

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 34, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1983

Part 1

Jan. 2

Mary's Reward MARY'S FIRST BIBLE

One night when the children were undressed and baby sister had been tucked away in her tiny bed, Willie cuddled up in his mother's lap. Then suddenly he threw his chubby arms around her neck and asked, "Mother, what makes you so nice?"

"God. God helps people to be nice, dear," Mother replied, hugging him to her heart.

"Then I want Him to help me to be nice, too, when I am big—nice, just like you, Mother," Willie said, still clinging to his mother's neck.

"He will help you, darling," Mother answered, kissing him several times.

"How?" questioned Willie.

"If you love and obey Mother now, while you are a little boy, then when you are grown God will honor and bless you for having been a good little boy by making you a good, nice man. For when children love and obey their parents, it is very easy for God to touch their hearts and to make good men and women out of them," replied Mother.

"Did you love and obey your parents when you were a little girl?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, Ruth darling, and I am so glad that I did," answered Mother.

"Oh, tell us about it, won't you, please?" begged Willie, sitting up straight in his mother's lap.

"Yes, my dears," said Mother, "but I can't tell it to you all in one evening."

"Oh! oh! Fine! I like continued stories!" exclaimed Ruth, clapping her hands. "A very own story—a true story of your own life! Um! um! How good!" continued Ruth, settling down in her cozy chair.

"We're ready!" cried Willie, folding his arms and looking eagerly into his mother's eyes.

"All right," said Mother, "here I begin—only let us suppose I had been another little girl and I tell the story about her. That will be more interesting. We will call her Mary Hollis."

"Yes, oh, yes!" the children said together.

"It was one of California's beautiful golden, fragrant days. The sunshine flooded highest mountain-tops and poured itself over great stretches of valley lands. Everywhere was sunshine—God's beautiful sunlight. Millions of dainty, sun-kissed buttercups and flaming poppies lifted their head.

in thanksgiving to the Father above and myriads of fruit-blossoms filled the air with their sweet smell.

"In Sacramento Valley, not far from a stream, lived little Mary Hollis. On this particular day she, with her older brothers and sisters, was playing with neighboring children. They were playing down by the dusty road which lay between a flaming, fiery sea of golden poppies on one side and a lake of gleaming, creamy buttercups on the other side. They were so interested in their play that they did not see a man get out of a buggy and carry a bundle into the Hollis home.

"About supper-time that evening, when the children went into the house they saw three small but thick books lying on the table.

"Mrs. Hollis saw the look on the children's faces as they spied the books.

"They are Bibles," she explained; and then she gave them to her three oldest children. One Bible was blue, one was black, and the other one was brown. Mary happened to get the brown one."

"Was she as glad to get that little brown Bible as Ruth and I were to get ours, Mother?" asked Willie.

"Yes, indeed she was," said Mother. "A Bible! Mine! One all my very own!" the happy little girl exclaimed to herself. Her face beamed with joy as she hugged the precious Book of God to her heart.

"Could that Bible have talked to her," Mother went on, "it might have said, 'Dear Mary, I am so glad because you have at once fallen in love with me. I hope you will love me always, and I trust you will read me often. By searching my pages you will find how to be truly happy and contented all your life. Many blessings and rewards will come to you if you will follow my commands. I hold many, many beautiful stories, that have thrilled the world for ages, and multitudes of children as well as grown up people have delighted in hearing and

reading them again and again. Too, there are special commands and rules for children as well as for older people found within my covers, and if children will obey and follow them, they will receive wonderful blessings.'

"But of course Mary did not hear anything like this," Mother continued. "She was sure, however, it was a wonderful book. She knew that ministers read from it at meetings and that Sunday school teachers used it in their classes, but that was all she knew about it."

"Didn't her mother have one and didn't her mother read and tell to her stories of the Bible as you do to us, Mother?" asked Ruth.

"Mary's mother may have had one," said Mother, "but if she did she seldom read it. Although her mother loved God and was living for Jesus the best she knew how, yet she was too busy caring for her home and family to find time to tell her children the stories from the blessed Word of God."

"That was too bad!" declared Willie sadly.

"Yes, it was," answered Mother. "But God was interested in little Mary. He saw she was not learning about Him and His Word, and that she was not getting the religious training that all children must have in order to be good Christians. When He saw this, He began to care for her more. That happened when the little brown Bible found its way into her home.

"Mary stood there that evening turning her Bible over and over and examining it thoroughly. Somehow having it and just fumbling its leaves made her feel so strange. She felt as though there were some real person hidden somewhere within its covers—a new, strange person, a wonderful, powerful being, whom she felt wanted to introduce himself to her."

"Mother, I never thought of it before,

but that is the way we meet God and get acquainted with Him—by reading His Word, isn't it?" Ruth asked, filled with joy at the thought.

"Yes," answered Mother, "the Bible is God's direct means of teaching people and of making them acquainted with Him."

"Mother, now go on about Mary," begged Willie.

"Mary was delighted. 'Where did you get the Bibles?' she asked her mother. Her parents were quite poor, and just how her mother got the Bibles was a puzzle to Mary.

"A Christian Bible man was here this afternoon," her mother answered. 'He talked with me about God and His precious Book and about the many commands and promises in the Bible. Oh, I did enjoy listening to him! When I told him about you children and how you hardly ever have the opportunity of attending Sunday school or church services he felt sorry for you. He was so interested in you that he left the Bibles for you. He gave them to me for you, hoping they might become a great blessing in your lives.'

"Wasn't that a good, kind man!" thought Mary. 'Never, never before has a grown up person shown such an interest in me!' she said to herself.

"Jesus does want men and women to love little children and to be interested in them and to teach them how to get to heaven, doesn't He?" said Ruth quietly to her mother.

"Yes, dear. One time Jesus' disciples spoke rather unkindly to some parents for bringing their little children to Jesus to be blessed. Jesus said to His disciples, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'

"Mary never had the privilege of meeting this Christian stranger, but she will never, no, never, forget the kind man who loved her well enough to give her

her first Bible—her own little brown Bible stored with its precious commands and promises to all who love and obey God."

(to be continued)

Lesson 1, January 2, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Jesus often used a story to illustrate a point He wanted to get across to the people or to His disciples. These stories were called *parables*. This quarter our lessons are going to be about some of the parables that Jesus told. We not only want to understand the story, but we also want to know the underlying meaning that Jesus was talking about.

The parable today is about a shepherd guiding the sheep. A true shepherd goes through the door into the sheepfold. He goes ahead and leads his sheep. The sheep do not have to be pushed and beaten, but they follow the shepherd because they know his voice. A false shepherd does not enter the sheepfold by the door but climbs in another way. False shepherds rule over the sheep because of the money they are paid, and not because they really care for the sheep.

This is the story Jesus told. Can you see a deeper meaning than what you might see at first? Who are the sheep? Who are the shepherds? The sheep are Christians, or the people who believe in and follow Jesus. They make up the sheepfold. The shepherds are the ministers. A true shepherd can only enter the sheepfold by the door, or through Jesus Christ. Jesus is the one who calls a person to be a shepherd, or minister. Sometimes people decide or their own to be a minister. This is what the story called a thief and a robber. Perhaps they want to be a minister to get money from the people, or some might become ministers because the

want to be distinguished above the crowd. These are not God-called ministers. They have personal motives at heart and do not lead the sheep because they really care for their welfare. When hard times come along, they will not fulfill their responsibility to the sheep.

Jesus is the Chief Shepherd and we can only be saved through Him. He will provide all our needs just as a shepherd provides all the needs of his sheep.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 1, January 2, 1983

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

John 10:1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

7 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

8 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

9 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

10 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

11 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

12 But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

13 The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

14 I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

Memory Verse: The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Ps. 23:1.

Questions:

1. How many ways are there into the sheepfold? What is someone who climbs up some other way?
2. Whose voice do the sheep hear? Does the shepherd know his sheep?
3. Does the true shepherd go behind and drive the sheep, or does he go ahead and lead?
4. Why will the sheep not follow a stranger?
5. Who is the door into the sheepfold?
6. What does the thief have in mind to do?
7. What does Jesus want to give His sheep, or His people?
8. Who is the "good shepherd"? How did He give His life for the sheep?
9. What is a "hireling"? What does the hireling do when he sees the wolf coming?
10. Name some qualities of a true minister of God.

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Part 2

Jan. 9

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY'S BIBLE

"Oh, Mother, I can hardly wait to hear more about Mary!" declared Ruth the next evening as she hurriedly dried the supper dishes.

"Yes, and I can hardly wait to tell you more about her," Ruth's mother answered.

"You'll be finished with your work soon, won't you, Mother? I can hardly wait until we are settled down for our evening story about Mary," said Willie a minute later as he hustled about the kitchen helping in every way he could.

Presently the work was done, and, going into the sitting room, Mother sat down and Willie climbed up on her lap, while Ruth took her usual place.

"Tonight I will tell you what happened to Mary's Bible," said Mother.

"Oh! Did it get stolen, burned, or something like that?" asked Willie, his big blue eyes wide with wonder.

"Worse than that!" exclaimed Mother.

"Oh, oh! What could it have been?" Willie asked.

"Listen and I'll tell you all about it," Mother answered.

"Although Mary felt strangely interested in her precious gift, many of the words in the bulky brown Book were hard for her to pronounce and to understand. Too, the print was so fine that it would hurt her eyes as she tried to read it. She was seven years old now and in her second year at school. She could read very well, but because of these things about her Bible she became discouraged in reading it. Could her mother have taken the time to show her where the sweet and simple passages and short, interesting stories were to be found, she might have read these. But Mary's mother did not have the time. So one day soon, the little brown Bible was laid away, never to be enjoyed for many years."

"Was that really worse than its being burned or destroyed, Mother?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, dear, I believe it was. For you see, to have God's Word lying around, or thrown about here and there over the house, and never read, shows a lack of love for it."

"Yes, that is so," replied Ruth thoughtfully.

"We will not do that way with our Bibles, will we Ruth?" said Willie; and

jumping down from his mother's lap he ran into his bedroom and lovingly took up his Bible and hugged it. Then he ran back with it to his mother and leaped into her lap. "I'm going to read my Bible, Mother. I'm going to read it always," he said.

"Yes, dear, I do hope you will. It won't be long, now that you are going to school, until you will be able to read many things from the blessed Word of God.

"Mary did not mean not to show love for the Book of God. You see, parents must help their children to become interested in it and show them where to read the more simple verses and stories. Mary's father was not a Christian, and never read the Bible, and her mother had so much to do that she did not have time to help Mary find the easier texts of Scriptures. So Mary lost interest in reading it.

" 'You are a great Book, God's beautiful, wonderful Book; but I can't understand you,' she would say softly to the Bible.

" 'Some day I hope to read and understand you—know the meaning of your words and messages,' she added one day as a parting message to it.

"It was many years after that before Mary opened her little brown Bible again," Mother went on. "Yet the coming of the Book of God into her keeping made a deep impression on her young heart. From that first day when her mother gave it to her there sprang up in her a desire to be good and to do right always. From that hour on and through the years that followed she felt a strong desire to live a good, clean, and upright life. At this time she became interested in others that they too might live good, pure lives.

"Not far from her home lived a family of foreigners, people from a foreign country. They were Scandinavians. The boys of this family were very bad boys.

It hurt Mary to hear them say their bad words.

"One day she was not feeling well; so her mother kept her out of school. That day she sat down at the kitchen table and wrote a short letter to the oldest sister of these Scandinavian boys. Her letter went something like this:

" 'Dear Katie: Mama kept me out of school today because I am not well. I have been thinking about your brothers and I am so sorry because they swear and take God's name in vain. This is awfully wicked, and should they die now they would go to hell. Let us pray for them that they will stop their swearing and their wicked ways so they can go to heaven when they die.

Your friend, Mary.'

This letter shows how interested Mary became in others.

"In those first days after she received her Bible, Mary was very happy. She would often sing a song she had heard the few times she had gone to Sunday school. It was this:

*" 'We shall stand before the King, with
the angels we shall sing,
By and by, by and by;
Walk the bright and golden shore,
praising Him for evermore,
By and by, by and by.'*

"Many times she sang these words over and over; and how she tried to be good so that she might really and truly stand before the great King and sing with the angels some glad and happy day!

" 'Oh, I do want to be a good little girl, so I can go to heaven when I die!' she would say softly to herself."

"Mother, Mary surely was a good little girl who loved Jesus, wasn't she?" interrupted Ruth.

"We want to be like her, don't we?" Willie said, as though he meant it.

"Yes, indeed!" Ruth replied.

Ruth's mother smiled lovingly, and then continued, "So we see even though Mary did not read the Bible nor was taught its truths, it had a wonderful effect upon her. God loved Mary, as He does all children. He wanted her to know something about what lay hidden for her in her precious Bible. When He saw that she was not going to learn her Bible by reading it, He gave her a special verse."

"Does God have special verses for children?" questioned Willie.

"Yes, dear. In the writing of His Book, God did not forget the children. He wrote many things for them as well as for older people. He intends that parents shall read and tell to their children the things He has said to children.

"There was one text especially that the Father in heaven wanted Mary to learn and to practice before she had learned any other. It is called 'the first commandment with promise.' This command is given especially to children, to be kept by children as long as the world shall last. To this command God has attached a promise—a wonderful promise and reward to all the children who love and keep it."

"Tell us—tell us what the command and this wonderful promise are!" both children cried.

"No, no. Not now; that would spoil my story," said their mother.

"Well, we are going to close our story about Mary this evening by saying that two whole years after she got her little Bible, God showed her this special commandment with a promise. Mary thought much about it, especially the command part of it. The reward part did not interest her then."

