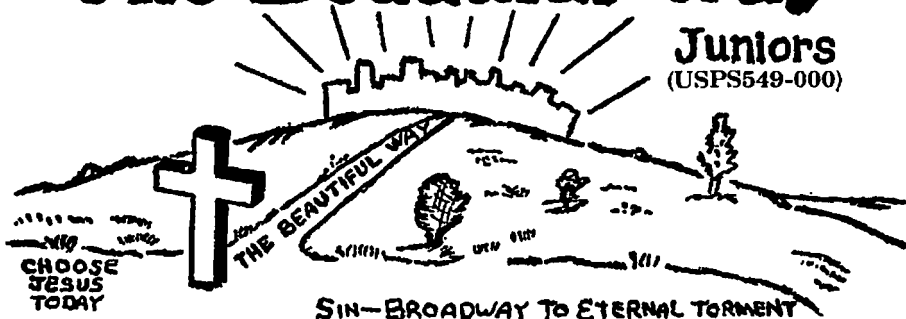


The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 32 No. 3

July, Aug., Sept., 1981

Part 1

July 5

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

As Elsie ran out into the hall, she found herself suddenly caught in Mr. Travilla's arms.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! little Elsie," he said, kissing her on both cheeks. "Now I have caught you figuratively and literally, my little lady, so what are you going to give me, eh?"

"Indeed, sir, I think you've helped yourself to the only thing I have to give at present," she answered with a merry silvery laugh.

"Nay, *give* me one, little lady," said he, "one such hug and kiss as I dare say your father gets half-a-dozen times in a day."

She gave it very heartily.

"Ah! I wish you were ten years older," he said as he set her down.

"If I had been, you wouldn't have got the kiss," she replied, smiling.

"Now, it's my turn," he said, taking something from his pocket.

"I expected you'd catch *me*, and so thought it best to come prepared."

He took her hand, as he spoke, and placed a beautiful little thimble on her

finger. "There, that's to encourage you in industry."

"Thank you, sir. It's a little beauty! I must run and show it to Papa. But I must not forget my politeness," she added, hastily throwing open the drawing room door. "Come in, Mr. Travilla."

She waited quietly until the usual greetings were exchanged, then went up to her father and showed her new gift.

He quite entered into her pleasure, and remarked, with a glance at Miss Stevens, "that her friends were very kind."

The lady's hopes rose. He was then pleased with her attention to his child, even though he did not altogether approve her choice of a gift.

There was a large party to dinner that day, and the children came down to the dessert. Miss Stevens, who had contrived to be seated next to Mr. Dinsmore, made an effort, on the entrance of the children, to have Elsie placed on her other side. But Mr. Travilla was too quick for her, and had his young favorite on his knee before she could gain her attention.

The lady was disappointed, and Elsie herself only half satisfied. But the two

gentlemen, who thoroughly understood Miss Stevens and saw through all her maneuvers, exchanged glances of amusement and satisfaction.

After dinner Mr. Travilla invited Elsie, Carrie, Lucy, and Mary, to take a ride in his carriage, which invitation was joyfully accepted by all—Mr. Dinsmore giving a ready consent to Elsie's request to be permitted to go.

They had a very merry time, for Mr. Travilla quite laid himself out for their entertainment, and no one knew better than he how to amuse ladies of their age.

It was nearly dark when they returned, and Elsie went at once to her room to dress for the evening. She found it unoccupied—Aunt Chloe, as it afterward appeared, having gone to take some of the little girl's gifts to one or two who were too old and feeble to come up to the house on the plantation to receive them.

Elsie rang the bell, waited a little, and then, feeling impatient to get dressed, ran down to the kitchen to see what had become of her nurse.

A very animated discussion was going on there, just at that moment, between the cook and two or three of her companions. The first words that reached the child's ears, as she stood on the threshold, were, "I tell you, you don't know nothin' about it! Master Horace going to marry that bit of pain and finery! no such thing! The Master's got more sense."

The words were spoken in a most scornful tone, and Elsie, into whose childish mind the possibility of her father's marrying again had never entered, stood spellbound with astonishment. But the conversation went on, the speakers quite unconscious of her presence.

It was Pompey's voice that replied. "If Master Horace doesn't like her, why

have they been riding every afternoon? Will you tell me that? And don't I see him sit beside her morning, noon, and night, laughing and talking at the table and in the parlor? And doesn't she keep a kissing little Miss Elsie, and calling her 'pretty critter,' 'sweet critter,' and the like?"

"She—ma to our sweet little Miss Elsie! Bah! I tell you, Pomp, Master Horace has more sense," returned the cook.

"Aunt Chloe doesn't believe no such stuff," put in another voice. "She said Master Horace *couldn't* put such trash in her sweet young mistress's place."

"Aunt Chloe's a very fine woman, no doubt," observed Pomp, "but I reckon Master Horace ain't going to confide his matrimonial intentions to her. I consider it quite consequential on the Master's being young and handsome that he will take another wife."

The next speaker said something about his having lived a good while without, and though Miss Stevens *was* setting her cap, maybe he wouldn't be caught. But Elsie only gathered the sense of it although she hardly heard the words. She bounded away like a frightened deer to her own room with her little heart beating wildly with a confused sense of suffering. She threw herself on the bed. She shed no tears, but there was, oh! such a weight on her heart, such a terrible though vague sense of the crashing of her earthly happiness.

Chloe found Elsie on her bed, and wondered much what ailed the child, what made her so silent, and yet so restless. Elsie's face was flushed and Chloe feared she might have a fever. Her little hand was hot and dry, but Elsie insisted that she was quite well, and so Chloe tried to think she was only tired.

Chloe tried to persuade the little girl to lie still upon her bed and rest, and let

her tea be brought to her there. But Elsie said that she would much rather dress and join her young companions in the nursery. They, too, wondered what ailed her. She was very quiet and ate almost nothing at all. They asked if she was sick. She only shook her head. "Was she tired, then?" "Yes, she believed she was," and she leaned her head wearily on her hand.

Most of the party seemed dull. They had gone through such a round of pleasure and excitement for the last two or three days, that now a reaction was beginning and they wanted rest. The little ones retired quite early and Elsie and her mates joined their parents in the drawing room.

(To be continued)

The first spaceman lived nearly 6,000 years ago. His name was Enoch. He was a good man. How do we know? The Bible says, that he "walked with God." And then, when it was time for him to make this trip—just before the flood which destroyed all the world except Noah and his family—we read, "He was not; for God took him." Gen. 5:21-24.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Prayer is a wonderful thing. Prayer is talking to Jesus. You talk to Him just as you would talk to your mother, except you must be careful to make requests humbly. You must know that God is great and you are small. You need to ask for mercy, or in other words, as if you were a beggar. You do not have anything to offer, and can only receive because of God's great love for you. But you must have faith. You must believe that Jesus hears you when you pray. Remember that Jesus is everywhere and you can call upon Him at any time. You must love to obey Jesus and do what He says. He will bless you and answer your

prayers. Be sure to thank Him for all He does for you.

King Jehoshaphat was in trouble. A great multitude of soldiers were marching to fight against his nation. He was afraid. He told everyone to fast and pray to the Lord to help them. God had helped them in times past. He needed God to help him again. All of the people from Judah came together, and King Jehoshaphat stood in the midst of them. He prayed to God to help him because he knew that God ruled over all the kingdoms of the heathens. He told God that he knew no one could stand against Him. He told God, "Our eyes are upon You." God heard his prayer. He sent the prophet Jehaziel to tell him the answer. Jehaziel was full of the Spirit of God. He said that they should not be afraid. He said, "Do not look at the multitude, as the battle is not yours but God's. God will fight for you." God told the people to just stand still and watch God work for them. He said, "The Lord will be with you." The king and all the people bowed and worshipped God.

The king did as God told him to do. He sent singers out before the army. They sang, "Praise the Lord for His mercy endureth forever." When they began to sing and praise the Lord, God helped them. God caused the enemies to have trouble, and they soon were defeated. God fought the battle for Judah. He caused people from Mt. Seir to fight their enemies. Many were killed and the people of God rejoiced because God fought their battle. Now the king and the people had quietness. God had answered their prayers. —Aunt Marie

Lesson 1, July 5, 1981 PRAYERS ANSWERED

2 Chron. 20:2a Then there came some that told Jehoshaphat, saying, There cometh a great multitude against thee.

6 [The king prayed] And said, O Lord God of our fathers, art not thou God in heaven? and rulest not thou over all the kingdoms of the heathen? and in thine hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to withstand thee?

11 Behold, I say, how they reward us, to come to cast us out of thy possession, which thou hast given us to inherit.

12 O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee.

13 And all Judah stood before the Lord, with their little ones, their wives, and their children.

14 Then upon Jahaziel the son of Zechariah, the son of Benaiah, the son of Jeiel, the son of Mattaniah, a Levite of the sons of Asaph, came the Spirit of the Lord in the midst of the congregation;

15 And he said, Hearken ye, all Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, and thou king Jehoshaphat, Thus saith the Lord unto you, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's

16 To morrow go ye down against them: behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the brook, before the wilderness of Jeruel.

17 Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you, O Judah and Jerusalem: fear not, nor be dismayed; to morrow go out against them; for the Lord will be with you.

18 And Jehoshaphat bowed his head with his face to the ground: and all Ju-

dah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem fell before the Lord, worshipping the Lord.

20 And they rose early in the morning, and went forth into the wilderness of Tekoa: and as they went forth, Jehoshaphat stood and said, Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem; Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper.

22 And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and mount Seir, which were come against Judah; and they were smitten.

29 And the fear of God was on all the kingdoms of those countries, when they had heard that the Lord fought against the enemies of Israel.

Memory Verse: In my distress I cried unto the Lord and he heard me. Psa. 120:1

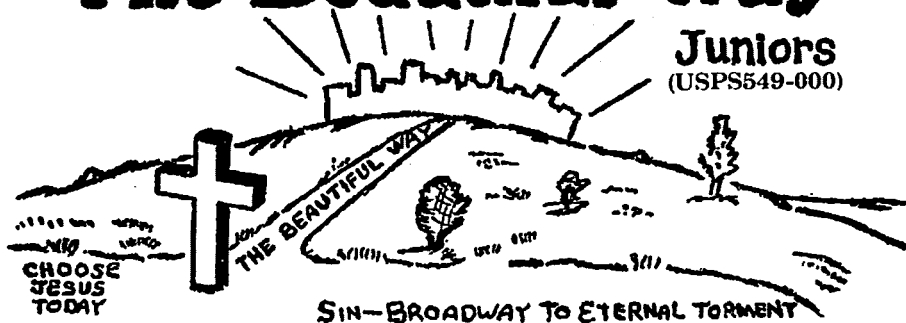
Questions:

1. Against what king did a multitude come?
2. Was Jehoshaphat afraid? What did he do?
3. Who rules over all the kingdoms of the world?
4. Did Jehoshaphat realize they were too small to fight the battle against the great multitude? Did he think God could help?
5. Who stood before the Lord with Jehoshaphat?
6. Did God calm their fears?
7. To whom did God say the battle belonged?
8. What did God tell the people to do?
9. Did God win the battle for Judah?
10. Will God fight our battles today?

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Juniors
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Vol. 32, No. 3

July, Aug., Sept., 1981

Part 2

July 12

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie looked eagerly around for her father the moment she entered the room. He was beside Miss Stevens, who was at the piano performing a difficult piece of music. He was leaning over her, turning the leaves, and apparently listening with a great deal of pleasure, for she was really a fine musician.

Elsie felt sick at heart at the sight—although a few hours before it would have given her no concern. She found it very difficult to listen to and answer the remarks Mrs. Carrington was making to her about her Christmas presents and the nice ride they had had that afternoon.

Mr. Travilla was watching her. He had noticed, as soon as she came in, the sad and troubled look which had come over her face. Following the glance of her eyes, he guessed at the cause. He knew there was no danger of the trial that she feared, and would have been glad to tell her so, but he felt that was too delicate a subject for him to venture on. It might seem too much like meddling in Mr. Dinsmore's affairs. So he did the next best thing—got the four

little girls into a corner and tried to entertain them with stories and charades.

Elsie seemed interested for a time, but every now and then her eyes would wander to the other side of the room, where her father still stood listening to Miss Stevens' music.

At length Mr. Travilla was called away, and Elsie, knowing it was her usual time for retiring, and not caring to avail herself of her father's permission to stay up until nine o'clock, stole quietly away to her room. She was unobserved by any one. She felt as if Miss Stevens had already robbed her of her father.

Elsie wiped away a few quiet tears, as she went from the room. She was silent and sad while Mammy was preparing her for bed. She hardly knew how to do without her good night kiss, but feeling as she did, it had seemed quite impossible to ask for it while Miss Stevens was so near him.

When she knelt down to pray, she became painfully conscious that a feeling of positive dislike to that lady had been creeping into her heart. She asked earnestly to be enabled to put it away. But she prayed, also, that she

might be spared the trial that she feared, if God's will were so. She thought surely it was because she had found out that Miss Stevens was not good, not truthful, nor sincere.

"Perhaps dear Papa will come to say good night before I am asleep," she murmured to herself as she laid her head upon her pillow.

He, however, had become interested in other things and did not miss his little girl until the sound of the clock striking ten reminded him of her. He looked around expecting to see her still in the room. Not seeing her, he asked Lucy Carrington where she was.

"Oh!" said Lucy, "she's been gone these two hours, I should think! I guess she must have gone to bed."

"Strange that she did not come to bid me good night," he exclaimed in a low tone, more as if thinking aloud than speaking to Lucy. He hastily left the room. Mr. Travilla followed.

"Dinsmore," said he.

Mr. Dinsmore stopped, and Travilla, drawing him to one side, said in an undertone, "I think my little friend is in trouble tonight."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a startled look, "what can it be? I did not hear of any accident—she has not been hurt? Is not sick? Tell me, Travilla, quickly, if anything ails my child."

"Nothing, nothing, Dinsmore, only you know servants will talk and children have ears and eyes. I saw her watching you tonight with a very sad expression."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Dinsmore, growing very red and looking extremely vexed. "I wouldn't have had such thoughts put into the child's head for any money. Are you sure of it, Travilla?"

"I am sure she was watching you very closely tonight, and looking very miserable."

"Poor darling!" murmured the father. "Thank you, Travilla," shaking his friend heartily by the hand. "Good night. I shall not be down again if you will be so good as to excuse me to the others."

He went up the stairs almost at a bound, and the next moment was standing beside his sleeping child. Looking anxiously down he saw the little flushed cheeks and tear swollen eyes. Disappointed that he did not come to bid her good night, she had cried herself to sleep.

"Poor darling!" he murmured again, as he stooped over her and kissed away a tear that still trembled on her eyelash.

He longed to tell her that all her fears were groundless, and that none other could ever fill her place in his heart. But he did not want to wake her, and so, pressing another light kiss on her cheek, he left her to dream on unconscious of his visit.

(To be continued)

Don't Snub

Don't snub a person because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub another because his home is plain. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub anyone because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's great poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub any person because he chooses a humble trade. John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy or girl because of some physical weakness. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a schoolmate because he is dull in school. Hogarth, the celebrated

painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at school.

Don't snub a person because he stutters. Moses, the leader of God's people, was of slow speech.

Don't snub anyone—not just because someday they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because snubbing is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian. —Sel.

The Danger Of A Lie

There is nothing more dangerous to character than a lie. One is able to track down a bear, and hunt a tiger; but a lie evades the greatest skill of the huntsman. We need God's unfailing help when a dangerous lie is let loose in the world by an unthinking person with an unscrupulous tongue.

A good record may be yours and a blameless reputation, but let the hungry wolf of a lie get on your track, and nothing short of a miracle will save your good name from its terrible fangs.

Some may think that a lie can be lived down, but this is not true. It is easy for people's tongues to turn readily to evil reports, like hounds that hear the call of the wild and scent the fresh game in the dew, so do people's thoughts run forward to join the chase that has for game a person's honor and good name.

A lie is a dangerous thing and can wreck a life, young or old.

Dear Boys and Girls:

There is a law of God about sowing and reaping. If we sow evil, we will reap evil. Some look around and see others doing evil, and they seem to be getting along all right, but the reaping day *will* come. Of course, there are troubles that come to everyone in life, but there is also a reaping of evil if one does evil. In our lesson we read of how God caused some

to reap evil because they did wrong. They were punished.

First we have King Jehoshaphat. He seemed to want to do right, but he did one thing wrong with which God was very displeased. We are not told what he did, but he joined himself to the king of Israel, who was wicked. He displeased God by going into this ship-making business with the wicked king. We do not know how long he and the king of Israel worked at making the ships, but they wanted to make ships to go to Tarshish. God was displeased. He sent the prophet, Eliezer, who said to king Jehoshaphat, "Because you have joined yourself to the king of Israel, Ahaziah, the Lord has broken your ships and all your works." The ships were broken and could not go to Tarshish.

King Jehoshaphat reigned for twenty-five years and then died. His son, Jehoram, became king. He had married King Ahab's daughter. You remember how wickedly Ahab and Jezebel had done. I suppose Ahab's daughter was just as wicked, and King Jehoram did evil in the sight of the Lord. God wanted to destroy the house of David and the kingdom of Judah, but He remembered His promise to David. He had promised that there would always be a kingdom for him and his sons forever. God always keeps His word. How sad for King Jehoram not to want to walk in the ways of right! He did much evil. So, God said that He would punish him because of this. He had sowed evil and he reaped evil. King Jehoram had all of his brothers killed to keep them from taking the throne from him. How terrible! He had worshipped stone gods instead of the true God. God sent a plague upon him and on all his family who were evil. A disease took hold of them and after much suffering they died. Surely it doesn't pay to do wrong. We will reap what we sow. —Aunt Marie

Lesson 2, July 12, 1981
SOWING AND REAPING

2 Chron. 20:35 And after this did Jehoshaphat king of Judah join himself with Ahaziah king of Israel, who did very wickedly:

36 And he joined himself with him to make ships to go to Tarshish: and they made the ships in Eziongaber.

37 Then Eliezer the son of Dodavah of Maresha prophesied against Jehoshaphat, saying, Because thou hast joined thyself with Ahaziah, the Lord hath broken thy works. And the ships were broken, that they were not able to go to Tarshish.

21:1 Now Jehoshaphat slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers in the city of David. And Jehoram his son reigned in his stead.

6 And he walked in the way of the kings of Israel, like as did the house of Ahab: for he had the daughter of Ahab to wife: and he wrought that which was evil in the eyes of the Lord.

7 Howbeit the Lord would not destroy the house of David, because of the covenant that he had made with David, and as he promised to give a light to him and to his sons for ever.

12 And there came a writing to him from Elijah the prophet, saying, Thus saith the Lord God of David thy father, Because thou hast not walked in the ways of Jehoshaphat thy father, nor in the ways of Asa king of Judah,

13 But hast walked in the way of the kings of Israel, and hast made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to go a whoring, like to the whoredoms of the house of Ahab, and also hast slain thy brethren of thy father's house, which were better than thyself:

14 Behold, with a great plague will the Lord smite thy people, and thy children, and thy wives, and all thy goods:

16 Moreover the Lord stirred up against Jehoram the spirit of the Philistines, and of the Arabians, that were near the Ethiopians:

17 And they came up into Judah, and brake into it, and carried away all the substance that was found in the king's house, and his sons also, and his wives; so that there was never a son left him, save Jehoahaz, the youngest of his sons.

18 And after all this the Lord smote him in his bowels with an incurable disease.

20 Thirty and two years old was he when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem eight years, and departed without being desired. Howbeit they buried him in the city of David, but not in the sepulchres of the kings.

Memory Verse: Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal. 6:7.

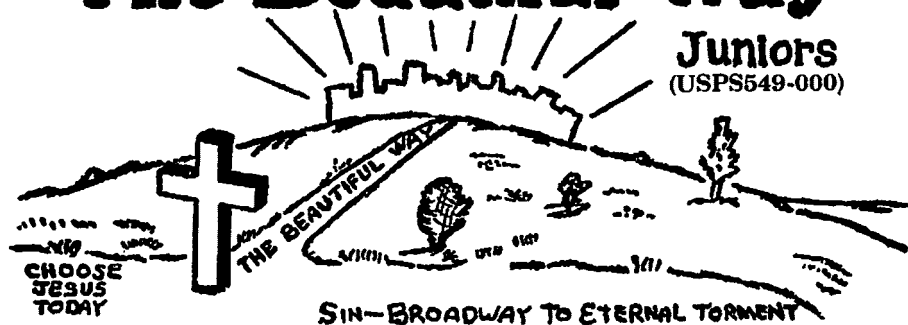
Questions:

1. Over whom was Jehoshaphat king?
2. To whom did Jehoshaphat join himself?
3. What kind of man was Ahaziah?
4. What did the two kings plan to do?
5. What happened to the ships? Who caused them to be broken?
6. Who was king of Judah after Jehoshaphat died?
7. Did Jehoram do good or evil?
8. Why would God not destroy the house of David?
9. What did the prophet Elijah tell Jehoram would happen?
10. Will we be punished for the evil we do?

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Part 3

July 19

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie felt in better spirits in the morning. Her sleep had refreshed her, and she arose with a stronger confidence in the love of both her earthly and her heavenly Father.

She found her Papa waiting for her. He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. "My precious little daughter," he said, "I am very glad to see you looking so bright and cheerful this morning. I think something was wrong with my little girl last night. Why did she not come to Papa with her trouble?"

"Why did you think I was in trouble, Papa?" she asked, hiding her face on his breast.

"How could I think otherwise, when my little girl did not come to bid me good night, although she had not seen me since dinner. When I went to give her a good night kiss, I found her pillow wet and a tear on her cheek."

"Did you come, Papa?" she asked, looking up in glad surprise.

"I did. Now tell me what troubled you, my own one?"

"I am afraid you will be angry with me, Papa," she said, almost under her

breath.

"Not half so angry as if you refuse to give me your confidence. I would be glad to know that my little daughter had not a single thought or feeling concealed from me."

He paused a moment, looking down at the little blushing face, half hidden on his breast, and then went on: "Elsie, daughter, you are more precious to me than anything else in the wide world. You need not fear that any other can ever take your place in my heart, or that I will make any connection that would render you unhappy. I want no one to love but my little girl. You must not let the gossip of the servants disturb you."

Elsie looked up in astonishment.

"Papa! You seem to know everything about me. Can you read my thoughts?"

"Almost, when I can see your face," he answered, smiling at her puzzled look. "I cannot quite, though. I can put things together and make a pretty good guess, sometimes."

She lay still on his breast for a moment. Raising her eyes timidly to his face again, she said in a half-hesitating way, "I am afraid it is very naughty in me, Papa, but I can't help thinking that Miss Stevens is very disagreeable. I felt

so that very first day. I did not want to take a present from her, because it didn't seem quite right when I didn't like her. I couldn't refuse—she wouldn't let me—and I have tried to like her since, but I can't."

"Well, darling, I don't think I am just the proper person to reprove you for *that*," he replied, trying to look grave. "I am afraid I am as naughty as you are. But we won't talk any more about her. See what I have for you this morning."

He pointed to the table, where lay a pile of prettily bound books which Elsie had not noticed until this moment. The books were by one of Elsie's favorite authors. Her father could hardly have given a more acceptable present.

"I was sorry for your disappointment yesterday," he said, "but I hope these will make up for it. They will give you a great deal of useful information, as well as amusement; while it could only be an injury to you to read that trashy book."

Elsie was turning over the books with eager delight.

"*Dear Papa*, you are so kind and good to me," she said, laying them down to put her arms around his neck and kiss him. "I like these books very much. I don't at all care to read that other one since you have told me you do not approve of it."

"That is my own darling child," said he, returning her caress. "Your ready obedience deserved a reward. Now put on your hat, and we will take our walk."

Mr. Travilla joined them in the lane, and his kind heart rejoiced to see how the clouds of care and sorrow had all passed away from his little friend's face. She was bright and beaming, as usual. Her father had one hand, and Mr. Travilla soon possessed the other.

"I don't really like these company-days, when you have to be banished from the table, little Elsie," he said.

"I cannot half enjoy my breakfast without your bright face to look at."

"I don't like them either, Mr. Travilla, because I see so little of Papa. I have not had a ride with him since the company came."

"You shall have one this afternoon, if nothing happens," said her father quickly. "What do you say, Travilla, to a ride on horseback with the four young ladies you took charge of yesterday, and myself?"

"Bravo! I shall be delighted to be of the party, if the ladies don't object. Elsie, what do you think?" with a questioning look down into her glad face, "will they want me?"

"You needn't be a bit afraid, Mr. Travilla," laughed the little girl. "I like you next to Papa, and I believe Lucy and the rest like you better."

"Oh! take care, Elsie. Are you not afraid of hurting his feelings?"

"No danger, as long as she puts *me* first," Mr. Dinsmore said, bestowing a smile and loving glance on her.

Caroline Howard was in Elsie's room, waiting to show her bracelet, which had just been handed to her. Pomp brought it from the city late the night before.

"Oh! Elsie, I am so glad you have come at last. I have been waiting for half an hour, I should think, to show you these," she said, as Elsie came in from her walk. "You surely look bright and merry; much different from last night. What ailed you then?"

"Never mind," replied Elsie, taking the bracelet from her hand, and examining it. "Oh! this is *very* pretty, Carrie! the clasp is so beautiful, and they have braided the hair so nicely."

"Yes, I'm sure Mamma will like it. Now that Christmas is past, I think I will keep it for a New Year's gift. What would you do, Elsie?"

"Perhaps that would be a good idea—but I want to tell you, Carrie, what Papa

said. He and Mr. Travilla are going to take you, and Lucy, and Mary, and me, riding on horseback this afternoon. Don't you think it will be pleasant?"

"Oh, it will be *grand!*" exclaimed Carrie. "Elsie, I think now that your Papa is very kind. Do you know I like him very much, indeed; quite as well as I do Mr. Travilla. I have always liked Mr. Travilla because he's so pleasant, and so funny, too, sometimes. But I must go and show my bracelet to Lucy. Hark! no, there's the bell, and I'll just leave it here until after breakfast."

Elsie opened a drawer and laid it carefully in, and they ran off to the nursery.

(To be continued)

"A teacher in a Sunday school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and asked if any child remembered an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain. 'I do,' replied a boy. 'Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.' A second said, 'Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.' A third boy observed, 'Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, even to gain the whole world, loses his own soul.' A bad bargain indeed!"

Dear Boys and Girls:

King Jehoram died and then his son reigned for a while and died. His mother then took the throne. She had all of the royal house killed, but one boy. King Ahaziah's daughter, Jehoshabeath, took the king's son, Joash, who was a baby, from among the other sons who were supposed to be killed, and hid him. She was the wife of the priest, Jehoiada. They hid him and his nurse in the bed-chamber. Athaliah, the wicked queen, had brought Joash out and the priest reigned for six years. She was a wicked woman and did not help the people to

love God.

When Joash, the son who had been hidden, was seven years old, the priest, Jehoiada, thought it was time to put him on the throne. Jehoiada had taught Joash to love God. He taught him to hate the idol worship. Joash did love the true God.

One day Athaliah, the queen, heard shouting at the house of God. She saw the people running toward the house of God. She went down to see what was going on. There she saw Joash standing at the pillar of the house. She heard the trumpets blowing and the people shouting, "God save the King." They had brought Joash out and the priest and his sons anointed him king. They put the crown upon his head. Athaliah rent her clothes and shouted, "Treason! Treason!" She ran away. Someone caught her at the gate by the king's house and killed her. She was so wicked and was not supposed to be on the throne.

The priest, Jehoiada, called for the people to turn to the Lord. He said, "You should be the Lord's people." The people were glad. They went out and broke down the altars of Baal and turned to the Lord. They offered sacrifice to the Lord and rejoiced.

Joash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. He wanted to repair the house of the Lord that the sons of Athaliah had broken down. So the king put a chest out and the people gave of their money to rebuild the house. Soon workmen were repairing the house of the Lord and making the vessels. God was pleased with them. —Aunt Marie

Lesson 3, July 19, 1981 JOASH REIGNS AS KING

2 Chron. 22:11 But Jehoshabeath, the daughter of the king, took Joash the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons that were slain, and put

him and his nurse in a bedchamber. So Jehoshabeath, the daughter of king Jehoram, the wife of Jehoiada the priest, (for she was the sister of Ahaziah) hid him from Athaliah, so that she slew him not.

12 And he was with them hid in the house of God six years: and Athaliah reigned over the land.

23:11 Then they brought out the king's son, and put upon him the crown, and gave him the testimony, and made him king. And Jehoiada [the high priest] and his sons anointed him, and said, God save the king.

12 Now when Athaliah heard the noise of the people running and praising the king, she came to the people into the house of the Lord:

13b Then Athaliah rent her clothes, and said, Treason, Treason.

15 So they laid hands on her; and when she was come to the entering of the horse gate by the king's house, they slew her there.

16 And Jehoiada made a covenant between him, and between all the people, and between the king, that they should be the Lord's people.

17 Then all the people went to the house of Baal, and brake it down, and brake his altars and his images in pieces, and slew Mattan the priest of Baal before the altars.

18 Also Jehoiada appointed the offices of the house of the Lord by the hand of the priests the Levites, whom David had distributed in the house of the Lord, to offer the burnt offerings of the Lord, as it is written in the law of Moses, with rejoicing and with singing, as it was ordained by David.

24:1 Joash was seven years old when he began to reign, and he reigned forty

years in Jerusalem. His mother's name also was Zibiah of Beersheba.

2 And Joash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord all the days of Jehoiada the priest.

3 And Jehoiada took for him two wives; and he begat sons and daughters.

4 And it came to pass after this, that Joash was minded to repair the house of the Lord.

7 For the sons of Athaliah, that wicked woman, had broken up the house of God: and also all the dedicated things of the house of the Lord did they bestow upon Baalim.

