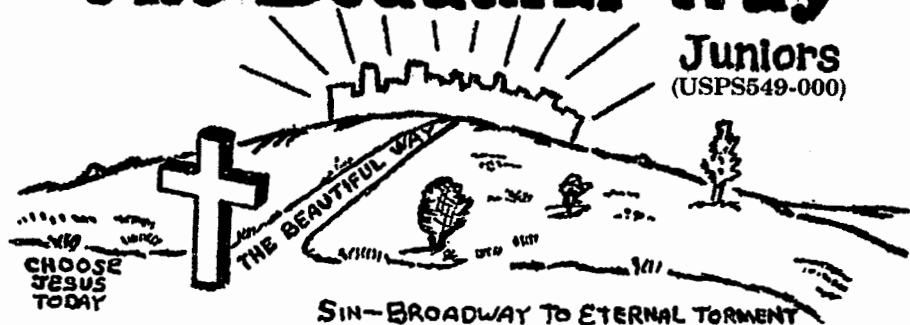


The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 1

Jan. 4

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

"If she *was*, Horace, believe me it must have been only after great provocation, and her acknowledgment of it is no proof at all, to my mind. Elsie is so humble, she would think she *must* have been guilty of impertinence if Miss Day accused her of it."

"Surely not, Adelaide; she is by no means wanting in sense," he replied, in a tone of incredulity, not unmixed with annoyance.

Then he sat thinking a moment, half inclined to go to his child and inquire more particularly into the circumstances, but soon dropped the idea, saying to himself, "No; if she does not choose to be frank with me, and say what she can in her own defense, she deserves to suffer. Besides, she showed such stubbornness about eating that bread!"

He was very proud, and did not like to acknowledge even to himself that he had punished his child unjustly—much less to *her*. It was not until near tea-time that he returned to his room, entering so softly that Elsie did not hear him.

She was sitting just where he had left her, bending over her Bible, an expres-

sion of sadness and deep humility on the sweet little face, so young and fair and innocent. She did not seem aware of his presence until he was close beside her, when, looking up with a start, she said in a voice full of tears, "Dear Papa, I am very sorry for my naughtiness. Will you please forgive me?"

"Yes," he said, "certainly I will, if you are really sorry." He stooped and kissed her coldly, saying, "Now go to your room, and let Chloe dress you for tea."

She rose at once, gathered up her books, and went out.

The little heart was very sad; for her father's manner was so cold she feared he would never love her again. She was particularly distressed by the bad mark given her for recitation that day, because she knew the time was now drawing very near when her report must be handed in to her papa. The delight with which she had hitherto looked forward to receiving his well-merited approval, was now changed to fear, and dread of his displeasure. Yet she knew she had not deserved the bad mark, and again and again she determined that she would tell her father all about it. But his manner had now become so cold

and stern that she could not summon up courage to do so, but put it off from day to day, until it was too late.

* * * * *

It was Friday, and the next morning was the time when the reports were to be presented. School had closed, and all but Elsie had already left the room. She was carefully arranging the books, writing and drawing materials, etc., in her desk. She was very neat and orderly in her habits.

When she had quite finished her work she took up her report book, and looked over it. As her eye rested for an instant upon the one bad mark, she sighed a little, and murmured to herself, "I am so sorry. I wish Papa knew how little I really deserved it. I don't know why I never can get the courage to tell him."

Then, laying it aside, she opened her copy book and turned over the leaves with pleasure, for not one of its pages was defaced by a single blot. From beginning to end it gave evidence of painstaking carefulness and decided improvement.

"Ah! surely *this* will please Papa!" she exclaimed, half aloud. "How good Aunt Adelaide was to sit here with me!"

Then, putting it carefully in its place, she closed and locked the desk, and carrying the key to her room, laid it on the mantel, where she was in the habit of keeping it.

Now it so happened that afternoon that Arthur, who had made himself sick by eating too much candy, and had been lounging about the house doing nothing for the last day or two, remained at home while the rest of the family went out.

He was not usually fond of reading, but while lying on the lounge in the nursery, it suddenly occurred to him that he would like to look at a book he had seen Elsie reading that morning.

To be sure, the book belonged to her, and she was not there to be asked as to

her willingness to lend it; but that made no difference to Arthur. He had very little respect for the rights of property, excepting where his own were concerned.

Elsie, he knew, was out, and Chloe in the kitchen. Feeling certain there would be no one to interfere with him, he went directly to the little girl's room to look for the book. He soon found it lying on the mantel. The desk key lay right beside it, and as he caught sight of that he gave a half scream of delight, for he guessed at once to what lock it belonged. He felt that now he could carry out the revenge he had plotted ever since the affair of the watch.

He put out his hand to take it, but drew it back again. He stood for a moment thinking of what his chances of getting caught would be.

He could deface Elsie's copy book, but Adelaide could testify to the little girl's carefulness, and the neatness of her work up to that very day, for she had been in the school room that morning during the writing hour. But Adelaide had just left home to pay a visit to a friend living at some distance, and would not return for several weeks, so there was little danger from her. Miss Day, to be sure, knew the appearance of Elsie's book quite as well, but there was still less danger of her interference, and he was pretty certain no one else knew.

He decided to run the risk. So laying down the book, he took the key and went to the door. He looked carefully up and down the hall to make sure of not being seen, and having satisfied himself on that point, hurried to the school room. He unlocked Elsie's desk, took out her copy book, and dipping a pen in the ink, deliberately blotted nearly every page in it. On some he made a large blot, on others a small one, and on some two or three. He also scribbled between the lines and on the margin, so

as completely to deface poor Elsie's work.

(To be continued)

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(Act of Aug. 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of publication: THE BEAUTIFUL WAY.
2. Date of filing: October 14, 1980.
3. Frequency of issue: Quarterly.
4. Location of known office of publication: 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Logan, Oklahoma 73044.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: Same as above.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Publisher—Lawrence D. Pruitt, 1106 W. Wash., Guthrie, Okla. Editor—Marie Miles, 1010 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. Managing editor—Same as last above.
7. Owner: Faith Publishing House, Inc., 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Oklahoma. (This is a non-stock, non-profit religious and charitable corporation.)
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders: None.
9. The purpose, function and non-profit status: Have not changed during the preceding 12 months.

10. Extent and Nature of Circulation	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual No. of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total Number Copies Printed	1408	1400
B. Paid Circulation—By Mail and Carrier	794	783
C. Total Paid Circulation	794	783
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier, or other means	424	430
E. Total Distribution	1218	1213
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	190	187
G. TOTAL	1408	1400

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

Every bit of food we eat and every breath of air we breathe are gifts from God. Best of all, God sent His only Son to be our Saviour. Yes, God gave His best!

Dear Boys and Girls:

There is no love like a mother's love. Your mother suffered to bring you into this world, and her love for you is great. Sometimes your mother has so many things to do that she may not take time to talk to you or listen, but she does love you. Just think of all the things that your mother has to do. She has to cook your meals, wash your clothes, keep the house clean, sew or buy all of your clothes, buy all the hundreds of things that you use in the house, besides thinking about each of her children and his troubles. Of course, there are many more

things that mother does. So, love your mother, even if she is a busy woman and doesn't take the time with you that you think she should. She loves you dearly, even if you do not think so.

In our lesson, we find that there were two women who lived in one house. One woman had a baby and three days later the other woman had a baby. One night, one of the women's baby died, because she had rolled over on it during the night. Of course, there could have been another reason the baby died, but this is what the woman thought. So, at midnight the woman whose baby died, arose and took the other woman's live baby and put her dead baby in its place. When the woman awoke to nurse her baby, she saw that it was dead. Then she looked closer and it was not her son but the other woman's. When the woman asked for her baby, the other woman declared that it was not hers. Both women claimed the live baby. Trouble between them grew, and they were in need of help from someone. To whom could they go? Who had help for them?

The woman who was really the mother of the live baby said, "Let us go to King Solomon and let him help us. God has given him great wisdom." The two women stood before King Solomon, and the woman whose baby had died was carrying the live baby. The woman who had her live baby taken from her told the king all about what had happened. King Solomon listened. One of them said, "This is my son that liveth and her son is dead." Then the other woman said, "Your son is dead and mine is living." The king said, "Bring me a sword." They brought King Solomon a sword. Then the king said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other." The woman to whom the living child really belonged spoke up, as her great love went out to her son. She did not want him to be hurt.

She would do anything to keep that from happening. She cried out with tears, and said, "O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it." But the other woman said, "Let it be neither mine nor hers, but divide it." The king answered and said, "She is the mother who did not want it killed." The true mother got her baby. —Aunt Marie

SOLOMON'S WISDOM USED

1 Kings 3:16 Then came there two women, that were harlots, unto the king [Solomon], and stood before him.

17 And the one woman said, O my lord, I and this woman dwell in one house; and I was delivered of a child with her in the house.

18 And it came to pass the third day after that I was delivered, that this woman was delivered also: and we were together; there was no stranger with us in the house, save we two in the house.

19 And this woman's child died in the night; because she overlaid it.

20 And she arose at midnight, and took my son from beside me, while thine handmaid slept, and laid it in her bosom, and laid her dead child in my bosom.

21 And when I rose in the morning to give my child suck, behold, it was dead: but when I had considered it in the morning, behold, it was not my son, which I did bear.

22 And the other woman said, Nay; but the living is my son, and the dead is thy son. And this said, No; but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son: Thus they spake before the king.

23 Then said the king, The one saith, This is my son that liveth, and thy son is dead: and the other saith, Nay; but thy son is the dead and my son is the living.

24 And the king said, Bring me a sword. And they brought a sword before the king.

25 And the king said, Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other.

26 Then spake the woman whose the living child was unto the king, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she said, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it. But the other said, Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it.

27 Then the king answered and said, Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it: she is the mother thereof.

28 And all Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king: for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment.

Memory Verse: As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams. Daniel 1:17.

QUESTIONS:

1. To whom did the two women in our lesson go to solve a problem?
2. What did each have?
3. What happened to one of the women's baby?
4. What did she do with the dead baby? What did she do with the other woman's baby?
5. Did the woman who swapped the babies deny she had done it?
6. What did Solomon say to do with the living baby?
7. What did the real mother say to do with the child?
8. How did Solomon know she was the real mother?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors

(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 2

Jan. 11

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

To do Arthur justice, though he knew his brother would be pretty sure to be very angry with Elsie, he did not know of the threatened punishment. Once or twice he stopped, as he thought he heard a footstep, and shut down the lid until it had passed. Then he raised it again and went on with his wicked work. It did not take long, however, and he soon replaced the copy book in the exact spot in which he had found it. He wiped the pen and put it carefully back in its place. He then relocked the desk and hurried back to Elsie's room, putting the key just where he had found it. Taking the book, he returned to the nursery without having met any one.

He threw himself down on a couch and tried to read, but in vain. He could not fix his attention upon the page—could think of nothing but the mischief he had done, and its probable consequences. Now, when it was too late, he more than half repented. Yet as to confessing and thus saving Elsie from unmerited blame, he did not for a single moment entertain the thought. At last it suddenly occurred to him that if it

became known that he had been into Elsie's room to get the book he might be suspected. He started up with the intention of replacing it. But he found that it was too late. Elsie had already returned, for he heard her voice in the hall. He lay down again, and kept the book until she came in search of it.

He looked very guilty as the little girl came in, but not seeming to notice it, she merely said, "I am looking for my book. I thought perhaps someone might have brought it in here. Oh! *you* have it, Arthur! Well, keep it, if you wish. I can read it just as well another time."

"Here, take it," he said roughly, pushing it toward her. "I don't want it. It isn't at all pretty."

"I think it is very interesting, and you are quite welcome to read it, if you wish," she answered mildly. "But if you don't care to, I will take it."

"Young ladies and gentlemen," said the governess, as they were about closing their lessons the next morning, "this is the regular day for the reports, and they are all made out. Miss Elsie, here is yours. Bring your copy book, and carry both to your papa."

Elsie obeyed, not without some trembling, yet hoping, as there was but *one*

bad mark in the report and the copy book showed such evident marks of care and painstaking, her papa would not be very seriously displeased.

Since it was the last day of the term, the lessons of the morning had varied somewhat from the usual routine, and the writing hour had been entirely omitted. Thus it happened that Elsie had not opened her copy book, and was still in ignorance of its sadly altered appearance.

She found her father in his room. He took the report first from her hand, and glancing over it, said with a slight frown, "I see you have one *very* bad mark for recitation. But as there is only one, and the others are remarkably good, I will excuse it."

Elsie's father took her copy book and opened it. Much to Elsie's surprise and alarm, he gave her a glance of great displeasure, turned rapidly over the leaves, then laying it down, said in his sternest tones, "I see I shall have to keep my promise, Elsie."

"What, Papa?" she asked, turning pale with terror.

"What!" said he. "Do you ask me what? Did I not tell you positively that I would punish you if your copy book this month did not present a better appearance than it did last?"

"O Papa! does it not? I tried so very hard, and there are no blots in it."

"No blots?" said he. "What do you call these?" and he turned over the leaves again, holding the book so that she could see them. Almost every page was blotted in several places.

Elsie gazed at them in astonishment. Then looking up into her father's face, she said earnestly but fearfully, "Papa, I did not do it."

"Who did, then?" he asked.

"Indeed, Papa, I do not know," she replied.

"I must inquire into this business," he said, rising. "If it is not your fault you shall not be punished. But if I find you have been telling me a falsehood, Elsie, I shall punish you much more severely than if you had not denied your fault."

Taking her by the hand as he spoke, he led her back to the school room.

"Miss Day," said he, showing the book, "Elsie says these blots are not her work. Can you tell me whose they are?"

"Miss Elsie *generally* tells the truth, sir," replied Miss Day, sarcastically, "but I must say that in this instance I think she has failed, as her desk has a good lock, and she herself keeps the key."

"Elsie," he asked, turning to her, "is this so?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Have you ever left your desk unlocked, or the key lying about?"

"No, Papa. I am quite certain I have not," she answered hesitatingly, though her voice trembled, and she grew very pale.

"Very well then, *I* am quite certain you have told me a falsehood, since it is evident that this *must* have been your work. Elsie, I can forgive anything but falsehood, but that I *never will* forgive. Come with me. I shall teach you to speak the truth to *me*, at least, if to no one else." Taking her hand again, he led, or rather dragged, her from the room, for he was terribly angry, his face fairly pale with passion.

Lora came in while he was speaking, and, certain that Elsie would never be caught in a falsehood, her eye quickly sought Arthur's desk.

He was sitting there with a guilty countenance. She hastily crossed the room, and speaking in a low tone, said, "Arthur, *you* have had a hand in this

business I very well know. Now confess it quickly, or Horace will half kill Elsie."

"You don't know anything about it," said he.

"Yes, I do," she answered. "If you do not speak out at once, I shall save Elsie, and find means to prove your guilt afterward. You had better confess."

"Go away," he exclaimed angrily. "I have nothing to confess."

Seeing it was useless to try to move him, Lora turned away and hurried to Horace's room, which, in her haste, she entered without knocking. Fortunately he had neglected to fasten the door. She was just in time. He had a small riding whip in his hand, and Elsie stood beside him pale as death, too frightened to even cry, and trembling so that she could scarcely stand.

Horace turned an angry glance on his sister as she entered. Taking no notice of it, she exclaimed eagerly, "Horace, don't punish Elsie, for I am certain she is innocent."

He laid down the whip, asking, "How do you know it? What proof have you? I shall be very glad to be convinced," he added, his countenance relaxing somewhat in its stern and angry expression.

(To be continued)

"We should not have stayed at Daryl's house until it was so late," said Dana. "It is getting dark. I don't like walking down this path at night. Now the sun is setting. There is no telling what will be in the woods in the dark!"

"We will be all right," said Gregg to his sister. "Jesus is with us on the path in the daytime. He is with us when it gets dark, too. I'm sure that He will take care of us. He'll protect us from any animals or strange people. Jesus is our Friend. Hold my hand. If we skip along quickly, we'll soon be home." —Sel.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Our lessons have been on Solomon and how he sought the Lord for wisdom. We are now studying how he used his wisdom. We want to remember that we have some books in the Bible that Solomon wrote. The book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Solomon were written by Solomon and are sometimes called *The Canticles*. There are many words of wisdom in these books. Our lesson says he spoke 3,000 proverbs and 1,005 songs. His wisdom excelled all the wisdom of the East.

Our lesson brings out the way that Solomon set his house in order. His kingdom was large, and he had a lot of people eating at his table. It took a lot of food to feed them. Notice that he had twelve officers, who took charge of providing food for his household. Each man served for one month. Of course, there were many men working under this officer. When you think that in one day the cooks used 30 measures, or cors, of fine flour, we know that they made a lot of bread. A measure, or a cor, is 76 gallons. Seventy-six times thirty would be 2,280 gallons of flour. Threescore measures of meal would be 4,560 (a score is 20) gallons of meal. How would you like to use that to make bread and cook with it in different ways? Besides all of this meal and flour, they used ten fat oxen, and 20 oxen out of the pastures. That would be 30 oxen for beef, besides 100 sheep and all the other meat that had to be killed, dressed, cut up, and cooked. We must remember, too, that Solomon had a large army that needed to be fed, and also had workers who built buildings for him. He had a large household. Now this took a lot of wisdom for Solomon to see that all of this was done right. God gave him this wisdom and he was able to run a peaceable household.

Think about the many horses for his chariots and horsemen that he had. He had 40,000 stalls of horses. That would take a lot of men to take care of them, and also a lot of food for the horses. He also had big houses and many, many acres of land that needed to be taken care of. So, it took a lot of people to see about all of this. We know a little about the great riches and wisdom that God permitted Solomon to have because he sought for wisdom above every thing else.

—Aunt Marie

SOLOMON'S KINGDOM AND WISDOM

1 Kings 4:1 So king Solomon was king over all Israel.

4 And Benaiah the son of Jehoiada was over the host: and Zadok and Abiathar were the priests:

6 And Ahishar was over the household: and Adoniram the son of Abda was over the tribute.

7 And Solomon had twelve officers over all Israel, which provided victuals for the king and his household: each man his month in a year made provision.

21 And Solomon reigned over all kingdoms from the river unto the land of the Philistines, and unto the border of Egypt: they brought presents, and served Solomon all the days of his life.

22 And Solomon's provision for one day was thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal,

23 Ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and an hundred sheep, beside harts, and roebucks, and fallowdeer, and fatted fowl.

25 And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under

his fig tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon.

26 And Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen.

27 And those officers provided victual for king Solomon, and for all that came unto king Solomon's table, every man in his month: they lacked nothing.

29 And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore.

30 And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt.

32 And he spake three thousand proverbs: and his songs were a thousand and five.

34 And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all kings of the earth, which had heard of his wisdom.

Memory Verse: In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Prov. 3:6.

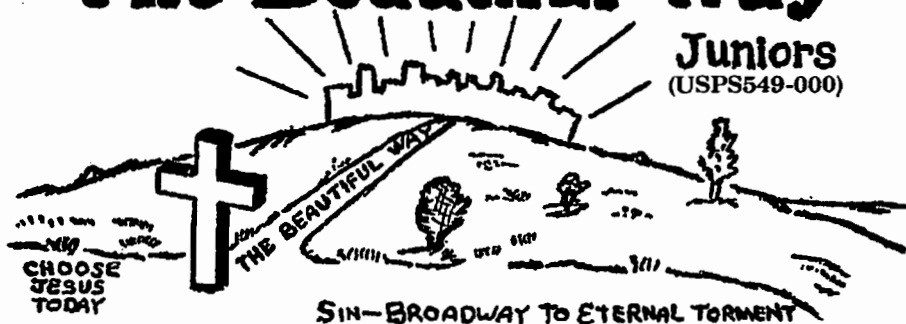
QUESTIONS:

1. What king did we read about?
2. Did Solomon provide much food for his kingdom?
3. How many officers did Solomon have in charge of providing food?
4. Was Solomon's reign in a time of war or of peace?
5. Name some of the earthly riches of Solomon.
6. Was Solomon wise? Who gave him this wisdom?
7. Was there anyone wiser than Solomon?
8. Did other people want to hear Solomon's wisdom?
9. What books of the Bible did Solomon write?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 3

Jan. 18

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

"In the first place," replied his sister, "there is Elsie's established character for truthfulness—in all the time she has been with us, we have ever found her perfectly truthful in word and deed. Then, Horace, what motive could she have had for spoiling her book, knowing as she did that certain punishment would follow? Besides, I am sure Arthur is at the bottom of this, for though he will not acknowledge it, he does not deny it. Ah! yes, and now I remember, I saw and examined Elsie's book only yesterday, and it was then quite free from blots."

A great change had come over her brother's countenance while she was speaking.

"Thank you, Lora," he said cordially, as soon as she had done. "You have quite convinced me, and saved me from punishing Elsie as unjustly as severely. That last assurance I consider quite sufficient of itself to establish her innocence."

Lora turned and went out feeling very happy. As Lora closed the door, Elsie's papa took her in his arms, saying in

loving, tender tones, "My poor little daughter! My own darling child! I have been cruelly unjust to you, have I not?"

"Dear Papa, you thought I deserved it," she said, with a burst of tears and sobs, throwing her arms around his neck, and laying her head against him.

"Do you love me, Elsie, dearest?" he asked, folding her closer to his heart.

"Ah! so very, very much! better than all the world beside. O Papa! if you would only love me." The last word was almost a sob.

"I do, my darling, my own precious child," he said, caressing her again and again. "I do love my little girl, although I may at times seem cold and stern. I am more thankful than words can express that I have been saved from punishing her unjustly. I could never forgive myself if I had done it. I would rather have lost half I am worth. Ah! I fear it would have turned all her love for me into hatred; and justly, too."

"No, Papa, Oh! no, no! Nothing could ever do that!" and the little arms were clasped closer and closer about his neck. The tears again fell like rain, as she timidly pressed her quivering lips to his cheek.

"There, there daughter! don't cry any more. We will try to forget all about it, and talk of something else," he said soothingly.

* * * * *

"Elsie, dear, your Aunt Adelaide said that perhaps you were not so much to blame the other day," said her papa. "Now I want you to tell me all the circumstances, for though I should be very sorry to encourage you to find fault with your teacher, I am by no means willing to have you abused."

"Please, Papa, don't ask me," she begged. "Aunt Lora was there, and she will tell you about it."

"No, Elsie," he said, very decidedly, "I want the story from *you*, and remember, I want *every word* that passed between you and Miss Day, as far as you can possibly recall it."

Seeing that he was determined, Elsie obeyed him, though with evident reluctance, and striving to put Miss Day's conduct in as favorable a light as consistent with truth, while she by no means excused her own. Her father listened with feelings of strong indignation.

"Elsie," he said when she had done, "if I had known all this at the time, I should not have punished you at all. Why did you not tell me, my daughter, how you have been ill treated and provoked?"

"O Papa! I could not. You know you did not ask me."

"I did ask you if it was true that you contradicted her, did I not?"

"Yes, Papa, and it was true."

"You ought to have told me the whole story though. But I see how it was—I frightened you by my sternness. Well, daughter," he added, kissing her tenderly, "I shall endeavor to be less stern in the future, and you must try to be less timid and more at ease with me."

"I will, Papa," she replied meekly. "But I cannot help being frightened when you are angry with me."

Mr. Dinsmore sat there a long time with his little daughter on his knee, caressing her more tenderly than ever before. Elsie was very happy, and talked more freely to him than she had ever done, telling him of her joys and her sorrows. She told him how dearly she had loved Miss Allison—what happy hours they had spent together in studying the Bible and in prayer—how sad she was when her friend went away—and how intensely she enjoyed the little letter now and then received from her. He listened to it all, apparently both pleased and interested, encouraging her to go on by an occasional question or a word of assent or approval.

"What is this, Elsie?" he asked, taking hold of the chain she always wore around her neck, and drawing the miniature from her bosom. As he touched the spring, the case flew open, revealing the sweet, girlish face of Elsie's dear mamma. He gazed upon it with emotion, carried back in memory to the time when for a few short months she had been his own most cherished treasure. Then looking from it to his child, he murmured, "Yes, she is very like—the same features, the same expression, complexion, hair and all—will be the very counterpart of her if she lives."

"Dear Papa, am I like Mamma?" asked Elsie, who had caught part of his words.

"Yes, darling, very much indeed, and I hope you will grow more so."

"You loved Mamma?" she asked.

"Dearly, *very* dearly."

"O Papa! tell me about her! Do, dear Papa," she pleaded eagerly.

"I have not much to tell," he said, sighing. "I knew her only for a few short months ere we were torn asunder, never to meet again on earth."

"But we may hope to meet her in heaven, dear Papa," said Elsie softly, "for she loved Jesus, and if we love Him we shall go there too when we die. Do you love Jesus, Papa?" she timidly inquired, for she had seen him do a number of things which she knew to be wrong, and she greatly feared he did not.

Instead of answering her question, he asked, "Do you, Elsie?"

"Oh! yes, sir; very, *very* much; even better than I love you, my own dear papa."

"How do you know?" he asked, looking keenly into her face.

"Just as I know that I love you, dear Papa, or any one else," she replied, lifting her eyes to his face in evident surprise at the strangeness of the question. "Ah, Papa," she added in her own sweet, simple way, "I do so love to talk to Jesus; to tell Him all my troubles, and ask Him to forgive me when I do wrong. It is so sweet to know that He loves me, and will *always* love me, even if no one else does."

He kissed her very gravely, and set her down, saying, "Go now, my dear, and prepare for dinner. It is almost time for the bell."

(To be continued)

*Come, ye little children, come, O,
come today;*

*Come and learn of Jesus and the
Bible way:*

*He will lead us upward to the land
of light,*

*Where there is no darkness, for the
day is bright.*

Ulysses Phillips

Dear Boys and Girls:

Hiram, the king of Tyre loved David. When he heard that he had died and that Solomon, his son, was king, he sent his servants to let Solomon know that

he was his father's friend and would be his friend, also. Solomon sent back a message to King Hiram about his father's leaving the task of building the temple to him. He reminded King Hiram that David, his father, could not build the temple because of so many wars from every side. He added that God had ended those wars and that all was subject under his feet. Solomon told King Hiram that his father had asked him to get cedar trees out of Lebanon to use in the building of the temple. Solomon said that he did not know of any better men who were skilled to make boards out of cedar than were Hiram's men. He told the king that he would pay his men to do this work.

When Hiram received the message, he was glad. He said, "Blessed be the Lord who hath given David such a wise son to rule over such a great people!" Hiram sent word to Solomon that he would let Solomon have the cedar and the fir timber to use in building the temple. He said that his servants would take them down to the sea and float them wherever Solomon wanted. For wages, Hiram told Solomon that he should give him food for his household. So every year that Hiram's servants worked Solomon sent 1,520,000 gallons of wheat, and 1,520 gallons of oil. (Verse 11—measure is 76 gal.) The two kings made a league between them for peace. (Verse 12) Solomon sent 10,000 men to work in Lebanon every month. The men would take turns. They would work two months, then be home two months. This was a wise way for Solomon to plan the work. The men would not be away from their families too long at a time; therefore, they would be happier at their work. Solomon had great wisdom in dealing with his workers.

The men worked for Solomon and cut out great and costly stones which would fit next to each other. They brought

them to Jerusalem for the temple. The men prepared timber and stones for the temple.

—Aunt Marie

SOLOMON PREPARES TO BUILD THE TEMPLE

1 Kings 5:1 And Hiram king of Tyre sent his servants unto Solomon; for he had heard that they had anointed him king in the room of his father: for Hiram was ever a lover of David.

2 And Solomon sent to Hiram, saying,

3 Thou knowest how that David my father could not build an house unto the name of the Lord his God for the wars which were about him on every side, until the Lord put them under the soles of his feet.

5 And, behold, I purpose to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God, as the Lord spake unto David my father, saying, Thy son, whom I will set upon thy throne in thy room, he shall build an house unto my name.

6 Now therefore command thou that they hew me cedar trees out of lebanon; and my servants shall be with thy servants: and unto thee will I give hire for thy servants according to all that thou shalt appoint: for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians.

7 And it came to pass, when Hiram heard the words of Solomon, that he rejoiced greatly, and said, Blessed be the Lord this day, which hath given unto David a wise son over this great people.

8 And Hiram sent to Solomon, saying, I have considered the things which thou sentest to me for: and I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar, and concerning timber of fir.

9 My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea: and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them: and thou shalt accomplish my desire, in giving food for my household.

10 So Hiram gave Solomon cedar trees and fir trees according to all his desire.

11 And Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food to his household, and twenty measures of pure oil: thus gave Solomon to Hiram year by year.

17 And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house.

18 And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stonesquarers: so they prepared timber and stones to build the house.

Memory Verse: Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people. Prov. 14:34.

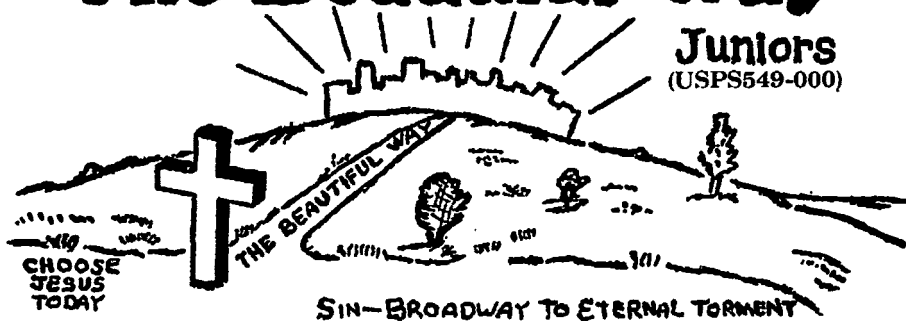
QUESTIONS:

1. What reason did Solomon say David could not build a house for God?
2. Did Solomon want to build the temple?
3. What did King Solomon want King Hiram's men to do?
4. Was King Hiram glad to help?
5. What kinds of wood were to be used?
6. How were the men to get the trees, or logs, from Lebanon to Solomon?
7. What did King Solomon give King Hiram and his men in return for their work?
8. Of what was the foundation of the Lord's house made?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1 Jan., Feb., March, 1981 Part 4 Jan. 25

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

"You are not displeased, Papa?" she inquired, looking up anxiously into his face.

"No, darling, not at all," he replied, stroking her hair. "Shall I ride with my little girl this afternoon?"

"O Papa! do you really mean it? I shall be so glad!" she exclaimed.