"Two whole years! My, that was a long time! I'm glad we don't have to wait so long to know what it is! Aren't you, Ruth?" asked Willie.

"I should say I am!" exclaimed Ruth as she and Willie climbed into bed for the night.

(to be continued)

Lesson 2, January 9, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever helped your parents or grandparents plant a garden? It takes quite a bit of work, but it can be very enjoyable and it is fun watching the plants grow and produce vegetables. In some areas gardens are easily grown and nearly every seed brings forth a plant. But in other localities the ground is so rocky that many of the seeds do not come up and some only make tiny plants because their roots are not deep.

I remember one summer we had a beautiful garden and it looked like the yield of the peanuts, corn, and beans would be plentiful. But right at the prime time of growth we went on a long vacation. Do you know what we found when we returned? Briars and weeds had grown faster than our plants and had choked them out. In fact, it was hard even to find many of the vegetable plants.

Jesus compared the Word of God being sown in people's hearts with someone's planting a garden. The seeds that fell by the wayside are like the Word of God going forth to someone's heart, but immediately the devil causes unbelief to come in and that person rejects the Word. Some hearts are so hardened, that just as seeds will not grow on rocks, the Word of God will not find a place to grow. These people are so hardened that nothing can make them tender toward the Lord. There are other people who give their hearts to the Lord, but when others begin to persecute them or to make fun of their living for God, they give up the Christian life. There are

others who love God, but let their love for worldly pleasures surpass their love for the Lord. Yet, we still find a few who know they need God and believe His Word and give their lives to Him. As times goes on, their love for God increases, and God uses their lives to encourage others.

It is up to us as to what condition our hearts are in. We can keep them tender that God's Word and love may grow abundantly. Or we can let them become hard and insensitive to godly instruction. May we each one be careful and wise gardeners. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 2, January 9, 1983

THE SOWER

Mark 4:3 Hearken; Behold, there went out a sower to sow:

4 And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the wayside, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.

5 And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth:

6 But when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away.

7 And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

8 And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred.

14 The sower soweth the word.

15 And these are they by the way side, where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts.

16 And these are they likewise which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness;

17 And have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time: afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, immediately they are offended.

18 And these are they which are sown among thorns; such as hear the word,

19 And the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.

20 And these are they which are sown on good ground; such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty, and some an hundred.

Memory Verse: Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters. Isa. 32:20a.

Questions:

1. What happened to the seed that fell by the wayside?
2. Why did the seed that fell on stony ground not thrive?
3. Why did the seed that fell among thorns not produce fruit?
4. Did the seed that fell on good ground produce fruit?
5. Who is the sower and what are the seeds that he sows?
6. Who took the Word out of the people's hearts?
7. What caused the ones without much root to give up the Lord?
8. What are some things that "choke" the Word out of people's hearts?
9. What makes a person's heart "good ground" to receive the gospel seed?
10. How can we "sow seeds" for Jesus?

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Part 3

Jan. 16

Mary's Reward THE UNUSUAL LETTER

The next evening Ruth and Willie could hardly help their mother enough so that she might start telling them more about Mary. Because they did help more than usual their mother got around to the story telling hour ten or fifteen minutes earlier than usual.

"Are you going to tell us about the commandment with its wonderful promise for children tonight?" asked Willie eagerly.

"I'm going to tell you about an unusual letter and the command part of the Bible verse tonight, dear," answered Mother.

"Mary Hollis was out playing one day, when all at once she heard her mother call, 'Mary! oh, Mary!'"

"Mary stopped suddenly at her play and ran to the house.

"What is it, Mother?" she asked, as soon as she got home. Her mother took her in. It was now two years since the Bible man had been to her home, and there in the room sat another stranger.

"This man is a minister, dear, and I have asked him to pray for you," her mother said. "This minister tells me that

he believes in the power of God to heal diseases. The verses of the Bible he has been reading to me make me also believe God can and will heal diseases. Now the minister is going to pray that you might be healed of the disease you have."

"Mary's eyes opened wide with astonishment. Never before had she heard that God healed the sick and afflicted. It was good news to her.

"It is wonderful—just to think that God can heal!" thought the little girl.

"I told this man about your asthma, and now he is going to pray for you. Do you believe Jesus will heal you?" her mother asked.

"She nodded her head slowly, at the same time looking at the stranger. Somehow she knew he must be a very, very good man. He talked so kindly and so gently.

"Taking hold of her hand, he drew her to his side and, laying his hand very gently upon her head, said tenderly, 'Mary, long ago Jesus, the dear, loving Savior, came down from heaven above, down from His beautiful home on high to this sinful world to save and to help us. He left all the beauties of His world, to die on the cruel cross, for you and for me. Yes, for you and for me,' he said

again, 'and for all,' he added joyfully.

"How we ought to love Him for all He has done for us! He came not only to save us from sin and to take us to heaven when we die, but He came to heal us when we get sick, too," the good man told her.

"What joy she felt in her heart at the preacher's words, and how she loved the blessed, loving Jesus! Never before had she heard the story told so sweetly and so completely. How she admired and loved this kind man who was so interested in telling to her the story of Jesus! His kindness made her think of that other kind Christian man, the one who loved little children so much as to give them Bibles.

"I want to love Jesus and live for Him," Mary told the minister.

"Yes, I'm sure you do, Mary," said the Christian man, 'and I believe you will. Now, Mary, there is one thing I want to tell you about your Christian life. This is very important in your living for Jesus. The Bible tells children to honor and to obey their parents. To be a good Christian you must obey this command,' he told her."

"Is that the command God wanted Mary to know?" Willie asked.

"Just wait and see, dear," Mother answered.

"I will honor and obey them," Mary promised, nodding at the minister. Mary said the words so earnestly that the minister believed she meant to do just what she said she would do.

"Presently the minister took a vial from his pocket and anointed Mary's forehead with oil. Then he laid his hands on her head and prayed that God would heal her and also that she might give her heart and life completely into God's hands and live for Him.

"In her heart Mary prayed that Jesus would make her His own little child. She felt there and then as though He did.

Then her soul was filled with great joy. Also, while the minister was praying, God healed Mary of her asthma. This, too, made her very happy and thankful.

"Just as the minister finished his prayer," Mother went on, "Mary thoughtlessly and nervously began rubbing a large, ugly wart on her right thumb.

"Yes, and God will take that away, too," her mother said. To Mary's great joy a few days later when she went to feel for the wart it was—gone!"

"Oh! Wasn't that wonderful!" gasped Willie.

"Yes, it really was," replied his mother. "And that wart never did come back. This very much helped Mary to trust in God.

"Well, when the minister left Mary's home that day, he did not forget her. Not long afterward he sent her a letter—a letter all her very own. How good God was to her to cause this minister to write that letter! All along God sent good Christian people to her or caused things to happen that made her want to serve Him and to live for Him."

"Isn't God interested in us all that way, Mother?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, Ruth, He is. However, He uses different means and methods with each one, it seems. With you and Willie, God has given you Christian parents. We are always teaching and training you in the things of God so that you may not miss heaven and also that you may live for God here."

"We will!" said the two children.

"Yes, by God's help," Mother added.

"Such a letter!" Mother went on. "Mary was happier than she could tell.

In this letter the minister begged her to be a true and faithful Christian. He also spoke to her again about honoring and obeying her parents. Mary was sure that except for her own precious mother, this minister was her best earthly friend."

"He was a real friend, wasn't he, Mother?" said Ruth.

"Yes, the kind that thousands and thousands of children need today," answered Mother thoughtfully. "Little folk and young people need such good Christian friends, friends who will help them start on the path that leads to heaven."

(to be continued)

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E. Total Distribution	962	1000
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	163	200
G. TOTAL	1125	1200

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
—Randall Flynn, Pub.

"Jeff, why did you cut Mr. Gray's grass instead of going swimming with us?" asked Ted.

"Because Mr. Gray broke his leg and couldn't mow the grass himself, and the Bible says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' " replied Jeff.

Lesson 3, January 16, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you ever find it hard to forgive others for something they've done to you? It is not always an easy thing to forgive. Sometimes we have to pray and ask God to give us a forgiving heart toward someone. Some people do not ask God to help them and they think continuously about how they've been wronged. A grudge begins to form and roots of hatred grow from it. That person loses the spirit of the Lord from his heart and a bitter spirit takes over.

We do not want to have an unforgiving attitude. It will just make us miserable. Besides, Jesus says He will forgive us according to how we forgive others. There may be times that we displease the Lord, or do something against His will. When we come to Jesus and ask Him to forgive us, He will quickly do so if we have a forgiving attitude toward others who displease us. If we do not show mercy toward others, God will not show mercy toward us.

There are several stories in the Bible that illustrate forgiveness. One of the most read stories of forgiveness is the story of Joseph. His own brothers actually sold him into slavery and he was taken to another country. He spent many years in prison. Surely if someone had a right to be upset with anyone, Joseph did. But during those years in prison he did not harbor resentment toward his brothers. Had he built up malice in his heart, he, no doubt, would not have been the man he was and able

to rise to the high position he did. Joseph had a tender and forgiving spirit toward his brothers, and God blessed his life.

God will bless and forgive us if we forgive others. —Aunt Sandra

—o—

Lesson 3, January 16, 1983

THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT

Matt. 18:23 Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

24 And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

25 But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

26 The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

27 Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

28 But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow servants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

29 And his fellow servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

30 And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

31 So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

32 Then his lord, after that he had

called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:

33 Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?

34 And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.

35 So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

Memory Verse: But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses. Mk. 11:26.

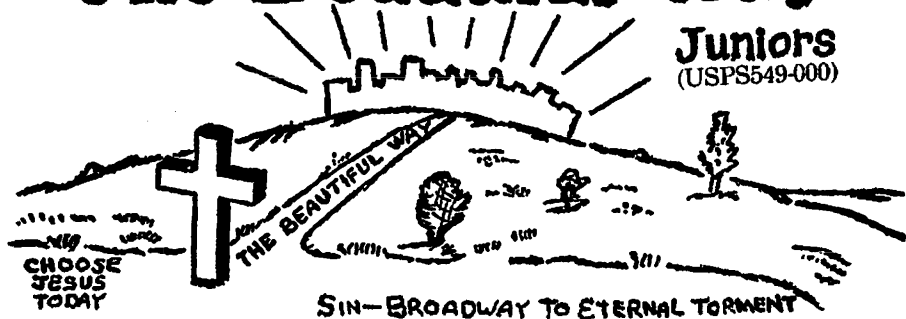
Questions:

1. How much did the one servant owe the king?
2. Did the servant have money to pay him?
3. What did the king at first command to be done?
4. What was the servant's plea?
5. Did the king have compassion on his servant? What did the king do?
6. How much did a fellow servant owe this man?
7. Did the man demand payment?
8. Did the fellow servant also plea for mercy?
9. Did the man have compassion on the fellow servant? What did he have done to the fellow servant?
10. When the king found out, what did he tell the servant to whom he had forgiven the debt? What did he have done to the servant?
11. Will the Lord be merciful to us if we are not merciful to others?
12. Name some ways God is merciful to us.

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Part 4

Jan. 23

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

"My Sunday school teacher is that kind, Mother," Ruth replied. "She always thinks so much of her class. Not only when we are at Sunday school, but when she meets us on the street and when we are sick she shows kindness to us. She is always ready to cheer us and to help us and to talk to us about the things of God."

"Yes, dear, you have a very good Sunday school teacher, and I am so glad. I know that she will have a good influence on your life. I thank God because He has given her to you," Ruth's mother said happily.

"I wish I might see that good minister that was kind to Mary," Willie said suddenly. "Is he still living, Mother?"

"No, Willie, he is with Jesus now. Were he still living he would be an old, old man, and Mary would want to see him and thank him again and again for the good seeds that he sowed in her heart. She would ask him once more to pray for her and ask God's blessings upon her life.

"There was something unusual about this letter," Mother went on. "At the top

a text of Scripture was printed. Mary had never seen a letter like this one before. It interested her very much. Looking closely she saw that it was the same text of the holy Word of God that the minister had bade her follow. It was the first time she had seen and read the command with her own eyes. Now for the third time the message came to her, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' She remembered, too, that the minister had said the Bible told children to obey their parents. She joined the two commands into one."

"Surely God wanted her to get this command down deep in her heart," Ruth said earnestly.

"He certainly did," her mother answered her. "You remember three times the Lord called to Samuel before He told him what He wanted. Three times Jesus asked Peter if he loved Him before Peter properly understood Jesus' question. And three times this message came to Mary before God was satisfied that she really understood His message.

"Looking closer, Mary saw that the command from the Bible is found in Exod. 20:12. She did not pay any particular attention to the promise connected with the command. She was

thinking so much about truly obeying that text and that command, as she promised she would.

"This was the special command for children—the first commandment with promise—that God wanted Mary to learn about. He used this minister and his unusual letter in getting His message to her," Mother said, adding; "God always helps those who long to do right, as Mary did.

"Now before we close our story hour, I want to say something very important: it was very necessary that Mary should obey this command if she was going to live a Christian life. It is necessary that all Christian children obey it; you children, too, my darlings," Mother said.

"It's like building a house, isn't it? There must be a good, solid foundation upon which to build if the building is to stand through the storms, sunshine, and rain," Ruth said in her scholarly way.

"You are right, Ruth. Mary did this. Laying this foundation became the chief thought and aim of her life. It was a long, long time, many years, before she knew this command had a promise and a reward attached to it. But God is not forgetful of His promises. So when there came a trying and sorrowful time one day into Mary's life, He gave her the reward that is promised to those who obey their parents."