8 And at the king's commandment they made a chest, and set it without at the gate of the house of the Lord.

13 So the workmen wrought, and the work was perfected by them, and they set the house of God in his state, and strengthened it.

Memory Verse: Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9:7.

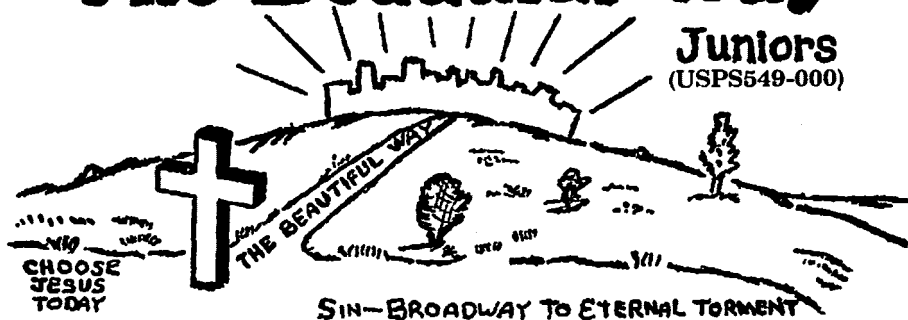
Questions:

1. Who wanted Joash and the other sons of the king killed?
2. What did the king's daughter do with Joash?
3. How long was he hidden?
4. Did the people anoint Joash king? How old was he?
5. What did Athaliah, the queen, do? What happened to her?
6. What did the people do to the idols?
7. Was Jehoiada a good priest?
8. Did Joash please God?
9. What did Joash do about the house of God?

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July, Aug., Sept., 1981

Part 4

July 26

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

"Elsie," said her father when they had finished the morning lessons, "there is to be a children's party tonight, at Mr. Carleton's, and I have an invitation for you. Would you like to go?"

"Do you want me to go, Papa?" she asked.

"Not unless *you* wish to do so, Elsie," he said kindly. "I cannot go with you, as there are to be none but little people. I never feel altogether comfortable in seeing my darling go from home without me. You will, no doubt, be very late in returning and getting to bed, and I fear will feel badly tomorrow as a result. But this once, at least, you shall just please yourself. All your little guests are going, and it would be dull and lonesome for you at home, I am afraid."

Elsie thought a moment.

"Dear Papa, you are very kind," she said, "but if you please, I would much rather have you decide for me. I am only a silly little girl and you are much older and wiser."

He smiled, and stroked her hair softly, but said nothing.

"Are you going to stay home, Papa?" she asked presently.

"Yes, daughter, I expect to spend the evening either in this room or the library, as I have letters to write."

"Oh, then, Papa, please let me stay with you! I would like it *much* better than going to the party. Will you, Papa? Please say yes."

"But you know I cannot talk to you, or let you talk. So that would be very dull," he said, pushing back the curls from the fair forehead, and smiling down into the eager little face.

"Oh! but if you will only let me sit beside you and read one of my new books, I shall be quite contented. I shall sit as quietly as a little mouse and not say one word without permission. May I, Papa?"

"I said you should do as you pleased, darling, and I always love to have my pet near me."

"Oh, then I shall stay!" she cried, clapping her hands. Then with a happy little sigh, "It will be so nice to have one of our quiet evenings again." She knew, by her father's gratified look, that she had decided as he would have had her.

A servant put his head in at the door. "Master Horace, there's a gentleman in

the library asking to see you."

"Very well, Jim, tell him I will be there in a moment. Elsie, dear, put away your books, and go down to your little friends."

"Yes, Papa," she replied, as he went out and left her.

"How kind Papa is to me and how I do love him!" she murmured to herself as she placed the books carefully in the drawer where they belonged.

She found Lucy and Mary busily engaged in dressing a doll, and Carrie deeply interested in a book. Several of the little ones were looking gloomy.

"Oh, Elsie, do come and play with us," said Flora. "Enna won't play anything we like. We've been playing keeping house, but Enna will be the mother all the time. She scolds and whips us so much that we are all tired of it."

"Well, what shall we play?" asked Elsie, good naturedly. "Will you build houses?"

"No. I'm tired of that because Enna takes all the blocks," said another little girl. "She isn't at all polite to visitors, is she, Flora?"

"No," replied Flora, "and I don't *ever* mean to come to see her again."

"I don't care," retorted Enna, angrily, "and I don't take *all* the blocks, either."

"Well, *most* all, you do," said the other, "and it isn't polite."

"They're mine, and I'll have as many as I want. I don't care if it isn't polite," Enna answered, with a pout that by no means improved her appearance.

"Will you play 'O sister, O Phebe?'" asked Elsie.

"No, no!" cried several little voices. "Enna always wants to be in the middle. Besides, Arthur always wants to play and he will kiss us and we don't like it."

Elsie was almost in despair. Herbert, who was lying on a sofa, reading, suddenly shut his book, saying, "I tell you

what, Elsie! tell us one of those nice fairy stories we all like so much!"

"Yes, do, do!" cried several of the little ones, clapping their hands.

Elsie drew up a stool close to Herbert's sofa, and the little ones gathered about her. Enna insisted on having the best place for hearing. For more than an hour she kept them quiet and interested. But she was very glad when at last the maid came to take them out walking, thus leaving her at liberty to follow her own inclination.

(To be continued)

The Longest Day

After the cold winter is passed and the days begin to warm up, then daylight lasts longer. Night does not seem to come so soon, for the days are longer and the nights shorter.

We found a short article in an old book that tells in what country the day is the longest. Of course, the longest day depends in which part of the world you live. If you live in America the longest day is about fifteen hours. At Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours long. At London, England, it is sixteen and one-half hours long. At Hamburg, Germany, seventeen hours; at Stockholm, Sweden, eighteen and one-half hours; at St. Petersburg, Russia, nineteen hours; at Faroe, Finland, twenty-two hours; at Warbury, Norway, the longest day lasts for two months. At Spitzbergen it lasts for three and one-half months.

But in Heaven, to which all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ are going, it lasts forever! Why? For there shall be no night there.

If we were going to visit one of the above-named cities, we would be required to board a train, a plane, or even a boat, to reach our destination. We would make sure at the station that we boarded the right train, or at the dock we would make

sure the boat we took would be going to the right country. We would count the person foolish indeed who did not care what train he boarded to reach his destination.

But what about your trip to heaven? Oh, yes, we are sure you want to get there, but in what direction are you headed? Have you made sure you are on the right road to that City? There are but two roads leading into eternity. One is the road to heaven, and the other is the road to hell. Which road are you traveling? You are on one or the other. So make sure today that you are walking the heavenward way.

Maybe you have not known before that you are on the road that leads to everlasting destruction — hell. But while God's warning is sounding in your ears, step over on Jesus' side, and let Him be your Guide. He died for you and shed His blood that you might have eternal life.

—Sel.

“Are you on the right road? The right one is the one that leads to heaven. Some people turn off and forget about heaven. You will be happy if you follow God all your life.”

Dear Boys and Girls:

We have been studying about the different kings who ruled over Judah and Israel. We see that some of them loved God and taught the people to do so, and others worshipped idols like their neighbors. God was very merciful to them. He wanted them to love Him. He had in mind to bring Jesus into the world through their nation. How sad it was that they would not be stable and hold to the true and only God! God hates evil, so He would punish them for their wickedness. We notice that God blessed those who loved and obeyed Him.

In our last Sunday's lesson we studied

about Joash who was very young when he began to rule. He had been hidden and taught about the true God by the priest. God blessed him when he became king. He rebuilt the temple. The priest was his helper and he loved God. But the priest became old. He died at the age of 130 years. They buried him in the city of David among the kings, because of all the good he had done for God.

How sad it was that after the death of the priest, Jehoiada, that Joash backslid. He turned away from serving God. The people went to the groves and worshipped idols and left the house of God. God sent prophets to warn them of their wickedness, but they would not hear the prophets of God. One day, the Spirit of the Lord came strongly upon Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada the priest. He pled with the people to turn to God. He said, “Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord, that you cannot prosper? Because you have forsaken the Lord he has forsaken you.” The people were so far from God that they even took stones and stoned Zechariah. How sad! They stoned him right in the court of the Lord's house. How terrible! Joash did not even remember how Jehoiada had taken care of him when he was a baby and had hidden him in his house and later put him on the throne. Joash helped to kill Jehoiada's son. When Zechariah was dying he said, “The Lord is looking upon all you are doing and He will require it of you.” Boys and girls, we can't do wrong and get by.

We find that later an army came against Joash and God did not help him. The enemy killed a lot of the people and took away their goods. Joash was left with a great disease, and later his servants killed him because he had killed the priest's son. It doesn't pay to turn against the Lord or to take revenge. Be sure your sins will find you out.

—Aunt Marie

Lesson 4, July 26, 1981

JOASH BACKSLIDES

2 Chron. 24:15 But Jehoiada waxed old, and was full of days when he died; an hundred and thirty years old was he when he died.

16 And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God, and toward his house.

17 Now after the death of Jehoiada came the princes of Judah, and made obeisance to the king. Then the king hearkened unto them.

18 And they left the house of the Lord God of their fathers, and served groves and idols: and wrath came upon Judah and Jerusalem for this their trespass.

19 Yet he sent prophets to them, to bring them again unto the Lord; and they testified against them: but they would not give ear.

20 And the Spirit of God came upon Zechariah the son of Jehoiada the priest, which stood above the people, and said unto them, Thus saith God, Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord, that ye cannot prosper? because ye have forsaken the Lord, he hath also forsaken you.

21 And they conspired against him, and stoned him with stones at the commandment of the king in the court of the house of the Lord.

22 Thus Joash the king remembered not the kindness which Jehoiada his father had done to him, but slew his son. And when he died, he said, The Lord look upon it, and require it.

23 And it came to pass at the end of the year, that the host of Syria came up against him: and they came to Judah and Jerusalem, and destroyed all the princes of the people from among the

people, and sent all the spoil of them unto the king of Damascus.

24 For the army of the Syrians came with a small company of men, and the Lord delivered a very great host into their hand, because they had forsaken the Lord God of their fathers. So they executed judgment against Joash.

25 And when they were departed from him, (for they left him in great diseases), his own servants conspired against him for the blood of the sons of Jehoiada the priest, and slew him on his bed, and he died: and they buried him in the city of David, but they buried him not in the sepulchres of the kings.

26 And these are they that conspired against him; Zabad the son of Shimeath and Ammonitess, and Jehozabad the son of Shimrith a Moabitess.

27 Now concerning his sons, and the greatness of the burdens laid upon him, and the repairing of the house of God, behold, they are written in the story of the book of the kings. And Amaziah his son reigned in his stead.

Memory Verse: But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons. Col. 3:25

Questions:

1. Who was Jehoiada?
2. How old was he when he died?
3. After Jehoiada died, what did the people worship?
4. Did Joash forget God?
5. Who did God send to reprove the people?
6. Did the people listen to Zechariah?
7. What did the Syrians do to Judah?
8. Who killed Joash and why?
9. Will God continue to bless us if we forsake Him?

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Part 5

Aug. 2

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

"What are you going to do now, Elsie?" asked Caroline, closing her book.

"I am going down to the drawing room to ask Aunt Adelaide to show me how to crochet this mitten for Mammy," she answered.

"Won't you come along, girls?"

"Yes, let's take our sewing down there," said Lucy, gathering up the bits of muslin and silk, and putting them in her work box.

Elsie glanced hastily around as they entered, and gave a satisfied little sigh on perceiving that Miss Stevens was not in the room. Her Aunt Adelaide was seated with her embroidery near one of the windows, while her papa sat near by, reading the morning paper.

The little girls soon established themselves in a group on the opposite side of Miss Adelaide's window, and she very good-naturedly gave Elsie the assistance she needed.

"Elsie," said Lucy, presently, in an undertone, "Carrie has been showing us her bracelet, and I think it is beautiful. She won't tell whose hair it is—I guess it's her sister's, maybe—but I'm sure

yours would make just as pretty a bracelet, and I want one for my mamma. Won't you give me one of your curls to make it? You have so many that one would never be missed."

"No, Miss Lucy," said Mr. Dinsmore, looking at them over his paper. "You can't have one of my curls. I can't spare it."

"I don't want one of *your* curls, Mr. Dinsmore," laughed Lucy, merrily. "I didn't ask for it. Your hair is very pretty, too, but it would be quite too short."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lucy, if my ears deceived me," said he, with mock gravity, "but I was quite certain I heard you asking for one of my curls. Perhaps, though, you are not aware of the fact that my curls grow on two heads."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Dinsmore," replied Lucy, laughing, "but it was one of Elsie's curls I asked for."

"Elsie doesn't own any," said he. "They all belong to me. I let her wear them, to be sure, but that is all. She has no right to give them away."

He turned to his paper again, and Elsie bent over her work, her face flushed. Her little hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold the needle.

"I'm afraid I ought to tell Papa," she thought, "that I did give one of my curls away. I never thought about his caring, but I might have known. When I wanted my hair cut last summer, he said there shouldn't one of them be touched. Oh! dear, why didn't I think of that? I am afraid he will be very much displeased."

"Don't tell him, then," whispered the tempter. "He is not likely ever to miss it."

"Nay, but it would be wrong to hide your fault," said conscience.

"I *will* tell him," she resolved.

"Wait till tomorrow, then," whispered the tempter again. "If you tell him now, very likely he will deprive you of your ride this afternoon as a punishment."

So the struggle went on in the little breast while others were chatting and laughing around her. They never suspected what a battle the little girl was fighting within her own heart.

Presently Lucy jumped up. "Oh! I am so tired sewing. Come, girls, let's put on our things and go outside."

Carrie and Mary readily assented.

"I must speak to Papa first," Elsie said in a half whisper, "but don't wait for me."

She had spoken low, but not so low that his quick ear did not catch the sound. He had heard her, and laying his paper down on his knee, as the other little girls ran away, he turned half round and held out his hand, asking, with a smile, "Well, daughter, what is it? What have you to say to Papa?"

She went to him at once, and he was surprised to see how she was trembling. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes full of tears.

"Why! what ails my darling?" he asked tenderly.

Adelaide had left the room a moment before, and there was no one near.

"Please, Papa, don't be very angry with me," she pleaded, speaking very low and hesitatingly. "I did not know

you cared about my curls. I did not think about their belonging to you, and I did give one to Carrie."

He was silent a moment, evidently surprised at her confession. He said gently, "No, dearest, I will not be angry this time. I feel sure you will not do so again, now that you know I *do* care."

"No, indeed, I will not, dear Papa," she replied in a tone of intense relief.

"But you are not going to punish me?" she asked, beginning to tremble again.

"I was so afraid to tell you, lest you would say I should not have my ride this afternoon."

"Why then, did you not put off your confession until after the ride?" he asked, looking into her face.

"I wanted to very much, Papa," she said, looking down and blushing deeply, "but I knew it would be very wrong."

"My dear, conscientious little girl," he said, taking her on his knee, "your father loves you better than ever for this new proof of your honesty and truthfulness. Deprive you of your ride? no, indeed, I feel far more like rewarding than punishing you. Ah! I had forgotten! I have something for you." He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a letter.

"Oh, it is from Miss Rose! dear, darling Miss Rose!" was Elsie's joyful exclamation, as he put it in her hand.

She made a movement as if to get down from his knee, but he detained her.

"Sit still and read it here, darling," he said. "I love to have you on my knee, and if there are any hard places I can help you."

"Thank you, Papa. Sometimes there are hard places—at least pretty hard for a little girl like me—though I think Miss Rose tries to write plainly because she knows that I cannot read writing as well as big people can."

(To be continued)

People—boys and girls, men and women—are like geese. They run into danger. But, like the geese, they also have a Leader, Jesus—one who will see them safely through. That is, Jesus will, if He is their Leader. Is Jesus your Leader? “Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.” (Joshua 24:15)

—0—
Praying always . . . in the Spirit . . . and watching.

—0—
Dear Boys and Girls:

What about **almost** doing right? Can a person do that and get by with God? Our lesson said that King Amaziah “did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart.” We notice in the next verse that he had slain the servants that had killed the king, his father, but he did not kill their children. He had remembered in the book of Moses that the children were not to die for the sins of their fathers. But did he keep all of the commandments of God given to Moses? Moses had on the tablet of stone written by God that “Thou shalt not kill.” King Amaziah killed, but he did keep the part of the commandment which did not have the servants’ children killed. So he did **almost** right. God was not pleased with him because his heart was not right. Later, we read how he obeyed the prophet and did not take the army of Israel that he had hired with him into battle. That was right to obey the prophet and God did give him the victory at that time. Later we read that he did wrong and brought back the gods of the Seir and set them up and burned incense to them and bowed before them. How awful! God was displeased with him. He did right part of the time, but not all the time. If we get our hearts right, we will do right all the time.

How can we do right part of the time? A boy or girl might tell a half lie. Can you explain that? Well, part of the thing you told was truth but the other part was a lie. Will you get by with God if you do that? Maybe you stole some candy, but you felt badly and then gave it to some child who did not have candy. You might have felt that doing a good deed would cover up your stealing. What about **almost** doing right? Will we get by with God? I am sure you can think of a lot of things that are **almost** right.

Let us get our hearts right and always do the right things. Boys and girls, you will need to pray often to God. He will help you. You need to always stop and think before you do or say anything. That will keep you out of a lot of trouble. Then if you make a mistake or do something wrong, make it right. Don’t be ashamed to make things right. You will be thought more of than if you go on and cover up your wrongs. God will forgive you and others will, too.

—S—
—Aunt Marie

Lesson 5, August 2, 1981

ALMOST DID RIGHT

2 Chron. 25:1 Amaziah was twenty and five years old when he began to reign, and he reigned twenty and nine years in Jerusalem. And his mother’s name was Jehoaddan of Jerusalem.

2 And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart.

3 Now it came to pass, when the kingdom was established to him, that he slew his servants that had killed the king his father.

4 But he slew not their children, but did as it is written in the law in the book of Moses, where the Lord commanded, saying, The fathers shall not die for the children, neither shall the children die

for the fathers, but every man shall die for his own sin.

5 Moreover Amaziah gathered Judah together, and made them captains over thousands, and captains over hundreds, according to the houses of their fathers, throughout all Judah and Benjamin: and he numbered them from twenty years old and above, and found them three hundred thousand choice men, able to go forth to war, that could handle spear and shield.

6 He hired also an hundred thousand mighty men of valour out of Israel for an hundred talents of silver.

7 But there came a man of God to him, saying, O king, let not the army of Israel go with thee; for the Lord is not with Israel, to wit, with all the children of Ephraim.

8 But if thou wilt go, do it, be strong for the battle: God shall make thee fall before the enemy: for God hath power to help, and to cast down.

9 And Amaziah said to the man of God, But what shall we do for the hundred talents which I have given to the army of Israel? And the man of God answered, The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.

10 Then Amaziah separated them, to wit, the army that was come to him out of Ephraim, to go home again: wherefore their anger was greatly kindled against Judah, and they returned home in great anger.

11 And Amaziah strengthened himself, and led forth his people, and went to the valley of salt, and smote of the children of Seir ten thousand.

13 But the soldiers of the army which Amaziah sent back, that they should not go with him to battle, fell upon the cities of Judah, from Samaria even unto

Bethhoron, and smote three thousand of them, and took much spoil.

14 Now it came to pass, after that Amaziah was come from the slaughter of the Edomites, that he brought the gods of the children of Seir, and set them up to be his gods, and bowed down himself before them, and burned incense unto them.

15 Wherefore the anger of the Lord was kindled against Amaziah, and he sent unto him a prophet, which said unto him, Why hast thou sought after the gods of the people, which could not deliver their own people out of thine hand?

27 Now after the time that Amaziah did turn away from following the Lord they made a conspiracy against him in Jerusalem; and he fled to Lachish: but they sent to Lachish after him, and slew him there.

28 And they brought him upon horses, and buried him with his fathers in the city of Judah.

Memory Verse: The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide. Psalms 37:31.

Questions:

1. Who reigned in Judah after Joash?
2. Did he do right in God's eyes? Was his heart perfect?
3. Whom did Amaziah have killed?
4. Did Amaziah build up an army?
5. Did God want the men of Israel to go to battle with them?
6. Did Amaziah send the men of Israel back home?
7. What did the soldiers that Amaziah sent home do to Judah?
8. What did Amaziah do that did not please God?

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Part 6

Aug. 9

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie tore open the envelope that contained the letter from Miss Rose. She settled herself on her papa's knee and began to read.

He watched with deep interest the varying expression of her fine open countenance as she read. Once or twice she asked him to tell her a word, but the most of it she got through without any difficulty.

At last she had finished.

"It is such a nice letter, Papa," she said as she folded it up. "It was so good of Miss Rose to write to me again so soon!"

"Are you not going to let *me* enjoy it, too?" he asked.

She put it into his hand instantly, saying, with a blush, "I did not know you would care to read it, Papa."

"I am interested in all that gives either pleasure or pain to my little girl," he answered gently. "I wish to be a sharer in all her joys and sorrows."

Elsie watched him as he read, almost as intently as he had watched her. She was anxious that he should be pleased with Miss Rose's letter.

It was a cheerful, pleasant letter, well suited to interest a child of Elsie's years. She gave an account of home scenes; telling of her little brothers and sisters and their love for each other.

At the close she made some allusion to Elsie's letters and expressed her heartfelt sympathy in her little friend's happiness.

"I am so glad, my darling," she wrote, "that your father now loves you so dearly, and that you are so happy in his love. My heart ached for you in the bitter disappointment of your first meeting with him. It is true you never said that you were disappointed, but there was a tone of deep sadness in your dear little letter, the cause of which I—who knew so well how you had looked and longed for his return, and how your little heart yearned for his affection—could not fail to guess. But, dear child, while you thus rejoice in an *earthly* father's love, do not forget that you have a Father in Heaven, who claims the *first* place in your heart. He is the giver of every good gift, not even excepting the precious love that now makes your life so bright and happy. Keep close to Jesus, dear Elsie. His is the *only truly satisfying* love—the only one we can be

certain will never fail us."

"Is it not a nice letter, Papa?" asked the little girl, as he refolded and gave it to her again.

"Very nice, daughter," he answered, in an absent way. He looked very grave, and Elsie studied his countenance intently while, for some moments, he sat with his eyes bent thoughtfully upon the carpet. She feared that something in the letter had displeased him. But presently he looked at her with his usual affectionate smile, and laying his hand caressingly on her head, said, "Miss Allison seems to warn you not to trust too much to the permanency of my affection. You need not fear that you will ever lose it, unless, indeed, you cease to be deserving of it. No, nor even then," he added, drawing her closer to him. "For even should you grow very troublesome and naughty, you would still be my child—a part of myself and of my lost Elsie. Therefore you are dear to me."

"Ah! Papa, how could I ever bear to lose your love? I think I should die," she said, dropping her head on his breast, with almost a sob. "Oh! if I am ever very, very naughty, Papa, punish me as severely as you will; but oh, never, never quit loving me."

"Set your heart at rest, my darling," he said tenderly. "There is no danger of that. I could not do it, if I wished."

Ah! there came a time when Elsie had sore need of all the comfort the memory of those words could give.

"What are you going to wear to Isabel Carleton's party, tonight, Elsie?" asked Lucy, at the dinner table.

"Nothing," replied Elsie, with a smile. "I am not going, Lucy."

"Not going! Well, now, that is too bad," cried Lucy. "I think it's really mean of your papa. He never lets you go anywhere."

"Oh, Lucy! He let me go to town with Carrie the other day. He has let me stay

up late two or three nights since you came. He is going to let me ride with the rest of you this afternoon, and he said that I might do just as I pleased about going tonight," Elsie said triumphantly. "It is entirely my own choice to stay at home. So, you see, Lucy, you must not blame my papa before you know."

Lucy looked a little ashamed, while Mary Leslie exclaimed: "Your choice, Elsie? Why, how strange! Don't you like parties?"

"Not nearly so well as a quiet evening with Papa," replied Elsie, smiling.

"Well, you are a queer girl!" was Mary's comment, while Caroline expressed her disappointment and vainly endeavored to change Elsie's determination. The little girl was firm, because she felt sure she was doing right. She soon managed to change the subject of conversation to the pleasure nearest at hand—the ride they were to take immediately after dinner.

They were a merry party, and really enjoyed themselves about as much as they had expected. They returned earlier than usual, as the gentlemen decided that the little ladies needed some time to rest before the evening entertainment.

Elsie assisted her young friends to dress for the party and saw them come down one after another, full of mirth and eager expectation, and looking so pretty and graceful in their beautiful evening dresses. She heard their expression of sympathy toward herself and watched the last carriage roll away without a sigh or regret that she was left behind. In another moment a graceful little figure glided quietly across the library, and sitting down on a stool at Mr. Dinsmore's feet, looked lovingly into his face with a pair of soft, dark eyes.

His pen was moving rapidly over the paper, but soon he paused. He laid his hand caressingly on the curly head, and

said, "How quiet my little girl is. Where is your book, daughter?"

"If you please, Papa, I would rather answer Miss Rose's letter."

"You may," he said, "and if you want to stay with me, you may ring the bell and have someone bring your writing desk here."

(To be continued)

FISHING WORMS

Everybody knows what a fishing worm looks like. But everybody does not know how valuable fishing worms are to the farmer. In one acre there are about 50,000 to 55,000 fishing worms that work all the time—eating dirt! And as the humble earthworm eats the dirt, he digests all the bad things in the dirt and leaves behind only rich, pure dirt. In this way he makes the land fertile so that our gardens will grow. The fishing worms are very lowly, but they are very useful.

God loves humble people. Do you want to be "first" all the time? Then you are not humble, for the humble person is willing to be last.

Dear Boys and Girls:

King Uziah began to reign over Judah when he was sixteen years old and he reigned for fifty-two years. It seems at first he was careful to obey the Lord. He sought God and "as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper." How wonderful it was that he longed to know what God wanted him to do, and he did it. He did not want to do wrong. He knew that it did not pay. God blessed him for being careful.

During his reign he built up the country. God even gave him victory over his enemies. The Philistines were great enemies of Judah and also of Israel. You remember how David killed the Philistine giant many, many years be-

fore King Uziah reigned. King Uziah had built walls around the cities and had many wells dug. He had towers built in Jerusalem at the corner gates and at the valley gates. He had husbandmen who planted many vineyards because he loved vineyards. (In unprinted part of chapter.)

King Uziah had a large army. Notice that he had smart men who invented engines that shot arrows and big stones. No doubt this was something very new. Maybe they were something like our big cannons.

How sad it was that when he became strong, his heart was lifted up. He looked around at the many things he had done and began to feel that he was really smart and had done it in his own strength. Oh, if he had only continued to thank God for helping him instead of thinking that he had done all those wonderful things, it would have been better with him.

Being so lifted up, he thought he could even go into the temple and burn incense on the altar of God. This was very wrong. God had commanded that only the priest should do this. The high priest and eighty other priests went in and withstood King Uziah. They told him that he was doing wrong. They brought to his mind that only the priests, who were sons of Aaron, could do that. They told him to go out of the temple for he had sinned. King Uziah was so proud and lifted up that he became very angry and did not want to be told what to do. But he was dealing not only with the priests but with God. While he held the censer in his hand, God sent leprosy upon him. Leprosy is a terrible disease. The priests looked at him and saw that he was a leper, so they put him out. He knew that he had been punished by the Lord. He had to live in a separate house and not with his family because he was a leper until he died. —Aunt Marie

Lesson 6, August 9, 1981
KING UZZIAH BECOMES A LEPER

2 Chron. 26:3 Sixteen years old was Uzziah when he began to reign, and he reigned fifty and two years in Jerusalem. His mother's name also was Jecoliah of Jerusalem.

5 And he sought God in the days of Zechariah, who had understanding in the visions of God: and as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.

7 And God helped him against the Philistines, and against the Arabians that dwelt in Gurbaal, and the Meunims.

13 And under their hand was an army, three hundred thousand and seven thousand and five hundred, that made war with mighty power, to help the king against the enemy.

14 And Uzziah prepared for them throughout all the host shields, and spears, and helmets, and habergeons, and bows, and slings to cast stones.

15 And he made in Jerusalem engines, invented by cunning men, to be on the towers and upon the bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal. And his name spread far abroad; for he was marvelously helped, till he was strong.

16 But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction: for he transgressed against the Lord his God, and went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense upon the altar of incense.

17 And Azariah the priest went in after him, and with him fourscore priests of the Lord, that were valiant men:

18 And they withstood Uzziah the king, and said unto him, It appertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but to the priests the sons of Aaron, that are consecrated to burn

incense: go out of the sanctuary; for thou hast trespassed; neither shall it be for thine honour from the Lord God.

19 Then Uzziah was wroth, and had a censer in his hand to burn incense: and while he was wroth with the priests, the leprosy even rose up in his forehead before the priests in the house of the Lord, from beside the incense altar.

20 And Azariah the chief priest, and all the priests, looked upon him, and, behold, he was leprous in his forehead, and they thrust him out from thence; yea, himself hastened also to go out, because the Lord had smitten him.

21 And Uzziah the king was a leper unto the day of his death, and dwelt in a several house, being a leper; for he was cut off from the house of the Lord: and Jotham his son was over the king's house, judging the people of the land.

22 Now the rest of the acts of Uzziah, first and last, did Isaiah the prophet, the son of Amoz, write.

Memory Verse: Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me. Isa. 30:1a.

Questions:

1. How old was Uzziah when he became king?
2. Did the king prosper when he sought the Lord?
3. Describe Uzziah's army and their weapons.
4. What happened to Uzziah's heart when he became a mighty man?
5. How did Uzziah transgress against God?
6. Who reproved King Uzziah for offering incense?
7. What happened to King Uzziah?
9. If we do wrong, will God punish us?

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Part 7

Aug. 16

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie joyfully availed herself of permission to bring her writing desk into the library, and soon her pen was vainly trying to keep pace with her father's. Presently his was thrown aside, and arising, he stood behind her chair, giving her direction how to sit, how to hold the pen, how to form this or that letter more correctly, guiding her hand, and commending her efforts to improve.

