," said old Treffy, "I don't bother my head about it. I expect he was some lazy scoundrel who wouldn't do his duty, and so they made up a song to mock at him. But that's as it may be, Christie; I don't know, I'm sure. I expect he wasn't born when my organ was made."

"Well, Master Treffy, I'm ready," said Christie, putting the organ strap over his neck. "Good-bye."

With an air of great importance, Christie carefully descended the rickety stairs, and marched triumphantly across the court. A few children who were there, gathered round him with admiring eyes, and escorted him down the street.

"Give us a tune, Christie. Play away, Christie," they all cried out. Christie shook his head and marched on. He was not sorry when they grew tired of following him and turned back. Now he felt himself a man. He went on in a most independent manner.

Then he began to play. What a moment that was for him!

He had often turned the handle of the barrel-organ in the lonely old attic, but that was a very different thing from playing it in the street. There had been no one to hear him there but old Treffy, who used to stand by anxiously, saying:

"Turn her gently, Christie. Turn her gently." Here there were crowds of people passing by, and sometimes someone stopped for a minute, and then how proud Christie felt! There was no barrel-organ like his, he felt sure. He did not care what the folks said about Marshal Lazy; he was not so good as poor Mary Ann, Christie felt sure. As for "Home Sweet Home," Christie almost broke down every time he played it. He did so love his mother, and he could not help thinking she was singing it still somewhere. He wondered very much where she was, and where "Home, Sweet Home" was. He must try to find out somehow.

(To be continued)

Cindy

Cindy had memorized her Bible verse for Sunday school, and could say it letter perfect, and the reference where it was found in the Bible. Cindy was glad Hagar knew "Thou God seest me" when she was afraid her son Ishmael would die of thirst in the desert (Gen. 16:13).

But Cindy forgot it at school when she had a spelling test. It was so easy to turn around and peek at Andy's desk to steal a look at the word "costume," so that she could spell it correctly. But God saw her do that!

Patty

As Patty was going down the school steps she caught her heel in the hem of her dress, almost tripping her. Grabbing the banister, Patty prayed, "Lord Jesus, help me." He did help her, and whispered, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." Jesus is ready to help you, but always remember, He sees the things that hurt Him and the things that make Him happy!

You would rather please someone who is ready to help you, wouldn't you? See how often you can do things that please Jesus.



Paul was put in jail.

Dear Boys and Girls,

You have probably realized by this point in our study of the life of Paul, that he seemed to be badly treated everywhere he went. This did not stop him though from continuing to preach about Jesus. He suffered much for the cause of the gospel.

In today's lesson we see Paul being taken to the authorities because of casting a bad spirit out of a girl. Her masters had made a lot of money from her ability of witchcraft. When Paul cast the spirit out, she no longer had these mystical powers. This angered her masters toward Paul. They cared not for the girl's welfare, but were concerned only with the money she could bring in for them. So they accused Paul and Silas of other things and they were beaten and thrown into prison.

While in prison, in the middle of the night they began praying and praising God. Suddenly there was an earthquake and all the prisoners' bonds fell off and the prison doors came open. The prison guard was very frightened. He was in charge of the security of the prisoners. He figured all the prisoners had escaped

as soon as the prison doors had opened. He pulled out his sword to take his life, but Paul cried, "Do not harm yourself. No one has escaped." No doubt, this startled the guard. He could not imagine the prisoners not running at the first chance they got. He wanted to know what he must do to be saved. So Paul talked to him about the Lord. The guard believed on Jesus.

Now Paul didn't desire to be thrown into prison, and perhaps he even questioned God in the matter. But through His being in prison he came into contact with the guard, and thus the guard was converted to the Lord. This is sometimes the way it is with Christians today. They may go through a severe trial, but that may be the very means of converting another to the Lord or of bringing about a long sought blessing to the Christian. Let us trust in the Lord when hard things come our way. Can you think of some other instances in the Bible where bad worked for good?

—Aunt Sandra

—————o—————

Lesson 6, August 8, 1982

PAUL LOOSED FROM PRISON

Acts 16:16 And it came to pass, as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying:

17 The same followed Paul and us, and cried, saying, These men are the servants of the most high God, which shew unto us the way of salvation.

18 And this did she many days. But Paul, being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour.

19 And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them

into the marketplace unto the rulers,

20 And brought them to the magistrates, saying, These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city,

21 And teach customs, which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans.

22 And the multitude rose up together against them: and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them.

23 And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailor to keep them safely:

24 Who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

25 And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them.

26 And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed.

27 And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled.

28 But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here.

29 Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas,

30 And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

31 And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

32 And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.

33 And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway.

Mem. Verse: Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf. 1 Peter 4:16.

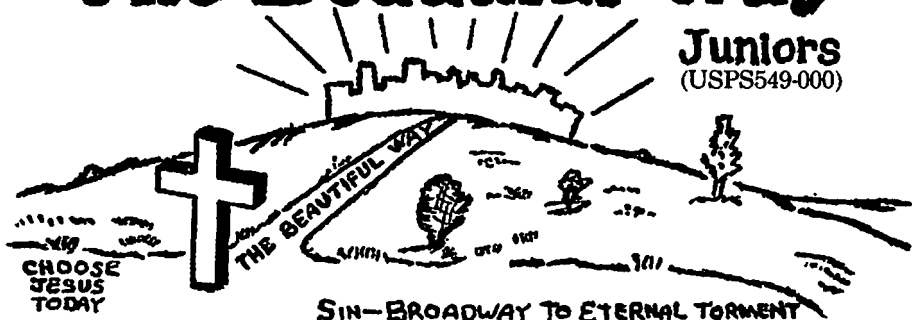
Questions:

1. What special power did the girl in our lesson have?
2. What did she say as she followed Paul?
3. What did Paul finally do?
4. Why were the masters of the girl upset with Paul and Silas? What did they do with Paul and Silas?
5. Did the men tell the magistrates the real reason they wanted Paul and Silas arrested? What reason did they give?
6. How were Paul and Silas punished?
7. What were Paul and Silas doing at midnight?
8. What happened when the earthquake shook the prison?
9. Do you think the earthquake was natural or supernatural? Name some other supernatural happenings recorded in the Bible.
10. Why was the keeper of the prison so scared?
11. Did the guard become a believer in Christ? What question did he ask Paul?
12. What did the guard do to Paul and the other prisoners?
13. What did Paul do to the guard?

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Vol. 33, No. 3

July, August, Sept., 1982

Part 7

August 15

Christie's Old Organ

(Continued from last week)

Thus the day wore away, and Christie's patience was rewarded by quite a little store of money. How proud he was to spend it on his way home in comforts for old Treffy, and how much he enjoyed giving the old man an account of his day's adventures!

Treffy gave Christie a warm welcome when he opened the attic door. It would be hard to say whether he was more pleased to see Christie, or to see his dear old barrel-organ. He examined it most carefully and tenderly, but he could not discover that Christie had done any harm to it, and he praised him accordingly.

While Christie was getting tea ready, Treffy played through all his four tunes, dwelling most affectionately and admiringly on "Home, Sweet Home."

ONLY ANOTHER MONTH

Old Treffy did not regain his strength. He continued weak and feeble. He was not actually ill, and could sit up day after day by the tiny fire which Christie lighted for him in the morning. But he was not able to descend the steep stair-

case, much less to walk about with the heavy organ, which even made Christie's shoulders ache.

Christie took the old man's place. It was not always such pleasant work as on that first morning. There were cold days and rainy days. There was drizzling sleet, which lashed Christie's face, and biting frost which chilled him through and through. There were damp fogs, which wrapped him round like a wet blanket, and rough winds, which nearly took him off his feet. Then he grew a little weary of the sound of the poor old organ. He never had the heart to confess this to old Treffy. Indeed he scarcely liked to own it to himself. But he could not help wishing that poor Mary Ann would come to the end of her troubles, and that the "Old Hundredth" would change into something new. He never grew tired of "Home, Sweet Home"; it was ever fresh to him, for he heard it in his mother's voice.

Thus the winter wore away, and the spring came on, and the days became longer and lighter. Then Christie would go much farther out of the town, to the quiet suburbs where the sound of a barrel-organ was not so often heard. The people had time to listen in these parts.

They were far away from the busy stir of the town, and there were but few passers-by on the pavement. It was rather dull in these outlying suburbs. The rows of villas, with their stiff gardens in front, grew a little monotonous. It was just the kind of place in which a busy, active mind would long for a little variety. So it came to pass that even a barrel-organ was a welcome visitor, and one and another would throw Christie a coin, and encourage him to come again.

One hot spring day, when the sun was shining in all his vigor, as if he had been tired of being hidden in the winter, Christie was toiling up one of the roads on the outskirts of the town. The organ was very heavy for him, and he had to stop every now and then to rest for a minute. At length he reached a nice-looking house standing in a very pretty garden. The flower beds in front of the house were filled with the early spring flowers; snowdrops, crocuses, violets, and hepaticas were in full bloom.

Before this house Christie began to play. He could hardly have told you why he chose it; perhaps he had no reason for doing so, except that it had such a pretty garden in front, and Christie always loved flowers. His mother had once bought him a bunch of spring flowers, which, after living for many days in a broken bottle, Christie had pressed in an old spelling book, and through all his troubles had never parted with them.

Thus, before the house with the pretty garden, Christie began to play. He had not turned the handle of the organ three times, before two merry little faces appeared at a window at the top of the house, and watched him with lively interest. They put their heads out of the window as far as the protecting bars would allow them, and Christie could

hear all they said.

"Look at him," said the little girl, who seemed to be about five years old. "Doesn't he turn it nicely, Charlie?"

"Yes, he does," said Charlie, "and what a pretty tune he's playing!"

"Yes," said the little girl, "it's so cheerful, isn't it, nurse?" she added, turning round to the girl, who was holding her by the waist to prevent her falling out of the window. Mabel had heard her papa make a similar remark to her mamma the night before, when she had been playing a piece of music to him for the first time, and she therefore thought it was the correct way to express her admiration of Christie's tune.

(To be continued)

"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."

God Sends Rain

"The scenes in our chapel on Sunday, August 14th, demand notice, in honor of divine mercy. A heavy drought lay on us, coupled with intense heat. It affected our minds the more, perhaps, for our having noticed the day previous, that the autumn grains were wilting under the scorching sun, and that the potatoes, yet small, had apparently ceased to grow. There had been rain in the counties west of us, from fifty to a hundred miles distant; but we could see only the dim form of spent showers: no rain reached our village. Under these circumstances, we met for Sunday morning worship. Our pastor prayed for rain. His prayer expressed our entire confidence that God always did things well; that He knew, infinitely better than we, the reasons for giving or withholding rain; but that He would not be offended with us, if we should express before Him our views of the case, as far as we could see, and our

feeling of intense desire, that He would grant us what seemed to us so great a blessing.

"The prayer closed and we sang a hymn. The pastor gave out his text and entered upon his sermon, when the rain broke upon us in torrents. It is rare that we have felt God's presence more deeply than in that solemn moment. Our first thought was: 'Let us suspend this sermon, and give public thanks to Almighty God.' Soon the pastor did pause, the storm roaring so loudly he could scarcely be heard over the house, and said: 'Perhaps I ought to stop preaching, and lead out in thanksgiving.' After a short sermon, we had a thanksgiving hymn, in which all the people seemed to praise God with one consent. The rain continued for four hours, and then off and on for four days, before the weather became again settled. The earth was supplied with water, as we rarely see it in the middle of August. It was noticed by those not in the chapel that Sunday morning, that the rain began almost without clouds; that they swept up from every quarter of the heavens, showing that our village was the center of the storm." —Sel.

Put God First

Did you ever see a bride go to her wedding without her wedding garments on? Could it be possible for her to forget something so important? God spoke through His prophets asking the question, "Can a . . . bride [forget] her attire? yet my people have forgotten me, days without number." Jer. 2:32. God is more important than anything else in the world. Have you forgotten Him?

Dear Boys and Girls,

We know that to get saved one must repent of, or feel sorry for, his sins and believe in Jesus to forgive him. That

person is saved when Jesus' blood covers his sins and God creates a new heart within. Why then should one be baptized? Can sins be washed away with water? No.

Baptism is somewhat like the diploma a graduate receives. The diploma is a written statement of the student's having completed the required work. There have been false diplomas written up, but they were eventually discovered to be phoney because the person proved not to have the knowledge the diploma testified of.

Baptism symbolizes the completion of Christ's blood being applied to the heart. Baptism itself does not bring about a change; the change must have already taken place. If someone is not saved when he is baptized, the baptism really means nothing. Just as a phoney diploma is realized in time, others will realize if there has not really been a change in one's heart. We should be baptized *only* after Christ has cleansed our hearts.

In our lesson Paul asked the believers at Ephesus if they had received the Holy Ghost. They replied that they didn't even know there was such a thing. Now, keep in mind, these were Christians. They had repented of their sins and believed in Jesus. This shows that receiving the Holy Ghost does not happen at the same time a person gets saved. One must be saved *before* he receives the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost gives one power over his weak nature. Jesus said that the Holy Ghost "will reprove the world of sin" (John 16:8). When the Holy Ghost is in one's heart, he has the power to live without sin. This is a reproof to a sinner, because it proves that it is possible to live holy in this world.

Boys and girls, give your lives to Jesus while you are young and God will give you understanding as you grow in the Lord.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 7, August 15, 1982

Believers Receive Holy Ghost

Acts 18:24 And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures, came to Ephesus.

25 This man was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John.

26 And he began to speak boldly in the synagogue: whom when Aquila and Priscilla had heard, they took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly.

19:1 And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples,

2 He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

3 And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism.

4 Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.

5 When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

6 And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.

8 And he went into the synagogue, and spake boldly for the space of three months, disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God.

9 But when divers were hardened, and believed not, but spake evil of that way before the multitude, he departed from them, and separated the disciples, disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus.

10 And this continued by the space of two years; so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks.

11 And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul:

12 So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.

Mem. Verse: But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. Acts 1:8a.

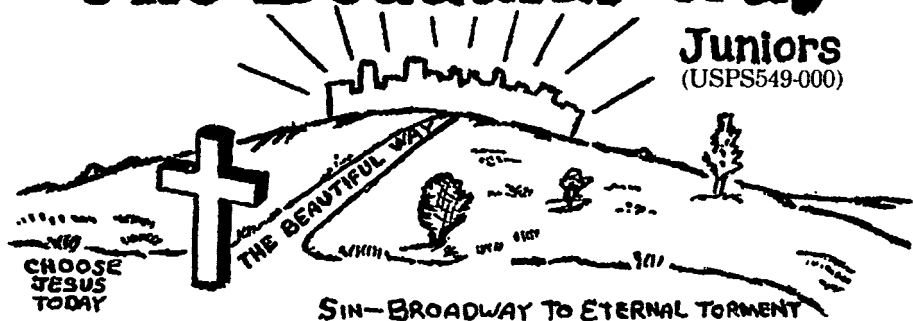
Questions:

1. Who was the eloquent Jew that came to Ephesus?
2. What did Apollos know about the Lord?
3. Who taught Apollos more about the way of God?
4. Do you think that Apollos was glad to learn from Aquila and Priscilla?
5. What did Paul ask the disciples at Ephesus? What did they know about the Holy Ghost?
6. Unto whose baptism had they been baptized?
7. In whose name did Paul baptize?
8. When Paul laid his hands on them, what happened?
9. Did Paul speak boldly about the Lord? Did everyone believe the things Paul taught?
10. Did God work miracles through Paul?
11. What was laid on the sick and they recovered?

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Part 8

August 22

Christie's Old Organ

(Continued from last week)

The tune happened to be "Poor Mary Ann," the words of which nurse knew very well indeed. As Mary Ann was nurse's own name, she had grown quite sentimental whilst Christie was playing it, and had been wondering whether John Brown, the grocer's young man, who had promised to be faithful to her forever and ever, would ever behave to her as poor Mary Ann's lover did, and leave her to die forlorn. Thus she could not quite agree with Miss Mabel's remark, that "Poor Mary Ann" was so cheerful, and she seemed rather relieved when the tune changed to "Rule Britannia." When "Rule Britannia" was finished, and the organ began "Home, Sweet Home," the children fairly screamed with delight. Their mother had often sung this to them, and they recognized it as an old favorite. With their pretty, childish voices, they joined in the chorus: "Home, sweet home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home." As poor Christie looked up at them, it

seemed to him that they, at least, *did* know something of what they sang.

"Why have I not a nice home?" he wondered. But the children had run away from the window, and scampered downstairs to ask their mamma for some money for the poor organ-boy. A minute afterwards two coins were thrown to Christie from the nursery window. They fell down into the middle of a bed of pure white snowdrops, and Christie had to open the garden gate, and walk cautiously over the grass to pick them up. For some time Christie could not find them for they were hidden by the flowers; so the children ran downstairs again to help him. At last they were discovered, and Christie took off his hat and made a low bow, as they presented the coins to him. He put the money in his pocket, and looked down lovingly on the snowdrops.

"They are pretty flowers, missie," he said.

"Would you like one, organ-boy?" asked Mabel, standing on tiptoe, and looking into Christie's face.

"Could you spare one?" said Christie, eagerly.

"I'll ask Mamma," said Mabel, and she

ran into the house.

"I'm to gather four," she said, when she came back. "Organ-boy, you shall choose."

It was a weighty matter selecting the flowers; and then the four snowdrops were tied together and given to Christie.

"My mother once gave me some like these, missie," he said.

"Does she never give you any now?" said Mabel.

"No, missie, she's dead," he said mournfully.

"Oh!" said little Mabel in a sorrowful, pitying voice, "poor organ-boy, poor organ-boy!"

Christie now put his organ on his back and prepared to depart.

"Ask him what his name is," whispered Mabel to Charlie.

"No, no. You ask him."

"Please, Charlie, ask him," said Mabel.

"What is your name, organ-boy?" said Charlie, shyly.

Christie told them his name, and as he went down the road he heard their voices calling after him: "Come again, Christie. Come again another day, Christie. Come soon."

The snowdrops were very faded and withered when Christie reached the attic that night. He tried to revive them in water, but they would not look fresh again. He laid them to rest beside his mother's faded flowers in the old spelling book.

Christie was not long in repeating his visit to the suburban road, but this time, though he played his four tunes twice through, and lingered regretfully over "Home, Sweet Home," he saw nothing of the children, and received neither smiles nor snowdrops; for Mabel and Charlie had gone for a long country walk with their nurse, and were far away from the sound of poor Christie's organ.

Treffy was still unable to get out, and

he grew rather fretful sometimes, even with Christie. It was very dull for him sitting alone all day, and he had nothing to comfort him, not even his old friend the organ. When Christie came home at night, if the receipts were not so large as usual, poor old Treffy would sigh, and moan, and wish he could get about again, and take his old organ out as before.

Christie bore it very patiently, for he loved his old master more than he had loved any one since his mother died, and love can bear many things. Still, he did wish he could find someone or something to comfort Treffy, and to make him better.

"Master Treffy," he said, one night, "shall I fetch the doctor to you?"

"No, no, Christie, boy," said Treffy. "Let me be, let me be."

Christie was not to be so easily put off. What if Treffy should die and leave him alone in the world again? The little attic, dismal though it was, had been a home to Christie, and it had been good to have some one to love him once again. He would be very, very lonely if Treffy died. The old man was growing very thin and pale, and his hands were very trembly and feeble. He could scarcely turn the old organ now. Christie had heard of old people "breaking up," as it is called, and then going off suddenly. He began to be very much afraid old Treffy would do the same. He *must* get some one to come and see his old master.

The landlady of the house had fallen downstairs and broken her arm. A doctor came to see her, Christie knew. Oh, if he would only step upstairs and look at old Treffy! It was such a little way from the landlady's room to the attic, and it would only take him a few minutes. Then Christie could ask him what was the matter with the old man, and whether old Treffy would get better.

These thoughts kept Christie awake a

long time that night. He turned restlessly on his pillow, and felt very troubled and anxious. The moonlight streamed into the room, and fell on old Treffy's face as he lay on his bed in the corner. Christie raised himself on his elbow, and looked at him. Yes, he *did* look very wasted and ill. Oh, how he hoped Treffy would not go away, as his mother had done, and leave him behind!

Christie cried himself to sleep that night.

(To be continued)

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities [sins]; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Psalm 103:1-5.



Dear Boys and Girls,

It seems that everywhere Paul went there was quite a stir among the people. Sometimes it was caused from people realizing their wrongdoing before God and denouncing sin. At other times, it was the ungodly wanting to stop the furtherance of the gospel.

In today's lesson Paul's teaching caused many people to turn from their worship of idols. In the city of Ephesus, there was much worshiping of the goddess Diana. In fact, in this city was an elaborate temple built for this goddess. One of the thriving trades of Ephesus, was the making and selling of silver shrines of the goddess Diana. When Paul began to tell the people about the one true living God, they destroyed their idols. This made the men who sold the idols fearful of losing money. They saw that they were losing some of their customers, so they tried to cause an uproar to stop the spreading of the gospel.