"Very well, then," he said, "it is settled. But go now. There is the bell. No, stay," he added quickly, as she turned to obey. "Think a moment and tell me where you put the key of your desk yesterday, for it must have been then that the mischief was done. Had you it with you when you rode out?"

Suddenly Elsie's face flushed, and she exclaimed eagerly, "Ah! I remember now! I left it on the mantel piece, Papa, and—"

But here she paused, as if sorry she had said so much.

"And what?" he asked.

"I think I had better not say it, Papa! I'm afraid I ought not, for I don't really know anything, and it seems so wrong to suspect people."

"You need not express any suspicions," said her father. "I do not wish you to do so. But I must insist upon having all the facts you can furnish me with. Was Aunt Chloe in your room all the time you were away?"

"No, sir. She told me she went down to the kitchen right after I left, and did not come up again until after I came back."

"Very well. Do you know whether any one else entered the room during your absence?"

"I do not know, Papa, but I think Arthur must have been in, because when I came home I found him reading a book which I had left lying on the mantel piece," she answered in a low, reluctant tone.

"Ah, ha! that is just it! I see it all now," he exclaimed, with a satisfied nod. "There, that will do, Elsie. Go now and make haste down to your dinner."

Elsie lingered, and, in answer to a look of kind inquiry from her father, she said coaxingly, "Please, Papa, don't be very angry with him. I think he did not know how much I cared about my book."

"You are very forgiving, Elsie. But go, child, I shall not abuse him," Mr.

Dinsmore answered, with an imperative gesture, and the little girl hurried from the room.

It happened that just at this time the elder Mr. Dinsmore and his wife were paying a visit to some friends in the city, and thus Elsie's Papa had been left head of the house for the time. Arthur, knowing this to be the state of affairs, and that though his father was expected to return that evening, his mother would be absent for some days, was beginning to be a good deal fearful of the consequences of his misconduct. His brother's wrath was now fully aroused, and he was determined that the boy should not on this occasion escape the penalty of his misdeeds.

Arthur was already in the dining room when Mr. Dinsmore came down.

"Arthur," said he, "I wish you to step into the library a moment. I have something to say to you."

"I don't want to hear it," muttered the boy, standing perfectly still.

"I dare say not, sir, but that makes no difference," replied his brother. "Walk into the library at once."

Arthur returned a scowl of defiance, muttering almost under his breath, "I'll do as I please about that." Cowed by his brother's determined look and manner, he slowly and reluctantly obeyed.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Dinsmore, when he had Arthur fairly in the room, and had closed the door behind them, "I wish to know how you came to meddle with Elsie's copy book."

"I didn't," was the angry reply.

"Take care sir; I know all about it," said Mr. Dinsmore, in a warning tone. "It is useless for you to deny it. Yesterday while Elsie was out and Aunt Chloe in the kitchen, you went to Elsie's room and took the key from the mantel piece where she had left it. You then went to the school room and did the mischief, hoping to get her into trouble thereby.

Then relocking the desk and returning the key to its proper place, you thought you had escaped detection. I was very near giving my poor, innocent little girl the whipping you so richly deserve."

"Who told you?" he asked. "Nobody saw me." Then, catching himself, said hastily. "I tell you I didn't do it. I don't know anything about it."

"Will you dare to tell me such a falsehood as that again?" exclaimed Mr. Dinsmore, angrily, taking him by the collar and shaking him roughly.

"Let me alone now," whined the culprit. "I want my dinner, I say."

"You'll get no dinner today, I can tell you," replied his brother. "I am going to lock you in your bedroom, and keep you there until your father comes home. Then if *he* doesn't give you the flogging you deserve, *I* will, for I intend you shall have your deserts for once in your life. I know that all this is in revenge for Elsie's forced testimony in the affair of the watch, and I gave you fair warning then that I would see to it that any attempt to abuse my child should receive its just reward."

Mr. Dinsmore took the boy by the arm as he spoke, to lead him from the room.

At first Arthur seemed disposed to resist, but soon, seeing how useless it was to contend against such odds, he resigned himself to his fate, saying sullenly, "You wouldn't treat me this way if Mamma was at home."

"She is not, however, as it happens, though I can tell you that even *she* could not save you now," replied his brother, as he opened the bedroom door. He pushed the boy in, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Mr. Horace Dinsmore had almost unbounded influence over his father, who was very proud of him. The old gentleman also utterly despised everything mean and underhanded, and upon be-

ing made acquainted by Horace with Arthur's misdemeanors, he inflicted upon him as severe a punishment as he deserved.

(To be continued)

Keeping the World Beautiful

"I have some chocolate cupcakes left over from my lunch at school today," said Rod. He was walking home with his friend Clint. "Do you want one?"

"Yes, I would like one," said Clint. "Don't throw the cupcake paper on the grass," said Clint.

"Why not?" asked Rod.

"God made the world very beautiful," said Clint. "He wants people to love Him and to take care of the world. Throwing paper on the grass isn't helping. That is making the world ugly and dirty."

"You are right," said Rod. He picked up the paper. "God did give us a pretty world. Look at the orange and yellow flowers over there."

"They are pretty, but someone has dropped paper on the ground beside them," said Clint.

We all want to keep God's earth clean and beautiful. —Sel.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Did you ever watch a house being built? What does it take to build a house? It takes stacks of lumber, lots of nails, and many things, doesn't it? But imagine a building many times larger than a common house. That was what Solomon had to see about building. It was to be made of the very best materials. It was going to be a house where God's Spirit would come and visit the people. Inside were to be built the two cherubim that were to overshadow the mercy seat. Then there was to be a curtain and another room. In that room there was to be a table, where fresh shewbread was to be put every morning.

There was to be a candlestick with seven candles on it. The light of the candlestick was to be kept burning all the time. At the door of the second room where the cherubim were, there was to be a golden altar. The first room was to be called the Holy Place. The room where the cherubim were, was to be called the Most Holy Place. Then there was to be a big altar outside by the door of the first room. There were to be big lavers filled with water, also. All of this was to be used in the worship of the Lord. The house to put all this in was to be made of cedar, fir, gold, and many precious stones. These two rooms were types of our spiritual experiences today—justification and sanctification.

In our last Sunday's lesson, we studied how Solomon had all the stones, cedar, and wood brought to Jerusalem. Today we see how Solomon had the building built. Solomon had all the stones cut exactly to fit. When they were brought in there was not the sound of a hammer in the building. The windows were narrow, and there were many rooms, or chambers, in the house. The stairs from one story to the other were winding. There were pretty carvings of open flowers, and knops were made of cedar and put here and there. When he had finished the house, he overlaid it with gold. It was a magnificent house and very beautiful.

God spoke to Solomon and said that if he would walk in God's ways and keep His commandments that He would bless Solomon and would dwell among the people of Israel and not forsake them. —Aunt Marie

SOLOMON BUILDS THE TEMPLE

1 Kings 6:1 And it came to pass in the four hundred and eightieth year after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign over Israel, in the month

Zif, which is the second month, that he began to build the house of the Lord.

7 And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.

11 And the word of the Lord came to Solomon, saying,

12 Concerning this house which thou art in building, if thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them; then will I perform my word with thee, which I spake unto David thy father:

13 And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will not forsake my people Israel.

18 And the cedar of the house within was carved with knops and open flowers: all was cedar; there was no stone seen.

22 And the whole house he overlaid with gold, until he had finished all the house: also the whole altar that was by the oracle he overlaid with gold.

27 And he set the cherubims within the inner house: and they stretched forth the wings of the cherubims, so that the wing of the one touched the one wall, and the wing of the other cherub touched the other wall; and their wings touched one another in the midst of the house.

28 And he overlaid the cherubims with gold.

7:38 Then made he ten lavers of brass: one laver contained forty baths: and every laver was four cubits: and upon every one of the ten bases one laver.

47 And Solomon left all the vessels unweighed, because they were exceeding

many: neither was the weight of the brass found out.

48 And Solomon made all the vessels that pertained unto the house of the Lord: the altar of gold, and the table of gold, whereupon the shewbread was,

49 And the candlesticks of pure gold, five on the right side, and five on the left, before the oracle, with the flowers, and the lamps, and the tongs of gold.

51 So was ended all the work that king Solomon made for the house of the Lord. And Solomon brought in the things which David his father had dedicated; even the silver, and the gold, and the vessels, did he put among the treasures of the house of the Lord.

Memory Verse: Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. Heb. 10:19.

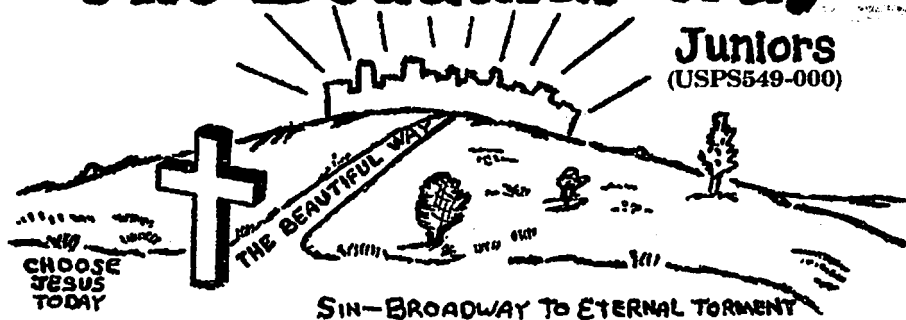
QUESTIONS:

1. What did God tell Solomon that he must do if God were to dwell among the people?
2. Do we have to do the same things today to have God dwell in our hearts?
3. What kind of wood was used in building the temple? What did the workers carve in the wood?
4. What was put inside the inner room?
5. With what was everything overlaid?
6. Of what were the lavers made?
7. Did Solomon weigh the vessels of the temple?
8. Of what precious metal were the altar, table of shewbread, candlestick, etc. made?
9. Why do you think Solomon made the things of gold, rather than of some other metal such as iron? Does the Lord want our best?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 5

Feb. 1

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

Happy days had come to the little Elsie. Her father treated her with the tenderest affection, and kept her with him almost constantly. He took her with him wherever he went in his rides and walks and visits to the neighboring planters.

She was much admired for her beauty and sweetness of disposition, much caressed and flattered, but, through it all, lost none of her native modesty. She was ever the same meek, gentle little girl. She felt grateful for all the kindness she received, and liked to visit with her Papa. But her happiest days were spent at home on those rare occasions when they were free from visitors. She would sit for hours on his knee, or by his side, talking or reading to him, or working at her embroidery, or knitting and listening while he read. He helped her with all her studies, taught her something of botany and geology in their walks, helped her to see and correct the faults of her drawings, sang with her when she played, bought her quantities of new music, and engaged the best masters to instruct her. In

short, he took a lively interest in all her pursuits and pleasures, gave her every indulgence, and lavished upon her the tenderest caresses. He was very proud of her beauty, her sweetness, her intelligence, and talent. Nothing pleased him better than to hear her attributes spoken of by others in terms of praise.

Elsie was very happy. The soft eyes grew bright with happiness, and the little face lost its pensive expression, and became as round, rosy, and merry as Enna's.

Miss Day went North, expecting to be absent several months, and Elsie and her Papa went travelling. It was her first journey since she had been old enough to care for such things, and she enjoyed it exceedingly. They left home in July, and did not return until September, so that the little girl had time to rest and recruit, both mentally and physically, and was ready to begin her studies again with zeal and energy. Yet it was so pleasant to be her papa's constant companion, and she had so enjoyed her freedom from the restraints of the school room, that she was not at all sorry to learn, on their arrival at Roselands, that the governess would still be absent for some weeks.

"How bright and happy the child looks!" was Adelaide's remark on the day of their return, as, from the opposite side of the room, she watched the speaking countenance of the little girl, who was giving Enna and the boys an animated description of her journey.

"Yes," said Lora, "and how entirely she seems to have overcome her fear of her father!" for at that instant Elsie suddenly left the little group, and running to him, leaned confidently on his knee, while apparently urging some request, which he answered with a smile and a nod of approval. When she left the room, it was not long until she returned carrying a richly bound book of engravings.

Yes, Elsie had lost her fear of her father, and could now talk to him, and tell him her feelings and wishes, as freely as ever Enna did. It was no wonder, for in all these weeks he had never given her one harsh word or look. He had had no occasion to do so, for she was always obedient.

It was Sunday afternoon—the first Sunday after their return—and Elsie was in her own room alone with the books she loved best—her Bible, hymn book, and *Pilgrim's Progress*.

She had spent a very happy hour in self-examination, reading, and prayer, and was singing to herself in a low tone her favorite hymn. She was turning over the leaves of her Bible to find the story of Elijah. She had promised to read to Chloe that afternoon. She heard a child's footsteps coming down the hall. The handle of the door was turned hastily, and then, as it refused to yield, Enna's voice called out in a fretful tone, "Open this door, Elsie Dinsmore. I want in, I say."

Elsie sighed, as she thought, "There is an end to my nice afternoon," but she rose at once, and quickly crossing the room, opened the door, asking in

a pleasing voice, "What do you want, Enna?"

"I *told* you I wanted to come in," replied Enna, saucily, "and now you've got to tell me a story to amuse me. Mamma says you must, because you know I've got a cold, and she won't let me go out."

"Well, Enna," said Elsie, patiently, "I am going to read a very beautiful story to Mammy, and you are quite welcome to sit here and listen."

"I sha'n't have it read! I said you were to *tell* it. I don't like to hear reading," replied Enna in her imperious ways, at the same time taking possession of Elsie's little rosewood rocking-chair—a late present from her Papa, and highly prized by the little girl on that account. Enna began to scratch with her thumb nail upon the arm.

"Oh! don't scratch my pretty new chair, Enna!" Elsie entreated. "It is Papa's present, and I wouldn't have it spoiled for a great deal."

"I will. Who cares for your old chair?" was the reply in a scornful tone, as she gave another and harder dig with her nail. "You're a little old maid—so particular with all your things—that's what Mamma says you are. Now tell me that story."

"I will tell you a story if you will stop scratching my chair, Enna," said Elsie, almost with tears in her eyes. "I will tell you about Elijah on Mount Carmel, or Belshazzar's feast, or the children in the fiery furnace, or—"

"I sha'n't hear any of those! I don't want any of your old Bible stories," interrupted Enna. "You must tell me that pretty fairy tale Herbert Carrington is fond of."

"No, Enna. I cannot tell you that *today*," replied Elsie, speaking gently, but very firmly.

"I say you *shall*!" screamed Enna, springing to her feet. "I'll just go, and

tell Mamma, and she'll *make* you do it."

"Stay, Enna," said Elsie, catching her hand to detain her. "I will tell you any story I know that is suitable for Sunday. I have promised the Lord that I would only read such stories and think about such things that would praise and honor God on this day."

"You're a *bad* girl, and I'll just tell Mamma of you," exclaimed Enna, jerking her hand away and darting from the room.

"Oh! if Papa were only at home," sighed Elsie, sinking into her rocking-chair, pale and trembling. She knew that he had gone out riding, and would probably not return for some time. He had invited her to accompany him, but she had begged to be allowed to stay at home, and he had let her have her wish.

(To be continued)

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

Dear Boys and Girls:

As we study about the temple in the Old Testament, we want to think of what it was a type or pattern of. Always remember that the two rooms in the temple called the "holy place" and the "most holy place" are types of the two works of grace in our hearts today, since Jesus came. After Jesus left, the Holy Spirit came to live in our hearts. First, we are justified, or saved from our sins. Then we are sanctified, or filled with the Holy Spirit. Those are the two works in our heart, just as there were two rooms.

Our lesson today tells about the completion of the temple that God had told Solomon to build. He gathered together all the elders, priests, and the people. It was time for God's Spirit to move into the temple. The temple was to be a "habitation" for God, or a place for His

Spirit and glory to dwell. Notice that the priests brought the ark of the covenant into the "most Holy Place" and set it down between the cherubims. This ark had been brought through the wilderness and kept all of the years since Moses' day.

Notice in our lesson that the singers and the 120 priests were to sound their trumpets all at one time, making one sound. When the time came, the singers and trumpeters made one sound together. The glory of the Lord came down and filled the temple. Oh, what a wonderful time it was! The people rejoiced, yet bowed down in reverence to their God who had made Himself known to them. Solomon bowed before the people and prayed. He said that he had built this place for a dwelling place for the Spirit of God. Then he asked God to hearken, or listen, to the prayers of His servant, and of the people when they looked to the temple. We read in 2 Chron. 7:1-5, that when Solomon finished praying, fire came down from God and burned up the sacrifices, and the glory filled the house. All the people saw it and were glad.

We want to remember that the type was fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost when the Holy Spirit filled the hearts of the 120 that waited there that day. (Acts 1:15; 2:1-6).

—Aunt Marie

GOD'S GLORY FILLS THE TEMPLE

2 Chron. 5:1 Thus all the work that Solomon made for the house of the Lord was finished: and Solomon brought in all the things that David his father had dedicated; and the silver, and the gold, and all the instruments, put he among the treasures of the house of God.

6 Also king Solomon, and all the congregation of Israel that were assembled unto him before the ark, sacrificed sheep and oxen, which could not be told nor numbered for multitude.

7 And the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the Lord unto his place, to the oracle of the house, into the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubims:

8 For the cherubims spread forth their wings over the place of the ark, and the cherubims covered the ark and the staves thereof above.

9 And they drew out the staves of the ark, that the ends of the staves were seen from the ark before the oracle; but they were not seen without. And there it is unto this day.

10 There was nothing in the ark save the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt.

11 And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place: (for all the priests that were present were sanctified, and did not then wait by course:

12 Also the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets:)

13 It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of musick, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord;

14 So that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for

the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.

6:2 But I [Solomon] have built an house of habitation for thee, and a place for thy dwelling for ever.

21 Hearken therefore unto the supplications of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, which they shall make toward this place: hear thou from thy dwelling place, even from heaven; and when thou hearest, forgive.

Memory Verse: 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. John 14:17.

QUESTIONS

1. After Solomon finished the temple, what did he put inside it?
2. Did Solomon and the people make sacrifices? How many sheep and oxen were sacrificed?
3. What did the priests bring into the temple? Why did not someone else bring it in?
4. Under what was the ark of the covenant put?
5. What was inside the ark of the covenant?
6. When the priests came outside, what did they and the Levite singers do?
7. Were their praises scattered, or as the sound of one? Does God want Christians to be in agreement as one?
8. What filled the house of the Lord? What was the cloud?
9. Whose dwelling place was the temple to be?
10. Toward what were the people to turn when they prayed?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 6

Feb. 8

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

As she feared, she was immediately summoned to Mrs. Dinsmore's presence.

"Elsie," said that lady, severely, "are you not ashamed of yourself, to refuse Enna such a small favor? especially when the poor child is not well. I must say you are the most selfish child I ever saw."

"I offered to tell her a Bible story, or anything about God and his goodness," replied Elsie, meekly, "but I cannot tell the fairy tale, because I would not be keeping my promise to God."

"Nonsense! There's no harm in your telling a fairy tale today. You should never have made such a promise as that, Elsie," said Mrs. Dinsmore angrily.

"I don't want her old Bible stories. I won't have them. I want that pretty fairy tale," sobbed Enna passionately. "Make her tell it, Mamma."

"Come, come, what is all this fuss about?" asked the elder Mr. Dinsmore, coming in from an adjoining room.

"Nothing," said his wife, "except that Enna is not well enough to go out, and wants a fairy story to pass away

the time, which Elsie alone is acquainted with, but is too lazy or too self-willed to relate."

He turned angrily to his little granddaughter.

"Ah! indeed, is that it? Well, there is an old saying, 'A bird that *can* sing, and *won't* sing, must be *made* to sing.'"

Elsie was opening her lips to speak, but Mrs. Dinsmore bade her be silent, and then went on. "She pretends it is all on account of conscientious scruples. 'It isn't fit for Sunday,' she says. Now I say it is a great piece of impertinence for a child of her years to set up her opinion against yours and mine. I know very well it is nothing but an excuse, because she doesn't choose to be obliging."

"Of course it is; nothing in the *world* but an excuse," responded Mr. Dinsmore, hotly.

Elsie's face flushed, and she replied a little indignantly, "No, Grandpa, it is *not* merely an excuse, but—"

"Do you *dare* to contradict me, you impertinent little hussy!" cried the old gentleman, interrupting her in the middle of her sentence. Catching her by the arm, he shook her violently. Then picking her up and setting her down hard

upon a chair, he said, "Now, miss, sit there until your father comes home, then we will see what *he* thinks of such impertinence. If he doesn't give you the complete whipping you deserve, I miss my guess."

"Please, Grandpa, I—"

"Hold your tongue! Don't dare to speak another word until your father comes home," said he, threateningly. "If you don't choose to say what you're wanted to, you shall not talk at all."

Going to the door, he called a servant and bade him tell "Mr. Horace," as soon as he returned, that he wished to see him.

For the next half-hour—and a very long one it seemed to her—Elsie sat there wishing for, and yet dreading her father's coming. Would he inflict upon her the punishment which her grandfather evidently wished her to receive, without pausing to inquire into the merits of the case? or would he listen patiently to *her* story? Even if he did, might he not still think her deserving of punishment? She could not answer these questions to her own satisfaction. A few months ago she would have been certain of a very severe chastisement, and even now she trembled with fear. Although she knew beyond a doubt that he loved her dearly, she knew also that he was a strict and severe disciplinarian, and never excused her faults.

At last her ear caught the sound of his step in the hall, and her heart beat faster and faster as it drew nearer, until he entered, and addressing his father, asked, "Did you wish to see me, sir?"

"Yes, Horace, I want you to attend to this girl," replied the old gentleman, with a motion of the head toward Elsie. "She has been very impertinent to me."

"What! *Elsie* impertient! Is it possible? I certainly expected better things of her."

His tone expressed great surprise, and turning to his little daughter, he regarded her with a grave, sad look that brought the tears to her eyes. Dearly as she loved him, it seemed almost harder to bear than the old expression of stern severity.

"It is hard to believe," he said, "that my little Elsie would be guilty of such conduct. But if she has been, of course she must be punished, for I cannot allow anything of the kind. Elsie, go to my dressing room and remain there until I come to you."

"Papa—" she began, bursting into tears.

"Hush!" he said, with something of the old sternness. "Not a word; but obey me instantly."

Then, as Elsie went sobbing from the room, he seated himself, and turning to his father, said, "Now, sir, I should like to hear the whole story. Precisely what has Elsie done and said that has provoked you, for *that* must also be taken into the account, in order that I may be able to do her justice."

"If you do her justice, you will whip her well," remarked his father.

Horace colored violently, for nothing aroused his ire sooner than any interference between him and his child. Controlling himself, he replied quite calmly, "If I find her deserving of punishment, I will not spare her. But I should be sorry indeed to punish her unjustly. Will you be so good as to tell me what she has done?"

Mr. Dinsmore referred him to his wife for the commencement of the trouble, and she made out as bad a case against Elsie as possible, but even then there seemed to her father to be very little to condemn. When Mrs. Dinsmore was obliged to acknowledge that it was Elsie's refusal to humor Enna in her desire for a particular story which Elsie thought it not best to relate on Sunday,

he bit his lip with vexation. Horace told her in a haughty tone, that though he did not approve of Elsie's strict notions regarding such matters, yet he wished her to understand that *his* daughter was not to be made a slave to Enna's whims. If she *chose* to tell her a story, or to do anything else for her amusement, he had no objection, but she was never to be *forced* to do it against her inclination. Enna must understand that it was done as a favor, and not at all as her right.

"You are right enough there, Horace," remarked his father, "but that does not excuse Elsie for her impertinence to me. In the first place, I must say I agree with my wife in thinking it quite a piece of impertinence for a child of her years to set up her opinion against mine. Besides, she contradicted me flatly."

(To be continued)

Mercy is being kind and feeling sorry for people. The merciful are people who refuse to get even with someone for a wrongdoing. Instead, they always try to love everyone and show their love with kind deeds. This is just what Jesus told us to do: "Love your enemies. Do good to those who hate you."

—Sel.

Dear Boys and Girls:

The Queen of Sheba heard about the wisdom and riches of Solomon. She wanted to know about him for herself. She traveled from the southern extremity of the Red Sea to see Solomon. She was the queen of the Sabaeans, and it is well known that the Sabaeans had queens instead of kings to rule. It is also well known that at that time the Sabaeans abounded in riches and spices. They also had rich gold and silver mines and other precious stones.

She came with their ancient wisdom, which was riddles, parables, and fables.

She also had some great problems. When she sat down and talked with Solomon, she was amazed that he could solve all the riddles and could tell her answers to all her problems. There was nothing that she asked him, but that he could give her a perfect answer. She was amazed and astonished at his wisdom. She also was overcome with awe when she saw how he managed his household. She saw the immensity of the food that he daily furnished to his people to eat. She also saw the various orders that he gave and how his officers carried out these orders and handed them on down to the proper persons. She was astonished at the clothing they wore and the costly robes. She saw the temple and how wonderful it was. She saw people worshipping the true God. She saw the burnt offerings that were offered and was amazed at the plan of God whom the people served. The beautiful buildings, that were covered with gold inside and partly outside, the marble, the ivory, and the beautiful woods and carvings used were beyond the imagination of the Queen of Sheba. She gazed in wonder and felt faint as she tried to understand it all.

Jesus told the Jews that a greater than Solomon had come. He was referring to Himself. He has all wisdom and owns the cattle on a thousand hills. When He was taken to be crucified, He could have called ten thousand angels to save Him, but He wanted to die to take away our sins. Oh, what a Saviour!

Solomon ruled Israel forty years and then died. No other person ever surpassed him in riches and wisdom in this world but Jesus Christ our Lord.

—Aunt Marie

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

2 Chron. 9:1 And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon,

she came to prove Solomon with hard questions at Jerusalem, with a very great company, and camels that bare spices, and gold in abundance, and precious stones: and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart.

2 And Solomon told her all her questions: and there was nothing hid from Solomon which he told her not.

3 And when the queen of Sheba had seen the wisdom of Solomon, and the house that he had built,

4 And the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel; his cupbearers also, and their apparel; and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord; there was no more spirit in her.

5 And she said to the king, It was a true report which I heard in mine own land of thine acts, and of thy wisdom:

6 Howbeit I believed not their words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, behold, the one half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told me: for thou exceedest the fame that I heard.

7 Happy are thy men, and happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom.

8 Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee to set thee on his throne, to be king for the Lord thy God: because thy God loved Israel, to establish them for ever, therefore made he thee king over them, to do judgment and justice.

12 And king Solomon gave to the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which she had brought unto the king. So she turned and went away to her own land, she and her servants.

22 And king Solomon passed all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom.

Matt. 12:42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.

2 Chron. 9:30 And Solomon reigned in Jerusalem over all Israel forty years.

31 And Solomon slept with his fathers, and he was buried in the city of David his father: and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead.

9 And she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices great abundance, and precious stones: neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave king Solomon.

Memory Verse: And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son [Jesus], in whom I am well pleased. Mt. 3:17.

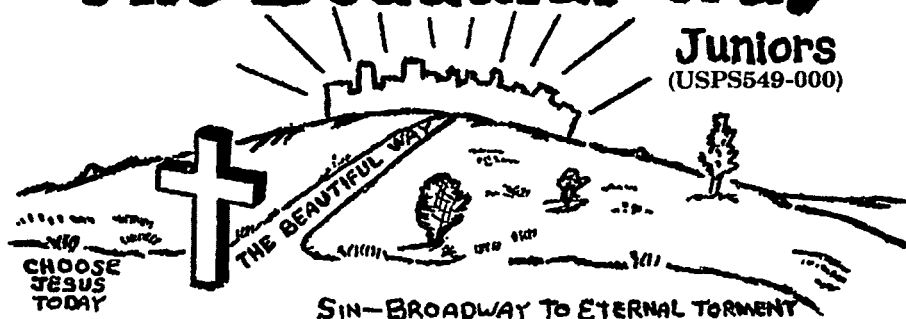
QUESTIONS:

1. Who came to see Solomon?
2. Why did the Queen of Sheba want to see Solomon?
3. Did Solomon answer her questions?
4. What did the Queen of Sheba think of Solomon's greatness?
5. Did the queen give praise to God?
6. What did the queen give to Solomon?
8. Was there any other earthly king who was wiser or richer than Solomon?
9. Who was the only one who ever surpassed Solomon in wisdom?
10. Was Jesus as rich as Solomon? How?
11. How long did Solomon reign over Israel?
15. Who became king after Solomon?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March 1981

Part 7

Feb. 15

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

He then went on to repeat what he had said, and Elsie's denial of the charge, using her exact words, but quite a different tone, and suppressing the fact that he had interrupted her before she had finished her sentence.

Elsie's tone, though slightly indignant, had still been respectful, but from her grandfather's rehearsal of the scene her father received the impression that she had been exceedingly saucy. He left the room with the intention of giving her almost as severe a punishment as her grandfather would have prescribed.

On the way up to his room, however, his anger had a little time to cool, and it occurred to him that it would be no more than just to hear *her* side of the story before he condemned her.

Elsie was seated on a couch at the far side of the room, and as he entered she turned on him a tearful, pleading look, that went straight to his heart. His face was grave and sad, but there was very little sternness in it, as he sat down and took her in his arms.

For a moment he held her without speaking, while she lifted her eyes tim-

idly to his face. Then he said, as he gently stroked the hair back from her forehead, "I am very sorry, *very sorry indeed*, to hear so bad an account of my little daughter. I am afraid I shall have to punish her, and I don't like to do it."

She answered not a word, but burst into tears, and hiding her face on his breast, sobbed aloud.

"I will not condemn you unheard, Elsie," said her father after a moment's pause; "tell me how you came to be so impertinent to your grandfather."

"I did not mean to be saucy, Papa, indeed I did not," she sobbed.

"Stop crying then, daughter," he said kindly, "and tell me all about it. I know there was some trouble between you and Enna, and I want you to tell me all that occurred, and every word spoken by either of you, as well as all that passed between Mrs. Dinsmore, your grandfather, and yourself. I am very glad that I can trust my little girl to speak the truth. I am quite sure she would not tell a falsehood even to save herself from punishment," he added.

"Thank you, dear Papa, for saying that," said Elsie, raising her head and almost smiling through her tears. "I will try to tell it just as it happened."