"You have spelled a word wrong, and I see you have one or two capitals where there should be a small letter. That last sentence is not grammatically perfect," he said. "You must let me correct it when you are done. Then you must copy it off more carefully."

Elsie looked very humiliated.

"Never mind, daughter," he said kindly patting her cheek. "You do very well for a little girl. I dare say I made a great many more mistakes at your age, and I don't expect you to do better than I did."

"Oh, Papa, the letters I sent you when you were away must have been full of blunders!" she said. "Were you not very much ashamed of me? How could you bear to read them?"

"Ashamed of you, darling? No, indeed, neither of you nor them. I loved them all the better for the mistakes, because they showed how entirely your own they were. I was very pleased with them when every line breathed such love to me. My little daughter's confidence and affection are worth more to me than the finest gold, or the most priceless jewels."

He bent down and kissed her fondly as he spoke. Then returning to his seat, he bade her finish her letter, and bring it to him when done.

He took up his pen, and Elsie collected her thoughts once more, worked busily and silently for another half hour, and then brought her sheet to him for inspection. She presented it with a bashful air. "I am afraid it is very full of mistakes, Papa," she said.

"Never mind, daughter," her father answered, encouragingly. "I know that it takes a great deal of practice to make perfect, and it will be a great pleasure to me to see you improve."

He looked over it, pointed out the mistakes very kindly and gently, put the capitals in their proper places, corrected the punctuation, and showed her how one or two of her sentences might be

improved. Handing it back, he said "You had better put it in your desk now, and leave the copying until tomorrow, as it will soon be your bedtime. I want you to sit on my knee until then."

Elsie's face grew very bright, and she hastened to do his bidding.

"And may I talk, Papa?" she asked, as he pushed away his writing, wheeled his chair about toward the fire, and then took her on his knee.

"Yes," he said, smiling, "that is exactly what I want you to do. Tell me what you have been doing all day, and how you are enjoying your holidays. Or talk to me of anything that pleases, or that troubles you. I love to be made the confidant of my little girl's joys and sorrows. I want her always to feel that she is sure of papa's sympathy."

"I am so glad that I may tell you everything, my own papa," she answered, putting her arm around his neck, and laying her cheek to his. "I have enjoyed this day very much, because I have been with you nearly all the time. And then, I had that nice letter from Miss Rose, too."

"Yes, it was a very pleasant letter," he said. Then he asked her what she had been doing in those hours when she had not been with him. She gave him an animated account of the occurrences of that and several of the preceding days. She told of some little accidents that had happened—amongst them that of the broken doll; and spoke of the sorrow it had caused her, but she did not blame either Flora or Enna, and concluded her narrative by saying that, "good, kind Mrs. Brown had mended it, so that it was almost as good as ever."

He listened with evident interest to all she said, expressed sympathy in her little trials, and gave her some good advice.

At length he drew out his watch, and with an exclamation of surprise at the

lateness of the hour, told her it was half an hour after her bedtime. He kissed her good night, and dismissed her to her room.

It was quite late when the young party returned, and the next day all were dull, and more than one peevish and fretful. Elsie, on whom fell, almost entirely, the burden of entertaining them, had quite a trying time.

She noticed at breakfast that Arthur seemed in an uncommonly bad humor, preserving a sullen and dogged silence, excepting once when a sly whisper from Harry Carrington drew from him an exclamation of fierce anger that almost frightened the children, but only made Harry laugh.

Presently after, as they were about dispersing, Arthur came to her side and whispered that he had something to say to her in private. Elsie started and looked extremely annoyed, but said at once that he might come to her room, and that there they could be quite alone, as Mammy would be downstairs getting her breakfast.

She led the way and Arthur followed. He glanced hastily around on entering and then locked the door and stood with his back against it. Elsie became very pale.

"You needn't be afraid," he said. "I'm not going to hurt you!"

"What do you want, Arthur? Tell me quickly, please, because I must soon go to Papa, and I have a lesson to look over first," she said, mildly.

"I want you to lend me some money," he replied, speaking in a rapid and determined manner. "I know you've got some, for I saw your purse the other day. It had at least five dollars in it, I'm sure, and that's just the sum I want."

"What do you want it for, Arthur?" she asked in a troubled voice.

"That's none of your business," he answered, fiercely. "I want the money. I

must have it, and I'll pay it back next month. That's all you need to know."

"No, Arthur," she said gently, but very firmly, "unless you tell me all about it, I cannot lend you a single cent, because Papa has forbidden me to do so, and I cannot disobey him."

"Nonsense! that's nothing but an excuse because you don't choose to do me a favor," returned the boy angrily. "Well, if you *must* know," he said, "I want it to pay a debt. I've been owing Dick Percival a dollar or so for several weeks, and last night he won from me again, and he said if I didn't pay up he would report me to Papa or Horace, and get the money from them. I got off only by promising to let him have the full amount today. But my pocket money's all gone, and I can't get any more without Papa finding out all about it. So you see there is nobody to help me but you, Elsie, for there's never any use in asking my sisters. They never have a cent to spare! Now be a good, obliging girl. Come and let me have the money."

(To be continued)

"The Bible is the most wonderful Book in the world. The Bible is the Word of God. How did we get the Bible? God told certain men what to write, and they wrote it."

Dear Boys and Girls:

Have you ever wondered why God could not bring Jesus into the world sooner than He did? You can understand now, can't you? The people whom God had chosen as His people through whom He would bring Jesus, the Savior of the world, did not love and serve God as they should. It seemed they would turn to worshipping idols as their neighbor nations did. How sad, when God had done so much for them and had given them such a wonderful promise

that He would send a Savior to save them.

Today we are studying about another king who ruled over Judah. You are remembering how the children of Israel were divided into two kingdoms. One was called Judah and the other Israel.

Jotham, the son of Uzziah ruled for a while and died. Then his son, Ahaz, ruled over Judah. Oh, the wicked things he did! He even burned his children in worship to the god, Baalim. How terrible! Aren't we glad that we worship the true and living God, who would never want us to do such a thing? But God was angry with King Ahaz. In our unprinted part we read that the nation of Syria warred against him and took away a lot of the people captive. Israel, under King Pekah, slew thousands of the men of Judah and carried away 200,000 of them. He also took a lot of their goods. The Lord was not pleased with Israel doing their brethren this way. God sent the prophet Oded to Israel and said that Judah had sinned and that God was angry with them. "Now your sins reach also up to heaven, because you have killed some of Judah in your rage." The prophet told them to take the captives back. He told the king of Israel to clothe all that were naked among the captives and put shoes on their feet and also to feed them. They did as the prophet told them to do. They carried the feeble on asses and brought them to Jericho.

King Ahaz continued to do evil, and when he died they did not bury him in the sepulchres of the kings because of his much wickedness. —Aunt Marie

Lesson 7, August 16, 1981

HAZ DOES WRONG

2 Chron. 28:1 Ahaz was twenty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned sixteen years in Jerusalem: but

he did not that which was right in the sight of the Lord, like David his father:

3 Moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abominations of the heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel.

5b And he was also delivered into the hand of the king of Israel, who smote him with a great slaughter.

6 For Pekah the son of Remaliah slew in Judah an hundred and twenty thousand in one day, which were all valiant men; because they had forsaken the Lord God of their fathers.

8 And the children of Israel carried away captive of their brethren two hundred thousand, women, sons, and daughters, and took also away much spoil from them, and brought the spoil to Samaria.

9 But a prophet of the Lord was there, whose name was Oded: and he went out before the host that came to Samaria, and said unto them, Behold, because the Lord God of your fathers was wroth with Judah, he hath delivered them into your hand, and ye have slain them in a rage that reacheth up unto heaven.

10 And now ye purpose to keep under the children of Judah and Jerusalem for bondmen and bondwomen unto you: but are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?

11 Now hear me therefore, and deliver the captives again, which ye have taken captive of your brethren: for the fierce wrath of the Lord is upon you.

13 And said unto them, Ye shall not bring in the captives hither: for whereas we have offended against the Lord already, ye intend to add more to our sins and to our trespass: for our trespass is

great, and there is fierce wrath against Israel.

14 So the armed men left the captives and the spoil before the princes and all the congregation.

15 And the men which were expressed by name rose up, and took the captives, and with the spoil clothed all that were naked among them, and arrayed them, and shod them, and gave them to eat and to drink, and anointed them, and carried all the feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm trees, to their brethren: then they returned to Samaria.

19 For the Lord brought Judah low because of Ahaz king of Israel; for he made Judah naked, and transgressed sore against the Lord.

24 And Ahaz gathered together the vessels of the house of God, and cut in pieces the vessels of the house of God, and shut up the doors of the house of the Lord, and he made him altars in every corner of Jerusalem.

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

Questions:

1. How old was Ahaz when he became king?
2. Did Ahaz do good or evil?
3. What did Ahaz burn to the heathen gods?
4. Who slew many of the people of Judah?
5. Why did God allow them to be slain?
6. What did the Israelites plan to do with the people they took captive?
7. What did Oded tell them to do with the captives?
8. Where were the captives taken?
9. Does God punish evil doers today? How?

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Part 8

Aug. 23

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

"Oh! Arthur, you've been gambling. How *could* you do so?" Elsie exclaimed. "It is so *very* wicked! You'll go to ruin, Arthur, if you keep on in such bad ways. Do go to Grandpa and tell him all about it, and promise never to do so again. I am sure he will forgive you and pay your debts. Then you will feel a great deal happier."

"Tell Papa, indeed! Never! I'd *die* first! Elsie, you *must* lend me the money," he said, seizing her by the wrist.

"Let go of me, Arthur," she said, trying to free herself from his grasp. "You are stronger than I am, but you know if you hurt me, Papa will be sure to find it out."

He threw her hand from him with a violence that made her stagger, and catch at the furniture to save herself from falling.

"Will you give me the money, then?" he asked angrily.

"If I should do so, I would have to put it down in my expense book, and tell Papa all about it. He does not allow me to spend one cent without telling him just what it went for. That would be

much worse for you, Arthur, than to go and confess it yourself—a *great deal* worse, I am sure."

"You could manage it well enough, if you wanted to," he said, sullenly. "It would be an easy matter to add a few yards to the material you buy. Just give *me* your book, and I'll fix it in a minute, and he'll never find it out."

"Arthur!" she exclaimed, "I could *never* do such a wicked thing! I would not deceive Papa so for any money. Even if I did he would be sure to find it out."

Someone tried the door. Arthur put his hand on the lock. Then, turning toward Elsie again, for an instant, he shook his fist in her face, muttering, with an oath, that he would be revenged, and make her sorry for her refusal to the last day of her life. He then opened the door and went out, leaving poor Elsie pale, and trembling like a leaf.

The person, whoever it was, that had tried the door had gone away again. Elsie had a few moments alone to recover herself, before Chloe came to tell her that her father could not have her with him that morning, as a gentleman had called on business.

Much as Elsie had always enjoyed that hour, she was almost glad of the

respite, so fearful was she that her Papa would see that something had agitated her, and insist upon knowing what it was. She was very much troubled that she knew such a secret, and fearful that she ought to tell her father or grandfather. It seemed very important that Arthur should be stopped in his evil courses. But remembering that he had said that her assistance was his only hope for escaping detection, she decided that she need not speak about the matter to any one.

She had a trying time that day, endeavoring to keep the children amused. Her ingenuity and patience were taxed to the utmost to think of stories and games that would please them all.

It was still early in the afternoon when she seemed to have got quite to the end of her list. She was trying to amuse Enna's set, while her own three friends and Herbert were taking care of themselves. They had sat down on the floor, and were playing jacks."

"Let us play jacks, too," said Flora. "I don't know how, but, Elsie, you can teach me, can't you?"

"No, Flora, I cannot indeed. Papa says I must not play that game because he does not like to have me sit down on the floor," replied Elsie. "We must try to think of something else."

"We needn't sit on the floor, need we? Couldn't we play it on the table?" Flora asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps we could. But Papa said I mustn't play it," replied Elsie, shaking her head doubtfully.

"Maybe he'd let you, if we don't sit on the floor," persisted the little girl.

Several other little ones joined their entreaties to Flora's, and at length Elsie said, "Well, I will go and ask Papa. Perhaps he may let me, if I tell him we are not going to sit on the floor."

She went to his dressing room, but he was not there. Next she tried the library,

and was more successful. He was in an easy chair by the fire, reading.

Now that she had found him, Elsie, remembering how often he had told her never to ask a second time to do what he had once forbidden, was more than half afraid to ask him for permission, and very much inclined to go back without doing so.

As she stood a moment, he looked up from his book, and seeing her, smiled and held out his hand. She went to him then, and said timidly, "Papa, some of the little ones want me to play jacks, to teach them how. May I, if we don't sit on the floor?"

"Elsie," he replied, in a tone of great displeasure, "it was only the other day that I positively forbade you to play that game. After all I have said to you about not asking a second time, it surprises me very much that you would dare to do it. Go to my dressing room and shut yourself into the closet there."

Elsie burst into tears, as she turned to obey, then, hesitatingly, asked, "May I go down first, Papa, and tell the children that I can't come to play with them?"

"Elsie!" he exclaimed, in his sternest tone. Not daring to utter another word, trembling and weeping, she hastened from the room and shut herself up as he had bidden her.

The closet was large and there was a stool she could sit on. When she had shut the door, it was both dark and cold. It was a dismal place to be in, and poor Elsie wondered how long she would have to stay there.

(To be continued)

When Jesus was on earth, He had twelve special helpers called *disciples*. These men learned from Jesus, so that they would know how to teach others. Do you want to be a disciple of Jesus?

—Sel.

One Ant Delayed a Train

The engineer slowed his train to a stop. Something must be wrong up ahead. The electric signal arm was in a warning position.

He sat and waited for the arm to raise to indicate that it was safe to go ahead. But it just didn't. Finally he signalled to find the trouble. He expected to learn that a train was stalled just past the curve, or that a track was broken. But there was no stalled train or repair crew.

Using the train's telegraph system, he notified the man who was in charge of that stretch of track. Soon an electrician arrived to check the switch box. There he found one little ant lodged in the mechanism. When he removed the ant, the flag swung back and trains no longer were stopped unnecessarily.

This really happened. Just a little ant, but it held up a train. Just one little sin can cause plenty of trouble, too, if you leave it lodged in your life. Through the telegraph of prayer ask Christ to help you find those little sins and get them out of your life. You may never know how many people can be delayed on the road to heaven by one little sin.

Be blameless and harmless, the sons of God.

Dear Boys and Girls:

How wonderful to study about a king who did right in the sight of God! Hezekiah thought about his ancestor, David, who loved God with all of his heart. He wanted to walk in David's ways. The first year of his reign as king of Judah, Hezekiah repaired the house of God that Solomon had built. He brought priests and the Levites, who were to take care of the temple worship together, and talked to them about how he wanted the worship of God to be restored. His father, King Ahaz, had done wickedly and

brought many terrible things into the temple and had also taken out the vessels. King Hezekiah wanted the priests to clean up the temple and sanctify it, which meant to set the temple apart for worshipping God. Hezekiah told the priests that if the people would turn to the Lord, God would help them in all of their problems. He reminded them that they knew how they had been punished and many of the people had been taken away captive to another country. The priests cleaned up the temple and restored the worship. They brought animals to be offered as a burnt offering before the Lord as God had commanded Moses that they should do. The Levites also brought in the musical instruments and were ready to worship the Lord. When everything was ready, the people worshipped the Lord and rejoiced. God blessed them greatly.

Hezekiah thought about the people in Israel who might want to come up to Jerusalem and worship God in the temple. He sent letters by men who were called "posts," to invite them to come. We note that some of them made fun of the letters and laughed the posts to scorn. They did not want to worship the true God. They were worshipping idols. How sad! But there were some who were glad to return to Jerusalem and keep the passover. You remember that the passover was commanded by God to be kept. That is when the death angel passed over the homes of the Egyptians and the Israelites. All homes that did not have the blood of the lamb sprinkled on the door posts, their eldest son died. This is a type of our having the blood of Jesus sprinkled on our hearts, or accepting Jesus as our Savior, confessing and forsaking our sins, today. God did not want them to forget the lamb and the blood that was to save them from spiritual death or separation from God.

—Aunt Marie

Lesson 8, August 23, 1981

ISRAEL JOINS JUDAH IN WORSHIP

2 Chron. 29:2 And he [Hezekiah, the king of Judah] did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that David his father had done.

3 He in the first year of his reign, in the first month, opened the doors of the house of the Lord, and repaired them.

8 Wherefore the wrath of the Lord was upon Judah and Jerusalem, and he hath delivered them to trouble, to astonishment, and to hissing, as ye see with your eyes.

10 Now it is in mine heart to make a covenant with the Lord God of Israel, that his fierce wrath may turn away from us.

16 And the priests went into the inner part of the house of the Lord, to cleanse it, and brought out all the uncleanness that they found in the temple of the Lord into the court of the house of the Lord. And the Levites took it, to carry it out abroad into the brook Kidron.

25 And he set the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the commandment of David, and of Gad the king's seer, and Nathan the prophet: for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets.

27 And Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt offering upon the altar. And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David king of Israel.

36 And Hezekiah rejoiced, and all the people, that God had prepared the people: for the thing was done suddenly.

2 Chron. 30:1 And Hezekiah sent to all Israel and Judah, and wrote letters also to Ephraim and Manasseh, that they should come to the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, to keep the passover unto the Lord God of Israel.

10 So the posts passed from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh and of Zebulun: but they laughed them to scorn.

25 And all the congregation of Judah, with the priests and the Levites, and all the congregation that came out of Israel, and the strangers that came out of the land of Israel, and that dwelt in Judah, rejoiced.

26 So there was great joy in Jerusalem: for since the time of Solomon the son of David king of Israel there was not the like in Jerusalem.

Memory Verse: I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Psal. 122:1.

Questions:

1. Who was king of Judah in today's lesson?
2. Did Hezekiah please God?
3. What did he do to the house of God?
4. Who went into the innermost part of the temple to cleanse it?
5. What did Hezekiah have the Levites to do when the burnt offerings were made?
6. Did Hezekiah want the people of Israel to keep the passover? What did he do?
7. How did many of the people react to the "posts"?
8. Did the people who came to worship God rejoice?
9. Should we rejoice today when we meet to worship God? What things do we have to rejoice about?

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Vol. 32, No. 3

July, Aug., Sept., 1981

Part 9

Aug. 30

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

It seemed a long, long time; so long that she began to think it must be night. She feared that perhaps her papa had forgotten all about having sent her to the closet, or that he considered her so very naughty as to deserve to stay there all night.

At last she heard his step, and then he opened the door and called, "Elsie!"

"Yes, Papa, I am here," she replied in a trembling voice, full of tears.

"Come to me," he said. As he took her hand, "Why, how cold you are, child," he exclaimed. "I am really sorry you have been so long in that dismal place. I did not intend to punish you so severely, and should not have kept you there more than half an hour, at the very longest. Company came in, and I quite forgot you."

While speaking thus he had led her up to the fire and sat down with her on his knee. "My poor darling!" he said, "these little hands are very cold. Let Papa rub them. Are your feet cold, too?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. He pulled off her shoes and stockings, and moving his chair closer to the fire, held her feet

out toward the blaze, and rubbed them in his warm hands.

"You have been crying a good deal," he said, looking keenly into her face.

"Yes, Papa," she replied, dropping her face on his breast and bursting into tears; "I thought you were going to leave me there all night."

"Did you? and were you afraid?"

"No, Papa, not afraid, because I know you would be sleeping in the next room. Besides, God could take care of me as well in the closet as anywhere else. Is it getting night, Papa, or morning?"

"It is beginning to grow dark," he said. "But tell me why you cried, if you were not afraid."

"Partly because I was uncomfortable, Papa, but more because I was sorry I had been naughty and displeased you, and afraid that I can never learn to be good."

"It is very strange," he remarked, "that you cannot learn not to ask to do what I have forbidden. I shall have to punish you every time you do it. You must learn that no means no, and that you are never to coax or tease after Papa has once said it. I love my little girl very dearly, and want to do all I can to make her happy, but I must have her entirely

submissive and obedient to me. Stop crying now," he added, wiping her eyes with his handkerchief. "Kiss me, and tell me you are going to be a good girl, and I will forgive you this time."

"I will try, Papa," she said, holding up her face for the kiss. "I would not have asked to play that, but the children begged me so. I thought you only said I mustn't because you didn't want me to sit on the floor; and we were going to try it on the table."

"Did I give that reason?" he asked gravely.

"No, Papa," she replied, hanging her head.

"Then you had no right to think so. That *was* one reason, but not the *only* one. I have heard it said that that play enlarges the knuckles, and I don't want to have these little hands of mine robbed of their beauty," he added, playfully raising them to his lips.

Elsie smiled faintly, then drew a deep sigh.

"Is it so very hard to give up jacks?" he asked.

"No, Papa. I don't care anything about *that*, but I was just thinking how very naughty I must be growing. You have had to punish me twice in one week. Then I have had such a hard day of it—it was so difficult to amuse the children. I think being up so late last night made them feel cross."

"Ah!" he said, in a sympathizing tone. "Did you have all the burden of entertaining them? Where were Louise and Lora?"

"They are hardly ever with us, Papa. We are too little to play with them, they say, and Enna won't do anything her little friends want her to, and"—she paused, and the color rushed over her face with the sudden thought—"I'm afraid I am telling tales."

"So they put upon you all the trouble of entertaining both your own company

and theirs? It is shameful! a downright imposition, and I shall not put up with it!" he exclaimed. "I shall speak to Lora and Louise, and tell them they must do their share of the work."

"Please, Papa, don't," Elsie begged in a frightened tone. "I would a great deal rather just go on as we have been. They will be so vexed."

"And suppose they are! They shall not hurt you," he said, drawing her closer to him. "and they have no reason to be. I think the children will all want to go to bed early tonight," he added, "and then you can come here and sit by me while you copy your letter. Shall you like that?"

"Very much, Papa, thank you."

"Well, then we will put on your shoes and stockings again," he said pleasantly. "Then you must bathe your eyes, and go to your supper. As soon as the others retire, you may come back to me."

(To be continued)

One day people heard God speak from heaven as they looked at Jesus. God said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Never Toy With Sin

"A doctor from New York was on his vacation in Upper Saranac Lake. He was an enthusiastic and skillful angler, and with his brother-in-law in a small boat he was in search of big fish. Suddenly the doctor hooked a great northern pike. In expert fashion the angler played his catch, and after a long struggle, the fish was brought to the edge of the boat. The fish was too big for the net so the brother-in-law undertook to spear him. The two men were at one side of the boat. Just then a passing boat caused a swell, which upset the row boat and threw the doctor and his companion into the lake. In true

sportsmanlike spirit, the doctor kept the rod in his hand, hoping to save his great catch as well as himself. But the fish darted all around the angler until he had wound the line tight about his feet and legs, disabling him from swimming, and then dragged him down to the bottom of the lake to his death. His body was found two hours later with his ankles and feet tied tightly with the line from which the fish had escaped."

Thus it is with those who toy with sin and the devil. They may seem safe for awhile and sin may not seem so heinous, but the time will inevitably come when they will find themselves overboard, and sin's coils will be around them dragging them down to the uttermost hell.

—*Sin, The Tell-Tale*

Here is great space news! news in which everyone who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ should be interested. Every believer is going to take that trip through space. No blasting off! No count down! Only born-again people will believe this news, and will be looking forward to this flight! Listening! They'll hear the sound of a trumpet. They will hear a voice shout! And, the Bible says, they shall be "caught up" (1 Thess. 4:17). Remember, this flight is unscheduled! "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh" (Matt. 24:44).

With thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. Phil. 3:14.

Dear Boys and Girls:

It pays to pray. God does hear and He will help us if we will come to Him in a humble way. We cannot come before God feeling that God *has* to do it for us or that we deserve it, but we must come humbly.

Hezekiah was a good king and had called the people back to the worship of

the true God. Other nations were still worshipping idols. God blessed King Hezekiah. But the king of Assyria came up against Judah and took some of the fenced cities. Then he sent messengers to try to turn the people against King Hezekiah and their true God. He made fun of God and said that God would not deliver them out of his hand. He told the people of Judah that the Assyrians had taken other countries and that he would take Judah. When Hezekiah heard this, he was troubled. He rent his clothes and covered himself in sackcloth. The prophet Isaiah told the ones who came to him to tell King Hezekiah not to be afraid, that God would send a "blast" and destroy the Assyrians. When Hezekiah received the letter from the king of Assyria, he brought it to the temple. He needed help from God. He knelt down and prayed earnestly. He told God that he knew that He was great and had made heaven and earth and that He was over all the kingdoms of the earth. King Hezekiah reminded God that the king of Assyria had conquered many other kingdoms. Then he beseeched the Lord, saying, "Save us out of his hand that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only." He wanted God to be lifted up and he wanted others to love God. His prayer was earnest and he meant every word he prayed. God heard his prayer and God sent the prophet Isaiah to him to tell him that God had heard the prayer that he had prayed. God did not want others to talk against Him. So God stopped the king of Assyria. He said that the king of Assyria would not come to the city of David nor shoot an arrow or do anything to the city. God sent an angel of the Lord and killed thousands of the people of Assyria in their camp. The king of Assyria returned to Assyria. God had heard and answered prayer and saved the city.

—Aunt Marie

Lesson 9, August 30, 1981
HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER
IS ANSWERED

2 Kings 19:1 And it came to pass, when king Hezekiah heard it [that the king of Assyria was coming against him], that he rent his clothes, and covered himself with sackcloth, and went into the house of the Lord.

5 So the servants of king Hezekiah came to Isaiah.

6 And Isaiah said unto them, Thus shall ye say to your master, Thus saith the Lord, Be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard, with which the servants of the king of Assyria have blasphemed me.

7 Behold, I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumour, and shall return to his own land; and I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land.

14 And Hezekiah received the letter [from the king of Assyria] of the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.

15 And Hezekiah prayed before the Lord, and said, O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; thou hast made heaven and earth.

16 Lord, bow down thine ear, and hear: open, Lord, thine eyes, and see: and hear the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent him to reproach the living God.

17 Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have destroyed the nations and their lands,

18 And have cast their gods into the fire: for they were no gods, but the work

of men's hands, wood and stone: therefore they have destroyed them.

19 Now therefore, O Lord our God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only.

20 Then Isaiah the son of Amoz sent to Hezekiah, saying, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, That which thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib king of Assyria I have heard.

34 For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.

35 And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

Memory Verse: Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. Psalm 20:7

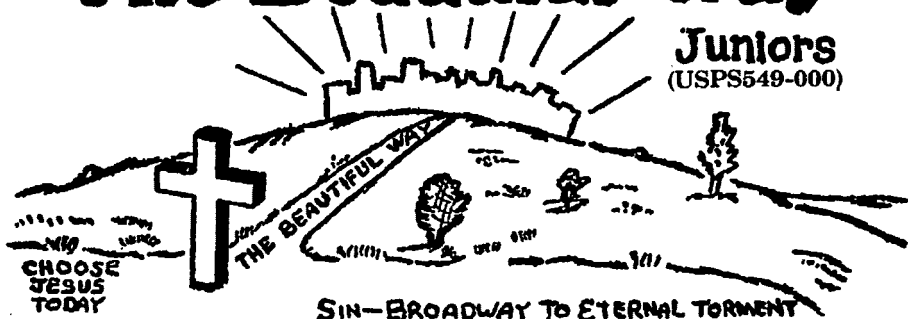
Questions:

1. What did Hezekiah do when he heard that the king of Assyria was planning to defy God and to take over Jerusalem?
2. To whom did Hezekiah's servants go?
3. What did Isaiah say would happen to the king of Assyria?
4. To whom did Hezekiah pray? What did Hezekiah say to God?
5. Had the king of Assyria destroyed other gods?
6. Did God hear Hezekiah's prayer?
7. Why did God defend Jerusalem?
8. How did the Assyrians die?
9. How does God defend His children today?

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Part 10

Sept. 6

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie had to make haste, for the tea bell rang almost immediately.

The others were just taking their places at the table when she entered the room. Their attention was occupied with the business at hand, so she escaped the questions and looks of curiosity which she had feared.

Flora did turn around after a little to ask: "Why didn't you come back, Elsie. Wouldn't your Papa let you play?" But Elsie's quiet "no" seemed to satisfy her, and she made no further remark about it.

As Mr. Dinsmore had expected, the children were all ready for bed right after tea. Then Elsie went to him, and had another quiet evening, which she enjoyed so much that she thought it almost made up for all the troubles and trials of the day. Her father, feeling a little remorseful on account of her long imprisonment in the closet, was even more than usually tender and affectionate in his manner toward her.

The next morning Mr. Dinsmore found an opportunity to reprove his sisters on their neglect of the little guests, but did it

in such a way that they had no idea that Elsie had been complaining of them—as, indeed, she had not—but supposed that he had himself noticed their neglect. Feeling somewhat ashamed of their want of politeness, they went into the children's room after breakfast, and exerted themselves for an hour or two, for the entertainment of the little ones. It was but a passing effort, however, and they soon grew weary of the exertion, and again let the burden fall upon Elsie. She did the best she could, poor child, but these were tiresome and trying days from that until New Year's.

One afternoon Mr. Horace Dinsmore was sitting in his own room, buried in an interesting book, when the door opened and closed again very quietly. His little girl stole softly to his side, and laying her head on his shoulder, stood there without uttering a word.

For hours she had been exerting herself to the utmost to amuse the young guests. Her efforts were foiled again and again by the petulance and unreasonableness of Walter and Enna. She had also borne much teasing from Arthur, and fault-finding from Mrs. Dinsmore, to whom Enna was continually carrying tales, until, at length, no longer able to

endure it, she had stolen away to her father to seek for comfort.

"My little girl is tired," he said, passing his arm affectionately around her, and pressing his lips on her forehead. She burst into tears, and sobbed quite violently.