The men who sold these shrines were not interested in knowing the truth—if there was one God or many. Their chief desire was in making money. The Bible says, "The *love* of money is the root of all evil." Sometimes today we see people let the love of money root out their love for God. People begin to spend so much time at their jobs, that they neglect prayer and Bible reading. They find that they are too tired to go to meeting. Instead of putting the extra money into the work of the Lord, they build finer homes, increase their bank accounts, and spend more time and money in recreation. How sad to see one let the love of money make his soul shrivel!

As you grow older, if God blesses you with money, spend it in ways pleasing to God. Support the ministry and help the needy. Your soul is more important than all the world's riches.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 8, August 22, 1982

Paul Stirs Up Makers of Idols

Acts 19:24 For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made

silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen;

25 Whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.

26 Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands:

27 So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth.

28 And when they heard these sayings they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

29 And the whole city was filled with confusion: and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theatre.

35 And when the townclerk had appeased the people, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?

36 Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly.

37 For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers of your

goddess.

38 Wherefore if Demetrius, and the craftsmen which are with him, have a matter against any man, the law is open, and there are deputies: let them implead one another.

39 But if ye enquire any thing concerning other matters, it shall be determined in a lawful assembly.

40 For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse.

41 And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.

Mem. Verse: For the love of money is the root of all evil. 1 Tim. 6:10a.

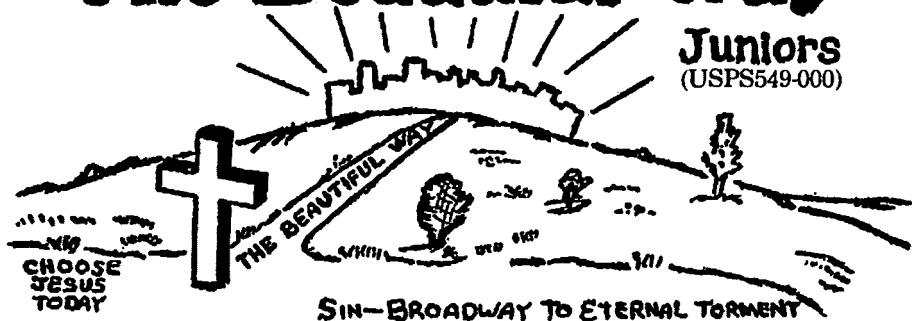
Questions:

1. What was Demetrius' occupation?
2. Why did Demetrius call the other workmen together?
3. Did money or truth mean the most to Demetrius?
4. What did Demetrius say Paul was doing to the people?
5. Did Demetrius stir up the other craftsmen?
6. What did the men cry out?
7. What did the people do with Gaius and Aristarchus?
8. What did the town clerk say about the goddess Diana? Did he quieten the people?
9. Did the people have anything unlawful against Paul and the men with him?
10. Can you think of some instances when people have tried to put a stop to Christian actions?

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Part 9

August 29

Christie's Old Organ

(Continued from last week)

The next day he watched about on the stairs till the landlady's doctor came. Old Treffy thought him very idle because he would not go out with the organ, but Christie put him off with first one excuse and then another, and kept looking out of the window and down the court, that he might see the doctor's carriage stop at the entrance.

When at last the doctor came, Christie watched him go into the landlady's room, and he sat at the door till he came out. The doctor shut the door quickly after him, and was hurrying down the steps, when he heard an eager voice calling after him.

"Please, sir, please, sir," said Christie.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" asked the doctor.

"Please, sir—don't be cross, sir, but if you *would*, walk upstairs a minute into the attic, sir. It's old Treffy, and he's ever so poorly."

"Who is old Treffy?" asked the doctor.

"He's my old master. That's to say, he takes care of me—at least it's me that takes care of him, please, sir."

The doctor did not quite know what to make of this lucid explanation. How-

ever, he turned around and began slowly to ascend the attic stairs.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked, kindly.

"That's what I want to know, sir," said Christie. "He's a very old man, sir, and I'm afraid he won't live long, and I want to know, please. But I'd better go in first, please, sir. Master Treffy doesn't know you're coming. Master Treffy," said Christie, walking bravely into the room, "here's the landlady's doctor come to see you."

To Christie's great joy, old Treffy made no objection, but submitted very patiently and gently to the doctor's investigations, without even asking who had sent him. Then the doctor took leave, promising to send some medicine in the morning, and walked out into the closed court. He was just getting into his carriage, when he felt a little cold hand on his arm.

"Please, sir, how much is it?" asked Christie.

"How much is what?" asked the doctor.

"How much is it for coming to see poor old Treffy, sir? I've got a few cents here, sir," said Christie, bringing them out of his pocket. "Will these be enough?"

If not, sir, I'll bring some more to your house tomorrow."

"Oh," said the doctor, smiling, "you may keep your money, boy. I won't take your last cent, and when I come to see Mrs. White I'll give a look at the old man again."

Christie looked, but did not speak his thanks.

"Please, sir, what do you think of Master Treffy?" he asked.

"He won't be here long, boy—perhaps another month or so," said the doctor, as he drove away.

"A month or so! only a month!" said Christie to himself, as he walked slowly back, with a dead weight on his soul. A month more with his dear old master—only another month. In the minute which passed before Christie reached the attic, he saw, as in a sorrowful picture, what life would be to him without old Treffy. He would have no home, not even the old attic. He would have no friend. *No home, no friend; no home, no friend!* that would be his sorrow. And only another month before it came!

It was with a dull, heavy heart that Christie opened the attic door.

"Christie, boy," said old Treffy's voice, "what did the doctor say?"

"He said you had only another month, Master Treffy," sobbed Christie, "only another month, and whatever shall I do without you?"

Treffy did not speak. It was a solemn thing to be told he had only another month to live; that in another month he must leave Christie and the attic and the old organ, and go—he knew not whither. It was a solemn, searching thought for old Treffy.

He spoke very little all day. Christie stayed at home, for he had not heart enough to take the organ out that sorrowful day; and he watched old Treffy very gently and mournfully. *Only another month! only another month!*

was ringing in the ears of both.

When the evening came on, and there was no light in the room but what came from the handful of fire in the grate, old Treffy began to talk.

"Christie," he said, uneasily, "where am I going? Where shall I be in a month, Christie?"

Christie gazed into the fire thoughtfully.

"My mother talked about heaven, Master Treffy. She said she was going home. 'Home, sweet Home,' that was the last thing she sang. I expect that 'Home, sweet Home,' is somewhere in heaven, Master Treffy. It's a good place, so my mother said."

"Yes," said old Treffy, "I suppose it is. But I can't help thinking I shall be very strange there, Christie, very strange indeed. I know so little about it, so very little, Christie, boy."

"Yes," said Christie, "and I don't know much."

"I don't know any one there, Christie. You won't be there, nor any one that I know, and I shall have to leave my poor old organ. You don't suppose they'll

have any barrel-organs there, will they, Christie?"

"No," said Christie, "I never heard my mother speak of any. I think she said they played on harps in heaven."

"I shan't like that *half* so well," said old Treffy, sorrowfully. "I don't know how I shall pass my time."

Christie did not know what to say to this, so he made no answer.

"Christie, boy," said old Treffy, suddenly, "I want you to find out about heaven. I want you to find out all about it for me. Maybe, I shouldn't feel so strange there, if I knew what I was going to. Your mother called it 'Home, sweet Home,' didn't she?"

"Yes," said Christie, "I'm almost sure it was heaven she meant."

"Now, Christie, boy, mind you find

out," said Treffy, earnestly. "And remember, there's only another month! only another month!"

"I'll do my best, Master Treffy," said Christie. "I'll do my very best."

And Christie kept his word.

(To be continued)

Jesus said, "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?" When we are friendly only with those we love, we are not helping Jesus. But when we love everyone, we may lead someone to Christ and then we are really helping Jesus. Sel.



Dear Boys and Girls,

As had happened many times before, the Jews again stirred up the people against Paul. They accused him of turning the Gentiles against the Jews and of teaching against the law of Moses. The Jews said that Paul defiled the temple there in Jerusalem by bringing in a Greek. This was not true. There was a Greek in the city with Paul, but he did not go into the temple.

Paul was bound with chains, but his punishment was stayed because he told them he was a Roman. It was unlawful for a Roman citizen to be bound.

Paul was sent to Felix, the governor, to be tried and judged. It seems that

Felix ruled with all the authority of a king, but some of his commands were base and unrighteous. It was before this man that Paul was to make an appeal for his freedom.

After a number of days Felix sent for Paul to hear him concerning his belief in Christ. Paul talked to Felix about righteousness and the judgment to come. We know that Paul was a persuasive speaker and his words touched Felix so much that he trembled. But still Felix did not accept Christ, nor did he release Paul. He told Paul, "Go your way now. When I have a more convenient time, I will call for you."

Sometimes people treat the Lord the same way that Felix treated Paul. The Lord may deal with a person's heart and reveal to him his need of salvation. He may even tremble with fear, as did Felix, yet not yield to God. Often people tell the Spirit, "Leave for right now, and I'll listen to you at another time when it is more convenient." How many times people have treated God's Holy Spirit that way, but just as Felix never found a convenient time, neither do they find a convenient time to seek God.

When God's Spirit talks to you, don't push it aside, but listen to God right then. The "convenient" time is whenever God's Spirit deals with you.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 9, August 29, 1982

PAUL IS TAKEN PRISONER

Acts 21:27 And when the seven days were almost ended, the Jews which were of Asia, when they saw him in the temple, stirred up all the people, and laid hands on him,

28 Crying out, Men of Israel, help: This is the man, that teacheth all men every where against the people, and the

law, and this place: and further brought Greeks also into the temple, and hath polluted this holy place.

30 And all the city was moved, and the people ran together: and they took Paul, and drew him out of the temple: and forthwith the doors were shut.

33 Then the chief captain came near, and took him, and commanded him to be bound with two chains; and demanded who he was, and what he had done.

22:25 And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?

23:11 And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.

12 And when it was day, certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul.

16 And when Paul's sister's son heard of their lying in wait, he went and entered into the castle, and told Paul.

17 Then Paul called one of the centurions unto him, and said, Bring this young man unto the chief captain: for he hath a certain thing to tell him.

23 And he [the chief captain] called unto him two centurions, saying, Make ready two hundred soldiers to go to Caesarea, and horsemen threescore and ten, and spearmen two hundred, at the third hour of the night;

24 And provide them beasts, that they may set Paul on, and bring him safe unto Felix the governor.

24:24 And after certain days, when Felix came with his wife Drusilla, which was a Jewess, he sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ.

25 And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.

Mem. Verse: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." II Cor. 6:2b

Questions:

1. Who stirred up the people against Paul?
2. What accusation did the Jews bring against Paul?
3. Where was Paul when the people took him?
4. What did the chief captain have done to Paul?
5. What question did Paul ask the centurion?
6. Who appeared to Paul the following night? Where did the Lord tell Paul He wanted him to be a witness?
7. What vow did the band of Jews make?
8. Who told Paul about the Jews' vow?
9. To whom did Paul send the young man to tell what he knew?
10. What kind of protection did the chief captain order to conduct Paul to Felix?
11. Who was Felix?
12. Did Felix listen to Paul tell about the Lord?
13. How was Felix affected by what Paul said? How did Felix answer Paul?

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Vol. 33, No. 3

July, August, Sept., 1982

Part 10

Sept. 5

Christie's Old Organ

(Continued from last week)

MABEL'S FIRST LESSON IN ORGAN-GRINDING

The next day Christie had to go out as usual. Old Treffy seemed no worse than before—he was able to sit up, and Christie opened the small window before he went out to let a breath of fresh air into the closed attic. But there was very little fresh air anywhere that day. The atmosphere was heavy and stifling, and poor Christie's heart felt depressed and weary. He turned, he hardly knew why, to the suburban road, and stopped before the house with the pretty garden. He wanted to see those merry little faces again—perhaps they would cheer him; he felt so very dull today.

Christie was not disappointed this time. He had hardly turned the handle of the organ twice before Mabel and Charlie appeared at the nursery window. After satisfying themselves that it really was Christie, their own organ-boy, they ran into the garden, and stood beside him as he played.

"Doesn't he turn it nicely?" whispered Charlie to his sister.

"Yes," said little Mabel. "I wish I had

an organ, don't you, Charlie?"

"Shall I ask Papa to buy us one?" asked her brother.

"I don't know, Charlie, if Mama would like it always," said Mabel. "She has such bad headaches, you know."

"Well, but up in the nursery she would hardly hear it, I'm sure," said Charlie.

"I *should* so like to turn it," said Mabel, shyly looking up into Christie's face.

"All right, missie; come here," said Christie.

Standing on tiptoe at his side, little Mabel took hold of the handle of the organ with her tiny white hand. Very slowly and carefully she turned it—so slowly that her mamma came to the window to see if the organ-boy had been taken ill.

It was a pretty sight which that young mother looked upon. The little fair, delicate child, in her light summer dress, turning the handle of the old, faded barrel-organ, and the organ-boy standing by, watching her with admiring eyes. Then little Mabel looked up, and saw her mother's face at the window. She smiled and nodded at her mother, delighted to find that she was watching.

But Mabel turned so slowly that she

grew tired of the melancholy wails of "Poor Mary Ann."

"Change it, please, organ-boy," she said. "Make it play, 'Home, Sweet Home.' Mother *does* like that so."

Christie knew that "Rule Britannia" lay between that and "Home, Sweet Home," so he took the handle from Mabel and saying brightly, "all right, missie, I'll make it come as fast as I can." He turned it round so fast that if old Treffy had been within hearing, he would certainly have died from fright about his dear old organ, long before the month was over. Several people in the opposite houses came to their windows to look out. They thought the organ must be possessed with some evil spirit, so slowly did it go one minute, so quickly the next.

They understood how it was a minute afterward, when little Mabel again began to turn, and very slowly and deliberately the first notes of "Home, Sweet Home" were sounded forth. She turned the handle of the organ until "Home, Sweet Home" was finished, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction, she gave it up to Christie.

"I like 'Home, Sweet Home,' " she said. "It's such a pretty tune."

"Yes," said Christie, "It's my favorite, missie. Where is 'Home, Sweet Home?' " he asked suddenly, as he remembered his promise to old Treffy.

"That's *my* home," said little Mabel, nodding her head in the direction of the pretty house. "I don't know where yours is, Christie."

"I haven't much of a place to call home, missie," said Christie. "Me and old Treffy we live together in an old attic, and that won't be for long—only another month, Miss Mabel, and I shall have no home then."

"Poor organ-boy—poor Christie!" said little Mabel, in a pitying voice.

Charlie had taken the handle of the organ now, and was rejoicing in "Poor

Mary Ann"; but Mabel hardly listened to him. She was thinking of the poor boy who had no home but an attic, and who soon would have no home at all.

"There's another home somewhere," said Christie, "isn't there, missie? Isn't heaven some sort of a home?"

"Oh, yes, there's heaven," said little Mabel, brightly. "You'll have a home *there*, won't you, organ-boy?"

"Where is heaven?" said Christie.

"It's up there," said little Mabel, pointing up to the sky. "It's up high, Christie. The little stars live in heaven. I used to think they were the angels' eyes, but nurse says it's silly to think that."

"I like these stars," said Christie.

"Yes," said Mabel, "so do I. You'll see them all when you go to heaven, Christie, I'm sure you will."

"What is heaven like, Miss Mabel?" asked Christie.

"Oh, it's so nice," said little Mabel. "They have white dresses on, and the streets are all gold, Christie, all gold and shining. And Jesus is there, Christie. Wouldn't you like to see Jesus?" she added in a whisper.

"I don't know," said Christie, in a bewildered tone. "I don't know much about Him."

"Don't you love Jesus, Christie?" said Mabel, with a very grave, sorrowful face, and with tears in her large, brown eyes. "Oh! organ-boy, don't you love Jesus?"

"No," said Christie. "I know so little about Him, Miss Mabel."

"But you can't go to heaven if you don't love Jesus, Christie. Oh! I'm sorry—you won't have a home at all. What *will* you do?" and the tears ran down little Mabel's cheeks.

Just then the bell rang for dinner, and nurse's voice called the children in.

Christie walked on very thoughtfully. He was thinking of little Mabel's words, and of little Mabel's tears. "You can't go

to heaven if you don't love Jesus," she had said; "and then you won't have a home at all." It was a new thought for Christie, and a very sad thought. What if he should never, never know anything of "Home, sweet Home"? Then came the remembrance of poor old Treffy, his dear old master, who had only another month to live. Did he love Jesus? He had never heard old Treffy mention His name. What if Treffy should die, and never go to heaven at all, but go to the other place! Christie had heard of hell; he did not know much about it, and he had always fancied it was for very bad people. He must tell Treffy about Mabel's words. Perhaps, after all, his old master did love Jesus. Christie hoped very much that he did. He longed for evening to come, that he might go home and ask him.

(To be continued)

If you have not already done so, won't you ask the Lord to make you His child? He has promised to receive all who come to Him. Jesus said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Dear Boys and Girls,

In our last week's lesson, we read of Paul's making his appeal to the governor of Judea, Felix. Felix had told Paul that he would send for him at a more convenient time to hear him further. Felix did talk with Paul several more times, but he never released Paul because He thought maybe he would be given money to release him. Two years passed and Paul was still bound.

Festus became governor in place of Felix. The Jewish priests told Festus about Paul, because they were still seeking his death. Festus went to Caesarea where Paul was bound, and had Paul brought before him. Paul appealed to stand before Caesar, the Roman Emperor, for trial. Festus did

not know what to write to Caesar concerning Paul, so when King Agrippa came, Festus had Paul brought before him.

Paul told Agrippa how he had once persecuted the followers of Jesus. He told of the light on the way to Damascus and how God had spoken to him. After Paul finished speaking, Agrippa said, "Paul, you *almost* persuade me to become a Christian."

How many people are *almost* persuaded to become Christians, but do not! Too often people let something stand in their way of entering the kingdom of God. It may be they don't want to give up their worldly friends or their worldly entertainment. It may be the person is afraid of persecution or rejection. Others are too busy making money or climbing up the social ladder to take time for their soul. To come to Christ we must be *fully persuaded* that Christ is the one we need.

It was no joy to be in prison and in chains, and I'm sure that many times Paul wondered why he was in such unpleasant situations. But you can see, because of being bound Paul had the opportunity to talk to several important political men about God. Sometimes you may be in situations that are hard to bear, but those may be your opportunities to witness for the Lord.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 10, September 5, 1982

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA

Acts 25:23 And on the morrow, when Agrippa was come, and Bernice, with great pomp, and was entered into the place of hearing, with the chief captains, and principal men of the city, at Festus' commandment Paul was brought forth.

26:1 Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself.

Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself:

4 My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews;

6 And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers:

9 I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

10 Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.

11 And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

12 Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests,

13 At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me.

19 Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision:

20 But shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judaea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.

21 For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

24 And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

27 King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

28 Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

29 And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

Mem. Verse: Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. Acts 25:28.

Definitions:

Agrippa: King, son of Herod.

Festus: Governor of Judea after Felix.

Questions:

1. Before whom was Paul brought?
2. Did Agrippa give Paul opportunity to speak?
3. Where did Paul say he lived in his youth?
4. In his early life, did Paul believe in Jesus?
5. What did Paul formerly have done to Christians?
6. Where did Paul tell Agrippa he was going when the light shined on him? How bright was the light?
7. Why had the Jews tried to kill Paul?
8. What did Festus say to Paul?
9. What did Agrippa say to Paul?
10. What are some things you think might have kept Agrippa from becoming a Christian?
11. Name some reasons why people do not become Christians today.

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Part 11

Sept. 12

Christie's Old Organ

(Continued from last week)

The afternoon was still more close and sultry than the morning had been, and little Christie was very weary. The organ was heavy for him at all times, and it seemed heavier than usual today. He was obliged to sit down to rest for a few minutes on a doorstep in one of the back streets, about half a mile from the court where old Treffy lived. As he was sitting there, with his organ resting against the wall, two women met each other just in front of the doorstep, and after asking most affectionately after each other's health, they began to talk, and Christie could not help hearing every word they said.

"What's that place?" said one of them, looking across the road at a long, low building with a board in front of it.

"Oh! that's our new mission room, Mrs. West," said the other. "It belongs to the church at the corner of Melville Street. A young man comes and preaches there every Sunday night. I like to hear him, I do," she went on. "He puts it so plain."

"Puts what plain, Mrs. Smith?" said her friend.

"Oh, all about heaven, and how we're

to get there, and about Jesus, and what He's done for us. He's a kind man, is Mr. Wilson. He came to see our Tommy when he was sick. Do you know him, Mrs. West?"

"No," said Mrs. West. "Maybe I'll come tomorrow. What time is it?"

"It begins at seven o'clock every Sunday," said Mrs. Smith. "You needn't bother about your clothes. There's no one there but poor folks like ourselves."

"Well, I'll come, Mrs. Smith. Good-day," she said as the two parted.

Christie had heard all they said, and had firmly made up his mind to be at the mission room the next evening at seven o'clock. He must lose no time in finding out what Treffy wanted to know. One day of the month was gone already.

"Master Treffy," said Christie that night, "do you love Jesus?"

"Jesus!" said the old man. "No, Christie, I can't say I do. I suppose I ought to. Good folk do, don't they?"