She then told her story simply and truthfully, repeating, as he bade her, every word that had passed between Enna and herself, and between her and her grandparents. Her words to her grandfather sounded very different, repeated in her quiet, respectful tones; and when she added that if he would have allowed her, she was going to explain that it was not any unwillingness to oblige Enna, but the fear of doing wrong, that led her to refuse her request, her father thought that after all she deserved very little blame.

"Do you think I was very saucy, Papa?" she asked anxiously, when she had finished her story.

"So much depends upon the tone, Elsie," he said, "that I can hardly tell. If you used the same tone in speaking to your grandpa that you did in repeating your words to me just now, I don't think it was *very* impertinent, although the words themselves were not as respectful as they ought to have been. You must always treat my father quite as respectfully as you do me. I think with him, too, that there is something quite impertinent in a little girl like you setting up her opinion against that of her elders. You must never try it with me, my daughter."

Elsie hung down her head in silence for a moment, then asked in a tremulous tone, "Are you going to punish me, Papa?"

"Yes," he said, "but first I am going to take you downstairs and make you beg your grandfather's pardon. I see you don't want to do it," he added, looking into her face, "but you *must*, and I hope I shall not be obliged to enforce obedience to my commands."

"I will do whatever you tell me to do, Papa," she sobbed. "I did not mean to be saucy. Please, Papa, tell me what to say."

"You must say, 'Grandpa, I did not intend to be impertinent to you, and I am very sorry for whatever may have seemed saucy in my words or tones. Will you please forgive me, and I will try always to be perfectly respectful in the future.' You can say all that with truth, I think."

"Yes, Papa, I *am* sorry, and I *do* intend to be respectful to grandpa always," she answered, brushing away her tears, and putting her hand in his.

He then led her into the presence of her grandfather, saying, "Elsie has come to beg your pardon, sir."

"That is as it should be," replied the old gentleman, glancing triumphantly at his wife. "I told her you would not uphold her in any such impertinence."

"No," said his son, with some displeasure in his tone, "I will neither uphold her in wrongdoing, nor suffer her to be imposed upon. Speak, my daughter, and say what I bade you."

Elsie sobbed out the required words.

"Yes, I must forgive you, of course," replied her grandfather, coldly, "but I hope your father is not going to let you off without proper punishment."

"I will attend to that. I certainly intend to punish her *as she deserves*," said his son, laying a marked emphasis upon the concluding words.

Elsie wholly misunderstood him, and so trembled with fear as he led her from the room, that she could scarcely walk. Her father took her in his arms and carried her upstairs; she sobbing on his shoulder.

He did not speak until he had locked the door, carried her across the room, and seated himself upon the couch once more, with her upon his knee.

Then he said, in a soothing tone, as he wiped away her tears and kissed her kindly, "You need not tremble so, my daughter. I am not going to be severe with you."

She looked up in glad surprise.

"I said I would punish you as you *deserve*," he said, with a smile. "I intend to keep you shut up here with me until bedtime. I shall not allow you to go downstairs to tea, and besides, I am going to give you a long lesson to learn, which I shall require you to recite to me quite perfectly before you can go to bed."

Elsie grew frightened again at the mention of the lesson, for she feared it might be something which she could not conscientiously study on Sunday. All her fear and trouble vanished as she saw her father take up a Bible that lay on the table, and turn over the leaves as though selecting a passage.

Presently he put it into her hands, and pointing to the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of John's Gospel, bade her carry the book to a low seat by the window, and sit there until she had learned them perfectly.

(To be continued)

Christy poured sand into her pail. "Christy, come over into my yard and play," called Jeremy.

"I can't come over today," Christy said. "My baby brother is sick. Mother told me to stay in our yard, where she can see me."

"You'd be almost in your yard if you came over here," said Jeremy.

"*Almost* is not obeying," said Christy. "God says that it is better to obey. I will stay in my yard today. You may come and play with me in my sandbox." And that's just what Jeremy did. He decided to help Christy obey. —Sel.

Dear Boys and Girls:

After Solomon died, his son, Rehoboam went to Shechem to be made king over Israel. When Jeroboam heard that Solomon had died, he came up from Egypt where he had fled. We read in 1

Kings 11:28-40 that the prophet had told Jeroboam that he would be made king over ten tribes of Israel because Solomon had worshipped idols and did not always walk in the ways of the Lord. When Jeroboam arrived, he went to King Rehoboam and asked him to cut the taxes that his father Solomon had imposed upon the people. He said that they were too heavy for the people to bear. Rehoboam was a young man and he said for Jeroboam to come back in three days and he would tell him what he was going to do. King Rehoboam called in the old men who had stood before Solomon and asked counsel of them about cutting the taxes. The elderly men knew that the people suffered under the taxes, so they told King Rehoboam to speak good words to them and be kind and they would be his servants forever. But King Rehoboam rejected their counsel. He took counsel with the young men that he was brought up with. The young men advised King Rehoboam to make the taxes and burdens heavier than his father had made them. When the three days had passed, Jeroboam and the people came again to King Rehoboam to see what he had decided. The king talked roughly to them because he had forsaken the counsel of the old men. He said that he would make the yoke heavier than before. He would not listen to the people's plea for lighter taxes and burdens. Jeroboam remembered what the prophet had told him—that God would give him ten tribes. He told the men of Israel to get up to their tents. He said that they would not serve King Rehoboam nor pay the taxes. When King Rehoboam sent a man to get their tribute, or taxes, the people stoned him to death. Jeroboam ruled over ten tribes of Israel and King Rehoboam had the two tribes of Benjamin and Judah, so that King David's

descendants would have a throne left. The city of Jerusalem was the capital. Unto this day the ones coming from the tribe of Judah and from the small tribe of Benjamin are called Jews.

—Aunt Marie

Forsaking Good Counsel

2 Chron. 10:1 And Rehoboam went to Shechem: for to Shechem were all Israel come to make him king.

2 And it came to pass, when Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who was in Egypt, whither he had fled from the presence of Solomon the king, heard it, that Jeroboam returned out of Egypt.

3 And they sent and called him. So Jeroboam and all Israel came and spake to Rehoboam, saying,

4 Thy father made our yoke grievous: now therefore ease thou somewhat the grievous servitude of thy father, and his heavy yoke that he put upon us, and we will serve thee.

5 And he said unto them, Come again unto me after three days. And the people departed.

6 And king Rehoboam took counsel with the old men that had stood before Solomon his father while he yet lived, saying, What counsel give ye me to return answer to this people?

7 And they spake unto him, saying, If thou be kind to this people, and please them, and speak good words to them, they will be thy servants for ever.

8 But he forsook the counsel which the old men gave him, and took counsel with the young men that were brought up with him, that stood before him.

11 [The young men told Rehoboam to say] For whereas my father put a heavy yoke upon you, I will put more to your yoke: my father chastised you

with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.

12 So Jeroboam and all the people came to Rehoboam on the third day, as the king bade, saying, Come again to me on the third day.

13 And the king answered them roughly; and king Rehoboam forsook the counsel of the old men.

14 And answered them after the advice of the young men, saying, My father made your yoke heavy, but I will add thereto: my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.

15 So the king hearkened not unto the people. . . .

Memory Verse: He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Prov. 13:20.

Questions:

1. Who was Israel going to make their king?
2. Who was Rehoboam's father?
3. What man left Egypt to see Rehoboam?
4. Did King Rehoboam give an answer immediately? How many days did he wait?
5. Did King Rehoboam give an answer immediately? How many days did he wait?
6. From whom did King Rehoboam seek counsel?
7. What counsel did the old men give to King Rehoboam? Did he follow it?
8. What did the young men advise King Rehoboam to do? Did he take their advice?
9. How was King Rehoboam going to be harder on the people than his father had been?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 8

Feb. 22

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

"O Papa! What a nice lesson!" she exclaimed, "but it won't be any punishment, because I love these chapters dearly, and have read them so often that I almost know every word already."

"Hush, hush!" he said, pretending to be very stern. "Don't tell me that my punishments are *no* punishment; I do not allow you to talk so. Just take the book and learn what I bid you. If you know those two already, you may learn the next."

Elsie laughed, kissed his hand, and tripped away to her window, while he threw himself down on the couch and took up a newspaper, more as a screen to his face, however, than for the purpose of reading. He lay there closely watching his little daughter, as she sat in the rich glow of the sunset, with her sweet, grave little face bending over the holy book.

"The darling!" he murmured to himself. "She is lovely as an angel, and she is *mine*, mine, only, mine own precious one. She loves me with her whole soul. Ah! how can I ever find it in my heart to be stern to her? Ah! if I were but *half*

as good and pure as she is, I should be a better man than I am." He heaved a deep sigh.

* * * * *

Half an hour had passed, and still Elsie bent over her book. The tea bell rang, and Mr. Dinsmore started up, and crossing the room, bent down and stroked her hair.

"Do you know it, darling?" he asked.

"Almost, Papa," and she looked up into his face with a bright, sweet smile, full of affection. With a sudden impulse he caught her in his arms, and kissing her again and again, said with emotion, "Elsie, my darling, I love you *too* well. I could never bear to lose you."

"You must love Jesus better, my own precious Papa," she replied, clasping her little arms around his neck, and returning his caresses.

He held her a moment, and then putting her down, said, "I shall send you up some supper, and I want you to eat it. Don't behave as you did about the bread and water once, a good while ago."

"Will it be bread and water this time, Papa?" she asked, with a smile.

"You will see," he said, laughingly, and left the room.

Elsie turned to her book again, but in a few moments was interrupted by the entrance of a servant carrying on a silver tray a plate of hot, buttered muffins, a cup of jelly, another of hot chocolate, and a piece of broiled chicken. Elsie was astonished.

"Why, Pomp," she asked, "did Papa send it?"

"Yes, Miss Elsie, indeed he did," replied the servant, with a grin of satisfaction, as he set down his burden. "I reckon you have been a very nice gal this day, or else Master Horace thinks you are a little bit sick."

"Papa is very good. Thank you for bringing it, Pomp," said the little girl, laying aside her book, and seating herself before the tray.

"Just ring the bell, Miss Elsie, if you want more, and I'll bring it. Master Horace said so himself." Chuckling with delight, he left.

"Dear Papa," Elsie said, when he came in again and smilingly asked if she had eaten her prison fare, "what a good supper you sent me! I thought you didn't allow me such things!"

"Don't you know," said he playfully, laying his hand upon her head, "that I am absolute monarch of this small kingdom, and you are not to question my doings or decrees?"

Then in a more serious tone, "No, daughter, I do not allow it as a regular thing, because I do not think it for your good, but for once, I thought it would not hurt you. I know you are not one to presume upon favors, and I wanted to indulge you a little, because I fear my little girl has been made to suffer perhaps more than she quite deserved this afternoon."

His voice had a very tender tone as he uttered the concluding words, and stooping, he pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Don't think, though," he added the next moment, "that I am excusing you for impertinence, not at all, but it was what you have had to suffer from Enna's insolence. I shall put a stop to that, for I will not have it."

"I don't mind it much, Papa," said Elsie gently. "I am quite used to it, for Enna has always treated me so."

"Why did I never hear of it before?" he asked, half angrily. "It is abominable! not to be endured!" he exclaimed. "I shall see that Enna is made to understand that my daughter is fully her equal in every respect, and always to be treated as such."

He paused. Elsie, half frightened at his vehemence, made no reply. He went on: "I have no doubt your grandfather and his wife would have been better pleased had I forced you to yield to Enna's whim, but I had no idea of such a thing. You shall use your own pleasure whenever she is concerned. If I had bidden you tell her that story it would have been a very different matter. You need never set up your will, or your opinion of right and wrong against mine, Elsie, for I shall not allow it. I don't altogether like some of those strict notions you have got into your head, and I give you fair warning, that should they ever come into collision with my wishes and commands, they will have to be given up. Don't look so alarmed, daughter. I hope it may never happen. We will say no more about it tonight," he added, kindly, for she had grown very pale and trembled visibly.

"O Papa, dear Papa! Don't ever bid me do anything wrong. It would break my heart," she said, laying her head on his shoulder as he sat down and drew her to his side.

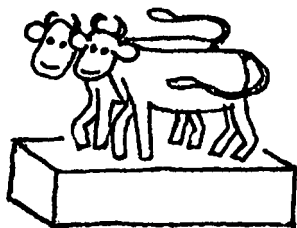
"I never intend to bid you do wrong, but, on the contrary, wish you always to do right. But then, daughter, I must be the judge of what is wrong or right

for you. You must remember that you are only a very little girl, and not yet capable of judging for yourself, and all you have to do is to obey your father without murmuring or hesitation, and then there will be no trouble."

AN EVENING PRAYER

Lord, I thank Thee for today,
For my food and home and play.
Keep me safe through all the night;
Help to make tomorrow bright.

LESSON ILLUSTRATION



Two Golden Calves

Dear Boys and Girls:

King Rehoboam wanted to fight against Jeroboam and bring the ten tribes, which were called Israel, back into the kingdom, but God told him not to do it. He listened to God and did not go up against Jeroboam and the ten tribes of Israel.

Many people came out of Israel and went up to Judah. Also, many went up to Jerusalem to worship the Lord at the beautiful temple. Jeroboam became worried. He was afraid that the people would become dissatisfied about not having a place to worship and would rise up against him. He decided he would make a place to worship in Israel so they would not go up to Jerusalem. He chose two cities in Israel. One was Bethel and the other was Dan. He talked to others about what they should do, and he decided to make two calves

of gold and set them up to worship. He chose men to be priests who were not of the sons of Levi (God had said the tribe of Levi should take care of the worship) to burn sacrifices before the two golden calves. This was a sin, and God was greatly displeased with Jeroboam for doing such a terrible thing. One of the first commandments God had given to the Israelites was that they were not to worship idols, but were to worship the one true God. How sad for Jeroboam to sin in such a way! God had been good to the Israelites and had given them a wonderful country to live in. Jeroboam's heart was wicked, and God was hurt and displeased with him and with the people who worshipped these golden calves. God sent his prophet from Judah to Israel. He found Jeroboam standing before the altar of burnt incense. The prophet came up and cried against the altar, saying to the altar, that men would be offered upon it. For a sign that this would come to pass, he said that the altar would pour out its ashes. When Jeroboam heard this, he put forth his hand against the prophet. Jeroboam's hand dried up, so he could not pull it back again. Then the altar began to pour out its ashes. Jeroboam was afraid. He began to beg the prophet from God to pray for him. "Oh, pray that my hand will be restored." So the man of God besought the Lord, and God had mercy and restored Jeroboam's hand. Surely it is dangerous to disobey God.

—Aunt Marie

Two Calves of Gold

1 Kings 12:27 [Jeroboam said] If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their lord, even unto Rehoboam king of Judah, and they shall kill me, and go again to Rehoboam king of Judah.

28 Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

29 And he set the one in Bethel, and the other put he in Dan.

30 And this thing became a sin: for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan.

31 And he made an house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi.

32 And Jeroboam ordained a feast in the eighth month, on the fifteenth day of the month, like unto the feast that is in Judah, and he offered upon the altar. So did he in Bethel, sacrificing unto the calves that he had made: and he placed in Bethel the priests of the high places which he had made.

13:1 And behold, there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord unto Bethel: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense.

2 And he cried against the altar in the word of the Lord, and said, O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord; Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee.

3 And he gave a sign the same day, saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken; Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out.

4 And it came to pass, when king Jeroboam heard the saying of the man of God, which had cried against the altar in Bethel, that he put forth his

hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him. And his hand, which he put forth against him, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him.

5 The altar also was rent, and the ashes poured out from the altar, according to the sign which the man of God had given by the word of the Lord.

6 And the king answered and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored him again, and became as it was before.

Memory Verse: Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Exo. 20:3.

Question:

1. Rehoboam was king of Judah. Who was king of Israel?
2. Where was Jeroboam afraid the people would go to worship God?
3. What did Jeroboam make for the Israelites to worship?
4. Did the people worship before the golden calf?
5. Did Jeroboam get priests from the Levites? Who did he make priests?
6. What did Jeroboam do at the feast?
7. Who came to Jeroboam while he was burning incense on the altar?
8. Who did the man of God say would be born? What would Josiah offer on the altar?
9. What sign was given that this would come to pass?
10. What did Jeroboam try to do to the man of God? What happened to Jeroboam's hand?
11. Did Jeroboam want the man of God to pray for his hand? Did God heal it?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 9

March 1

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)



His tone, though mild, and not unkind, was very firm and decided, and Elsie's heart sank. She seemed to feel herself in the shadow of some great trouble laid up in store for her in the future. But she strove, and erelong with success, to banish the foreboding of evil which oppressed her, and give herself up to the enjoyment of present blessings. Her father loved her dearly—she knew that—and he was not now requiring her to do aught against her conscience, and perhaps he never would. He had said so himself, and God could incline his heart to respect her scruples. Or if, in His infinite wisdom, He saw that the dreaded trial was needed, He would give her strength to bear it; for had He not promised, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be"?

Her father's arm was around her, and she had been standing silently, with her face hidden on his shoulder, while these thoughts were passing through her mind, and the little heart going up in prayer to God for him and for herself.

"What is my little girl thinking of?" he asked presently.

"A good many things, Papa," she said, raising her face, now quite peaceful and happy again. "I was thinking of what you had just been saying to me, and that I am so glad I know that you love me dearly. I was asking God to help us both to do His will, and that I might always be able to do what you bid me, without disobeying Him," she added simply; and then asked, "May I say my lesson now, Papa? I think I know it quite perfectly."

"Yes," he said in an absent way. "Bring me the book."

Elsie brought the Bible, and putting it into her father's hands, drew up a stool and sat down at his feet, resting her arm on his knee, and looking up into his face. Then in her sweet, low voice, she repeated slowly and feelingly, with true and beautiful emphasis, the chapters he had given her to learn—that most touching description of the Last Supper, and our Saviour's farewell address to His sorrowing disciples.

"Ah! Papa, is it not beautiful?" she exclaimed, laying her head upon his knee, while the tears trembled in her eyes. "Is not that a sweet verse, 'Hav-

ing loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end"? It seems so strange that He could be so thoughtful for them, so kind and loving, when all the time He knew what a dreadful death He was going to die. He knew besides that they were all going to run away and leave Him alone with His cruel enemies. Oh! it is so sweet to know that Jesus is so loving, and that He loves me, and will always love me, even to the end, *forever*."

"How do you know that, Elsie?" he asked.

"I know that He loves me, Papa, because I love Him, and He has said, 'I love them that love me'; and I know that He will love me always, because He has said, 'I have loved thee with an *everlasting* love,' and in another place, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

"But do you think you are good enough, daughter, for Jesus to love you?"

"Ah! Papa, I know I am not at all good, only as He helps me to be good. Sometimes I have thoughts and feelings that are wrong, and Jesus knows all about it, but it does not keep Him from loving me. He died to save and help me. Ah! Papa, how *good* and *kind* He was! Who could help loving Him? I used to feel so lonely and sad sometimes, Papa, that I think my heart would have broken, and I should have died, if I had not had Jesus to love me."

"When were you so sad and lonely, darling?" he asked in a moved tone, as he laid his hand gently on her head, and stroked her hair caressingly.

"Sometimes when you were away, Papa, and I had never seen you. But then I used to think of *you*, and my heart would long and ache so to see you, and hear you call me daughter, and to lay my head against your breast and feel your arms folding me close to your heart, as you so often do now."

She paused a moment, and struggled hard to keep down the rising sobs, as she added, "But when you came, Papa, and I saw you did not love me, oh! Papa, that was the worst. I thought I could never, *never* bear it. I thought my heart would break, and I wanted to die and go to Jesus, and to Mamma."

"My poor darling! My poor little pet," he said, taking her in his arms again, and caressing her with the greatest tenderness, "It was very hard, very cruel. I don't know how I could steel my heart so against my own little child. I had been very much prejudiced, and led to suppose that you looked upon me with fear and dislike, as a hated tyrant."

Elsie lifted her eyes to his face with a look of extreme surprise. "O Papa!" she exclaimed, "how *could* you think that? I have always loved you, ever since I can remember."

When Elsie went to her room that evening she thought very seriously of all that had occurred during the afternoon, and all that her papa had said to her. To her usual petitions was added a very fervent one that he might never bid her break any command of God, or if he did, that she might have strength given her according to her day.

(To be continued)

Old Colonel Gets Saved

Old Colonel went to the Water Street Mission in New York. He was over six feet tall, dirty, with long hair and a beard. He was very ragged looking. He had been a lawyer but sin and whiskey had ruined him. That night, he prayed God to forgive him and save him from sin, and God did. —V. Forbes

Dear Boys and Girls:

We have a very sad lesson today, yet we need to get the point of our lesson and remember it. We know that God

means what He says. We must not try to change God's word. When He tells us to do something we must do it or we will be punished. I learned that valuable lesson when I was very young. My father told me to do something, but a good saint told me that she felt he would not mind if I did something differently. I did that, but it grieved my father because I had not done what he told me to do. He punished me for it, saying that he wondered if he could trust me to do just as he said. What the saint told me to do was nothing wrong, yet the point is, that I did not do what my father said to do. Boys and girls, God is like that. He means for us to obey Him and not do something *almost* like what He said for us to do, or to say, "I don't think God would mind if I did it differently."

Our lesson tells about the man of God that we talked about in our last Sunday's lesson. He had come to Israel from Judah and told Jeroboam that God was very displeased because he had made the two golden idols and had built an altar before them. King Jeroboam wanted the man of God to go home with him. The man of God told him that God had said for him not to eat or drink water in that place, and to go back another way. So he left. Later, the sons of a false prophet, who lived in Israel, told their father about everything that had happened and which way the man of God went. The false prophet went after the man of God. He found the man of God sitting under an oak tree. He asked him to come back and stay at his home. The man of God repeated what God had told him to do. The false prophet lied to the man of God. He said that an angel told him to bring him back. So, he went back with the false prophet. He probably wanted to know more about what was to happen. While they were eating, the

word of the Lord came to the old prophet saying that because the man of God had disobeyed the commandment of the Lord his carcass (or body) would never be buried by his fathers. The false prophet saddled an ass for the man of God and he went on his way. But sad to say, he met a lion by the way which slew him. The lion did not eat the carcass of the man of God, nor did he kill the ass. The lion and the ass stood by the body of the man of God. People passing by saw it and told it in the city. Finally, the false prophet heard about it. He said, "It is the man of God who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord: therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him and slain him, according to the word of the Lord." The false prophet told his sons to saddle him an ass. He saw the lion and the ass standing by the body of the man of God. He lifted up the body and brought it back to the city. He buried the body of the man of God in his own grave and mourned for him. In the unprinted part it says the false prophet asked his sons to bury him when he died beside the bones of the man of God.—Aunt Marie (To teacher: See Clarke's Commentary on verses 20, 21, 23. He says translation should be in verse 20, "Whom he brought back," meaning God spoke o true prophet," and he [Lord] in verse 21)

THE DISOBEDIENT MESSENGER SLAIN

1 Kings 13:7 And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward.

8 And the man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place:

9 For so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest.

(So he went back another way.)

11 Now there dwelt an old prophet in Bethel; and his sons came and told him all the works that the man of God had done that day in Bethel: the words which he had spoken unto the king, them they told also to their father.

14 And (the old prophet) went after the man of God, and found him sitting under an oak: and he said unto him, Art thou the man of God that camest from Judah? And he said, I am.

15 Then he said unto him, Come home with me, and eat bread.

16 And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee: neither will I eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place:

18 He said unto him, I am a prophet also as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread and drink water. But he lied unto him. (The man of God went with him.)

20 And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord came unto the prophet that brought him back:

21 And he cried unto the man of God that came from Judah, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment which the Lord thy God commanded thee,

22b Thy carcase shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers.

24 And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him: and his carcase was cast in the way, and the

ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the carcase.

29 (The old prophet was told what had happened.) And the prophet took up the carcase of the man of God, and laid it upon the ass, and brought it back: and the old prophet came to the city, to mourn and to bury him.

30 And he laid his carcase in his own grave; and they mourned over him, saying, Alas, my brother!

Memory Verse: Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Eph. 5:6.

Questions:

1. What did King Jeroboam want the man of God to do?
2. Would the man go to the king's house? Why not? Is it good always to obey God?
3. What man in our lesson lived in Bethel?
4. Who did the prophet go after? What did he want with the man of God?
5. What did the man of God tell the old prophet?
6. Who did the prophet say had spoken unto him? What did he say the angel had said?
7. Did the prophet tell the truth?
8. Did the man of God consent to go with the prophet?
9. Did God speak to the old prophet? What did God tell him? Why was God going to destroy the man?
10. When the man of God left, what did he meet? Did it kill him?
11. What did the lion and the ass do after the lion killed the man?
12. Who came and got the body? What did the old prophet do with the man's body?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. -Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1 Jan., Feb., March, 1981 Part 10 March 8

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

Elsie was glad to have her father hold her. He held her on his knee, her head resting on his shoulder.

"Are you hungry, daughter?" he asked.

"No, Papa. I only want to go to sleep."

"There, Aunt Chloe, that will do," he said, as the old nurse tied on the child's night cap. Raising her again in his arms, he carried her to the bed and was about to place her on it.

"O Papa! my prayers first, you know," she cried eagerly.

"Never mind them tonight," he said. "You are not able."

"Please let me, dear Papa," she pleaded. "I cannot go to sleep without."

Yielding to her entreaties, he placed her on her knees, and stood beside her, listening to her murmured petitions, in which he more than once heard his own name coupled with a request that he might be made to love Jesus.

When she had finished, he again raised her in his arms, kissed her tenderly several times, and then laid her carefully on the bed, saying as he did so, "Why did you pray that I might love Jesus, Elsie?"

"Because, Papa, I do so want you to love Him. It would make you so happy. Besides, you cannot go to heaven without it. The Bible says so."

"Does it? and what makes you think I don't love Him?"

"Dear Papa, please don't be angry," she pleaded, tearfully, "but you know Jesus says, 'He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me.'"

He stooped over her. "Good night, daughter," he said.

"Dear, dear Papa," she cried, throwing her arm round his neck, and drawing down his face close to hers, "I do love you so very, very much!"

"Better than anybody else?" her Papa asked.

"No, Papa, I love Jesus best; you next."

He kissed her again, and with a half sigh turned away and left the room. He was not entirely pleased; not quite willing that she should love even her Saviour better than himself.

Elsie was very weary, and was soon asleep. She waked the next morning feeling nearly as well as usual, and after she had had her bath she read her morning chapter. Her father came in while she was reading and sat down

beside her. He lifted her to his knee, saying as he caressed her tenderly, "My little daughter is looking pretty well this morning. How does she feel?"

"Quite well, thank you, Papa," she replied, looking up into his face with a sweet, loving smile.

He watched her countenance for a while. "What is the matter, darling?"

"I was just thinking," she said, "if I am ready to go to heaven, and I believe I am. I know that I love Jesus. Then I was thinking how glad Mamma would be to see me. Don't you think she would, Papa?"

"I can't spare you to her yet," he replied with emotion, "and I think she loves me too well to wish it."

As Miss Day had not yet returned, Elsie's time was still pretty much at her own disposal, excepting when her papa gave her something to do. After breakfast, finding that he was busy with someone in the library, she took her Bible, and seeking out a shady retreat in the garden, sat down to read.

The Bible was ever the book of books to her, and this morning it seemed more than usually touching and beautiful in her eyes. She had been alone in the arbor for some time, when, hearing a step at her side, she looked up, showing a face all wet with tears. Mr. Travilla came up beside her.

"In tears, little Elsie! Pray, what may the book be that affects you so?" he asked, sitting down by her side and taking it from her hand. "The Bible, I declare!" he exclaimed in surprise. "What can there be in it that you find so affecting?"

"O Mr. Travilla!" said the little girl, "does it not make your heart ache to read how the Jews abused our dear, dear Saviour? and then to think that it was all because of our sins," she said.

He looked half distressed, half puzzled; it seemed a new idea to him.

"Really, my little Elsie," he said, "you are quite original in your ideas. I suppose I *ought* to feel unhappy about these things, but the truth is, I have never thought much about them."

"Then you don't love Jesus," she answered, mournfully. "Ah! Mr. Travilla, how sorry I am."

"Why, Elsie, what difference can it make to you whether I love Him or not?"

"Because, Mr. Travilla, the Bible says, 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranathama,' accursed from God. Oh! sir, think how dreadful! You must believe on Jesus and love Him in order to be saved. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' That is what God says in His word."

She spoke with deep solemnity, the tears trembling in her eyes. He was touched, but for a while sat perfectly silent.

Then he said, with an effort to speak lightly, "Ah, well, my little friend, I certainly intend to repent and believe before I die, but there is time enough yet."

"Mr. Travilla," she said, laying her hand on his arm and looking earnestly into his face, "how do you know that there is time enough yet? *Don't* put it off, I beg of you."

Just at this moment a servant came to tell Elsie that her papa wanted her in the drawing room, and Mr. Travilla, taking her hand, led her into the house.

(To be continued)

"Have you ever been scared? Everyone has. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Paul wrote to Timothy that no matter how frightened we get, Jesus is with us to give us some things with which to fight fear. 'Power' and 'love' and 'a sound mind' are our weapons against fear."

LESSON ILLUSTRATION



Dear Boys and Girls:

Mothers and fathers love their children dearly. When the children are sick they are troubled. When you get sick, you may be assured that your parents are troubled. They may not let you know it, but they are. Godly parents pray much and call others to pray. Many times, when you might not know it, your mother or father slips into your room to check on you. Often they do not sleep well because of concern for you. Oh, how we ought to love our parents!

Our lesson is about King Jeroboam and his wife. Their son A-bi-jah was very, very sick. They were troubled. "Oh, I wonder if he will live?" often they asked each other. King Jeroboam thought about the prophet, Ahijah. He was the prophet who, in the days of Solomon, pledged the kingdom of the ten tribes to Jeroboam if he would walk rightly before the Lord. King Jeroboam was so troubled about his son it seems, that he did not think about the golden calves he had set up and how he had left the true worship at the temple. Even the priests that he had placed who were not Levites, were not impor-

tant enough for him to send for advice or counsel as to how his son would be. Yet, he thought he could cover up his wickedness and the course that he had taken by asking his wife to go to the prophet as a peasant and not as his wife. She was to take some humble food which a poor woman would take, and then ask the prophet Ahijah what would become of their child. His wife did that, but it seemed that King Jeroboam had forgotten that the prophet knew things from God. As soon as the woman came, even though the prophet was blind, the Lord made him know that she was King Jeroboam's wife. The prophet told her that the child would die and also that those of his household would be punished because Jeroboam had sinned and caused Israel to sin by worshipping idols. He also reminded her that Jeroboam had not walked in the ways of David and did not keep the commandments of the Lord. God was displeased, but he would spare the child from being punished "because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." God was merciful and spared him from suffering the things that the others would suffer. God took the child's life. Oh, it pays for us to have good in us. When Jeroboam's wife returned, the child died.