"Oh, I'm so eager to know what that sorrowful time was and especially what the promise was. Was—was it money, Mother?" asked Willie with his earnest big eyes wide open.

"No, no, sweetheart, never! You'll have to wait until some other evening and I'll tell you what this great promise is that was made to Mary and to all good children who obey their parents."

"And to Ruth and to me—to me!" cried Willie as he threw his arms about his mother's neck and kissed her.

"Yes, my darlings, to you, too! The promise is just as much yours as it was

Mary's if you will be just as obedient as she was," Mother explained as she carried Willie to his bed and tucked him away for the night.

MARY MEETS THE TEMPTER

"The last dish is put away. Everybody is now ready to hear about the obedient Mary," Willie shouted at the top of his voice as he pulled his mother's rocker around in place.

"All right. The story listeners, whom I must say are excellent ones, and the story teller are ready to proceed," said Mother laughingly as she settled down in her big rocking chair.

"This evening we are to tell of how the vile Tempter tried to get Mary to break her precious commandment," Mother began.

"And did she? Did she?" asked Ruth breathlessly.

"We'll see, dearie," said Ruth's mother. "To begin with, Mary was so eager to put into practice her command that she listened to hear the faintest call from her parents. One time she ran into the house and cried out, 'Mother! Mother! were you calling me?'

"'No, dear, run back to your play,' her mother answered.

"'Well, I surely thought I heard you calling me,' Mary replied and ran out to her play.

"As Mary grew older, into her teens, she still loved and obeyed the commandment of God. She did whatever her father and mother told her to do.

"Mary's mother loved God," Mother went on to say, "and she warned her children against the wickedness of the world, and taught them to do right. Going with naughty and bad people, dancing, and swearing, she told them were wrong. Mary believed her mother. When she grew up she learned that her Bible agrees with her mother's teaching, and she was glad that she had listened

to the warnings of her dear mother.

"The devil tries hard to lead all boys and girls into sin. When he gets one to commit his or her first sin, how he does chuckle!" said Mother.

"Does he go, Ha! ha! ha! Mother?" Willie asked.

"He certainly laughs and delights in the fall of every child," answered Mother sadly.

(to be continued)

The World's Bible

Christ has no hand but our hands

To do His work today;

He has no feet but our feet

To lead men in His way.

He has no tongue but our tongue

To tell men how He died;

He has no help but our help

To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible

The careless world will read.

We are the sinner's gospel;

We are the scoffer's creed.

We are the Lord's last message,

Given in deed and word.

What if the type is crooked?

What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy

With other work than His?

What if our feet are walking

Where sin's allurements is?

What if our tongues are speaking

Of things His lips would spurn?

How can we hope to help Him

And hasten His return?

—Annie Johnson Flint

Lesson 4, January 23, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever seen a boy or girl who

went around with his "nose in the air," considering himself to be above others? A person like that is rather disgusting to us, but if we are not very careful we, too, will find ourselves putting others down and lifting ourselves up.

I have heard children tell their parents the failings of their brother or sister. "Mom, I've cleaned my room. Jerry hasn't cleaned his room like you told him to." The child not only wants the parent to recognize the good deed he has done, but he wants the parent to realize that the brother has not done what he should have. Perhaps without realizing it, he wants to look good in his mother's eyes, and one way to accomplish that is to make the other look bad.

Some children think that because they go to church and Sunday school every Sunday they are better than the children who don't. This is not true. It is good to go to Sunday school, but that in itself does not make a person better than another.

The two men in our lesson both went into the temple to pray to God. The Pharisee was a religious man. He prayed: "God, I'm thankful I'm not bad like other men, such as this publican here. I fast twice every week and I'm faithful to pay my tithes." He felt that God would hear and answer prayer because of His good deeds. The publican felt unworthy of God's blessings and indeed felt it so much that he would not even stand in the holy place of prayer. He never stated his good deeds, but simply begged God's mercy. With which man was God pleased? The publican.

God wants us to realize our littleness before Him. It is our duty to do the things God wants us to do. We should not expect recognition, praise, or special blessings just because we live a godly life or do good deeds. God wants us to do good things for the simple reason it pleases Him. When we begin to esteem

our own goodness, the Lord is displeased. We actually have no goodness of our own, it is only through God that we do good.

Let us not put others down and lift ourselves up. The Lord sees into our hearts; therefore, our feelings cannot be hidden from His eyes. God wants true humility.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 4, January 23, 1983

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN

Luke 18:9 And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

10 Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

11 The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

12 I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

13 And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

14 I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

Luke 17:7 But which of you, having a servant plowing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat?

8 And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and

gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink?

9 Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not.

10 So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.

Luke 16:15 And he said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.

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

Questions:

1. Who were the two men that went to the temple to pray?
2. Which one boasted of his good qualities? What were some of the things he said he did?
4. Which man was justified?
5. What kind of attitude did each man have?
6. What will happen to a man who exalts himself, or lifts himself up?
7. How can we humble ourselves?
8. Is a servant to receive special praise because he fulfills his duty?
9. Whose servant are we?
10. What are some of the duties we have toward God? Should we expect special honor for carrying out these duties?
11. Before whom should we seek to be justified?
12. What are some things that men esteem highly but are nothing in the eyes of God?

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Part 5

Jan. 30

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

"Vile Satan had his eyes on Mary and he longed to make her do wrong, just as he had made others do by listening to his voice. He especially wanted her to disobey her mother—to disobey her precious text," Mother continued, and then added:

"One beautiful evening Mary was slowly walking along the main street of the small town in which she now lived. Suddenly she heard the sweetest music. She hurried to find where it was coming from. Soon she found that it came from a hall at the end of the street. Drawing closer she went to the door and looked in. She saw many nicely dressed women and girls in the arms of men as they whirled around over the shining floor. The bright lights made her blink. And oh, how the music held her attention!

"Go on in, Mary," a quiet voice whispered. 'Go on in and learn to dance. You are a little old religious crank. You are not getting any happiness nor fun out of life at all. Come on now, are you? Why not have a good time? Why not have the time of your life once in a while as thousands of other boys and girls do?'

"She listened, and, oh, how strongly tempted she was!

"Why listen to your mother all the time? You are too cranky about that fifth commandment. Ha! ha! ha! You are just as apt to have that promise even though you should disobey your mother once in a while, Mary,' Old Satan, the Tempter, told her."

"My, oh, my! wasn't that awful of him, Mother!" said Ruth, very thoughtfully.

"That's the same old lie he told Adam and Eve!" Willie declared, quite annoyed with the devil.

"Yes, he will always tell lies in order to get us to sin," said Mother.

"Well, as the Tempter went on talking to Mary, she asked herself, 'Shall I? Shall I? Shall I go in?' She stood there a moment trying to decide. Presently another voice, a sweet, pure voice, said, 'No, Mary, don't. It is not the place for Christians, for good, pure girls.' She was sure this was a good voice. Was it the voice of Jesus or of some angel? She wondered.

"I know Mother would not want me to go in there, so I will obey her. She knows what is best for me,' she said silently. Quickly she left the hall door

and made her way home. Sweet peace filled her soul; for she was a victor—a conqueror. She had resisted the great Tempter's voice and had won! She could easily have broken that precious commandment she had so faithfully kept all these years. But she would not. She loved the command! Oh, how she loved it!

"All around her were boys and girls who did not obey her treasured verse, just as many do not obey it today," Mother said sorrowfully. "But, sad to say, many of those children who were then sowing the wild seeds of disobedience are reaping the harvest today. Some are men and women with sad and broken hearts, while others are already dead, and they are sad or are dead all because of their disobedience to parents.

"When children and young people honor and respect the fifth commandment and Ephesians 6:1, 2, they will easily honor the rest of the Bible, and God will surely bless them in many ways," Mother continued, then she said, "Oh, that children would obey their parents! As a helm steers a ship to safety, so obedience steers to happiness."

"I want to be good and obedient," Willie told his mother.

"I do want you to be, dear," his mother said. "Good children are always obedient and will do what their parents wish. This is what Mary did. Did it pay? A thousand times, yes. Peace, joy, happiness, contentment and future blessings were hers. God is ever ready to bless and honor all who obey His command 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'"

THE "TEAPOT HANDLE"

"This evening's story of our obedient girl Mary contains a very interesting account of her submission to her mother in a certain matter that seemed very hard for her at the time, but which

brought peace and joy to her afterwards," began Mother the next evening.

"Oh, I'm sure we shall be glad to hear it, Mother!" said Ruth.

"Sure, we shall!" joined in Willie.

"Before I get to this incident in her life, I want to say that Mary obeyed in the little things as well as in the great things. Most mothers are interested in protecting their children's health. Mary's mother was one such mother. If the weather was cool or damp, she always bade her children to keep their feet dry and to wrap up well when they were out. In the Northwest, where they now lived, the climate is more often damp and cold than it is warm and dry.

"In regard to the care of herself along these lines Mary was prompt to obey. If little girls, and big girls, too, were more careful to obey their mothers in matters of this kind, many more of them would grow up stronger. Many girls take cold and run the risk of being very sick because they do not like to cover up their dainty shoes or slippers with rubbers and because they would rather not hide their pretty blouses or dresses. It is foolish pride that makes them do this.

"Although Mary always listened, and respected her parents' wishes, yet she was human, and there were times she would much rather have had her own way."

"But Mother, is it right for parents to expect children to do everything they ask of them, everything?" asked Ruth.

"Ruth dear, I am glad you asked that question. Sometimes parents may lack in judgment and ask hard, unwise things of their children; but there is only one answer that I can give you regarding this and that is a Bible answer. Paul, the apostle, one time was instructing a whole household or family. First he began with the husband and father, and he told him how he was to love his wife and how he was to treat his children; then he taught the wife; and

lastly he spoke to children, and this is what he says, 'Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.'

"You see, Ruth, it says 'in all things,'" Mother went on. "Parents may err in the things they ask of their children. But if what mother or father asks is not against the will of God, it is better for younger children to submit and to be blessed of God with a clear conscience and with the knowledge that they have obeyed the Scriptures along these lines. Don't you think so, children?" Mother questioned pleasantly.

"Yes, I think you are right, Mother," replied Ruth.

Then Willie, laying his fat, rosy cheek against that of his mother's said, "Yes, you are right—you are always right, Mother. Anyhow, I think so!" he declared, now standing erect and thrusting his hands into his pockets.

(to be continued)

The All-Important Recipe in Life's Cookbook

S—a good dose of Salvation

A—two barrels of "Absence of me"

I—the ability, or humility, to be an Instrument of God

N—one Name only: Jesus Christ

T—one Thankful heart.

—Grace Lassche

Lesson 5, January 30, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever waited and waited for something, and the waiting was so long that you grew impatient and gave up hope? Sometimes a friend may promise to visit us, and we look forward to his visit, but he doesn't come and doesn't come. Or perhaps we are promised a trip or gift by our parents. We eagerly anticipate the trip or the gift and speak of it often, but when times goes on and

the hope is not realized, we speak of it less often, and perhaps we give up hope of ever receiving it.

When a baby is going to be born into a family, those parents begin to plan for the arrival of the baby months before he actually comes. They buy or make clothes for him to wear and get a bed for him to sleep in. It may seem like a dream that a baby will ever really be born, but at last the day comes. The baby arrives! How happy the parents are that they have everything ready for the new little one.

Our lesson today is about our waiting for the return of the Lord. We are told to watch for Jesus' return the same way a guard would watch over a house. We are to keep our lights, or lives, shining for God. People have waited years and years for Christ to return. Some have grown tired in waiting and forget about meeting Him. They let their hearts and minds think solely on earthly things. They forget about spiritual things because they think they will have plenty of time to prepare to meet the Lord. They *may* have time, but they *may not*. It may be many, many years before Christ calls us home, but again, it may be this week. No one knows when the end will be. But keep this in mind—**Christ will return!**

How are we to be prepared for Christ's return? There are two things to consider—(1) to be prepared for *where* we are going, and (2) be prepared to *leave* the things here behind. If we knew this would be our last day on earth, we would want to show kindness to everyone we know, but especially to our family. We would want the ones we love to know that we love them. If there was anything we had taken that didn't belong to us, we would want to get it back to its rightful owner. If we needed to ask anyone to forgive us, we would want to do that. Then thinking of the things ahead, we would want to be ac-

quainted with the Lord, so we could look forward to meeting Him. If we talk to Him often in prayer, we will look forward to talking with Him personally. Let us live each day as if the Lord would return *this* day; He may! Aunt Sandra

—o—

Lesson 5, January 30, 1983

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

Luke 12:35 Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning;

36 And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.

37 Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

38 And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants.

39 And this know, that if the goodman of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through.

40 Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

42 And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?

43 Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

44 Of a truth I say unto you, that he will make him ruler over all that he hath.

45 But and if that servant say in his

heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the menservants and maidens, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken;

46 The lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.

47 And that servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes.

48 But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more.

Memory Verse: Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh. Matt. 25:13.

Questions:

1. What does it mean to have "your loins girded about"?
2. In the parable, for whom were the servants waiting?
3. What will the Lord do for the servants He finds watching?
4. Why go guards stay awake?
5. For what are we to be watching?
6. How does an unfaithful servant act?
7. What causes people to be unfaithful servants?
8. What will happen to the servant who knew his Lord's will but did not do it?
9. Of whom will much be required?
10. Do we know when Christ will return? How are we suppose to daily live?

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Part 6

Feb. 6

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

"Now to get back to our story. I was going to say that while Mary was still a very young girl her mother required something of her one day that was hard for her to entirely submit to. But she did submit; for she still loved her precious, precious commandment!