"Master Treffy," said Christie, solemnly, "if you don't love Jesus you can't go to heaven, and you'll never have a home any more—never any more."

"Ay, ay, Christie, that's true, I'm afraid. When I was a little chap no

bigger than you, I used to hear tell about these things. But I gave no heed to them then, and I've forgotten all I ever heard. I've been thinking a deal lately, since I was took so bad. Some of it seems to come back to me. But I can't rightly mind what I was told. It's a bad job, Christie, a bad job."

NO SIN IN THE BRIGHT CITY

It had been a close, sultry day, and it was a still more oppressive night. It was long before Christie could get to sleep, and when at last he had sunk into a troubled slumber, he was waked suddenly by a loud peal of thunder, which made the old attic shake from end to end.

Old Treffy raised himself in bed, and Christie crept to his side. It was an awful storm. The lightning flashed into the attic, lighting up for a moment every corner of it, and showing Christie old Treffy's white and trembling face. Then all was dark again, and there came the heavy roll of the thunder, which sounded like the noise of falling houses, and which made old Treffy shake from head to foot. Christie never remembered such a storm before, and he was very much afraid. He knelt very close to his old master, and took hold of his trembling hand.

"Are you frightened, Master Treffy?" he asked at last, as a vivid flash again darted into the room.

"Yes, Christie, boy," said old Treffy. "I don't know how it is. I used not to be afraid of a storm, but I am tonight."

Poor Christie did not speak, so Treffy went on:

"The lightning seems like God looking at me, Christie, and the thunder seems like God's voice, and I am afraid of Him. I don't love Him, Christie, I don't love Him."

Again the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and again old Treffy shook from head to foot.

"I shouldn't like to die tonight, Christie," he said. "The lightning comes so very near me. Christie, boy, do you know what sin is?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Christie; "it's doing wrong things, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Treffy, "and I've done a many of them, Christie. It's thinking bad thoughts, and I've thought a many of them, Christie. It's saying bad words, and I've said a many of them. But I never cared about it before tonight."

"How did you come to care about it tonight?" asked Christie.

"I've had a dream, Christie, boy, and it has made me tremble."

"Tell me it, Master Treffy," pleaded Christie.

"I was thinking of what you said about loving Jesus, and I fell asleep. I thought I was standing before a beautiful gate. It was made of pure gold, Christie, and over the gate there were some shining letters. I spelt them out, they were 'Home, Sweet Home,' Christie. I said to myself, 'I've found it at last. I wish Christie was here.' But just then someone opened the gate and said, 'What do you want, old man?' 'I want to come in,' I said, 'I'm very tired, and I want to be at home.' But he shut the gate, and said to me very gravely and sorrowfully, 'No sin can come in here, old Treffy; no sin can come in here.' And, Christie, I felt as if I was nothing but sin, so I turned round and walked away, and it grew very dark. Just then came the thunder, and I awoke with a start. I can't forget it, Christie. I can't forget it," said old Treffy.

Still the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and still old Treffy trembled.

Christie could not comfort him, for he was very much afraid himself, but he pressed very close up to his side, and did not leave him till the storm was over, and there was no sound but the heavy

downpour of the rain on the roof of the attic. Then he crept back to bed and fell asleep.

(To be continued)



They swam and floated to shore.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Paul had asked that the Emperor of Rome, Caesar, hear his case, so the governor of Judea sent him with other prisoners to Rome. There was a centurion in charge of all the prisoners. As they were sailing across the Mediterranean Sea, the wind began to get boisterous. The wind got stronger and stronger. Paul had told the centurion that the voyage would be dangerous, but the captain had assured the men that everything would be fine. He had much confidence in the sailing vessel and in his experience as captain. As days went on and the weather worsened, it was apparent that the ship was in real danger. As they sailed into the mouth of two rivers the ship struck the ground and the jolt and waves tore part of the ship apart. The ship had to immediately be abandoned or the men would drown. Thanks to the goodness of the Lord, all of the men managed to swim or float on boards to land, and none of them were killed.

This destruction of the ship and endangering of many lives could have been avoided if the captain had given different orders when the wind first got bad and when Paul forewarned them of the danger in store. But the captain trusted in his experience and in the durability of the ship.

In the spring of 1912, there was a ship that left England bound for New York. This ship was the *Titanic*. It was brand new and had all the latest safety features and luxuries of the oceanliners of that time. Because of its top workmanship and safety features, the remark was made that "this ship is unsinkable." In the course of the voyage, the ship hit an iceberg and a large part of the ship was ripped open. The ship began to sink and there was no one near to rescue the people on board. Some of the people were saved by getting on the small lifeboats and rafts, but around 1500 people lost their lives in the icy waters when the "unsinkable" *Titanic* sank. The superb ship was no match for the strength of nature.

Let us realize the might of nature that God set in order—winds, rains, storms, etc., and trust in God for our safety. After all He is the only *sure* protection.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 11, September 12, 1982

PAUL IS SHIPWRECKED

Acts 27:1 And when it was determined that we should sail into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band.

4 And when we had launched from thence, we sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary.

9 Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, because the fast was now already past, Paul admonished them,

10 And said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives.

11 Nevertheless the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul.

13 And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence, they sailed close by Crete.

14 But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon.

15 And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive.

20 And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away.

21 But after long abstinence Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss.

22 And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship.

23 For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve,

24 Saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.

41 And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the forepart stuck fast, and remained unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.

42 And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape.

43 But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea; and get to land:

44 And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.

Mem. Verse: When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43:2a.

Questions:

1. To where was Paul and the other prisoners sailing? Why was he going to Rome?
2. Why did they sail below the island of Cyprus?
3. What did Paul tell the men concerning the danger of their voyage?
4. Did the centurion (the one in charge of the prisoners) believe Paul or the owner of the ship?
5. What was the Euroclydon?
6. Did the sun or stars appear for several days?
7. What did Paul tell them concerning the loss of the men's lives on ship?
8. Who told Paul that no lives would be lost?
9. What happened to the ship in the place where two seas met?
10. Why did the soldiers want to kill the prisoners?
11. What did the centurion say should be done with the prisoners?
12. How did the ones get to land who did not swim?
13. Were any lives lost?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 33, No. 3

July, August, Sept., 1982

Part 12

Sept. 19

Christie's Old Organ (Continued from last week)

The next morning it all seemed like a bad dream. The sun was shining brightly, and Christie rose and opened the attic window. Everything looked fresh and clean after the rain. The dull, heavy feeling was gone out of the air, and the little sparrows were chirping in the eaves. It was Sunday morning, and on Sunday evening Christie was to hear the clergyman preach in the mission room. Oh! how he wished it was seven o'clock, that he might go and find out what old Treffy wanted to know!

The poor old man seemed very restless and unhappy all that long spring day. Christie never left him, for it was only on Sunday that he could watch beside his dear old master. He could see that old Treffy had not forgotten his dream, though he did not speak of it again.

At last the long, weary day wore away, and at six o'clock Christie washed himself and prepared to depart.

"Be sure you mind every word he says, Christie, boy," said old Treffy.

The mission room was only just open when little Christie arrived. A woman was inside lighting the gas and prepar-

ing the place for the congregation. Christie peeped shyly in at the door, and she caught sight of him and ordered him off.

"Isn't there going to be any preaching tonight?" said Christie, in a disappointed voice.

"Oh! you've come to the service, have you?" said the woman. "All right, you can come in, only you must sit still, and you mustn't talk or make a noise."

Now, as poor Christie had no one to talk to, this was rather an unnecessary speech. However, he went in very meekly, and sat down on one of the front benches.

Then the congregation began to arrive—old men and little children; mothers with babies in their arms; old women with shawls over their heads; husbands and wives; a few young men; people with all kinds of faces, and all kinds of characters, from the quiet and respectable artisan's wife to the poor little beggar girl who sat on the bench beside Christie.

As seven o'clock struck, the door opened and the minister came in. Christie never took his eyes off him during the whole service. And, oh! how he enjoyed the singing, the last hymn

especially! A young woman behind him was singing it very distinctly, and he could hear every word. Oh, if he could only have remembered it to repeat to old Treffy! The words of the hymn were as follows:

*"There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin,
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.*

*"Savior, I come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.*

*"Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power,
From all that grieveth Thee.*

*"Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!"*

After the hymn came the sermon. The clergyman's text was Revelation 21:27: "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth."

He spoke of the Heavenly City of which they had just been singing, the bright, beautiful city, with its streets of gold and gates of pearl. He spoke of the river of the water of life, and the trees on either side of the river. He spoke of those who live in that happy place, of their white robes and crowns of gold, of the sweet songs they ever sing, and the joy in all their faces.

The clergyman also told them that in the bright city sorrow was never found. No weeping there, no tears, no sighs, no trouble. No tired feet on that golden pavement, no hungry ones there, no hot, burning sun, no cold frost or snow.

No sickness there, and no death, no funerals in heaven, no graves in the golden city. Perfect love there, no more quarreling or strife, no angry tones or discordant murmurs, no rude, rough voices to disturb the peace. All this forever and ever, no dread of its coming to an end, no gloomy fears for the future, no partings there, no good-byes. Once there, safe forever. At home, at rest with God.

"Would you like to go there?" asked the clergyman's voice.

A quiet murmur passed through the room, a sigh of longing, an expression of assent. Little Christie whispered softly to himself: "Like to go there! ay, that I would, me and old Treffy and all."

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth," said the clergyman's voice. "'Closed are its gates to sin.' My friends, if there is *one* sin on your soul, Heaven's gates will be closed against you. 'Nought that defileth, nought that defileth can ever enter in.' If all my life I had never sinned—if all my life I had never done a wicked deed, spoken a wicked word, or thought a wicked thought; if all my life I had done everything I ought to have done, and had been perfectly sinless and holy, and yet tonight I was to commit *one* sin, that sin, however small a sin in man's eyes—*that* sin would be quite enough to shut me out of Heaven. The gates would be shut against me for that sin. No soul on which there is a speck of sin can go into that bright city.

"Is there one in this room," asked the clergyman, "who can say that he has only sinned once? Is there one here who can say that there is only *one* sin on his soul?"

Again there was a faint murmur round the room, and again a deep-drawn sigh. But this time it was the suppressed sigh of accusing consciences.

"I'm sure there is no one who can say one sin is all he has ever committed," said the clergyman. "Each sin is like a dark blot, a deep inkstain on the soul."

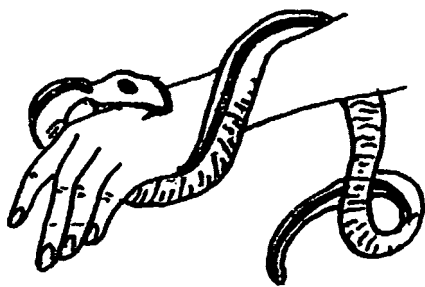
"Oh!" said little Christie, in his heart, as he listened to these words, "whatever will me and Master Treffy do?"

Christie's thoughts wandered to the lonely attic, and to old Treffy's sad, worn-out face.

"So it was all true," he said to himself. "Miss Mabel's words, and Master Treffy's dream; all too true."

If Christie had been listening he would have heard the clergyman tell of the way in which sin could be taken away; but his little mind was full of the one idea of the sermon. When he next caught the clergyman's words he was telling his congregation that he hoped they would all be present on the following Sunday evening, as he intended then to preach on the second verse of the hymn, and to tell them, more fully than he had time to do tonight, what was the only way to enter within the gates into the city.

(To be continued)



*The viper fastened
on his hand.*

... A wise son maketh a glad father:
but a foolish son is the heaviness of his
mother." Prov. 10:1.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Psalm 27:1

Dear Boys and Girls,

If you remember our lesson last week, you know that Paul and some other prisoners were on board a ship headed for Rome when tempestuous winds caused them to wreck. The men on board swam and floated on boards to a nearby island. Today's lesson is about the people on the island. They welcomed the men from the ship. The weather was cold and damp, and besides, the men were wet from being in the water, so they started a fire. Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks and put them on the fire. Just then a poisonous snake came out of the logs on the fire and attached itself to Paul's arm. "Ah-ha! this man must be a terrible character, perhaps even a murderer!" the islanders said to one another. But after Paul shook off the snake into the fire and suffered no ill-effects from the snake-bite, the people were amazed. They had never seen a person bitten by this kind of snake and live. "He must be more than human. Maybe he is a god," they said. One moment he was considered a devil, the next proclaimed a god.

Although these were barbarian people, their reactions are quite typical of the civilized people of our day. If someone suffers a severe sickness, tragic accident, financial loss, or is in any distressing plight, there are those who feel this has come upon that person as a punishment for some wrongdoing in his life. They are like the men who counselled Job when numerous disasters came upon him. We must realize that we are all mortals, and there are unpleasant things and reverses that will come to all—the good and the bad. God does not put these things upon us as a rule,

but He does want us to come out stronger as a result of being victorious in an adverse situation.

There will be times in your life as a Christian when people will praise you and give you much encouragement. But remember, there will be other times when people seem to be down on you and say discouraging things. Keep your faith steady in God and your life clear before Him. He will give you the strength you need to be strong when things come against you.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 12, September 19, 1982

ON THE ISLAND OF MELITA

Acts 28:1 And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita.

2 And the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold.

3 And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand.

4 And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.

5 And he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm.

6 Howbeit they looked when he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly: but after they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god.

7 In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously.

8 And it came to pass, that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux: to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him.

9 So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed:

10 Who also honoured us with many honours; and when we departed, they laded us with such things as were necessary.

Mem. Verse: . . . But after they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god. Acts 28:6b

Questions:

1. On what island did the ship crash?
2. Did the people of the island receive them gladly?
3. Why did they build a fire?
4. What came out of the logs that were burning? What did it do to Paul?
5. What did the people think when the snake bit Paul?
6. Did the snake-bite harm Paul?
7. What did the people think of Paul after he didn't die from the snake-bite?
8. Who was Publius?
9. What was wrong with the father of Publius?
10. What happened when Paul prayed for him?
11. Did other people want to be healed?
12. How did the people of the island treat Paul and the men with him?

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Vol. 33, No. 3

July, August, Sept., 1982

Part 13

Sept. 26

Christie's Old Organ (Continued from last week)

Christie walked home very sadly and sorrowfully. He was in no haste to meet old Treffy's anxious, inquiring eyes. When he reached the dark attic, he sat down by Treffy, and looked away from him into the fire. He said mournfully: "Your dream was quite right, Master Treffy. I've heard it all over again tonight. He preached about it, and we sang about it, so there's no mistake now."

"Tell me all, Christie, boy," said Treffy, pitifully.

"It's a beautiful place, Master Treffy," said Christie. "You'd be ever so happy and comfortable if you could only get there. But there's no sin allowed inside the gates; that's what the clergyman said, and what the hymn said, too:

*"There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin."*

"Then there's no chance for me, Christie," said the old man, "no chance for me."

Hours after that, when Christie thought Treffy was fast asleep on his bed in the corner, he heard his poor old trembling voice murmuring again and

again: "Closed are its gates to sin, closed are its gates to sin."

There was another ear listening to old Treffy's voice. The man at the gate, of whom Bunyan writes, had heard the old man's sorrowful wail, and it went to his very heart. He knew all about old Treffy, and he was soon to say to him, with tones of love, as he opened the gate of rest: "I am willing with all my heart to let thee in."

THE ONLY WAY INTO "HOME, SWEET HOME"

That week was a very long and sorrowful one to Treffy and to Christie. The old man seldom spoke, except to murmur the sad words of the hymn, or to say to Christie, in a despairing voice: "It's all up with me, Christie, boy; no home for me."

The barrel-organ was quite neglected by Treffy. Christie took it out in the daytime, but at night it stood against the wall untouched. Treffy could not bear to hear it now. Christie had begun to turn it one evening, but the first tune it had played was "Home, Sweet Home," and Treffy had said bitterly: "Don't play that, Christie, boy. There's no 'Home, sweet Home' for me. I shall never have a home again. never again."

So Treffy had nothing to comfort him. Even his old organ seemed to have taken part against him, his dear old organ, which he had loved so much.

The doctor had looked into the attic again, according to his promise, but he said there was nothing to be done for Treffy. It was only a question of time; no medicine could save his life.

It was a very terrible thing for old Treffy thus to be slipping away, each day the chain of his life becoming looser and looser, and he drawing near each day to—he knew not what.

Treffy and Christie were counting anxiously the days to Sunday, when they would hear about the second verse of the hymn. Perhaps after all there might be some hope, some way into the bright city, some entrance into "Home, sweet Home," through which even old Treffy's sin-stained soul might pass.

At last Sunday came. It was a wet, rainy night. The wind was high and stormy, and the little congregation in the mission room was smaller than usual. But there was an earnest purpose in the faces of many who came, and the clergyman, as he looked round at the little company when he gave out his text, felt that many of them had not come from mere curiosity, but from an honest desire to hear the Word of God. He lifted up his heart in very earnest prayer, that to many in that room the Word which he was about to speak might be a lasting blessing.

The mission room was very still when the minister gave out his text. Christie's eyes were fixed intently on him, and he listened eagerly for every word.

The text was this: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The clergyman first reminded them of his last Sunday's sermon, of the bright city where they all longed to be. He reminded them of the first verse of the

hymn:

*"There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin."*

Then he asked very gently and tenderly, "Is there any one in this room who has come here tonight longing to know of some way in which he, a sinner, can enter the city? Is there such a one here?"

"Ay," said little Christie under his breath, "there's me."

"I will try, by God's help, to show you the way," said the clergyman. "Everyone has sinned. One sin is enough to shut us out of heaven. Perhaps you've sinned thousands of times. Maybe your soul is covered with sin-stains. There is one thing and only one, by which the soul can be made white and clear and pure. My text tells us what it is—'The blood of Jesus Christ.' "

The clergyman went on to explain how it is that the blood of Jesus can wash out sin. He spoke of the death of Jesus on Calvary, of the fountain He opened there for sin and for uncleanness. He explained to them that Jesus was God's Son, and that therefore His blood which He shed on the cross is of infinite value. He told them that, since that day on Calvary, thousands have come to the fountain, and each one had come out of it whiter than snow, every spot of sin gone.

The clergyman told them that when these washed ones reached the gates of pearl, they were thrown wide open to them, for there was no sin-mark on their souls. They were free from sin. Then he looked very earnest indeed, and leaning forward, he pleaded with his little congregation to come to the blood that they might be washed and cleansed. He begged them to use the second verse of the hymn, and say from the bottom of their hearts:

*"Savior, I come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,*

*Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away."*

"There is one little word in my text," said the minister, "which is a great comfort to me; I mean the word *all*. All sin! That takes in every bad word, every bad thought, every bad action. That takes in the blackest blot, the darkest stain, the deepest spot. All sin, each sin, every sin. No sin is too bad for the blood to reach. No sin is too great for the blood to cover. And now," said the minister, "every soul in this room is either saved or unsaved, either washed or not washed.

"Let me ask you, my dear friends, a very solemn question: Is the sin or the blood on your soul? One or the other must be there. Which is it?"

The clergyman paused a moment when he had asked this question, and the room was so still that a falling pin might have been heard. There were deep searchings of heart in that little company. Christie was saying deep down in his heart:

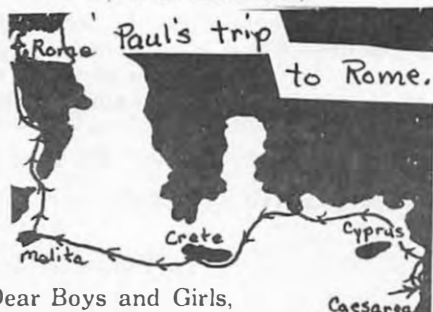
*"Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away."*

The minister finished his sermon by entreating them all that very night to come to the fountain. Oh, how earnestly he pleaded with them to delay no longer, but to say at once, "Savior, I come to Thee!" He begged them to go home, and in their own rooms to kneel down feeling that Jesus was standing close beside them. "That is *coming* to Jesus," the minister said. He told them to tell Jesus all, to turn all their sin over to Him, and beg His forgiveness and ask Him to cover it all with His blood, that that very night they might lie down to sleep whiter than snow.

"Will you do this?" asked the clergyman, anxiously; "will you?"

Little Christie said in his heart, "Yes, that I will."

(To be continued)



Dear Boys and Girls,

At last, and after much trouble on his journey, Paul reached Rome. Paul called the Jews of the city together. "Brethren," he said, "I have committed no wrong. I am a prisoner because I believe in and preach the fulfillment of the hope of Israel." In other words, the Jews (Israelites) had their religion based on the hope of a king's coming into the world to redeem God's people. Paul wanted to tell them that this hope had been fulfilled in Christ. The majority of Jews did not believe Jesus was God's son, they were still looking for a Messiah. In fact, it was the Jews who crucified Jesus. Paul preached to the Jews in the city of Rome. Some of them were convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, and others did not believe. Paul stayed in Jerusalem two years teaching about Jesus.

In reviewing Paul's life, we realize that he was as zealous in working for God, as he had been when he worked against Him. He had traveled about getting Christians and taking them to jail. Then he became a member of the very group he tried to vanquish. He traveled about telling others about Jesus, trying to convert them to Christianity. Paul's life was not one without trials and hardships. It seems that everywhere he went, people opposed the truth he preached. But he did not let people or

hardships stop his telling the world about the Savior.