"Why, what is it, darling? What troubles my own sweet child?" he asked, in a tone of mingled surprise and alarm. He hastily laid aside his book and drew her to his knee.

"Nothing, Papa; at least, nothing very bad. I believe I am very silly," she replied, trying to smile through tears.

"It must have been something, Elsie," he said, very gravely, "something quite serious, I think, to affect you so. Tell me what it was, daughter."

"Please don't ask me, Papa," she implored.

"I hate concealments, Elsie, and shall be very much displeased if you try them with me," he answered, almost sternly.

"Dear, Papa, don't be angry," she pleaded, in a tremulous tone. "I don't want to have any concealments from you, but you know I ought not to tell tales. You won't *make* me do it?"

"Is that it?" he said, kissing her. "No, I shall not ask you tell tales, but I am not going to have you abused by anybody. I shall take care to find out from someone else who it is that annoys you."

"Oh, Papa, please don't trouble yourself about it. I do not mind it at all, now."

"But I do," replied her father. "I shall take care that you are not annoyed in the same way again."

The tears rose in Elsie's eyes again, and she reproached herself severely for allowing her father to see how troubled she had been. She said not another word, for she well knew from his look and tone that it would be worse than useless.

The last day of the old year had come. The afternoon was bright and warm for the season, and the little folks at Rose-lands were unanimously in favor of a long walk. They set out soon after dinner, all in high spirits except Arthur, who was moody and silent. He occasionally cast an angry glance at Elsie, whom he had not yet forgiven for her refusal to lend him money. No one seemed to notice it, and for some time nothing occurred to mar their joy.

At length, some of the older ones, seeing that the sun was getting low, called to the others that it was time to return. All turned their faces homeward, walking more soberly and silently along than at first, for they were beginning to feel somewhat fatigued.

They were climbing a steep hill. Elsie and Caroline Howard reached the top first, Arthur and Harry Carrington being but a few steps behind.

Elsie stooped to pick up a pebble, and Arthur, darting quickly past her, gave her a push that sent her rolling down the bank. She gave one frightened cry as she fell, and the next instant was lying pale and motionless at the bottom.

(To be continued)

The X-Ray Machine

"There is no darkness intense enough to hide your sin from the eye of God. I walked down the street of an Iowa city several years ago, and a physician asked me to visit his office. In company with a number of friends, I went to his office that evening to see the wonders of the X-ray machine. He made ready and handed me the strange looking lenses, and I looked upon the bones of my friend, though covered with a veil of flesh. The tacks of his shoe sole seemed to hang in space, the bones of the foot were plain to my vision, aided by that powerful ray. When I turned my attention to the

vertebrae, I saw the ribs standing out like grim specters, and when I reached the region of the heart, I saw the dim outline of a living, moving organ which meant life in action, and I trembled as I thought how man had discovered a ray that reveals the vitals of a man in action. His heart is open for observation under the power of that light. One step more and Divinity reads the sins of that heart. For the first time I understood the word, 'God looketh upon the heart.' "

Just as man in his marvelous inventions of these latter days can see clearly into the human body and detect disarrangements of the same, so does God with His all-piercing eye look through and through man's soul and see every sin he commits in his heart, although there may never be the outward action. He knows our very thoughts. He sees every spiritual disarrangement. The Divine X-ray is hindered by no obstacles. There never was a sin so committed on the sly and so covered up, but that His X-ray goes through and through it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." (Prov. 15:3.) "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." (2 Chron. 16:9.)

—Sin, The Tell-Tale

—o—
The oldest man on earth lived to be 969 years old. His name was Methuselah.

—o—
When grandmother came into the room, Susan or Bill always saw that grandmother had the best chair. They knew that grandmothers have lived a long time and they need to be taken care of. Jesus blessed Susan and Bill for doing this, and others saw it and they were made glad.

Dear Boys and Girls:

It pays to be on praying ground. Hezekiah was in touch with God because he wanted to please God. He wanted those in his nation to love God, too. He brought them back from idol worship to serve the one and only true God.

When my father, Fred Pruitt, was fifty years old, which would now be about fifty years ago, he prayed to God to extend his life. My father had TB. He had lost weight and was going down fast. He knew that unless God would heal him, he would not be here long. He had talked to my mother about things that needed to be done if he did pass away. One day, he was standing in the kitchen and praying to the Lord about healing him. The Lord spoke to him and said, "I will heal you and add twenty years to your life." He believed God and told others what God had spoken to him. God did heal him. When I was a young person, others would say, "I know that the world won't come to an end yet, because Bro. Pruitt hasn't lived twenty years since God spoke to him." The Lord added not only twenty years, but thirty-one years to his life.

Our lesson reminds us of the man that Jesus told about in Luke 12:15-21. It was different with this man. This man was reaching out for more and more of this world's goods. He had big barns but his ground had brought forth a lot of grain and fruit. He said that he would tear down his barns and build bigger barns to put all of his fruits and goods in. While he was thinking and planning on doing this, God spoke to him and said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" Jesus then said that we should be rich toward God and not try to lay up treasures here on earth. We need to think of our souls first. Do not forget this.

Hezekiah had lived so that he could call God to account of his life. He point-

ed out to God that he had walked before Him "in truth and with a perfect heart" and had "done that which is good in thy sight." Can you say that you have lived in that manner? Boys and girls, we do want to live right before God each day. The Bible tells us how to live.

—Aunt Marie

Lesson 10, Sept. 6, 1981

HEZEKIAH PRAYS TO LIVE

2 Kings 20:1 In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And the prophet Isaiah the son of Amoz came to him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.

2 Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the Lord, saying,

3 I beseech thee, O Lord, remember now how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight. And Hezekiah wept sore.

4 And it came to pass, afore Isaiah was gone out into the middle court, that the word of the Lord came to him, saying,

5 Turn again, and tell Hezekiah the captain of my people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord.

6 And I will add unto thy days fifteen years; and I will deliver thee and this city out of the hand of the king of Assyria; and I will defend this city for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.

7 And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the

boil, and he recovered.

8 And Hezekiah said unto Isaiah, What shall be the sign that the Lord will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the Lord the third day?

9 And Isaiah said, This sign shalt thou have of the Lord, that the Lord will do the thing that he hath spoken: shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees?

10 And Hezekiah answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees: nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees.

11 And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz.

Memory Verse: "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Luke 18:1b.

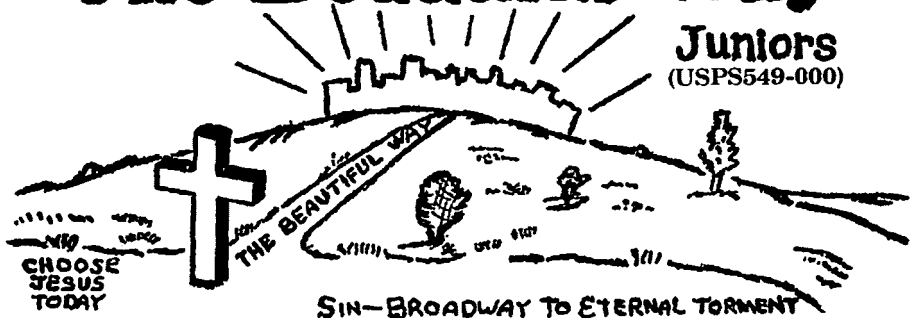
Questions:

1. Who got sick in our lesson? How sick was he?
2. What prophet came to Hezekiah?
3. What did the prophet Isaiah tell Hezekiah?
4. What did Hezekiah do when the prophet told him he was going to die?
5. How had Hezekiah lived before God?
6. Did God hear Hezekiah's prayer? What did God say He would do for Hezekiah?
7. What did Isaiah say to lay on the boil?
8. What was the sign that God gave to show Hezekiah that he would be healed?
9. Does God still answer the prayers of the righteous today? Name someone you know that God has healed of a sickness or affliction.

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Part 11

Sept. 13

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

All was now terror and confusion among the children. The little ones, who all loved Elsie dearly, began to scream and cry. Harry, Lucy, Carrie, and Mary, rushed down the path again as fast as they could, and were soon standing pale and breathless beside the still form of their little companion. Carrie was the only one who seemed to have any presence of mind. She sat down on the ground, and lifting Elsie's head, laid it on her lap, untied her bonnet strings, and loosened her dress.

"Jim," she said to a boy, who stood blubbering by her side, "run quickly for the doctor. And you, Harry, go for her father as fast as you can. Lucy, crying won't do any good."

"She is not dead, Mary. See, she is beginning to open her eyes," replied Carrie, now bursting into tears herself.

But Elsie opened them only for an instant, moaned as if in great pain, and relapsed again into insensibility, so like death that Carrie shuddered and trembled with fear.

They were not more than a quarter of a mile from the house, but it seemed

almost an age to the anxious Carrie before Mr. Dinsmore came, although in reality it was but a few moments. Harry ran very fast, and Mr. Dinsmore sprang into the carriage—which was at the door, some of the party having just returned from a drive—the instant he heard the news. He told Harry to go with him, and had the coachman drive directly to the spot, with all speed.

The moment they were off he began questioning the boy closely as to the cause of the accident. Harry could not tell much about it. "She had fallen down the hill," he said, "but he did not see what made her fall."

"Was she much hurt?" Mr. Dinsmore asked, his voice trembling a little in spite of himself.

Harry "did not know, but feared she was pretty badly injured."

"Was she insensible?"

"Yes, she was when I left," Harry said.

Mr. Dinsmore leaned back in the carriage with a groan and did not speak again.

In another moment they had stopped. Flinging open the door, he sprang to the ground, and hurried toward the little group, who were still gathered about

Elsie just as Harry had left them. Some looked on with pale, frightened faces, others sobbed aloud. Walter was crying quite bitterly, and even Enna had the traces of tears on her cheeks. As for Arthur, he trembled and shuddered at the thought that he was perhaps already a murderer, and frightened and full of remorse, shrank behind the group as he saw his brother approach.

Elsie still lay with her head in Carrie's lap.

Hastily pushing the others aside, Mr. Dinsmore stooped over Elsie, sorrow and intense anxiety written in every line of his countenance.

Again Elsie opened her eyes, and smiled faintly as she saw him bending over her.

"My precious one," he murmured in a low, moved tone, as he gently lifted her in his arms. "Are you much hurt? Are you in pain?"

"Yes, Papa," she answered feebly.

"Where, darling?"

"My ankle, Papa. It pains me terribly. I think I must have hit my head, it hurts me so."

"How did she come to fall?" he asked, looking round upon the little group.

No one replied.

"Please, Papa, don't ask," she pleaded in a faint voice.

He gave her a loving, pitying look, but paid no other heed to her plea.

"Who was near her?" he asked, glancing sternly around the little circle.

"Arthur," said several voices.

Arthur quailed beneath the terrible glance of his brother's eye, as he turned it upon him, exclaiming bitterly. "Yes, I understand it all, now! I believe you will never be satisfied until you have killed her."

"Dear Papa, please take me home, and don't scold poor Arthur," pleaded Elsie's sweet, gentle voice. "I am not so very

badly hurt, and I am sure he is very sorry for me."

"Yes, darling," he said, "I will take you home, and will try to do so without hurting you." Nothing could exceed the tenderness with which he bore her to the carriage, supported her in his arms during the short ride, and on their arrival carried her up to her room and laid her down upon a sofa.

Jim had brought the doctor, and Mr. Dinsmore immediately requested him to make a careful examination of the little girl's injuries.

After examining her, the doctor reported a badly sprained ankle, and a slight bruise on the head; nothing more.

"Are you quite sure, doctor, that her spine has sustained no injury?" asked the father anxiously, adding, "there is scarcely anything I should so dread for her as that."

"None whatever," replied the doctor. Mr. Dinsmore looked greatly relieved.

"My back does not hurt me at all, Papa. I don't think I struck it," Elsie said, looking up lovingly into his face.

"How did you happen to fall, my dear?" asked the doctor.

"If you please, sir, I would rather not tell," she replied, while the color rushed over her face, and then instantly faded away again, leaving her deathly pale. She was suffering great pain, but bearing it bravely.

The doctor was dressing the injured ankle, and her father sat by the sofa holding her hand.

"You need not, darling," he answered, kissing her cheek.

"Thank you, Papa," she said, gratefully, then whispered, "Won't you stay with me till tea time, if you are not busy?"

"Yes, daughter, and all the evening, too; perhaps all night."

(To be continued)

A Little Mistake

There was once a lady who caught a little creature which she mistook for a chameleon, or lizard. The chameleon is a harmless little reptile which women used to carry for adornment, the same as they would wear a feather. It changes its color from gray to red, or green according to the material with which it may be in contact. (Oh, the depths of pride that would prompt a woman to want such a thing on her!)

This lady attached what she mistook for a chameleon to her collar, so that it could crawl about on her shoulder. Instead of being a harmless chameleon, she had caught a poisonous kind of lizard, which bit her and caused her death.

Do you say that it was a great mistake in that woman, and that she ought to have been more careful? The same mistake, only a thousand times greater, is going on all the time around us. People seem to think it is a trifling matter to sin "just a little," but it is a deadly poison. It surely kills.

"A man's pride shall bring him low; but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit." Proverbs 29:23.

—*Sin, The Tell-Tale*

There are many different ways of telling lies. Bobby realized that when he cheated he was not only stealing, but was lying also, because he passed answers for his own that were not his.

Dear Boys and Girls:

The Lord was good to Hezekiah. He spared his life. But Hezekiah let pride creep into his heart. He began to think that all the treasures, and great things that he had done to the land were his own doings and not because he had sought the Lord and God had blessed him. If each of us would remember that

the very power we have to move about comes to us from God, we would always thank Him. But often we forget and go on, thinking that we are able to do all things without looking to God. God is so merciful to us poor human beings. But how much He does love for us to think of Him.

We read that the king of Babylon came to visit Hezekiah when he heard he was sick. He had already sent letters, but now he brought a present. I am sure that Hezekiah thought the king of Babylon was his friend, and he wanted to show him some of his precious treasures. Sometimes you have a friend to visit you and you like to show your treasures to him so he can enjoy them with you. But it seems that Hezekiah left God out of it all. He let pride make him show his treasures in such a way that he lifted up himself instead of God. God was very much displeased. He sent the prophet to talk to Hezekiah. The prophet, Isaiah, told him that there would come a day when all of his treasures would be stolen by the king of Babylon and carried away. You can read in the Bible that years later this did come to pass. In Daniel 1:1-3 we read that the king of Babylon came and warred against Jerusalem and took the vessels of God out of the house and took them to Babylon. He also took the king and a lot of the people. Daniel was one among them. So Judah was punished. It does not pay to be lifted up in pride.

We have a book in the Bible written by the prophet Isaiah who is mentioned in our lesson. So remember that he was a prophet in the days of Hezekiah.

—Aunt Marie

Lesson 11, September 13, 1981 HEZEKIAH YIELDS TO PRIDE

2 King 20:12 At that time Berodach-baladan, the son of Baladan, king of

Babylon, sent letters and a present unto Hezekiah: for he had heard that Hezekiah had been sick.

13 And Hezekiah hearkened unto them, and shewed them all the house of his precious things, the silver, and the gold, and spices, and the precious ointment, and all the house of his armour, and all that was found in his treasures: there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion, that Hezekiah shewed them not.

14 Then came Isaiah the prophet unto king Hezekiah, and said unto him, What said these men? and from whence came they unto thee? And Hezekiah said, They are come from a far country, even from Babylon.

15 And he said, What have they seen in thine house? And Hezekiah answered, All the things that are in mine house have they seen: there is nothing among my treasures that I have not shewed them.

16 And Isaiah said unto Hezekiah, Hear the word of the Lord.

17 Behold, the days come, that all that is in thine house, and that which thy fathers have laid up in store unto this day, shall be carried into Babylon: nothing shall be left, saith the Lord.

2 Chron. 32:25 But Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit done unto him; for his heart was lifted up: therefore there was wrath upon him, and upon Judah and Jerusalem.

26 Notwithstanding Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart, both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah.

27 And Hezekiah had exceeding much riches and honour: and he made himself

treasuries for silver, and for gold, and for precious stones, and for spices, and for shields, and for all manner of pleasant jewels;

28 Storehouses also for the increase of corn, and wine, and oil; and stalls for all manner of beasts, and cotes for flocks.

29 Moreover he provided him cities, and possessions of flocks and herds in abundance: for God had given him substance very much.

30 This same Hezekiah also stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works.

31 Howbeit in the business of the ambassadors of the princes of Babylon, who sent unto him to enquire of the wonder that was done in the land, God left him, to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart.

Memory Verse: Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Prov. 16:18

Questions:

1. Who sent letters and presents to Hezekiah?
2. What did Hezekiah show unto the king of Babylon?
3. Who questioned Hezekiah about what he showed to the king?
4. What did Isaiah tell Hezekiah?
5. Did Hezekiah become lifted up?
6. Does the Lord like pride?
7. Did Hezekiah humble himself?
8. Was Hezekiah rich? Name some of his possessions.
9. Who gave Hezekiah his wealth?
10. Why did God leave Hezekiah?
11. Does God try us today?

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Part 12

Sept. 20

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Elsie appeared happy and thankful and the doctor praised her patience and fortitude. Having given directions concerning the treatment of the wounded limb, he bade his little patient good night, saying he would call again in the morning.

Mr. Dinsmore followed him to the door.

"That's a sweet child, Mr. Dinsmore," he remarked. "I don't know how any one could have the heart to injure her. I think there has been foul play somewhere, and if she were mine I should certainly sift the matter to the bottom."

"That I shall, you may rest assured, sir. Tell me, doctor, do you think her ankle is seriously injured?"

"Not permanently, I hope. Indeed, I feel quite sure of it, if she is well cared for, and not allowed to use it too soon. These sprains are tedious things, and she will not be able to walk for some weeks. Good night sir. Don't be too anxious; she will get over it in time, and you may be thankful it is nothing worse."

"I am, indeed, doctor," Mr. Dinsmore said, warmly grasping the hand the

kind-hearted physician held out to him.

Everybody was asking what the doctor had said, and how much Elsie was injured. Mr. Dinsmore stepped into the drawing room a moment to answer their inquiries, and then hastened back to his child again. She looked so glad to see him.

"My poor little pet," he said, pityingly, "you will have a sad New Year's Day, fastened down to your couch. But you shall have as much of my company as you wish."

"Shall I, Papa?—then you will have to stay by me all day long."

"And so I will, dearest," he said, leaning fondly over her, and stroking back the hair from her forehead. "Are you in much pain now, darling?" he asked, as he noticed a slight contraction of her brow, and an almost deadly pallor around her mouth.

"Yes, Papa, a good deal," she said faintly. "I feel so weak. Please take me in your arms, Papa, I want to lay my head against you."

He raised her up gently, sat down on the end of the couch where her head had been, lifted her to his knee, and made Chloe place a pillow for the wounded limb to rest upon.

"There, darling, is that better?" he asked, soothingly, as she laid her head wearily down on his breast, and he folded his arms about her.

"Yes, Papa. But, oh, it aches very much," she sighed.

"My poor little daughter! My poor little pet!" he said, in a deeply compassionate tone. "It is so hard to see you suffer. I would gladly take your pain and bear it for you if I could."

"Oh, no, dear Papa, I would much rather bear it myself," she answered quickly.

The tea bell rang, and Elsie half started up.

"Lie still, dearest," her father said. "I am in no hurry for my tea, so you shall have yours first. I will hold you while you eat it. What will you have? You may ask for anything you want."

"I don't know, Papa. Whatever you please."

"Well, then, Aunt Chloe, go down and bring up whatever good things there are, and she can take her choice."

"Thank you, dear Papa, you are so kind," Elsie said, gratefully.

When the carriage had driven off with Mr. Dinsmore and Elsie, the rest of the young party at once turned their steps toward the house. Arthur hid in the road, and the others eagerly discussed the accident as they went.

"Arthur pushed her down, I am sure he did," said Lucy, positively. "I believe he hates her like poison, and he has been at her about something for several days past—I know it just by the way I've seen him look at her—yes, ever since the morning after the party. Now I remember I heard his voice talking angrily in her room that very morning. I went to get a book I had left in there, and when I tried the door it was locked. I went away again directly."

"But what has that to do with Elsie's fall?" asked Mary Leslie.

"Why, don't you see that it shows there was some trouble between them, and that Arthur had a *motive* for pushing her down," returned Lucy, somewhat impatiently. "Really, Mary, you seem quite stupid sometimes."

Mary looked hurt.

"I don't know how any one could be so wicked and cruel; especially to such a dear, sweet girl as Elsie," remarked Carrie Howard.

"No, nor I," said Harry; "but the more I think about it the more certain I feel that Arthur did really push her down. Now I remember distinctly where she stood, and it seems to me she could not possibly have fallen of herself. Besides it was evident enough that Arthur felt guilty from the way he acted when Mr. Dinsmore came, and when he spoke to him. But perhaps he did not do it on purpose."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, "I do think I should be frightened to death if Mr. Dinsmore should look at me as he did at Arthur."

"Looks can't hurt," observed Harry, wisely. "But I wouldn't be in Arthur's shoes just now for any money. I'll venture to say Mr. Dinsmore will do something a good deal worse than *look*, before he is done with him."

When they reached the house, Lucy went directly to her mamma's room. Herbert, who was more ailing than usual that day, lay on a sofa, while his mother sat by his side reading to him. They had not heard of the accident, and were quite startled by Lucy's excited manner.

"Oh, Mamma!" she cried, jerking off her bonnet, and throwing herself down on a stool at her mother's feet, "we have had such a dreadful accident, or hardly an *accident* either, for I feel perfectly certain that Arthur did it on purpose. I just expect he'll kill her some day, the mean, wicked boy!" and she burst into

tears. "If I were Mr. Dinsmore I'd have him put in jail, so I would," she sobbed.

"Lucy, my child, what are you talking about?" asked her mother with a look of mingled surprise and alarm, while Herbert started up asking, "Is it Elsie? Oh! Lucy, is she much hurt?"

"Yes," sobbed Lucy, "we all thought she was dead. It was a long time before she spoke or moved, or even opened her eyes." (To be continued)

A little girl who got converted said, "I do not know which has changed, the world or my heart, but something has, for all is different."

Dear Boys and Girls:

Hezekiah died and his son, Manasseh, took the throne. He was young, but those around him did not teach him about God as they should have. Maybe some of them did, but he was stubborn and wanted his own way. We read that he did evil in the sight of God. He did some terrible things in worshipping idols that the neighboring heathen people worshipped. He even caused his children to pass through fire. He looked to witches and dealt with wicked spirits. Oh, how terrible for Him to turn away from the true God that his father, Hezekiah, had worshipped! The people in his kingdom also turned away from God and did evil things. He did a very evil thing by carving an idol and putting it in the house of God. God was very displeased with King Manasseh and all the people of Judah who worshipped idols. They even did worse than some of the neighbor nations and the people that God had destroyed when he gave the land of Canaan to the children of Israel. How sad it is for people to turn away from God!

God saw it all and was very grieved. He spoke to King Manasseh and to his

people, but they would not listen. So God had to wake them up some way. He sent the captains of the hosts of the king of Assyria to war against Manasseh and the people of Judah. God let King Manasseh and many people be taken into the land of Babylon in fetters or chains. While down in Babylon, King Manasseh was sorry for being so wicked. He remembered God and His great love. He prayed to God. He humbled himself very greatly before God. He earnestly prayed for God to have mercy upon him and bring him out of Babylon. No doubt, he promised God that he would do better and take away the idols out of the land. God heard his prayer and he brought him out of the land of Babylon. When King Manasseh got back to his own country he took out the idols and built altars to the Lord. He took the idols out of the house of the Lord and cast them out of the city. He repaired the altar and offered sacrifices to the Lord. But sad to say, many of the people still worshipped idols. When we do wrong, many times others follow us. Maybe we change but those who followed us in the wrong may not change. We will surely feel badly about that. It pays to always do the right.

After King Manasseh had been king for 55 years, he died. —Aunt Marie

Lesson 12, September 20, 1981 MANASSEH HUMBLER HIMSELF

2 Chron. 33:1 Manasseh was twelve years old when he began to reign, and he reigned fifty and five years in Jerusalem:

2 But did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, like unto the abominations of the heathen, whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel.

6 And he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son

of Hinnom: also he observed times, and used enchantments, and used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards: he wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke him to anger.

7 And he set a carved image, the idol which he had made, in the house of God, of which God had said to David and to Solomon his son, In this house, and in Jerusalem, which I have chosen before all the tribes of Israel, will I put my name for ever:

8 Neither will I any more remove the foot of Israel from out of the land which I have appointed for your fathers; so that they will take heed to do all that I have commanded them, according to the whole law and the statutes and the ordinances by the hand of Moses.

9 So Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen, whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel.

10 And the Lord spake to Manasseh, and to his people: but they would not hearken.

11 Wherefore the Lord brought upon them the captains of the host of the king of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon.

12 And when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers,

13 And prayed unto him: and he was intreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God.

15 And he took away the strange gods, and the idol out of the house of the

Lord, and all the altars that he had built in the mount of the house of the Lord, and in Jerusalem, and cast them out of the city.

16 And he repaired the altar of the Lord, and sacrificed thereon peace offerings and thank offerings, and commanded Judah to serve the Lord God of Israel.

17 Nevertheless the people did sacrifice still in the high places, yet unto the Lord their God only.

20 So Manasseh slept with his fathers, and they buried him in his own house: and Amon his son reigned in his stead.

Memory Verse: Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time. 1 Pet. 5:6.

Questions:

1. Who was the boy in today's lesson that became king at the age of 12?
2. Was Manasseh righteous before God?
3. Did Manasseh use witchcraft?
4. What is witchcraft, and what does God think about it today?
5. What did Manasseh put in the house of God?
6. Did Manasseh lead his people to do wrong? Is it important to have good spiritual leaders today? Why?
7. Did God try to talk to Manasseh? Did Manasseh listen to Him?
8. What did the king of Assyria do to Manasseh?
9. Did Manasseh humble himself? Did God hear his prayer? What did God do for him?
10. Will the Lord hear our prayers today if we are humble?
11. What did Manasseh do with the idols?

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Part 13

Sept. 27

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last lesson)

Herbert was crying, too, now, as bitterly as his sister.

"But, Lucy, dear," said her mother, wiping her eyes, "you haven't told us anything yet. Where did it happen? What did Arthur do? And where is poor little Elsie now?"

"Her papa brought her home, and Jim went for the doctor. They're doing something with her now in her own room—for Pomp said Mr. Dinsmore carried her right up there! Oh! Mamma, if you had seen him look at Arthur!"

"But what did Arthur do?" asked Herbert anxiously.

"He pushed her down that steep hill that you remember you were afraid to try to climb the other day. At least we all think he did."

"But surely, he did not do it intentionally," said Mrs. Carrington. "Why should he wish to harm such a sweet, gentle little creature as Elsie?"

"Oh! Mamma," exclaimed Herbert, suddenly catching hold of her hand. He grew very pale, and almost gasped for breath.

"What is it, Herbert dear, what is it?" she asked in alarm. He had fallen back on his pillow, and seemed almost ready to faint.

"Mamma," he said with a shudder, "Mamma, I believe I know. Oh! why didn't I speak before, and perhaps poor little Elsie might have been spared all this."

"Why, Herbert, what can *you* know about it?" she asked in extreme surprise.

"I will tell you, Mamma, as well as I can," he said. "Then you must tell me what I ought to do. You know, Mamma, I went out to walk with the rest the afternoon after that party at Mr. Carleton's. If you remember, I had stayed at home the night before and gone to bed very early, so I felt pretty well and able to walk. But Elsie was not with us. I don't know where she could have been. She always thinks of my lameness, and walks slowly when I am along, but this time they all walked so fast that I soon grew very tired with trying to keep up. So I sat down on a log to rest. Well, Mamma, I had not been there very long when I heard voices near me, on the other side of some bushes. I suppose the bushes must have prevented them from

seeing me. One voice was Arthur's, but the other I didn't know. I didn't want to be listening, but I was too tired to move on. I whistled a little, to let them know I was there. They didn't seem to care, though, but went on talking quite loudly, so loud that I could not help hearing almost every word. I soon learned that Arthur owed Dick Percival a gambling debt—a debt of *honor*, they called it—and had sent this other boy, whom Arthur called Bob, to try to collect it. He reminded Arthur that he had promised to pay that day, and said Dick must have it to pay some debts of his own.

"Arthur acknowledged that he had promised, expecting to borrow the money from somebody. I didn't hear the name, and it never struck me until this moment who it was. It must have been Elsie, for I recollect he said she wouldn't lend him anything without telling her father all about it. I have found out that Arthur is very much afraid of him; almost more than of his father, I think.

"He talked very angrily, saying he knew that was only an excuse, because she didn't wish to do him a favor, and he'd pay her for it some day. Then they talked about the debt again, and finally the boy agreed that Dick would wait until New Year's Day. Arthur said he would receive his monthly allowance then and so would be able to pay it.

"Now, Mamma," concluded Herbert, "what ought I to do? Do you think it is my duty to tell Arthur's father?"

"Yes, Herbert, I think it is your duty to tell," said Mrs. Carrington. "It is very important that he should know of his son's evil courses, that he may put a stop to them. Besides, if Arthur should escape punishment this time, Elsie may be in danger from him again. I am sorry it happened to be you rather than some other person who overheard the conversation. But it cannot be helped, and we must do our duty always, even though

we find it difficult and disagreeable, and feel afraid that our motives may be misconstrued."

Herbert drew a deep sigh.

"Well, Mamma, must I go just now to tell him?" he asked, looking pale and troubled.

Mrs. Carrington seemed to be considering the matter for a moment.

"No, my dear," she said. "I think we had better wait a little. Probably Mr. Dinsmore will make an investigation, and perhaps he may be able to get at the truth without your assistance. If not, as the mischief is already done, it will be time enough for your story tomorrow."