"Mary had long, thick, dark hair and as yet she was unable to manage the doing up and dressing of her own hair; so her mother still had to do it up for her. One morning her mother was in a great hurry. 'Dearie,' she said to Mary, 'it is but a few moments until school time, and I haven't time this morning to braid your hair. I am going to coil it on top today like cousin Eva's,' and in another moment Mary's hair was done in the 'teapot-handle' style, that young women followed then.

Mary was surprised, and her feelings were very much hurt. She felt so odd to have her hair done up like a woman's.

"Please don't; please don't! Oh, please don't, Mother!' she begged. 'Take it down! Oh, take it down! the children will all laugh at me today!' she cried.

"But Mary, I haven't the time. You must hurry on to school or you will be

late. Anyhow, you are getting to be a big girl now and it won't hurt for you to wear your hair this way today,' her mother replied.

"I'm—I'm not very old, only thirteen. It's—it's all right for cousin Eva. She's twenty-five. But—but for—for me it's too old,' she stammered.

"Oh, if I could only fix it—take it down and do it myself!' she uttered as she rushed on to school fearing she might be late; for to get in late would be worse than ever. She knew that if she entered the room tardy that would make things still more unpleasant for her.

"Yes, if I could only fix it,' she repeated, 'but I can't—I just can't! I won't disobey Mother!' she cried, tears forming in her eyes. 'I must wear it this way today. I must, I must! By God's help I'll never break my commandment! It has meant too much to me for me to quit keeping it now!'

"My, wasn't that a wonderful decision, and didn't she have courage though!" Ruth spoke up.

"Yes, we can see how much she was in love with the 'first commandment with promise,' " said Ruth's mother.

"I believe God knows that a child who will obey like Mary did ought to have a

reward," Ruth spoke again.

"Indeed, dear, no doubt God realized that children would often have to do some hard things in order to obey their parents, and in His love and mercy He saw they would deserve a reward, so He promised them one," Ruth's mother said.

"God surely is good," Willie said softly.

"Well, Mary got to school just in time to fall in line," Mother continued. "When she sat down at her desk it seemed that all in the room were looking at her. She knew all day long that her classmates were staring and gazing at her.

"What in the world have you your hair done up in that old-woman style for?" one classmate asked her at the noon hour. She was standing alone in the hall. She would not go out to play with the other children. She was afraid of what they might say to her.

"Mother wanted it this way," Mary answered quietly.

"The girl left, and Mary continued to stand there alone, hoping and hoping that her mother would never do her hair that way again.

"By and by school was out, and Mary ran home. When her mother saw how hurt Mary's feelings were, she was very sorry. And she never put Mary's hair on the top of her head again.

"It was indeed hard for Mary to pass through that trial. But now Mary is glad she did not rebel that day, nor cause her mother one moment of pain. It sometimes takes grace for children to submit at all times to their parents' wishes, but this is what God requires of children; that is, so long as their desires, wishes, and requirements do not demand children to do wrong things—stealing, lying, and such.

"Mary learned more and more that the Scripture, 'children obey your

parents,' means, 'come when they call you, go where they send you, do what they bid you, do not what they forbid you, submit to their rebukes, instructions and corrections; this cheerfully and from a principle of love.' "

MARY LEAVES HOME

"Mother, the story about Mary is getting more and more interesting," Ruth said the next evening as they sat in their usual places. "Anyhow, I'm sure I feel that way, as though the end of the story must be perfectly wonderful," she added.

"It is, Ruth, very wonderful!" her mother replied.

"Won't you tell us tonight what the end was—what the reward was—Mother?" pleaded Willie.

"No, not yet, Willie boy. But in a few nights more now we shall come to the end of the story."

"Well, I'm not ready yet to hear the end of the story," Ruth declared. "I am just aching to know these other interesting things Mother has yet to tell us about Mary."

"Well, who wouldn't be!" said Willie. "I'm just aching all the time to know it all—the whole thing at once, and I won't quit aching either until the last word is told!"

"Let us be quiet now," said Willie's mother, "and I will begin. Tonight we talk about Mary's leaving home."

"Oh, that will be a sad part of the story, Mother!" Ruth said, quietly.

"No, it is not sad so far as Mary is concerned, Ruth; for with Mary leaving home was a great deal different from what it is with many other children. I will soon tell you why," Mother said.

"Her leaving home began with an accident she had."

"Oh, oh!" gasped Ruth and Willie at the same time.

"Yes, one evening she was on her way

to a cottage prayer service to be held in a far part of the city that night. As she hurried along she saw her streetcar coming. She feared she might miss it, so she began running. When going to the car line, she went the way she was in the habit of going, and this led across a friend's back yard. That day a new fence had been partly built around this back yard. But Mary did not know that. This evening she ran with her head down. Suddenly she crashed into the fence. Immediately she fell to the ground from the force of the blow. She struck herself between the eyes. There was to be no meeting for her that night. Instead, after she got up she went back home the best she could."

"Poor Mary, poor Mary," Ruth and Willie said softly.

(to be continued)

Doing Good

On her way to school, Emma passed a little boy whose hand was through the railing of a gentleman's garden, trying to pick a flower.

"Oh, little boy," said Emma kindly; "are you taking that without leave?" "Nobody sees me," answered the little boy.

"Somebody sees you from the sky," answered Emma. "God says we must not take what does not belong to us without leave, and you will grieve Him if you do so."

"Shall I?" said he; "then I won't." He drew back his hand and went away. One way of doing good is to prevent others from doing wrong.

Lesson 6, February 6, 1982

Dear Boys and Girls,

If you were blind, whom would you choose to lead you around? Would it be another blind person? The Bible says if one blind person leads another blind person, they will both fall into a ditch. It

would be rather foolish to choose a blind person for a guide, would it not?

The same situation is true in regard to spiritual matters. It would be foolish to allow someone who didn't have understanding of the Scriptures himself to instruct you in the Bible teachings. You would follow the errors he would teach you. Instead, you should seek someone who has wisdom and spiritual understanding.

There are false prophets, or leaders who teach false doctrines, in our land today. Sometimes a man who is a very eloquent and persuasive speaker may have thousands of followers. Perhaps the leader teaches some truth in order to deceive the people who have some spiritual understanding, then they will not be so quick to detect his false teachings. False teachers can lead those who follow them right into hell.

The Bible speaks of "wolves in sheep's clothing." Wolves lead sheep off that they may devour them. Now a man would not want to "devour" another to appease his hunger, but he may devour another's righteousness in order to make himself look good. Some people lead people away to get money. There are many rich, false preachers in our country today. There are other false leaders who want to have crowds following them because they love to be lifted up above others. They bring in false teachings in order to make people honor them instead of giving Christ glory.

We can recognize false teachers if we are Christians. One way is if they draw praise to themselves instead of to God. Another thing is they often want to get control of your money and your time. They teach doctrines that will cause you to follow their teachings above the Scriptures. They want to be your master instead of letting the Lord. Often their Spirit can be detected as wrong by pride, vain-glory, and their temper getting out

of control. If our hearts are right before God and we diligently seek His will, God will cause us to recognize false teaching and false teachers. —Aunt Sandra

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Lesson 6, February 6, 1982
THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

Luke 6:39 And he spake a parable unto them, Can the blind lead the blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch?

40 The disciple is not above his master: but every one that is perfect shall be as his master.

41 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

42 Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

43 For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

44 For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.

45 A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.

Matt. 7:15 Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

2 Peter 2:1 But there were false prophets also among the people, even as

there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction.

2 And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of.

1 John 4:1 Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.

Memory Verse: Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing. Matt. 7:15a.

Questions:

1. What will happen if a blind person leads another blind person? What will happen if someone who is "spiritually blind" leads another person who has no spiritual understanding?
2. What is a *mote*?
3. Do people sometimes glare at little faults in others when they have huge faults of their own?
4. Should we go around looking for faults of others? Why or why not?
5. What kind of fruit does a good tree bring forth?
6. How do we recognize a fruit tree?
7. How do we recognize a Christian?
8. What are some "fruits" of a Christian?
9. What is a false prophet? Are there false prophets today?
10. How can a person be "dressed in sheep's clothing" but actually be a wolf?
11. Do people follow false prophets today?
12. How can we recognize a false prophet?

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Part 7

Feb. 13

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

Mother went on, "The next morning her nose was a horrible sight to look at, and it pained her greatly. The day after that, Saturday, it was black and blue and dreadfully swollen. On Sunday her nose looked as bad as ever, if not worse, although it did not hurt much.

"Her mother was getting ready for church when she called, 'Mary, you had better hurry. I am almost ready.'

" 'But Mother, I'm not going with a face like this!' Mary answered.

" 'Come, I want you to go, Mary. This is a test of humility. Are you going to let pride keep you away from the worship of the Lord today?' Mother said.

" 'I—I just can't, Mother! I look too horrid! What would the people on the streetcar think of me? And those at meeting—wouldn't they think me foolish to be out like this?' Mary reasoned.

" 'If you go it will prove to them that you are a humble child of God, and are dead to yourself,' her mother reasoned, not seeing the matter from Mary's point of view.

"Mary's mind flew back to the day of

the 'teapot-handle.' This seemed just as hard for her now as that did then. She did not want to disagree with her mother in her idea of what true humility really is, although she really did feel God did not look at it as her mother did.

"Taking the mirror down from its place on the wall she took it to the light and had another good look at her face.

" 'Ugh! How ugly I am!' she exclaimed to herself, 'I'm terrible—terrible! I do believe Mother is asking too much of me, but—but—,' and again, as many, many times before, there came to her mind the commandment 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'

" 'All right, Mother, I'll go,' she said, having decided to submit her own feelings in the matter. She quickly dressed. Then searching among her things, she found a heavy veil. This she tied over her hat and drew down over her face; for she wanted to save herself from the gaze of the people on the streetcar as much as possible.

"This was Mary's last great act of obedience at home. God blessed her for it. Now, as she looks back over the years, she is glad she obeyed this last great request, although she did not know it was to be the last.

"Many years after this Mary looked at her dear mother. Her mother's hair was turning gray because of the cares and troubles she had to bear. Her mother had a stoop in her shoulders caused by the hard work she had had to do to help her children and loved ones. As Mary looked at her, she thanked God many times that she had been so obedient. She was glad she never caused that precious mother the pains and heartaches she might so easily have done had she not kept strictly to 'her' text or commandment, as she began to consider it.

"The place where Mary went to meeting was a chapel and missionary home combined. Young people went to the home to study the Bible and other subjects and to learn to work for God. Mary had now begun to feel that God was calling her to work for him. She wanted to work for Jesus and for souls. When God saw that He could trust her in always obeying her parents, He saw that she could be trusted in working for Him.

"After services on this Sunday morning when Mary went with her bruised face, she was invited to visit at this missionary home for a few days. A kind lady there bathed and cared for her injured face. One day the pastor and his wife, who also had charge of the missionary home, had a talk with her.

"How would you like to stay here with us and work in the home and do gospel work?" they asked her.

"I surely would love to," she answered happily.

"Arrangements were then made for her to stay, providing her mother should not object.

"When she went home she told her mother what the pastor had said.

"May I go, Mother?" she asked, hoping her mother would say yes.

"You may go, dear. It is a pleasure for me to have you go to such a place," her mother told her.

"The next day she packed her things, said good-by to her dear mother, and went."

MARY DISCOVERS THE PROMISE

"Willie dear, we are coming to an important part of Mary's story this evening, that part that you have been so eager to hear," Mother began.

"The promise! Is—is it about the promise?" asked Willie, jumping up and down as fast as he could.

"Oh! oh! oh! I don't want to miss one word of tonight's story," cried Ruth, drawing her chair closer to her mother.

"The day Mary left home she searched the house to find her little brown Bible. She was seventeen now, and it had been ten years since she had first received the Bible. During this time it had been tossed here and there about the house. Now that she had fully given her life to God and had felt called to labor for Him in His great harvest field, she very much wanted once more to read and study her precious Bible.

"After finding it, she carefully and lovingly put it into her suitcase and took it with her to her new home. There she began reading it. Now she could understand it as she could not in those years gone by.

"Didn't I tell you, dear Book, that I would know the meaning of your words better some day? Now I know God will help me to understand many, many of your messages as the days go by," she told it gently.

"She did not read her Bible many days until she wanted another. 'Dear Jesus,' she prayed, 'I should love to have a new Bible; a larger and better one; one with larger print so that it won't hurt my eyes when I read. I should like one with a concordance, too. Dear Father, I am so glad for the little brown Bible thou didst send me long ago. I thank thee for it, but wilt thou not give me another, please? Amen.'

"Such was her simple prayer to God above. He heard her prayer, and answered it. For one day not long after this she entered her room and there on the little stand beside her bed lay a brand new Oxford, self-pronouncing Bible. Her kind pastor and his wife had given it to her.

"Dear God, I thank thee!" she cried to him above, gratitude and love filling her heart.

"God surely wanted Mary to have a Bible; but Mother, what has that to do with the wonderful promise you said you were going to tell us about?" Ruth asked.

"It has a great deal to do with it, as you shall see when I come to that part of the story," Mother answered.

"How she loved her Bible—the good Word of God! As the days went by she studied it carefully, chapter after chapter. Text after text was marked, and several were committed to memory. She got so she knew where to find dozens of special texts, and she knew just where each one lay on the page. She continued to study and enjoy the Word of God. Then she seemed to feel that at last she had met and become acquainted with that wonderful and powerful being whom she felt lay wrapped up somehow in her little brown Bible so many years ago.