—Aunt Marie

JEROBOAM'S SON DIES

1 Kings 14:1 At that time Abijah the son of Jeroboam fell sick.

2 And Jeroboam said to his wife, Arise, I pray thee, and disguise thyself, that thou be not known to be the wife of Jeroboam; and get thee to Shiloh: behold, there is Ahijah the prophet, which told me that I should be king over this people.

3 And take with thee ten loaves, and cracknels, and a cruse of honey, and go

to him: he shall tell thee what shall become of the child.

4 And Jeroboam's wife did so, and arose, and went to Shiloh, and came to the house of Ahijah. But Ahijah could not see; for his eyes were set by reason of his age.

5 And the Lord said unto Ahijah, Behold, the wife of Jeroboam cometh to ask a thing of thee for her son; for he is sick: thus and thus shalt thou say unto her: for it shall be, when she cometh in, that she shall feign herself to be another woman.

6 And it was so, when Ahijah heard the sound of her feet, as she came in at the door, that he said, Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent to thee with heavy tidings.

7 Go, tell Jeroboam, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Forasmuch as I exalted thee from among the people, and made thee prince over my people Israel,

8 And rent the kingdom away from the house of David, and gave it thee: and yet thou hast not been as my servant David, who kept my commandments, and who followed me with all his heart, to do that only which was right in mine eyes;

9 But hast done evil above all that were before thee: for thou hast gone and made thee other gods, and molten images, to provoke me to anger, and hast cast me behind thy back:

10 Therefore, behold, I will bring evil upon the house of Jeroboam, and will cut off from Jeroboam him that . . . is shut up and left in Israel, and will take away the remnant of the house of Jeroboam, as a man taketh away dung, till it be all gone.

11 Him that dieth of Jeroboam in the city shall the dogs eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat: for the Lord hath spoken it.

12 Arise thou therefore, get thee to thine own house: and when thy feet enter into the city, the child shall die.

13 And all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him: for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam.

17 And Jeroboam's wife arose, and departed, and came to Tirzah: and when she came to the threshold of the door, the child died.

Memory Verse: For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. 6:23.

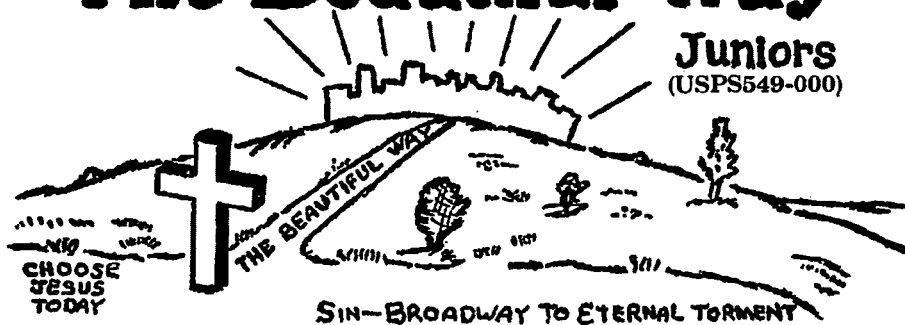
Questions:

1. Did Jeroboam's son get sick?
2. Who did Jeroboam want his wife to go see?
3. Why did he want her to disguise herself?
4. What did they want the prophet to tell them?
5. Was Ahijah blind?
6. Did Ahijah know Jeroboam's wife? How did he know?
7. Did the prophet tell Jeroboam's wife that he knew who she was?
8. Was God pleased with Jeroboam? Why not?
9. What did the prophet say would happen to the people of the house of Jeroboam?
10. Did the child die? Why?
11. Does God always punish one for wicked deeds?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1 Jan., Feb., March, 1981 Part 11 March 15

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

They found several people grouped about the piano, listening to Adelaide's music. Elsie went to her father and stood by his side, putting her hand in his with a gesture of confiding affection.

He smiled down at her, and kept hold of her hand until his sister had risen from the piano, when putting Elsie in her place, he said, "Now, my daughter, let us have a song."

"Yes, Papa," she replied, beginning the prelude at once, "I will do my very best."

The song was both well played and well sung, and her father looked proud and happy as the gentlemen expressed their pleasure and asked for another and another. Her father again treated her with all his affection, and there even seemed to be a depth of tenderness in his love which it had not known before.

Says the Apostle Paul, "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart, for I could wish that myself were accursed

from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh. . . . Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved."

Such, dear reader, is, in greater or less degree, the feeling of every renewed heart; loving Jesus, it would fain have others love Him, too. It desires the salvation of all, but for that of its own dear ones it longs and labors and prays. It is like Jacob wrestling with the angel, when he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

Thus it was with Elsie. She began to realize that her father was not a Christian; that he had no real love for Jesus, none of the true fear of God before his eyes. She saw that if he permitted her to read to him from God's word, as he sometimes did, it was not that he felt any pleasure in listening, but only to please her. She had no reason to suppose he ever prayed, and although he went regularly to church, it was because he considered it proper and respectable to do so, and not that he cared to worship God, or to learn His will.

This conviction, which had gradually dawned upon Elsie, until now it seemed certainty, caused her great grief. She

shed many tears over it in secret, and very many and very earnest were the prayers she offered up for her dear father's conversion.

Elsie was sitting on her father's knee one evening in the drawing room, while he and several other gentlemen were conversing on the subject of religion. They were discussing the question if a change of heart were necessary to salvation. The general opinion seemed to be that it was not, and Elsie listened with pain while her father expressed his conviction that all who led an honest, upright, moral life, and attended to the outward observances of religion, were quite safe.

He could see no necessity for a change of heart; he did not believe in the doctrine of total depravity, not he. He thought the world much better than many people would have one believe.

Elsie fixed her eyes on her father's face with a very mournful gaze while he was speaking, but he was busy with his argument and did not notice her.

One of the guests was just expressing his approval of Mr. Dinsmore's sentiments, when catching sight of Elsie's face, he stopped, remarking, "Your little girl looks as if she had something to say on the subject. What is it, my dear?"

Elsie blushed, hesitated, and looked at her father.

"Yes, speak, my daughter, if you have anything to say," he said.

Elsie lifted her eyes timidly to the gentleman's face as she replied, "I was just thinking, sir, of what our Saviour said to Nicodemus: 'Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' 'Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.'"

She repeated these words of inspiration with a deep, earnest solemnity that seemed to impress every hearer. For a moment there was a deep hush in the room.

Then the gentleman asked, "Well, my little lady, and what is meant by being born again?"

"O sir!" she replied, "surely you know that it means to have a change of heart which was lost in Adam's fall. It means what David asked for when he prayed, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'"

"Where did you learn all this?" he asked, looking at her with mingled surprise and admiration.

"In the Bible, sir," she said modestly.

"You seem to have read it to some purpose," said he. "Since you consider that change so necessary, can you tell me how it is to be brought about?"

"Jesus, alone, can change a sinner's heart, sir."

"And how am I to secure His aid?" he asked.

Elsie answered with a text: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

He paused a moment, then asked, "Have you obtained this new heart, Miss Elsie?"

"I hope I have, sir," she replied, the sweet little face all suffused with blushes, and the soft, downcast eyes filling with tears.

"Why do you think so?" he asked again. "I think there is a text that says you must be able always to give a reason for the hope that is in you, or something to that effect, is there not?"

"Yes, sir: 'Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear.'"

Then raising her eyes to his face with a touching mixture of deep humility and holy boldness, she continued, "And this, sir, is my answer: Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out'; and I believe Him. I did go to Him, and He did not cast me out, but forgave my sins, and

taught me to love Him and desire to serve Him all my life."

This conversation between the gentleman and the little girl had drawn the attention of all present. Now Mrs. Dinsmore, who had more than once shown signs of impatience, said, "Well, Elsie, I think you have now talked enough for a child of your age." Then, pulling out her watch, "It is high time for little folks to be in bed."

Elsie, blushing deeply, would have retired immediately, but her father held her fast, saying, as he gave his step-mother an angry glance, "You need not go, Elsie, unless you choose. I am quite capable of judging when it is time to send you to bed."

"I would rather go, if you please, Papa," whispered Elsie, who had a great dread of Mrs. Dinsmore's anger.

"Very well, then, you may do as you like," he replied, giving her a good night kiss. With a graceful good night to the company, the little girl left the room.

(To be continued)

"If someone recorded your life on a tape cassette, would it be a 'joyful sound'? If someone colored your life in a coloring book, would they use bright, cheerful colors? I hope so. Jesus meant for His disciples to be happy. The 'joyful sound' in a Christian's life comes from the heart, for Jesus is there to make one's whole life sing."

Dear Boys and Girls:

I trust you are keeping it straight that Jeroboam was the king over the ten tribes of Israel and King Rehoboam, who is a grandson of David, was king over Judah. Judah included the two tribes of Israel—Benjamin and Judah. Many others came from the ten tribes to live in Israel, and also many of the Levites came. Last Sunday we talked

about King Jeroboam of Israel, but today we will talk about King Rehoboam, who was king of Judah.

King Rehoboam walked in the ways of David for three years. He dealt wisely and helped the poor among his people. But his downfall was that he married many wives. When things were going well, he forsook the ways of the Lord. God was displeased with him. God punished him by sending the king of Egypt up against him. Shi-shak brought with him 1200 chariots, 60,000 horsemen, and people without number. Of course, King Rehoboam was outnumbered. The king of Egypt took the fenced cities of Judah and then came on the Jerusalem. The prophet Shem-ai-ah came to King Rehoboam and to the princes of Judah who had gathered in Jerusalem because of the troubles. The prophet said to them, "You have forsaken the Lord, so He has let you fall into the hand of King Shi-shak, the king of Egypt." Oh, the king and the princes were sorry! They repented of their evil. They humbled themselves and said, "The Lord is righteous." When the Lord saw that they had humbled themselves, the word of the Lord came to the prophet, Shem-ai-ah, that because they had humbled themselves the Lord would not destroy them, but they would have some deliverance. So Shi-shak, the king of Egypt, went into the house of the Lord and took out all the treasures, and also the treasures of the king's house. He carried away all the shields of gold which Solomon had made. How sad for the people to be robbed! But if they had walked according to the word of the Lord they would have been spared. Oh, it pays to live for God! The devil might not want you to think so, but it does. God is the ruler of all things and will take care of us if we will love and serve Him with all of our hearts.

—Aunt Marie

REHOBAM HUMBLING HIMSELF

2 Chron. 12:1 And it came to pass, when Rehobam had established the kingdom, and had strengthened himself, he forsook the law of the Lord, and all Israel with him.

2 And it came to pass, that in the fifth year of king Rehobam Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord,

3 With twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen: and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkims, and the Ethiopians.

4 And he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah, and came to Jerusalem.

5 Then came Shemaiah the prophet to Rehobam, and to the princes of Judah, that were gathered together to Jerusalem because of Shishak, and said unto them, Thus saith the Lord, Ye have forsaken me, and therefore have I also left you in the hand of Shishak.

6 Whereupon the princes of Israel and the king humbled themselves; and they said, The Lord is righteous.

7 And when the Lord saw that they humbled themselves, the word of the Lord came to Shemaiah, saying, They have humbled themselves; therefore I will not destroy them, but I will grant them some deliverance; and my wrath shall not be poured out upon Jerusalem by the hand of Shishak.

8 Nevertheless they shall be his servants; that they may know my service, and the service of the kingdoms of the countries.

9 So Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and

the treasures of the king's house; he took all: he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made.

10 Instead of which king Rehobam made shields of brass, and committed them to the hands of the chief of the guard, that kept the entrance of the king's house.

11 And when the king entered into the house of the Lord, the guard came and fetched them, and brought them again into the guard chamber.

12 And when he humbled himself, the wrath of the Lord turned from him, that he would not destroy him altogether: and also in Judah things went well.

16 And Rehobam slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David: and Abijah his son reigned in his stead.

Memory Verse: Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up. James 4:10.

Questions:

1. Who was the king of Judah?
2. Did Rehobam follow the Lord?
3. Who came to overthrow Jerusalem?
4. Did a prophet tell Rehobam that the Lord was displeased with him and his people?
5. What did Rehobam and his people do?
6. Was God pleased that Rehobam and the people humbled themselves? Does God want us to be humble before Him?
7. Did God say they would not be destroyed? What did He say would happen to them?
8. What things did the king of Egypt take from Jerusalem?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 12

March 22

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

Her questioner followed her with an admiring glance, then turning to her father, exclaimed warmly, "She is a remarkably intelligent child, Dinsmore! one that any father might be proud of. I was astonished at her answers."

"Yes," remarked Travilla, "a text has been running in my head ever since you commenced your conversation; something about these things being hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes. And," he added, "I am sure if ever I saw one who possessed that new nature of which she spoke, it is she herself. Has she any faults, Dinsmore?"

"Very few, I think, though she would tell you a different story," replied her father with a gratified smile.

The next morning Elsie was sitting reading her Bible, when she suddenly felt a hand laid on her head, and her father's voice said, "Good morning, little daughter."

"Ah! Papa, is that you?" she asked, raising her head to give him a smile of joyful welcome. "I did not know you were there."

"Ah! I have been watching you for several minutes," he said; "always poring over the same book, Elsie. Do you never tire of it?"

"No, indeed, Papa. It is always new, and I do love it so. It is so very sweet. May I read a little to you?" she added coaxingly.

"Yes, I love to listen to anything read by my darling," he said, sitting down and taking her on his knee.

She opened at the third chapter of John's Gospel, and read it through. At the sixteenth verse, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," she paused, and asked, "Was not that a wonderful gift, Papa? and wonderful love that prompted it?"

"Yes," he said, absently, stroking her hair.

She finished the chapter, and closing the book, laid her head on his breast, asking, "Dear Papa, don't you believe the Bible?"

"Certainly, daughter. I am not an infidel," he replied in a careless tone.

"Well, then, Papa," she continued, half hesitatingly, "does not this chapter teach very plainly that we must love

Jesus, and have new hearts, if we want to go to heaven?"

"Yes," he said, "I dare say it does."

Taking the Bible from Elsie, her papa laid it aside, and giving her a kiss, said, "I was much pleased with your intelligent answers to Mr. Lee, last evening."

Elsie sighed, and her eyes filled with tears. It was not what she wanted.

"What an odd child you are!" he said, laughing. "You really look as though I had been scolding, instead of praising you."

She dropped her head on his breast, and burst into tears and sobs.

"Why, Elsie, my own darling, what ails you?" he asked in great surprise.

"O Papa!" she sobbed, "I want you to love Jesus."

"Oh! is *that* all?" he said.

Setting her on her feet, he took her by the hand and led her out into the garden. There they met Mr. Travilla and another gentleman, who immediately entered into conversation with Elsie's father. Elsie wandered about amongst the flowers and shrubs, gathering a bouquet for her Aunt Adelaide.

* * * *

"Pray, what weighty matter is troubling your young brain, birdie?" asked Adelaide, laughingly laying her hand on Elsie's shoulder. "Judging from the exceeding gravity of your countenance, one might imagine that the affairs of the nation had been committed to your care."

"O Auntie! can't you help me? won't you?" answered the little girl, looking up coaxingly into the bright, cheerful face bent over her.

"Help you in what? reading with your book upside down, eh?" asked Adelaide, pointing with a quizzical look at the book in her little niece's lap.

"Oh!" cried Elsie, coloring and laughing in her turn, "I was not reading, and

did not know that my book was wrong side up. But, Aunt Adelaide, you know Christmas is coming soon, and I want to give Papa something, and I am quite puzzled about it. I thought of slippers, but he has a very handsome pair. Besides, there would hardly be time to work them, as I have so many lessons. A purse won't do either, because I have given him one already. I would like it to be something worth more than either slippers or purse. You are so much wiser than I, can't you help me think?"

"So *this* is what has kept you so quiet and demure all day that I have scarcely once heard you laugh or sing; quite an unusual state of things of late," and Adelaide playfully pinched the round, rosy cheek. "Ahem! let me put on my thinking cap," assuming an air of comic gravity. "Ah! yes, I have it! a picture of yourself, little one. What could please him better?"

"Oh! yes," cried Elsie, clapping her hands, "that will do nicely. Why didn't I think of it? Thank you, Auntie. But then," she added, her countenance falling, "how can I get it taken without his knowledge? You know the surprise is half the fun."

"Never mind, my dear, I'll find a way to manage that," replied Adelaide, confidently. "Just run away with you now, and see how much money you can get together to spend on it."

"It won't take long to count it," Elsie said with a merry laugh. "Here is Papa just coming in at the door. I hope he won't suspect what we have been talking about," and she bounded away to meet him and claim the kiss he never refused her now.

(To be continued)

Search the scriptures daily,
Like the noble men of old, (Acts 17:11)
And see if there be any truth
In the things that you are told.

"Mmm, the apple pie for the big dinner smells good!" said Timmy. He then picked up the pie. "Ouch, that's hot!" He let it go quickly. Plop! "Oh, no, I dropped it! No one saw me. I'll just go into the living room with everyone else."

Two aunts, three uncles, and four cousins were visiting. They were making noise. No one heard the pie fall. But Timmy didn't feel happy. He knew what he had to do. "Mother, I dropped the pie in the kitchen. I didn't mean to do it," Timmy said.

"I'm glad you told me," said Mother. "You should never bother the food in the kitchen, until I set it on the table to eat. But I forgive you. Jesus is pleased that you told me." —Sel.

—————○—————
Dear Boys and Girls:

Rehoboam loved Maachah, the daughter of Absalom, more than his other wives. He made their son, A-bi-jah, to be king over Judah when he died. Abijah ruled over Judah and King Jeroboam ruled over Israel. A-bi-jah felt sad that the kingdom of his great grandfather David was divided. He knew that this was not to be God's plan, but because of wickedness they had been punished. Abijah took 400,000 of his valiant men and set them in array against King Jeroboam. Jeroboam came out in battle with 800,000 chosen men, mighty in valor. King Abijah was outnumbered, even doubled. Abijah stood upon Mount Ephraim and talked to all the men of Israel and Judah. We do not know how he did it, but he told the men of Israel how that Jeroboam had risen up against Solomon, the son of David. He pointed out that Jeroboam had made golden calves for them to worship and had taken priests who were not of the sons of Aaron. Then he pointed out that in Judah, they were worshipping God in the right way. They had not forsaken the true God, and that every

morning and every evening the sacrifices were being offered unto the Lord as He had commanded. He said that the shewbread was upon the pure table and in order; also the lamps of gold were burning as they should. King Abijah said that God had not forsaken them and that He was their captain. He asked them not to fight against the Lord God of their fathers. He told them they would not prosper. About that time, King Jeroboam caused a group of soldiers to come up behind Abijah and his army. When Judah looked back they saw that the battle was before them and behind them. They were in great trouble. They cried unto the Lord, and the priests sounded the trumpets. The men of Judah gave a great shout of victory, as they knew that God was with them, even if they were outnumbered. God helped them. He smote Jeroboam and all of Israel. There was a great slaughter that day—500,000 of Jeroboam's soldiers died. So the children of Israel were brought under Judah for a while, "because they relied upon the Lord." We note that Jeroboam died. He was punished for not obeying God. —Aunt Marie

—————○—————
ABIJAH'S VICTORY

2 Chron. 13:1 Now in the eighteenth year of king Jeroboam began Abijah to reign over Judah.

4 [Abijah went to battle against Jeroboam] And Abijah stood up upon mount Zemaraim, which is in mount Ephraim, and said, Hear me, thou Jeroboam, and all Israel;

5 Ought ye not to know that the Lord God of Israel gave the kingdom over Israel to David for ever, even to him and to his sons by a covenant of salt?

6 Yet Jeroboam the son of Nebat, the servant of Solomon the son of David, is risen up, and hath rebelled against his lord.

7 And there are gathered unto him vain men, the children of Belial, and have strengthened themselves against Rehoboam the son of Solomon, when Rehoboam was young and tender-hearted, and could not withstand them.

8 And now ye think to withstand the kingdom of the Lord in the hand of the sons of David; and ye be a great multitude, and there are with you golden calves, which Jeroboam made for you for gods.

9 Have ye not cast out the priests of the Lord, the sons of Aaron, and the Levites, and have made you priests after the manner of the nations of other lands? . . .

10 But as for us, the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken him; and the priests, which minister unto the Lord, are the sons of Aaron, and the Levites wait upon their business:

11 And they burn unto the Lord every morning and every evening burnt sacrifices and sweet incense: the shewbread also set they in order upon the pure table; and the candlestick of gold with the lamps thereof, to burn every evening: for we keep the charge of the Lord our God; but ye have forsaken him.

12 And, behold, God himself is with us for our captain, and his priests with sounding trumpets to cry alarm against you. O children of Israel, fight ye not against the Lord God of your fathers; for ye shall not prosper.

13 But Jeroboam caused an ambushment to come about behind them: so they were before Judah, and the ambushment was behind them.

14 And when Judah looked back, behold, the battle was before and behind: and they cried unto the Lord,

and the priests sounded with the trumpets.

15 Then the men of Judah gave a shout: and as the men of Judah shouted, it came to pass, that God smote Jeroboam and all Israel before Abijah and Judah.

18 Thus the children of Israel were brought under at that time, and the children of Judah prevailed, because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers.

20 Neither did Jeroboam recover strength again in the days of Abijah: and the Lord struck him, and he died.

Memory Verse: In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me. Psalms 56:11

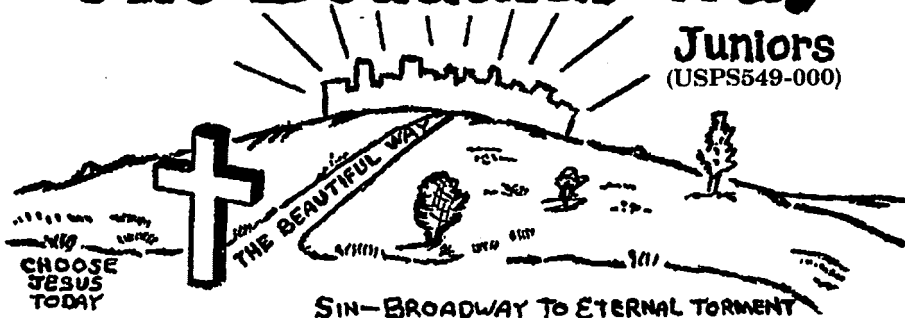
Questions:

1. Who was king over Judah? Who was king of Israel? (Remember that Israel had been divided into two kingdoms—Israel and Judah.)
2. Who did Abijah speak to from the mount?
3. Did he say that Jeroboam had rebelled against God?
4. What had Jeroboam made for the people to worship?
5. Did Abijah acknowledge the one true God?
6. Name some ways that Abijah and his people kept the will of God.
7. What did Jeroboam do while Abijah talked?
8. To whom did Abijah cry for help?
9. What did the men of Judah do?
10. Who smote Jeroboam and the Israelites?
11. Why did the children of Judah have victory over their enemies?
12. Who struck Jeroboam so that he died?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1981

Part 13

March 29

Elsie Dinsmore

(continued from last lesson)

Once Adelaide would not have been surprised at Elsie's quietness. Patient and sweet tempered the little girl had always been, but more especially after her father's return from Europe—very quiet and timid, seeming to shrink from observation, with a constant dread of incurring reproof or punishment. But the last few happy months, in which her father had continued to lavish upon her every proof of the tenderest affection, had wrought a great change in her. Her manner had lost its timidity. She moved about the house with a light and joyous step, and it was no unusual thing to hear her merry, silvery laugh ring out, or her sweet voice singing like some wild bird of the woods. The little heart that had so long been famishing for love, and had often grown so weary and sick in its hungering and thirsting for it, was now fully satisfied, and revelled in its newfound happiness.

"I have got it all arranged nicely, Elsie," Adelaide said, coming into the room with a very pleased face, as the little girl was preparing for bed that evening. "Your Papa is going away in a

day or two to attend to some business matters connected with your property, and will be gone for at least two weeks. Unless he should take it into his head to take you along, we can easily manage about the picture."

Elsie looked up with a countenance of blank dismay.

"Why," said Adelaide, laughing, "I thought you'd be delighted with my news, and instead of that, you look as if I had read you your death warrant."

"O Aunt Adelaide! two whole weeks without seeing Papa! That's so long."

"Pooh! nonsense, child! It will be gone before you know it. Now tell me, how much money have you?"

"I have saved my allowance for two months. That makes twenty dollars. I have a little change besides. Do you think it will be enough?"

"Hardly, I'm afraid, but I can lend you some, if necessary."

"Thank you, Auntie," Elsie answered gratefully. "You are very kind, but I couldn't take it, because Papa has told me that I must never borrow money, nor run into debt in any way."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Adelaide, a little impatiently. "Horace certainly is the most absurdly strict person I ever

met with. Never mind, I think we can manage it somehow," she added, in a livelier tone, as she stooped to kiss her little niece good night.

Elsie's gentle rap was heard very early at her papa's door the next morning. He opened it immediately, and springing into his arms, she asked, almost tearfully, "Are you going away, Papa?"

"Yes, darling," he said, caressing her fondly. "I must leave home for a few weeks. At first I thought of taking you with me, but upon further consideration, I have decided that it will be better to leave you here. Yet, if you desire it very much, my pet, I will take you along. Shall I?"

"You know I would always rather be with you than anywhere else, Papa," she answered, laying her head on his shoulder. "But you know best, and I am quite willing to do whatever you say."

"That is right, daughter. My little Elsie is a good, obedient child," he said, pressing her closer to him.

"When are you going, Papa?" she asked, her voice trembling a little.

"Tomorrow, right after dinner."

"So soon," she sighed.

"The sooner I leave you the sooner I shall return, you know," he said, patting her cheek, and smiling kindly on her.

"Yes, Papa, but two weeks seems such a long, long time."

He smiled. "At your age I suppose it does, but when you are as old as I am, you will think it very short. To make it pass more quickly, you may write me a little letter every day, and I will send you one just as often."

"Oh! thank you, Papa. That will be so pleasant," she answered, with a brightening countenance. "I do so love to get letters, and I would rather have one from you than from anybody else."

"Ah? then I think you ought to be willing to spare me for two weeks. I have been thinking my little girl might be glad of a little extra pocket money for buying Christmas gifts, he said, taking out his purse. "Would you?"

"Yes, Papa. Oh! very much, indeed."

He laughed at her eager tone, and putting a fifty-dollar note into her hand, asked, "Will that be enough?"

Elsie's eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"I never before had half so much as this," she exclaimed. "May I spend it all, Papa?"

"Provided you don't throw it away," he answered gravely. "Don't forget that I require a strict account of all your expenditure."

"Must I tell you *every* thing I buy?" she asked, her countenance falling.

"Yes, my child, you must; not until after Christmas, however, if you would rather not."

"I will not mind it so much then," she answered, looking quite relieved; "but indeed, Papa, it is a great deal of trouble."

"Ah! my little girl must not be lazy," he said, shaking his head gravely.

This was Elsie's first parting from her father since they had learned to know and love each other. When the time came to say good-by, she clung to him, and seemed so loath to let him go, that he quite repented of his determination to leave her at home.

"O Papa, Papa! I cannot bear to have you go, and leave me behind," Elsie sobbed. "I feel as if you were never coming back."

"Why, my own darling," he said, kissing her again and again. "Why do you talk so? I shall certainly be at home again in two weeks. If I had thought you would feel so badly, I would have made arrangement to take you with me. It is too late now, however,

and you must let me go, dearest. Be a good girl while I am gone, and when I return I will bring you some presents."

So saying, he embraced her once more, then putting her gently from him, got into the carriage and was driven away rapidly.

Elsie stood watching until it was out of sight, and then ran away to her own room to put her arms round her nurse's neck and hide her tears on her bosom.

(To be continued)

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father."

LESSON ILLUSTRATION



Dear Boys and Girls:

In the Old Bible times many battles were fought. The children of God were living under the law of Moses. They were not living under the law of grace as we are today. Today the Lord has told us to put up the sword. We do not fight, but Jesus has told us that if someone smites us on one cheek we are to turn the other. We are to let the Lord fight our battles for us. But we are

fighting against a common enemy. Our enemy is the devil. We know that the devil will try to get us to do wrong. It might be that other boys and girls will try to persuade you to do wrong. That is a real battle. But if you ask the Lord to help you, He will do that. You won't have to do wrong. you will win the battle just as God's people won battles against their enemies in the Old Bible.

Abijah died and was buried in the city of David. His son, Asa, reigned on the throne of David in Jerusalem, which was over the two tribes of Judah and others who came from the other ten tribes to be under his rule. It's wonderful to read that "Asa did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord his God." (When you die, would you want that to be written about you? That would be a wonderful life to live and to be remembered by all that knew you.) Asa did not like the many altars in his land that were built to other gods. We read in 2 Chron. 15:12, 13 that all who forsook God were put out of the land. He also removed his mother from being queen because she had made a place where she worshipped an idol. He burnt the idol that she worshipped. He did not let his mother cause him to do wrong or let her be an example to others. God was pleased with Asa. Asa told the people to help him build fenced cities, as he had rest from wars because the Lord was with him. So they had many cities that had great walls around them. He had a great army and mighty men of valor.

Our lesson tells about the Ethi-o-pians coming up against Asa. He was outnumbered, but he cried unto the Lord. He said, "It is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power." He had faith in God. God did help him, and Asa won the battle. Just so, we can have help in times of need.

-Aunt Marie

ASA WINS THE BATTLE

2 Chron. 14:1 So Abijah slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city of David: and Asa his son reigned in his stead. In his days the land was quiet ten years.

2 And Asa did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord his God:

3 For he took away the altars of the strange gods, and the high places, and brake down the images, and cut down the groves:

4 And commanded Judah to seek the Lord God of their fathers, and to do the law and the commandment.

5 Also he took away out of all the cities of Judah the high places and the images: and the kingdom was quiet before him.

6 And he built fenced cities in Judah: for the land had rest, and he had no war in those years; because the Lord had given him rest.