As you grow older, the Lord may call you to tell others about what Jesus can do for them. You may have troubles, just as Paul, but you, too, can be strong in the Lord.

—Aunt Sandra

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Lesson 13, September 26, 1982

PAUL AT ROME

Acts 28:16 And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard: but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him.

17 And it came to pass, that after three days Paul called the chief of the Jews together: and when they were come together, he said unto them, Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans.

18 Who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me.

19 But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Caesar; not that I had ought to accuse my nation of.

20 For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.

21 And they said unto him, We neither received letters out of Judaea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came shewed or spake any harm of thee.

22 But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know that every where it is

spoken against.

23 And when they had appointed him a day, there came many to him into his lodging; to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening.

24 And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.

30 And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him,

31 Preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

Mem. Verse: I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. II Tim. 4:7.

Questions:

1. In what city did Paul finally arrive?
2. Was Paul kept with the other prisoners?
3. Who did Paul call together?
4. What did Paul tell them he had done wrong?
5. To whom did Paul appeal?
6. Had anyone written bad things about Paul to the Jews in Rome?
7. Did the Jews want to hear what Paul had to say about his faith in Christ?
8. Did Paul preach to the Jews? How long did he talk to them about God one certain day?
9. Did the Jews believe him?
10. How long was Paul there in Rome?
11. What did Paul do while he was in Rome? Did he have freedom there to preach?

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Vol. 33, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 1

Oct. 3

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

Christie walked away very thoughtfully, but still very gladly, for he had good news for old Treffy tonight. He quickened his steps as he drew near the house, and ran up the stairs to the attic, eager to tell all to the poor old man.

"Oh, Master Treffy!" said Christie; "I've had such a time! It was beautiful, Master Treffy, and the clergyman's been talking to me. He's coming to see you; he's coming here," said Christie, triumphantly.

But Treffy was longing for better news than this.

"What about 'Home, sweet Home,' Christie?" he asked.

"There is a way, Master Treffy," said Christie. "You and me can't get in with our sins, but 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' That's in the Bible, Master Treffy, and it was the clergyman's text."

"Tell me all about it, Christie," Treffy said, in a tremulous voice.

"There's nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash away the sin, Master Treffy," said Christie, "and you and me have just got to go to Him and ask Him

to forgive us of our sins and to cleanse us. He'll do it for us tonight, the clergyman said so. I've learnt another verse of the hymn, Master Treffy," said Christie, kneeling down beside him and repeating it reverently:

*"Savior, I come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away."*

Treffy repeated the words after him in a trembling voice.

"I wish He'd wash me, Christie, boy," he said.

"So He will, Master Treffy," said Christie; "He never sends anybody away."

"Ay, but I'm an old man, Christie, and I've been a sinner all my life. I've done some really bad things, Christie. I never knew it till this last week, but I know it now. It's not likely He'll ever wash my sins; they're ever such big ones."

"Oh! but He will," said Christie, eagerly. "That's just what the clergyman said. There's a word in the text for you, Master Treffy: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' All sin, ALL sin, Master Treffy; won't that do?"

"All sin," murmured old Treffy, "all sin! yes, Christie, I think that *will* do."

There was a pause after this. Christie sat still, looking into the fire. Then he said suddenly:

"Master Treffy, let's go right away now and ask Him."

"Ask who?" said old Treffy, "the clergyman?"

"No," said Christie, "the Lord Jesus. He's in the room—the minister said He was. Let's ask Him to wash you and me, just now, Master Treffy."

"Ay!" said old Treffy, "let's ask Him, Christie."

The old man and the boy knelt down, and with a strong realization of the Lord's near presence, little Christie prayed:

"O Lord Jesus, we come to Thee, me and Master Treffy. We've got lots of sins to be washed, but the minister said you wouldn't send us away, and the text says *all* sin. We think it means us, Lord Jesus, me and Master Treffy. Please wash us white. We want to go to 'Home, sweet Home.' Please wash us in the blood tonight. Amen."

Then old Treffy took up the words, and in a trembling voice, added:

"Amen, Lord; wash us both, Me and Christie, wash us white. I'm sorry I waited so long to come to you, but I didn't know before. Do make us white. Amen."

Then they got up from their knees, and Christie said: "We may go to bed now, Master Treffy, for I'm sure He's done it for us."

Thus the man at the gate had received both the trembling old man and the little child, and as they had entered in they had heard a gracious Voice very deep down in their hearts saying to each of them again and again: "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."

* * * * *

LITTLE MABEL'S SNOWDROPS

The next morning Christie woke with a happy heart, for he remembered his last night's prayer, and in his simple faith he had taken the Lord at His word, and had believed that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin.

But old Treffy's doubts and fears came back again. He began to look within, and the remembrance of his sin returned upon him. What if, after all, there was sin on his soul? What if the gates were still closed against him?

"Christie, boy, I don't feel it's all right with me yet," he said anxiously.

"Why not, Master Treffy?" asked Christie.

"Why, I've been so bad, Christie, it doesn't seem likely He'd do it for me so soon as that. There's such a deal of sin on my soul."

"But you asked Him to wash you, Master Treffy, didn't you?"

"Ay, I asked Him, Christie," said Treffy, in a despairing tone.

"And He said He would if you asked Him, Master Treffy; didn't He?"

"Ay, Christie, I believe He did," said Treffy.

"Then of course He *has* done it," said Christie.

"I don't know, Christie, boy; I can't feel it," said old Treffy, pitifully. "I don't seem to see it as I ought."

So whilst little Christ was walking in the sunshine, old Treffy was still groping on in the shadow, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, but never trusting.

Christie paid another visit to the suburban road that week. Little Mabel and her mother were coming out of the house when Christie reached the gate. The little girl ran eagerly forward when she caught sight of the organ, and begged her mamma to stay whilst she turned the handle just six times!

The lady spoke kindly to Christie. She asked him several questions, and he told her about old Treffy, how ill he was, and how he had not another month to live. The tears were in the lady's eyes, and she asked Christie where he lived, and wrote it down on a white tablet which she carried in her pocket.

"Mamma," said little Mabel, "I want to whisper something to you."

The lady bent down her head to listen, and then said kindly: "Yes, if you like."

Mabel darted into the house, and returned with a large bunch of single white snowdrops, prettily arranged with sprigs of dark myrtle leaves. Very white, pure, and lovely they looked.

"Here, organ-boy," said Mabel, as she put them into his hands, "these are my own dear snowdrops. Aunt Helen gave me them, and you must take them to Master Treffy. He'll like them, won't he?" she said.

"Ay! that he will, missie," said Christie, warmly.

(to be continued)



God created the earth.

Dear Boys and Girls,

There are all sorts of theories, or ideas, as to how the earth came into existence. Some men think that as the sun was spinning around, part of it slung off and formed a ball, which

cooled off and became the earth. Then, of course, there's the question, "How did the sun come into existence?" The men explain that there were gases floating around that came together and formed a ball. On and on some men try to claim that order came from chaos strictly accidentally.

How *did* the earth come into existence? The Bible tells us, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." This does not mean in the beginning of eternity, but in the beginning of earth's existence. God has always been; there was not a time when He did not exist, but there was a time when the earth did not exist. We count "time" from the beginning of the earth's existence.

It is a ridiculous theory to suppose that such a perfectly formed universe—earth, other planets, sun, stars, etc.—just happened. It took a Mastermind to set everything in harmony. We can look around at the things of nature and realize that things are too orderly to have "just happened." The balance of nature is perfect. The sun draws up the water from the seas and lakes, and lets it down again in the form of rain to moisten the earth. One animal preys on another, keeping any one animal from overpopulating. On and on, the things of nature stay in balance one with another. God made each thing for a definite purpose. Man has studied the earth and the things of nature for hundreds of years. It has taken thousands of intelligent minds studying those hundreds of years to come up with our present day knowledge. There had to be a Mind far superior to the combined intelligent minds of man to have created the earth, the animals, and the human body itself. Acknowledging that God created all things is the foundation of the Christian religion. Never let anyone cause you to doubt the existence of God.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 1, October 3, 1982

THE CREATION

Gen. 1:1 In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5 And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

2:1 Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

2 And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3 And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

4 These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens,

5 And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.

6 But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

7 And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

18 And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

21 And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

22 And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

23 And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

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

Questions:

1. Who created the heaven and earth?
2. Describe the earth when it was first formed.
3. What did God create on the first day of the earth's existence?
4. What did God call the light? What did He call the darkness?
5. What did God do on the seventh day?
6. Can you name the things God created the first six days?
7. Of what did God form man?
8. How did man become a living soul?
9. Did God think it was good for man to be alone? What did God make to be a companion for the man?
10. From what part of the man's body was the woman made?
11. What did Adam say about the woman?
12. Name some ways that a man helps a woman. Name some ways that a woman helps a man.

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Vol. 33, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 2

Oct. 10

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

"Mabel," said her mother, "you must teach Christie the little prayer I told you always to say when you looked at the snowdrops."

"Yes," said Mabel, "I will. This is it, Christie: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

Christie looked up brightly.

"Will you say that prayer, Christie?" asked the lady, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," said Christie, "it's just like what me and Master Treffy said last night:

" 'Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.' "

The lady smiled when Christie said this and seemed very pleased.

"I am so glad you know of the only way to be washed white," said the lady. "These snowdrops always make me think of the souls washed white in the blood of Jesus."

Then the lady and little Mabel passed on, and Christie looked down very tenderly on the flowers. How he would love them now! He turned his steps homeward at once, for he did not want

the snowdrops to fade before they reached old Treffy. How fair, and clean, and pure they looked! So different from the smoke and dirt of the noisy street. Christie was almost afraid lest the thick air might soil them as he carried them through it. Some of the children ran after him and begged for a flower, but he guarded his treasures very carefully till he reached the attic.

When Christie opened the door, who should be there but the clergyman, sitting beside old Treffy, and talking to him very earnestly! He stopped to give Christie a kind word, and then he went on with what he was saying. He was telling Treffy about the death of Jesus, and how it is that the blood of Jesus can wash away all sin.

"I can't see that it's all right with me," said Treffy, in a trembling voice. "It seems dark and dim to me yet. I don't feel that I've got it. I can't feel happy."

"Treffy," said the clergyman, suddenly, "do you think I would tell you a lie?"

"No, sir," said old Treffy. "I'm sure you wouldn't. I could see it in your face, sir, if nowhere else. No, sir, I'd trust you anywhere."

"Now, Treffy," said the clergyman, taking some money from his pocket, "I've brought this for you. You cannot work now, and you need many things you cannot get. I will give you this money to buy them with."

"Thank you, sir," said old Treffy, the tears running down his cheeks. "I can never thank you enough. We are very badly off just now, Christie and me."

"Stop, Treffy," said the clergyman. "It isn't yours yet; you must take it."

Treffy put out his trembling old hand, and took it, with another murmur of thanks.

"Do you feel that you've got it, Treffy?" said the clergyman.

"Yes, sir, it's here," said old Treffy.

"Are you sure you've got it, Treffy?" said the clergyman again.

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, in a bewildered voice, "I know I have. I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I will tell you what I mean," said the clergyman. "The Lord Jesus has come into this room just as I have, Treffy. He has brought a gift for you, just as I did. His gift has cost Him far more than mine cost me. It has cost Him His life. He has come close to you, as I came, and He says to you, as I said, 'Old Treffy, can you trust Me? Do you think I would tell you a lie?' And then He holds out His gift, as I did Treffy, and He says, 'Take it; it is for you.' Now, Treffy, what have you to do with this gift? Just exactly what you did with mine. You have not to work for it, or wait for it. You have asked God to forgive you, so all you have to do is put out your hand and take it. Do you know what the gift is?"

Treffy did not answer, so the clergyman went on—

"It is the forgiveness of your sin, Treffy. It is the clean heart, for which you are longing. It is the right to enter into 'Home, sweet Home,' for which you

have been praying, Treffy. Will you take the gift?"

"I want to take it," said old Treffy, "but I don't know how."

"Did you stop to think *how* you were to take *my* gift, Treffy?"

"No," said the old man, "I just took it."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "exactly, and that is what you must do with the Lord's gift. You must just take it."

"Would it have pleased me, Treffy," said the clergyman, "if you had pulled your hand back and said, 'Oh, no, sir! I don't deserve it. I don't believe you would ever give it to me. I can't take it yet?'"

"No," said Treffy, "I don't suppose it would."

"Yet this is just what you are doing to the Lord Jesus, Treffy. He is holding out His gift to you, and He wants you to take it at once, yet you hold back, and say, 'No, Lord, I can't believe what You say, I can't trust Your word, I can't believe the gift is for me, I can't take it yet.'"

"Treffy," said the clergyman, earnestly, "if you can trust me, oh, why can't you trust the Lord Jesus?"

The tears were running down the old man's face, and he could not speak.

"I am going to ask you another question, Treffy," said the clergyman. "Will you trust the Lord Jesus now?"

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, through his tears. "I don't think I can help trusting Him now."

"Now, Treffy, remember Jesus is in this attic, close to you, close to me, very, very near, Treffy. When we speak to Him, He will hear every word we say. He will listen to every sigh. He will read every wish.

"But, before you speak to Him, Treffy, listen to what He says to you," said the clergyman, taking his Bible from his pocket. "These are His own words:

'Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,' for 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Treffy, will you trust the Lord Jesus? Do you think He would tell you a lie?"

"No," said the old Treffy; "I'm sure He wouldn't."

"Very well, Treffy, then we will tell Him so."

The clergyman knelt down by Treffy's side, and Christie knelt down too, and old Treffy clasped his trembling hands whilst the clergyman prayed.

It was a very simple prayer. It was just taking the Lord at His word. Old Treffy repeated the words after the clergyman with the deepest earnestness, and when he had finished, the old man still clasped his hands and said: "Lord Jesus, I do trust Thee, I do take the gift, I do believe Thy word."

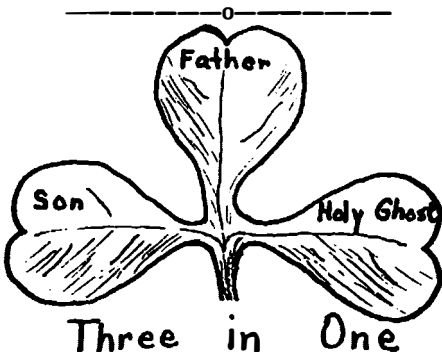
Then the clergyman rose from his knees and said, "Treffy, when you had taken my gift, what did you do next?"

"I thanked you for it, sir," said Treffy.

"Yes," said the clergyman, "and would you not like to thank the Lord Jesus for His gift of forgiveness?"

"Oh!" said Treffy, with tears in his eyes, "I should indeed, sir."

(to be continued)



Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever broken open a raw egg and separated the yolk from the white? Sometimes women do this when baking because the white of the egg is good in making fluffy frosting for cakes and pies. The yolks can be saved and cooked as scrambled eggs. The shell, of course, is discarded, as it has fulfilled its purpose in holding the yolk and white together. We usually think of the egg as a single unit, but as you can see it has three separate parts that have distinct purposes.

We want you to think now of the God-head. Sometimes we might speak of God, meaning the Supreme being—which includes God, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit. Other times we might speak of God as the Father only. God the Father, His Son Jesus, and the Holy Spirit have always existed. Before Jesus was born on earth, He was with God in heaven. God created the earth and still rules over it. Jesus gave His life as a sacrifice for our sins. The Holy Spirit comforts us and leads us in the way of truth. So, you see God, Jesus, and the Holy Ghost all have different functions, yet their primary aim—the salvation of mankind—is one.

There are several instances mentioned in our lesson that show God, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit are three different beings. When Jesus was baptized the Holy Spirit in the likeness of a dove hovered just above His head. At the same time, God spoke out of heaven and said, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Here they all showed their existence as three separate beings at the same time.

Another time Jesus told His disciples that after He went away He would send the Holy Spirit to live in their hearts. He also prayed to God to take care of His disciples after He was gone. It is important that we know there are **three beings** in the Godhead.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 2, October 10, 1982

THE THREE IN ONE

Mark 1:9 And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.

10 And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him:

11 And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

John 14:15 [Jesus said] If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

26 But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

John 17:1 These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee:

2 As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

3 And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

4 I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

5 And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.

Acts 7:55 But he [Stephen], 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 heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.

Memory Verse: But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. John 15:26.

Questions:

1. When Jesus was baptized, what hovered over His head? From where did a voice come? Whose voice was it?
2. What did Jesus say he would pray to His Father to send to the disciples?
3. Who is Jesus' Father? Where does He dwell?
4. Where does the Holy Spirit dwell?
5. Who was the Comforter?
6. Does the Holy Spirit still comfort today? How?
7. To whom did Jesus pray?
8. Did Jesus exist before He was born as a baby in Bethlehem? Where had He been?
9. When Stephen was stoned, what did he see as he looked up into heaven?
10. How are God, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit one? How are they distinct beings?

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Part 3

Oct. 17

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

They all knelt down again, and in a few words the clergyman thanked the Lord for His great love and goodness to old Treffy, in giving him pardon for his sin.

Again old Treffy took up the words and added: "Thank you, Lord Jesus, very much for the gift. It cost Thee Thy life. Oh! I do thank Thee with all my heart."

"Now, Treffy," said the clergyman, as he rose to go, "if Satan comes to you tomorrow and says, 'Old Treffy, do you feel you've got forgiveness? Perhaps after all it's a mistake.' What shall you say to him?"

"I think I shall tell him my text," said old Treffy, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"That will do, Treffy," said the clergyman. "He can't answer that. And remember, the Lord wishes you to *know* you are forgiven, not to *feel* you are forgiven. There is a difference between feeling and knowing. You *knew* you had taken my gift, and you did not know what I meant when I asked you if you *felt* I had given it to you. It is the same

with the Lord's gift, Treffy. Your feelings are not safe to follow, but your faith is what matters. Have you taken the Lord at His word? Have you trusted Him? That is the question."

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, "I have."

"Then you *know* you are forgiven," said the clergyman, with a smile.

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, brightly, "I can trust Him now."

Then Christie walked up to Treffy, and put the bunch of white snowdrops in his hand.

"Miss Mabel gave me them," he said, "and she said I was to say a little prayer whenever I looked at them: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"Whiter than snow," repeated the clergyman; "whiter than snow, Treffy! That is a sweet word, is it not?"

"Yes," said old Treffy, earnestly, as he looked at the flowers, "Whiter than snow, washed white in the blood of Jesus."

The clergyman took his leave, but as he was crossing the court, he heard Christie running after him. He had a few of the lovely snowdrops and a sprig of the dark myrtle in his hand.

"Please, sir," said Christie, "would you like a few of them?"

"Thank you, my boy," said the clergyman, "I should indeed."

He carried the snowdrops carefully home, and they taught him a lesson of faith. The seed he had sown in the mission room had not been lost. Already two poor sin-stained souls had come to the fountain, and had been washed whiter than snow. The old man and the little boy had taken the Lord at His word, and had found the only way into the bright city, into "Home, sweet Home." God had been very good to him in letting him know this. Surely, he would trust in the future.

How different everything seemed to Treffy after his doubts and fears had been removed! The very attic seemed full of sunshine, and old Treffy's heart was full of brightness. He was forgiven, and he knew it. As a forgiven child, he could look up into his Father's face with a smile.

A great load was taken off little Christie's heart. His old master was so happy and contented now; never impatient at his long absence when he was out with the organ, or fretful and anxious about their daily support.

Old Treffy had laid upon Jesus his load of sin, and it was not hard to lay upon Him also his load of care. The Lord who had borne the greater burden would surely bear the less. Treffy could not have put this feeling of trust into words, but he acted upon it. There were no murmurings from old Treffy now, no forebodings. He had always a bright smile and a cheerful word for Christie when the boy returned tired at night. While Christie was out he would lie very still and peaceful, talking softly to himself or thanking the dear Lord for His great gift to him.

Old Treffy's trust was not disappointed. "None that trust in Him shall be desolate."

The clergyman's gift was not the only one they received that week. Christie had come home in the middle of the day, to see how his old master was, and was just preparing to start again on his rounds, when they heard a gentle rustling of silk on the stairs, and a low knock at the door. Christie opened it quickly, and in walked little Mabel, and little Mabel's mamma. They had brought with them many little comforts for old Treffy, which Mabel had great pleasure in opening out. They brought with them also what money cannot buy—sweet, gentle words, and bright smiles, which cheered old Treffy's heart.

The lady sat down beside Treffy, and they talked together of Jesus. The old man loved to talk of Jesus now, for he was able to say:

"He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

The lady took a little Testament from her pocket, and read a chapter to Treffy. She had a sweet, clear voice, and she read so distinctly that he could understand every word.

Little Mabel sat quite still while her mamma was reading, and then she got up and ran across the attic:

"Here are my snowdrops," she said, with a cry of joy, as she caught sight of them in the windowsill. "Do you like them, Master Treffy?"

"Aye! little missie," said the old man, "I do, indeed, and me and Christie always think of the little prayer when we look at them."

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," repeated Mabel reverently. "Has He washed you, Master Treffy?"