Herbert looked a good deal relieved, and just then they were summoned to tea. (To be continued)

—o—

Treasures in Heaven

One time a rich lady had a strange dream. In her dream she was called to heaven. A guide was showing her through the beautiful city.

"Whose beautiful mansion is this?" asked the rich lady pointing to the mansion just being built.

"Oh," answered the guide, "this mansion is being built for your gardener who is now on earth."

"My gardener?" asked the astonished lady. "Why, he lives in a very shabby house on earth!"

"And to whom does this plain-looking house belong?" asked the rich lady as she pointed to another house.

"Why this is being built for you," replied the guide.

"For me?" the shocked lady asked. "Why I live in a mansion on earth!"

The guide answered, "The God of heaven is doing the best He can with the materials you send up!"

It is the wise boy and girl who live for Jesus here on earth. Let us live so we will become rich in heavenly possessions and not in earthly possessions.

Love everybody and you will find that you are happy. Love those who do you wrong, but don't love their ways. Loving them will help them to do better.

Dear Boys and Girls:

We have been studying about the kings of Judah. Can you understand how God could not bring Jesus to be the Savior of the world to a people who just would not serve Him faithfully? Remember that God wanted to bring Jesus to the Israelites as promised to Abraham. We are glad for those kings who did serve the Lord.

In our lesson today we have a king that started reigning when he was eight years old. When he got older he served the Lord with all of his heart, as he did when he was young. Boys and girls, God wants you to serve the Lord all the time while you are young.

King Josiah tore down the altars that were built to worship idols in the land. He had money given to men to repair the house of the Lord. As the men were working in the temple they found the book of Moses, which is in our Bible in the Old Testament. This book was very strange to these men. But as they looked into it they were alarmed. God had said in that book that if the people of Israel turned away from serving Him, He would punish them severely. The men rushed to see the king. They told the king about this strange book. The king had them read it to him. "Oh," King Josiah, groaned, "Our fathers have sinned greatly. Now we will be punished." King Josiah sent the men to find a prophet, to find out about when the wrath of God would be poured out upon them for the great sin that had been done. The prophetess Huldah told them that because the king had repented, was tender, and did right, this would not happen in his day. (2 Chron. 34:22 and 23) God had seen how he was so sorry

for the sins of the people and humbled himself before the Lord. God would punish the people after Josiah died.

King Josiah had the people come together. He had the book of the laws of God read before the people, both small and great. He wanted the children to know the laws of God just as we do today. They will keep them from evil.

King Josiah led the people in worshipping the Lord and cleaned the country of evil worship and evil people such as witches. King Josiah held a passover which was blessed by the Lord. It was so great that it is said it was the greatest since the days of Samuel.

King Josiah died and all the people mourned. The prophet Jeremiah lived at that time and he mourned King Josiah's passing. (2 Chron. 35:25) Remember that Jeremiah was a prophet and we have a book in the Bible by his name.

—Aunt Marie

Lesson 13, September 27, 1981

JOSIAH DOES RIGHT

2 Chron. 34:1 Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one and thirty years.

2 And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand, nor to the left.

18 Then Shaphan the scribe told the king, saying, Hilkiah the priest hath given me a book [law of Moses]. And Shaphan read it before the king.

19 And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the law, that he rent his clothes.

21 Go, enquire of the Lord for me, and for them that are left in Israel and in Judah, concerning the words of the book that is found: for great is the wrath of the Lord that is poured out upon us,

because our fathers have not kept the word of the Lord, to do after all that is written in this book.

24 Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book which they have read before the king of Judah:

27 Because thine heart was tender, and thou didst humble thyself before God, when thou heardest his words against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, and humbledst thyself before me, and didst rend thy clothes, and weep before me; I have even heard thee also, saith the Lord.

28 Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace, neither shall thine eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and upon the inhabitants of the same. So they brought the king word again.

30 And the king went up into the house of the Lord, and all the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and the priests, and the Levites, and all the people, great and small: and he read in their ears all the words of the book of the covenant that was found in the house of the Lord.

31 And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book.

33 And Josiah took away all the abominations out of all the countries that pertained to the children of Israel, and made all that were present in Israel to serve, even to serve the Lord their God. And all his days they departed not from

following the Lord, the God of their fathers.

2 Chron. 35:1 Moreover Josiah kept a passover unto the Lord in Jerusalem: and they killed the passover on the fourteenth day of the first month.

3 And said unto the Levites that taught all Israel, which were holy unto the Lord, Put the holy ark in the house which Solomon the son of David king of Israel did build; it shall not be a burden upon your shoulders: serve now the Lord your God, and his people Israel.

18 And there was no passover like to that kept in Israel from the days of Samuel the prophet; neither did all the kings of Israel keep such a passover as Josiah kept, and the priests, and the Levites, and all Judah and Israel that were present, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

19 In the eighteenth year of the reign of Josiah was this passover kept.

Memory Verse: O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. *Psa. 139:1*

Questions:

1. How old was Josiah when he became king?
2. Did he please God?
3. What book did Josiah's scribe read before the king?
4. What did the king do when he heard the law?
5. Did Josiah fear God?
6. What did the prophetess tell Josiah?
7. Did God honor Josiah's humility?
8. What did God do for Josiah?
9. What covenant did Josiah make?
10. Was Josiah a good leader?
11. What yearly observance did Josiah keep?
12. What did Josiah tell the Levites to put into the house of God?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
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Vol. 32, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 1

Oct. 4

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last issue)

The elder Mr. Dinsmore had been out all the afternoon, and not returning until just as the bell rang for tea, heard nothing of Elsie's injury until after he had taken his seat at the table.

The children had all reported that Arthur had pushed her down, and thus the story was told to his father. The old gentleman was very angry, for he had a great contempt for such a cowardly deed. He said before all the guests that if it were so, Arthur should be severely punished.

Mr. Horace Dinsmore came down as the rest were about leaving the table.

"I should like to have a talk with you, Horace, when you have finished your tea," his father said, lingering behind the others.

"It is just what I wish, sir," replied his son. "I will be with you directly. Shall I find you in the library?"

"Yes. I hope the child was not hurt, Horace?" he added, inquiringly, stepping back again just as he had reached the door.

"Pretty badly, I am afraid," said Horace. "She is suffering a good deal."

Horace was not long at the table, for he was anxious to get back to his child. He found his father striding back and forth across the library, in a nervous, excited way. "Come at last, Horace, I thought you would never have done eating," the old gentleman said.

Then throwing himself into a chair, "Well, what is to be done about this bad business?" he asked. "Is it true that Arthur had a hand in it?"

"I have not a doubt of it myself, sir," replied his son. "They all agree that he was close to her when she fell, and neither he nor she denies that he pushed her. She only begs not to be forced to speak, and he says nothing."

"Horace," his father finally said, "I'm afraid we have none of us treated the poor little thing quite as kindly as we might. I really was not aware that she had been so much abused, and shall certainly speak to Mrs. Dinsmore about it. Arthur shall be sent away to school, as you have suggested. It is what I have been wanting to do for some time, for he is getting quite beyond Miss Day. But his mother has always opposed it, and I have foolishly given up to her for peace sake. I set my foot down now, however, and he *shall* go. He deserves it, the

young rascal! It is such a base, cowardly act as to attack a little girl, big, strong boy that he is! I'm ashamed of him. You, Horace, were a wild, headstrong fellow, but I never knew you to do a *mean* or *cowardly* thing. You were always above it."

"I hope so, sir. But now, to get back to the present business, do you not think it would be well to call all the young people together and have a thorough investigation of this affair? I have promised Elsie that she shall not be forced to speak, but I hope we may be able to learn from the others all that we need to know."

"Yes, yes, Horace, we will do so at once," replied his father, ringing the bell. "They must be all through with their tea by this time, and we will invite them into the drawing room and cross-question them until we get to the bottom of the whole thing."

A servant answered the bell, and received directions to request—on his master's behalf—all the guests, both old and young, as well as every member of the family, to give their attendance to the drawing room for a few moments.

"Who was nearest to Elsie when she fell?" he asked. "Can anyone tell me?"

"Arthur, sir," replied several voices. Another pause.

"Who else was near her?" he asked. "Miss Carrie Howard, I have noticed that you and Elsie are usually together. Can you tell me if she could have fallen of herself? Were you near enough to see?"

Carrie answered reluctantly: "Yes, sir. I had stepped from her side at the moment she stooped to pick up something, and feel certain that she was not near enough to the edge to have fallen of herself."

"Thank you for your frank reply. Now Master Harry Carrington, I think I heard someone say you were quite close

to Arthur at the time of Elsie's fall. Can you tell me what he did to her? You will confer a great favor by answering with equal frankness."

"I would much rather have been excused from saying anything, sir," replied Harry, coloring and looking as if he wished himself a thousand miles away. "But since you request it, I will own that I was close to Arthur, and think he must have pushed Elsie in springing past her, but it may have been only an accident."

"I fear not," said the old gentleman, looking sternly at his son. "And now, does anyone know that Elsie had vexed Arthur in any way, or that he had any unkind feelings toward her?"

"Yes, Papa," Walter spoke up suddenly. "I heard Arthur the other day talking very crossly about Elsie, and threatening to pay her for something, but I didn't understand what."

Mr. Dinsmore's frown was growing darker, and Arthur began to tremble and turn pale. He darted a fierce glance at Walter, but the little fellow did not see it.

"Does anyone know what Elsie had done?" was the next question.

No one spoke, and Herbert fidgeted and grew very pale. Mr. Horace Dinsmore noticed it, and begged him if he knew anything to tell it at once. Herbert reluctantly repeated what he had already told his mother of the conversation in the woods. As he concluded, Lora drew a note from her pocket, which she handed to her father, saying that she had picked it up in the school room, from a pile of rubbish which Arthur had carelessly thrown out of his desk.

Mr. Dinsmore took it, glanced hastily over the contents, and with a groan, exclaimed: "Is it possible!—a gambler already! Arthur, has it really come to this?"

"Go to your room, sir," he added, sternly, "there to remain in solitary confinement until arrangements can be made to send you to a school at a distance from the home which shall be no longer polluted by your presence. You are unworthy to mingle with the rest of the family."

Arthur obeyed in sullen silence and his father, following, turned the key upon him, and left him to solitude and his own reflections.

(To be continued)

Still Shines the Star

The night of Jesus' birth the world
Lay dark and very still,
No star shed light, save one which moved
Across a barren hill.

Still shines the star that rode the sky,
Nor lends a lesser glow
Than when it stood above a stall
Two thousand years ago.

Who would behold the wonder-star
Must touch faith's garment hem;
Then will its light stream over him
As over Bethlehem! —Sel.

LESSON ILLUSTRATION

*Abraham
had a son
in his old
age*



Dear Boys and Girls,

In our lessons this quarter we are going to study about the family from which Jesus was born. Do you know the name of your great-great-grandfather? Many peo-

ple today have traced their family tree back for several generations. The Bible gives the record of the family of Jesus all the way back to Adam. Your relatives who lived many years before you were even born—great-grandfathers, great-great-grandfathers, etc.—are called your ancestors.

Abraham was an ancestor of Jesus. He lived on the earth about 1900 years before Jesus was born. During the days of Abraham, men offered sacrifices to God to atone, or pay for, their sins. Sometimes men would try to be good, but before long they would tell a lie, or take something that didn't belong to them, or their tempers would flare up and perhaps they would harm or even kill someone. They did not have power within themselves to always do right. That is why they made the sacrifices to God.

God saw what a sad condition men were in. Many of them did not want to do right. The ones who would try to do right, would sometimes slip and do wrong. God wanted to send someone into the world that would be a greater sacrifice than all the sheep and goats. God wanted to make a way that men could live right in this life without sinning.

Abraham and Sarah did not have any children and they were *very* old. We know today that old men and women do not have babies, but God promised them a son. Why do you think God waited until they were old to give them the child? Perhaps it was to show them that the child was really from God, because only a miracle could cause an old couple (aged 100 and 90) to have a child. Abraham believed God's promise and God kept His word. He gave Abraham another promise concerning his son. God said that through Isaac, all nations of the world would be blessed. He meant that a Savior would be one of Isaac's descendants and that the Savior would make a way for everyone to be saved, regardless of his nationality.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 1, October 4, 1981

A PROMISE TO ABRAHAM

Gen. 17:1 And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect.

5 Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee.

6 And I will make thee exceeding fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee.

7 And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee.

15 And God said unto Abraham, As for Sarai thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah shall her name be.

16 And I will bless her, and give thee a son also of her: yea, I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her.

17 Then Abraham fell upon his face, and laughed, and said in his heart, Shall a child be born unto him that is an hundred years old? and shall Sarah, that is ninety years old, bear?

19 And God said, Sarah thy wife shall bear thee a son indeed; and thou shalt call his name Isaac: and I will establish my covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with his seed after him.

21:2 For Sarah conceived, and bare Abraham a son in his old age, at the set time of which God had spoken to him.

22:1 And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am.

2 And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

3 And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

10 And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

12 And he [angel of the Lord] said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.

Memory Verse: He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God. Rom. 4:20.

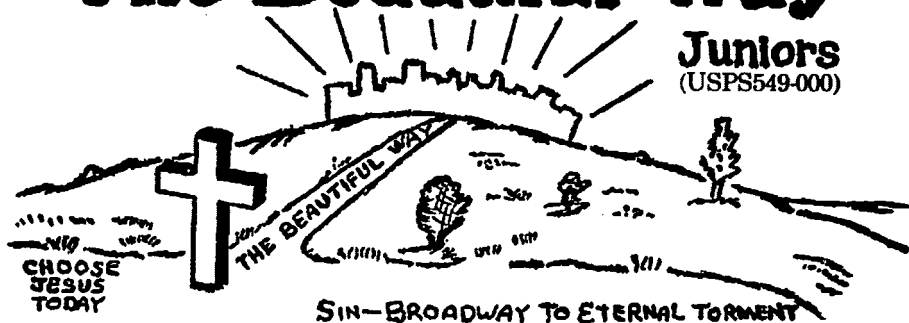
Questions:

1. Why did God change Abram's name to Abraham?
2. Who all were to be blessed through Abraham?
3. What kind of covenant did God give to Abraham?
4. What did God promise to give to Sarah and Abraham? What was unusual about this couple's having a son?
5. What did Abraham first do when God told him that he would have a son in his old age?
6. What did God tell Abraham to do to Isaac? Why do you think he told Abraham to sacrifice his son?
7. Was Abraham willing to obey?
8. Will God ever require us to do something in which we can't trust His wisdom?

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Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 2

Oct. 11

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continue from last issue)

Elsie felt her confinement more when Sunday morning came, and she could not go to church, than she had at all before. Her father offered to stay at home with her, but she begged him to go to church, saying that she could employ herself in reading while he was away. So he kissed her good-bye and left her in Chloe's care.

She was sitting on his knee that evening; she had been singing hymns—he accompanying her sweet treble with his deep bass notes; then for a while she had talked to him in her own childlike way, of what she had been reading in her Bible and in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She asked him a question now and then, which, with all his learning and worldly wisdom, he was scarcely as capable of answering as herself. She had now been for some minutes sitting silently, her head resting upon his breast, and her eyes cast down, as if in deep thought. He had been studying with some curiosity the expression of the little face, which was much graver than usual. At length he startled her with the question, "What is my little girl thinking about?"

"I was thinking, Papa, that if you will let me, I should like to give Arthur a nice present before he goes away, May I?"

"You may if you wish," he said.

"Oh, thank you, Papa," she answered. "The next time you are in town will you buy the best looking pocket Bible you can find? Then if you will write his name and mine in it, and that it is a token of affection from me, I will be so much obliged to you, dear Papa."

"I will do so, daughter, but I am afraid Arthur will not feel much gratitude to you for such a present."

"Perhaps he may like it pretty well, Papa, if it is very handsomely bound," she said. "At any rate, I should like to try. When does he go, Papa?"

"Day after tomorrow, I believe."

"I wish he would come in for a few minutes to me, and say good-bye. Do you think he will, Papa?"

"I am afraid not," replied her father, shaking his head. "However, I will ask him. But why do you wish to see him?"

"I want to tell him that I am not angry with him, and that I feel very sorry for him, because he must go away all alone amongst strangers, poor fellow!" she sighed.

"You need not waste any sympathy on him, my dear," said her father, "for I think he rather likes the idea of going off to school."

"Does he, Papa? Why, how strange!" exclaimed the little girl.

As Mr. Dinsmore had predicted, Arthur refused to go near Elsie. At first, he declined her gift, but on Lora's suggesting that he might require a Bible for some of his school exercises, he accepted it, as Elsie had thought he might, on account of the handsome binding. Elsie was hurt that he would not come to see her. She shed a few quiet tears over his refusal, because she thought it showed that he still disliked her. She then wrote him a little note, begging forgiveness, sisterly affection, and regard for his welfare. The note was not answered, and Arthur went away without showing any signs of sorrow for his unkind treatment of her.

Miss Day had returned, and the rest of her pupils now resumed their studies. Of course, Elsie was quite unable to attend in the school room, as her ankle was not yet in a condition to be used in the least. Her father said nothing to her about lessons, but allowed her to amuse herself as she liked with reading, or working for the doll. She, however, was growing weary of play, and wanted to go back to her books.

"Papa," she said to him one morning, "I am quite well now, excepting my lameness. You are with me a great deal every day; may I not learn my lessons and recite them to you?"

"Certainly, daughter, if you wish it," he replied. "I shall consider it no trouble, but, on the contrary, a very great pleasure to teach you."

Elsie promised to be diligent, and from that day she went on with her studies as regularly as if she had been in school with the others.

She felt her confinement very much at times, and had a great longing for the time when she could again mount her pony, and take long rides and walks in the sweet fresh air. She was not often lonely, for her papa managed to be with her a great deal, and she never cared for any other companion when he was by. Mr. Travilla came in frequently to see her, and always brought a beautiful bouquet, or some fine fruit from his hot house, or some other little nicety to tempt an invalid's appetite, or what she liked even better still, a new book. Her aunts Adelaide and Lora, too, felt very kindly toward her, coming in often to ask how she was, and to tell her what was going on in the house. Sometimes Walter brought his book to ask her to help him with his lessons, which she was always ready to do, and then he would sit and talk a while, telling her what had occurred in the school room, or in their walks or rides, and expressing his regret on account of the accident that prevented her from joining them.

Her new doll, too, was a great source of amusement to her, and she valued it very highly. She was so careful of it that she hardly felt willing to trust it out of her own hands, lest it should be broken. She was especially annoyed when Enna, who was a very careless child, wished to take it; but it was a dangerous thing to refuse Enna's requests, so Elsie always endeavored to get the doll out of sight when she heard her coming.

One unfortunate afternoon Enna came in unexpectedly, just as Elsie finished dressing it in a new suit, which she had completed only a few moments before.

"Oh, Elsie, how pretty it looks!" she cried. "Do let me take it on my lap a little while. I won't hurt it a bit."

Elsie reluctantly consented, begging her to be very careful, "because, Enna,"

she said, "you know if you should let it fall, it would be broken."

"You needn't be afraid," replied Enna.

She drew up Elsie's little rocking chair, as she spoke, and taking the doll from her, sat down with it in her arms. Elsie watched nervously every movement she made, in dread of a catastrophe.

(To be continued)

MONEY

Boys and girls hear older people talking about money. They talk about the price of things. They talk about wages and the need for increased wages because of the high prices. Some folks talk about money so much of the time that you'd think it was their main interest in life. They forget what the Bible says about money. Do you know what the Bible says about money?

Read this verse very carefully. "The love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. 6:10. Just stop and think about this verse. It is a waste of time to even think that money makes a person happy. Money can never buy happiness. Only the Lord Jesus Christ can make a person truly happy. All the money in the world cannot buy the peace and joy that Jesus gives.

We are warned to set our affection "on things above, not on things on earth." Col. 3:2.

—Sel.

LESSON ILLUSTRATION

*Isaac's
servants
dug a well*



"What have I to fear,
When my Lord is always near?"

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever been playing with other children and had them to treat you wrongly? Perhaps you were making things out of blocks or some type of building toys, and they jerked them away from you and said it belonged to them. What kind of attitude did you have toward that person? Did you get angry and start to fight for your rights? Or did you pick up some more building blocks and start building again?

Isaac had a problem like this with the people of Gerar. The people there dug wells for their water. Apparently the wells must have been pretty deep in order to reach the water, or the men would have dug their own wells. Instead, Isaac and his servants dug a well and found a nice, clear spring of water. When they finished, the men of Gerar came along and said the well belonged to them. Isaac and his servants decided to dig another well and let the men of Gerar have this one. After this well was dug, they again reached good water. But what happened? Yes, the men of Gerar came along and pushed Isaac aside and said the well belonged to them. Each time the men of Gerar took over one of Isaac's wells, he simply started digging another well. Do you think God was pleased with his attitude?

Finally the men of Gerar saw that Isaac must be a man of God, so they wanted to make peace with him. They tried to say they had not done wrong to Isaac. They wanted to make a covenant of peace between them. Isaac was willing to live peaceably with his neighbors. He did not want to have war.

How can we make peace with others when they want to stir up trouble? God wants us to show peace and love to our enemies. That is the way to win them over to God.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 2, October 11, 1981

ISAAC KEEPS PEACE

Gen. 26:17 And Isaac departed thence, and pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, and dwelt there.

18 And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them.

19 And Isaac's servants digged in the valley, and found there a well of springing water.

20 And the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is our's: and he called the name of the well Esek; because they strove with him.

21 And they digged another well, and strove for that also: and he called the name of it Sitnah.

22 And he removed from thence, and digged another well; and for that they strove not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land.

24 And the Lord appeared unto him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father: fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake.

25 And he builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there: and there Isaac's servants digged a well.

26 Then Abimelech went to him from Gerar, and Ahuzzath one of his friends, and Phicol the chief captain of his army.

27 And Isaac said unto them, Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me, and have sent me away from you?

28 And they said, We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee: and we said, Let there be now an oath betwixt us, even betwixt us and thee, and let us make a covenant with thee;

29 That thou wilt do us no hurt, as we have not touched thee, and as we have done unto thee nothing but good, and have sent thee away in peace: thou art now the blessed of the Lord.

32 And it came to pass the same day, that Isaac's servants came, and told him concerning the well which they had digged, and said unto him, We have found water.

33 And he called it Shebah: therefore the name of the city is Beersheba unto this day.

Memory Verse: Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Matt. 5:9.

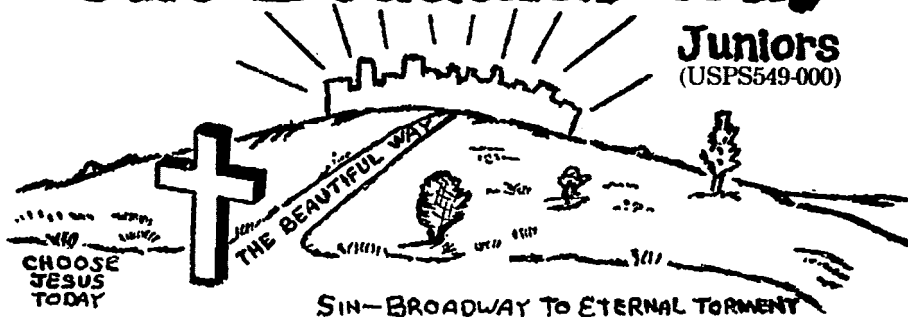
Questions:

1. Where did Isaac set up his tent?
2. What did Isaac dig? Who had stopped up the wells?
3. Did Isaac find water? What did the herdmen of Gerar do?
4. How did Isaac react when the herdmen took over his well?
5. What happened to the second well?
6. What did Isaac call the name of the well that the men of Gerar did not take over?
7. Who appeared to Isaac one night? What did He tell Isaac?
8. What did the men of Gerar want Isaac to do? Why do you think they wanted to have peace with him?
9. How does the Lord want us to treat people who mistreat us?

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Part 3

Oct. 18

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continue from last issue)

For a few moments Enna was content to hold the doll quietly in her arms, rocking backwards and forwards, singing to it. Before long, she laid it down on her lap, and began fastening and unfastening its clothes, pulling off its shoes and stockings to look at its feet—dropping them on the floor, and stooping to pick them up again, at the same time holding the doll in such a careless manner that Elsie expected every instant to see it scattered in fragments on the floor. In vain she begged Enna to be more careful. It only vexed her and made her more reckless. At length Elsie sprang from her couch and caught the doll, just in time to save it, but in so doing gave her ankle a terrible wrench.

She almost fainted with the pain. Enna, frightened at her pale face, jumped up and ran out of the room, leaving her alone. Elsie had hardly strength to get back on to her couch. When her father came in, a moment after, he found her holding her ankle in both hands, while the tears forced from

her by the pain were streaming down over her pale cheeks.

"Why, my poor darling, what is it?" he exclaimed, in alarm.

"Oh, Papa," she sobbed, "Enna was going to let my doll fall, and I jumped to catch it, and hurt my ankle."

"What did you do it for?" he said angrily. "I would rather have bought you a dozen such dolls than have had your ankle hurt again. It may cripple you for life, yet, if you are not more careful."

"Oh, Papa, please don't scold me," she sobbed. "I didn't have a minute to think, and I won't do it again."

He made no reply, but busied himself in doing what he could to relieve her pain. When Chloe returned he reproved her sharply for leaving the child alone.

The old nurse took it very meekly, far more disturbed at seeing how her child was suffering than she could have been by the severest rebuke administered to herself. She silently assisted Mr. Dinsmore in his efforts to relieve her. At length, as Elsie's tears ceased to flow, and the color began to come back to her cheeks, she asked, in a tone full of loving sympathy, "Are you better now, darling?"

"Yes, Mammy, thank you. The pain is nearly all gone now," Elsie answered; then the soft eyes were raised pleadingly to her father's face.

"I'm not angry with you, daughter," he replied, drawing her head down to his breast, and kissing her tenderly. "It was only my great love for my little girl that made me feel so vexed that she should have been hurt in trying to save a mere toy."

After this Mr. Dinsmore gave orders that Enna should never be permitted to enter Elsie's room in his absence, and thus she was saved all further annoyance of that kind. Chloe was careful never to leave her alone again until she was quite well, and able to run about. That, however, was not for several weeks longer, for this second injury had retarded her recovery. At length, though, she was able to walk about her room a little, and her father had several times taken her out in the carriage, to get the fresh air, as he said.

It was Saturday afternoon. Elsie was sitting on her sofa, quietly working, while her nurse sat on the other side of the room, knitting busily.

"Oh, Mammy!" exclaimed the little girl, "It is such a long, long time since I have been to church. How I wish Papa would let me go tomorrow! Do you think he would, if I should ask him?"

"I don't know, darlin'! I'm afraid not," replied the old woman. "Master Horace is very careful of you, and that ankle's not well yet."

"Oh! but, Mammy, I wouldn't need to walk, excepting just across the church, for you know Papa could carry me down to the carriage," said the little girl.

Mr. Dinsmore came in soon afterwards, and, greeting his little girl affectionately, sat down beside her, and, taking a newspaper from his pocket, began to read.

"Papa, may I sit on your knee?" she asked, as he paused in his reading.

He smiled, and without speaking lifted her to the desired position, then went on reading. She waited patiently until there was another slight pause, then asked in her most coaxing tone, "Papa, may I go to church tomorrow?"

"No," he said, and she dared not say another word. She was sadly disappointed, and the tears sprang to her eyes, and presently one rolled down and fell upon her lap. He saw it, and giving her a glance of mingled surprise and displeasure, put her back upon the sofa. She burst into sobs and tears at that, and laying her head down upon the cushions, cried bitterly. Her father took no notice for a little while. Then he said gravely, "Elsie, if you are crying because I have put you off my knee, that is not the way to get back again. I must have *cheerful* submission from my little girl, and it was precisely because you were crying that I put you down."

"Please take me again, Papa, and I won't cry any more," she said, wiping her eyes.

He took her in his arms again, and she nestled close to him.

"You *must* learn not to cry when I do not see fit to grant your wishes, my daughter," he said, stroking her hair. "I do not think you are well enough yet to go to church. Tomorrow is suppose to be a stormy day. Perhaps by next Sunday you may be able to go."

Elsie tried to submit cheerfully to her father's decision, but she looked forward very anxiously all the week to the next Sunday. When it came, to her great delight, she was permitted to attend church, and the next morning she took her place in the school room again.

"Dear Papa, are you sick?" It was Elsie's sweet voice that asked the question in a tone of alarm. She had just

finished her morning lessons, and coming into her father's room, had found him lying on the sofa, looking flushed and feverish.

"Yes, daughter," he said. "I have a severe headache, and some fever, I think. But don't be alarmed, my pet, 'tis nothing at all serious."

"You will let me be your little nurse, my own dear Papa, will you not?" she asked coaxingly. "May I bring some cool water and bathe your head?"

"Yes, darling, you may," he said.

Elsie stole softly out of the room, but was back again almost in a moment, followed by Chloe, bearing a pitcher of ice water.

"Now, Mammy, please bring a basin and napkin from the dressing room," she said, in a low tone. "And then you may darken the room a little."

(To be continued)

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Years ago, before electricity was discovered and we had no electric lights to brighten our streets, men were hired to light the lamps along the sidewalks.

Boys and girls enjoyed watching these lamplighters go from one lamp post to another, leaving behind them a row of brightly burning lights.

As it grew darker they would not be able to see the lighters as they walked farther and farther away, but they could always see how far they had gone by the shining of another light.

Christian boys and girls can be lamplighters in the world today even with the many bright electric lights. If they "shine for Jesus," others will see Jesus through them and know that "the light of the world is Jesus" who came to brighten a dark world where sin causes so much sadness, trouble, and death.

-----0-----

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you ever have dreams when you go to bed at night? Of course, you do, be-

cause we all dream, but sometimes we don't remember the dreams. Some of our dreams are scary and we call them nightmares. Other dreams are good and we like to think about them.