"As part of her duties at the missionary home, she began calling at homes in the city to speak to the people about Jesus. She also gave away tracts and papers that spoke about Jesus. She helped in cottage prayer meetings. She visited the sick and poor, and did other things. She was very happy in her new work and way of living. Just as she had obeyed and honored her parents, so now she wanted to obey and honor her pastor and others who had charge in her new home. Her pastor was a kind man and he wanted her to grow up to be a

good girl and to love Jesus, and often he helped her in getting started to work for the Lord. How blessed she had always been by having good people to guide and help her!

(to be continued)

Silence, they say, is golden. But I say that Spirit-motivated speech is far above the price of gold. —Grace Lassche

Lesson 7, February 13, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

How would you like to give a party and invite all your friends, only to have no one show up at the party? That would be very disappointing, to say the least. What would your reaction be? Anger? Tears?

Jesus told the story of a king who invited his friends and acquaintances to his son's wedding. The people would not come. He tried again. He sent his servants out the second time to try to get them to come to the wedding. The people who were bidden went on with their work—some to farming and others to buying and selling. Some of the people who were invited slew the king's servants. The king was very angry and had the murderers killed. He then sent his servants to the highways to bid passers-by to the wedding. He wanted his son's wedding to be filled with guests. If the chosen ones did not realize the honor they had been offered, he would give it to strangers.

This story illustrates how God first offered salvation to the Jews. He sent Jesus as one of the Jews to bring salvation to their souls, but most of the Jews rejected Him. It was the Jews, Jesus' own people, who had Him crucified. Since the Jews turned down salvation, God wanted all mankind to be bidden to come to the Lord. Jesus told the disciples to "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel" and "who-

soever believeth in him shall have everlasting life."

We should never scorn or think lightly of the goodness of the Lord. When He deals with a soul, offering them salvation, it is an honor that should not be rejected. Any place in the kingdom of God should be highly esteemed.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 7, February 13, 1983

THE WEDDING FEAST

Matt. 22:1 And Jesus answered and spake unto them again by parables, and said,

2 The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son,

3 And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come.

4 Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage.

5 But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise:

6 And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them.

7 But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.

8 Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy.

9 Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.

10 So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests.

11 And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment:

12 And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.

13 Then said the king to his servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Memory Verse: And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark 16:15.

Questions:

1. In the parable, to what did the king invite the people?
2. Would the ones first bidden to the wedding come?
3. Did the king give those first bidden another opportunity to come?
4. What did some of the men do rather than come to the wedding?
5. What did some of those bidden do to the king's servants?
6. Was the king angry? What did he do to those who slew his servants?
7. Where did the king send other servants?
8. What was one man at the wedding *not* wearing?
9. What did the king have done to the man who was not wearing a wedding garment?
10. To whom does God want the gospel preached?

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Part 8

Feb. 20

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

"The thing that she thought about most was to study her new Bible and to read good books. She had been made so happy in obeying just one text, one command, that she was eager to read for herself and to learn of more of God's laws and to follow them, too.

"One day she was reading the twentieth chapter of Exodus. Presently she came to the twelfth verse.

" 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' she read, and then she began to think about the past.

" 'I—I did, Lord,' she said humbly and softly. 'That is, I feel I did. Some day I'll ask Mother if she thinks I really obeyed my text. She ought to know.' Then she read on. Something she read made her stop all of a sudden.

"This is what she read, 'That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'

" 'Well! well! well! Mary Hollis, you ignorant girl! You didn't know your beloved command had a promise to it, did you?' she asked herself with a glad cry. She was filled with joy and with thanks to God for His goodness to the

children who love Him enough to obey His commands to them.

" 'But—but perhaps this promise is not for children today,' she thought. 'This promise was given to the Jewish children hundreds of years ago.'

"She looked at the verse again. There she saw in the margin where it said to read Ephesians 6:1 and 2, in the New Testament.

"Turning to the place, she read, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; (which is the first commandment with promise).' Then she read the promise in the next verse, 'That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.' "

"She learned about the promise at last!" exclaimed Ruth.

"It certainly is a wonderful promise!" added Mother.

"A whole lot better than money, all right," Willie said.

" 'Surely it has been well with me all the days of my life, just as the Father in heaven has promised to us as well as to the Jews' children of so long ago. Oh, how good God is to those who trust and obey Him!' " exclaimed Mary."

MARY READS OF GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

"As time went on Mary loved to read in the Bible about commands to children and to young people," Mother said, as she began her story the following evening. "Although she was away from home now, she still wanted to know what the Bible teaches about honoring and obeying parents. She found far more about it in the Bible than she ever thought was there.

"She read in Proverbs the words of wise Solomon to his son, 'My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.' "

"Mother, wait, let me get my Bible, so that I can read them as you quote them," begged Ruth as she ran to get her Bible. Willie followed her, that he might get his, too.

"All right, now, dear," Mother said, "those verses are found in Proverbs 1:8 and 9.

"Other verses she read in Proverbs 6:20 to 23. You may read them to us, Ruth. Willie, Mother will find them for you. Mother is so glad you are trying to learn so that you can soon read these precious verses for yourself.

"There now, Ruth, we are ready," Mother said, after she had found the verses for Willie.

" 'My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother,' Ruth read. 'Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.' "

"Now turn to Proverbs 3:1 and 2, and read that, Ruth. These, too, are texts that Mary read."

" 'My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.' "

"My, those are good verses, aren't they, Mother!" said Ruth.

"Mary read another that I will quote. It goes like this, 'Ye shall fear every man his mother, and his father.' Another was, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord.' The Jews honored their parents very much," said Mother.

"Not long ago I read of a large number of boys who were asked to write an essay on 'What I Would Do if I Had \$25,000 a Year.' They wrote without putting their names on their papers. When the teachers looked over the essays, they were always able to tell the ones written by Jewish boys; for their chief wish was to provide for their parents. The fifth command had sunken deep into their minds and hearts.

"The people of Egypt also were remarkable for the honor they gave to old persons. In some countries today children sit quietly when their parents are in the room; they never speak out unless their mothers or fathers speak to them. The Romans also used to honor old people.

"Of course, sometimes these people were too strict," Mother admitted. "But it is certain that honor and obedience to parents in our country is not what it should be. The fifth commandment is against disrespect and disobedience to parents," Mother added.

"Mary liked very much to read about the good and bad children of the Bible. She also liked to read how God is always with good, obedient children," Mother went on. "She read about obedient Isaac, when his father took him early one morning to the top of Mount Moriah, where he was to be sac-

rificed to God. She read of little Samuel. She read how one day his mother took him away from home to go to live in the tabernacle. Samuel gladly obeyed his mother. God blessed Samuel. She read of Joseph. She read how he loved and obeyed his father and God, and how God made him a great man. In the New Testament she learned about Paul and Timothy. She learned of how they had been keepers of all the commandments, including the fifth. God made Timothy a true and useful young minister, and he made Paul his greatest apostle. Best of all was the story of Jesus told by Luke, 'And he went down with them [His parents], and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. . . . And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.' It pleased God for Jesus to be so obedient."

"According to the Bible, then, God always made good children a blessing in the world and he gave them important places to fill, Mother," Ruth said, happily.

"Yes, dear. Just as God promised, He always blesses good children. But let us see now what Mary learned about bad, disobedient children and what became of them.

"She read of Eli's sons, how they would not obey their father. They were punished. Absalom was another boy she read about. Because of his wickedness, he died before he was very old. He did not honor, love, and obey his father, David. Then she read of the forty-two children at Bethel who were destroyed by bears.

"How terrible a punishment!" said Ruth when she had finished reading.

"Yes, it was terrible. But by this we can see how much God does not like disobedient and naughty children," Mother replied.

"Oh, how much happier children would be if they would obey their

parents!" Ruth said.

(to be continued)

Lesson 8, February 20, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Did you ever ask your mother for a glass of water and she gave you vinegar to drink? Or did you ask your father for some new shoes but instead he made holes in the bottoms of the shoes you already had? Of course not. A mother or father would never do such things. Mothers and fathers love their children and do only what they feel is good for them. God loves us even more than our parents love us. If we ask Him for something we want He will not give us something bad. God is not like that. Some people are afraid to ask the Lord for what they want for fear that He will give them something bad. These people do not know the disposition of God. God wants to give us good things. He wants to give us things that will make us happy. One thing more He wants, is for us to recognize the things He does for us. Just as a parent likes to be appreciated, God does, too. We should not take our blessings for granted. God has a wonderful storehouse of good things for us. He will give us all we need and desire if we seek to walk close to Him.

Sometimes we may ask the Lord for a certain thing and He doesn't give it to us right away. Should we keep asking Him? In our lesson today Jesus gave a parable about a widow and a king. The widow asked the king to take revenge on her enemy who had done her wrong. At first he did not do what she asked, but she kept coming to him and pleading. Finally he said he would grant her request before he grew weary of her continual coming to him. Jesus then said that God hears our cries and will answer although He bears long with us. We should not give up just because a prayer is not immediately answered.

One night Jacob wrestled with an angel all night. He would not let the angel go until he blessed him (Gen. 32:24-29). For years Hannah prayed and cried to the Lord for a child, and finally God gave her Samuel (1 Sam. 1:4-20). Daniel prayed to God for weeks and an angel at last came and said that from the beginning his words were heard (Dan. 10:12, 13). Let us not grow discouraged in praying to God. If we are seeking God with a pure heart, He hears us from the start. Let us look to Him in faith.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 8, February 20, 1983

THE PERSISTENT WIDOW

Luke 18:1 And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint;

2 Saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man:

3 And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.

4 And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man;

5 Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.

6 And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith.

7 And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?

8 I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

Matt. 7:7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and

it shall be opened unto you:

8 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10 Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

11 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

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

Questions:

1. When should a person pray?
2. In the parable, did the judge fear God?
3. What did the widow ask the judge to do?
4. Did she ask him more than one time?
5. Why did the judge grant her request?
6. Does God hear our cries? Will He answer our prayers?
7. Does God always answer our prayers immediately? Why not?
8. Should we keep asking God for something if He doesn't give it to us right away?
9. What does the Bible say will happen if we ask?
10. What does it mean "to him that knocketh it shall be opened"?
11. If a child asks his father for bread, what does the Bible say he will not give?
12. Does God love us as much as our parents do?

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Part 9

Feb. 27

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

MARY'S LIFE INFLUENCES OTHERS

"Not many years after Mary left home, God gave her a kind husband, dear little children, and a home of her own," Mother started in. "And oh, how happy she was!

"But one day, several years after God had called her to His work, something happened that made her wonder whether her life really was telling for Jesus as she so much desired it should. That afternoon the Lord let her know that her obedient life was being noticed by others. It came through a letter. As she looked at the envelop she knew by the writing that it was from a child. Opening it she read:

"My Dear Friend:

No doubt you will be surprised to get this letter, but ever since I can remember I have looked forward to the day when I could write to you. My mother knew you before I was born. She loved you for your good life, and she named me after you. She often told me when I got old enough I could write

to you. Dear Mother went to live with Jesus two years ago, and oh, how I miss her! Your little friend Mary Dale.'

"Tears rolled down Mary's cheeks as she read the letter.

"Well! well! If I have been a help to just one person in this wide, wide world I feel as though my life has been of some use," she said as she tucked the letter away in her bag.

"Her little namesake was ten years old when she wrote this letter. Not until we get to heaven shall we know how much good our lives will do here in this world if we always obey God's Word and live for Him," Mother said.

"In a few days Mary wrote to her namesake. Soon she got an answer, and part of it said:

"I received your letter and, oh, how glad I was to get it! I just know it is the best letter any little girl ever got from any one. I mean always to keep it, and hope to get more from you, for I love you truly.'

"Mary had not written a very wonderful letter to the little girl. But as she thought, she remembered how she had valued the letter from the kind, loving minister. Mary knew

then how her little friend could easily think so much of a letter from her, especially since she had been named after her. Mary thought of how much good the minister's kindness to her had done her. Then she thought it a duty as well as a pleasure for her to try to help her namesake Mary.

"*'I really want to be a good woman like you and Mother. Your letters help me to be a better girl,'* the little girl wrote again.

"*'May God bless her,'* thought Mary as she read the words. *'I hope she will learn to love the fifth commandment and God's other laws—obey those who are caring for her—and then I know God will bless her, too, as He has blessed me,'* Mary ended.

"*'So you see, Ruth and Willie,'* Mother said as she finished her story for the evening, *"that because Mary began serving God by obeying that 'first commandment with promise,' God helped her to be a blessing in ways that she never dreamed of."*

Ruth and Willie both flung their arms around Mother's neck and kissed her. For the story had made their mother more and more dear to them. To know it was all about her made the story a most wonderful one to them, one they would never, never forget.

MARY'S UGLY DREAM

"Do you like to hear dreams?" asked Mother of her little listeners.

"I do! I do!" shouted Willie, quickly pulling his little rocker up close and falling into it.

"I do, too! I do, too!" followed Ruth, not so noisily.

"This evening I will tell you about a dream that Mary had, a dream that came true," said Mother.

"Do dreams come true?" asked Ruth anxiously.

"Sometimes they do, but not very often," replied her mother. "Sometimes God gives us dreams as warnings, just as He did Joseph when he sent an angel to him in his dreams and warned him to go into Egypt, that the little Jesus might not be killed by wicked King Herod.

"At this time," Mother began, "Mary and her husband were in the East, conducting a revival.

"*'Ugh! What an ugly dream I've had!'* she whispered to herself, as she awoke. It was a very cold morning in January.