7 Therefore he said unto Judah, Let us build these cities, and make about them walls, and towers, gates, and bars, while the land is yet before us; because we have sought the Lord our God, we have sought him, and he hath given us rest on every side. So they built and prospered.

8 And Asa had an army of men that bare targets and spears, out of Judah three hundred thousand; and out of Benjamin, that bare shields and drew bows, two hundred and fourscore thousand: all these were mighty men of valour.

9 And there came out against them Zerah the Ethiopian with an host of a thousand thousand, and three hundred chariots; and came unto Mareshah.

10 Then Asa went out against him,

and they set the battle in array in the valley of Zephathah at Mareshah.

11 And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee.

12 So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa, and before Judah; and the Ethiopians fled.

13 And Asa and the people that were with him pursued them unto Gerar: and the Ethiopians were overthrown, that they could not recover themselves; for they were destroyed before the Lord, and before his host; and they carried away very much spoil.

Memory Verse: The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe. Prov. 18:10.

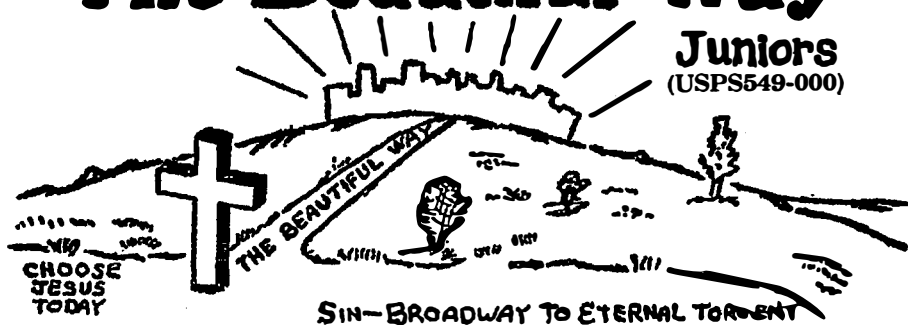
Questions:

1. Who was king of Judah after Abijah died?
2. Were there wars or peace during the first ten years of his reign?
3. Did Asa obey the Lord?
4. What did Asa do to the images and strange altars?
5. Whom did Asa tell the people of Judah to worship?
6. What did Asa build around the cities?
7. Did Asa have a strong army?
8. Who came to make war with Judah? Was this army greater in number than the army of Asa?
9. To whom did Asa cry for help? Did the Lord help Asa to win the battle? Will God help us in our troubles when we cry unto Him?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 1

April 5

Elsie Dinsmore

(For our new readers we will give a short resume of the Elsie Dinsmore story thus far: Horace Dinsmore married as a teenager without the consent of his father. When his father learned of the marriage, he had it annulled and sent Horace away from his young bride. The wife gave birth to their baby (a girl named Elsie), and not long afterward the young mother died. Elsie was left to the care of a guardian and her devoted Christian mammy. The guardian died, so Elsie and her mammy went to live with Elsie's father's family. Here she was terribly mistreated, yet Elsie read her Bible and lived up to Christian principles. Her father remained abroad until Elsie was eight years old. She had always anticipated his coming home, but when he came he was cold toward her. In time, and after many trials and tears, Elsie won the affection of her father. Since Elsie is a Christian and her father is not, there remains a problem between them of Elsie's conscientiousness in living for God.)

Arriving home, Elsie's father found a very bright fire in the dressing room. A large easy chair was drawn up near it, and a handsome dressing gown and

slippers were placed ready for use; all the work of Elsie's loving little hands.

Her father saw it all at a glance, and with a pleased smile, stooped and kissed her again, saying, "My dear little daughter is very thoughtful for her papa's comfort."

Then exchanging his warm outdoor apparel and heavy boots for the dressing gown and slippers, he seated himself in the chair and took her on his knee.

"Well, Elsie, my dear," he said, passing his hand caressingly over her curls, "I have brought you a present. Will you have it now, or shall it be kept for Christmas?"

"Keep it for Christmas, Papa," she answered gayly. "Christmas is almost here, and besides, I don't want to look at anything but you tonight."

"Very well, look at me as much as you like," was his laughing rejoinder. "And now tell me, have you been a good girl in my absence?"

"As good as I ever am, I believe, Papa. I tried very hard; but you can ask Miss Day."

"No, I am entirely satisfied with your report, for I know my little daughter is quite truthful."

Elsie colored with pleasure, then calling to mind the time when he had for a moment suspected her of falsehood, she heaved a deep sigh, dropping her head upon his breast.

Her papa seemed to understand her thoughts, for, pressing his lips to her forehead, he said gently and kindly, "I think I shall never again doubt my little daughter's truth."

She looked up with a grateful smile.

"Miss Day has gone away to stay until after New Year's day, Papa," she said, "and so our holidays have begun."

"Ah! I am very well satisfied," said he. "I think you have earned a holiday, and I hope you will enjoy it. But I don't know that I shall let you play *all* the time," he added with a smile. "I have some notion of giving you a lesson now and then, myself."

"Dear Papa, how pleasant!" she exclaimed delightedly. "I do so love to say lessons to you."

"Well, then, we will spend an hour together every morning. But are you not to have some company?"

"Oh! yes, Papa, quite a house full," she said with a slight sigh. "The Percys and the Howards are coming and all the Carringtons. There will be some others, too, I believe."

"Why do you sigh, daughter?" he asked. "Do you not expect to enjoy their company?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so," she answered, rather doubtfully. "But when there are so many, and they stay so long, they are apt to disagree, and that, you know, is not pleasant. I am sure I shall enjoy the hour with you better than anything else. It is so sweet to be alone with my own darling papa," and the little arm stole softly round his neck again, and the rosy lips touched his cheek.

"Well, when are the little plagues coming?" he asked, returning her caress.

"Some of them are coming Monday."

"Shall I bring in the trunks now, sir?" asked Mr. Dinsmore's servant, putting his head in at the door.

"Yes, John, certainly."

"Why, you brought back a new trunk, Papa, didn't you?" asked Elsie, as John carried in one she was sure she had never seen before. The servant set it down quite near them.

"Yes, my dear, it is yours. There, John, unlock it," tossing him the key. "And now, daughter, get down and see what you can find in it worth having."

Elsie needed no second bidding, but in an instant was on her knees beside the trunk, eager to examine its contents.

"Take the lid off the band box first, and see what is there," said her father.

"O Papa, how *very* pretty!" she cried, as she lifted out a beautiful little velvet hat adorned with a couple of ostrich feathers.

"I am very glad it pleases you, my darling," he said, putting it on her head, and gazing at her with proud delight in her rare beauty. "There! it fits exactly, and is very becoming."

Then taking it off, he returned it to the box, and bade her look further.

"I am saving the present for your Christmas," he said, in answer to her inquiring look.

Elsie turned to the trunk again.

"Dear Papa, how good you are to me!" she said, looking up at him, almost with tears of pleasure in her eyes, as she lifted out, one after another, a number of costly toys, which she examined with exclamations of delight, and then several handsome dresses, some of the finest, softest merino, and others of thick, rich silk, all ready made in fashionable style, and doing credit to his taste and judgment; and lastly a beautiful velvet cloak, trimmed with costly fur, just the thing to wear with her pretty new hat.

He laughed and patted her cheek.

"We must have these dresses tried on," he said, "at least one of them; for as they were all cut by the same pattern—one of your dresses which I took with me—I presume they will all fit alike. There, take this one to Mammy, and tell her to put it on you, and then come back to me."

"Oh! I wondered how you could get them the right size, Papa," Elsie answered, as she skipped gayly out of the room.

She was back again in a very few moments, arrayed in the pretty silk he had selected.

"Ah! it seems to be a perfect fit," said he, turning her round and round, with a very gratified look.

(To be continued)

DOUG STOPPED TELLING LIES

Doug told part truths. In class he acted as if he knew the answers and bluffed his way through. That is, until a written exam came up! Then black and white showed up right and wrong. Doug resolved he would come clean. He asked his new-found Saviour to help him, not only with his lessons, but also to stop acting lies. Jesus gave him the victory.

Dear Boys and Girls:

The Spirit of the Lord came to Azariah, the prophet. Azariah went to see King Asa. The prophet said, "Listen to me, King Asa and all you people in the tribe of Benjamin and Judah. The Lord is with you while you are with Him, and if you will seek Him, He will be found of you; but if you forsake Him, He will forsake you." I am sure the people were glad to hear these words. It had been a long, long time that Israel had been without the true God, a teaching priest, or the laws of God to let them know what God wanted them to do. They

longed to know about God. But when they had been in trouble and turned to God, He did help them out. They were glad for that. They needed to know God and how to worship Him, so they could be happy in their hearts. There were many idols in the land. People were doing as their heathen neighbors and worshipping stone gods, who could not help them. So trouble came to them. Nations would war against their neighbors and there was trouble all the time.

When the prophet told King Asa to be strong and not weak, and that if he would turn to God, he would have help, Asa was glad. King Asa looked around him and saw all of the idols. Even his mother had a big idol which was very displeasing to God. Asa took courage, and put away all of the idols. He called the people of Judah and Benjamin and they renewed the altar of the Lord that was before the porch at the temple. The people were glad and they gathered themselves in Jerusalem. They longed for God to bless them. Many of the younger children had heard their fathers and mothers tell about how God blessed them when they kept God's laws. The children were eager to know about God. When the people came to Jerusalem, they offered 700 oxen and 7,000 sheep to the Lord. They prayed and sought the Lord "with all of their heart and their soul." They shouted and played on their trumpets and cornets. All Judah rejoiced when God blessed them, after they had prayed earnestly to Him. They shouted with joy! God was pleased with them. Asa then removed his mother from being queen and took her idols and broke them up and burned them at the brook Kidron. He brought into the house of the Lord the silver and golden vessels to be used in the worship of the Lord. God blessed Judah and they did not have war for many years.

—Aunt Marie

ASA DESTROYS IDOLS

II Chron. 15:1 And the Spirit of God came upon Azariah the son of Obed:

2 And he went out to meet Asa, and said unto him, Hear ye me, Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin; The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you.

3 Now for a long season Israel hath been without the true God, and without a teaching priest, and without law.

4 But when they in their trouble did turn unto the Lord God of Israel, and sought him, he was found of them.

5 And in those times there was no peace to him that went out, nor to him that came in, but great vexations were upon all the inhabitants of the countries.

6 And nation was destroyed of nation, and city of city: for God did vex them with all adversity.

7 Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded.

8 And when Asa heard these words, and the prophecy of Obed the prophet, he took courage, and put away the abominable idols out of all the land of Judah and Benjamin, and out of the cities which he had taken from mount Ephraim, and renewed the altar of the Lord, that was before the porch of the Lord.

11 And they offered unto the Lord the same time, of the spoil which they had brought, seven hundred oxen and seven thousand sheep.

12 And they entered into a covenant to seek the Lord God of their fathers with all their heart and with all their soul;

15 And all Judah rejoiced at the oath: for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought him with their whole desire; and he was found of them: and the Lord gave them rest round about.

16 And also concerning Maachah the mother of Asa the king, he removed her from being queen, because she had made an idol in a grove: and Asa cut down her idol, and stamped it, and burnt it at the brook Kidron.

18 And he brought into the house of God the things that his father had dedicated, and that he himself had dedicated, silver, and gold, and vessels.

19 And there was no more war unto the five and thirtieth year of the reign of Asa.

Memory Verse; If ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you. II Chron. 15:2b.

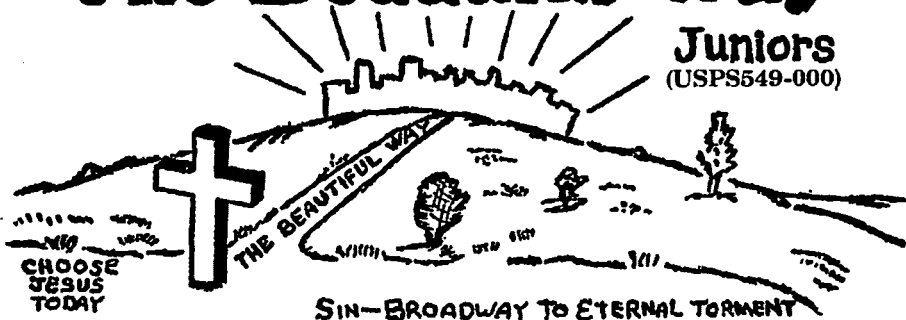
Questions:

1. Whose spirit came upon Azariah?
2. Whom did Azariah go to meet?
3. Under what condition did Azariah tell Asa and the people that God would be with them?
4. Did Azariah tell them about a time that Israel was away from God?
5. Did God help Israel when they called unto Him?
6. Had Israel been in peace or war?
7. What did Asa do with the idols?
8. What did Asa and the people of Judah and Benjamin offer to God?
9. What covenant did the people make?
10. Did God hear their prayers? What did He do for them?
11. Who was queen at this time? Did Asa remove her as queen? Why?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 2

April 12

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

"Mammy must dress you tomorrow in one of these new frocks, and your pretty hat and cloak."

Elsie looked troubled.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"I am afraid I shall be thinking of them in church, Papa, if I wear them then for the first time."

"Pooh! nonsense! what harm if you do? This squeamishness, Elsie, is the one thing about you that displeases me very much. But there! don't look so distressed, my pet. I dare say you will get over it by and by, and be all I wish. I sometimes think you have improved a little already, in that respect."

Oh! what a pang these words sent to her heart! Was it indeed true that she was losing her tenderness of conscience? that she was becoming less afraid of displeasing and dishonoring her Savior than in former days? The very thought was anguish.

Her head drooped upon her bosom, and the small white hands were clasped convulsively together, while a bitter, repenting cry, a silent earnest prayer for pardon and help went up to Him whose

ear is ever open to the cry of His children.

Her father looked at her in astonishment.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, drawing her tenderly toward him, and pushing back the curls from her face. "Why do you look so pained? What did I say that could have hurt you so? I did not mean to be harsh and severe, for it was a very trifling fault."

She hid her face on his shoulder and burst into an agony of tears.

"It was not that, Papa, but—but—"

"But what, my darling? Don't be afraid to tell me," he said, soothingly.

"O Papa! I—I am afraid I don't—love Jesus—as much as I did," she faltered out between her sobs.

"Ah! that is it, eh? Well, well, you needn't cry any more. I think you are a very good little girl, though rather a silly one, I am afraid, and quite too morbidly conscientious."

He took her on his knee as he spoke, wiped away her tears, and then began talking in a lively strain of something else.

Elsie listened, and answered him cheerfully, but all the evening he noticed that whenever she was quiet, an un-

sual expression of sadness would steal over her face.

"What a strange child she is!" he said to himself, as he sat musing over the fire, after sending her to bed. "I cannot understand her. It is very odd how often I wound, when I intend to please her."

As for Elsie, she scarcely thought of her new finery, so troubled was her tender conscience, so pained her little heart to think that she had been wandering from her dear Savior.

Elsie had learned that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous," and to Him she went with her sorrow. She applied anew to the pardoning, peace-speaking blood of Christ—that "blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel;" and thus the sting of conscience was taken away and her peace restored, and she was soon resting quietly on her pillow, for, "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

Even her father's keen, searching glance, when she came to him in the morning, could discover no trace of sadness in her face; very quiet and sober it was, but entirely peaceful and happy, and so it remained all through the day. Her new clothes did not trouble her. She was hardly conscious of wearing them, and quite able to give her usual solemn and fixed attention to the morning service.

"Where are you going, daughter?" Mr. Dinsmore asked, as Elsie gently withdrew her hand from his on leaving the dining room.

"To my room, Papa," she replied.

"Come with me," he said. "I want you."

"What do you want me for, Papa?" she asked, as he sat down and took her on his knee.

"What for? Why to keep, to love, and to look at," he said laughing. "I have been away from my little girl so long,

that now I want her close by my side, or on my knee, all the time. Do you not like to be with me?"

"I love to be with you, my own dear Papa," she answered, flinging her little arms around his neck, and laying her head on his breast.

He fondled her, and chatted with her for some time, then, still keeping her on his knee, took up a book and began to read.

Elsie saw with pain that it was a novel, and longed to beg him to put it away, and spend the precious hours of Sunday in the study of God's Word, or some of the lesser helps to Zion's pilgrims which the saints of our own or other ages have prepared. But she knew that it would be quite out of place for a little child like her to attempt to counsel or reprove her father. Tenderly as he loved and cherished her, he would not for one moment allow her to forget their relative positions.

At length she ventured to ask softly, "Papa, may I go to my room now?"

"What for?" he asked. "Are you tired of my company?"

"No, sir, oh! no, but I want—" she hesitated and hung her head for an instant, while the rich color mounted to cheek and brow. Then raising her head she said fearlessly, "I always want to spend a little while with my best Friend on Sunday afternoon, dear Papa."

He looked puzzled, and also somewhat displeased.

"I don't understand you, Elsie," he said. "You surely can have no better friend than your own father. Can it be possible that you love any one else better than you love me?"

Again the little arms were around his neck, and hugging him close and closer. She whispered, "It was Jesus I meant, Papa. You know He loves me even better than you do, and I must love Him best of all. But there is no one else that

I love half so much as I love you, my own dear, dear, precious father."

"Well, you may go, but only for a little while," he answered, giving her a kiss, and setting her down. "Nay," he added hastily, "stay as long as you like. If you feel it a punishment to be kept here with me, I would rather do without you."

"Oh! no, no, Papa," she said beseechingly, and with tears in her eyes. "I do so love to be with you. Please don't be angry. Please let me come back soon."

"No, darling, I am not angry," he answered, smoothing her hair and smiling kindly on her. "Come back just when you like, and the sooner the better."

Dear Boys and Girls:

God blessed King Asa as long as he stayed with God and kept His commandments. The prophet in our last Sunday's lesson told him that as long as he did not forsake God, God would not forsake or leave King Asa. God wanted King Asa to obey Him and trust Him to fight his battles. God did not want him to look to anyone else.

One day, Baasha, the king of Israel, brought timber and stones up to the border of Judah and began to build a city, which he was going to call Ramah. He wanted to have a place to keep people from going from Israel down to Judah to worship at the temple in Jerusalem. King Asa of Judah became afraid. He did not like for Baasha to build that city so close to his border. Instead of praying to God and asking Him what to do, he decided to do what he thought was best. He took gold and silver out of the treasures of the house of the Lord, which was very wrong, and sent them to the king of Syria, asking him for help. He told the king of Syria that there had been a league, or an agreement, between his father and Asa's father, that they would help

each other in times of need. he asked the king of Syria to break his league with Baasha, the king of Israel, so he would depart from his borders and quit building the city of Ramah. The king of Syria took the silver and gold and went to war with Israel. The king of Israel, Baasha, had to quit building the city of Ramah and go out to fight the armies of Syria. While King Baasha was gone, king Asa went over and carried off all the timber and stones that King Baasha was using to build the city. Now God was displeased with King Asa in what he did. God sent the prophet, or "seer," to talk to King Asa. The prophet said, "Because you relied on the king of Syria, and did not rely on the Lord God you will have wars and trouble even with the king of Syria." The "seer," or prophet reminded King Asa how God had helped him in the past and would have helped him again. He said, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them, whose heart is perfect toward him." But Asa was angry with the prophet. He did not want to hear how he had done wrong. He did not repent of his lack of trust in God. He put the prophet in prison and acted ugly. We find that King Asa became diseased in his feet, but he did not seek God to heal him. He looked to the physicians and he died. How sad was the ending of King Asa.

—Aunt Marie

ASA IS PUNISHED

11 Chron. 16:1 In the six and thirtieth year of the reign of Asa. Baasha king of Israel came up against Judah, and built Ramah, to the intent that he might let none go out or come in to Asa king of Judah.

2 Then Asa brought out silver and gold out of the treasures of the house of

the Lord and of the king's house, and sent to Benhadad king of Syria, that dwelt at Damascus, saying,

3 There is a league between me and thee, as there was between my father and thy father: behold, I have sent thee silver and gold; go, break thy league with Baasha king of Israel, that he may depart from me.

4 And Benhadad hearkened unto king Asa, and sent the captains of his armies against the cities of Israel; and they smote Ijoh, and Dan, and Abel-maim, and all the store cities of Naph-tali.

5 And it came to pass, when Baasha heard it, that he left off building of Ramah, and let his work cease.

6 Then Asa the king took all Judah; and they carried away the stones of Ramah, and the timber thereof, wherewith Baasha was building; and he built therewith Geba and Mizpah.

7 And at that time Hanani the seer came to Asa king of Judah, and said unto him, Because thou hast relied on the king of Syria, and not relied on the Lord thy God, therefore is the host of the king of Syria escaped out of thine hand.

8 Were not the Ethiopians and the Lubims a huge host, with very many chariots and horsemen? yet, because thou didst rely on the Lord, he delivered them into thine hand.

9 For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him. Herein thou hast done foolishly: therefore from henceforth thou shalt have wars.

10 Then Asa was wroth with the seer, and put him in a prison house; for

he was in a rage with him because of this thing. And Asa oppressed some of the people the same time.

11 And, behold, the acts of Asa, first and last, lo, they are written in the book of the kings of Judah and Israel.

12 And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great: yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians.

13 And Asa slept with his fathers, and died in the one and fortieth year of his reign.

14 And they buried him in his own sepulchre, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art: and they made a very great burning for him.

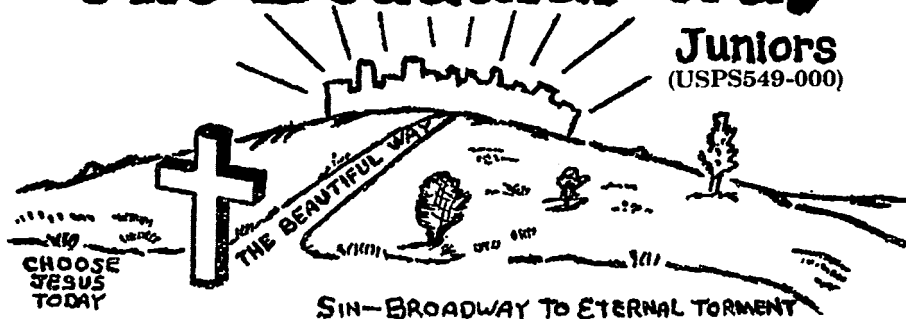
Questions:

1. Who was Baasha? What did he do that displeased King Asa?
2. Did Asa look to God for help? To whom did he go?
3. What did Asa give the king of Syria to help him?
4. Did the king of Syria make war with Israel?
5. While Baasha stopped building the city, what did Asa do?
6. Was God pleased with Asa? Why?
7. Who did God send to Asa?
8. The prophet told Asa that God wanted to show himself strong in behalf of whom?
9. Did Asa repent? What did he do to the prophet?
10. What kind of sickness came on Asa?
11. To whom did Asa go for healing?
12. What happened to Asa?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 3

April 19

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie did not stay away very long. In less than an hour she returned, bringing her Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress* with her.

Her father welcomed her with a smile, and then turned to his novel again, while she drew a stool to his side, and, sitting down, leaned her head against his knee, and read until the short winter day began to close in. Mr. Dinsmore, whose hand had been every now and then laid caressingly upon her curls, said, "Put away your book now, dear. It is growing too dark for you to read without straining your eyes."

"Please, Papa, let me finish the paragraph first. May I?" she asked.

"No. You must always obey the instant I speak to you."

Elsie rose at once, and without another word laid her books upon the table. Then coming back, she climbed upon his knee again, with her head resting on his shoulder.

He put his arm around her, and they sat silently thus for some moments. At length Elsie asked, "Papa, did you ever read *Pilgrim's Progress*?"

"Yes, a long time ago, when I was quite a boy."

"Did you like it, Papa?"

"Yes, very much, although I have nearly forgotten the story now. Do you like it?"

"Very much, indeed, Papa. I think it comes next to the Bible."

"Next to the Bible, eh? Well, I believe you are the only little girl of my acquaintance who thinks *that* the most beautiful and interesting book in the world. But, let me see, what is this *Pilgrim's Progress* about? some foolish story of a man with a great load on his back; is it not?"

"Foolish! Papa, oh! I am sure you don't mean it. You couldn't think it foolish. Ah! I know by your smile that you are only saying it to tease me. It is a beautiful story, Papa, about Christian: how he lived in the City of Destruction, and had a great burden on his back, which he tried in every way to get rid of, but all in vain until he came to the Cross. Then it seemed suddenly to loosen of itself, and dropped from his back, and rolled away, and fell into the sepulchre, where it couldn't be seen any more."

"Well, and is not *that* a foolish story? Can you see any sense or meaning in it?" he asked, with a slight smile, and a keen glance into the eager little face upturned to his.

"Ah! Papa, I know what it means," she answered, in a half-sorrowful tone. "Christian, with the load on his back, is a person who has been convinced of sin by God's Holy Spirit, and feels his sins a heavy burden—too heavy for him to bear. Then he tries to get rid of them by leaving off his wicked ways, and by doing good deeds. But he soon finds he can't get rid of his load that way, for it only grows heavier and heavier, until at last he gives up trying to save himself, and just goes to the cross of Jesus Christ. The moment he looks to Jesus and trusts in Him, his load of sins is all gone."

Mr. Dinsmore was surprised, as he had often been at Elsie's knowledge of spiritual things.

"Who told you all that?" he asked.

"I read it in the Bible, Papa. Besides, I know, because I have felt it."

He did not speak again for some moments, and then he said very gravely, "I am afraid you read too many of those dull books. I don't want you to read things that fill you with sad and gloomy thoughts, and make you unhappy. I want my little girl to be merry and happy as the day is long."

"Please don't forbid me to read them, Papa," she pleaded with a look of apprehension, "for indeed they don't make me unhappy, and I love them dearly."

"You need not be alarmed. I shall not do so unless I see that they do affect your spirits," he answered in a reassuring tone, and she thanked him with her own bright, sweet smile.

She was silent for a moment, then asked suddenly, "Papa, may I say some verses to you?"

"Some time," he said, "but not now, for there is the tea bell." Taking her

hand, he led her down to the dining room.

They went to the drawing room after tea, but did not stay long. There were no visitors, and it was very dull and quiet there, no one seeming inclined for conversation. Old Mr. Dinsmore sat nodding in his chair, Louise was drumming on the piano, and the rest were reading or sitting listlessly, saying nothing, and Elsie and her papa soon slipped away to their old seat by his dressing room fire.

"Sing something for me, my pet, some of those little hymns I often hear you singing to yourself," he said, as he took her on his knee. Elsie gladly obeyed.

Some of the pieces she sang alone, but in others, which were familiar to him, her father joined his deep bass notes to her sweet treble, at which she was greatly delighted. Then they read several chapters of the Bible together, and thus the evening passed so quickly and pleasantly that she was very much surprised when her papa, taking out his watch, told her it was bedtime.

"O Papa! it has been such a nice, nice evening!" she said, as she bade him good night; "so like the dear old times I used to have with Miss Rose, only—"

She paused and colored deeply.

"Only what, darling, he asked, drawing her caressingly to him.

"Only, Papa, if you would pray with me, like she did," she whispered, winding her arms about his neck, and hiding her face on his shoulder.

"That I cannot do, my pet. I have never learned how. I fear you will have to do all the praying for yourself and me too," he said, with a vain effort to speak lightly, for both heart and conscience were touched.

The only reply was a tightening of the clasp of the little arms about his neck, and a half-suppressed sob. Then two trembling lips touched his cheek,

and a warm tear fell, and she turned away and ran quickly from the room.

Oh! how earnest and importunate were Elsie's pleadings at a throne of grace that night, that her "dear, dear papa might soon be taught to love Jesus, and how to pray to Him." Tears fell fast while she prayed, but she rose from her knees feeling a joyful assurance that her petitions had been heard, and would be granted in God's own good time.

(To be continued)

Direction Given



Samuel Rutherford, whose piety is still remembered to this day in Scotland, had a friend, a Mr. Blair, who was on his way from London to Port Patrick, and greatly desired to make two visits on his way, but had only time for one; as the persons whom he wished to see lived on different routes. One of these was Mr. Rutherford, and the other was a lady of special piety. Coming to the parting of the road, where he must decide to which of the two places to go, he dropped the bridle on the neck of his horse, and prayed earnestly to be divinely directed. He allowed the horse, then, to take his own way, which proved to be the road to the lady's. When he reached that place, behold there were both of the friends whom he desired to see, for the lady had stopped by to see Mr. Rutherford. Here is a case to which applies the statement of the wise man (Prov. 16:33): "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Even the apparent accidents of life, and the movements amid the lower orders of creation enter into the Divine plans, and are subordinated to prayer; even as Jesus assured His disciples that God's purpose was concerned with the falling of a sparrow.

—*Prayer and Its Remarkable Answers*

Dear Boys and Girls:

Oh, how we do rejoice today to know that we are serving a living Christ! You must believe this and know it to be true. Just as sure as you are alive today, Jesus Christ is alive. He is sitting right now on the right hand of God. He looks down upon you and me and He loves us. He listens to our every cry and knows all about us. He knows if we love Him and are desiring to please Him. We want to love Him with all of our hearts. Don't be afraid of Him, but love Him. Love Him more than you love your own mother or father or anyone else in this world. Why? Because He is the One that made us and He is the One that we will live with in eternity, after we die and leave this world. We want to know Him. We want to get acquainted with Him. We want to love Him and we do not want to displease Him. Why? Because He loves us so much. Did you know that every sin had to be punished? All of us have sinned. We were headed for punishment in hell. Whether we believe it or not, it is true. But Jesus, our precious loving Saviour, looked down upon you and me. He said that He would come to this world and take our punishment for us. Now Jesus could do this because He never had sinned. He was pure and innocent. God would accept what He did to take the punishment for sin. Oh, how we love our precious Jesus for doing this for us! He is so great and wonderful for suffering such an awful death, just because He loved you and me! He was mistreated by man and put on the cross. There He was nailed to it. Oh, the suffering of the driving of those spikes through his precious hands and feet! They pierced his side with a sword. He died on the cross, being innocent of sin. But He did it for you and me. They put His body in the grave. They put a seal on the tomb. They put soldiers around that tomb. But God sent an

earthquake and shook the ground. The big stone rolled away. Jesus came forth. He arose from the grave, a living Christ. The soldiers fell to the ground as dead men. An angel sat on the stone. He proclaimed to the women who came, "He is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him." Oh, how wonderful! Boys and girls, our Lord is alive! Later, the disciples saw Him rise up from the earth and disappear into the clouds. Be glad that you are serving a living Christ.