One night as Jacob was traveling, he stopped to sleep. He lay down with his head on a rock as a pillow. That night God gave him a dream. Jacob saw a long ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Angels were going up and down the ladder. At the very top of the ladder stood God. He said that He would bless Jacob and give him the land wherein he was traveling. He said that Jacob would be blessed with many descendants. God promised to take care of Jacob.

When Jacob awoke he remembered the dream and knew that it was from the Lord. He took the stones he'd used for a pillow and poured oil on top of them. He made a vow to stay with God if God would lead him.

Let's think about Jacob's dream for a moment. What do you think the ladder and the angels going up and down it meant? Since the ladder went from earth to heaven, apparently it meant there is a way that leads from earth to heaven. That way is Jesus. Jesus is the great connection to heaven. The angels show that God has ministering spirits sent from heaven to carry out certain duties on earth. In John 1:51 Jesus told one of his disciples, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." What kind of duties do you think angels perform? Psalm 34:7 says, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." So angels stand between us and the harm that might come to us. When you are afraid, always remember that God has an angel around to protect you. In fact there are many, many angels of God, because Jesus said one time that if He wanted He could ask God to send twelve legions of

angels. A legion is between 4,000 and 6,000, so we know that God has at least 60,000 angels. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 3, October 18, 1981

JACOB'S DREAM

Matt. 12b And Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren.

Gen. 28:10 And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

11 And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

12 And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

13 And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

14 And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

15 And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

16 And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

17 And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other

but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

18 And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

19 And he called the name of that place Bethel: but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.

20 And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on,

21 So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God:

22 And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

Memory Verse: For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalm 91:11.

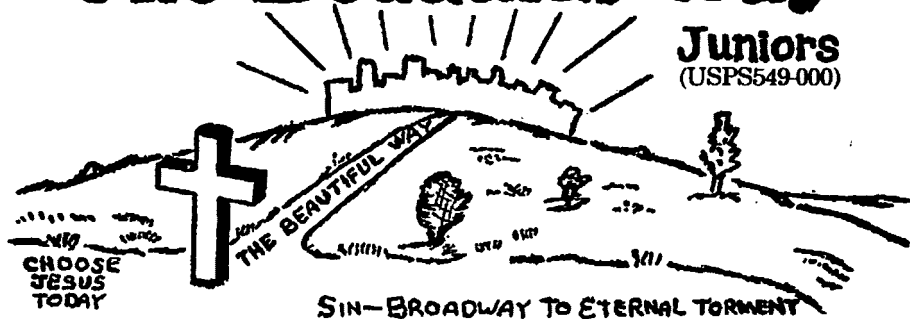
Questions:

1. What did Jacob use as a pillow?
2. In his dream what reached from earth to heaven? What was going up and down the ladder?
3. Who stood at the top of the ladder?
4. What did God promise Jacob in the dream?
5. Explain what you think the ladder and angels meant?
6. Did Jacob believe the dream was from God?
7. What did he do with the stones he had used as a pillow?
8. What vow did Jacob make to God?
9. What part of Jacob's possessions did he promise to give to God? Should we give only a tenth today? Why or why not?

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Vol. 32, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 4

Oct. 25

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last issue)

The next day, and the next, and for many succeeding ones, Mr. Dinsmore was quite too ill to leave his bed. During all this time Elsie was his constant companion by day—except for an hour every afternoon, when he compelled her to go out and take some exercise in the open air—and she would have sat by his side at night, also, but he would by no means permit it.

"No, Elsie," he replied to her repeated entreaties, "you must go to bed every night at your usual hour, and stay there until your accustomed hour for rising. I will not have you deprived of your rest unless I am actually dying."

She proved herself the best and most attentive of nurses, seeming to understand his wishes easily, and moving about so gently and quietly—never hurried, never impatient, never weary of attending to his wants. His eyes followed with fond delight her little figure as it flitted noiselessly about the room, now here, now there, arranging everything for his comfort.

It was she who bathed his head with her cool, soft hands during his fever,

smoothed his hair, shook up his pillows, fanned him, and read or sang to him in her clear sweet tones.

He was scarcely considered in danger, but his sickness was tedious, and would have seemed far more so without the companionship of his little daughter.

But, alas! duty was not always to be so easy and pleasant.

One morning Mr. Dinsmore was feeling somewhat better after several days' rest and the kind attention from Elsie. He wanted to do something special to show his love and gratitude to her.

"Adelaide," he said to his sister who had come into his room at his request, "I would like to buy something special for Elsie. She has been such a dear, patient nurse during this time. Would you mind taking care of an errand for me this afternoon?"

"I'll be glad to, Horace," his sister replied. "I am planning to go into town anyway."

"I would like for you to pick out an especially pretty dress for Elsie to wear to the young people's dance tomorrow night," he instructed. "Price is no problem. Just get something lovely and that will suit her."

"It shall be a pleasure picking out a dress for dear little Elsie," said Adelaide.

Horace gave her his pocketbook and Adelaide began to ready herself for the trip to town.

In the late afternoon, Adelaide returned and Horace was highly pleased with her selection of a dress for Elsie. It had a full ruffled skirt and flouncy sleeves. The color was a soft, powdery blue that would look fairy-like on Elsie.

Mr. Dinsmore had Elsie summoned to his room.

"Elsie," he said as he took her hand into his, "you have been a faithful nurse. No one could have cared for me better than you have."

"I'm glad, dear Papa, that I could do things for you while you've been sick," she said as she planted a kiss on his cheek.

"Here is a surprise for you," he said, reaching behind his chair and drawing forth a box that contained the lovely dress. "This is because you are so helpful to me."

"Thank you, dear Papa, but you did not need to buy me a gift. I cared for you because I love you and find it a joy just to be near my papa," she said sweetly as she took the box.

Upon opening it, she exclaimed with delight, "Oh, Papa, it is so beautiful. It is nearly too pretty to wear," she said as she held the dress in her arms feeling the soft, silky material.

"I'm glad you like it," her father replied. "I thought you would like a new dress to wear to the dance tomorrow evening. I know of some young fellows who will take great pleasure in dancing with such a lovely little girl as you."

Elsie's countenance fell as she looked up at her father. "I'm not going to the dance," she said with a tremor in her voice.

"What do you mean?" her papa asked in surprise. "Who says you aren't going?"

Do you not feel well?"

"I feel fine, Papa, but I do not want to go to the dance," Elsie replied.

"Why, do you not want to go?" he asked. "I am feeling much better now and I can spare you for tomorrow evening. Of course, you shall go."

"Papa, please do not ask me to go," she pleaded. "I do not feel the Lord would be pleased for me to go to a dance."

"Nonsense," replied her father impatiently. "There's nothing wrong with going to a dance. It's lots of fun. You want to please me, don't you?"

"Yes, Papa," she replied with tears in her eyes, "but I want to please the Lord more."

"Elsie," her father said sternly, "if you do not go to the dance, you are disobeying me."

"Oh, Papa," she cried with tears now streaming down her cheeks, "I must obey God rather than man. Please do not force me to disobey you."

She reached out her arms toward him, but he held out his hand to prevent her from hugging him.

"I am not forcing you to disobey me. It is your choice," he said. "If I had the strength I would whip you into submission."

Elsie answered only by tears and sobs.

"Elsie, I expect from my daughter entire, unquestioning obedience, and until you are ready to render it, I shall cease to treat you as my child. I shall banish you from my presence, and my affections. I will give you ten minutes to consider it. At the end of that time, if you are ready to obey me, well and good—if not, you will leave this room, not to enter it again until you are ready to acknowledge your fault, ask forgiveness, and promise obedience in the future."

Hiding her face on the bed, she sobbed convulsively.

Her father lifted his watch from the bedside, and held it in hand until the ten minutes expired.

"The time is up, Elsie," he said, "are you ready to obey me?"

"Oh, Papa!" she sobbed, "I cannot do it."

"Very well, then," he said, "leave the room at once, and send one of the servants to attend me. I will not have such a disobedient child in my presence."

(To be continued)

Methuselah was Noah's grandfather.

LESSON ILLUSTRATION



Dear Boys and Girls,

Did you know that when you treat someone unkindly, word usually gets around to other people of your unkind actions. Also, when you do good, other people hear of it. Sometimes you may not think anyone is watching you or that anyone will know about your deeds, but you may be sure that more people know about your deeds than you think.

In our lesson today, Ruth found favor in the eyes of a man named Boaz. She did not understand why he was so kind to her.

He told her it was because he had heard of her kindness to her mother-in-law. It was through Ruth's kindness and goodness that Boaz learned to love her and he took her for his wife. Jesus was a descendant of this couple.

I'm acquainted with a man who, when he was younger, desired a wife. He often noticed different girls he met or the ones he would see in church. One girl in particular drew his attention because of the love and care she showed to her younger brothers and sisters. Her mother was somewhat afflicted, so this girl had much to do toward caring for the little ones. The young man noticed that she was gentle with the children and seemed to be happy in caring for them. She didn't scold the children roughly or slap them around, although she did see that they behaved in church. Little did she realize how closely she was being observed. The young man felt that she would be a kind gentle wife toward him because she was kind to her family. How do you think he would have felt toward the girl if she had grumbled and complained about having to care for the children, or if she didn't seem to care whether they were cared for or not? I don't think he would have wanted her to be his wife.

We should show love and kindness to everyone, but especially to the ones of our family. How do you treat your sisters and brothers? Are you kind and obedient to your parents? Remember, people are watching you and you can be sure they are judging you by how you treat other members of your family.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 4, October 25, 1981

BOAZ REWARDS RUTH'S KINDNESS

Ruth 1:8 And Naomi said unto her two daughters in law, Go, return each to

her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

16 And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

17 Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

2:1 And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz.

2 And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter.

3 And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

5 Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, Whose damsel is this?

6 And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab:

7 And she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house.

8 Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearst thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens:

9 Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn.

10 Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

11 And Boaz answered and said unto her, It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother in law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.

Memory Verse: Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love. Rom. 12:10a.

Questions:

1. Who was Ruth's mother-in-law?
2. What did Naomi tell Ruth to do?
3. What did Ruth tell Naomi? Did this show Ruth's love for her mother-in-law?
4. How do you think Naomi felt toward Ruth?
5. In whose field did Ruth glean corn?
6. Did Ruth want the best part of the gleanings?
7. Did Boaz want to protect and provide for Ruth?
8. When Ruth bowed before Boaz, what did she ask?
9. What did Boaz tell her he had heard about her?
10. Are people watching our deeds? How might good deeds help us and how might bad deeds hurt us?

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Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 5

Nov. 1

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continue from last issue)

Elsie hastened to her room, almost distracted with grief. The blow had been so sudden, so unexpected, so terrible, and she could see no end to her banishment unless a change should take place in her father's feelings, and of that she had very little hope.

Flinging herself upon a couch, she wept long and bitterly. Her grief was deep and despairing, but there was no anger in it. Her heart was filled with intense love to her father, who, she doubted not, was acting from a mistaken sense of duty. She could scarcely bear the thought that now she should no longer be permitted to wait upon him and attend to his comfort. She had sent a servant to him, but a servant could ill supply a daughter's place, and her heart ached to think how he would miss her sympathy and love.

An hour passed slowly away. The bell rang for dinner, but Elsie heeded it not. She had no desire for food, and still lay sobbing on her couch till Chloe came to ask why she did not go down.

The faithful nurse was much surprised and distressed at the state in

which she found her child. Raising her in her arms tenderly, she inquired into the cause of her grief.

Elsie told her in a few words, and Chloe, without finding any fault with Mr. Dinsmore, strove to comfort the sorrowing child. She assured her of her own unalterable affection, and talking to her of the love of Jesus, said that He would help her to bear every trial, and in His own good time would remove it.

Elsie grew calmer as she listened to her nurse's words. Her sobs and tears gradually ceased, and at length she allowed Chloe to bathe her face, and smooth her disordered hair and dress. She refused to eat, and lay on her couch all the afternoon, with a very sad little face, a sob now and then bursting from her bosom, and a tear trickling down her cheek. When the tea bell rang, she yielded to Chloe's persuasions, and went down. It was a sad, uncomfortable meal to her, for she soon realized, from the cold looks of the whole family, that the cause of her banishment from her papa's room was known. Even Aunt Adelaide, who was usually kind, now seemed to take no notice of her. Before the meal was half over, Enna, frowning at her across the table, exclaimed in a

loud, angry tone, "Naughty, bad girl! Brother Horace ought to whip you!"

"That he ought," added her grandfather, severely, "if he had the strength to do it. He is not likely to gain it, while worried with such a disobedient child."

Elsie could not swallow another mouthful, for the choking sensation in her throat. It was a hard struggle to keep back the tears that seemed determined to force their way down her cheek at Enna's unkind speech. The concluding sentence of her grandfather's remark caused her to tremble with fear on her father's account, yet she could not control her voice sufficiently to speak and ask if he were worse.

There was a very unfavorable change in Mr. Dinsmore, and he was really more alarmingly ill than he had been at all. Elsie's resistance to his authority had excited him so much as to bring on a return of his fever. Her absence fretted him, too, for no one else seemed to understand quite as well how to wait upon him. Besides, he was not entirely sure that the course he had taken was the right one. Could he only have got rid of all doubts of the justice of the sentence he had pronounced upon her, it would have been a great relief. He was very proud, a man of strong will, and very jealous of his authority.

As soon as she dared leave the table, Elsie stole out into the garden, there to indulge her grief, unseen by any but the eye of God.

She paced up and down the walk, weeping and sobbing bitterly. Presently her attention was attracted by the galloping of a horse down the lane. Raising her head, she saw that it was the physician, returning from a visit to her father. It was not his usual hour for calling, and she at once supposed that her father was worse. Her first impulse was to hasten to him, but instantly came the recollection that he had

banished her from his presence. Sinking down upon a bank, she burst into fresh grief. It was so hard—so *very hard*—to know that he was ill and suffering, and not to be permitted to go to him.

At length she could bear it no longer. Springing up she hurried into the house. She glided softly up the stairs and stationed herself at her papa's door, determined to intercept someone passing in or out, and inquire how he was.

She had not been long there when Aunt Adelaide came out, looking troubled and anxious.

"Oh, Aunt Adelaide," cried the child, catching her by the dress, "*do* tell me, is Papa worse?"

"Yes, Elsie," she replied coldly, "he is much worse."

The little girl burst into an agony of tears.

"You may well cry, Elsie," remarked her aunt, "for it is all your fault. If you are left an orphan, you may thank your own perverseness for it."

Putting both hands over her face, with a low cry of anguish, Elsie fell forward in a deep swoon.

Adelaide caught her before she had quite reached the floor, and hastily loosening her dress, looked anxiously around for help. None was at hand, and she dared not call aloud lest she should alarm her brother. So laying her gently down on the carpet, Adelaide went in search of Chloe. In a few hurried words Adelaide made her understand what had occurred, and that Elsie must be removed without the slightest noise or disturbance.

Another moment and Chloe was at her darling's side. Raising her gently in her strong arms, she bore her quickly to her room. Laying her on a couch, she murmured in low, pitiful tones, "The dear, precious lamb! It almost breaks your ole mammy's heart to see you *this* way."

It was a long time before Elsie regained consciousness. Adelaide, who stood by gazing sorrowfully at the little wan face, and reproaching herself for her cruelty, trembled and grew pale.

(To be continued)

Alejandrina

About the last year I was in Mexico, a lady who was the grandmother of the children in my neighbor's home came over and slept at my house, as they were so crowded. She had been sleeping in a three-quarter bed with one child at her head, one at her feet, and one on either side. She was, as the expression goes, "a dyed-in-the-wool" Catholic. She had been working for a lady in Mexicali and had asked off to be able to be in the campmeeting, but had been denied. Later, due to the Lord's undertaking, she got to come. She was saved in the campmeeting, praise the Lord! She said she had been wanting to be saved for a long time and that the Lord had worked it out for her to be in the meeting, as He knew her desire. Later, she was to be with her mistress in San Diego, Ca. for three months, so she gave me the telephone number. I called her as I came through on my way home, and heard such sweet words. "Sis. Opal, I'll be praying for you." She had never been able to say that before. Oh, my heart was melted in gratitude to the Lord!

"The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel. . . Psalms 115:12.

— Sis. Opal Kelly

Dear Boys and Girls,

The Bible does not give a lot of information about the life of Jesse, except that he had eight sons, one of whom was David. In the Old Testament times, a man was considered really blessed of

the Lord if he had lots of sons. In reading the Bible, you might notice that the names of one's sons are given, but often his daughters are not even mentioned. In our day, daughters are considered just as important, but the family name is still carried on through the man.

God told Samuel to go to Jesse's house and anoint one of his sons to be king over Israel. When Samuel was looking over Jesse's sons, he didn't know which one the Lord wanted to anoint, but when he saw Eliab, Samuel thought surely this was the one. Apparently Eliab was a man with a good build and carried himself well. He must have looked like a man who could be respected and honored by the people. But this was not the one God had chosen. The Scriptures do not state a lot about Jesse's sons, but somehow one gets the feeling they were fine, upstanding young men. Jesse, no doubt, had always been a good and wise father in training his sons. The way a young man or young woman turns out to be in adulthood is much the result of his home training. Parents who teach and discipline their children are looking out for the good of their child. A verse in Prov. says, "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." If a child is not brought under subjection and trained in good ways, when he grows older he will very likely do something that will bring shame to the parents. When you wish you could do just what you want and that your mother and father would "stay off your back," remember that they are looking out for your future good. They want you to bring honor and not shame to yourself and your family. Perhaps there were times that Jesse wondered if he should spend so much time in training his sons, but through one of them God chose to bring Christ into the world and to be a king to his people.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 5, November 1, 1981

A BLESSED FATHER

1 Sam. 16:1 And the Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? fill thine horn with oil, and go, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemitte: for I have provided me a king among his sons.

4 And Samuel did that which the Lord spake, and came to Bethlehem. And the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably?

5 And he said, Peaceably: I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord: sanctify yourselves, and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice.

6 And it came to pass, when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely the Lord's anointed is before him.

7 But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

8 Then Jesse called Abinadab, and made him pass before Samuel. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

9 Then Jesse made Shammah to pass by. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

10 Again, Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath not chosen these.

11 And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said,

There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither.

12 And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he.

13a Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren: and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.

Prov. 20:7 The just man walketh in his integrity: his children are blessed after him.

MEMORY VERSE: The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice: and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him. Prov. 23:24.

Questions:

1. Over whom was Samuel mourning?
2. To whose house did God send Samuel? What was Samuel to do?
3. How did the elders of the town of Bethlehem feel about his coming?
4. What did Samuel tell the people he had come for?
5. What did Samuel think about Jesse's son Eliab? Was that the one God wanted as king?
6. Samuel was looking at the outward appearance of Jesse's sons, but at what was God looking?
7. How should we judge people?
8. Why was David not at the sacrifice?
9. Describe David's appearance.
10. How will the training a child receives determine what kind of man or woman he or she will be?

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Part 6

Nov. 8

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last issue)

Poor little Elsie tried to be submissive and forgiving, but she could not help feeling it terribly hard and cruel, and almost more than she could bear, thus to be kept away from her sick and dying father.

It was long ere sleep visited her weary eyes that night. Hour after hour she lay on her pillow, pouring out prayers and tears on his behalf. At length, completely worn out with sorrow, she fell into a deep and heavy slumber, from which she waked to find the morning sun streaming in at the windows, and Chloe standing gazing down upon her with a very happy face.

She started up from her pillow, asking eagerly, "What is it, Mammy? Oh! what is it? Is my papa better?"

"Yes, darling, Master Horace is much better this morning. He's going to get well for certain now, if he doesn't get worse again."

For a moment, Elsie forgot that she was still in disgrace and banishment—forgot everything but the joyful fact that her father was spared to her. But, oh! she could not forget it long. The bitter

recollection soon returned to dampen her joy and fill her with sad forebodings.

Mr. Dinsmore's recovery was not very rapid. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his room. Then he came down looking so altered, so pale, thin, and weak, that it almost broke his little daughter's heart to look at him.

Very sad and lonely weeks those had been to her, poor child! She was never once permitted to see her father, and the whole family treated her with marked coldness and neglect. She had returned to her duties in the school room—her father having sent her a command to that effect—and she tried to attend faithfully to her studies, but more than once Miss Day had seen the tears dropping upon her book, and reproved her sharply for not giving her mind to her lessons.

Mr. Dinsmore made his first appearance in the family circle one morning at breakfast. A servant guided him down stairs and seated him in an easy-chair at the table, just as the others were taking their places.

Enna ran up to him, exclaiming, "I'm so glad to see you down again, brother Horace." She was rewarded with a smile and a kiss. Poor little Elsie, who had

been directed to take her old seat opposite him, was unable to utter a word, but stood with one hand on the back of her chair, pale and trembling with emotion, watching him with eyes so blinded by tears that she could scarcely see. No one seemed to notice her, and her father did not once turn his eyes that way.

She thought of the morning when she had first met him there, her poor little heart hungering so for his love. It seemed as if she had gone back again to that time, and yet it was worse. Now she had learned to love him with an intensity of affection she had then never known, and having tasted the sweetness of his love, her sense of suffering at its loss was very great. Utterly unable to control her feelings, she silently left the room to seek some place where she might give her bursting heart the relief of tears, with none to reprove her.

Elsie had a rare plant, the gift of a friend, which she had long been tending with great care. It had blossomed that morning for the first time. The flower was beautiful and very fragrant. As the little girl stood gazing upon it with delighted eyes, while awaiting the summons to breakfast, she had said to Chloe, "Oh! how I should like Papa to see it! He is so fond of flowers, and has been so anxious for this one to bloom."

A deep sigh followed as she thought what a long, long time it was likely to be before her father would again enter her room, or permit her to go into his. He had not, however, forbidden her to speak to him. The thought struck her that, if he should be able to leave his room before the flower had faded, so that she could see and speak to him, she might pluck it and present it to him.

She thought of it again, while weeping alone in her room. A faint hope sprang up in her heart that the little gift might open the way for a reconciliation. But she must wait and watch for an oppor-

tunity to see him alone. She could not think of addressing him before another person.

The opportunity came almost sooner than she had dared to hope. On passing the library door just after the morning lessons were over, she saw him sitting there alone. Trembling between hope and fear, she hurried at once to her room. She plucked the beautiful blossom from its stem, and with it in her hand hastened to the library.

Elsie moved noiselessly across the thickly carpeted floor. Her papa, who was reading, did not seem to be aware of her approach, until she was close at his side. He then raised his head and looked at her with an expression of surprise.

"Dear Papa," said the little girl as she presented him the flower, "my plant is bloomed at last. Will you accept this first blossom as a token of affection from your little daughter?"

Her pleading eyes were fixed upon his face. Before she had finished her sentence, she was trembling violently at the dark frown she saw gathering there.

"Elsie," said he, in the cold, stern tone she so much dreaded, "I am sorry you have broken your flower. I cannot imagine your motive—affection for me it cannot be. That such a feeling exists in the breast of a little girl, who not only refuses to obey her sick father, but would rather see him *die* than give up her own self-will, I cannot believe. No, Elsie, take it away. I can receive no gifts of affection from a rebellious, disobedient child."

The flower had fallen upon the floor. Elsie stood in an attitude of utter despair, her head bent down upon her breast, and her hands hanging listlessly at her side. For an instant she stood thus, and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she sank down on her knees beside her father's chair. Seizing his hand in both of hers, she pressed it to

her heart, and then to her lips, covering it with kisses and tears, while great bursting sobs shook her whole frame.

"Oh, Papa! dear, dear Papa! I do love you! Indeed, I do. Oh, how could you say such cruel words to me?" she sobbed.

"Hush!" he said, withdrawing his hand. "I will have nothing but the truth from you, and 'actions speak louder than words.' Get up immediately and dry your tears. Miss Day tells me that you are ruining your eyes by continual crying. If I hear any more such complaints, I shall punish you severely. I will not allow it at all, for you have nothing whatever to make you unhappy but your own misconduct. Just as soon as you are ready to submit to my authority, you will find yourself treated with the same affection as formerly; but remember, *not till then!*"

His words were like daggers to the sensitive child. Had he stabbed her to the heart he could not have hurt her more.

"Oh, Papa!" she murmured, as in obedience to his command she rose to her feet, struggling hard to keep back the tears he had forbidden her to shed.

But her emotion did not seem to move him. Her conduct during his severe illness had been so misrepresented to him, that at times he was well nigh convinced that her seeming affection was all hypocrisy, and that she really regarded him only in the light of a tyrant, from whose authority she would be glad to escape in any way.

"Pick up your flower and leave the room," he said. "I have no desire for your company until you learn to obey as you ought."

(To be continued)

God can help us when our mother and father cannot. Jesus said, "Ask and it shall be given unto you." Praying is asking, so don't forget to pray.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever had to do something frightening but you knew the Lord was with you? Perhaps you sang a song before a large congregation of people. That can cause someone to be somewhat scared, but you can do it if you know that God is with you.

David knew that the Philistine giant was a mighty man and had great weapons of war. But he did not let himself run away because of these fears. He knew that God had the greater power and that He would help David win the battle. We should not let our fears prevent us from doing what God wants us to do. Have faith in God. Think of the past times He has helped you and look to Him for present help.

Why do you think God chose David to be the king over His people? I'm sure one reason is because David had faith in God. God had helped him kill a bear and a lion when they came to do harm to his father's sheep. David knew his strength came from the Lord and he knew that God would continue to give strength. Another thing I'm sure that pleased God was that David was humble and obedient. King Saul had had David come to live in the palace for a while and play his harp to relax Saul's mind. After a time, David's brothers went to battle and he was called home to take care of the sheep. Just think—from a palace to a sheepfold! David didn't complain, but simply obeyed. When his father told him to take some food to his brothers in battle, David obeyed. Boys and girls, it is very important that we learn to obey. We must learn how to obey our parents and then it will be easier for us to obey God. God cannot use people who will not do what He says.

Try to think of some people in the Bible who did not obey God. How about Adam, Balaam, and Jonah? What hap-

pened when they disobeyed God? Would not it have been better to have obeyed God to begin with? The Bible says, "To obey is better than sacrifice."

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 6, November 8, 1981

A WILLING AND OBEDIENT YOUTH

1 Sam. 16:19 Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto Jesse, and said, Send me David thy son, which is with the sheep.

20 And Jesse took an ass laden with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent them by David his son unto Saul.

21 And David came to Saul, and stood before him: and he loved him greatly; and he became his armourbearer.

22 And Saul sent to Jesse, saying, Let David, I pray thee, stand before me; for he hath found favour in my sight.

23 And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.

17:13a And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle:

14 And David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul.

15 But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

17 And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren;

18 And carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look

how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.

20 And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle.

23 And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them.

32 And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

50 So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Memory Verse: If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land. Isa. 1:19.

Questions:

1. For whom did Saul send?
2. What did Saul want David for?
3. How did David's harp playing affect Saul?
4. When David's older brothers went to battle, where did he go?
5. What did David's father Jesse want David to do?
6. Why did David think he could slay the giant?
7. Do you think that David was humble? Name something he did that proves he was.
8. Name some of the times that David was obedient to his father. Name some specific times in David's life that he was obedient to God.

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Vol. 32, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 7

Nov. 15

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continue from last issue)

Silently and mechanically Elsie obeyed him, and hastening to her own room again, threw herself into her nurse's arms, weeping as though she would weep her very life away.

Chloe asked no questions as to the cause of her emotion but tried in every way to soothe and encourage her to hope for future reconciliation.

For some moments her efforts seemed to be quite unavailing. But suddenly Elsie raised her head, and wiping away her tears, said, with a convulsive sob, "Oh! I am doing wrong again, for Papa has forbidden me to cry so much. I must try to obey him. But, oh!" she exclaimed dropping her head on her nurse's shoulder, with a fresh burst of tears, "how can I help it, when my heart is bursting?"

"Jesus will help you, darling," replied Chloe. "He always helps His children to bear all their troubles and never leaves nor forsakes them. You must try, darling, to mind Master Horace, because he is your own Papa."

"Yes, Mammy, I know I ought, and I will try," said the little girl, wiping her

eyes. "But, Mammy, you must pray for me, for it will be very difficult."

Elsie had never been an eye-servant, but had always conscientiously obeyed her father, whether present or absent. She constantly struggled to restrain her feelings, and even when alone denied her bursting heart the relief of tears. It was not always that she could do this, for she was but young in the school of affliction, and often, in spite of every effort, grief would have its way, and she was ready to sink beneath her heavy weight of sorrow. Elsie had learned from God's holy Word, that "affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." Soon she set herself diligently to work to find out why this bitter trial had been sent her.

Her little Bible had never been suffered to lie a single day unused, nor had morning or evening ever failed to find her in her closet. She had neglected none of the forms of religion, and her devotions had been far from heartless. Yet she discovered with pain that she had of late spent less time, and found less of her enjoyment in these duties than formerly. She felt perhaps she had been too much engrossed by an earthly

love and needed this trial to bring her nearer to her Saviour, and teach her again to seek all her happiness in "looking unto him." Now the hours that she had been wont to pass in her father's company were usually spent in her own room, alone with her Bible and her God. There she found that sweet peace and joy which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus she gathered strength to bear her troubles and crosses with heavenly meekness and patience. She had indeed great need of a strength not her own, for every day, and almost every hour brought with it its own peculiar trial.

No one but the servants treated her with kindness, but coldness and neglect were the least she had to bear. She was constantly reminded, even by Walter and Enna, that she was stubborn and disobedient. There was so little pleasure in her walks and rides that she gradually gave them up almost entirely. One day her father's attention was called to it by a remark of Mrs. Dinsmore's, "that it was no wonder the child was growing thin and pale, for she did not take exercise enough to keep her in health." He called her to him and laid his commands upon her "to take a walk and ride every day, when the weather would at all permit, but never dare to go alone farther than into the garden."

Elsie answered with meek submission. She then turned quickly away to hide the emotion that was swelling in her breast.