"Yes, missie," said Treffy, "I believe He has."

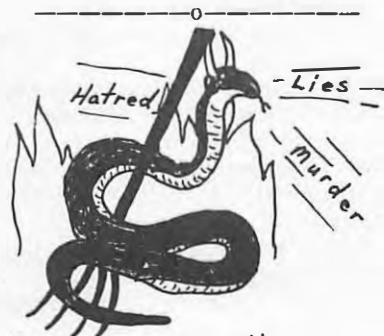
"I'm so glad," said little Mabel, "then you *will* go to 'Home, sweet Home'; won't he, mamma?"

"Yes," said her mother, "Treffy and Christie have found the only road which leads home. Oh!" she said, the color coming into her sweet face, "what a happy day it will be when we all meet at home! Wouldn't you like to see Jesus, Treffy?" asked the lady.

"Aye," said old Treffy, "it would be a good sight to see His blessed face. I could almost sing for joy when I think of it, and I haven't very long to wait."

"No," said the lady, with a wistful expression in her eyes, "I could almost change places with you, Treffy; I could almost wish I were as near to 'Home, sweet Home.' That would be selfish, though," she said brightly, as she rose to go.

(to be continued)



The devil sinneth
from the beginning.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever heard anyone say, "The devil is a fallen angel; he fell from heaven"? It is absurd and absolutely erroneous to believe that the devil was ever in heaven. The Bible says, "the devil sinneth from the **beginning**." This verse alone shows that from the start the devil sinned, therefore, he could never have been in heaven, as "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth [or maketh impure]."

Many people say that *Lucifer* is referring to the devil. It is plain from our Scriptures (Isa 14:4) that God told Isaiah to use this illustration against the king of Babylon- Nebuchadnezzar. At this time King Nebuchadnezzar ruled over many people and his kingdom had grown to be one of the most powerful on earth. He was uplifted in his soul and considered himself as being somewhat an equal to God. To show that Nebuchadnezzar was nothing but a man, God had him brought down to actually eat grass as a mere animal.

Why would the devil want people to believe he was once in heaven and got thrown out because he sinned? He knows that if people believe this, they believe that there is a way for sin to be in heaven; it lowers their esteem of the purity of God.

The Bible does not tell us exactly where the devil came from, but it does tell us that he **never abode in the truth** (1 John 8:44). We know that he existed from the time of man's creation because he was the one that led Eve into sin. Heaven is pure and nothing evil has ever been in heaven or will ever be there.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 3, October 17, 1982

WAS THE DEVIL EVER IN HEAVEN?

Isaiah 14:3 And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve,

4 That thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!

12 How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

13 For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:

14 I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.

15 Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.

Daniel 4:22 It is thou, O king, that art grown and become strong: for thy greatness is grown, and reacheth unto heaven, and thy dominion to the end of the earth.

24 This is the interpretation, O king, and this is the decree of the most High, which is come upon my lord the king:

25 That they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and they shall wet thee with the dew of heaven, and seven times shall pass over thee, till thou know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will.

26 And whereas they commanded to leave the stump of the tree roots; thy kingdom shall be sure unto thee, after that thou shalt have known that the heavens do rule.

27 Wherefore, O king, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity.

28 All this came upon the king Nebuchadnezzar.

Gen. 3:14 And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life:

15 And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

John 8:44 Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.

Memory Verse: He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. 1 John 3:8a.

Questions:

1. About what king did God give the prophet Isaiah a proverb?
2. What name did God use in referring to the king?
3. When King Nebuchadnezzar had said in his heart, "I will ascend into heaven" what did he mean? Are there people today who try to lift themselves into high positions so people will worship them?
4. Did the king of Babylon have much authority over the people?
5. What did Isaiah say would happen to King Nebuchadnezzar?
6. Did King Nebuchadnezzar become as an animal in the field? Why did God let this come upon him?
7. Whom do many people think this proverb was about?
8. Who deceived Eve in the garden of Eden? What curse did God put upon the serpent?
9. Was Satan ever honest? What Scripture tells you he was never an angel of God's?
10. Why would the devil want people to think he was once in heaven?

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Part 4

Oct. 24

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

Little Mabel had discovered the old organ, and was in no haste to depart. She must turn it "just a little bit." In former days, old Treffy would have been seriously agitated and distressed at the idea of the handle of his dear old organ being turned by a little girl of six years old. Even now he felt a small amount of anxiety when she proposed it. His fears vanished when he saw the careful, deliberate way in which Mabel went to work. The old organ was perfectly safe in her hands. To Mabel's joy, the first tune which came was "Home, sweet Home." Very sweet it sounded in old Treffy's ears. He was thinking of no earthly home, but of the "the city bright," where he hoped soon to be. The old lady was thinking of it, too.

When the tune was finished they took their leave, and Christie looked out of the window, and watched them crossing the dirty court, and entering the carriage which was waiting for them in the street.

It had been a very bright week for Christie and for old Treffy.

Then Sunday came, and another service in the little mission-room. Christie was there in good time, and the clergyman gave him a pleasant smile as he came into the room.

It was the third verse of the hymn on which the clergyman was to preach tonight. They sang the whole hymn through before the sermon, and then they sang the third verse again, that all of them might remember it while he was preaching.

*"Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power,
From all that grieveth Thee."*

The clergyman's text was in Colossians 1:12: "Meet to be partakers of the inheritance."

He repeated it very slowly, and Christie whispered it softly to himself, that he might be able to teach it to old Treffy.

"'Meet to be partakers of the inheritance.' What is the inheritance?" asked the clergyman. "My dear friends, our inheritance is that city bright of which we have been speaking so much, 'Home, sweet Home,' our Father's home. We are

not there yet, but for all Christ's washed ones there is a bright home above. Jesus is preparing it for us; it is our inheritance. Oh," said the clergyman, very earnestly, "I wonder how many in this room have a home up there. You may have a wretched, uncomfortable home on earth; is it your *only* home? Is there no home for you in the bright city; no home in heaven?

"You might all have a home there," said the clergyman, "if you would only come to the fountain, if you would only say from the bottom of your heart, 'Lord, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.' "

Christie smiled when the clergyman said his little prayer, for he thought of the snowdrops. The clergyman thought of them, too.

Then Mr. Wilton went on to say that he wished tonight to speak to those who had come to Jesus, who *had* taken their sin to Him, and who *had* been washed in His blood.

"That's me and old Treffy," said Christie to himself.

"My dear friends," said the clergyman, "all of you have an inheritance. You are the sons of a King. There is a place in the kingdom waiting for you. Jesus is getting that place ready for you, and I want to show you tonight that you must be made ready for it, meet, or fit, for the inheritance. One day, the Prince of Wales will be the King of England. This kingdom is his inheritance. As soon as he was born he had a right to it. But he had been educated and trained with great care, that he may be meet for the inheritance, that he may be fit to enjoy it, and able to use it. If he had had no education, if he had been brought up in one of these dismal black courts, though he might have a perfect right to be king, still he would not be able to enjoy it. He would feel strange, uncomfortable, and out of place.

"Just so," said the clergyman, "is it with our inheritance. As soon as we are born again we have a right to it; we become sons and daughters of the King of kings. But we need to be prepared and made meet for the inheritance. We must be holy within. We must hate sin and love all that is pure and holy. We must be washed from the stain of sin. He did that at once; He gave you at once the right to the inheritance. But little by little you will become more and more like Jesus. But do not think that being good will ever give you a *right* to the inheritance. If I were to be ever so well educated, if I were to be taught a hundred times better than the Prince of Wales has been, it would never give me a right to be King of England. No, my friends, the only way into 'Home, Sweet Home,' the only way to obtain a right to the inheritance, is by the blood of Jesus. There is no other way.

"When the Lord has given us the right to the kingdom, He always prepares us for it. A forgiven soul will always lead a holy life. A soul that has been washed white will always long to keep clear of sin. Is it not so with you? Just think of what Jesus has done for you. He has washed you in His blood. He has taken your sins away at the cost of His life. Will you do the very things that grieve Him? Will you be so ungrateful as to do that? Will you?

"Oh! surely not! Surely you will say, in the words of the third verse of our hymn—

*"Lord, make me from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power,
From all that grieveth Thee."*

"Surely you will ask Him very, very earnestly, to give you that Holy Spirit who alone can make you holy. When you are made meet, made fit for the inheritance, the Lord will take you

there. He will not keep you waiting. Some are made ready very quickly. Others have to wait long, weary years of discipline, or perhaps the Lord wants to leave them here awhile to work for Him. But at last all shall be taken home and shall receive their inheritance. Will you be there?"

With that question the clergyman ended his sermon, and the little congregation broke up very quietly, and went home with thoughtful faces.

Christie lingered near the door till the clergyman came out. He asked very kindly of old Treffy, and then put a few questions to Christie about the sermon. He had been afraid that while he had been preaching that he had not made it so clear that a child might understand. He was cheered to find that the leading truth of the sermon was impressed on little Christie's mind, and that he would be able to carry to old Treffy something, at least, of what he had heard.

Christie was taught of God, and into hearts prepared by the Holy Spirit the seed is sure to sink. The Lord has prepared them for the word, and prepared the word for them. The sower has only to put his hand into his basket and scatter the seed prayerfully over the softened soil. It will sink in, spring up, and bring forth fruit.

The clergyman felt the truth of this as he walked home. He remembered that it was written, "The preparation of the heart is from the Lord."

"That is a word for me, as well as for my hearers," he said to himself. "Lord, ever let Thy preparation go before my preaching."

(to be continued)

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good

report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Phil. 4:8.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever seen a baby chick hatch from an egg, or seen a tiny kitten just after it was born? Everything is new to them and their entire life is ahead of them. That's the way it was with you when you were born as a little baby. Your life was just beginning. You had much ahead to learn, and you had never done anything—good or bad.

A man called Nicodemus came to Jesus one night and was talking to Him about heavenly things. Jesus said that if someone was to see the kingdom of God, he must be born again. This puzzled Nicodemus. How could a grown man be born again? Could he become a little baby once more? Of course not. Jesus meant that one's life must be wiped clean of sin, then his life will become before God as if he had never done anything wrong. Also, his desires, thoughts, and actions will be completely changed. He will no longer want to do the selfish and bad things he once found pleasure in.

Once at a garage sale I was looking through a box of stuff that looked as if it should just about all be dumped into a trash heap. I noticed a vase that had dirt caked on much of the outside, and the inside looked badly stained. It was definitely so filthy that no one would want it anywhere in her house. But since the price said 10¢, I thought I would see if I could clean it up enough to perhaps use it in a back room. I let the vase soak in a cleaning solution for several hours, and then I used a little brush to finish cleaning it. All the dirt and stain came off and I found I had a lovely blue crystal vase, with etchings of flowers on it! It could be placed in the most important place in the house and bring beauty. Although it was the same

vase, it could be said it was new, because of the remarkable change that had taken place.

When a person gets saved, he is like a new person because the change in him is so great. The ways of sin die out in his heart and life, and the ways of goodness are born in him. The mind that once thought on dirty and evil things, now thinks on clean and pure things. When God comes into a life He cleans it up.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 4, October 24, 1982

BEING BORN AGAIN

John 3:3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

16 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.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

1 John 1:7 But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

Titus 3:3 For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, de-

ceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another.

4 But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared,

5 Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost;

6 Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour;

7 That being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

Memory Verse: Being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Rom. 5:9b.

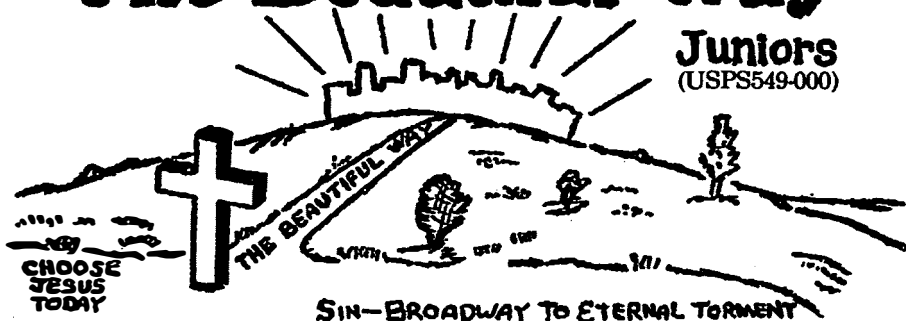
Questions:

1. What did Jesus say must happen before a man could see the kingdom of God?
2. Did Nicodemus understand His words? What did he think Jesus meant?
3. What does it mean to *be born again*?
4. For whom did God give His Son to save?
5. Does God want to condemn the world?
6. What is it that cleanses us from sin? Is there anything else that can take away our sin?
7. When we come to Jesus, what does He do with our sins?
8. When we are saved do we continue to sin? Why or why not?
9. Do Christians do good works? Do those good works save them?
10. Name some ways that people change when they get saved.

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Vol. 33, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 5

Oct. 31

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

TREFFY ENTERS THE CITY

"Christie, boy," said Treffy, that night, when Christie had told him all he could remember of the sermon, and had repeated to him the third verse of the hymn; "the Lord will have to get me ready very fast, very fast, indeed."

"Oh! maybe not, Master Treffy," said Christie, uneasily. "Maybe not so fast as you think."

"The month's nearly up, Christie," said old Treffy. "I think I'm getting very near the city, very near to 'Home, Sweet Home.' I can almost see the letters over the gate sometimes, Christie."

Christie could not answer. His face was buried in his hands, and his head sank lower and lower as he sat beside the fire. At length, though he tried to keep it in, there came a great sob, which reached old Treffy's heart. He put his hand lovingly on Christie's head, and for some time neither of them spoke. When the heart is very sore, silence often does more to comfort than words can do, only it must be silence which comes from a full heart, not from an empty one. Treffy's old heart was very

full of loving, yearning pity for poor little Christie.

"Christie, boy," he said at length, "you wouldn't keep me outside the gate, would you?"

"No, no, Master Treffy," said Christie, "not for the world I wouldn't. But I do wish I were going in, too."

"It seems to me, Christie, boy, the Lord has got some work for you to do for Him first. I'm a poor, useless old man, Christie, very tottering and feeble. He's going to take me home. But you have all your life before you, Christie, boy, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Christie, with a sigh. He was thinking what a long, long time it would be before he was as old as Master Treffy, and before the golden gates would be opened to him.

"Wouldn't you like to do something for Him, Christie, boy," said old Treffy, "just to show you love Him?"

"Ay, master Treffy, I should," said Christie, in a whisper.

"Christie, boy," said old Treffy, suddenly raising himself in bed, "I would give all I have; yes, *all*, Christie, even my old organ, and you know how I've loved her, but I'd give her up to have one year of my life back again—

one year—to show Him that I love Him. Just to think,” he said, regretfully, “that He gave His life for me, and died ever such a dreadful death for me, and I’ve only got a poor miserable week left to show that I love Him. Oh, Christie, boy! it seems so ungrateful. I can’t bear to think of it.”

It was Christie’s turn now to be the comforter.

“Master Treffy,” he said, “just you tell the Lord that. I’m sure He’ll understand.”

Treffy clasped his hands at once, and said, earnestly: “Lord Jesus, I do love Thee. I wish I could do something for Thee, but I’ve only another week to live. I do thank Thee for taking me in. I would give anything to have some of my life back again, to show my love to Thee. Please understand what I mean. Amen.”

Old Treffy turned over and fell asleep. Christie sat for some time longer by the fire. He had tried to forget the last day or two how short a time he had left with his old master, but it had all come back to him now. His heart felt very sad and desolate. It is a very dreadful thing to lose the only friend you have in the world. It is a very dreadful thing to see before you a thick, dark cloud, and to feel that it hangs over your pathway, and that you must pass through it. Poor Christie was very full of sorrow, for he “feared as he entered into the cloud.” But Treffy’s words came back to his mind, and he said, with a full heart: “Lord Jesus, do help me to give my life to Thee. Oh! please help me to spare old Treffy. Amen.”

The next morning he looked anxiously at old Treffy. He seemed weaker than usual, and Christie did not like to leave him. But they had very little money left, and Treffy seemed to wish him to go. So Christie went on his rounds with a heavy heart. He determined to go to the suburban road, that he might tell little Mabel and her mother how much worse

his dear old master was. It is such a comfort to speak of our sorrow to those who will care to hear.

Thus Christie stopped before the house with the pretty garden in front of it. The snowdrops were over now, but the primroses had taken their place, and the garden looked very gay and cheerful. Christie had no heart, however, to look at it. He was gazing anxiously at the nursery window for little Mabel’s face. She was not to be seen, so he turned the handle of his organ and played “Home, Sweet Home,” her favorite tune, to attract her attention. A minute after he began to play he saw little Mabel coming quickly out of the house and running towards him. She did not smile at him as usual, and she looked as she had been crying, Christie thought.

“Oh, organ-boy,” she said, “don’t play today. Mamma is ill in bed, and it makes her head ache.”

Christie stopped at once. He was just in the midst of the chorus of “Home, Sweet Home,” and the organ gave a melancholy wail as he suddenly brought it to a conclusion.

Mabel stood before him in silence for a minute or two. Christie looked down upon her, very pitifully and tenderly.

“Is she very bad?” he asked.

“Yes,” said little Mabel. “I think she must be. Papa looks so grave, and nurse won’t let us play. I heard her tell cook that Mother would never be any better,” she added, with a little sob, which came from the bottom of her tiny heart.

“Poor little missie!” said Christie, sorrowfully. “Don’t fret so. Oh, don’t fret so!”

As Christie stood looking down on the little girl, a great tear rolled down his cheek and fell on her little white arm.

Mabel looked up suddenly.

“Christie,” she said, “I think Mother must be going to ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ and I want to go, too.”

"So do I," said Christie with a sigh, "but the gates won't open to me for a long, long time."

The nurse called Mabel in, and Christie walked sorrowfully away. The world seemed very full of trouble to him. Even the sky was overcast, and a cutting east wind chilled Christie through and through. The spring flowers were nipped by it, and the budding branches were sent backwards and forwards by each fresh gust of the wind. Christie felt almost glad that it was so cheerless. He was very sad and unhappy. He had begun to wonder if God had forgotten him. The world seemed to him so wide and desolate. His old master was dying and his little friend Mabel was in trouble. There seemed to be sorrow everywhere. There seemed to be no comfort for poor Christie.

Wearily and drearily he went homeward, and dragged himself up the steep staircase to the attic. He heard a voice within, a low, gentle voice, the sound of which soothed Christie's ruffled soul. It was the clergyman, and he was reading to old Treffy.

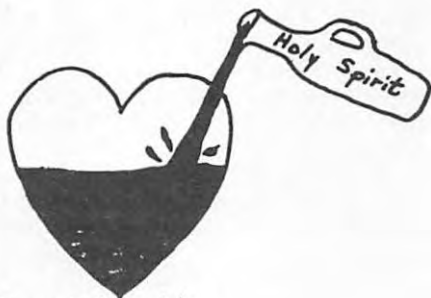
Treffy was sitting up in bed, with a sweet smile on his face, eagerly listening to every word. As Christie came in, the clergyman was reading this verse: "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"That's a sweet verse for you, Treffy," said the clergyman.

"Ay," said Treffy, brightening. "And for poor Christie, too. He's very cast down, sir."

(to be continued)

When you pray you talk to God, just like you talk to your mother and daddy. God hears you and will answer your prayer.



Sanctification

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever helped your daddy clean the car? Cars pick up a lot of dirt and grime on the roads, or even just by sitting in the driveway. It is sometimes quite a job getting all the dirt off, and may take much scrubbing. After you have washed the car and it's nice and clean, that is a good time to wax it. The wax is like a sealer and it is harder for the dirt to stick to the car after a good wax job.

We want to use this little example in comparison with justification and sanctification. In justification one is cleansed of all the things he has ever done wrong. All one's sins are under the blood. But just as the wax job somewhat sealed the car's texture to help prevent it from picking up more dirt, sanctification somewhat seals one's experience with God, making it harder to fall into sin again. Justification takes out the sin, and sanctification takes out the very tendency to sin. When that very tendency to sin is removed, God fills the heart with the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit guides one in how to walk with God.

There are some people in the world who do silly, foolish things, saying that it is the Holy Spirit making them do it. This is not true. God tells us not to do foolish things, so the Holy Spirit will

not lead us in such a way. The Holy Spirit will lead us to live in a holy, upright way. It will teach us to live in a manner pleasing to God. The Holy Spirit helps us to better understand the Scriptures and gives us wisdom in talking with others about the Lord. To be justified and free from sin is wonderful, but we should also want to be sanctified that we may keep that joyful experience.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 5, October 31, 1982

A Second Work—Sanctification

John 14:15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

17:15 I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

16 They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

17 Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.

1 Cor. 6:11 And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

Ephesians 1:11 In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will:

12 That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ.

13 In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise,

14 Which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory.

Acts 11:15 And as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning.

16 Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Memory Verse: I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God . . . Rom. 12:1a.

Questions:

1. If we love the Lord, we will keep His
2. Whom did Jesus say He would send to abide in the heart of the Christian?
3. Can an unsaved person receive the Holy Spirit?
4. Did Jesus want to take the disciples out of the world? How were they to be kept from the evil?
5. Must a person's heart be washed before or after he is sanctified?
6. What does it mean to be *sanctified*?
7. With what is our salvation sealed, or kept?
8. What does the Holy Spirit do in a person's life?
9. What does the Christian do to be sanctified? What does God do for us in sanctification?
10. Why is it important to be sanctified?