—Aunt Marie

JESUS IS ALIVE

Luke 24:1 Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

2 And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

3 And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

4 And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

5 And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

6 He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

7 Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

8 And they remembered his words,

9 And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

10 It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles.

11 And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

12 Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

Mark 16:12 After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

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

Memory Verse: He is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. Luke 16:6b.

Questions:

1. On what day did the women go to Jesus' tomb?
2. What were they planning to do at His tomb?
3. What did they find when they reached the tomb?
4. Was Jesus in the tomb?
5. Who did the women see?
6. What did the angel tell the women?
7. Who did the women tell that Jesus had risen?
8. Did the disciples believe the words of the women?
9. Who then went to the tomb?
10. Did Jesus appear to the disciples?
11. Where is Jesus today?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 4

April 26

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

She had hardly laid her head upon her pillow, when her father came in, and saying, "I have come to sit beside my little girl till she falls asleep," sat down in a chair close by her side, taking her hand in his and holding it, as she loved so to have him do.

"I am so glad you have come, Papa," she said, her whole face lighting up with pleased surprise.

"Are you?" he answered with a smile. "I'm afraid I am spoiling you, but I can't help it tonight. I think you forgot your wish to repeat some verses to me?"

"Oh! yes, Papa!" she said, "but may I say them now?"

He nodded assent, and she went on. "They are some Miss Rose sent me in one of her letters. She cut them out of a newspaper, she said, and sent them to me because she liked them so much. I think they are very sweet. The piece is headed:

"The Pilgrim's Wants"

*"I want a sweet sense of Thy pardoning love,
That my manifold sins are forgiven;*

That Christ, as my Advocate, pleadeth above,

That my name is recorded in heaven.

*"I want every moment to feel
That thy Spirit resides in my heart—
That his power is present to cleanse
and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.*

*"I want—oh! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to thee!
That longed for resemblance once more
to regain,
Thy comeliness put upon me.*

*"I want to be marked for thine own—
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that new name on the mystic
white stone
Which none but thyself can declare.*

*"I want so in thee to abide
And to bring forth some fruit to thy
praise;
The branch which thou prunest, though
feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.*

*"I want thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things,
Too tenderly cherished, too closely en-
twined,
Where my heart so tenaciously clings.*

*"I want, by my aspect serene,
My actions and words, to declare
That my treasure is placed in a country
unseen,
That my heart's best affections are
there.*

*"I want as a trav'ler to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my
way;
Nor forethought in anxious contrivance
to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day.*

*"I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to thy
care,
And breathe out in faith my last
sigh."*

He was silent for a moment after she had repeated the last verse, then laying his hand softly on her head, and looking searchingly into her eyes, he asked, "And does my little one really wish all that those words express?"

"Yes, Papa, for myself and you, too," she answered. "O Papa! I do want to be all that Jesus would have me! just like Him; so like Him that everybody who knows me will see the likeness and know that I belong to Him."

"Nay, you belong to me," he said, leaning over her and patting her cheek. "Hush! not a word from your lips! I will have no gainsaying of my words," he added, with a mixture of authority and playfulness, as she seemed about to reply. "Now shut your eyes and go to sleep. I will have no more talking to-night."

She obeyed at once. The white lids gently closed over the sweet eyes, the long, dark lashes rested quietly on the fair, round cheek, and soon her soft regular breathing told that she had passed into the land of dreams.

Her father sat, still holding the little hand, and still gazing tenderly upon

the sweet young face, till, something in its expression reminding him of words she had just repeated,

*"I want to be marked for thine own—
Thy seal on my forehead to wear,"* he laid it gently down, rose, bent over her with a troubled look.

"Ah, my darling, that prayer is already granted!" he murmured. "For you seem almost too good and pure for this earth. But oh, God forbid that you should be taken from me to that place where I can see that your heart is even now. How desolate should I be!" and He turned away with a shiver and a heavy sigh, and hastily left the room.

The cold gray light of a winter morning was stealing in through the half-closed blinds as Elsie awoke with the thought that this was the day that several of her young guests were expected, and that her papa had promised her a walk with him before they had breakfast, if she were ready in time.

Aunt Chloe had already risen, and a bright fire was blazing and crackling on the hearth, which she was carefully sweeping up.

"Good morning, Mammy," said the little girl. "Are you ready to help dress me now?"

"What, you awake, darling?" cried the fond old creature, turning quickly around at the sound of her nursling's voice. "Better lie still, honey, till the room gets warm."

"I'll wait a little while, Mammy," Elsie said, lying down again, "but I must get up soon, for I wouldn't miss my walk with Papa for a great deal. Please throw the shutters wide open and let the daylight in. I'm so glad it has come."

"Why, my blessed lamb, you didn't lie awake looking for the morning, did you? You ain't sick, nor suffering any way?" exclaimed Chloe, in a tone of

mingled concern and inquiry, as she hastily set down her broom, and came toward the bed, with a look of loving anxiety on her face.

"Oh, no, Mammy! I slept nicely, and feel as well as can be," replied the little girl; "but I am glad to see this new day, because I hope it is going to be a very happy one. Carry Howard, and a good many of my little friends are coming, you know, and I think we will have a very pleasant time together."

"Your ole mammy hopes you will, darling," replied Chloe, heartily; "and I'm glad enough to see you looking so bright and well. But just you lie still till it gets warm here. I'll open the shutters and fetch some more wood for the fire, and clear up the room, and by that time I reckon you can get up."

(To be continued)

Jim could hear the mortar fire in the distance. He and his buddies hid behind a bunker. Suddenly there was a loud explosion near them. Being in a war was dangerous!

Jim was a good soldier. He didn't grumble about the hardships he had to endure. He obeyed the orders from his commander. He could be depended on to do the jobs that were assigned to him. He was always watchful when on guard duty.

The Bible says that each Christian is to be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He is our Commander-in-Chief. We are to please Him, and obey Him. We are not to follow the ways of this world. We live by a higher rule. We are in a warfare; and our enemy, the devil, tries to defeat us. But if we stay close to Jesus He will protect us. —Sel.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am sure you remember that the children of Israel had been divided into two kingdoms. One kingdom had ten

tribes and was called Israel, and the other had two tribes and was called Judah. We are studying about the kings that reigned in Judah. Je-hosh-a-phat, the son of Asa, was now reigning in Judah. He was a good king. He loved God. He walked in the ways of his great-grandfather David. He sought the Lord God and kept His commandments. He did not worship idols as did the people of Israel. God was pleased with King Jehoshaphat, and helped him. The king placed armies around his kingdom. He put garrisons in the fenced cities of Judah. The people loved him and he received much honour from them. The people brought him presents. God blessed him and he had many riches. He watched to see that no one built an altar to an idol. He knew there was only one true God and that idols were false and wrong. He wanted God to be pleased with him and his kingdom. He was a good king.

Jehoshaphat knew that the people needed to be educated. Boys and girls, you need to go to school so that your brain will develop fully. Enjoy going to school. Study hard and learn the right things and let your mind develop. You need to use your mind for God and to help others to know right from wrong. We find that Jehoshaphat sent out the princes to teach in all the cities of Judah. They taught about the laws of the land and maybe how to read and write or whatever needed to be learned by the people. But Jehoshaphat knew that they needed to know more than those things. They needed to know what the law of God said. So the king sent along Levites to teach about the laws of God.

It is important that boys and girls today go to Sunday school. Their parents and Sunday school teachers need to teach them that they should not steal, lie, covet their neighbors things, kill, or do wrong. They need to know

that they should love the Lord their God with all of their hearts and not have any other gods about them. The people of Judah learned all of these things. Maybe you should read Deut. 6:4-9, which tells the people how they were to teach their children about the laws of God.

God even caused the nations around Judah to respect the new king. They brought presents of silver and animals to him. He became rich and did much business in the cities of Judah. His men became great soldiers and he lived in peace. —Aunt Marie

JEHOSHAPHAT EDUCATES THE PEOPLE

11 Chron. 17:1 And Jehoshaphat his son reigned in his stead, and strengthened himself against Israel.

2 And he placed forces in all the fenced cities of Judah, and set garrisons in the land of Judah, and in the cities of Ephraim, which Asa his father had taken.

3 And the Lord was with Jehoshaphat, because he walked in the first ways of his father David, and sought not unto Baalim;

4 But sought to the Lord God of his father, and walked in his commandments, and not after the doings of Israel.

5 Therefore the Lord stablished the kingdom in his hand; and all Judah brought to Jehoshaphat presents; and he had riches and honour in abundance.

6 And his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord: moreover he took away the high places and groves out of Judah.

7 Also in the third year of his reign

he sent to his princes . . . to teach in the cities of Judah.

8 And with them he sent Levites, . . . and with them Elishama and Jehoram, priests.

9 And they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people.

10 And the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat.

11 Also some of the Philistines brought Jehoshaphat presents, and tribute silver; and the Arabians brought him flocks, seven thousand and seven hundred rams, and seven thousand and seven hundred he goats.

12 And Jehoshaphat waxed great exceedingly; and he built in Judah castles, and cities of store.

13 And he had much business in the cities of Judah: and the men of war, mighty men of valour, were in Jerusalem.

Memory Verse: And his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord. II Chron. 6:a.

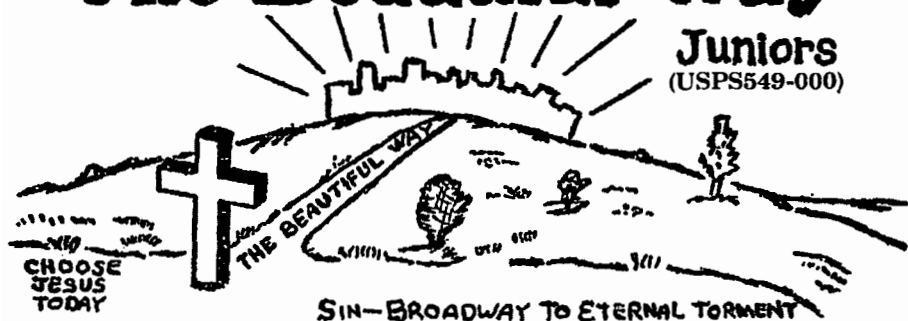
Questions:

1. Who reigned in Judah after Asa?
2. Was the Lord with Jehoshaphat?
3. What did Jehoshaphat do to gain favor with God?
4. Was Jehoshaphat honored by the people?
5. Did Jehoshaphat teach the people of Judah?
6. Why did the surrounding kingdoms not fight against Judah?
7. What did the Philistines and Arabians give to Jehoshaphat?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 5

May 3

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie waited patiently till Chloe pronounced the room warm enough, then sprang up with an eager haste that she might go to her papa.

"Don't you go to worrying yourself, darling. There's plenty of time," said Chloe, beginning her work with all speed, however. "The mistress has ordered the breakfast at nine, these holiday times, to let the ladies and gentlemen take a morning nap if they want to."

"Oh, yes, Mammy! and that reminds me that Papa said I must eat a cracker or something before I take my walk, because he thinks it isn't good for people to exercise much on an entirely empty stomach," said Elsie. "Will you get me one when you have done my curls?"

"Yes, honey, there's a paper full in the drawer yonder," replied Chloe. "I reckon you had better eat two or three, or you'll be mighty hungry before you get your breakfast."

It was still a few minutes before eight o'clock when Elsie's gentle rap was heard at her papa's dressing room

door. He opened it, and stooping to give her a good morning kiss, said, with a pleased smile, "How bright and well my darling looks! Had you a good night's rest?"

"Oh, yes, Papa! I never waked once till it began to be light," she replied. "Now I'm all ready for our walk."

"In good season, too," he said. "Well, we will start presently, but take off your hat and come and sit on my knee a little while first. Breakfast will be late this morning, and we need not hurry. Did you get something to eat?" he asked, as he seated himself by the fire and drew her to his side.

"Yes, Papa, I ate a cracker, and I think I will not get very hungry before nine o'clock. I'm very glad we have so much time for our walk," she replied, taking her place on his knee. "Shall we not start soon?"

"Presently," he said, stroking her hair, "but it will not hurt you to get well warmed first, for it is a sharp morning."

"You are very careful of me, dear Papa," she said, laying her head on his breast, "and oh! it is so nice to have a papa to love me and take care of me."

"And it is so nice to have a dear little

daughter to love and to take care of," he answered, pressing her closer to him.

The house was still very quiet, no one seeming to be astir but the servants, as Mr. Dinsmore and Elsie went down the stairs and passed out through the hall.

"O Papa! it is going to be such a nice day, and I feel so happy!" Elsie gayly exclaimed, as they started down the lane.

"Do you, daughter?" he said, regarding her with an expression of intense yearning affection. "I wish I could make you always as gay and happy as you are at this moment. But alas! it cannot be, my darling," he added with a sigh.

"I know that, Papa," she said with sudden gravity, "'for man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble,' the Bible says. I don't feel frightened at that, because it tells me, besides, that Jesus loves me, *oh, so dearly!* and will never leave nor forsake me; and that He has all power in heaven and in earth, and will *never* let anything happen to me but what shall do me good. O Papa, it is such a *happy* thing to have the dear Lord Jesus for your friend!"

"It is strange how everything seems to lead your thoughts to Him," he said, giving her a wondering look.

"Yes, Papa, it is because I love Him so," she answered, simply. The father sighed as the thought arose, "Better than she loves me, even as she told me herself. Ah! I would I could be *all—everything* to her, as she is fast becoming to me. I cannot feel satisfied, and yet I believe few daughters love their fathers as well as she loves me," and fondly pressing the little hand he held, he looked down upon her with beaming eyes.

She raised her eyes to his face with an expression of confiding affection; and, as though she had read his mind:

"Yes, Papa," she said, "I love *you* dearly; better than all the world besides."

Breakfast—always a plentiful and inviting meal at Roselands—was already upon the table when they returned, and their appetites had been increased from the walk.

Elsie spent the first hour after breakfast at the piano, practicing, and the second in her papa's dressing room, studying and reciting to him. Then they took a long ride on horseback, and when they returned she found that a number of the expected guests had already arrived. Among them was a good friend of Elsie's—Caroline Howard, a pretty, sweet tempered little girl, about a year older than herself.

Caroline had been away paying a long visit to some friends in the North, and so the two little girls had not met for nearly a year, and of course they had a great deal to say to each other.

They chatted a few moments in the drawing room, and then Elsie carried her friend off with her to her own room, that they might go on with their talk while she was getting dressed for dinner. Caroline had much to tell of her Northern relatives, and of all she had seen and heard, and Elsie of her new-found parent, and her happiness in being so loved and cared for. So the little tongues ran very fast, neither of them feeling Chloe's presence any restraint. But she soon completed her task, and went out, leaving the two girls sitting on the sofa together, laughing and talking merrily while awaiting the summons to dinner.

"How pretty your hair is, Elsie," said Caroline, winding the glossy ringlets around her finger. "I wish you'd give me one of these curls. I want to get a bracelet made for Mamma, and she thinks so much of you, and your hair is such a lovely color, that I am sure she would be delighted with one made of it."

"A Christmas gift is it to be?" asked Elsie. "But how will you get it done in time? You know that day after tomorrow is Christmas."

"Yes, I know, but if I could get into the city this afternoon, I think I might get them to promise it by tomorrow night."

"Well, you shall have the curl, at any rate, if you will just take the scissors and help yourself, and poor mammy will have the fewer to curl the next time," Elsie answered, laughingly. "But mind," she added, as Caroline prepared to avail herself of the permission, "that you take it where it will not be missed."

"Of course I will. I don't want to spoil your beauty, though you are so much prettier than I," was Caroline's laughing rejoinder. "There," she cried, holding up the severed ringlet, "isn't it a beauty? Don't look scared, it will never be missed among so many. I don't even miss it myself, although I know it is gone."

"Well," Elsie said, shaking back her curls, "suppose we go down to the drawing room now, and I will ask Papa to take us to the city this afternoon. If he is too busy to go himself, perhaps Pomp or Ajax may drive us in."

"I think it would be better fun to go alone, Elsie—don't you?" asked Caroline, with some hesitation, adding: "Do not be vexed, but I must confess I am more than half afraid of your father."

"Oh! you wouldn't be, Carry, if you knew him," Elsie answered, in her eager way. "I was a little myself, at first, but now I love him so dearly, I never want to go anywhere without him."

(To be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

We will now talk about the king of Israel. Our first verse tells us who was king of Israel while Asa was king in

Judah. There had been several kings reigning in Israel before Ahab, which are recorded in the first part of this chapter. We read that Ahab "did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him." How sad! Boys and girls, people cannot do wrong and get by. They will be punished. God's Word is true. It was true in the days of Ahab, and it's true today.

First, we want to notice that in the days of Ahab, Hiel started to rebuild Jericho. This was something that God said not to do. Do you remember the city of Jericho? When the children of Israel first came into Canaan, they marched around that city seven times. On the seventh time the walls fell down and the city was destroyed. We read in Joshua 6:26, that Joshua said, "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." Now about five hundred years later, in the days of Ahab, Hiel tried to rebuild the city of Jericho. We read in *Clarke's Commentary* the following. "It is thought that when he laid the foundation of the city his eldest son, the hope of his family, died by the hand and judgment of God, and that all his children died in succession: so that when the doors were ready to be hung, his youngest and last child died, and thus, instead of securing himself a name, his whole family became extinct." Boys and girls, notice our memory verse. What God says is true. It will come to pass.

The last part of our lesson is about the prophet Elijah's being sent to Ahab, the wicked king. We have read that King Ahab married Jezebel, a wicked princess and went with her to worship her god called, *Baal*. This displeased God, and He sent word to King Ahab through the prophet Elijah, that there would be a

draught of no rain until the prophet Elijah said for it to rain. God told Elijah to go and hide by the brook Cherith and the ravens would feed him there. Again, when God spoke it came to pass. Notice the different things in our lesson that came to pass because God had spoken. Boys and girls, always remember that what God has said in His Word will come to pass. God has said that this world will be destroyed by fire, and that is exactly what will happen. He also has told us that if we love and serve Him, we will be able to live with Him in heaven, and that will come to pass, just as He has spoken. Believe God.—Aunt Marie

AHAB REIGNS IN ISRAEL

1 Kings 16:29 And in the thirty and eighth year of Asa king of Judah began Ahab the son of Omri to reign over Israel: and Ahab the son of Omri reigned over Israel in Samaria twenty and two years.

30 And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him.

31 And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him.

32 And he reared up an altar for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria.

33 And Ahab made a grove; and Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him.

34 In his days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son

Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun.

17:1 And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.

2 And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying,

3 Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan.

4 And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.

5 So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan.

6 And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

Memory Verse: For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Psalms 119:89.

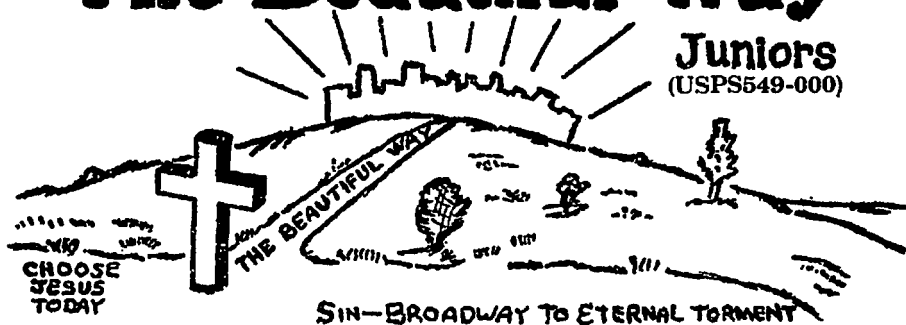
Questions;

1. When Asa was king of Judah, who was king of Israel?
2. Did Ahab do good or evil?
3. Who did Ahab marry?
4. Did Ahab build altars to Baal?
5. What city did Hiel start to rebuild?
6. Was God displeased with Hiel?
7. What did Elijah tell King Ahab concerning rain?
8. Where did God tell Elijah to go?
9. How was Elijah to be fed?
10. Did Elijah go to the brook Cherith as God told him?
11. The ravens brought bread, but where did Elijah get water to drink?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 6

May 10

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

They found Mr. Dinsmore in the drawing room, where most of the guests and the older members of the family were assembled. He was conversing with a strange gentleman, and his little girl stood quietly at his side, patiently waiting until he should be ready to give her his attention. She had to wait some moments, for the gentlemen were discussing some political question, and were too much engaged to notice her.

At length her father put his arm around her, and with a kind smile asked, "What is it, daughter?"

"Carry and I want to go to the city this afternoon. Will you take us, Papa?"

"I wish I could, my dear, but I have an engagement, which makes it quite impossible."

"Ah, I'm so sorry! Then, Papa, we may have one of the carriages, and Pomp or Ajax to drive us, may we not?"

"No, daughter. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am afraid you are too young to be trusted on such an expedition with only a servant. You must wait until tomorrow when I can take you myself."

"But, Papa, we want to go today. Oh! please do say yes. We want to go so very much, and I'm sure we could do very nicely by ourselves."

Her arm was around his neck, and both tone and look were very coaxing.

"My little daughter forgets that when papa says no, she is never to ask again."

Elsie blushed and hung her head. His manner was quite too grave and decided for her to venture another word.

"What is the matter? What does Elsie want?" asked Adelaide, who was standing near and had overheard enough to have some idea of the trouble.

Mr. Dinsmore explained, and Adelaide at once offered to take charge of the little girls, saying that she intended shopping a little in the city herself that very afternoon.

"Thank you," said her brother, looking very much pleased. "Elsie, you may go if Mrs. Howard gives Caroline permission."

"Thank you, dear Papa, thank you so very much," she answered gratefully, and then ran away to tell Carry of her success, and secure Mrs. Howard's permission, which was easily obtained.

Elsie had intended buying some little

present for each of the house servants, and had taken a great deal of pleasure in making out a list of such articles as she thought would be suitable; but, on examining her purse, she found to her dismay that she had already spent so much on the picture for her papa, and various gifts intended for other members of the family, that there was very little left. It was with a very sober, almost sorrowful face, that she came down to take her place in the carriage. It brightened instantly, though, as she caught sight of her father waiting to see her off.

"All ready, my darling?" he said, holding out his hand. "I think you will have a pleasant ride."

"Ah! yes, if you were only going too, Papa," she answered regretfully.

"Quite impossible, my pet. Here is something to help you in shopping. Use it wisely;" and he put a twenty-dollar gold piece in her hand.

"Oh, thank you, Papa! How good and kind you are to me!" she exclaimed, her whole face lighting up with pleasure. "Now I can buy some things I wanted to get for Mammy and the rest. But how could you know I wanted more money?"

He only smiled, lifted her up in his arms, and kissed her fondly; then, placing her in the carriage, said to the coachman, "Drive carefully, Ajax; you are carrying my greatest treasure."

"Never fear, Master. These old horses never think of running away," replied Ajax, with a grin, as he touched his horses with the whip, and drove off.

It was growing quite dark when the carriage again drove up the lane. Mr. Horace Dinsmore, who was beginning to feel a little anxious, came out to receive them, and ask what had kept them so long.

"Long!" said Adelaide, in a tone of surprise, "you gentlemen really have no

idea what an undertaking it is to shop. Why, I thought we got through in a wonderfully short time."

"O Papa, I have bought such quantities of nice things," cried Elsie, springing into his arms.

"Papa, Papa," cried Elsie, catching hold of his hand, "do come with me to my room, and let me show you my purchases."

"I will, darling," he answered, pinching her cheek. "Here, Bill"—to a servant—"carry these bundles to Elsie's room."

Then, picking her up, he tossed her over his shoulder, and carried her upstairs as easily as though she had been a baby, she clinging to him and laughing merrily.

"Why, Papa, how strong you are," she said, as he set her down. "I believe you can carry me as easily as I can my doll."

"To be sure; you are my doll," said he, "and a very light burden for a man of my size and strength. But here come the bundles! what a number! no wonder you were late in getting home."

"Oh! yes, Papa, see! I want to show you!" and catching up one of them, she hastily tore it open, displaying a very gay handkerchief. "This is a turban for Aunt Phillis. And here's some flannel for poor old Aunt Dinah, who has the rheumatism. And that—oh! no, no, Mammy! don't you open that! It's a nice shawl for her, Papa," she whispered in his ear.

"Ah!" he said, smiling; "and which is my present? You had better point it out, lest I should stumble upon it and learn the secret too soon."

"There is none here for you, sir," she replied, looking up into his face with an arch smile. "I would give you the bundle you carried upstairs, just now, but I'm afraid you would say that was not mine to give, because it belongs to you already."

"Indeed it does, and I feel richer in that possession than all the gold of California could make me," he said, pressing her to his heart.

She looked surpassingly lovely at that moment, her cheeks burning, and her eyes sparkling with excitement. The dark, fur-trimmed cloak, and the velvet hat and plumes set off to advantage the whiteness of her pure complexion, and the glossy ringlets falling in rich masses on her shoulders.

(To be continued)

Some Wise Sayings

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.
—Plutarch.

Doest thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
—Franklin.

Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived here on this earth besides Jesus.

Dear Boys and Girls:

It pays to do as the Lord tells us. We know what He wants us to do by reading His Word. Then when we have the Holy Spirit dwelling within us, we can be led by Him. Elijah was careful to listen to the Lord. He was always just where the Lord wanted him to be at the right time. Notice the word *there* in our lesson. Our first verse says that Elijah was *there* at the Cherith brook when it dried up. He was just where God told him to be. We read that since he was where God had sent him, he was ready for another message from God. On his way to Zarephath, where he was commanded to go, he found the widow who was *there*, and she was the one who was to give him food. She was *there* gathering sticks. God had already talked to the widow about helping the prophet, so each one was at the right place at the

right time. Even though the woman knew that she had only a little meal and oil to make bread for her and her son, she obeyed God and gave to the prophet. What a wonderful love she had for God! She had faith in God that surely He would work out something, although she did not know how it could be worked out, as there was a great famine in the land. Many other people had died, and there just was not food for the people. They had sinned and were being punished and brought to a place where they would call upon God. The widow, who had faith, obeyed and believed that she would have meal and oil until rain came upon the earth. She was walking by faith and not by sight. Boys and girls, even though you may think that obeying the Word of God isn't the right thing to do, do it anyway. It will bring true happiness. God's Word does not fail if you obey it with faith. Do not obey it just because you have to, but be glad to obey it. How wonderful it was that every time the woman would go to the barrel of meal there would always be enough for bread! Every time she poured out oil there was always just enough. God blessed her for her faith in Him.

How alarmed the widow was when her son got sick! But she knew where to go. She knew that Elijah was a man of God. She took him to Elijah. Elijah prayed for him and looked to God. God heard his prayer and restored her son to life. Oh, how wonderful! —Aunt Marie

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW

1 Kings 17:7 And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land.

8 And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying,

9 Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.

10 So he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering of sticks: and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink.

11 And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand.

12 And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die.

13 And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son.

14 For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

15 And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days.

16 And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah.

17 And it came to pass after these things, that the son of the woman, the mistress of the house, fell sick; and his sickness was so sore, that there was no breath left in him.

19 And he said unto her, Give me thy son. And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed.

21 And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again.

22 And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived.

23 And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother: and Elijah said, See, thy son liveth.

24 And the woman said to Elijah, Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.

Memory Verse: In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me. Psalm 86:7.

Questions:

1. What happened to the brook?
2. Where did the Lord tell Elijah to go?
3. Did Elijah obey God?
4. Who did he see at the gate of the city and what was she doing?
5. What did Elijah first ask of her?
6. As she went for the water, what did Elijah ask her to bring?
7. How much meal did the widow have? How much oil?
8. Did Elijah say to make him a cake first?
9. What did Elijah say that God said about the meal and oil?
10. Did the widow believe Elijah?
11. Did the meal or oil run out?
12. What happened to the widow's son?
13. To whom did the widow go for help?
14. To whom did Elijah cry for help? Did God hear Him?
15. Can God heal today? What must we do to be healed of God?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73644. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 7

May 17

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

"My own papa! I'm so glad I do belong to you," she said, throwing her arms around his neck, and laying her cheek to his for an instant. Springing away, she added: "But I must show you the rest of the things. There are a good many more."

She went on opening bundle after bundle, displaying their contents, and telling him for whom she intended them. At last they had all been examined, and then she said, a little wearily, "Now, Mammy, please put them all away until tomorrow. I'll get ready to go downstairs."

"No, daughter," Mr. Dinsmore said in a gentle but firm tone. "You are not ready to have them put away until the price of each has been set down in your book."

"Oh! Papa," she pleaded, "won't tomorrow do? I'm tired now, and isn't it almost tea time?"

"No; never put off till tomorrow what may as well be done today. There is nearly an hour yet before tea, and I do not think it need fatigue you much."

Elsie's face clouded, and the slight-

est approach to a pout might have been perceived.

"I hope my little girl is not going to be naughty," he said, very gravely.

Her face brightened in an instant. "No, Papa," she answered cheerfully, "I will be good, and do whatever you bid me."

"That is my own darling," said he. "I will help you, and it will not take long."

He opened her writing desk as he spoke and took out her account book.

"Oh! Papa," she cried in a startled tone, springing forward and taking hold of his hand, "please, please don't look! You know you said I need not show you until after Christmas."

"No, I will not," he replied, smiling at her eagerness. "You shall put down the items in the book, while I write the labels, and Aunt Chloe pins them on. Will that do?"

"Oh! that's a nice plan, Papa," she said gayly, as she threw off her hat and cloak, and seating herself before the desk, took out her pen and ink.

Chloe put the hat and cloak carefully away, brought a comb and brush, and smoothed her nursling's hair, and then began her share of the business on hand.

Half an hour's work finished it all, and Elsie wiped her pen, and laid it away, saying joyously, "Oh! I'm so glad it is all done."

"Papa knew best, after all, did he not?" asked her father, drawing her to him, and patting her cheek.

"Yes, Papa," she said softly. "You always know best, and I am very sorry I was naughty."

He answered with a kiss, and taking her hand, led her down to the drawing room.

After tea the young people adjourned to the nursery where they amused themselves with a variety of innocent games. Quite early in the evening, and greatly to Elsie's delight, her father joined them. Although some of the young strangers were at first rather shy of him, they soon found that he could enter heartily into their sports, and before the time came to separate for the night, he had made himself very popular with nearly all.