The change in her father was the bitterest part of her trial. She had so revelled in his affection, and now it seemed to be withdrawn completely. Mr. Dinsmore seemed suddenly to have changed from the fond, loving parent to the cold, pitiless tyrant. He now seldom took any notice of his little daughter and never spoke to her unless it was to utter a rebuke, threat, or command in

tones of harshness and severity.

Elsie bore it with all the meekness and patience of a martyr, but before long her health began to suffer. She grew weak and nervous, and would start and tremble at the very sound of her father's step or voice—those sounds which she had once so loved to hear—and the little face became thin and pale, and an expression of deep sadness settled down upon it.

Love was as necessary to Elsie's health and happiness as sunshine to the flowers. Even as the keen winds and biting frosts of winter wilt and wither the tender blossoms, so did all this coldness and severity, the gentle, sensitive spirit of the little child.

"You are not looking quite well yet, Mr. Dinsmore," remarked a lady visitor, who called one day. "And your little daughter, I think, looks as if she, too, had been ill. She is very thin, and also seems to have entirely lost her bright color."

Elsie had just left the room a moment before the remark was made. Mr. Dinsmore started slightly.

"I believe she is a little pale," he replied, "but as she makes no complaint, I do not think there can be anything seriously amiss."

"Perhaps not," said the lady, "but if she were my child I should be afraid she was going into a decline."

"Really, Mrs. Grey, I don't know what should put such a notion into your head!" exclaimed Mr. Dinsmore. "I assure you that Elsie has always been a perfectly healthy child since I have known her."

"Ah! well," replied Mrs. Grey, rising to take leave, "I am glad to hear there is no ground for fear, for Elsie is certainly a very sweet little girl."

Mr. Dinsmore handed Mrs. Grey to her carriage, and re-entering the house went into the little parlor where Elsie,

the only other occupant of the room, sat reading.

He did not speak to her, but began pacing back and forth across the floor. Mrs. Grey's words had alarmed him. He could not forget them, and whenever in his walk his face was turned towards his child, he bent his eyes upon her with a keen, searching gaze. He was surprised that he had not before noticed how thin and pale that little face had grown.

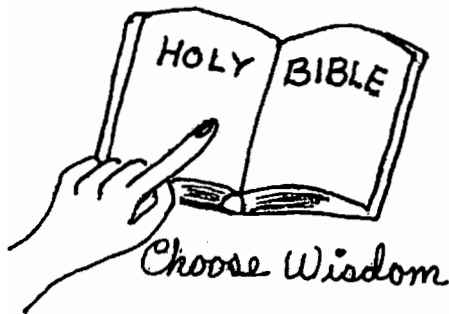
(To be continued)

A missionary in Brazil once saw a monkey sitting on a log cracking nuts with a stone. The monkey's attention was attracted to the man, and this so interfered with the accuracy of his aim that a blow fell upon his tail which was curled around him. With a scream of rage the monkey hurled the stone at the man and ran off. No doubt it comforted him to blame the missionary for his sufferings.

Do you ever act like that monkey and blame other people for the mistakes you make? You shouldn't, because that is not the way Jesus wants you to live.

—Sel.

LESSON ILLUSTRATION



Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever dreamed of having any wish granted that you so desire? If God

told you He would give you the thing you desired most, what would that be? Would it be money? Would it be a big, fine house? Would it be to be the most popular boy or girl in the school?

One night God came to King Solomon in a dream and told him that He would grant him his greatest desire. Solomon didn't ask for riches. He didn't ask for power. He didn't ask for a long life. Solomon asked God for wisdom. He was the leader of God's people at that time and he felt that he needed wisdom to make good decisions for the people. God was so pleased with Solomon's desire that He gave him great wisdom and added riches and honor also.

What is wisdom? It is the ability to make good judgment. Have you ever seen people who made decisions that always turned out wrong? They do not have much wisdom. Wisdom causes one to make decisions that turn out for the best. Sometimes we as humans don't have enough wisdom to know what is the best thing to do in certain matters. How are we to get wisdom? In the Bible (James 1:5) we read, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God . . . and it shall be given him." Wisdom comes from God. We get wisdom through praying and through reading the Bible. We get wisdom through experiences. That is one reason that older people have more wisdom than younger ones, because they have gone through more experiences and know what results certain actions will lead to. Since Solomon had such great wisdom, it would be wise for us to listen to his words, don't you think? He said, "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding." He instructs us to listen to our parents and abide by their teachings. It is wise to accept good counsel. Solomon wrote the book of Proverbs to help us know what are some wise

things to do in our daily lives. Quote or read aloud some of Solomon's proverbs.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 7, November 15, 1981

SOLOMON'S WISDOM

1 Kings 2:1 Now the days of David drew nigh that he should die; and he charged Solomon his son, saying,

2 I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man;

3 And keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself:

1 Chron. 29:28 And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour: and Solomon his son reigned in his stead.

2 Chron. 1:1 And Solomon the son of David was strengthened in his kingdom, and the Lord his God was with him, and magnified him exceedingly.

3 So Solomon, and all the congregation with him, went to the high place that was at Gibeon; for there was the tabernacle of the congregation of God, which Moses the servant of the Lord had made in the wilderness.

7 In that night did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee.

8 And Solomon said unto God, Thou hast shewed great mercy unto David my father, and hast made me to reign in his stead.

9 Now, O Lord God, let thy promise unto David my father be established: for

thou hast made me king over a people like the dust of the earth in multitude.

10 Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge this thy people, that is so great?

11 And God said to Solomon, Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but has asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king:

12 Wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honour, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like.

1 Kings 4:29 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.

Memory Verse: The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Prov. 9:10a.

Questions:

1. When David was nearing death, what did he tell Solomon?
2. What did David say keeping the ways of God would do for one?
3. Was God with Solomon?
4. What did God ask Solomon?
5. What request did Solomon make?
6. Did God grant Solomon's request? What else did God give Solomon?
7. Discuss how wisdom can bring riches. Discuss how it can bring honor and long life.

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Part 8

Nov. 22

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continue from last issue)

"Elsie," her father said suddenly, pausing in his walk.

The child started and colored, as she raised her eyes from the book to his face, asking, in a half tremulous tone, "What, Papa?"

"Put down your book and come to me," he replied seating himself.

His tone lacked its usual harshness, yet the little girl came to him trembling so that she could scarcely stand. It displeased him.

"Elsie," he said, as he took her hand and drew her between his knees, "why do you always start and change color when I speak to you? And why are you trembling now as if you were venturing into the lion's jaws? Are you afraid of me? Speak!"

"Yes, Papa," she replied, the tears rolling down her cheeks, "you always speak so sternly to me now, that I cannot help feeling frightened."

"Well, I didn't intend to be stern this time," he said more gently than he had spoken to her for a long while. "Tell me, my daughter, are you quite well? You are growing very pale and thin, and I

want to know if anything ails you."

"Nothing, Papa, but—" the rest of her sentence was lost in a burst of tears.

"But what?" he asked almost kindly.

"Oh, Papa, you know! I want your love. *How can I live without it?*"

"You need not, Elsie," he answered gravely. "You have only to bow that stubborn will of yours, to have all the love and all the caresses you can ask for."

Wiping her eyes, she looked up beseechingly into his face, asking in pleading tones, "*Dear Papa, won't you give me one kiss—just one? Think how long I have been without one.*"

"Elsie, say 'I am sorry, Papa, that I refused to obey you in going to the dance; will you please to forgive me? I will always be obedient in the future.' That is all I require. Say it, and you will be at once entirely restored to favor."

"I am *very* sorry, dear Papa, for all the naughty things I have ever done. I will always try to obey you, if you do not bid me break God's commandments," she answered in a low tone.

"That will not do, Elsie. It is not what I bid you say. I will have no *if* in the matter; nothing but unconditional obedience," he said severely.

He paused for a reply, but receiving none, continued: "I see you are still stubborn, and I shall be compelled to take severe measures to subdue you. I do not yet know what they will be, but one thing is certain—I will not keep a rebellious child in my sight. There are boarding schools where children can be sent who are unworthy to enjoy the privileges of home."

"Oh, Papa! dear Papa, don't send me away from you! I should die!" she cried in accents of terror. Throwing her arms around his neck and clinging to him with a convulsive grasp she said, "Punish me in any other way you choose. But, oh! *don't* send me where I cannot see you."

He gently disengaged her arms, and without returning her caress, said gravely, "Go now to your room. I have not yet decided what course to take, but you have only to submit, to escape *all* punishment."

Elsie retired, weeping bitterly, passing Adelaide as she went out.

"What is the matter now?" asked Adelaide of her brother.

"Nothing but the old story," he replied. "She is the most stubborn child I ever saw. Strange!" he added, "I once thought her rather *too* yielding. Adelaide," he said, "I am terribly perplexed! This estrangement is killing us both. Have you noticed how thin and pale she is growing? It distresses me to see it, but what can I do? Give up to her I cannot; it is not once to be thought of. I am sorry I ever began the struggle, but since it *is* begun she *must* and *shall* submit. It has really become a serious question with me whether it would not be the truest kindness to conquer her at once by an appeal to the rod."

"Oh, no, Horace, don't think of such a thing, I beg of you!" exclaimed Adelaide, with tears in her eyes. "I do believe it would quite break her heart to be

subjected to such a punishment. I would try everything else first."

"But what can I try?" Horace asked.

"I think that Aunt Chloe upholds Elsie in her obstinacy, and makes her think herself a martyr to principle. Elsie is still so young, it seems to me it might be *possible* to change her views, if she were entirely removed from such an influence. I do not advise it, for I know it would well nigh break both their hearts."

"That is a wise suggestion, Adelaide. I thank you for it, and shall take it into consideration. Yet it is a measure I feel loath to adopt, for Chloe has been a faithful nurse. I feel that I owe her a debt of gratitude for the care she has taken of Elsie, and of her mother before her. As you say, I fear it would well nigh break both their hearts. But if less severe measures fail, I shall feel compelled to try it."

Elsie's father called her to him. His face was sad and distressed, but very stern.

"Elsie," he began, speaking in slow tones, "I told you last evening that should you still persist in your resistance to my authority, I should feel compelled to take severe measures with you. I have now decided what those measures are to be. So long as you continue rebellious, you are to be banished entirely from the family circle. Your meals must be taken in your own room, and though I shall not reduce your fare to bread and water, it will be very plain. I shall also deprive you entirely of pocket money, and of all books excepting your Bible and school books. I forbid you either to pay or receive any visits. You are also to understand that I forbid you to enter any apartment in the house excepting your own and the school room—*unless* by my express permission. You are never to go out at all, even to the garden,

excepting to take your daily exercise. You are to go on with your studies as usual, but need not expect to be spoken to by any one but your teacher, as I shall request the others to hold no communication with you. It goes into effect this very hour, but becomes void the moment you come to me with acknowledgments of repentance for the past, and promises of implicit obedience for the future."

Elsie stood like a statue. She had grown very pale while her father was speaking, and there was a slight quivering of the eyelids and of the muscles of the mouth, but she showed no other sign of emotion.

"Did you hear me, Elsie?" he asked.

"Yes, Papa," she murmured.

"Have you anything to say for yourself before I send you back to your room?" he asked in a softened tone.

He felt a little alarmed at the child's unnatural calmness. But it was all gone in a moment. Sinking upon her knees she burst into a fit of weeping. "Oh! Papa, Papa!" she sobbed, raising her streaming eyes to his face, "will you never love me any more? Must I never come near you, or speak to you again?"

He was much moved. "I did not say *that*, Elsie," he replied. "I hope that you *will* come to me before long with the confessions and promises I require. Then I will take you to my heart again, as fully as ever. Will you not do it at once, and spare me the painful necessity of putting my sentence into execution," he asked, raising her gently, and drawing her to his side.

"Dear Papa, you know I cannot," she sobbed.

"Then return at once to your room. My sentence must be enforced, though it break both your heart and mine, for I *will* be obeyed, Go!" he said, sternly putting her from him. Weeping and sobbing, feeling like a homeless,

friendless outcast, Elsie went back to her room.

(To be continued)

A MORNING PRAYER

Father, hear me as I pray;
Guard and keep me all the day.
Help me feel Thy tender care
All the time and everywhere.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Remember we are studying about the ancestors of Christ. During the time that kings ruled Judah, some of them were good kings that served the Lord, and some of them were wicked. When godly kings ruled, the people worshipped God. When wicked kings ruled, they worshipped idols.

When Asa became king he did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord. He tore down the altars on which people sacrificed to their gods. He broke their idols. He told the people to seek the God of their fathers and to keep His commandments.

Sometimes there are people who lay down the law to everyone except their own family. They try to ignore the wrongdoing of a family member. I knew a minister of the world once who used to preach against remarriage if one had a living companion. He read the Scriptures from the Bible and said there was no way a man could rightfully have two living wives. After a while, one of his sons divorced his wife and wanted to marry another girl. The minister then began to say that in some cases it was all right to have two wives. Instead of standing firm on the truth, he backed down on it to keep peace with his son.

When Asa became king of Judah, his mother was worshipping idols. He did not try to smooth things over and let things go on that way. He broke her idols and burned them. He removed her from being queen. This does not mean

that Asa did not love his mother, but it means that he loved God more. When we really love someone we will do what is good for them. Asa knew that God was displeased with his mother's worshipping idols, and perhaps he was afraid God would punish her for her wickedness if it did not stop. He was concerned for her welfare. Neither did he want the other people to follow the wicked ways of his mother, so he would not let her reign as queen.

We must always put God and His ways first in our lives above all others.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 8, November 22, 1981

ASA DESTROYS THE IDOLS

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.

15:1 And the Spirit of God came upon Azariah the son of Oded:

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.

8 And when Asa heard these words, and the prophecy of Oded 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.

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.

1 Kings 15:11 And Asa did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, as did David his father.

14 But the high places were not removed: nevertheless Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days.

Memory Verse: He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. Matt. 10:37.

Questions:

1. Who became king after Abijah?
2. Did Asa do that which was good in God's sight?
3. What did Asa do with the idols and the groves?
4. What did Asa command the people of Judah to do?
5. What did the prophet Azariah tell Asa? Did Asa believe his words?
6. What did Asa's mother worship?
7. What did Asa do with his mother's image, and what did he do to her?
8. Discuss how family or friends can come between us and the Lord.

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Vol. 32, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 9

Nov. 29

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last issue)

It was only a few days after Adelaide had suggested to her brother the idea of separating Elsie from her nurse, that he had the offer of a very fine estate in the immediate neighborhood of his father's plantation.

"I must have a housekeeper," he said to Adelaide. "I shall send Chloe there. She will do very well for the present, and it will give me the opportunity I desire of separating her from Elsie, while in the meantime I can be looking out for a better."

"But you are not going to leave us yourself, Horace?" his sister inquired.

"Not immediately. I intend to end this controversy with Elsie first. I hope that the prospect of sharing such a home with me as soon as she submits, will go far towards subduing her."

Mr. Dinsmore hated the thought of Elsie's grief, if forced to part from her nurse, but he was not a man to let his own feelings, or those of others, prevent him from carrying out any purpose he had formed.

Chloe was summoned to Mr. Dinsmore's presence. He informed her of his

purchase, and that it was his intention to send her there to take charge of his house and servants.

Chloe, who was surprised and highly flattered, looked very much delighted. She expressed her thanks and her willingness to undertake the charge. Suddenly a thought struck her and she asked, if "her child" was to go with her.

Mr. Dinsmore said, "No," very decidedly. When Chloe told him that that being the case she would rather stay where she was, he said she could not have any choice in the matter. She must go and Elsie must stay.

Chloe burst into an agony of tears, begging to know why she was to be separated from the child she had loved ever since her birth; the child committed to her charge by Elsie's dying mother?

Mr. Dinsmore was a good deal moved by her grief, but still not to be turned from his purpose. He waited until she had grown calmer, and then, in a tone of great kindness, but with much firmness, replied, "that he was not angry with her. He knew she had been very faithful in her kind care of his wife and child, and he should always take care of her. For reasons which he did not think

necessary to explain, he felt it best to separate her from Elsie for a time. He knew it would be hard for them both, but it *must* be done. She must prepare to go to her new home that very day."

He dismissed her, and she went back to Elsie's room nearly broken hearted.

"Oh, Mammy, Mammy! What is the matter? Dear old Mammy, what ails you?" she asked, throwing her arms around her neck.

Chloe clasped her to her breast, sobbing out that she must leave her. "Master Horace was going to send her away from her precious child."

Elsie was stunned by the announcement. To be separated from her beloved nurse who had always taken care of her—who seemed almost necessary to her existence! It was such a calamity as her worst fears had never suggested, for they never had been parted, even for a single day.

She unclasped her arms from Chloe's neck and stood for a moment silent. Suddenly she sank down upon her nurse's lap, again wound her arms about her neck, and hid her face on her bosom, sobbing wildly: "Oh, Mammy, Mammy! You shall not go! Stay with me, Mammy! I've nobody to love me now but you. My heart will break if you leave me."

Chloe could not speak, but she took the little girl in her arms in a fond embrace, while they mingled their tears and sobs together.

"I will go to Papa!" she exclaimed. "I will beg him on my knees to let you stay! I will tell him it will kill me to be parted from my dear old mammy."

"It isn't any use, darling! Master Horace, he says I *must* go," said Chloe, shaking her head mournfully. "He won't let me stay."

In the weeks after Aunt Chloe and Elsie were separated, dear little Elsie had no human arms and voice to

comfort her in her trials. She sought comfort in her one Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother."

Elsie rose feeling very weak and looking pale and sad. Not caring to avail herself of her father's permission to join the family, she took her breakfast in her own room as usual. She was on her way to the school room soon afterwards, when, seeing her papa's man carrying out his trunk, she stopped and inquired in a tone of alarm—

"Why, John! is Papa going away?"

"Yes, Miss Elsie, but aren't you going along? I supposed you were."

"No, John," she answered faintly. "Where is Papa going?"

"Up North, Miss Elsie. I don't know no more about it," replied the servant.

Mr. Dinsmore himself appeared at this moment, and Elsie, starting forward with clasped hands, and tears running down her cheeks, looked piteously into his face, exclaiming, "Oh, Papa, dear Papa, are you going away without me?"

Without replying, he took her by the hand, and turning back into his room again, shut the door and sat down. He lifted her to his knee. His face was very pale and sad.

Elsie laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed out her tears and entreaties that he would not leave her.

"It depends entirely upon yourself, Elsie," he said. "I gave you warning some time ago that I would not keep a rebellious child in my sight. While you continue such, either you or I must be banished from home. I prefer to exile myself rather than you. But a submissive child I will not leave. It is not yet too late. You have only to yield to my requirements, and I will stay at home, or delay my journey for a few days, and take you with me. But if you prefer separation from me to giving up your own self-will, you have no one to blame

but yourself."

He waited a moment, then said: "Once more I ask you, Elsie, will you obey me?"

"Oh, Papa, always, if—"

"Hush!" he said sternly. "You know that will not do. Setting her down, he rose to go.

She clung to him with desperate energy. "Oh, Papa," she sobbed, "when will you come back?"

"That depends upon you, Elsie," he said. "Whenever my little daughter writes to me the words I have vainly tried to induce her to speak, that *very day*, if possible, I will start for home."

He laid his hand on the handle of the door as he spoke.

Clinging to him, and looking up into his face, she pleaded, amid her bitter sobs and tears, "Papa, dear Papa, kiss me once before you go. Just *once*, Papa. Perhaps you may never come back—perhaps I may die. Oh, Papa, Papa! Will you go away without kissing me? Oh, Papa, my heart will break!"

His own eyes filled with tears, and he stooped as if to give her the coveted caress, but hastily drawing back again, said with much of his accustomed sternness—

"No, Elsie, I cannot break my word. If you are determined to break your own heart and mine by your stubbornness, on your own head be the consequences."

(To be continued)

—0—
"An elderly lady was mailing a package containing a Bible. The postal clerk assisting her inquired, 'Anything breakable?'"

"His customer had a ready answer: 'Only the Ten Commandments, young man!'"

—0—
Dear Boys and Girls,

Josiah was the king of Judah about 630 years before Christ was born. Christ was a descendant of him. Josiah became king

when he was only eight years old. Can you imagine a king that young? Our lesson says that he did that which was right in God's sight. When he was sixteen years old he began to really seek the Lord and to destroy the idol worship in the land of Judah. He burned the idols, broke them, and smashed them, and used his power and authority to turn the people back to worshipping God.

Notice in verse 33 it says that he took "all the abominations out of all the countries." If we know something is wrong and that it will turn us away from the Lord, we should get rid of that thing and not let it stay around to tempt us. If we have bad books around, we should get rid of them so they will not be a temptation. When something wrong tempts us, it is best to get rid of that thing altogether. That is somewhat like a television. There are so many bad programs on TV that would tempt us to say or do bad things, that it should be put out of the home completely. We should realize, like Josiah, that keeping evil things around us day by day will cause us to begin to think they're all right.

The last verse of our lesson says that there was not another king who "turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might" the way that Josiah did. Wouldn't you like for the Lord to feel that way about you? Josiah began to seek God when he was young. That is the time we all should seek the Lord. If we seek the Lord while we are young, there will not be as many things to repent of. Your body will not be weak and impaired from sinful deeds. Your mind will not be filled with low, vulgar thoughts. The Lord wants clean, strong minds to work for Him. He wants bodies that are healthy and energetic. Why don't you seek the ways of God now while you're young and be determined to love and abide by God's ways, and learn to hate evil?

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 9, November 29, 1981

A YOUNG KING

2 Chron. 34:1 Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one and thirty years.

2 And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand, nor to the left.

3 For in the eighth year of his reign, while he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David his father: and in the twelfth year he began to purge Judah and Jerusalem from the high places, and the groves, and the carved images, and the molten images.

4 And they brake down the altars of Baalim in his presence; and the images, that were on high above them, he cut down; and the groves, and the carved images, and the molten images, he brake in pieces, and made dust of them, and strowed it upon the graves of them that had sacrificed unto them.

18 Then Shaphan the scribe told the king, saying, Hilkiah the priest hath given me a book. And Shaphan read it before the king.

19 And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the law, that he rent his clothes.

30 And the king went up into the house of the Lord, and all the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and the priests, and the Levites, and all the people, great and small: and he read in their ears all the words of the book of the covenant that was found in the house of the Lord.

31 And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his stat-

utes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book.

33 And Josiah took away all the abominations out of all the countries that pertained to the children of Israel, and made all that were present in Israel to serve, even to serve the Lord their God. And all his days they departed not from following the Lord, the God of their fathers.

2 Kings 23:25 And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him.

Memory Verse: Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Eccl. 12:1.

Questions:

1. How old was Josiah when he became king of Judah?
2. What does it mean he "declined neither to the right hand, nor to the left"?
3. What did he do about the groves and images? Where did he scatter the dust of the idols?
4. What did Josiah do when he heard the book of God's laws read?
5. How did he try to get the people to serve God?
6. What covenant did Josiah make before God? Did Josiah keep the covenant?
7. Were there any kings before or after him who served the Lord according to the law the way that Josiah did?
8. Do you think God blessed Josiah? Why?
9. Why is it important to serve the Lord in our youth?

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Vol. 32, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 10

Dec. 6

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last issue)

Putting her forcibly aside, he opened the door and went out. With a cry of anguish, she sank half-fainting on the floor.

She was roused ere long by the sound of a carriage driving up to the door. The thought flashed upon her, "He is not gone yet, and I may see him once more." Springing to her feet, she ran downstairs to find the rest of the family in the hall, taking leave of her father.

He was just stooping to give Enna a farewell kiss, as his little daughter came up. He did not seem to notice her, but was turning away, when Enna said, "Here is Elsie, aren't you going to kiss her before you go?"

He turned round again, to see those soft, hazel eyes, with their mournful, pleading gaze, fixed upon his face. He never forgot that look. It haunted him all his life.

He stood for an instant looking down upon her, while that mute, appealing glance still met his. She ventured to take his hand in both of hers and press it to her lips.

He turned away, saying, in his calm, cold tone, "No! Elsie is a stubborn, disobedient child. I have no caress for her."

From that time the little Elsie drooped and pined, growing paler and thinner day by day. Her step became more languid and her eye more dim. No one could have recognized in her the bright, rosy, joyous child, full of health and happiness that she had been six months before. She went about the house like a shadow, scarcely ever speaking or being spoken to. She made no complaint and seldom shed tears now. She seemed to have lost interest in everything and to be sinking into a kind of apathy.

During the weeks of her father's absence, the little girl's physical condition grew steadily worse until she had taken her bed. Word had been sent to her father to return home.

"Dear Aunt Adelaide, how kind you are to me," said the little girl, opening her eyes and looking up lovingly into her aunt's face. There was a sound of carriage wheels.

"Is it my papa?" asked Elsie.

Adelaide sprang to the window. No, it was only a kind neighbor, come to inquire how the invalid was.

A look of keen disappointment passed over the expressive countenance of the little girl—the white lids drooped over the soft eyes. Large tears stole from beneath the long dark lashes.

"He will not come in time," she whispered, as if talking to herself. "Oh, Papa, I want to hear you say you forgive all my naughtiness. I want one kiss before I go. Oh, take me in your arms, Papa, and press me to your heart. Say you love me yet!"

Adelaide could bear it no longer. "Dear child," she cried, bending over her with streaming eyes, "he *does* love you! I *know* it. You are the very idol of his heart. You must not die. Oh, darling, live for his sake and for mine. He will soon be here, and then it will be all right. He will be so thankful that he has not lost you, that he will never allow you to be separated from him again."

"No, oh, no! He said he did not love a rebellious child," she sobbed. "He said he would never kiss me again until I submit. You know I cannot do that, because that would be going against the will of God."

"Oh, Horace! Horace! will you *never* come? Will you let her die? so young, so sweet, so fair!" wept Adelaide, wringing her hands.

Day by day, Elsie's condition grew worse. She was often now delirious.

"My papa—I want my papa. But he said he would never kiss me till I submit." The tone was low, and the large mournful eyes were fixed upon Adelaide's face.

Then suddenly her gaze was directed upward, a bright smile overspread her features, and she exclaimed in joyous accents, "Yes, Mamma, I am coming! I will go with you!"

Adelaide turned away and went weeping from the room, unable to bear any more.

"Oh, Horace, what have you done!" she sobbed, as she walked up and down the hall, wringing her hands.

It was no lack of love for his child that had kept Mr. Dinsmore from at once obeying Adelaide's summons. He had left the place where she supposed him to be, and thus it happened that her letters did not reach him nearly so soon as she had expected.

When at length they were put into his hands, and he read of Elsie's entreaty that he would come to her, and saw by the date how long she had been ill, his distress was excessive. Within an hour he had set out on his return, travelling night and day with the greatest possible dispatch.

It was early on the morning of the day after her fearful relapse, that a carriage drove rapidly up the lane. Horace Dinsmore looked from its window, half expecting to see again the little graceful figure that had been wont to stand upon the steps of the porch, ready to greet his arrival with joy and love.

A servant met him at the door, looking grave and sad. Mr. Dinsmore waited not to ask any questions. He sprang up the stairs and hurried to his daughter's room, dusty and travel-stained as he was.

He heard her laugh as he reached the door. "Ah! she must be a great deal better. She will soon be quite well again, now that I have come," he murmured to himself as he pushed the door open.

But alas! what a sight met his eye. The doctor, Mrs. Travilla, Adelaide, and Chloe, were all grouped about the bed where lay his little daughter. She was tossing about and raving in the wildest delirium. She would shriek with fear, then laugh an unnatural, hysterical laugh. She was so changed that no one could have recognized her. The little face was so thin. The beautiful hair of which he had been so proud was all

gone. The eyes were sunken deep in her head and their soft light were changed to the glare of insanity. Could it be Elsie, his own beautiful little Elsie? He could scarcely believe it, and a sickening feeling of horror and remorse crept over him.

No one seemed aware of his entrance, for all eyes were fixed upon the little sufferer. As he drew near the bed, Elsie's eye fell upon him, and with a wild shriek of mortal terror, she clung to her aunt, crying out, "Oh, save me! save me! He's coming to take me away to the Inquisition! Go away!" and she looked at him full of fear and horror. The doctor hastily took him by the arm to lead him away. But Mr. Dinsmore resisted.

"Elsie! my daughter! It is I, your own father, who loves you dearly!" he said in deep anguish, as he bent over her, and tried to take her hand. She snatched it away, and clung to her aunt, hiding her face, and shuddering with fear.

Mr. Dinsmore groaned aloud, and no longer resisted the physician's efforts to lead him from the room. "It is the delirium of fever," the doctor said. "She will recover her reason—if she lives."

"Mr. Dinsmore, I will be frank with you. Had you returned one week ago, I think she *might* have been saved; *possibly*, even had you been here yesterday morning. But now, I see not one ray of hope. I never knew one so low to recover."

(To be continued)

God Answered

D. L. Moody, the evangelist, when just a boy, was very strong and muscular. He also was very stubborn, with a strong will that did not want to be submissive. He was full of high spirits and rowdy.

At the age of six, he wanted to do something to help his mother. A neighbor gave him the job of driving his cows

to and from the pasture in the mountain. In this way he earned a little money to help his mother.

As he drove the cows to and fro, he had to close a heavy fence. One day the fence fell upon the boy and he could not get loose from under it. He tried his best, and also cried loudly for help, but all in vain.

When everything seemed hopeless, the thought came to him that God could help him if he asked. In simple words he asked his mother's God to please help him free himself, and tried again. This time he was able to lift the fence and set himself free. His very first answer to prayer made a deep impression on him, which helped lead him to God.

—o—Adapted

Dear Boys and Girls,

This quarter we have been studying about the ancestors of Jesus. John the Baptist was not an ancestor, but he was related to Jesus. John's mother and Jesus' mother were cousins.

The prophets had said that there would come a man to prepare the way for Christ. This man was John the Baptist. He began to tell people to repent of their sins and to be baptized. Many people listened to John and turned their hearts toward God.