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Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 6

Nov. 7

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

"Christie," said the minister, laying his hand on his shoulder, "why is your heart troubled?"

Christie could not answer. He turned suddenly away from the minister, and throwing himself on old Treffy's bed, he sobbed bitterly.

The minister's heart was very full of sympathy for poor Christie. He knelt down beside him, and putting his arm round him, he said gently: "Christie, shall we go together to the Lord Jesus, and tell Him of your sorrow?"

In very plain, simple words, which Christie's heart could understand, the minister asked the Lord to look on the poor, lonely child, to comfort him and to bless him and make him feel that he had one Friend who would never go away. Long after the clergyman had gone, when the attic was quite still and Treffy was asleep, Christie heard, as it were, a voice in his heart, saying to him: "Let not your heart be troubled." Then he fell asleep in peace.

He was wakened by his old master's voice. "Christie!" said Treffy. "Christie, boy!"

"Yes, Master Treffy," said Christie, jumping up hastily.

"Where's the old organ, Christie?" asked Treffy.

"She's here, Master Treffy," said Christie.

"Turn her, Christie," said Treffy. "Play 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"It's the middle of the night, Master Treffy," said Christie. "Folks will wonder what's the matter."

Treffy made no answer, and Christie crept to his side with a light, and looked at his face. It was very altered and strange. Treffy's eyes were shut, and there was that in his face which Christie had never seen there before. He did not know what to do. He walked to the window and looked out. The sky was quite dark, but one bright star was shining through it and looking in at the attic window. "Let not your heart be troubled," it seemed to say to him. Christie answered aloud: "Lord, dear Lord, help me."

As he turned from the window Treffy spoke again, and Christie caught the words: "Play, Christie, boy, play."

He hesitated no longer. Taking the organ from its place, he turned the handle, and slowly and sadly the notes

of "Home, Sweet Home" were sounded forth in the dark attic. The old man opened his eyes as Christie played, and, when the tune was over, he called the boy to him, and drawing him down very close to him, he whispered: "Christie, boy, the gates are opening now. I'm going in. Play again, Christie, boy."

It was hard work playing the three other tunes. They seemed so out of place in the room of death. But Treffy did not seem to hear them. He was murmuring softly to himself the words of the prayer, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow! whiter than snow, whiter than snow."

As Christie was playing "Home, Sweet Home" for the second time, old Treffy's weary feet passed within the gates. He was at home at last, in "Home, Sweet Home." And little Christie was left outside.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

The next morning, some of the lodgers in the great room below remembered having heard sounds in the stillness of the night which had awakened them from their dreams and disturbed their slumbers. Some maintained it was only the wind howling in the chimney, but others felt sure it was music, and said that the old man in the attic must have been amusing himself with his organ at midnight.

"Not he," said the landlady, when she heard of it. "He'll never play again. He's a dying man, by what the doctor says."

"Just you go and ask him if he wasn't turning his old organ in the middle of last night," said a man from the far corner of the room. "I'll bet you he was."

The landlady went upstairs to satisfy his curiosity, and rapped at the attic door. No one answered, so she opened it and went in. Christie was fast asleep, stretched upon the bed where his old master's body lay. The tears had dried on his cheeks, and he was resting his

head on one of old Treffy's cold, withered hands. The landlady's face grew grave, and she instinctively shuddered in the presence of death.

Christie woke with a start, and looked up in her face with a bewildered expression. He could not remember at first what had happened. But in a moment it all came back to him, and he turned over and moaned.

The landlady was touched by the boy's sorrow, but she was a rough woman, and knew little of the way of showing sympathy. Christie was not sorry when she went downstairs and left him to himself. As soon as the house was quiet he brought a neighbor to attend to old Treffy's body, and then crept out to tell the clergyman.

Mr. Wilton felt very deeply for the desolate child. Once again he committed him to his loving Father, to the Friend who would never leave him nor forsake him. When Christie was gone he again knelt down, and thanked God with a very full heart for having allowed him to be the poor weak instrument in bringing this soul to Himself. There would be one at least at the beautiful gates of "Home, Sweet Home" watching for his homegoing steps. Old Treffy would be waiting for him there. Oh, how good God had been to him! It was with a thankful heart that he sat down to prepare his sermon for the next day, on the last verse of the hymn. What he had just heard of old Treffy helped him much in the realization of the bright city of which he was to speak.

Mr. Wilton looked anxiously for Christie, when he entered the crowded mission room on Sunday evening. Yes, Christie was there, sitting as usual on the front bench, with a very pale and sorrowful face, and with heavy, downcast eyes. When the hymn was being sung the clergyman noticed that the tears were running down the boy's

cheeks, though he rubbed them away with his sleeve as fast as they came. Christie looked up almost with a smile when the clergyman gave out his text. It was from Revelations, 7:14, 15: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God."

(to be continued)

He is my Saviour

I have a loving Saviour,
He's with me every day,
And if I want to talk to Him,
I just kneel down and pray.

I'm not so very old, you see,
But this I surely know:
He died for me on Calvary
Because He loved me so.

And so it is my duty
To serve Him every day;
And this I always try to do,
At home, at school, at play.

—Selected



Baptizing them in the
name of the Father, and
of the Son, and of the
Holy Ghost.

Dear Boys and Girls,
When Jesus knew it was time to use
His life in preaching the gospel, He

wanted to set an example for everyone to follow. He went down to the Jordan River and found John the Baptist. John had been baptizing some people there, so Jesus told John that He, too, wanted to be baptized. John felt that he was unworthy to baptize Jesus, the Son of God, but Jesus said it needed to be done. After Jesus was baptized and was coming up out of the water, God spoke from heaven saying that He was well pleased with His Son.

Jesus set the example for us to follow. He told His disciples just before He went into heaven to preach the gospel to the whole world. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

It is important to obey the commands of the Lord. He says to believe (another time He says repent) and then be baptized. Baptism does not cleanse the heart any, but it is following God's commands, and is acknowledging to everyone that we are dead to the world and raised in newness of life to walk in God's ways.

There are many people today who do not want to follow the words of God. They want to baptize in a manner different from what Jesus set forth. The root word of baptize is *bapto*, which means to dip. Therefore, to be baptized would be to be dipped, or submerged, in water, not merely to be sprinkled with water. Jesus also said to baptize "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." We need to obey the Scriptures so that God may say about us, "Behold my son [or daughter], in whom I am well pleased."

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 6, November 7, 1982

BAPTISM

Matt. 3:13 Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14 But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

17 And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

28:19 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Acts 8:34 And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?

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.

38 And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.

Acts 16:27 And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled.

28 But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here.

29 Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas,

30 And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

31 And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

32 And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.

33 And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway.

Memory Verse: He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved . . . Mk. 16:16a.

Questions:

1. Where did Jesus find John?
2. What did He want John to do?
3. Did John want to baptize Jesus? Why not?
4. What hovered on Jesus' head as He came up out of the water?
5. Did Jesus tell His disciples to baptize others? In whose name did Jesus say to baptize?
6. Did the eunuch want Philip to baptize him?
7. What question did Philip ask the man before he would baptize him?
8. When Paul was in prison what frightened the guard?
9. Did the guard want to be saved? What did Paul tell him to do to be saved?
10. How soon was the guard baptized after being saved?
11. What does baptism represent?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
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Vol. 33, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 7

Nov. 14

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

"Tonight," said the clergyman, "I am to speak of 'Home, Sweet Home,' and of those that dwell there, the great multitude of the redeemed. It is a very holy place. There is no speck on the golden pavement, no vile to be found within the city. The tempter can never enter there. Sin is unknown. All is very, very holy. On the white robes of those who dwell there is no stain; pure, clean, and spotless, bright and fair as light, are those robes of theirs. Nothing to soil them, nothing to spoil their beauty, they are made white forever in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are they before the throne of God.

"Oh!" said the clergyman, "never forget that this is the only way to stand before that throne. Being good will never take you there, not being as bad as others will avail you nothing. If you are ever to enter heaven, you must be washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

"St. John was allowed to look into heaven, and he saw a great company of these redeemed ones. They were singing a new song to the praise of Him who had redeemed them. Since St. John's

time," said the clergyman, "oh! how many have joined their number! Every day, every hour, almost every moment, some soul stands before the city gates. To every soul washed in the blood of Jesus those gates of pearl are thrown open. They are all dressed one by one in a robe of white, and as they walk through the golden streets, and stand before the throne of glory, they join in that song which never grows old—'Amen. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen.'

"My friends," said the clergyman, "as the holy God looks on these souls. He sees in them no trace of sin, the blood has taken it all away. Even in His sight they are all fair, there is no spot in them. They are faultless and stainless, perfectly pure and holy.

"Oh! my friends, will you ever join their number? This is a dark, dismal dying world. Will you be content to have your *all* here? Will you be content never to enter 'Home, Sweet Home'? Oh! will you delay coming to the fountain, and then wake up, and find you are shut out of the bright city forever?

"One old man," said the clergyman,

"to whom I was talking last week is now spending his first Sunday in that city bright."

A stillness passed over the room when the clergyman said this, and Christie whispered to himself: "He means Master Treffy, I know he does."

"He was a poor sin-stained old man," said the clergyman. "But he took Jesus at His word. He came to the blood of Christ to be washed, and even here he was made whiter than snow. Two nights ago the dear Lord sent for the old man, and took him home. There was no sin-mark found on his soul, so the gates were opened to him, and now in the snowy dress of Christ's redeemed he stands, 'faultless and stainless, faultless and stainless, safe in that happy home.'"

"If I were to hear next Sunday," said the clergyman, "that any one of you were dead, could I say the same of you? Whilst we are meeting here, would you be in 'Home, Sweet Home'? Are you indeed washed in the precious blood of Christ? Have you indeed been forgiven? Have you indeed come to Jesus?"

"Oh! do answer this question in your heart," said Mr. Wilton, in a very earnest voice. "I do want to meet every one of you in 'Home, Sweet Home.' I think that when God takes me there I shall be looking out for all of you, and oh! how I trust we shall all meet there—all meet at home!"

"I cannot say more tonight," said the minister, "but my heart is very full. God grant that each of you may now be washed in the blood of Jesus, and even in this life be made whiter than snow. Then you can say with a grateful heart, 'Lord, I will work for Thee, love Thee, serve Thee all I can'—"

*"Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!"*

Then the service was over and the congregation went away. Christie never moved from the bench on which he was sitting. His face was buried in his hands, and he never looked up, even when the clergyman laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"Oh!" he sobbed at last, "I want to go home. My mother's gone, and old Treffy's gone, and I want to go, too."

The clergyman took Christie's little brown hand in both of his, and said: "Christie, poor little Christie, the Lord does not like to keep you outside the gate. But He has work for you to do a little longer. Then the gates will be opened, and home will be all the sweeter after the dark time down here."

With other gentle and loving words he comforted the child, and then once more he prayed with him. Christie went away with a lighter heart. But he could not help thinking of the last Sunday evening, when he had hastened home to tell Treffy about the third verse of the hymn.

There was no one tonight to whom Christie could tell what he had heard. He waited a minute outside the attic door as if he were almost afraid to go in, but it was only for a minute. When he walked in all fear passed away.

Christie went to the attic window and looked out. He almost saw the golden city, far away amongst those wondrous, bright clouds. It was a strange, glad thought, to think that Treffy was there. What a change for him from the dark attic! Oh! how bright heaven would seem to his old master!

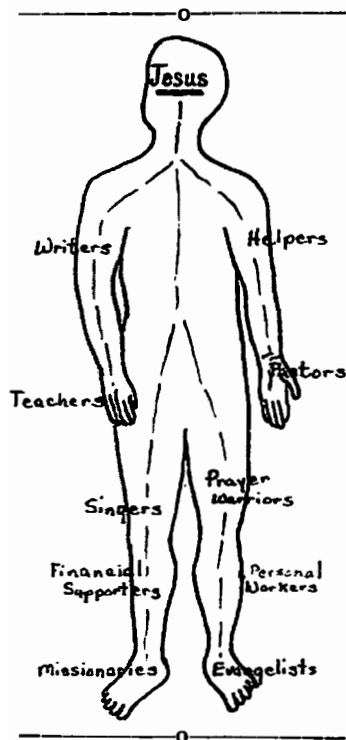
Christie would have given anything just to see for one minute what Treffy was doing.

"I wonder if he will tell Jesus about me, and how I want to come home," said Christie to himself.

As the sunset faded away and the light grew less and less, Christie knelt down in the twilight, and said from the

bottom of his heart: "O Lord, please make me patient, and please some day take me to live with Thee and old Treffy in 'Home, Sweet Home.' "

(to be continued)



Dear Boys and Girls,

Let's think about the human body for a moment and how one member of the body helps another. When you want to sit down, first your eyes pick out a chair on which to sit. Muscles in different parts of your body turn you around so that your back is to the chair. Your hands reach down to the chair arms as a brace to lower your body. Your back and leg muscles lower yourself into the chair. Then the parts somewhat relax because that particular feat has been accomplished. Although you were probably unaware of it, many parts of

your body worked together in order for you to sit down. How did they work in such unity? Suppose your legs had wanted to stand up when your back wanted to sit down? Or your hands had reached for another chair, when your seat said, "Sit here"? There is one reason why the members of the body work so well together—there is one member that tells all the others what to do. That member is the brain.

Let us now liken the church to a body. Each Christian is a part of that body and has a particular function to perform. Perhaps one Christian is especially talented in singing, another one knows just how to help the sick, another one is used to preach the word, another one might be able to write well. There are many members, but they work in agreement because there is one central Head telling them what to do. That Head is Christ. The Head will not tell two members to do things that will pull the members apart. When there is division, one of the members is getting his instructions from someone other than the Head.

The only way to have unity in the Church is to live according to God's will. God does not give out conflicting instructions. There may be a lack of understanding by one member, but the purpose and spirit is the same.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 7, November 14, 1982

ONENESS OF GOD'S PEOPLE

John 17:11 And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

12 While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and

none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled.

20 Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;

21 That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.

22 And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one:

23 I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

John 10:15 As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

16 And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

1 Cor. 1:10 Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

11 For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you.

12 Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ.

13 Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?

1 Cor. 12:12 For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the

members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.

13 For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.

Rom. 12:4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Memory Verse: Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! *Psa. 133:1.*

Questions:

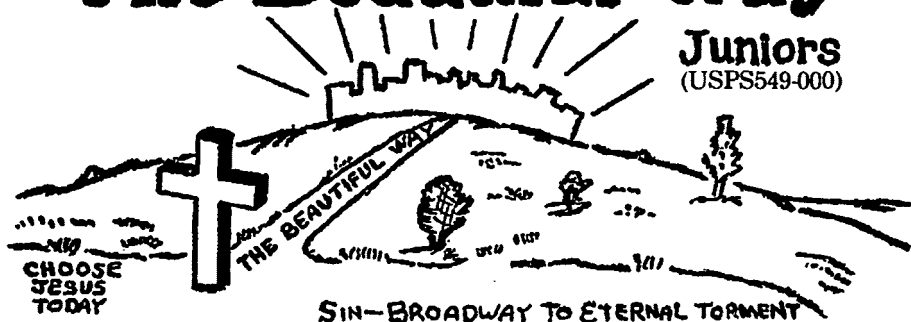
1. In whose name did Jesus ask God to keep His disciples?
2. Who was the "son of perdition"?
3. Did Jesus pray only for His disciples? For whom else did He pray?
4. What did Jesus desire concerning the disciples and all other believers?
5. Why did Jesus desire all believers to be one in God?
6. Who are the *sheep* Jesus was talking about?
7. How many sheepfolds did Jesus say there should be?
8. Did Paul think that division among believers was good?
9. How can people be one?
10. What were the contentions in the Corinth congregation about?
11. Whose name should we use as the name of the Church?
12. Are all true Christians members of one body? How are the members different? In what ways are they one body?
13. What is *unity* and how is it to be accomplished in the Church?

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Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 8

Nov. 21

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

Little Christie was the only mourner who followed old Treffy to the grave. It was a poor parish funeral. Treffy's body was put into a parish coffin, and carried to the grave in a parish hearse. But, oh! it did not matter, for Treffy was at home in "Home, Sweet Home." All his sorrows and troubles were over, his poverty was at an end, and in "the Father's house" he was being well cared for.

The man who drove the hearse was not inclined to lose time upon the road, and Christie had to walk very quickly, sometimes almost to run, to keep up with him. On their way they passed another and a very different funeral. It was going very slowly indeed. There was a large hearse in front, and six funeral carriages filled with people followed. As Christie passed close by them in the middle of the road he could see that the mourners within looked very sorrowful, and as if they had been crying very much. In one carriage he saw something which he never forgot. With her head resting on her papa's shoulder and her little white sorrowful face pressed close to the window, was his little friend Mabel.

"So her mother is dead!" said Christie to himself, "and this is her funeral! Oh, dear! what a very sad world this is!"

He was not sure whether Mabel had seen him, but the little girl's sorrow had sunk very deep into Christie's soul. It was with a heavier heart than before that he hastened forward to overtake the hearse which was carrying his old master's body to the grave.

The two funeral processions—that of the poor old man, and that of the fair young mother—passed on to the cemetery, and over both bodies were pronounced the words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." But all this time their happy souls were in "Home, Sweet Home," far, far away from the scene of sorrow. A few days before, just at the same hour, two souls had left this world of woe, and had met together before the gates of pearl. They were both clean and white, and had been washed in the blood of the Lamb. The gates had been opened wide, and old Treffy and Little Mabel's mother had entered the city together. Now they had both seen Jesus, the dear Lord whom they loved well, and in His presence they were even now enjoying fulness of joy.

Christie was obliged to give up the little attic after Treffy's death, for the landlady wished to let it for a higher rent. However, she gave the boy permission to sleep in the great lodging room below, while she took possession of all old Treffy's small stock of furniture, in payment of the rent which he owed her.

The organ was Christie's property. His old master had given it to him most solemnly about a week before he died. He had called Christie to his side, and told him to bring the organ with him. Then he had committed it to Christie's care.

"You'll take care of her, Christie," he had said, "and you'll never part with her, for my sake. When you play 'Home, Sweet Home,' Christie, boy, you must think of me and your mother, and how we've both got there."

It was hard work for Christie the first day that he took out the organ after old Treffy's funeral. He did not so much mind playing "Rule Britannia," or the "Old Hundredth," or "Poor Mary Ann," but when he came for the first time to "Home, Sweet Home," such a rush of feeling came over him that he stopped short in the middle and moved on without finishing it. The passers-by were surprised at the sudden pause in the tune, and still more so at the tears which were running down Christie's cheeks. They little thought that the last time he had played that tune had been in the room of death, and that while he was playing it his dearest friend on earth had passed away into the true "Home, Sweet Home." But Christie knew, and the notes of the tune brought back the recollection of that midnight hour. He could not make up his mind to go on playing till he had looked up into the blue sky and asked for help to rejoice in old Treffy's joy. Then the chorus came very sweetly to him, "Home, sweet

home; there's no place like home; there's no place like home."

"Old Treffy's there at last," said Christie to himself as he finished playing.

One day about a week after Treffy's funeral, Christie went up the suburban road in the hopes of seeing poor little Miss Mabel once more. He had never forgotten her sorrowful little face at the window of the funeral coach. When we are in sorrow ourselves, it does us good to see and sympathize with those who are in sorrow also. Christie felt it would be a great comfort to him to see the little girl. He wanted to hear all about her mother, and when it was that she had gone to "Home, Sweet Home."

When Christie reached the house he stood still in astonishment. The pretty garden was there just as usual, a bed of heart's-eases was blooming in the sunshine, and the stocks and forget-me-nots were in full flower. But the house looked deserted and strange. The shutters of the lower rooms were up, and the bedrooms had no blinds in the windows. It looked empty and forlorn. In the nursery window, instead of little Mabel and Charlie's merry faces, there was a cross-looking old woman with her head bent down over her knitting.

What could be the matter? Where were the children gone? Surely no one else was lying dead in the house. Christie felt that he could not go home without finding out. He must ask the old woman about the children. He stood at the garden gate and turned the handle of the organ, hoping that she would look out and speak to him. But, beyond a passing glance, she gave no sign that she even heard it, but went on diligently with her work.

At length Christie could wait no longer. Suddenly stopping in the middle of "Poor Mary Ann," he walked up the gravel path and rang the bell. The old woman put her head out of the window

and asked what he wanted. Christie did not quite know what to say, so he came out at once with the great fear which was haunting him.

"Please, ma'am, is any one dead?" he asked.

"Dead? No!" said the old woman, quickly. "What do you want to know for?"

"Please, could I speak to little Miss Mabel?" said Christie, timidly.

"No, bless you," said the old woman, "not unless you'd like a walk across the sea. She's in Europe by now."

"In Europe!" repeated Christie, with a bewildered air.

"Yes," said the old woman, "they've all gone abroad for the summer." Then she shut the window in a decided manner, as much as to say, "And that's all I shall tell you about it."