"She dreamed that she was sitting in a large room quietly thinking. Suddenly the door began to move. Then it softly and slowly opened, and in stepped old Father Time, with his long, flowing whiskers. Mary quickly looked up, wondering what he might have come for. Pointing his long, bony finger at her, he said, 'You are going to die in a few years from now.'

"Jumping out of her chair she ran toward him, and with all her strength she shoved him behind the door. At the same time she shouted at him, 'I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!'

"Then she awoke.

"*'What a queer dream!'* she said to herself. *'Is my life to be cut short? And—*and isn't there anything to my precious commandment with promise after all?' she wondered.

"*'I should like to stay here in this world to work for Jesus, for, oh, I do like to work for Him! I should also like to stay here to rear my sweet little girl.'* Mary said these things over and over in her mind.

"The dream troubled her so much that day that she was afraid she would not be much of a blessing in the meeting that evening. So she asked God to help her not to feel troubled about the dream. God answered her prayer. However, she never forgot the dream.

"A few years passed. It was January.

The sky was cloudy, dark, and dismal. Mary lay ill, dying. A doctor who had known her since she was a little girl said that he did not expect her to get better.

"In a soft little bed in another room her sweet tiny baby girl of a few days old lay sleeping. But Mary began to feel that she herself was going to die. Old Father Time seemed to be standing by her bedside ready with his scythe to cut her life short. As she lay there, so very sick, she thought, 'It must be God's will to take me home. If so, amen! But oh, dear Lord,' she prayed softly, 'there are my three sweet children. How I should like to bring them up! For their sakes, spare me—spare me, dear Jesus!' she cried to Him above, who is always ready to help those who cry to Him.

(to be continued)

Jesus invites you to come and buy the blessings of God. But God has said that these can be "bought without money and without price." Do you want a bargain? The price is just giving Him your heart.



Lesson 9, February 27, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

In our lesson today we have the parable of a householder who was going on a far journey. He called his servants to him and distributed money according to how he thought each servant would use it. He gave five talents to one, two to one, and one to another servant. While

he was gone it was left up entirely to each servant what he would do with the money left to him. The man who had been given five talents put the money to use in trading with others, and he doubled the money. The man with two talents also doubled the money given him. The man who had only one talent didn't use it, but buried it. No one would trade with him because they didn't know he had any money—it was hidden. When their Master returned and called his servants to give an account of their service, he was very pleased with the man who gained five talents and with the one who gained two talents. He rewarded them abundantly. But he was angry with the man who hid his talent. The master took that servant's talent and gave it to the one who had ten. He then cast that servant away from him into outer darkness.

We can consider a talent as anything that can bring prosperity to one—money (as in the parable) or natural abilities. Our natural abilities come from God and He gives them to us for the purpose of bringing glory to Him. If we have the ability to speak, God wants us to use that ability to tell others of salvation. If we can sing, He wants that singing to glorify God. If we are blessed with money, the Lord wants us to use it to further the gospel. Whatever talent or material possessions the Lord sends our way should be directed in the ways that will cause the Lord's work to progress. If He gives us abilities or money that we use for the devil, or either don't use at all, He may take those things from us. Let us all be up and doing the Master's business.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 9, February 27, 1983

THE TALENTS

Matt. 25:14 For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far

country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

15 And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

16 Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

17 And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

18 But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

19 After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

20 And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

21 His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

22 He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

23 His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

24 Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed:

25 And I was afraid, and went and

hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

26 His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed:

28 Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

30 And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Memory Verse: Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which in heaven. Mt. 5:16.

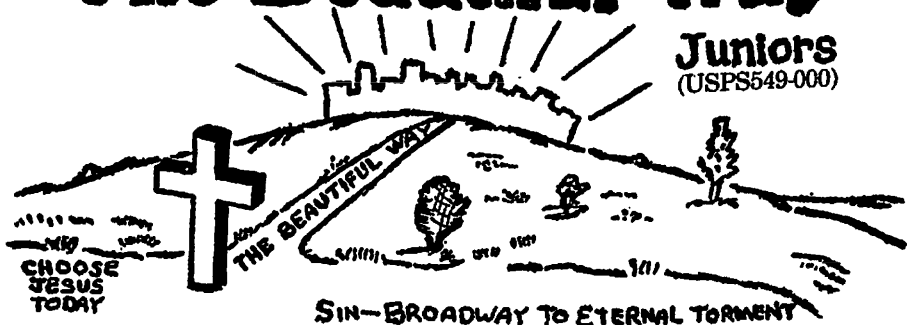
Questions:

1. What did the man who was traveling do before going on his trip?
2. How many talents did he give to each?
3. How many talents did the one who had five gain?
4. How many talents did the one who had two gain?
5. What did the man with one talent do?
6. Was the lord pleased with the servant who gained five talents? Was he pleased with the one who gained two talents? What did the lord give to these servants?
7. For what reason did the man with one talent hide his talent?
8. Was the lord pleased with the servant who hid the talent? What did the lord do with this servant?
9. Does the Lord give us talents? Name some talents the Lord gives.
10. What are we suppose to do with our talents? If we do not use the talents God gives us, what will He do?

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Jan., Feb., March, 1983

Part 10

March 6

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

"Mary was not afraid to die. But she thought of how wicked and cruel the world is and of how hard it is for little children to be left without a mother, and she wanted to live for their sakes.

" 'It seems there is no other person in this world who can fill the place of a mother, in caring for children and in training them for God,' Mary reasoned.

"But as the hours went on, she did not get any better. She was so sick it seemed hard to pray to God properly. She knew God had power to heal, but somehow she thought that He did not want to heal her. All this time she had forgotten about the 'first commandment with promise.' Although she had read and searched the Book of God during those days, and kept it by her side on the bed, yet she did not happen to read her old verses in Exodus and Ephesians. It had not occurred to her that she could consider these Scriptures as a definite promise for her healing. But God overhead was watching her. He had not forgotten the little Mary of those years away back there when she honored and loved His commandment. He was not

going to fail her now. He would be true to His word.

"One day while she was so very sick, some ministers gathered around her bedside and prayed that God would heal her. She prayed earnestly, too. Suddenly she thought she saw a stranger enter the room and stand at the foot of her bed. He, looking down from another world, had seen that prayer service. He knew all about the sick woman upon that bed and He wanted to be there. The stranger said nothing, but looked very tenderly upon her.

" 'There's Jesus! There's Jesus!' she cried, pointing toward where the stranger stood.

" ' "You are going to get well." That's what He seemed to say,' she told them. He then went away, and she felt more restful. Her faith increased. But hardly had a few hours elapsed when she again decided that after all she was going to die. She gave up. Oh, that she might have believed what Jesus had said to her!"

"Did—didn't her dream encourage her—that she was going to have a fight with old Father Time and was going to win, Mother?" asked Ruth.

"Well, it seems she didn't think much

about that part of the dream then—that she must fight if she would win. She had forgotten that the Bible says to ‘fight the good fight of faith.’

“Calling her husband to her side, she said, ‘John, I am going to die. Bring the children here. I want to talk with them before I go.’

“The oldest child was at school, but Mary’s husband sadly brought her sweet little boy to her bedside. Taking his chubby hands in hers, she looked into his dear eyes and said, ‘Jimmy, Mother is going to heaven. I’m going to live with Jesus!’

“Dear little Jimmy, who was three and a half years old, began crying. It seemed so hard to say good-bye, and so sad to leave him. ‘But it is God’s will, so I must not murmur,’ she said to Jimmy as he lay sobbing in his father’s arms. ‘Jimmy dear, be sure to meet Mother in heaven—be sure, very sure, Jimmy—some day meet me there,’ she ended wearily.

“Nodding his little head, which lay hidden on his papa’s chest, he answered between sobs, ‘I, I wi-will!’ Then his father led him away.”

“That makes me feel like crying, Mother,” said little Willie, and tears came into his large eyes as he drew closer to his mother and put his arms around her neck.

“How sad,” said Ruth.

“Yes, that was very sad indeed,” replied Mother. “But tomorrow evening we come to the happy part of our story, and you won’t feel like crying then,” she told Ruth and Willie as Willie wiped the tears from his eyes.

THE REWARD

“Tonight we come to Mary’s reward—the fulfillment of the ‘promise,’ ” said Mother, as the children eagerly took their places to hear the sweet story of the obedient Mary.

“A few moments after taking Jimmie away from his mother’s bedside, Jimmy’s father went back to Mary. ‘Now John,’ Mary said, ‘I am ready and willing to go. It has been hard to be willing because of you and the children. But if God wants to take me home, which it seems He does, He will take care of my precious darlings, and I know He will see that they are brought up to serve Him and to meet me in the skies. So now I want to talk about my funeral,’ she added as he turned his head and wept.

“She hesitated and looked at him so sorrowfully. How she pitied him! She knew he would be so lonely, oh, so sad without her!”

“But, Mother, I thought you were going to tell us the happy part,” Willie spoke up.

“I am going to, dear,” said Mother, “but this is what is going to make the story end so nicely. In order to enjoy the beautiful sunshine we must sometimes have dark and cloudy days. With Mary it was very dark just now. But, oh, how bright it was soon to be! This sadness made the brightness afterward so much brighter and sweeter than she expected it to be.

“‘I want my funeral held in the chapel,’ she told John. Mary had often preached in this chapel. ‘I want my pastor—the one who was pastor at the missionary home when I was there—to preach my funeral. Please tell him to use the text, “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.” ’

“‘I want him to talk to the young people for me,’ she went on with her planning, ‘and tell him to tell them that I am so glad I loved and served God when I was a child, and that I have had a wonderful time serving Him.’ Mary had always loved children and young people, and now she wanted to leave her parting message to them.

“‘Give my Bible to our little daughter

Esther,' she told him as she looked tenderly and lovingly at the dear Bible which had meant so much to her all through life. How sorry she was to leave it! However, she expected soon to meet Jesus himself.

"Then, folding her hands across her bosom, she closed her tired eyes and waited for the angels to come for her—waited for her blessed Jesus to come to lead her to that beautiful home beyond, where there is no death, no sorrow, and no farewells.

"Every now and then she would look up at the clock. 'Why doesn't He come? Why doesn't He come?' she would ask. One o'clock passed, then two, and then three. Still He did not come for her.

" 'I am all ready and willing to go, now that I think it is His will, and, oh, I do wish He would come,' she cried softly.

(to be continued)

It is important to love the Lord while you are young. In the Bible we read about young boys who served God. They grew up to be strong Christian leaders. The world needs boys and girls who love the Lord and will become strong Christian leaders as they grow up.

Sel.



"God never misses an opportunity—if the door is open, He will come in."

God gave us fruits and vegetables because they are good for us. They help make our bodies strong so we can play. Eat good foods so your body will be strong.

Lesson 10, March 6, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever planted a garden or flowers and had weeds to come up right among the plants? If one tries to uproot the weeds, he must be very careful not to uproot the plants also. Some things are not planted in rows, such as wheat, and in these fields it is impractical to try to get rid of the weeds because much of the wheat would be destroyed also.

Our parable today is about tares, or weeds, being planted among the wheat. The tares were left till the time of harvest. At that time the tares were gathered and burned. The wheat was then gathered into the barns. Jesus went ahead and explained the meaning of this story to His disciples. The good seed are Christians and the bad seed are sinners. Jesus sowed the good seed and the devil the bad seed. The harvest is the end of the world. In this life there will always be Christians and sinners. They may attend the same church meetings and even be in the same family, but at the end of time the sinners and Christians will be separated—the sinners to be cast into hell and the Christians gathered to heaven. We should not be completely taken aback to see hypocrites in church services. There will always be tares among the wheat in this life. But a separation day will come. Let us be careful that we do not let our roots get so close to the "tares" (sinners, hypocrites,

etc.) that we take in their spirits. We want to remain good seed for the Lord and not let anyone hinder our spiritual lives.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 10, March 6, 1983

THE TARES

Matt. 13:24 Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field:

25 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

26 But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

27 So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

28 He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?

29 But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

30 Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

37 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

38 The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

39 The enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world;

and the reapers are the angels.

40 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

41 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

42 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

43 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Memory Verse: I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. John 17:15.

Questions:

1. What kind of seed did the man sow in his own field?
2. What did the enemy sow among the wheat?
3. When did the servants know that tares had been planted?
4. What did the servants want to do with the tares?
5. Why did the man not want to gather up the tares?
6. What was to be done with the tares at harvest?
7. What was to be done with the wheat?
8. Who did the man that sowed the good seed represent?
9. Who are the good seed?
10. Who are the tares?
11. Who is the enemy that sowed the tares?
12. What will happen to the wicked at the end of the world?
13. What will happen to the Christians?

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Part 11

March 13

Mary's Reward

(continued from last lesson)

"Presently her little daughter Esther, who was then eight years old, quietly pushed open the door of the room where Mary lay. She tiptoed softly to the bedside. Then she leaned over and whispered into her mother's ear. She said, 'Mother, you are not going to die! Don't you remember how you always obeyed your parents, loved and honored them, as you have so often told us children, and you have the promise of a long life,' she told her, believing that it was so. 'Surely you have not forgotten about "the first commandment with promise." ' she added.

"Mary opened her eyes and turned to Esther. 'Yes, I had, Esther dear. It has never come to my mind while I have been sick,' she answered after a little while.

"Suddenly Mary believed that promise would help her get well. Slowly she turned and reached for her Bible. Then she found Ephesians 6. She read it, read it as she had never read it before, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother (which is the first com-

mandment with promise); that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.' "

"That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth! She dragged the words out full and long.

"As the command had been the most interesting part to her so long ago, now the promise interested her most. It meant to her what water means to one who is very thirsty.