One day Jesus came to the Jordan River where John was preaching and baptizing. Jesus asked John to baptize Him. What was John's reaction? Just think, the Savior of the world was asking John to baptize Him! John told Jesus that he was not worthy to do such a thing. John didn't feel like he was good enough to so much as unbuckle Jesus' shoes, much less to baptize him. But Jesus told John that it must be in order to fulfil all righteousness.

John was a man who was prophesied of in the Old Testament Scriptures. His fame had spread quite a bit, and many went out to hear him preach. What was John's attitude toward his position? Someone asked him once, "Are you the prophet that we

have read about?" John did not lift himself up, but replied, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Can we be that humble? When we do things for God, do we want to be sure that everyone knows about it? When you sing a special in meeting or when you testify, do you feel a little better than others? We should not. We should have the same attitude that John had. If we sing, we should feel it is just the voice of one praising God. If we testify, we should feel it is no great thing of our own, but is done to encourage others and to glorify God. John's life was one of humility. No matter how much we do in working for God we should realize, "We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." (Luke 17:10b)

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 10, December 6, 1981

A LIFE OF HUMILITY

Luke 1:13 But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

14 And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth.

15 For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.

16 And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God.

17 And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

Mark 1:4 John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

5 And there went out unto him all the land of Judaea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.

6 And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey;

7 And preached, saying, There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

8 I indeed have baptized you with water: but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

Matt. 3:13 Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14 But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

Memory Verse: By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life. Prov. 22:4.

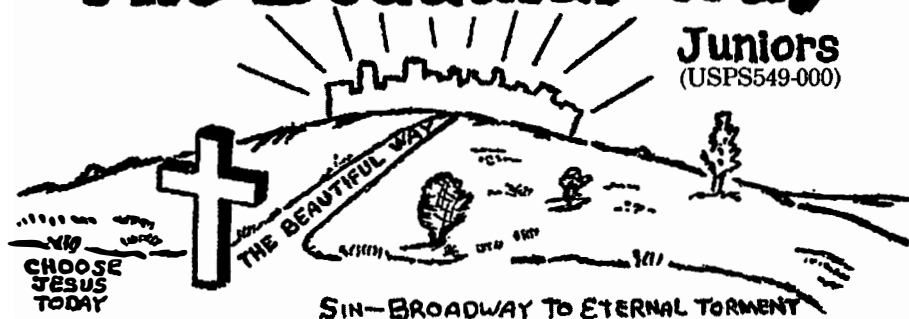
Questions:

1. Who appeared to Zacharias? What did the angel tell him?
2. What kind of a man did the angel say John would be?
3. What did John preach to the people? Did they listen and obey?
4. What did John say about his unworthiness compared to Jesus?
5. With what did John baptize? With what did he say Jesus would baptize?
6. What did Jesus want John the Baptist to do? Did John want to?
7. Why did Jesus want to be baptized?
8. Discuss what being humble means.

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Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 11

Dec. 13

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continue from last issue)

"Doctor," said Mr. Dinsmore, "if that child dies, I must go to my grave with the brand of Cain upon me, for I have killed her by my cruelty. Oh, doctor, she is the very light of my eyes—the joy of my heart! How *can* I give her up? Save her, doctor, and you will be entitled to my everlasting gratitude."

"There is life yet, Mr. Dinsmore," remarked the doctor. "Though human skill can do no more, He who raised the dead child of the ruler of the synagogue, and restored the son of the widow of Nain to her arms, can give back your child to your embrace. Let me entreat you to go to Him, my dear sir. And now I must return to my patient."

Mr. Dinsmore replied only by a convulsive grasp of the friendly hand held out to him. Hurrying away to his own room, he shut himself up there to give way to his bitter grief and remorse where no human eye could see him.

For hours he paced back and forth, weeping and groaning in such mental agony as he had never known before.

His usual neatness in person and dress was entirely forgotten, and it never once

occurred to him that he had been traveling for several day and nights without making any change in his clothing. He was equally unconscious that he had passed many hours without tasting any food.

Horace Dinsmore could not stay away from his child while she yet lived. Though he might not watch by her bed of suffering, nor clasp her little form in his arms, as he longed to do, he must be where he could hear the sound of that voice, so soon, alas! to be hushed in death.

He entered the room noiselessly, and took his station in a distant corner, where she could not see him. She was moaning, as if in pain, and the sound went to his very heart. Sinking down upon a seat, he bowed his head upon his hands, and struggled to suppress his emotion.

"Yes, Mamma, yes," she said, "I am coming! Take me to Jesus."

Then, in a pitiful, wailing tone she said, "I'm *all alone*! There's nobody to love me. Oh, Papa, kiss me just once! I will be good, but I must love Jesus best, and obey Him always."

He rose hastily, as if to go to her, but the doctor shook his head, and he sank

into his seat again with a deep groan.

"Oh, Papa!" she shrieked, as if in terror, "don't send me there! They will kill me! Oh, Papa, have mercy on your own little daughter!"

It was only by the strongest effort of his will that he could keep his seat. But Adelaide was speaking soothingly to her. "Darling," she said, "your papa loves you. He will not send you away."

Elsie answered in her natural tone, "But I'm going to Mamma. Dear Aunt Adelaide, comfort my poor papa when I am gone."

Her father started, and trembled between hope and fear. Surely she was talking rationally now. Was she indeed about to leave him, and go to her mother?

She was speaking again in trembling, tearful tones: "He wouldn't kiss me! He said he never would till I submit. He never breaks his word. Oh! Papa, Papa, will you *never* love me any more? I love you so *very* dearly. You'll kiss me when I'm dying, Papa dear, won't you?"

Mr. Dinsmore could bear no more. Starting up he would have approached the bed, but a warning gesture from the physician prevented him. He hurried from the room.

No one saw him again that night, and when the maid came to attend to his room in the morning, she was surprised to find that the bed had not been touched.

It had been a night of anguish and heart-searching, such as Horace Dinsmore had never passed through before. For the first time he saw himself to be what he really was in the sight of God—a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, lost, ruined, and undone. He had never believed it before, and the prayers which he had occasionally offered up had been very much in the spirit of the Pharisee's, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are!"

As he thought of his own worldly-mindedness and self-righteousness, his utter neglect of the Savior, and determined efforts to make his child as worldly as himself, he shrank back appalled at the picture. He cried out to God in bitterness of soul: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

It was the first *real* prayer he had ever offered. He would fain have asked for the life of his child, but dared not. He felt that he had so utterly abused God's trust that he deserved to have her taken from him. The very thought was agony, but he dared not ask to have it otherwise.

He had given up all hope that she would be spared to him, but pleaded earnestly that one sane interval might be granted her, in which he could tell her of his deep sorrow on account of his severity toward her and ask her forgiveness.

He did not go down to breakfast. Adelaide brought him some refreshment, and at length he yielded to her entreaties that he would try to eat a little.

Drawing Elsie's little Bible from her pocket, Adelaide put it into Horace's hand, saying, "I thought it might help to comfort you, my poor brother." With a fresh burst of tears she left the room.

There were many texts marked with her pencil, and many pages blistered with her tears. Oh, what a pang that sight sent to her father's heart! In some parts these evidences of her frequent and sorrowful readings were more numerous than in others.

Hour after hour he sat there reading that little Book. At first he was interested in it only because of its association with her—his loved one. But at length he began to feel the importance of its teachings. As he read, his convictions deepened the thought that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." He remembered how all his life he had

turned away from the Savior of sinners, despising that blood of sprinkling, and rejecting all the offers of mercy. He trembled lest he should not escape God's wrath.

The first faint streak of dawn was beginning in the eastern sky when the doctor, who had been bending over Elsie for several minutes, suddenly laid his finger on her pulse. He turned to the others with a look that there was no mistaking. There was weeping and wailing in that room, where death-like stillness had reigned so long.

"Her poor father!" exclaimed Mrs Travilla at length.

"Yes, I will go to him," said Adelaide quickly. "I promised to call him the moment she waked, and now—oh, now, I must tell him she will never wake again."

Adelaide turned to Elsie's writing desk, and took from it a letter which the child had directed to be given to her father as soon as she was gone. She carried it to him. Her low knock was instantly followed by the opening of the door. He had been awaiting her coming.

She could not look at him, but hastily thrusting the letter into his hand, turned weeping away. He well understood the meaning of her silence and her tears. With a groan of anguish he shut and locked himself in again.

(To be continued)

God wants His people to be happy. Those who praise the Lord are joyful people. God wants us to tell others about the times Jesus kept us from yielding to temptation. He wants us to praise Him for answering prayer when we were in need.

Christ died for all—both young and old,
To save our souls from hell.
I'll open wide my heart to Him,
And of His goodness tell.

Dear Boys and Girls,

We have talked about many of the family of Jesus. The first one we talked about was Abraham, who lived 2,000 years before Christ. Today our lesson is concerning Jesus' own parents—Joseph and Mary. We often hear stories of Mary—that she was a young, pure girl who was humble before the Lord. I am sure that God chose just the woman He knew would be the best mother for our Lord. I feel that God was just as careful about choosing the man to be Jesus' earthly father. It had to be a man who loved God and who would obey His voice. I'm sure also that God wanted a man that would set a good example before Jesus in His childhood.

The Bible tells us a few things about Joseph. It says he was a "just man." That means that he treated others fairly; that he was honest and upright. He held to good morals. Three times an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph: (1) To tell him to go ahead and marry Mary, (2) to tell him to leave Egypt, and (3) to tell him to take Mary and Jesus to live in Israel. Joseph could recognize the voice of God and he obeyed.

Joseph, no doubt, followed the Mosaic law and taught Jesus the commands, also. In the Bible it says Jesus was accustomed to attending the synagogue regularly. This was probably the example set by his father Joseph. I am sure God wanted a man who would teach His Son the doctrines of the law and how to serve God in a pleasing manner.

Joseph was a carpenter by trade, so he was a man who worked with his hands. He was probably diligent in his work and taught Jesus the importance of doing a good job in working for himself or for other people.

Fathers have a big responsibility. They provide the money for our clothes, food, and household goods. They give their children moral guidelines. They set the

example of being conscientious on their job. They should also lead their children to God by setting a godly example at home and in regularly being in the worship of God.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 11, December 13, 1981

JESUS' EARTHLY FATHER

Matt. 1:18 Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

19 Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a publick example, was minded to put her away privily.

20 But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

21 And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.

22 Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

23 Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

24 Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife:

25 And knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name Jesus.

2:13 And when they [wise men] were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord

appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt; and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

14 When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt:

19 But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,

20 Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

23 And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

13:55 Is not this [Jesus] the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas?

Memory Verse: And Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ. Matt. 1:16.

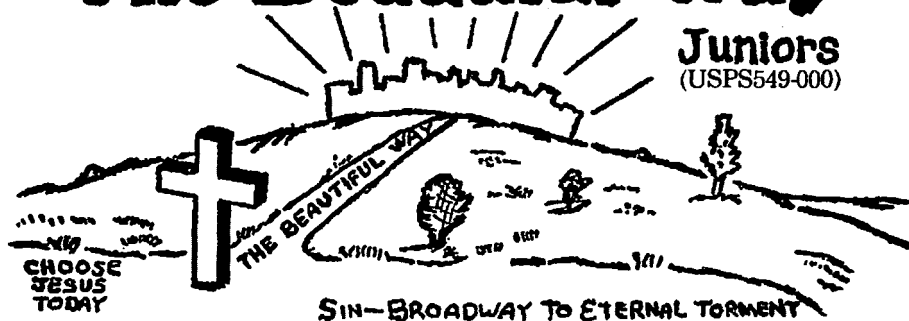
Questions:

1. To whom was Joseph to be married?
2. What caused Joseph to think of putting Mary away?
3. Who was really the father of Jesus?
4. Who appeared to Joseph in a dream? What did the angel tell him to do about marrying Mary?
5. Did the angel tell Joseph the purpose for Jesus' life? What was it?
6. Why did Joseph take Mary and the baby Jesus out of Egypt?
7. Who told Joseph that Herod was dead?
8. What trade did Joseph follow?
9. Name some important things that you think Joseph taught Jesus.

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Vol. 32, No. 4

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1981

Part 12

Dec. 20

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continued from last issue)

Chloe was assisting Mrs. Travilla at Elsie's bedside. Suddenly the lady paused in her work, saying, in an agitated tone, "Quick! quick! Aunt Chloe, throw open that shutter wide. I thought I felt a little warmth about the heart, and —yes! yes! I was not mistaken. There is a slight quivering of the eyelid. Chloe, She may live yet!"

Mr. Dinsmore was roused from the painful dreaming into which he had fallen by a light rap on his door. He rose and opened it at once. The doctor stood there ready to give the glad tidings, but upon seeing such a grief-stricken countenance hesitated, lest the sudden reaction should be too great for him to bear.

"You wish to speak to me about the funeral—" Mr. Dinsmore's voice was husky and low. He paused, unable to finish his sentence.

"Come in, doctor," he said.

"Mr. Dinsmore," said the doctor. "Are you prepared for good news? Can you bear it, my dear sir?"

Mr. Dinsmore caught at the furniture for support, and gasped for breath.

"What is it?" he asked hoarsely.

"Good news, I said," the doctor repeated, as he sprang to his side to prevent him from falling. "Your child yet lives. The crisis is past, and I have some hope that she may recover."

"Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed the father, sinking into a seat. Burying his face in his hands, he sobbed aloud.

The next day Elsie, who had been lying for some time awake, but without speaking, suddenly asked: "Aunt Adelaide, have you heard from Miss Allison since she went away?"

"Yes, dear, a number of times," replied her aunt, much surprised at the question; "once since you were taken sick. She was very sorry to hear of your illness."

"Dear Miss Rose, how I want to see her," murmured Elsie. "Aunt Adelaide," she asked, "has there been any letter from Papa since I have been sick?"

"Yes, dear," said Adelaide, "one, but it was written before he heard of your illness."

"Did he say when he would sail for America, Aunt Adelaide?" she asked.

"No, dear," replied her aunt, fearing the child was losing her reason.

"Oh, Aunt Adelaide, do you think he will ever come home? Shall I ever see

him? And do you think he will love me?" moaned the little girl.

"I am sure he does love you, darling, for he mentions you very affectionately in his letters," Adelaide said. "Now go to sleep, dear child."

Resigning her place to Chloe, Adelaide stole softly from the room. Seeking her brother, she repeated to him all that had just passed between Elsie and herself.

"Oh, Adelaide!" he exclaimed, "are my sins thus to be visited on my innocent child? Better death a thousand times than she should lose her mind."

"Don't be so distressed, dear brother. I am sure it cannot be so bad as you think," whispered Adelaide. "She looks bright enough, and seems to perfectly understand all that is said to her."

Upon calling the doctor, Adelaide repeated her story.

"Don't be alarmed," said the physician. "She is *not* losing her mind. It is simply a failure of memory for the time being. This gives you one advantage, Mr. Dinsmore. You can now go to her as soon as Miss Adelaide has broken to her the news of your arrival."

When Elsie waked, Adelaide communicated to her the tidings that her father had landed in America and hoped to be with them in a day or two.

A faint tinge of color came to the little girl's cheek, her eyes, sparkled, and clasping her little, thin hands together, she exclaimed, "Oh!, can it really be true that I shall see my own dear father? Do you think he will love me, Aunt Adelaide?"

"Yes, indeed, darling. He says he loves you dearly, and longs to have you in his arms."

Elsie's eyes filled with happy tears.

"You must try to be very calm, darling, and not let the good news hurt you," said her aunt, "or I am afraid the doctor will say you are not well enough

to see your papa when he comes."

"I will try to be very quiet," replied the little girl. "Oh, I *hope* he will come soon."

The next morning the first question Elsie asked when she wakened was, "Has my Papa come yet?"

"Do you think you are strong enough to see him?" asked Aunt Adelaide.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Adelaide. Is he here?" she inquired, trembling.

"I am afraid you are not strong enough yet," said Adelaide.

"Dear Aunt Adelaide, I will try to be very calm. *Do* let me see him," she urged. "It won't hurt me half so much as to be kept waiting."

"Yes, Adelaide, she is right. My precious child! They shall keep us apart no longer." And Elsie was gently raised in her father's arms, and folded to his beating heart. She looked up eagerly into his face. It was full of the tenderest love and pity.

"Papa, Papa, my own Papa," she murmured, dropping her head on his breast.

Now Mr. Dinsmore was constantly with his little girl. She could scarcely bear to have him out of her sight, but clung to him with the fondest affection, which he fully returned. He never willingly left her for an hour. She seemed to have entirely forgotten their first meeting, and everything which had occurred since, up to the beginning of her illness. She always talked to her father as though they had just begun their acquaintance.

(To be continued)

Cora Gets Saved

The year was 1893. Cora was nine years of age. Her dad was a preacher, so she had heard preaching every Sunday for as long as she could remember. The family also had morning and evening

worship in their home, so Cora had been taught much about the Bible.

Last Sunday Dad had said in his sermon: "Everyone that is born into the world sins. At first we are so young and know so little that God does not hold us responsible for the sin. As a child gets a little older, though, he knows when he is doing wrong and makes a choice to do right or wrong. In order to become a Christian, we must be sorry for our sins, quit doing them, and ask God to forgive us." Cora had been thinking much about this. She had always obeyed her parents and she had only told a few lies that she could remember. But the Lord brought some things to her mind with which He was not pleased. One time she had received a whipping from her mother because she had taken a slice of an apple pie Mother had baked. Mother had set the pie on a shelf to cool. Cora remembered the bad feelings she had felt toward her mother after the whipping. She had actually wanted something bad to happen to her mother. Another time Cora had gotten very angry with her little brother when he tore one of her books. She slapped him across the face and called him an ugly name.

Cora felt badly as she thought of the evil thoughts she had had in her mind at times. She wanted God to forgive her, but she thought she would have to wait until Sunday when the altar call was given at the chapel.

As she walked around the corner of the house, she stopped when she heard someone crying. Under the apple tree stood a ladder that the children climbed upon to reach the apples that were high on the tree. Her mother was kneeling beside the ladder praying to God. Cora's heart was touched. Mother was praying for her children. After a while Mother raised her head and wiped her eyes. Cora hid behind a bush. Her mother

went back to her work inside the house, never knowing that Cora had been watching and listening to her.

Cora went over to the ladder and knelt down just where her mother had. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she asked God to forgive her of the bad things she had done and the ugly feelings she had had. She asked God to put a love for good things in her heart and to make her kind. God sent a sweet peace into her heart. She got up knowing that she had given her heart to God.

—S. W.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever held a new-born baby? New-born babies are so precious and everyone wants to bend over their beds and look at the tiny new bundle. I'm sure that's the way that Mary and Joseph felt when Jesus was born. To them He was their precious baby intrusted to their care by God.

Most of you were probably born in a hospital where there are nice beds and lots of nurses to take care of the needs of the mothers and the babies. A few years ago most babies were born at home, where a nurse would come to help out. But the most important baby that was ever born was born in a stable, or a barn. Why do you think Jesus was born in a stable? We know that the Bible says there was no room for them in the inn, but God could have arranged for Him to be born in the palace. After all He was a king. Maybe the reason that God wanted Christ to be born in a lowly place was to show that one doesn't have to be rich to be in the Kingdom of God. Sometimes men think that being rich is the greatest thing there is, but riches mean nothing to God. The things that God counts as being important are godliness, honesty, love, meekness, obedience, kindness, forgiveness, and many other like qualities.

The first visitors that this king had were shepherds who had been out on the hillside watching their sheep. They had been told of this long looked for birth, so they left their sheep to see this special baby. No one has such a lowly position but that Jesus wants them to come to Him. He cares as much about a paper boy as the President, as much about a farm hand living in a shanty as a millionaire oil man living in a mansion. Jesus' birth was not like a king's birth at all. From the beginning of His life He set the example of how we should feel toward riches. Prov. 13:7b says, "There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." Jesus was poor in the riches of this world, but rich in the things that really matter. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 12, December 20, 1981

A HUMBLE BIRTH

Luke 2:1 And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

2 (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7 And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Memory Verse: Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath, not where to lay his head. Luke 9:58b.

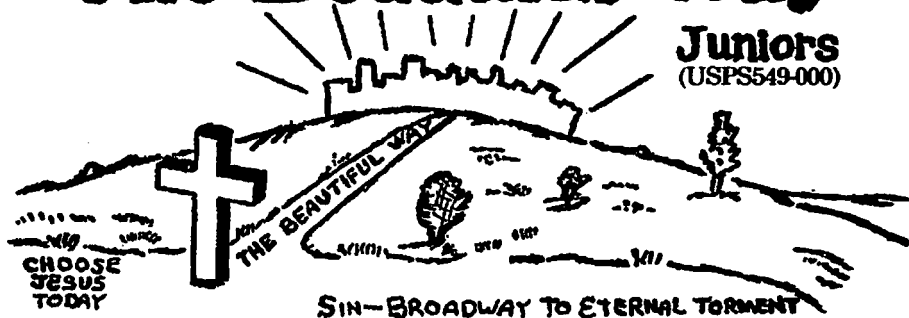
Questions:

1. Why did Joseph and Mary go to Bethlehem?
2. Of whose lineage was Joseph?
3. Where did they stay while they were in Bethlehem?
4. What happened while they were there?
5. To whom did the angels announce the birth of Christ?
6. What were the good tidings the angels told?
7. How were the shepherds to recognize the Savior?
8. Since there are still wars on earth, how did Christ bring peace?
9. Discuss the difference it might have made had Christ been born in a palace and had grown up there.

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Part 13

Dec. 27

Elsie Dinsmore

(Continue from last issue)

One day Mr. Dinsmore had been reading to Elsie, while she lay on the sofa. Presently he closed the book. Looking at her, he noticed that her eyes were fixed upon his face with a troubled expression.

"What is it, dearest?" he asked.

"Papa," she said in a hesitating way, "It seems as if I had seen you before. Have I, Papa?"

"Why, surely, darling," he answered, trying to laugh, though he trembled inwardly. "I have been with you for nearly two weeks, and you have seen me every day."

"No, Papa, but I mean before. Did I dream that you gave me a doll once? Were you ever vexed with me? "Oh, Papa, help me to think," she said, rubbing her hand across her forehead as she spoke.

"Don't try to think, darling," he replied. He raised her, shook up her pillows, and settled her more comfortably on them. "I am not in the least vexed with you. There is nothing wrong, and I love you very dearly. So shut your eyes and go to sleep."

When he entered her room again in the morning, he found her already dressed for the day.

"Good morning, daughter. You are quite an early bird today, for a sick one," he said gayly.

As he drew near, he was surprised and pained to see that she was trembling and that her eyes were red with weeping. "What is it, dearest?" he asked. "What ails my little one?"

"Oh, Papa," she said, bursting into tears, "I remember it all now. Are you angry with me yet? Must I go away from you as soon as—"

He had knelt down by her side, and now raising her gently up, and laying her head against his breast, he kissed her tenderly. "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." He paused, then in tones tremulous with emotion, said: "Elsie, my dear, my darling daughter, I have been a very cruel father to you. I have most shamefully abused my authority. Never again will I require you to do anything contrary to the teachings of God's Word. Will you forgive your father, dearest, for all he has made you suffer?"

"Dear Papa, don't! Oh, please don't say such words to me!" she said. "You

had a right to do whatever you pleased with your own child."

"No, daughter; not to force you to disobey God," he answered. "I have learned to look upon you now, not as absolutely my own, but as belonging first to Him, and only lent to me for a time."

He paused then went on. "Elsie, darling, your prayers for me have been answered. Your father has learned to know and love Jesus. I have consecrated to His service the remainder of my days. We are travelling the same road at last."

Her happiness was too deep for words—for anything but tears. Putting her little arms around his neck, she sobbed out her joy and gratitude upon his breast. He held her to his heart for a moment; then kissing away her tears, laid her gently back upon her pillow again. He took up the Bible which lay beside her.

"I have learned to love it almost as well as you do, dearest," he said. "Shall we read together, as you and Miss Rose used to do long ago?"

Her glad look was answer enough. Opening to one of her favorite passages, he read it in his deep, rich voice, while she lay listening, with a full heart.

He closed the book. He had taken one of her little hands in his when he was reading, and still holding it fast in a loving grasp, he knelt down and prayed.

Elsie's heart swelled with emotion, and glad tears rained down her cheeks. For the first time, she heard her father's voice in prayer. It was the happiest hour she had ever known.

"Take me, Papa, please," she begged, holding out her hands to him, as he rose from his knees, and drawing his chair close to her couch sat down by her side.

He took her in his arms, and she laid her head on his breast again, saying, "I am so happy, so very happy! Dear Papa, it is worth all the sickness and every-

thing else that I have suffered."

He only answered with a kiss.

The End

(Adapted from the books *Elsie Dinsmore* and *Holidays at Roselands* by Martha Finley.)

First Things First

"Oh, come on and let's play with the airplane!" cried Keith as Uncle Les drove into the yard and parked his car. Keith and his older brother Johnny were visiting their grandparents. They had just returned from town where grandmother had done her washing. Uncle Les had bought a model airplane and the boys wanted to go down to the field and play with it.

"Wait until we get the clothes hung out first," answered Uncle Les. "We want to put first things first. We must not go play when there is work to be done. Which do you choose, to have your play and fun right now, or are you willing to wait patiently until the proper time?"

"Oh we would rather wait," answered Johnny.

"That's the way we should be," said Uncle Les, "and this makes me think of something that is very important to us. Would you like for me to tell it to you?"

"Yes, yes," they cried in unison.

"Well," continued Uncle Les, "The Bible teaches us some things about what we should wait for, and what should be done first."

"I didn't know the Bible said anything about that," said Keith with a puzzled tone. "I thought that the Bible just taught us about Jesus."

"It does tell us about Jesus," said Uncle Les. "But in telling of Jesus, it also includes what is expected of us to enter heaven, and it was for that purpose that Jesus came into the world. Jesus came into the world to prepare the hearts of men to live in heaven with Him. When

we come to the Lord to be saved and He makes us His child, and as we live for Him and obey His voice to all we know, that makes us ready for heaven."

"Well," said Johnny, "if we are made ready for heaven, why does He leave us still down here in this wicked place? It seems like to me that God would want us so badly to come to heaven that He would take us there as soon as we are saved."

"It looks that way," said Uncle Les. "But it is God's will that we live first for Him in this world and work for Him and go through trials and hard places before He takes us to that beautiful place. By us being faithful and patiently waiting for Him to come and take us home, heaven will mean much more to us when we at last get there. When you have to wait for something that you desire greatly, it will mean much more to you than if you receive it right away. We will be tempted..."

"Wait a minute," said Keith. "Please tell me why God allows us to be tempted."

"God wants us to choose to serve Him," was the answer. "For that reason He leaves us here in this world where there are many things to draw us away from Him. But as we turn away from these things and draw near to God, He is well pleased. We could not really serve God acceptably if we were not tempted to do otherwise."

"I'm beginning to see," said Johnny happily. "Just as we must be sure all the necessary work is done before we fly the plane, just so God wants us to perform all His will before we fly away to heaven."

"That is exactly right," said Uncle Les, happy to see his nephews understanding the lesson. "Now, I want to read out of the Bible just what I've been trying to tell you. Galatians 5:5 says: 'For we through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith.' Romans

8:25 says: 'But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.' By these scriptures we see that there is a period of waiting before we are rewarded for living for the Lord. We must be willing to wait for our reward. Many people in the world about us are not willing to wait for their reward. They want all their wealth, joy, pleasure, ease, comfort, and good time now.

—L. Busbee

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever wondered what the childhood of Jesus was like? Perhaps you've wondered if He played games with other boys and girls. Did he sometimes skin His knee or snag His clothes? The Bible tells us very little about His childhood, but that is probably because it was not very different from any other childhood. Although He was God in the flesh, He did not perform miracles in His childhood. He had to learn to climb trees the same way as you learned. He went to school as the other boys of His day. His father was a carpenter, so probably from a young age He helped Joseph in his carpenter shop. Joseph taught Jesus the trade of carpentry. Jesus had the same things to learn that you do. He enjoyed childhood play as you do. Perhaps at a younger age than most boys He began to think on the deep things of life. He realized there was a special purpose in His life.

In our lesson we read of His talking with doctors at the age of twelve. These learned men were amazed at the understanding of this young boy. When His parents found Him there, He returned with them to His home in Nazareth, "and was subject unto them." Being subject meant that He was under their authority. He was obedient to His parents. Are you in subjection to your parents? Jesus set the example for us to follow. Although He had such deep understanding at a young age, He did not rebel against His parents or others in authority. He knew there were things He could learn

from them. There were many things that Mary and Joseph could yet teach Him. The Holy Scriptures teach children to honor their parents and it was in His heart to do that.

Do not think you have reached an age that your parents can't teach you anything more. You still have much to learn from them. They have lived many more years than you have and have experienced many things that you have not yet gone through. Try to learn all you can from your parents about living for God, running a household, making things, cooking, sewing, building, repairing, etc. Seek to do as Jesus and grow in wisdom and favour with God and man.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 13, December 27, 1981

JESUS' BOYHOOD

Luke 2:40 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

41 Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42 And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43 And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44 But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45 And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46 And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking questions.

47 And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48 And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49 And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50 And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51 And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52 And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

Memory Verse: My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Prov. 1:8.

Questions:

1. Where did Jesus' parents go every year? Why did they go?
2. How old was Jesus when He went with them?
3. When His parents left Jerusalem, where was Jesus?
4. Why did they not miss Him at first?
5. What did Mary and Joseph do when they could not find Him in the caravan?
6. Where did they find Him and what was He doing?
7. What did the people that heard the young Jesus think of Him?
8. What did His mother ask Him? What did Jesus reply?
9. Did He stay there in Jerusalem?
10. Why do you think Jesus went back home with His parents?
11. Discuss some of the things you think Jesus had to learn as other boys and girls.

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