(to be continued)

His One Mistake

He forgot God; lived as if this world was all, and neglected his ETERNAL welfare, and is now with those who say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not SAVED." (Jer. 8:20)

Are you making this mistake? —Sel.



Through thy name
will we tread them
under that rise up
against thee. Ps. 44:5b

Dear Boys and Girls,

The Scriptures in our lesson today clearly show that when one confesses his sins to God and seeks forgiveness, God not only forgives him of those sins, but He cleanses the heart of sin. We can live without sin here in this life. The devil is strong and he has many people enslaved in various sinful practices, but God is stronger than the devil. When a person turns his life over to God, God has power to keep that person from sin. When someone tells you that Christians continue to sin, remember the verses—"He that committeth sin is of the devil. . . ." and "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. . . ."

The book *The Christian's Secret of A Happy Life* gives a good example of how ridiculous it is to say that a Christian must still live in sin. Christ came to redeem man, or to deliver him from sin. If one is redeemed he is released from the power of the thing that had him bound. How senseless to say we're redeemed and yet still be enslaved to the thing that had us bound.

It would be the same as someone's paying a redemption price for a prisoner and yet the prisoner's never being released. "Oh, he's a redeemed prisoner," someone may say, yet he is no freer than any other prisoner. I'm sure none of us would be so foolish as to give our money just that the prisoner may be called a "redeemed captive." Just so, Christ would not have given His own blood just for us to be called "redeemed sinners." Christ actually redeems, or sets us free, from sin.

No matter what the sin is, Christ cleans a person from it when He comes into that person's heart. There have been murderers, liars, thieves, drunkards, rebellious people, and people who did things too wicked to write on paper, who have been forgiven and made clean

through the blood of Jesus. People are made new in Christ and the very thought of their past life is repulsive to them. Christ is truly a Redeemer from sin, and can make the filthiest sinner pure and holy. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 8, November 21, 1982

A HOLY LIFE

1 John 1:9 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

3:4 Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law.

5 And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin.

7 Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

8 He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

9 Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

1 Cor. 6:9 Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind,

10 Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

11 And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye

are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

Eph. 1:3 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ:

4 According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love:

John 8:10 When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?

11 She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.

Memory Verse: And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins. Mt. 1:21.

Questions:

1. To whom are we suppose to confess our sins?
2. Does God forgive if one is truly sorry for his sins?
3. What is sin?
4. Can we have our sins taken away? How?
5. How do we know if someone is living for the devil?
6. Do Christians continue in sin? How do they keep from sinning?
7. Name some bad sins that people do. Can God forgive any of those sins?
8. Can a murderer become holy? How?
9. What did Jesus tell the woman whom others had accused of adultery?
10. *Jesus* means savior. From what did Jesus come to save us?

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Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 9

Nov. 28

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

Christie stood for a few minutes in the pretty garden before he moved away. He was very disappointed. He had so hoped to have seen his little friends, and now they were gone. They were far away in Europe. That was a long way off, Christie felt sure, and perhaps he would never see them again.

He walked slowly down the dusty road. He felt very lonely this afternoon, very lonely and forsaken. His mother was gone; old Treffy was gone; the lady was gone; and now the children were gone also! He had no one to cheer him or to comfort him. He dragged the old organ wearily down the hot streets. He had not heart enough to play. He was very tired and worn out, yet he knew not where to go to rest. He had not even the old attic to call his home. The pavement was so hot to his feet, and the sun was so scorching, that Christie determined to return to the dismal court to try to find a quiet corner in the great lodging room. When he opened the door he was greeted by a cloud of dust. The landlady called out to him to take himself off, that she could not do with him loitering

about at that time of day. So Christie turned out again, very heart-sore and disconsolate. He went into a quiet street and found shelter for some time from the hot sun under a high wall which made a little shadow across the pavement.

Christie was almost too hot and tired even to be unhappy, yet every now and then he shivered, and crept into the sunshine to be warmed again. He had a strange, sharp pain in his head, which made him feel very bewildered and uncomfortable. He did not know what was the matter with him. Sometimes he got up and tried to play for a little time, but he was so sick and dizzy that he had to give it up. He lay quite still under the wall, with the organ beside him, till the sun began to set. Then he dragged himself and his organ back to the large lodging room. The landlady had finished her cleaning and was preparing the supper for her lodgers. She threw Christie a crust of bread as he came in, but he was not able to eat it. He crawled to a bench in the far corner of the room, and putting his old organ against the wall beside him, he fell asleep.

When he awoke, the room was full of men. They were eating their supper, and

talking and laughing noisily. They took little notice of Christie, as he lay very still in the corner of the room. He could not sleep again, for the noise in the place was so great, and now and then he shuddered at the wicked words and coarse jokes which fell on his ear almost every minute.

Christie's head was aching terribly, and he felt very, very ill. He had never been so ill in his life before. What would he not have given for a quiet little corner, in which he might have lain, out of the reach of the oaths and wickedness of the men in the great lodging room! Then his thoughts wandered to old Treffy in "Home, Sweet Home." What a different place his dear old master was in!

"There's no place like home, no place like home," said Christie to himself. "Oh, what a long way I am from 'Home, Sweet Home!'"

CHRISTIE WELL CARED FOR

"What's the matter with that little lad?" asked one of the men of the landlady, as she was preparing their breakfast the next morning. "He's got a fever or something of the sort. He's been talking about one thing or another last night. I've had a toothache, and scarcely closed my eyes, and he's never ceased chattering the night through."

"What did he talk about?" asked another man.

"Oh! all sorts of rubbish," said the man with the toothache, "bright cities, funerals, and snowdrops. Once he got up and began to sing. I wonder you didn't hear him."

"It would have taken a great deal to make me hear him," said the other, "tired out as I was last night. What did he sing, though?"

"Oh! one of the tunes on his old organ. I expect he gets them in his head so that he can't get them out. I think it was 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Well, Mrs. White," said another man, "if the boy's in a fever, the sooner you get him out of this the better. We don't want all of us to take it."

When the men were gone the landlady went up to Christie to see if he were really ill. She tried to wake him, but he looked wildly in her face, and did not seem to know her. She lifted him with force into a little dark room under the stairs, which was filled with boxes and rubbish. She was not an unkind woman. She would not turn the poor child into the street in his present condition. She made him up a little bed on the floor, and giving him a drink of water, she left him to continue her work. That evening she fetched the parish doctor to see him, and he told her that Christie was in a fever.

For many days little Christie hung between life and death. He was quite unconscious of all that went on. He never heard the landlady come into the room. He never saw her go out. She was the only person who came near him, and she could give him very little attention, for she had so much to do. She used to wonder why Christie talked so often of "Home, Sweet Home." Through all his wanderings of mind this one idea seemed to run. Even in his delirium, little Christie was longing for the city bright.

After a time Christie began to recover. He regained his consciousness, and slowly, very slowly, the fever left him. But he was so weak that he could not even turn in bed. He could scarcely speak above a whisper. Oh, how long and dreary the days were to him! Mrs. White had begun to grow tired of waiting on him, and so Christie was for many a long hour without seeing any one to whom he could speak.

It was a very dark little chamber, only lighted from the passage, and Christie could not even see a bit of blue sky. He felt very much alone in the world. All

day long there was no sound but the distant shouts of the children in the court. In the evening he could hear the noise of the men in the great lodging room. Often he was awake the greater part of the night, and lay listening to the ticking of the clock on the stairs, and counting the strokes hour after hour. Then he would watch the faint gray light creeping into the dark room, and listen to the footsteps of the men going out to their daily work.

No one came to see Christie. He wondered that Mr. Wilton did not ask after him when he missed Christie from the mission room. Oh, how glad Christie would have been to see him! But the days passed slowly by, and he never came, and Christie wondered more and more. Once he asked Mrs. White to fetch him to see him, but she said she could not trouble to go so far.

If little Christie had not had a friend in Jesus, his little heart would almost have broken, in the loneliness and desolation of those days of weakness. Although his faith was sometimes feeble, and he was then very downcast in spirit, yet at other times little Christie would talk with Jesus, as with a dear friend. In this way he was comforted. The words which the clergyman had read to his old master were ever ringing in his ears: "Let not your heart be troubled."

Still, those weeks did seem very long and tedious. At last, he was able to sit up in bed, but he felt faint and dizzy whenever he moved, for he had had a very severe attack of fever. He needed all manner of nourishing things to bring back his strength, but there was no one to attend to the wants of the poor motherless boy. There was no one except the dear Lord; He had not forgotten Christie.

(to be continued)

Once when Jesus was walking through the fields, He saw a man sowing his seed. Jesus preached a sermon about sowing good seed, and seed such as come from weeds. We want to be sure that we are sowing good seed, as we do kind deeds and speak kind words to others.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever gone to a hospital and seen the many, many people who are sick, suffering from various problems? The hospitals are so full that many of them have waiting lists of people wanting to get in. Some of the people have nothing more seriously wrong with them than a common cold. Others are critically ill, and may end up dying while in the hospital. Doctors know a lot of ways to help people, but there are many things they don't know. Also, they are human and can make mistakes. It is sometimes very risky to put your body into the hands of a mere doctor. We need someone who knows more than men know about the body and disease. We need someone who has more power than men have. There is One who knows ALL and has ALL power—that is God.

In our lesson we read that Jesus was beaten for our healing—"with his stripes we are healed." We read about His healing the blind man. What a miracle! But Jesus is the same today. Jesus gave His disciples power to heal sick bodies. That power was given to them because of their godly lives and their faith in the Lord. Today it still takes faith to be healed by God. Many times we read in the New Testament of people coming to Jesus for healing. He said, "Be healed according to your faith." In order to be healed we must have faith in God that He can and will heal us.

When I was just a teen-ager, I developed something like a plantar's wart on

one of my toes. It was a hole with a raised area in the center. I didn't think a lot about it because it didn't bother me except when I stayed in water a long time; then it would get tender. Shortly after I got saved I began to think about how unsightly that toe was. I felt inspired to pray that God would remove that wart or whatever it was. I had had that problem for seven years, but when I began to pray about it, it was gone within the week! The toe was as nice and smooth as the others.

God loves people and wants us to have faith in Him for all things.

—Aunt Sandra

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Lesson 9, November 28, 1982

DIVINE HEALING OF THE BODY

Isaiah 53:5 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.

Psalms 103:2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.

Mark 8:22 And he [Jesus] cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him,

23 And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught.

24 And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking.

25 After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly.

Acts 5:12 And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; . . .

15 Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on the 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.

Memory Verse: If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. John 15:7.

Questions:

1. With whose stripes are we healed?
2. What are some of the benefits of living for God?
3. What was wrong with the man who came to Jesus at Bethsaida?
4. What did Jesus put on the man's eyes?
5. Could the man immediately see clearly? How did men appear to him?
6. What happened when Jesus touched his eyes again?
7. Were people healed when the apostles laid hands on them?
8. In whose shadow did the sick people try to get? Did this show that Peter had power with God?
9. What does the Bible say to do if you are afflicted? What does it mean to be afflicted?
10. What does the Bible say to do if you are sick? Will the oil heal a person? What will heal him?
11. Tell of some times God has healed you or someone you know.

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Oct., Nov., Dec., 1982

Part 10

Dec. 5

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

It was a close, tiring afternoon. Christie was lying upon his bed, panting with the heat, and longing for a breath of air. He was faint and weary, and felt very cast down and dispirited.

"Please, dear Lord," he said aloud, "send someone to see me."

Even as he spoke, the door opened and the clergyman came in. It was too much for little Christie! He held out his arms to him in joy, and then burst into tears.

"Why, Christie," said the clergyman, "are you not glad to see me?"

"Oh," said little Christie, "I thought you were never coming, and I felt such a long way from home! Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

Then Mr. Wilton told Christie that he had been away from home, and that another clergyman had taken his duty. The night before he had preached for the first time since his return in the little mission room. He had missed Christie from the front bench. He had asked the woman who cleaned the room about him, and she had told him that Christie had never been there since he went away. The clergyman had wondered

what was the matter, and had come as soon as he could to hear.

"Now, Christie," he said, "tell me all about these long, weary weeks."

Christie was so glad and so happy now, that the past seemed like a long, troubled dream. He had waked up now, and had forgotten his sorrow and loneliness.

The clergyman and Christie had much pleasant talk together, and then Mr. Wilton said: "Christie, I have had a letter about you, which I will read to you."

The letter was from little Mabel's papa, who was a friend of the clergyman.

"My Dear Mr. Wilton:

"There is a poor boy of the name of Christie (what his surname is I do not know) living in a lodging house in Ivy Court, Percy Street. He lived formerly with an old organ-grinder, but I believe the old man was thought to be dying some weeks ago. My dear wife took a great fancy to the boy, and my little Mabel frequently talks of him. I imagine he must be left in a very destitute condition; and I should be much obliged if you could find him and provide for him some comfortable home with any

respectable person who will act as a mother to him.

"I enclose a check which will pay his expenses for the present. I should like him to go to school for a year or two. Then I intend, if the boy desires to serve Christ, to bring him up to work as a Scripture-reader amongst the lowest class of the people in your neighborhood.

"I think I could not perpetuate my dear wife's memory in any better way than by carrying out what I know were her wishes with regard to little Christie. No money or pains will I spare to do for him what she herself would have done, had her life been spared.

"Kindly excuse me for troubling you with this matter; but I do not wish to defer it until our return, lest I lose sight of the boy. The dismal attic where Christie and his old master lived was the last place my dear wife visited before her illness. I feel that the charge of this boy is a sacred duty which I must perform for her dear sake, and also for the sake of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

"Believe me, dear Mr. Wilton,

"Yours very sincerely,

"GERALD LINDSAY"

"Christie," said the clergyman, "the Lord has been very good to you."

"Yes," said little Christie, "old Treffy was right; wasn't he, sir?"

"What did old Treffy say?" asked the clergyman.

"He said the Lord had some work for me to do for Him," said Christie, "and I didn't think there was anything I could do, but He's going to let me after all."

"Yes," said the clergyman, smiling. "Shall we thank Him, Christie?"

He knelt down by Christie's bed, and little Christie clasped his thin hands and added his words of praise: "O Jesus,

I thank Thee so much for letting me have some work to do for Thee. Please, I will stay outside the gates a little longer to do something to show Thee how I love Thee. Amen."

"Yes, Christie," said the clergyman, as he rose to go, "you must work with a very loving heart. When the work is over will come the rest. After the long waiting will come 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

CHRISTIE'S WORK FOR THE MASTER

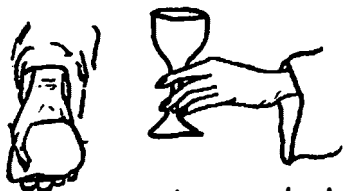
It was a hot summer's afternoon, some years after, and the air in Ivy Court was as close and stifling as it had been in the days when Christie and old Treffy lived there. Crowds of children might still be seen playing there, screaming and quarreling, just as they had done then. The air was as full of smoke and dust, and the court looked as desolate as it had done in those years gone by. It was still a very dismal and a very forlorn place.

As Christie began that sultry day it seemed to him as far as ever from "Home, Sweet Home." Yet, of all the places which he visited as a Scripture-reader, there was no place in which Christie took such an interest as Ivy Court. He could not forget those dreary days when he had been a little homeless wanderer, and had gone there for a night's lodging. He could not forget the old attic, which had been the first place, since his mother's death, that he had been able to call home. It was to this very attic that he was going this afternoon. He climbed the rickety stairs, and as he did so he thought of the night when he had crept up them for the first time, and had knelt down outside old Treffy's door, listening to the organ. Christie had never parted with that organ, his old master's last gift to him. Scarcely a week passed that he did not turn the handle, and listen to the dear

old tunes. He always finished with "Home, Sweet Home," for he still loved that tune the best. When Miss Mabel came to see him, she always wanted to turn the old organ in remembrance of her childish days. She was not Miss Mabel any longer now, though Christie still sometimes called her so when they were talking together of the old days, and of Treffy and his organ. Mabel was married now to the clergyman under whom Christie was working, and she took great interest in the young Scripture-reader, and was always ready to help him with her advice and sympathy. She would ask Christie about the poor people he visited, and he would tell her which of them needed her aid. Where she was most needed young Mrs. Villiers was always ready to go.

(to be continued)

God will help you when you pray, so pray often. Thank Jesus for helping you to be good and obey your Mother and Daddy.



"This bread is my body.
This cup is my blood."

Dear Boys and Girls,

One time I attended a memorial service of the mother of my friend. I noticed how many lovely flowers were sitting around. I listened to the kind words that were said about my friend's mother. I thought, "I did not attend the funeral of the dearest Person to me. In fact, as far as is known He never even

had a funeral service." That Person was Jesus. I felt sad to think of Jesus' being put into the grave without the kind words and pretty flowers. As I thought about this, these words came to my mind, "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."

Communion is somewhat like a memorial service to the Lord. When we partake of it, we should have the solemnity as we would at a funeral. The wine represents the blood that Jesus shed on the cross. The bread represents His body, through which a sword was pierced. His death meant a release from sins for us, but nonetheless, His family and friends felt His death the same way we would feel the death of a close loved one. His mother's heart was torn with grief as she looked upon the body of her precious son. His close friends felt desolate and empty, seeing the lips that had been so kind and helpful, now silenced in death. Perhaps someone who had been healed by Jesus, wept as he saw the hand that had brought healing to him, now still and ripped by the driving of a nail. Jesus was real and His death was just as real. Jesus said to partake of the bread and wine in memory of Him. We need to keep these thoughts in mind when we are in the communion service.

On the same night that Jesus established the ordinance of the Lord's supper, He also established another ordinance—feetwashing. After Jesus washed the disciples' feet, He told them that He had set the example that He wanted them to follow. Since all Christians are members of Christ's body, we are actually washing part of the body of Christ when we wash another Christian's feet.

These ordinances should be observed as a matter of obedience and love to Jesus for giving His life for us.

—Aunt Sandra

**THE LORD'S SUPPER AND
FEETWASHING**

1 Cor. 11:23 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread:

24 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

25 After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

26 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

27 Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

28 But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

29 For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

John 13:4 He [Jesus] riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself.

5 After that he poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.

12 So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you?

13 Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.

14 If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

15 For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

16 Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him.

17 If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

Memory Verse: For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. Mt. 26:28.

Questions:

1. What was Jesus doing on the night He was betrayed?
2. What did Jesus do with the bread, and what did He tell His disciples about it?
3. What did Jesus do with the cup and what did He say concerning it?
4. Until when did Jesus say to observe this ordinance?
5. If someone partakes of the Lord's supper who is not saved, of what is he guilty?
6. After Jesus had eaten supper with His disciples, what did He tie around His waist?
7. What did Jesus do with the basin of water?
8. Why did Jesus wash His disciples feet?
9. Did He tell them to wash each others' feet?
10. What does feetwashing show about a person?
11. How do we know that Jesus still wants us to observe feetwashing today?

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Part 11

Dec. 12

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

So it came to pass that when Christie knocked at the old attic door, it was opened for him by Mrs. Villiers herself, who had just come there to see a poor sick woman. She had not met Christie in that attic since the days when they were both children. Mabel smiled as he came in, and said to him: "Do you remember the occasion when we met here before?"

"Yes," said Christie, "I remember it well. There were four of us here then, and two out of the four have gone to the bright city which we talked of then."

"Yes," said Mabel, with tears in her eyes; "they are waiting for us in 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The attic did not look any more cheerful that day than it had done when old Treffy lived there. The window panes were nearly all broken and filled with pieces of brown paper or rag. The floor was more rotten than ever, and the boards seemed as if they must give way when Christie crossed the room to speak to a forlorn-looking woman, who was sitting on a chair by the smouldering fire. She was evidently very ill and very unhappy. Four little children were

playing about, and making so much noise that Christie could hardly hear their mother speak when she told him she was "no better, no better at all, and she did not think she ever should be."

"Have you done what I asked you, Mrs. Wilson?" said Christie.

"Yes, sir, I've said it again and again, and the more I say it, the more miserable it makes me."

"What is it, Christie?" said Mrs. Villiers.

"It's a little prayer I asked her to say: 'O God, please show me how I stand before Thee.'"

"I think He has shown me," said the poor woman, sadly. "Anyhow, I never knew I was such a sinner. Every day as I sit here by my fire I think it all over, and every night as I lie awake on my bed, I think of it again."

"I have another prayer for you now, Mrs. Wilson," said Christie, "and I've written it out on a card, that you may be able to learn it quickly: 'O God, please reveal thy Son to me and show me how to come to Thee.' God has heard and answered your first prayer, so you may be sure He will hear this one also. If He reveals Jesus to you, I am sure you will be happy, for Jesus will forgive you your

sins, and take away all its heavy burden."

The poor woman read the prayer aloud several times, and then Mrs. Villiers took a book from her pocket and began to read. It was a little, much-worn Testament. It had once been blue, but, from constant use, the color had faded, and the gilt edges were no longer bright. It was not the first time that same Testament had been in that old attic. It was the same book from which Mabel's mother had read to old Treffy fifteen years before. How Mabel loved that book! Here and there was a pencil mark which her mother had made against some favorite text, and these texts Mabel read again and again, till they became her favorites also. It was one of these which she read to the poor woman today. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Then Mrs. Villiers explained how ready Jesus is to save any soul that comes to Him, and how His blood is quite sufficient to take away sin.