"Give me a pencil, Esther, please," Mary asked.

"When Esther returned with the pencil, Mary took it and wrote in the margin at the right of the promise, 'MINE.'

"Yes, the promise is mine—it's mine! I have to live—God is faithful! He always fulfils His promises! How strange that I never thought of that commandment with its promise—its promise for me!" thought Mary.

"Oh, what joy filled her heart! Father Time dismissed himself. The fight was over. The great reward of obedience to parents had come to Mary, that is, the beginning of the reward, for she was still a young woman at this time, and according to that wonderful promise God was to return to her many more

years of life for obeying the fifth commandment and Ephesians 6:1, 2.

"God made her well of that sickness. Each day she grew stronger. In a few months she was as well and as strong as ever.

"One time after this Mary thought she would ask her mother if she had really obeyed this Bible command, and if she also thought that she, Mary, had a right to put the word 'mine' beside the promise.

"So she wrote to her mother about it. In a few days the answer came back.

"'Dear Mary:' the letter read, 'I have gone away back into the back of my memory to find one time when you were disobedient. I do not know of one thing you ever did that was wrong. You were a model child. You may safely claim Ephesians 6:3 as yours.'

"And now ends my story like the fairy stories," added Mother with a smile. "Mary obeyed the 'first commandment with promise' and she lived happily ever after."

"Oh, wasn't that a wonderfully sweet story!" exclaimed Ruth, as she put her arms about her mother's neck.

"Maybe Ruth and I will get to be old with you, Mother, before you die!" said Willie, "and won't that be fun!"

"If you keep the commandment as did Mary, I should not be one bit surprised," replied Mother, "if you do get old with me."

"We will keep the commandment, we will. Oh, we're going to do our best! And then we shall have the promise," said Ruth and Willie together.

—Hazel G. Neal

THE
END

—o—

"We have come from somewhere and we are going somewhere. The Great Architect of the Universe never built a stairway that leads to nowhere."

Destruction of Sin



It does not take many sins to bind a person. One sin persisted in will surely lead one to destruction in the end. Someone has illustrated it thus:

"A man went one day, when the tide was out, to gather sea plants on the rocks. In stepping from ledge to ledge, his leg slipped down and became jammed in a crevice. He tried to pull it out. He shrieked, he shouted, he prayed, but all in vain. By and by the tide came slowly in, and rose up, and up, until it flowed over him, and stifled his last gurgling cry. Yet he was held only in one place. So one secret sin cherished, one evil habit practiced out of sight of men, will gain such strength that it will hold us fast while the deluge of eternal judgment comes sweeping over us."

But sin does not stop with the individual who has destroyed his own soul and has gone into eternity to await his further doom. His influence goes on still with those whom he has led astray before. The wicked life of a sinner may pass on and affect his posterity in like manner.

It is said that there was a certain bad woman, a criminal, who died in 1827, who has eight hundred descendants. These descendants have been traced, and seven hundred of them were criminals, having been convicted of crime at least once. Thirty-seven of them have been hanged for murder. Prosecutions, imprisonments, etc., cost the country \$3,000,000.

What a frightful record this bad woman will have to face later on! Nature caught the taint of criminality of this woman and the stream of posterity was corrupted, and the generations following were visited. Her sin was telling the tale on her clear into coming generations. Nature's law was catching up the story

and writing it on the tablets of her offspring.
—Sin, The Tell-Tale

Jesus was a Man of Many Wonders

Jesus was a Man of many wonders;
Jesus had compassion on the crowd;
He spread for them a feast of loaves and fishes.

His message of love was clear and loud.

Jesus was a Man of many wonders;
He taught that we should always watch and pray,

For we know not when the good Lord is coming;

Coming to receive us in that day.

Jesus was a Man of many wonders
The Son of God; He went to Calvary.
All alone and on the cross He suffered
That we might, through Jesus, all be free.

Jesus was a Man of many wonders;
He told us how to get to that glory land;
He told us we must all be pure and holy
If we are numbered in that happy band.

Jesus was a Man of many wonders;
He healed the sick, He prayed for even me.

He gave His life that I might tell the story
How Jesus in my heart came to be!

Jesus is the only One for me!
His love I surely know and truly claim.
Jesus is the only One for me!
I'll ever live for your precious, holy Name!

—Grace Lassche

“God never imposes a duty upon us without giving us the time and strength to perform it.”



Lesson 11, March 13, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

What do you consider to be the most important thing in life? Think for a moment. Is it money? Is it a large, luxurious house or expensive car? Is it popularity and having praise of others? These things are esteemed highly with most people, but of how much real value are they? When a person dies what happens to his money, his houses, and his cars? Can popularity keep a man from dying? No. Kings, presidents, and movie stars even now lie beneath the dirt, the same as the poor, ragged man whom no one even knew by name. Earthly wealth will not keep a person from dying, and will do him no good when he leaves this life. Earthly possessions are just what the word says—earthly. These things cannot be enjoyed or used in heaven or hell.

In our lesson today we have the story of a man who prospered much in things of this life. His crops yielded fruits and grain abundantly. His chief concern was his riches and how to preserve them. This seems to be the chief concern of most of the people of our day. Men work long hours, husbands and wives both work even at the neglect of their families, and people scheme and de-

ceive, all to obtain more money and greater earthly possessions. Jesus tells us not to be overly concerned with material goods. God will not let His people starve. Of course, God wants a man to work to provide for the welfare of his family. This is why God gives people different talents and abilities. But He does not want money and the things money can buy to be of more concern to us than spiritual things. We should be more concerned with what God thinks of us than with what our boss thinks of us. We should find more joy in reading the Bible than in going through our bank book. We should ask God what job we should take that would be of the greatest spiritual benefit to ourselves and others, rather than just seeking the one that will bring in the most money. God wants to give us material goods, but that is not His primary concern. He wants our souls to flourish in spiritual things.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 11, March 13, 1983

THE RICH FOOL

Luke 12:16 And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

17 And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

18 And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

19 And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

20 But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

21 So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

28 If then God so clothe the grass, which is to day in the field, and to morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

29 And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

30 For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

31 But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Memory Verse: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Luke 12:34.

Questions:

1. How did the man in the parable prosper?
2. With what was the man concerned?
3. Where did he decide to store his goods?
4. Did he think he would have life easy for many years? What did he say to his soul?
5. Did the man have several years left to enjoy his riches? What happened to him?
6. Did the man take his riches with him when he died?
7. Where should one's treasure be?
8. How can one lay up treasures in heaven?
9. Will God take care of our needs?
10. With what should we be most concerned?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
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Vol. 34, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1983

Part 12

March 20

Grandmother's Lily

"It's for you, Grandmother, and isn't it lovely?" smiled pretty Grace Bartlow as she handed a beautiful potted lily to an old, old lady who was in bed sick.

Grandmother Roberts was known to all the young people in the neighborhood for all of her loving deeds and encouraging words, as well as for her kindly advice and reproof. For many years it had been the desire of the dear old lady to help "the rising generation" as she was in the habit of calling the young people of her community. Among this number were three twelve-year-old girls—Ella Cunningham, Pearl Saunders, and their leader Grace Bartlow. These girls she had known from their babyhood, as well as their mothers before them. She had not only taught them all of the future life beyond the grave, but she had done all in her power to help them to know how to be noble and pure in all their ways.

"What you do and think in this life, girls, will prove whether you will be happy in the next. There is nothing that will add to your happiness quite so much as an effort to make others happy.

If you have for your motto, 'Making Others Happy,' while you are here in this life, when you come to the gateway of eternity you will not have to look backward upon a life that has been wasted and blackened by evil deeds, unkind actions, and selfish words." The girls, always full of life and fun, supposed that they had been carrying out a part at least of Grandmother Roberts' instructions.

Ever since early in the spring, Grandmother Roberts had been ill, and the nurse had said that she doubted if she would ever be able to be around the house any more as she had been in the past. To the girls this was sad news indeed. They commenced at once to lay little plans whereby they could cheer their aged friend and if possible make the weary hours that she would be a shut-in slip away easily and pleasantly.

Knowing of her great love for flowers, they gave the vases in Grandmother's room first attention. Bunch after bunch of freshly gathered violets, sweet-williams, columbines, and shooting-stars were brought in daily to be replaced on the day following with others. The earlier blossoms had long

since faded and fallen leaving ugly seed pods in place of the wonderful colors that had brightened the woods. From some source or other the vases in the sickroom continued to be replenished.

" 'Tis but a small thing to do for Grandmother after all she has done for us," they often said as they kept up a sharp lookout for every stray blossom on their way back and forth over the path they were in the habit of following on their way to and from school or to the down-town stores. This same path passed directly in front of the pretty cottage belonging to Mrs. Fox, a widow woman who was peculiarly fond of flowers.

Now and then a cosmos or an aster poked its head temptingly through the pickets of the fence that was intended to shield the flowers in Mrs. Fox's garden from intruders. These stray blossoms, although not wild, were considered public property by the girls and were quickly plucked and carried to their aged friend.

"Nothing is too good for Grandmother," they said over and over. One morning Grace said, "Girls, I don't believe it would be counted stealing just to take a stick and draw some of those larger asters and marigolds over toward the fence where we can pick them. Grandmother does so much love the flowers that we bring her. Don't you enjoy hearing her tell you what they remind her of? She says they talk to her of heaven, and you know what she says about making others happy. Now she deserves more than any one else to be happy, and Mrs. Fox would never miss what we would take. What do you say to trying it?"

The other girls thought that it would be all right to pick any flowers that they could pull to the outside. But it would

never do to go inside the picket fence or into any other yard, and they must even then be very careful that they were not discovered picking the flowers. Thus with their consciences quieted by the prospect of the good that they were intending to accomplish, they gradually became more and more bold until they could occasionally slip inside the fence and snatch a flower that was especially pretty and that they had not been able to reach from the outside. Then a few times Mrs. Fox, having noticed the admiring, wistful glances of the girls, without knowing that they had been helping themselves gave them lovely bouquets. For these favors they were very thankful.

Upon one of these occasions Grace said, "Do you know, girls, I kind of hated to take these flowers from her after all that we have already had out of her garden without permission. But then those that we took she never could miss, and they did help to cheer Grandmother so much."

Thus it continued all through the hot and dry summer months when no wild flowers except a few bouncing-betseys, red clovers, and buttercups could be found. Then one day Mrs. Fox set her beautiful lily outside. Very carefully she carried it from the greenhouse to a sheltered place close to the porch of her pretty cottage.

The girls were on their way to school when the lily was first noticed by them, and Mrs. Fox was explaining to a neighbor something about its rareness and price. "Why, it's the only lily of its kind in this part of the country, and I'm wild about it that I'd like to sit and watch it from morning until night."

It had not been the intention of the girls to listen. But every word that Mrs. Fox had said had distinctly reached their ears as they passed along behind

the hedge that shielded the vegetable garden from the street.

"It's a pity we can't have that lily to carry home to Grandmother tonight. How she would enjoy it! She would know how to appreciate anything like that, while Mrs. Fox sees only that it cost a lot of money and that there isn't another like it in the neighborhood," Ella Cunningham said as a sigh escaped her lips. Then a great desire came into Grace's heart to have the lily for Grandmother Roberts. She said, "See here, girls, Mrs. Fox doesn't deserve to have that lily nearly as much as our dear Grandmother Roberts. Now what do you say to our taking it this evening and giving it to her? We could slip it out of the yard as we go home from school. Then by keeping close to the hedge we could get away with it and Mrs. Fox would never know who took her lily." The girls answered that they guessed it would be all right. After school was dismissed they watched for the chance to carry out their plans.

(to be continued)



The Saints

The S is for Salvation which is so free
A is for the knowledge of "Absence of me"

I is the Inheritance which God has giv'n
N is the Name of Jesus who is our hope of heav'n

T is the Testimony we all have in our heart

S is the strength in which we all have a part.
—Grace Lassche

Lesson 12, March 20, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

It is easy to expect others to forgive us, but it is not always easy to forgive others. Sometimes we feel that what someone does to us is just unforgivable. But have we not treated Jesus worse than what anyone has done to us? Where would we be if Jesus had not forgiven us?

In our story today the prodigal (wasteful) son wanted everything that belonged to him. When he received his share of the money, he left home and spent it in having a big time. By spending his money so unwisely, he soon had none left and neither did he have anything to show for it. His circumstances got so bad that he would gladly have eaten the pigs' food. He realized how foolish he had been to leave the security of his home. He wanted to return home, but he knew he had wronged his father so that he was no longer worthy to be called his son. He decided that he was in such a miserable condition that he would go to his father and beg forgiveness and ask to become a servant. He left the wickedness behind and went to his father. As he neared his home, who should be coming to meet him but his father. His father's love was so great that he willingly forgave all the wrongs, and didn't take him back as just a servant but fully restored all the privileges as a son.

When we leave God, He is very grieved. But if we leave the ways of sin and come back to God with a repentant heart, He will lovingly forgive and take us back as His child. God hates sin and is very displeased when we take the ways of the world and forsake His goodness, but His love and mercy are great when we come humbly to Him. No matter how deep in sin you may get, remember that God will forgive and His arms are open to receive you if you will come to Him. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 12, March 20, 1983 THE PRODIGAL SON

Luke 15:11 And he said, A certain man had two sons:

12 And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

13 And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

14 And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

15 And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

16 And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

17 And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

18 I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

19 And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy

hired servants.

20 And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

21 And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

22 But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.

23 And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

24 For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Memory Verse: Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. 1 John 3:1a.