Time flew fast, and Elsie was very much surprised when the clock struck eight. Half-past was her bedtime. As she now and then glanced up at the clock, she thought the hands had never moved so fast. As it struck the half hour she drew near father's side.

"Papa," she asked, "is the clock right?"

"Yes, my dear, it is," he replied, comparing it with his watch.

"And must I go to bed now?" she asked, half hoping for permission to stay up a little longer.

"Yes, daughter; keep to rules."

Elsie looked disappointed, and several little voices urged, "Oh! do let her stay up another hour, or at least till nine o'clock."

"No; I cannot often allow a departure from rules," he said kindly, but firmly; "and tomorrow night Elsie will find it harder to go to bed in season than tonight. Bid your little friends good night, my dear, and go at once."

Elsie obeyed, readily and cheerfully. "You, too, Papa," she said, coming to him last.

"No, darling," he answered, laying his hand caressingly on her head, and smiling approvingly on her. "I will come for my good-night kiss before you are asleep."

Elsie looked very glad, and went away feeling herself the happiest little girl in the land, in spite of the annoyance of being forced to leave the merry group in the nursery. She was just ready for bed when her papa came in, and, taking her in his arms, folded her to his heart, saying, "My own darling! my good, obedient little daughter!"

"Dear Papa, I love you so much!" she replied, twining her arms around his neck, "I love you all the better for never letting me have my own way, but always making me obey and keep to rules."

"I don't doubt it, daughter, he said, "for I have often noticed that spoiled, petted children, usually have very little love for their parents, or indeed for any one but themselves. But I must put you in your bed, or you will be in danger of taking cold."

He laid her down, tucked the clothes snugly about her, and pressing one more kiss on the round, rosy cheek, left her to her slumbers.

The young party at Roselands had now grown so large—several additions having been made to it on Monday afternoon and evening—that a separate table was ordered to be spread for them in the nursery, where they took their meals together. Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, took the head of the table for the double purpose of keeping them in order and seeing that their wants were well supplied.

Elsie came in to breakfast from a brisk walk with her papa, looking fresh and rosy and bright as the morning. This was quite different from some of

the little guests, who had been up far beyond their usual hours the night before, and, having just left their beds had come down pale and languid in looks and in some instances showing peevish and fretful tempers, very trying to the patience of their attendants.

"O Elsie!" exclaimed Carry Howard, as the little girl took her place at the table, "we were all so sorry that you had to leave us so soon last night. We had lots of fun after you left. I think your papa might have let you stay up a little longer. He has promised that to-night—as we are to have our Christmas gifts, and ever so much will be going on—you shall stay up till half-past nine, if you like. Aren't you glad? I'm sure I am."

"Yes, Papa is very kind, and I know I feel much better for going to bed early last night," said Elsie, cheerfully.

"Yes, indeed," remarked Mrs. Brown, "late hours and rich food are very bad for little folks, and I notice that Miss Elsie has grown a deal stronger and healthier looking since her papa came home. He takes good care of her."

"Indeed he does," said Elsie heartily, thanking Mrs. Brown with one of her sweetest smiles.

"Elsie, what are we going to do to-day?" asked Caroline.

"Whatever you all prefer," said Elsie. "If you like I will practice that duet with you the first hour after breakfast, or do anything else you wish. But the second hour I must spend with Papa, and after that I have nothing to do but entertain my company all day."

(To be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls:

God had spoken and said that because of the wickedness of King Ahab and the children of Israel, it would not rain until King Ahab had seen the face

of Elijah. Many times Ahab had hunted for Elijah and asked others to hunt for him, but he never found him. Jezebel, King Ahab's wife, had all of the prophets killed. Obadiah, the governor of King Ahab's house, took one hundred prophets and hid them. He put fifty in each cave and fed them bread and water.

One day King Ahab told Obadiah that they needed to hunt for water and maybe find grass so the beasts of his kingdom would not die. So they divided, one going in one direction and the other in another direction. As Obadiah was walking along, He came face to face with Elijah. Elijah told him to go and tell King Ahab to come and see him. Obadiah was afraid. "Each of us has taken an oath that we did not know where you were. Now if I go and tell King Ahab that I have found you and then you disappear again, he will have me killed," Obadiah stated with fear. Obadiah then asked if he had not been told that he had hidden one hundred men in caves when Jezebel, King Ahab's wife, had all the prophets killed. Obadiah was afraid that he would be found out about his feeding the 100 prophets. But Elijah assured him that all would be well. So Obadiah went and told King Ahab. When King Ahab faced Elijah, the prophet, he said, "Are you the one that is troubling Israel?" Elijah told him that it wasn't him but that it was their own sins that had caused God to bring the famine on them which had lasted three and one-half years. (Luke 4:25) Elijah told King Ahab that they had been worshipping the god Baal instead of keeping the commandments of God. He told King Ahab to call all the prophets of Baal and all the children of Israel to come to Mount Carmel and he would meet them there.

We learn a lesson in this, that when God spoke through the prophet, it stood just as God had said it would. God did

not permit King Ahab to find the prophet Elijah. He kept him hidden. We also note that God took care of the widow and also one hundred of His prophets in this severe famine. We also thank God that He took note of Obadiah who gave them bread and water. It pays to trust God and obey His Word.

—Aunt Marie

KING AHAB FACES ELIJAH

1 Kings 18:1 And it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying, Go, shew thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth.

3 And Ahab called Obadiah, which was the governor of his house. (Now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly.)

5 And Ahab said unto Obadiah, Go into the land, unto all fountains of water, and unto all brooks: peradventure we may find grass to save the horses and mules alive, that we lose not all the beasts.

7 And as Obadiah was in the way, behold, Elijah met him: and he knew him, and fell on his face, and said, Art thou that my lord Elijah?

8 And he answered him, I am: go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here.

12 And it shall come to pass as soon as I am gone from thee, that the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not; and so when I come and tell Ahab, and he cannot find thee, he shall slay me: but I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth.

13 Was it not told my lord what I did when Jezebel slew the prophets of the Lord, how I hid an hundred men of the Lord's prophets by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water?

14 And now thou sayest, Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here: and he shall slay me.

15 And Elijah said, As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely shew myself unto him to day.

16 So Obadiah went to meet Ahab, and told him: and Ahab went to meet Elijah.

17 And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth Israel?

18 And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.

19 Now therefore send, and gather to me all Israel unto mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table.

Memory Verse: He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. Matt. 10:40.

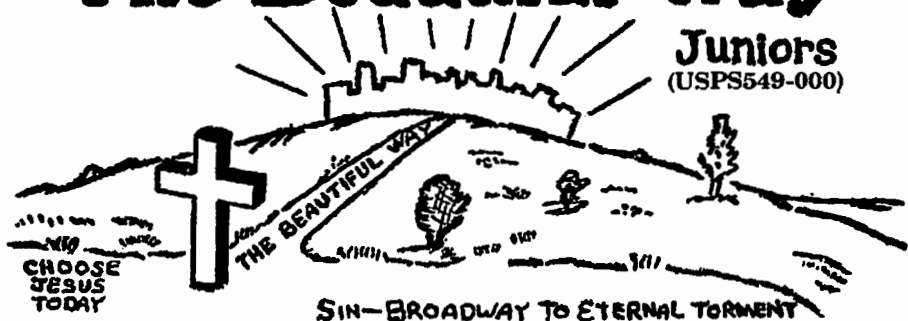
Questions:

1. To whom did God tell Elijah to show himself?
2. What did Ahab tell Obadiah to do?
3. Who did Obadiah meet in the way?
4. Why was Obadiah afraid to tell Ahab he had seen Elijah?
5. What had Obadiah done to protect 100 prophets when Jezebel was having many killed?
6. Did Elijah promise to show himself to Ahab?
7. Who did Elijah say had troubled Israel?
8. How had Ahab brought trouble to Israel?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 8

May 24

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

"Do you do lessons in holidays?" asked Mary Leslie, a merry, fun-loving child, about Elsie's own age, who considered lessons an intolerable bore, and had some vague idea that they must have been invented for the sole purpose of tormenting children. Her blue eyes opened wide with astonishment when Elsie quietly replied that her papa had kindly arranged to give her an hour each morning because he knew it would be so much pleasanter for her than spending the whole day in play.

Elsie did keenly enjoy that quiet hour spent in studying and reciting to her father, sitting on a low stool at his feet, or perhaps oftener on his knee, with his arm around her waist.

She had an eager and growing thirst for knowledge, and was an apt scholar, whom any one with the least love for the profession might have delighted in teaching; and Mr. Dinsmore, a thorough scholar himself, and loving knowledge for its own sake—loving also his little pupil with all a father's fond, yearning affection—delighted in his task.

When Elsie left her father she found that the Carringtons had just arrived. She and Lucy had not seen each other since the week the latter had spent at Roselands early in the summer, and both felt pleased to meet.

Mrs. Carrington gave Elsie a warm embrace, remarking that she had grown, and was looking extremely well; better than she had ever seen her. But no one was more delighted to meet Elsie than Herbert, and she was very glad to learn that his health was gradually improving. He was not, however, at all strong, even yet, and his mother thought it best for him to lie down and rest a little after his ride. She promised to sit by him, and the two little girls went in search of the rest of the young folks.

Several of the older boys had gone out walking or riding, but the younger ones and all the little girls were gathered in a little back parlor, where, by Adelaide's care and forethought, a variety of storybooks, toys, and games, had been provided for their amusement. Elsie's entrance was hailed with delight, for she was a general favorite.

"Oh! Elsie, can't you tell us what to

play?" cried Mary Leslie. "I'm so tired," and she yawned wearily.

"Here are some puzzle maps," replied Elsie, opening a drawer. "Would you like them?"

"No, indeed, thank you. They are too much like lessons."

"Here are blocks; do you want to build houses?"

"Oh! I am too big for that. They are very nice for little children."

"Will you play jack stones? Here are some smooth pebbles."

"Yes, if you, and Carry, and Lucy, will play with me."

"Agreed!" said the others, "let's have a game."

Elsie having first set the little ones to building block houses, supplied Henry Carrington—an older brother of Lucy's—with a book, and two younger boys with puzzle maps to put together, the four girls sat down in a circle on the carpet and began their game.

For a few moments all went on well. But soon angry and complaining words were heard coming from the corner where the house building was going on. Elsie left her game to try to make peace.

"What is the matter, Flora, dear?" she asked soothingly of a little curly-headed girl, who was sobbing, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Enna took my blocks," sobbed the child.

"Oh! Enna, will you please give them back?" said Elsie, coaxingly. "Flora is a visitor, and we must be very polite to her."

"No, I won't," returned Enna, flatly; "she's got enough now."

"No, I haven't. I can't build a house with those," Flora said, with another sob.

Elsie stood a moment looking much perplexed; then, with a brightening face, exclaimed in her cheerful, pleas-

ant way. "Well, never mind, Flora, dear, I will get you my doll. Will not that do quite as well?"

"Oh! yes, I'd rather have the doll, Elsie," the little weeper answered eagerly, smiling through her tears.

Elsie ran out of the room, and was back again almost in a moment, with the doll in her arms.

"There, dear little Flora," she said, laying it carefully on the child's lap, "please be gentle with it, for I have had it a long while, and prize it very much. My guardian gave it to me when I was a very little girl, and he is dead now."

"I won't break it, Elsie. I'll be very careful," replied Flora, confidently. Elsie sat down to her game again.

A few moments afterward Mr. Horace Dinsmore passed through the room.

"Elsie," he said, as he caught sight of his little daughter, "go up to my dressing room."

There was evident displeasure and reproof in his tone, and entirely unconscious of wrongdoing, Elsie looked up in surprise, asking, "Why, Papa?"

"Because I *bid* you," he replied. She silently obeyed, wondering greatly what she had done to displease her father.

Mr. Dinsmore passed out of one door while Elsie left by the other.

The three little girls looked inquiringly into each other's faces.

"What is the matter? What has Elsie done?" asked Carry in a whisper.

"I don't know. Nothing, I guess," replied Lucy, indignantly. "I do believe he's just the crossiest man alive! When I was here last summer he was all the time scolding and punishing poor Elsie for just nothing at all."

"I think he must be very strict," said Carry; "but Elsie seems to love him very much."

"Strict! I guess he is!" exclaimed Mary. "Why, only think, he makes her do her lessons in the holidays!"

"I suspect she did not know her lesson, and has to learn it over," said Carry, shaking her head wisely. That was the conclusion they all came to.

(To be continued)

—o—
"Mother, I just don't understand why I have to help Mary dry the dishes and take out the trash, too. It just isn't fair," complained Jerry.

"Jerry," Mother replied, "Mary has other duties also, and you are supposed to do as I have told you. The Bible says in Col. 3:20: 'Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.'"

—o—
Dear Boys and Girls:

King Ahab had greatly sinned when he married the wicked heathen princess called Jezebel. She had a temple built for her god, Baal, and also one for another god called Ashtareth. It is said that she maintained 850 priests to take care of both gods. Those who took care of the god Ashtareth ate at her table. Today there have been excavations made in those parts and there were found many burials of infants close to the temples. It is believed they offered the babies as sacrifices to their gods. It was a terrible heathen worship, and God was greatly displeased with the people who followed the king in worshipping Baal.

King Ahab told Elijah that he and the 450 priests of Baal would meet him at Mt. Carmel. When all the children of Israel arrived, the prophet Elijah made an earnest appeal to them. He asked them why they halted between two opinions. Surely it is strange that they would when they knew how God had been so real to them. He had brought them out of Egypt in a wonderful way and brought them to the land of Canaan. But this shows how those who are in higher power influence many

people to go their way. Many do not want to be different. That is the way people are today. Boys and girls, more and more you will be facing changes in our own land. Many people are coming in who do not believe in God, and you will face their strange gods. Be firm. Don't let them change you.

We read that the prophets of Baal cut themselves, and called loudly on the god to send fire down from heaven and burn the sacrifice on the altar. They knew that the one whose prayer was answered would be the one whom the people would serve. They also feared Jezebel and King Ahab. Their lives were at stake. Nothing happened. Why? because the image of Baal was made from stones that our God had created. It was just a stone image. How sad for people to be so deceived!

Elijah didn't want anyone to think he had some fire hidden in the altar, so after twelve barrels of water were poured on it, he prayed. God sent down fire and burned up the sacrifice and licked up the water. How wonderful! The people fell upon their faces in worship to the true God and said, "The Lord, He is God! The Lord, He is God!" Oh, today we know that He is truly our God and we love and adore His matchless name.

—Aunt Marie

—o—
WHOM WILL YE SERVE?

1 Kings 18:20 So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto mount Carmel.

21 And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.

22 Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men.

24 And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord: and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken.

26 And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made.

27 And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.

28 And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.

29 And it came to pass, when midday was past, and they prophesied until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

30 And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.

33 And he put the wood in order [on the altar], and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood. [They did this three times.]

36 And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and

of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word.

37 Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.

38 Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.

39 And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God.

Memory Verse: Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. Joshua 24:15.

Questions:

1. Who was king of Israel?
2. With whom did Ahab and the Israelites meet?
3. How many prophets did Elijah say that God had? How many did Baal have?
4. Did Elijah want to prove to the people that God had power?
5. To whom did the Israelites pray? Did Baal answer?
6. What did Elijah say about Baal?
7. When Baal did not answer, what did the people do to themselves?
8. After the altar was repaired, what did Elijah put on it?
9. What did Elijah tell the men to pour on and around the altar?
10. Did God hear Elijah's prayer?
11. What consumed the sacrifice? What else did the fire burn up?
12. Did the people believe in God then?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 9

May 31

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

In the meantime, Elsie sat down alone in her banishment, and tried to think what she could have done to deserve being sent to her room.

It was some time before she could form any idea of its cause, but at length it suddenly came to her recollection that once, several months before this, her father had found her sitting on the carpet, and had bade her get up immediately and sit on a chair or stool, saying, "Never let me see you sitting on the floor, Elsie, when there are plenty of seats at hand. I consider it a very unladylike and slovenly trick."

She covered her face with her hands, and sat thus for some moments, feeling very sorry for her forgetfulness and disobedience; very penitent on account of it. Kneeling down, she asked forgiveness of God.

A full hour she had been there alone, and the time had seemed very long, when at last the door opened and her father came in.

Elsie rose and came forward to meet him with the air of one who had offended and knew she was in disgrace;

but putting one of her little hands in his, she looked up pleadingly into his face, asking, in a slightly tremulous tone, "Dear Papa, are you angry with me?"

"I am always displeased when you disobey me, Elsie," he replied, very gravely, laying his other hand on her head.

"Papa, I am very sorry I was naughty," she said, humbly, casting down her eyes, "but I had quite forgotten that you had told me not to sit on the floor, and I could not think for a good while what it was that I had done wrong."

"Is *that* an excuse for disobedience, Elsie?" he asked in a tone of grave displeasure.

"No, sir; I did not mean it so, and I am very, very sorry. Dear Papa, please forgive me, and I will try never to forget again."

"I think you disobeyed in another matter," he said.

"Yes, sir, I know it was very naughty to ask why, but I think I will remember not to do it again. Dear Papa, won't you forgive me?"

He sat down and took her on his knee.

"Yes, daughter, I will," he said, in his

usual kind, affectionate tone. "I am always ready to forgive my little girl when I see that she is sorry for a fault."

She held up her face for a kiss, which he gave.

"I wish I could always be good, dear Papa," she said, "but I am naughty so often."

"No," said he, "I think you have been a very good girl for quite a long time. If you were as naughty as Arthur and Enna, I don't know what I should do with you; whip you every day, I suspect, until I made a better girl of you. Now you may go down to your mates; but remember, you are not to play jack stones again."

It was now lunch time and Elsie found the children in the nursery engaged in eating. Flora turned to her as she entered.

"Please, Elsie, don't be cross," she said coaxingly. "I am really sorry your doll's broken, but it wasn't my fault. Enna would try to snatch it, and that made it fall and break its head."

Poor Elsie! this was quite a trial, and she could scarcely keep back the tears as, following Flora's glance, she saw her valued doll lying on the window seat with its head broken entirely off. She said not a word, but, hastily crossing the room, took it up and gazed mournfully at it.

Kind Mrs. Brown, who had just finished helping her young charge all around, followed her to the window.

"Never mind, dear," she said in her pleasant, cheery tone, patting Elsie's cheek and smoothing her hair, "I've got some excellent glue, and I think I can stick it on again and make it almost as good as ever. So come, sit down and eat your lunch, and don't fret any more."

"Thank you, ma'am, you are very kind," Elsie said, trying to smile, as the kind hearted old lady led her to the table and filled her plate with fruit and cakes.

"These cakes are very simple, not at all rich, my dear, but quite what your papa would approve of," she said, seeing the little girl look doubtfully at them.

"Doesn't your papa let you eat anything good, Elsie?" asked Mary Leslie across the table. "He must be cross."

"No, indeed, he is not, Mary, and he lets me eat everything that he thinks is good for me," Elsie answered with some warmth.

She was seated between Lucy Carrington and Caroline Howard.

"What *did* your papa send you away for, Elsie?" whispered Lucy.

"Please don't ask me, Lucy," replied the little girl blushing deeply. "Papa always has a good reason for what he does, and he is just the dearest, kindest, and best father that ever anybody had."

Elsie spoke in an eager, excited, almost angry manner, quite unusual with her, while the hot tears came into her eyes, for she knew very well what was Lucy's opinion of her father, and more than half suspected that she had been making some unkind remark about him to the others, and she was eager to remove any unfavorable impression they might have received.

"I am sure he must love you very dearly, Elsie," remarked Caroline, soothingly. "No one could help seeing that just by the way he looks at you."

Elsie answered her with a pleased and grateful look. She then changed the subject by proposing that they should all take a walk as soon as they had finished eating, as the day was fine, and there would be plenty of time before dinner.

The motion was carried without a dissenting voice, and in a few moments they all set out, a very merry party, full of fun and frolic. They had a very pleasant time, and returned barely in time to be dressed for dinner.

They dined by themselves in the nursery, but were afterward taken down to the drawing room. Here Elsie found herself immediately seized upon by a young lady, dressed in very gay and fashionable style, whom she did not remember ever to have seen before, but who insisted on seating the little girl on the sofa by her side, and keeping her there a long while, loading her with caresses and flattery.

"My dear child," she said, "what lovely hair you have! so fine, and soft, and glossy; such a beautiful color, too, and curls so splendidly! Natural ringlets, I'm sure, are they not?"

"Yes, ma'am," Elsie answered, simply, wishing from the bottom of her heart that the lady would release her, and talk to someone else. But the lady had no such intention.

(To be continued)

"Let me be a peacemaker,
turning from a fight.
I'll speak words of kindness,
and always do what's right."

Dear Boys and Girls:

What a great victory for God when He sent down fire and burned up the sacrifice! But this made the devil mad. Every time God does something, the devil tries to hinder God's work. But we do not have to fear the devil. God is greater than the devil.

Let us notice the prayer of Elijah. We also want to read what the Apostle James said about Elijah. We read, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Elias [or Elijah] was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." (James 5:16b-18)

We know that God hears the prayers of the righteous. Elijah didn't stop praying when he sent his servant and there was not a sign of rain. He kept praying. He prayed seven times, and then he sent his servant up to see if there was any sign of rain. The servant said that there was a cloud as big as a man's hand. That was all Elijah needed. He knew that rain was on the way. He sent his servant to tell King Ahab that rain was on the way and he needed to hurry home. Right away the clouds came and the wind blew. The clouds were black and full of rain. It was a great rain. Elijah ran to the gates of Jezreel.

Now Ahab's wife, Jezebel, was a wicked woman. She was angry when Ahab told her that all of the prophets of Baal had been killed. She sent word to Elijah that his life would be like those of the prophets by this time tomorrow. Poor Elijah had felt that now the people would all worship the true God as they had promised. He might have felt that he would be there to help them and that King Ahab would stand behind him.

But King Ahab wilted under Jezebel's anger. He did not try to stop her nor turn the people to the true God. So Elijah arose and ran for his life. He knew how wicked Jezebel was and that she would really kill him if she could get to him. He must have help from God. Elijah felt that it was needful to get out of her reach. Sometimes God tells us to stand and then other times He wants us to move on. We need to know His will. Poor Elijah needed an angel visit, and that is what he got. Notice our memory verse.

—Aunt Marie

ELIJAH'S BLESSING AND PROBLEMS

1 Kings 18:40 And Elijah said unto them, Take the prophets of Baal; let not

one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there.

41 And Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain.

42 So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees,

43 And said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times.

44 And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not.

45 And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel.

46 And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel.

19:1 And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword.

2 Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to morrow about this time.

3 And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there.

4 But he himself went a day's journey

into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers.

5 And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, arise and eat.

6 And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.

Memory Verse: The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. Psa. 34:7

Questions:

1. What heppened to the prophets of Baal?
2. Why do you think the people were willing to kill them?
3. What kind of weather had Israel been having?
4. For what did Elijah pray?
5. How many times did Elijah send his servant to look into the sky?
6. On the seventh time what did the servant see?
7. Did Elijah believe the little cloud would bring rain? What word did he send to King Ahab?
8. Did the Lord send rain?
9. Who was Ahab's wife? What did she plan to do to Elijah?
10. When Elijah knew that Jezebel wanted to kill him, what did he do?
11. When Elijah was under the juniper tree, what did he want God to do to him?
12. Who touched him as he slept? What did the angel tell Elijah?
13. Where had the food come from?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 10

June 7

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

"You are a very sweet little girl, I am sure, and I shall love you dearly," the lady said very affectionately. "Ah! I would give *anything* if I had such a clear, fair complexion and such rosy cheeks. That makes you blush. Well, I like to see it; blushes are very becoming. Oh! you needn't pretend you don't know you're handsome; you're a perfect little beauty. Do tell me, where did you get such splendid eyes? But I needn't ask, for I have only to look at your father to see where they came from. Mr. Dinsmore—to Elsie's papa, who just then came toward them—"you ought to be very proud of this child. She is the very image of yourself, and a perfect little beauty, too."

"Miss Stevens is pleased to flatter me," he said, bowing low; "but flattery is not good for either grown-up children or younger ones, and I must beg leave to decline the compliment, as I cannot see that Elsie bears the slightest resemblance to me or any of my family. She is very like her mother, though," he added, with a half sigh and a tender, loving glance at his little girl, "and

that is just what I would have her. But I am forgetting my errand. Miss Stevens, I came to ask if you will ride this afternoon, as we are getting up a small party."

"Yes, thank you, I should like it dearly, it is such a lovely day. But how soon do you start?"

"As soon as the ladies can be ready. The horses will be at the door in a very few moments."

"Ah! then I must go and prepare," she said, rising and sailing out of the room.

Mr. Dinsmore took the seat she had vacated, and passing his arm round his little girl, said to her in an undertone, "My little daughter must not be so foolish as to believe that people mean all they say to her. Some people talk in a very thoughtless way, and, without perhaps intending to be exactly untruthful, say a great deal that they really do not mean. I should be sorry, indeed, to see my little girl so spoiled by all this silly flattery as to grow up conceited and vain."

She looked at him with her own sweet, innocent smile, free from the slightest touch of vanity.

"No, Papa," she said, "I do not mind,

when people say such things, because I know the Bible says, 'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain,' and in another place, 'He that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet.' So I will try to keep away from that lady; shall I not, Papa?"

"Whenever you can do so without rudeness, daughter;" and he moved away, thinking, "How strangely the teachings of that book seem to preserve my child from every evil influence."

A sigh escaped him. There was lurking within his breast a vague consciousness that her father needed such a safeguard, but had it not.

Lucy, who was standing at the window, turned quickly around.

"Come, girls," she said, "let us run out and see them off. They're bringing up the horses. See, there is Miss Adelaide in her riding dress and cap. How pretty she looks! And there's that Miss Stevens coming out now; hateful thing! I can't bear her! Come, Elsie and Carry!"

And she ran out, Caroline and Elsie following. Elsie, however, went no further than the hall, where she stood still at the foot of the stairs.

"Come, Elsie," called the other two from the portico, "come out here."

"No," replied the little girl, "I cannot come without something around me. Papa says it is too cold for me to be out in the wind today without a wrap."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Lucy, "'tain't a bit cold; *do* come now."

"No, Lucy, I must obey my father," Elsie answered in a very pleasant but no less decided tone.

Someone caught her round the waist and lifted her up.

"Oh! Papa," she exclaimed, "I did not know you were there! I wish I was going too. I don't like to have *you* go without me."

"I wish you were, my pet; I always love to have you with me. But you

know it wouldn't do; you have your little guests to entertain. Good-by, darling. Don't go out in the cold."

He kissed her, as he always did now, when leaving her even for an hour or two, and set her down.

The little girls watched until the last of the party had disappeared down the lane, and then ran gayly upstairs to Elsie's room, where they busied themselves until tea time in various little preparations for the evening, such as dressing dolls and tying up bundles of confectionery.

The children had all noticed that the doors of a parlor opening into the drawing room had been closed since morning to all but a favored few, who passed in and out, with an air of mystery and importance, and generally laden with some bundles when going in. These bundles were left behind on coming out again, and many a whispered consultation had been held as to what was probably going on in there. Elsie and Carry seemed to be in the secret, but only smiled and shook their heads wisely when questioned.

At length, tea being over, both old and young assembled as if by common consent in the drawing room. It began to be whispered about that their curiosity was now on the point of being gratified. The doors were thrown open, and there was a universal burst of applause. The room was decorated with hanging bells and a large pile of beautifully wrapped Christmas gifts was at one end.

Mrs. Dinsmore and Adelaide began the pleasant task of distributing the gifts. Everything was labelled, and each, as his or her name was called out, stepped forward to receive the present.

No one had been forgotten; each had something, and almost every one had several pretty presents. Mary Leslie and little Flora Arnott were made perfectly happy with wax dolls that could

open and shut their eyes. Caroline and Lucy received several nice presents; and others were equally fortunate. All was mirth and hilarity; only one clouded face to be seen, and that belonged to Enna, who was pouting in a corner because Mary Leslie's doll was a little larger than hers.

Elsie had already received a pretty gift from her Aunt Adelaide, a needle-case from Lora, and several little gifts from her young guests.

(To be continued)

“Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” (Luke 13:5)

Dear Boys and Girls:

Did your best friend snub you, or did you carelessly do something that your parents forbade you, and suddenly you found yourself in trouble? Were you in trouble with your teacher because you did not take time to study your lessons? Were you disappointed because you didn't get to do something that you wanted to do very badly? Oh, there are many things that come to us in life which bring trouble! Sometimes those troubles bring tears, and sometimes we feel that no one likes us or understands us. Boys and girls, remember one thing—if you have given your heart to Jesus, He loves you. He is your best Friend. He will help you. He will give you courage to correct your wrongs. If you were careless, and you ask God to forgive you, He will do so. If you even did wrong and will turn to Him, He will forgive you and help you out of your troubles. Oh, He will be your Friend!

Elijah needed a Friend, and he had one. The angel told him to arise and eat, saying, “The journey is too great for thee.” There were things ahead of Elijah for which he would need God's help and strength. Boys and girls, *angel food* to us is the Word of God. We need to read the Word of God. It's our guide. In it are

promises that God will help us in times of need. The journey through life is too great for you unless you take Jesus as your Guide. His words will teach you how to live so you can be truly happy.

Elijah ate the *angel food* and went to Mt. Horeb. There he came to a cave. The word of the Lord came to him asking what he was doing there. Elijah told the Lord that he had been jealous for the God of Israel and had thrown down the altars of Baal. He said that now he was the only one left and the worshippers of Baal now sought his life. God told him to go and stand upon the mount. The Lord passed by and the mountain shook and the rocks broke into pieces. God was not in the wind nor was He in the earthquake. Finally, after a fire, a still small voice was heard. Elijah knew God was in it and would speak to him. He wrapped his mantle around him and listened. God spoke to him and told him what to do. Elijah went forth and called Elisha to follow him. —Aunt Marie

ELIJAH ENCOURAGED BY GOD

1 Kings 19:7 And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee.

8 And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.

9 And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah?

10 And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.

11 And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

12 And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.

13 And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah?

14 And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.

15 And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus: and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria:

16 And Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel: and Elisha the son of Shaphat of Abelmeholah shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room.

18 Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.

19 So he departed thence, and found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth: and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him.

20 And he left the oxen, and ran after Elijah, and said, Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee. And he said unto him, Go back again: for what have I done to thee?