The sick woman listened eagerly, and a tear came into Christie's eye as he said: "There is no text that I love like that, Mrs. Villiers. Mr. Wilton preached on it in the mission room the second time I went there, and I felt as if I could sing for joy when I heard it. I well remember how I ran up the stairs to this attic, to tell it to my old master."

"Have you found it true, Christie?"

"Yes, ma'am, indeed I have, and Treffy found it true, too."

Then Mrs. Villiers and Christie took their leave; but as they were going down the steep staircase Christie said: "Have you time to call on Mrs. White for a few minutes? She would be so pleased to see you, and I don't think she will live very long."

Mrs. Villiers gladly agreed to go. So Christie knocked on the door at the bottom of the stairs. A young woman opened it, and they went in.

Mrs. White was lying on a bed in the corner of the room, and seemed to be asleep. Presently she opened her eyes, and when she saw Christie her face brightened, and she held out her hands to him in welcome. She was an old woman now, and had given up taking lodgers several years before.

"Oh, Christie," she said, "I *am* glad to see you. I have been counting the hours till you came."

"Mrs. Villiers has come to see you today, Mrs. White."

"Oh! how good of you!" said the poor woman. "Christie said you would come some day."

"You have known Christie a long time, have you not?" asked Mrs. Villiers.

"Yes," said the old woman. "He came to me first as a little ragged boy, shivering with cold. I liked the look of him, ma'am, he was so much quieter than some that came here. I used to give him a crust sometimes, when he looked more starved than usual."

"Yes, Mrs. White," said Christie, "you were often very good to me."

"Oh! not as I should have been Christie. They were only crusts I gave you, bits that were left from the men's meals, and not so much of them either. But you've come to me and brought me the Bread of Life—not just bits and leavings, but enough and to spare, as much as I like, and more than enough for all I want."

"Oh, Christie," said Mrs. Villiers, "I am glad to hear this. The Lord has been very good to you. Your work has not been in vain."

"In vain!" said the old woman. "I should think not! There's many a one, Mrs. Villiers, that will bless God in the home above for what you and your father have done for this lad. There is no one who will bless Him more than I shall. I was as dark as a heathen till Christie came to me, and read to me out

of his Bible. He talked to me of Jesus and put it all so clear to me. Now I know that my sins are forgiven, and very soon the Lord will take me home; and oh! how dear that will be,

*"When in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land."*

"I see that Mrs. White knows your hymn, Christie," said Mrs. Villiers.

"Yes," said Christie, "I taught it to her a long time ago, and she is as fond of it as my old master was."

After a little more conversation Mrs. Villiers took her leave, and Christie continued his round of visits. All that long, sultry afternoon he toiled on, climbing dark staircases, going down into damp cellars, visiting crowded lodging houses. Everywhere as he went, he dropped seeds of the Word of life, sweet words from the Book of books, suited to the hearts of those with whom he met.

For in that book Christie found there was a word for every need, and a message for every soul. There was peace for the sin-burdened, comfort for the sorrowful, rest for the weary, counsel for the perplexed, and hope for the dying. Christie always prayed before he went out that God's Holy Spirit would give him the right word for each one whom he went to see. As he knocked at the door of a house, he always lifted up his heart in a silent prayer, something like this: "Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, give me the opportunity of saying something for Thee. Please help me to use it, and show me how to say the right word."

(to be continued)

But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Phil. 4:19.



Jesus' tomb was empty.

Dear Boys and Girls,

There are people who worship Buddha as their god. Buddha's grave can be pointed out today. He once lived, but as other men, he died. Mohammed has a great following. He, too, was a man who lived, and just like Buddha died. Jesus Christ lived and died, but unlike the others, He did not stay in the grave. He arose to new life! This is the basis of the Christian religion. Our hope for eternal life is based on the fact that when Jesus overcame death for Himself, He opened the door for all mankind to overcome death.

Paul told a group of Christians not to sorrow as other people did over the death of Christians. For those who did not believe in Christ, it was hard to lay away the body of their loved one, because they felt that was the end. They had no hope of ever seeing them again. But there is hope in Jesus Christ that we will see our loved ones again. What a great hope! is it not?

After Jesus arose from the grave He went up into heaven. That is where He presently is. One day He will come down from heaven and the Christians who have died will come out of the graves and rise to meet Christ in the air. Then the Christians who are living at that time will be changed and rise into the air to meet Christ. The Christians will live forever in heaven with the Lord. How wonderful to know that all the saved will be reunited in eternal life!

—Aunt Sandra

THE RESURRECTION

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.

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.

1 Cor. 15:12 Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

13 But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen:

14 And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

15 Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not.

16 For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised:

17 And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

18 Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

19 If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

20 But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

21 For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

22 For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

51 Behold I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

52 In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

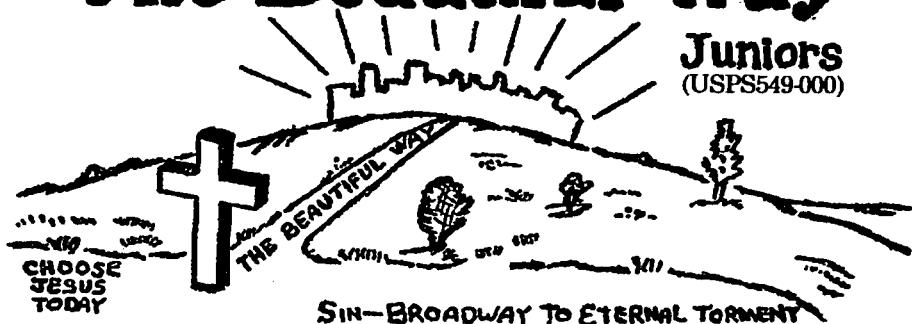
Memory Verse: Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: . . . John 11:25a.

Questions:

1. Where did the two Marys go at dawn on the first day of the week?
2. What did they find at Jesus' tomb?
3. What had happened to Jesus?
4. Did everyone believe that Jesus had really risen from the dead?
5. Does everyone today really believe that Jesus rose from the dead?
6. How do we know that Christ was raised from the dead?
7. If Christ had not risen from the dead, would there be a resurrection for us to look forward to?
8. By what man was the punishment of death passed to all mankind?
9. Through what Man was the promise of a resurrection given to mankind?
10. Will everyone die? Who will not?
11. What will happen to the people who are living when Jesus comes?

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Part 12

Dec. 19

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

It was no wonder that God blessed him. It was no wonder that wherever he went Christie not only found opportunities of doing good, but was able to use these opportunities to the best advantage. It was no wonder that when the people were ill they always sent for the young Scripture-reader to read and pray with them. It was no wonder that the little children loved him, or that the poor, tired mothers were glad to sit down for a few minutes to hear him read words of comfort from the Book of Life. It was no wonder that all day long Christie found work to do for the Master, and souls waiting to receive the Master's message. He was generally very tired when he went home at night, but he did not mind this. For he never forgot old Treffy's sorrow, a few days before he died, because he had only a week left in which to show his love to his Savior. Christie thanked God every day that He had given to him the honor and privilege of working for Him.

Christie lodged in a quiet street not far from Ivy Court. He used to live some way out of the town, for he liked to have

a walk after his day's work was done. He found that the poor people often wanted him for different things in the evening and at other times, and so he removed nearer to them and nearer to his work. Very often they would come to him with their troubles, and sit in his little room pouring out their grief. The young men especially were very glad to come to Christie's lodging to have a talk with him. Once a week Christie had a little prayer-meeting there, to which many of them came. They found it a great help on their way to heaven.

When Christie opened the door of his lodging on the day of which I am writing, he heard a sound which very much surprised him. It was the sound of his old barrel-organ, and it was playing a few notes of "Home, Sweet Home." He wondered much who could be turning it, for he had forbidden the landlady's children to touch it, except when he was present to see that no harm came to it. He sometimes smiled to himself at his care over the old organ. It reminded him of the days when he had first played it, with old Treffy standing by him and looking over his shoulder, saying in an anxious voice: "Turn her gently, Christie, boy; turn her gently."

Now he was almost as careful of it as Treffy himself, and he would not on any account have it injured. So he hastened upstairs to see who it could be that was turning it this morning. On his way he met his landlady who said that a gentleman was waiting for him in his parlor, who seemed very anxious to see him, and had been sitting there for some time. When Christie opened the door, who should be turning the barrel-organ but his old friend Mr. Wilton!

They had not met for many years, for Mr. Wilton had settled in another part of the country, where he was preaching the same truths he had once preached in the little mission room. He had come to spend a Sunday in the scene of his former labors, and he was very anxious to know how his friend Christie was getting on, and whether he was still working for the Savior, and still looking forward to "Home, Sweet Home."

It was a very affectionate meeting between Mr. Wilton and his young friend. They had much to talk about, not having seen each other for so long.

"So you still have the old organ, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, looking down at the faded silk, which was even more colorless than it had been in Treffy's days.

"Ye-, sir," said Christie, "I could never part with it. I promised my old master that I never would, and it was his dying gift to me. Often now when I hear the notes of 'Home, Sweet Home,' it takes my thoughts to old Treffy. I think what a happy time he must have had in 'the city bright,' all these fifteen years."

"Do you remember how you used to want to go there too, Christie?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilton, and I don't want it any the less now. I still should like to live some years longer, if it is His will. There is so much to do in the world, isn't there, sir? What I do only seems to me like a drop in the ocean when I look at

the hundreds of people there are in these crowded courts. I could almost cry sometimes when I feel how little I can reach them."

"Yes, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, "there is a great deal to do, and we cannot do a tenth part, nor yet a thousandth part, of what there is to do. What we must strive after is that the dear Master may be able to say of each of us, 'He hath done what he *could*.' "

Mr. Wilton and Christie knelt down and prayed that God would give Christie a blessing on his work, and would enable him to lead many of the people, in the courts and lanes of that wretched neighborhood, to come to Jesus, that they might find a home in that city where Treffy was gone before.

"HOME, SWEET HOME" AT LAST

It was Sunday evening, and Christie was once more in the little mission room; not now as a poor ragged boy, sitting on the front bench, and in danger of being turned out by the woman who lighted the gas lamps. She would not dream of turning Christie out now, for the young Scripture-reader was a well known man in the district. He was always there early, before any of the people arrived, and he used to stand at the door and welcome each one as they came in. He helped the old men and women to their seats, and looked out anxiously for those whom he had invited for the first time during the week. If any little ragged boys stole in, and seemed inclined to listen, Christie took special care of them, for he had not forgotten the day when he had first come to that very room, longing to hear a word of comfort to tell to his old master.

Mr. Wilton was to take the service tonight, and Christie had been busy all the afternoon giving special invitations to the people to be present, for he

wanted them very much to hear his dear friend.

(to be continued)

"I Can."

"I can't do right even when I want to," said John.

"Did you ever hear of a person with aphasia?" asked his father. "Aphasia is a disease that makes it impossible for a person to use words he wants to use. He cannot make his tongue mind him. Have you ever seen a person with rickets?"

"Rickets! What is that?" asked John.

"That is a disease in which the bones soften and the victim cannot walk. His limbs won't mind him. And did you ever see a drunken man?"

"Yes, a few," said John.

"Then you know how they say and do all sorts of queer things. They cannot make their minds or their bodies or their tongues obey them. Now, John, you said, 'I can't.' Do you have rickets or aphasia or drunkenness? If you are a Christian you can go to a great Doctor who will help you to overcome anything that bothers you or in any way interferes with a happy Christian life. He is our heavenly Father. He will help you. Let us believe that we can do all things through Christ who will strengthen us.

—Sel.



Reward of the Righteous

"The fellow who talks a lot about what he has done is not likely to do much more."

Dear Boys and Girls,

There is a sign above the podium at the Monark Springs campground pavilion that says: *I must die, but when? I must meet God, but how? I must live in eternity, but where?* Many times I've read those lines and thought upon their meaning. Each sentence states a truth and also asks a question.

We will all die (unless Jesus comes first). Some die young and others live to be quite aged. No matter how long our life is here, though, it *will* come to an end. Death is certain and it is also certain that we will stand before God for judgment. Our life on earth will either condemn us or justify us. For those justified by Jesus' blood the reward will be far greater than what the human mind can even comprehend.

Jesus said He went to heaven to prepare a place for us. He said there are many mansions there. Now He did not necessarily mean that we would live in houses in heaven, the way we do down here. He meant that in heaven our home will be as glorious as what we consider earthly mansions to be. In Revelations, heaven is spoken of as having streets of gold and the walls of choicest gems. Gems are beautiful and considered of greater monetary value than anything else. Heaven has to be described in language we can understand. The streets may not be of actual gold, as we know gold, but the streets will be beautiful and as precious to us as gold. We need not worry about what heaven will be like or what we will do. God made the earth and put man on it. He knew what to provide us with for our good and pleasure. Heaven will be more wonderful than anything we could imagine and we will enjoy it more than anything we enjoy here on earth. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 12, December 19, 1982

HEAVEN, REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS

John 14:1 Let not your heart be troubled: do ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 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.

1 Thess. 4:16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

17 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Matt. 25:31 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

32 And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

33 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Rev. 22:3 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

4 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Rev. 21:23 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

24 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

Memory Verse: For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. II Cor. 5:1.

Questions:

1. What did Jesus say are in His Father's house?
2. Why was Jesus going away (to heaven)?
3. For what reason is Jesus coming again?
4. Describe Jesus' coming again.
5. Who shall be the first to meet the Lord?
6. How long will the Christians be with Jesus when He comes again?
7. At the judgment day who will stand before the Lord?
8. Whom will the Lord put on His right hand and who on the left?
9. What will the Lord say to the ones on His right hand?
10. Why will there be no night in heaven?
11. How long will the saved be in heaven?
12. What are some things mortals suffer on earth that they won't in heaven?

The Beautiful Way

Juniors

(USPS549-000)



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Part 13

Dec. 26

Christie's Old Organ

(continued from last week)

The mission room was quite full when Mr. Wilton entered it. How it rejoiced him to see Christie going about among the people, with a kind word for each, and handing them the small hymn books from which they were to sing!

"Come, for all things are now ready." That was Mr. Wilton's text. How still the mission room was, and how earnestly all the people listened to the sermon! The clergyman first spoke of the marriage feast in the parable; so carefully spread, so kindly prepared, all ready there—and yet no one would come! There were excuses on all sides, every one was too busy or too idle to attend to the invitation. No one was ready to obey that gracious "Come."

Mr. Wilton then spoke of Jesus, and how He had made all things ready for us; how pardon is ready and peace is ready; the Father's arms ready to receive us; the Father's love ready to welcome us; a home in heaven already prepared for us. That, he said, was God's part of the matter.

"And what, my dear friends," he went on, "is our part? Come; 'come for all

things are now ready.' Come, you have only to come and take; you have only to receive this love. Come, sin-stained soul. Come, weary one. 'Come, for all things are now ready.' Now ready. There is a great deal in that word *now*. It means tonight—this very Sunday; not next year, or next week; not tomorrow, but now. All things are *now* ready. God has done all He can, he can do no more, and He says to you, 'Come.' Will you not come? Are God's good things not worth having? Would you not like to lie down to sleep feeling that you were forgiven? Would you not like one day to sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb?

"Oh, what a day that will be!" said Mr. Wilton, as he ended his sermon. "St. John caught a glimpse of its glory amidst the wonderful sights he was permitted to see. So important was it, so good, so specially beautiful, that the angel seems to have stopped him, that St. John might write it down at once. Wait a minute, don't go any farther, take out your book and make a note of that—'Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.'"

"Are you one of those blessed ones?" asked the clergyman. "Are you washed

in the blood of the Lamb? Will you sit down to that supper? Have you a right to enter into 'Home, Sweet Home'? I know not what is your answer to these questions. If you cannot answer me now, how will you in that day answer the Great Searcher of hearts?"

With this question the sermon ended, and the congregation left. Those who had known Mr. Wilton lingered behind to shake hands with him, and to get a parting word of counsel or comfort.

Christie walked home by the clergyman's side.

"Now, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, "do you think you can be ready to start with me tomorrow morning at eight o'clock?"

"To start with you, sir?" repeated Christie.

"Yes, Christie. You have had hard work lately, and I have asked leave from Mr. Villiers to take you home with me, that you may have a little country air and quiet rest. I am sure it will not be lost time, Christie. You will have time for quiet reading and prayer, and you will be able to gain strength and freshness for future work. Well, do you think you can be ready in time?"

Christie thought there was no fear of his being late. He thanked Mr. Wilton with a voice full of feeling, for he had sometimes longed very much for a little pause in his busy life.

The next day found Christie and Mr. Wilton rapidly traveling towards the quiet country village in which Mr. Wilton's church was to be found.

What was the result of that visit may be gathered from the following extract, taken from a letter written by Christie to Mr. Wilton some months later: "I promised you that I would let you know about our little home. It is, I think, one of the happiest to be found in this world. I shall always bless God that I came to your village, and met my dear little wife.

"At last I have a 'Home, Sweet Home'

of my own. We are so happy together! When I come home from my work I always see her watching for me, and she has everything ready. The evenings we spend together are very quiet and peaceful. Nellie likes to hear about all my visits during the day, and poor people are already so fond of her they come to her in all their troubles. We find it such a comfort to be able to pray together for those in whom we are interested, and together to take them to the Savior.

"Our little home is so bright and cheerful! I wish you could have seen it on the evening on which we arrived. Mrs. Villiers had made all ready for us, and with her own hand had put on the table a lovely bunch of snowdrops and dark myrtle leaves. I need not tell you that they reminded me of those which she had given me when she was little Miss Mabel, and when she taught me that prayer which I have never forgotten: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'

"And now, dear Mr. Wilton, you may think of Nellie and me as living together in love and happiness in the dear little earthly home, yet still looking forward to the eternal home above, our true, our best, our brightest 'HOME, SWEET HOME!'"

THE END

Defective Iron Castings

"Certain great iron castings have been ordered for a railway bridge. The thickness has been calculated according to the extent of the span and the weight of the load. The contractor constructs his moulds according to the specifications, and when all is ready, pours in the molten metal. In the process of casting, through some defect in the mould, portions of air lurk in the heart of the iron, and cavities like those of a honey-

comb are formed in the interior of the beam; but all defects are hid, and the flaws are effectively concealed. The workman has covered his fault; but he will not prosper. As soon as it is subjected to a strain, the beam gives way.

"Sin covered becomes a rotten hollow in a human soul; and, when strain comes, the false gives way." No matter how well sin may be covered, it is only a question of time till it will come out on one. "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." *Psa. 32:5.*

—*Sin, The Tell-Tale*

LESSON ILLUSTRATIONS



Fires of Hell

Dear Boys and Girls,

I am reading a book about a man whose plane crashed and burst into flames. He says, "When I first opened my eyes, I was sitting in the middle of a bonfire, surrounded by flames. All I could see was fire." He managed to crawl from the wreckage and some people put him into a station wagon. "I was in horrible pain. My head and hands were completely burned. My eyes

were swollen shut. I could see the skin on the back of my hands. It was charred like a piece of steak that had slipped through the barbecue grill and onto the open fire." "People ask me how it feels to be so seriously burned. If you've ever been burned at all, just multiply that feeling all over your face, hands, and legs."

Most people experience minor burns several times in their lives. It may be the burn from touching a hot pan on the stove, or the spilling of a cup of hot chocolate on yourself. We all know a little of what it's like to be burned. But there are a few people, like the man described above, who are burned so greatly that their lives are endangered. These people suffer pain and agony that cannot be described.

The fires of hell will be just as hot and cause as much pain as fire causes to us here. People will feel the flames melting their skin, yet they will not be able to die. It will be the worst suffering man has ever known. They will cry and scream with pain, but their suffering will not be relieved. The flames will dry and burn their throats, but there will be no drop of water to cool them. This will last not just one hour, or one day, but forever and ever.

The thought of hell sounds like God must be a terrible God to doom man to such a place. God did not make hell for men, but for the devil and his angels. If men choose to serve the devil, they are not fit for heaven, and there is no other place to go but hell. We do not have to go to hell. The choice is ours.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 13, December 26, 1982

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT FOR WICKED

Luke 16:19 There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and

fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

20 And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

21 And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22 And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

23 And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24 And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

25 But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

26 And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

Matt. 25:31 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

32 And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

33 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

41 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

Mark 9:43 And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched:

44 Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Memory Verse: But rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Matt. 10:28b.

Questions:

1. What were some things the rich man had in this life?
2. Who was the beggar at the rich man's gate?
3. Why was Lazarus at the gate?
4. Where did Lazarus go when he died?
5. Where did the rich man go when he died?
6. What could the rich man see from hell?
7. What did the rich man want Lazarus to do for him?
8. Why could Lazarus not come to the rich man? Is there any way out of hell?
9. When Christ comes, whom will He gather before Him?
10. Who are the "sheep" and who are the "goats"?
11. Where will Jesus tell the unsaved to go?
12. What word makes us to know the fire in hell will never go out?
13. For whom was hell prepared?
14. How long will the wicked be punished?
15. What does it mean, "Where their worm dieth not"?