21 And he returned back from him, and took a yoke of oxen, and slew them, and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave unto the people, and they did eat. Then he arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him.

Memory Verse: But what saith the answer of God unto him? I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal. Rom. 11:4.

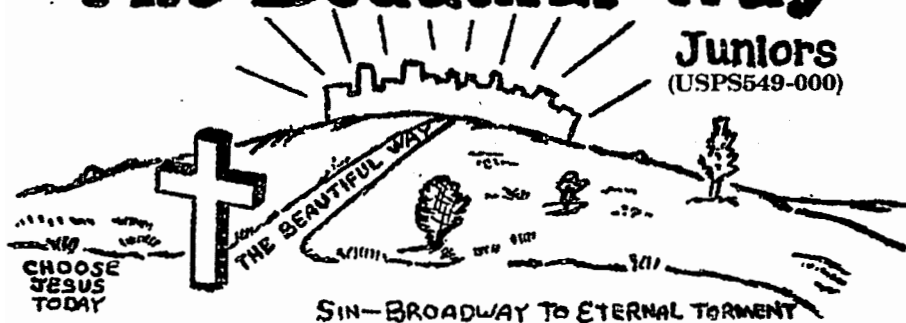
Questions:

1. Who came to Elijah while he was under the juniper tree?
2. What did the angel tell him to do?
3. Did Elijah eat the food? For how many days did it give him strength?
4. Where did he lodge on Mt. Horeb?
5. Who talked to Elijah in the cave?
6. How many people that served God did Elijah think were left?
7. What did God tell Elijah to do?
8. What three outstanding things happened while Elijah was on the mount? Was God in any of them?
9. How did God speak? Does this show us that God is not always in spectacular things?
10. Who did God tell Elijah to anoint king?
11. How many people were in Israel who had not bowed to Baal?
12. Who did Elijah find plowing in the field? What did Elijah do to Elisha?
13. What did Elisha do with his oxen?
14. Who did Elisha follow?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 11

June 14

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie was beginning to wonder what had become of her papa's promised present, when she heard her name again. She opened the package and found to her delight a lovely music box that played one of her favorite songs.

Elsie sought out her father where he stood alone in a corner, an amused spectator of the merry scene.

"Papa, I think the music box is very beautiful. It plays one of my favorite tunes," said Elsie, smiling. "Thank you very much."

"Does it please you, my darling?" he asked, stooping to press a kiss on the little upturned face, so bright and happy.

"Yes, Papa, I like it the best of all my gifts."

"Yet, I think there is something else you would have liked better; is there not?" he asked, looking searchingly into her face.

"Dear Papa, I like it *very* much."

"Still you have not answered my question," he said, with a smile, as he sat down and drew her to his side, adding in a playful tone, "Come, I am not going to put

up with any evasion. Tell me truly if you would have preferred something else, and if so, what it is."

Elsie blushed and looked down; then raising her eyes, and seeing with what a tender, loving glance he was regarding her, she took courage to say, "Yes, Papa, there is *one* thing I would have liked better, and that is your picture."

To her surprise her father looked very pleased at her reply, and giving her another kiss, said, "Well, darling, some day you shall have it."

"Mr. Horace Dinsmore," called Adelaide, holding up a small gift.

"Another present for me?" he asked, as Walter came running with it.

He had already received several, from his father and sisters, but none had seemed to give him half the pleasure that this did when he saw that it was labelled, "From your little daughter."

It was only a pen. The picture—with which the artist had succeeded so well that nothing could have been prettier except the original herself—she had reserved to be given in another way.

"Do you like it, Papa?" she asked, her face glowing with delight to see how pleased he was.

"Yes, darling, very much. I shall always think of my little girl when I use it."

"Keep it in your pocket, and use it every day, won't you, Papa?"

"Yes, my pet, I will. But I thought you said you had no present for me."

"Oh! no, no, Papa. I said there was none for you amongst those bundles. I had bought this, but had given it to Aunt Adelaide to take care of, for fear you might happen to see it."

"Ah! that was it, eh?" and he laughed and stroked her hair.

"Here, Elsie, here is your bundle of candy," said Walter, running up to them again. "Everybody has one, and that is yours, Adelaide says."

He put it in her hand, and ran away again. Elsie looked up in her father's face inquiringly.

"No, darling," he said, taking the paper from her hand and examining its contents, "not tonight. Tomorrow after breakfast you may eat the cream candy and the rock, but none of the others; they are colored, and very unwholesome."

"Won't you eat some, Papa?" she asked with winning sweetness.

"No, dearest," he said; "for though I, too, am fond of sweet things, I will not eat them while I refuse them to you."

"Do, Papa," she urged, "it would give me pleasure to see you enjoying it."

"No, darling. I will wait until tomorrow, too."

"Then please keep it for me until tomorrow, Papa, will you?"

"Yes," he said, putting it in his pocket; and then, as the gifts had all been distributed, and the little folks were in high glee, a variety of sports were commenced by them, in which some of their elders also took a part. Thus the hours sped away so rapidly that Elsie was very much surprised when her father called her to go to bed.

"Is it half-past nine already, Papa?" she asked.

"It is ten, my dear child, and high time you were in bed," he said, smiling at her look of astonishment. "I hope you have enjoyed yourself."

"Oh! so much, Papa. Good-night, and thank you for letting me stay up so long."

It was yet dark when Elsie awoke, but, hearing the clock strike five, she knew it was morning. She lay still a little while, and then, slipping softly out of bed, put her feet into her slippers, threw her warm dressing gown around her, and feeling for a little package she had left on her table, she secured it and stole noiselessly from the room.

All was darkness and silence in the house, but she had no thought of fear. Gliding gently down the hall to her papa's door, she turned the handle very cautiously, when, to her great delight, she found it had been left unfastened, and yielded readily to her touch.

She entered as quietly as a mouse, listened a moment until satisfied from his breathing that her father was still sound asleep, then, stepping softly across the room, she laid her package down where he could not fail to see it as soon as daylight came and his eyes were opened. This accomplished, she stole back again as noiselessly as she had come.

"Who's that?" demanded Chloe, starting up in bed as Elsie reentered her own room.

"It is only me. Did I frighten you, Mammy?" answered the little girl with a merry laugh.

"Child, is that you? What are you doin' runnin' about the house in the dark, cold night?"

"It isn't night, Mammy. I heard it strike five some time ago."

"Well, then, I'm goin' to get up and make the fire. You just creep back into

the bed, darling, before you catch your death of cold."

"I will, Mammy," Elsie said, doing as she was told. "Please help me dress as soon as the room is warm enough, won't you?"

"Yes, darling, of course I know you want to be up early on Christmas morning. Miss Elsie, that's a beautiful shawl you gave your ole mammy. I won't feel the cold at all this winter."

"I hope not, Mammy; and were Aunt Phillis, and Uncle Jack, and all the rest pleased with their presents?"

"I reckon they were, darling, most ready to go off the handle, entirely."

Chloe had soon built up her fire and coaxed it into a bright blaze, and in a few moments more she pronounced the room sufficiently warm for her nursing to get up and dress.

(To be continued)

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Covetousness is a terrible thing. One of the ten commandments says, "Thou shalt not covet." You will get into trouble if you covet other people's things. In our lesson we see how King Ahab got into trouble, and others were killed just because he coveted Naboth's vineyard.

When Naboth would not give the vineyard to King Ahab, because it had belonged to his family down through the many years since they had come to the land of Canaan, we find that King Ahab pouted. (Do you know anyone who pouts when he can't have his way? Maybe you can describe someone who pouts.) In the unprinted part of our lesson we find that King Ahab went home and lay down

upon his bed. He turned his face to the wall and would not eat. It made no difference what anyone said to him, he was not going to change his mind. He wanted that vineyard and that was what his heart was set upon. Jezebel, his wife, made him tell her what was his trouble. This wicked woman soon thought up a plan. She did not regard anyone's life. She would kill to get her way. She wrote letters to the nobles of the city in which Naboth lived and told them to do a wicked thing. She said to have evil men, or "sons of Belial" to tell lies on Naboth and then have him stoned to death. The elders did just what she told them to do. They were afraid of her, too. How terrible! Poor Naboth suffered a great injustice. Boys and girls, do not think that we are always going to receive justice in this world today. It seems more and more that we have to endure injustices. But we must forgive.

Word was sent to Jezebel that Naboth was dead. Jezebel told King Ahab to arise and take the vineyard because Naboth was dead. He arose and walked down the rows of the vineyard, and whom did he meet? Oh, yes, God had spoken to Elijah the prophet and told him all about the wickedness of Ahab and Jezebel. He went, as God directed, and met King Ahab in Naboth's vineyard. What a guilty conscience King Ahab had! As soon as he saw Elijah he put all of his guilt on him and said, "O mine enemy, have you found me?" Elijah asked him why he had sold himself "to work evil in the sight of the Lord." Then Elijah told Ahab what would happen to him, Jezebel, and his family because of their wickedness. It came to pass, but not in Ahab's day because he humbled himself before the Lord. Boys and girls, many today are selling themselves to do evil, but remember, they are doing it in the sight

of the Lord. They will be punished, maybe not right away but you can be sure punishment will come.

—Aunt Marie

THE CRIME OF NABOTH'S VINEYARD

1 Kings 21:1 And it came to pass after these things, that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria.

3 And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.

7 And Jezebel his wife said unto him, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite.

12 They proclaimed a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people.

13 And there came in two men, children of Belial, and sat before him: and the men of Belial witnessed against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones, that he died.

14 Then they sent to Jezebel, saying, Naboth is stoned, and is dead.

16 And it came to pass, when Ahab heard that Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose up to go down to the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, to take possession of it.

[Elijah was sent by God to the vineyard.]

20 And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord.

21a Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, and will take away thy posterity,

23 And of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel.

27 And it came to pass, when Ahab heard those words, that he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly.

28 And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying,

29 Seest thou how Ahab humbled himself before me? because he humbled himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his son's days will I bring the evil upon his house.

Memory Verse: But he, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned in his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath. *Psa. 78:38.*

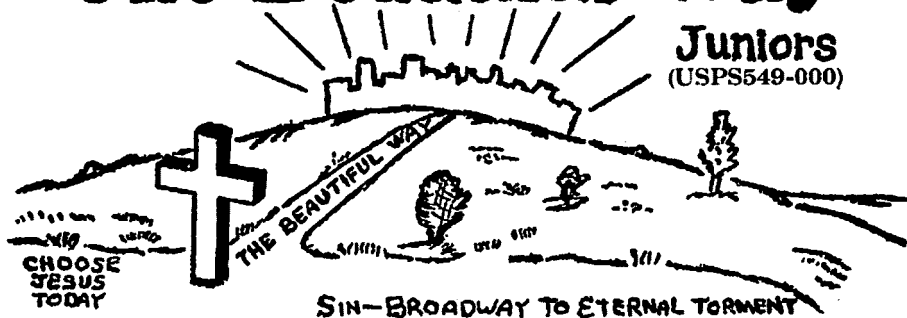
Questions:

1. In our lesson, who owned a vineyard?
2. Who wanted the vineyard?
3. Why would Naboth not sell it to King Ahab?
4. Who planned a way to get the vineyard for Ahab? Was it a good plan?
5. What did the men testify against Naboth?
6. What did the people do to Naboth?
7. Did Ahab go to take the vineyard for his own after Naboth's death?
8. Who did Ahab meet in the vineyard?
9. What did Elijah tell Ahab would happen to him? What did Elijah say would happen to Jezebel?
10. Did Ahab repent? What did God do because Ahab humbled himself?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 12

June 21

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie was impatient to go to her papa, but, even after she had dressed and all her morning duties were attended to, it was still so early that Chloe advised her to wait a little longer, assuring her that it was only a very short time since John had gone to make his master's fire and supply him with hot water for shaving.

So the little girl sat down and tried to drown her impatience in the pages of a new book—one of her Christmas presents. But Chloe presently stole softly behind her chair, and, holding up high above her head some glittering object attached to a pretty gold chain, let it gradually descend until it rested upon the open book.

Elsie started and jumped up with an exclamation of surprise.

"Wonder if you know that gentleman, darling?" laughed Chloe.

"Oh! it is Papa," cried the little girl, catching it in her hand, "my own dear, darling papa! Oh! how good of him to give it to me!" and she danced about the room in her delight. "It is just himself, so exactly like him! Isn't it a

good likeness, Mammy?" she asked, drawing near the light to examine it more closely. "Dear, dear, darling Papa!" and she kissed it again and again.

Then gently drawing her mother's miniature from her bosom, she laid them side by side.

"My papa and mamma; are they not beautiful, Mammy? both of them?" she asked, raising her swimming eyes to the face leaning over her, and gazing with such mournful fondness at the sweet girlish countenance, so life-like and beautiful, yet calling up thoughts of sorrow and bereavement.

"My darling young missus!" murmured the old nurse, "my own precious child that these arms have carried so many years, this ole heart nearly breaks when I think of you, and remember how your bright young face is gone away forever."

The big tears were rolling fast down the cheeks, and dropping like rain on Elsie's curls, while the broad bosom heaved with sobs. "But your ole mammy's been good to your little child that you left behind, darling, indeed she has," she went on.

"Yes, Mammy, indeed, indeed you have." Elsie, twining her arms lovingly

around her. "But don't let us cry any more, for we know that dear Mamma is very happy in heaven, and does not wish us to grieve for her now. I shall not show you the picture any more if it makes you cry like that," she added half playfully.

"Not always, child," Chloe said, wiping away her tears, "but just this morning—Christmas morning, when she was always so bright and merry. It seems only yesterday she went dancing about just like you."

"Yes, Mammy dear, but she is with the angels now—my sweet, pretty mamma!" Elsie whispered softly, with another tender, loving look at the picture ere she returned it to its accustomed resting place in her bosom.

"And now I must go to Papa," she said more cheerfully, "for it is almost breakfast time."

"Is my darling satisfied *now*?" he asked, as she ran into his arms and was folded in a close embrace.

"Yes, Papa, indeed I am. Thank you a thousand times. It is all I wanted."

"And you have given me the most acceptable present you could have. It is a most excellent likeness, and I am delighted with it."

"I am so glad, Papa, but it was Aunt Adelaide who thought of it."

"Ah! that was very kind of her. But how does my little girl feel this morning, after all her pleasure last night?"

"Oh! very well, thank you, Papa."

"You will not want to say any lesson today, I suppose."

"Oh! yes, if you please, Papa, and it does not give you too much trouble," she said. "It is the most pleasant hour in the day, except—"

"Well, except what? Ah, yes, I understand. Well, my pet, it shall be as you wish. Come to me directly after breakfast, as I am going out early."

Elsie had had her hour with her father,

but, though he had left her and gone out, she still lingered in his dressing room, looking over the next day's lesson. At length, however, she closed the book and left the room, intending to seek her young guests, who were in the lower part of the house.

Miss Stevens' door was open as she passed, and that lady called to her, "Elsie, dear, you sweet little creature, come here, and see what I have for you."

Elsie obeyed, though rather reluctantly, and Miss Stevens, bidding her sit down, went to a drawer, and took out a large paper of mixed candy, all of the best and most expensive kinds, which she put into the little girl's hands with one of her sweetest smiles.

It was a strong temptation to a child who had a great fondness for such things, but Elsie had prayed from her heart that morning for strength to resist temptation, and it was given her.

"Thank you, ma'am, you are very kind," she said gratefully, "but I cannot take it, because Papa does not approve of my eating such things. He gave me a little this morning, but said I must not have any more for a long time."

"Now, that is quite too bad," said Miss Stevens, "but at least take one or two, child. That much couldn't possibly hurt you, and your papa need never know."

Elsie gave her a look of grieved surprise.

"Oh! could you think I would do that?" she said. "But *God* would know, Miss Stevens; and I should know it myself, and how could I ever look my papa in the face again after deceiving him?"

"Really, my dear, you are making a very serious matter of a mere trifle," laughed the lady. "Why, I suppose I have deceived my father more than fifty times, and never thought it any

harm. Well, here is something I am sure you can take, and indeed you must, for I bought both it and the candy expressly for you."

She replaced the candy in the drawer as she spoke, and took from another a splendidly bound book which she laid in Elsie's lap, saying, with a triumphant air, "There, my dear, what do you think of that? Is it not handsome?"

(To be continued)

Be True

Be true to your ideals. Set them high. you will hardly rise above them. Let them lift you in spite of life's undercurrents. Keep your eyes up, your vision clear, your faith steady.

Be true to your convictions, only test them well. See if they will hold when the strain is heavy, the sky starless, your friends few. If they hold, follow them.

In times of crisis the demand is not for men of genius nor men of worldwide fame, but for those who are true. It is not necessary that we should succeed as the world counts success, but if life be worth the living it is absolutely essential that in all things we should be true.

Dear Boys and Girls:

It is a dangerous thing to disregard God's true prophets. In our lesson we read of lying prophets and of a good prophet of God. We notice also that it says "the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil against thee." (Verse 22) This may seem strange to you, boys and girls, but let us think of Ahab the king of Israel, and how wicked he had been. Remember that he was to be punished because of his wickedness. He had neither a love for God nor for the truth. It seemed that the king of Judah, Jehoshaphat, wanted to know what the good prophet would say and rebuked

King Ahab for saying that the good prophet always prophesied evil against him. God let the king of Israel, Ahab, hear just what he wanted to hear from the false prophets because he was evil. Our memory verse tells us that if a person does not love truth, or is not honest with himself, God will let him become deceived. In other words, God will let him go on in his evil way. Many times boys or girls will say, "I don't see any wrong in telling a lie if it keeps someone from being hurt." That is wrong. A lie is a lie. A lie is never right. But if boys and girls continue to believe that lying is all right, soon they won't feel badly when they tell lies. Oh, it's dangerous to think evil is right. God will soon just let you go on and think evil is right without making you feel badly.

The good prophet Micaiah, was asked to prophesy like the false prophets. But he said, "As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith, that will I speak." In the face of knowing how wicked King Ahab was, Micaiah stood his ground to do right. We know what he finally told the two kings would happen if they went into the battle. But King Ahab had him put into prison and only fed bread and water. Before the king left, Micaiah told the people that if the king returned in peace the Lord had not spoken by him. We read that they went out to battle against the Syrians. In our unprinted part, King Ahab said he would disguise himself in the battle, but for the King of Judah to dress as the king. When the battle started, the Syrian king said for them to be sure to get the king of Israel. Finally, they found King Ahab. A man shot an arrow between the breastplate that Ahab had on. He died before the going down of the sun. Our last verse lets us know that when they washed his chariot, the dogs licked up the blood. Thus, the word of the Lord, spoken by the prophet Elijah, concerning King Ahab, came to pass because of the

wickedness that Ahab did to Naboth. It pays to serve the Lord. Sin will be punished.

—Aunt Marie

GOOD PROPHET IMPRISONED

II Chron. 18:1 Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honour in abundance, and joined affinity with Ahab.

3 And Ahab king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat king of Judah, Wilt thou go with me to Ramothgilead? And he answered him, I am as thou art, and my people as thy people; and we will be with thee in the war.

4 And Jehoshaphat said unto the king of Israel, Enquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord to day.

5 Therefore the king of Israel gathered together of prophets four hundred men, and said unto them, Shall we go to Ramothgilead to battle, or shall I forbear? And they said, Go up; for God will deliver it into the king's hand.

6 But Jehoshaphat said, Is there not here a prophet of the Lord besides, that we might enquire of him?

7 And the king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, There is yet one man, by whom we may enquire of the Lord: but I hate him; for he never prophesied good unto me, but always evil: the same is Micaiah the son of Imla. And Jehoshaphat said, Let not the king say so.

13 And Micaiah said, As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith, that will I speak.

16 Then he [Micaiah] said, I did see all Israel scattered upon the mountains, as sheep that have no shepherd: and the Lord said, These have no master; let them return therefore every man to his house in peace.

17 And the king of Israel said to Jehoshaphat, Did I not tell thee that he

would not prophesy good unto me, but evil?

22 [Micaiah said] Now therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil against thee.

30 Now the king of Syria had commanded the captains of the chariots that were with him, saying, Fight ye not with small or great, save only with the king of Israel.

34 And the battle increased that day: howbeit the king of Israel stayed himself up in his chariot against the Syrians until the even: and about the time of the sun going down he died.

Memory Verse: . . . because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. . . . 2 Thess. 2:10,11.

Questions:

1. Who did King Ahab seek as an ally to fight against some other people?
2. Whose counsel did King Ahab seek before going to battle?
3. What did the four hundred prophets tell them concerning the battle?
4. Whose prophet did Jehoshaphat want to consult?
5. Why did King Ahab not want to consult God's prophet, Micaiah?
6. Did Micaiah prophesy the truth?
7. What did Micaiah say would happen in the battle?
8. Did King Ahab follow Micaiah's counsel?
9. Who did the enemy of Israel wish to kill in the battle? Was Ahab, King of Israel, killed?
10. Should we listen to God's counsel today?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32, No. 2

April, May, June, 1981

Part 13

June 28

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie's eyes sparkled. Books were her greatest treasures, but feeling an instinctive repugnance to taking a gift from one whom she could neither respect nor love, she made an effort to decline it, though at the same time thanking the lady warmly for her kind intentions.

Miss Stevens would hear of no refusal, and fairly forced it upon her acceptance, declaring that, as she had bought it expressly for her, she should feel extremely hurt if she did not take it.

"Then I will, Miss Stevens," said the little girl, "and I am sure you are very kind. I love books and pictures, too, and these are lovely engravings," she added, turning over the leaves with undisguised pleasure.

"Yes, and the stories are right pretty, too," remarked Miss Stevens.

"Yes, ma'am, they look as if they were, and I should like dearly to read them."

"Well, dear, just sit down and read. There's nothing to hinder. I'm sure your little friends can do without you for an hour or two. Or, if you prefer it, take

the book and enjoy it with them. It is your own, you know, to use as you like."

"Thank you, ma'am, but, though I can look at the picture, I must not read the stories until I have asked Papa, because he does not allow me to read anything now without first showing it to him."

"Dear me! how very strict he is!" Miss Stevens exclaimed.

"I wonder" she thought to herself, "if he would expect to domineer over his wife in that style?"

Elsie was slowly turning over the leaves of the book, enjoying the pictures very much, studying them intently, but resolutely refraining from even glancing over the printed pages. At length she closed it, and, looking out of the window, said, with a slight sigh, "Oh! I wish Papa would come, but I'm afraid he won't for a long while, and I do so want to read these stories."

"Suppose you let me read one to you," suggested Miss Stevens; "that would not be *your* reading it, you know."

Elsie looked shocked at the proposal. "Oh! no, ma'am, thank you, I know you mean to be kind, but I could not do it. That would be so very wrong; quite the

same, I am sure, as if I read it with my own eyes," she answered hurriedly; and then, fearing to be tempted further, she excused herself and went in search of her young friends.

She found them in the drawing room.

"Wasn't it provoking, Elsie, that those people did not send home my bracelet last night?" exclaimed Caroline Howard. "I have just been telling Lucy about it. I think that it was such a shame for them to disappoint me, for I wanted to have it on Christmas eve."

"I am sorry you were disappointed, Carry, but perhaps it will come today," Elsie answered in a sympathizing tone. And then she showed the new book, which she still held in her hand.

They spent some time in examining it, talking about and admiring the pictures, and then went out for a walk.

"Has Papa come in yet, Mammy?" was Elsie's first question on returning.

"Yes, darlin', I think he's in the drawin' room this very minute," Chloe answered, as she took off the little girl's hat, and carefully smoothed her hair.

"There, there! Mammy, won't that do now? I'm in a little bit of a hurry," Elsie said with a merry little laugh, as she slipped playfully from under her nurse's hand, and ran downstairs.

But she was doomed to disappointment for the present, for her papa was seated on the sofa beside Miss Stevens, talking to her; and so she must wait a little longer. At last, however, he rose, went to the other side of the room, and stood a moment looking out of the window.

Then Elsie hastened to take her book from a table, where she had laid it, and going up to him, said, "Papa!"

He turned round instantly, asking in

a pleasant tone, "Well, daughter, what is it?"

She put the book into his hand, saying eagerly, "It is a Christmas gift from Miss Stevens, Papa; will you let me read it?"

He did not answer immediately, but turned over the leaves, glancing rapidly over page after page, but not too rapidly to be able to form a pretty correct idea of the contents.

"No, daughter," he said, handing it back to her, "you must content yourself with looking at the pictures; they are by far the best part; the stories are very unsuitable for a little girl of your age, and would, indeed, be unprofitable reading for any one."

She looked a little disappointed.

I am glad I can *trust* my little daughter, and feel certain that she will not disobey me," he said, smiling kindly on her, and patting her cheek.

She answered him with a bright, happy look, full of confiding affection, laid the book away without a murmur and left the room—her father's eyes following her with a fond, loving glance.

Miss Stevens, who had watched them both closely during this little scene, bit her lips with vexation at the result of her maneuver.

She had come to Roselands with the fixed determination to lay siege to Mr. Horace Dinsmore's heart, and flattering and petting his little daughter was one of her modes of attack; but his decided disapproval of her present, she perceived, did not augur well for the success of her schemes. She was by no means in despair, however, for she had great confidence in the power of her own personal attractions, being really tolerably pretty, and considering herself a great beauty, as well as very highly accomplished.

(To be continued)

Servants of Sin



Sin will gain more and more on the soul until it will have a person bound *hand and foot*, so to speak. A little wrong here, and a little there, and the chains are being forged, that some day will fasten the sinner, and his doom will be sealed. The following story is told of a teacher illustrating the effects of sin:

"I once saw a little boy brought up before a class and the teacher had him put his hands down by his side. She took a spool of thread and showed the class how easily she could break a single thread. Then she wound that thread around the boy, telling that each thread stood for a habit which one might practice day after day. 'You tell a lie — a little one, you call it — and the next day it is easier to tell another, and then you have to tell many to cover up the first ones, and then you lie without thinking, and then the habit is fixed, and you are a slave to falsehood. Or you take something not your own, and soon you find it easy to steal, and unless you stop before the habit gets fixed, you are a thief. You are soon a slave to the sins of lying and theft; you are in bondage to them.' As she talked, she wound the thread around and around the boy until all the thread on the spool was around him. Then she asked him to break his arms away; but he could not. He was bound very securely with thread, but it was the thread many times repeated."

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness? But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you." Romans 6:16, 17.

—*Sin, The Tell-Tale*

Dear Boys and Girls:

Are you keeping the names of the kings separate? Remember that the ten tribes were Israel and the two tribes were Judah. King Jehoshaphat was king of Judah. He went back home after fighting with King Ahab of Israel in battle against the Syrians, as you had in your last Sunday's lesson. The prophet or seer, Hanani, met Jehoshaphat and asked him a question. God was displeased with King Jehoshaphat for going down to help King Ahab of Israel because he was so ungodly and worshipped idols. God does not want us to help those who are ungodly in doing ungodly things. The prophet said that God had seen some good in the King of Judah. God saw that Jehoshaphat had taken away the idol worship and torn down the groves in his land. But the most important thing God saw in the King of Judah was that he had "prepared his heart to seek God." Boys and girls, God wants us to keep our hearts prepared. *Prepare* means to fix or make ready. Our hearts should always be *fixed* to serve the Lord or made ready for Jesus to live in our hearts. We do that by loving and serving Jesus. We read God's Word and live by it. God will be with those who are good.

King Jehoshaphat lived in Jerusalem, but he went out among the other cities and brought them back to the God of their fathers. He set judges in the land, city by city. He told the judges to judge righteously. They were not to give a man something just because they liked him, but they were to judge the problem together on what was right according to God's laws. Even if they liked the man and he did wrong, they were to tell him it was wrong. They were not to take gifts. Gifts blind people and many times cause them to show favor to someone even when they are wrong. The judges were not to have respect of persons. All of these things are in God's laws and

they are for us today. The king set the Levites and priests to teach the people God's laws and to have worship unto the Lord. He called the people back to God. All these good things they were to do that God would not pour out His wrath upon them. If today people would live by God's laws they would be blessed. Name some of God's laws. Our last verse tells us that the Lord will be with the good. —Aunt Marie

THE LORD IS WITH THE GOOD

2 Chron. 19:1 And Jehoshaphat the king of Judah returned to his house in peace to Jerusalem.

2 And Jehu the son of Hanani the seer went out to meet him, and said to king Jehoshaphat, Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.

3 Nevertheless there are good things found in thee, in that thou hast taken away the groves out of the land, and hast prepared thine heart to seek God.

4 And Jehoshaphat dwelt at Jerusalem: and he went out again through the people from Beersheba to mount Ephraim, and brought them back unto the Lord God of their fathers.

5 And he set judges in the land throughout all the fenced cities of Judah, city by city,

6 And said to the judges, Take heed what ye do: for ye judge not for man, but for the Lord, who is with you in the judgment.

7 Wherefore now let the fear of the Lord be upon you; take heed and do it: for there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts.

8 Moreover in Jerusalem did Jehosh-

aphat set of the Levites, and of the priests, and of the chief of the fathers of Israel, for the judgment of the Lord, and for controversies, when they returned to Jerusalem,

9 And he charged them, saying, Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully, and with a perfect heart.

10 And what cause soever shall come to you of your brethren that dwell in their cities, between blood and blood, between law and commandment, statutes and judgments, ye shall even warn them that they trespass not against the Lord, and so wrath come upon you, and upon your brethren: this do, and ye shall not trespass.

11 And, behold, Amariah the chief priest is over you in all matters of the Lord; and Zebadiah the son of Ishmael, the ruler of the house of Judah, for all the king's matters: also the Levites shall be officers before you. Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good.

Memory Verse: My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. James 2:1.

Questions:

1. Who was the king of Judah at the time of our lesson?
2. Was God displeased that Jehoshaphat helped Ahab? Why?
3. What good had Jehoshaphat done?
4. What officers did Jehoshaphat set up in the cities of Jerusalem?
5. How were they supposed to judge?
6. Whom did Jehoshaphat tell the judges to fear?
7. Of what tribe were officers appointed?
8. Do you think God was pleased with Jehoshaphat?

Second class postage paid at Guthrie, Okla. Published quarterly in weekly parts by Faith Pub. House, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, Okla. 73044. Marie Miles, Editor. One subscription, \$1.40 per year (52 papers). Includes junior and primary sections.