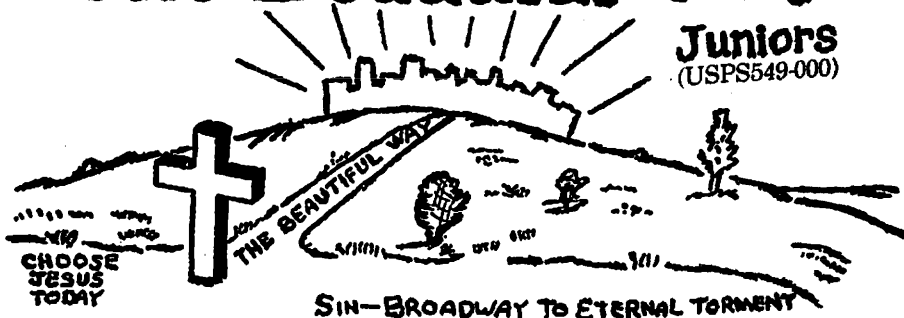
Questions:

1. What did the younger son in our story want from his father?
2. What did the younger son do with his money?
3. What happened in the country where the younger son went?
4. What job did the younger son get?
5. What did the younger son begin to think about?
6. Did the boy feel he was worthy to be his father's son?
7. What did the father do when he saw his son coming?
8. Was the son truly repentant?
9. Did the father treat him just as a servant? What did he have done for his son?
10. If we are repentant will Jesus forgive us?

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Vol. 34, No. 1

Jan., Feb., March, 1983

Part 13

March 27

GRANDMOTHER'S LILY

(continued from last lesson)

As usual, it was Grace who led the way. She darted up the garden walk just as Mrs. Fox disappeared inside the house and was back again so quickly that only the potted lily in her hands and the flush of her face revealed the deed that she had done. A moment later, however, Grace's heart was beating very fast. For Mrs. Fox and a friend, whom she had met at a door in another part of the house, came around to the front near the porch to examine the lily. Catching her toe in the grass at the side of the path, Grace would have fallen with her treasure had not the girls been able to help her in regaining her balance. Some one somewhere seemed to be saying to her, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

They succeeded in making their escape. The precious lily was in the room and in the hands of her for whom they had risked so much. They were listening to her exclamations of delight in regard to its beauty and purity. There was a strange feeling, however, in the

heart of one. For some one seemed to be whispering still, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." She felt no enjoyment because of the deed that she had done. She was sure that she was no heroine. But, was she a thief? She didn't know.

"It might look to others as though I am," she reasoned to herself, "but I don't believe God looks at me that way because He knows why I took the lily."

It had taken but a short time to seize the lily, carry it over to Grandmother Roberts' home and listen to the aged woman's exclamations of delight. But to Grace the deed seemed to have happened days before.

Then the trembling voice said softly, "Girls, put the lily on the stand, and come, sit down close beside me once more, as you used to do when you were small. For I have something more that I should like to say to you, and this may be my last opportunity as I do not expect ever to be any better."

The girls, after doing with the lily as she had requested them to do, seated themselves—one on a chair, one on a hassock, and the third on the foot of the bed and once more listened to words of council from their friend. This is the

substance of what she said: "Girls, as I look into your faces I see three beautiful flowers much like the one that you have brought me. I am wondering if you will always be as pure and as sweet as you are to me just now? O my precious girls, how I love you and long to see you grow up to be as wonderful women as your dear mothers have been before you. Many is the time that I have talked to them just as I am talking to you today. Through the help of the dear Lord and the heeding of my advice they have been spared many a heartache and much trouble. But they lived a long time ago and we are living in a different age, and it makes me tremble for the rising generation of today. You, my dear girls, have many more things than your mothers had to tempt you. If you are not very careful Satan will draw you into some snare that he has prepared. But 'the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' If you will remember always to ask God for guidance and help in all your temptations and trials, you will not find it hard to be good and pure.

"But listen, girls, who is it that I hear in the room across the hall with Mrs. Miller? Some one came in a moment ago. I wonder if it could be that Mrs. Fox who lives down by the schoolhouse? She said she might call some time this evening to show me that beautiful lily that all the people are talking so much about. She says it is very rare and wonderful, but I don't believe it could be any nicer than this lovely blossom that you have brought me—but hark! What is it that she is saying?"

Across the hall and right into the sick room came these unexpected words: "Upon my life, Mrs. Miller, I can't account for the disappearance of that lily. I'd had it only a few days, you see, and it was not until today that the flower had fully opened. Why it was that pretty that I wanted to look at it 'most

all the time myself, and only today I had put it outside. I had placed it in a sheltered place near the front porch and had been looking at the lily, as I've been doing most of the time since I got it, when Mrs. June rapped at the side door. She said when I met her at the door that she had come over on purpose to see the lily. We walked around the house together to the place where I'd left it only a moment before sittin' peaceful and calm like as you please. While I was meetin' her at the door some one had the nerve to come into my yard and steal my lily. I'd certainly like to know who could have done such a trick. I suppose, though, I'll just have to let it go now. For my lily's gone and so has the thief."

During the conversation in the living-room the three girls had been exchanging glances. Before Grandmother Roberts could make any remark on the subject they sprang to their feet. Running down through the little hallway they slipped out as quietly as possible and were soon hidden by the dense shrubbery that grew close to Grandmother Roberts' window. They were thoroughly frightened, but still they hardly knew why they were hiding.

The girls were still crouching among the bushes when the nurse brought her friend into the sickroom. Instead of noticing Mother Roberts, whom she had come to see, the caller glanced at once at the lily that was on the stand beside the bed. She exclaimed, "Upon my life, if there isn't my lily! How on earth did it get there?"

Too bewildered to speak, poor old Grandmother Roberts could only stare her surprize and wonder and await the nurse's remarks.

"Only a short time ago some school-girls brought it here for Grandmother Roberts to enjoy, they said. But I guess they didn't tell where they got it," Mrs.

Miller said cautiously. She didn't want to get the girls into trouble. She was quite sure that there must be some mistake about it somewhere. For she thought a great deal of the three sweet girls whose visits she had learned to look forward to with pleasure.

"The hussies!" exclaimed the enraged woman, forgetting all about manners and forgetting that the one whom she had come to visit had been shut away so long from all the beautiful out-of-doors which had always meant so much to her happiness in the past. She had even forgotten what she had been planning herself to do with the lily. So with flashing eyes and drawn features she continued, "It must have been that bunch of girls that I've seen so often looking through the pickets of the fence at my flowers as they passed back and forth to school. I've missed a good many flowers, too, of late that I couldn't account for. But I never dreamed that those girls would steal my flowers. Why, if it's the girls I mean, they are from some of the best families around."

Outside the window the three girls scarcely dared to breathe as they listened. All their kindnesses to their aged friend were being misunderstood. Grace felt that she must run in and explain that she was the one who deserved all the blame, for she had been the first to propose the taking of the flowers that were found peeping at them through the pickets of the fence. She could say that her desire had been only to do something to cheer Grandmother Roberts.

Whispering to the other girls, she began making apologies for what they had done and begging them to forgive her for making suggestions. Then all three began to cry and said that they would all go in together. Before they could move, Grandmother's voice was heard.

"My good woman," she was saying, "do you mean to say that this flower belongs to you and that my dear little ministering angels have stolen it, as well as the other blossoms that they have been bringing to my sickroom all summer? I cannot realize such a thing. Oh, there must be some mistake! O Grace, my noble, lovely Grace, you who have always been so good and true, how could you let the other girls do such a deed? You must have known better. O Grace, my Grace! I can't believe such a thing possible of you."

(to be continued)

"Thank You, Lord"

I'm glad that you're my Father, Lord.
I'm glad for the Son you did afford.
I'm glad you decided to forgive my sin.
I'm glad that Jesus now abides within!

I'm glad you called me to be your child.
I'm glad my name in heav'n is filed.
I'm glad that I can walk with you.
I'm glad I'm one of your "Chosen few."

I'm glad, dear Lord, that you love even me.
I'm glad, oh God, that you made me free.
I'm glad, dear Lord, for the joy you've giv'n
I'm glad, O God, for my hope of heav'n!

Thank you, Lord, I love you, too.
Thank you, Lord, my best I'll do.
Thank you, Lord with you I'll go.
Thank you, Lord, your love I'll show.

—Grace Lassche

Lesson 13, March 27, 1983

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever watched and waited for someone to come, and found that after awhile you grew impatient or tired of waiting? Once I was expecting a special letter. The first day or so I went to the

mailbox in eager anticipation of finding it there. There were other letters, but not the special one. One day my disappointment was so great that I cried. Each day I grew less and less hopeful of receiving the letter. Finally I gave up hope altogether and then in a day or so the letter came. It had been in the mail for over a week. This time I cried with joy.

Jesus has told us to be prepared and watch for His coming. For hundreds of years men have looked for the Lord's return, but so far He hasn't returned. Many people have grown impatient and do not live in a way of anticipating Christ's coming. Just as I gave up hope of receiving the letter, they have given up hope of seeing Christ.

In our lesson five of the virgins had no oil in their lamps. The oil in the Christian life is the spirit of God. If we do not have God's spirit dwelling in us we will not be ready to meet Him when He comes. We need to pray daily and read God's Word. He tells us that no one knows the day nor the hour when He'll return. We must be ready today, because today may be the day. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 13, March 27, 1983

THE TEN VIRGINS

Matt. 25:1 Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

2 And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

3 They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them:

4 But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

5 While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

6 And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

7 Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

8 And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.

9 But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

10 And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

11 Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.

12 But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

13 Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

Memory Verse: Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching. Luke 12:37a.

Questions:

1. How many virgins were in our lesson?
2. Of what two types were they?
3. What did the wise have that the foolish did not?
4. What did all the virgins do while waiting for the bridegroom?
5. What happened at midnight?
6. What did the foolish virgins ask the wise to give them? Why would the wise not give of their oil?
7. Who came while the foolish went to buy oil?
8. For what are we suppose to watch?
9. What is the oil that we should have?

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April, May, June, 1983

Part 1

April 3

GRANDMOTHER'S LILY

(continued from last lesson)

"But, upon my life, there's your proof," corrected Mrs. Fox pointing to the lily upon the stand. Then without realizing that she had still offered no greeting to the sick woman, she continued, "Why, I'd know that lily anywhere I'd see it, for I'd looked at it almost day and night ever since I got it down at the greenhouse. I'll tell you what, I'd just like to get hold of those young ladies! I'd try to get the lesson to them that their parents have failed to teach! I don't think they'd ever want to play thief any more around my garden at least after I'd get through with them."

"I'm surely very sorry, Mrs. Fox, that this thing has happened, but I beg of you not to blame my girls too severely. That they have done wrong we can all plainly see, but I believe that I know them well enough to understand why they have done as they have. I have always encouraged them to try to make others happy, and they have certainly been doing their best all summer to make this room an entrance into heaven for me. And," she continued, "ever since the first spring blossoms came peeping

through the earth their service began. If occasionally their supply ran short and they have substituted some of your flowers, it was a crime I know. But was it really so terrible? I pray you to deal gently with my girls. They are only children and I've known them all their lives and their mothers before them. You must remember that there are many, many things that the rising generation have to meet that we or they do not understand."

As the tender words of their aged friend drifted out through the open window to where the three frightened girls were crouching behind the bushes, they carried with them comfort and encouragement. Grace whispered, "Girls, let's go in right now and tell Mrs. Fox that we are dreadfully sorry for all we've done and that we'll never again take anything from her, or from any one else, that doesn't belong to us. We'll ask Grandmother to give her back her lily. What do you say?"

All the girls were agreed at once. As they slipped quietly from behind the shrubbery to the hallway and on into the corner near the foot of Grandmother Roberts' bed, their aged friend read in their faces just what she was expecting

to see. To make their task easier, she said, "Girls, I guess I'm more sad about what has happened than any of you can possibly be. But I am also glad to see you brave enough to come right in here before Mrs. Fox to make all your wrongs right. Tell her now why you took the lily and if you have ever taken anything else that belonged to her."

When the girls had explained how they began to take the flowers and bring them in to help cheer their beloved friend and to get her to talk to them of heaven and its beauties, even Mrs. Fox and the nurse were weeping and the offended lady said, "Upon my life, Mrs. Roberts, I never thought about the flowers in this way before, but they do bring cheer to a sickroom and they do remind one of heaven. 'Course, I'll forgive the girls for takin' my lily. I do believe I'll leave it here with you for a few days as I had intended to do. And say, girls, if you'll stop as you pass my house coming from school I can give you plenty of flowers to fill these vases and you'll not have to steal flowers any more. How's that?"

Grandmother Roberts was not satisfied to have her girls leave her without explaining to them that God hates everything that is false, so she bade them to come closer while she read a few verses from the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. This is what she read:

"Deal with thy servant according to thy mercy, and teach me thy statutes. I am thy servant; give me understanding, that I may know thy testimonies. It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law. Therefore I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold. Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right; and I hate every false way."

Then asking them to kneel by her bedside, she prayed, "Dear Lord, forgive

my girls for being false. Forgive them for breaking one of thy great commandments where thou hast said, 'Thou shalt not steal!' Help them to realize that thy watchful eye is ever over them beholding all that they do. May they understand that good cannot come from evil acts, for all must sooner or later reap what they sow."

Then placing her hand upon Grace's head, she said kindly, "Grace, dear, I believe that there is a great future before you. But in all that you undertake you will be a failure if you do not take truth as your motto."

To all the girls she said, "Please learn the fifteenth Psalm. It will help you, girls, when you are tempted to do evil, to stand up for the right. I appreciate your good intentions and efforts in trying to make my last days on earth happy, but I do not think that I need to say anything more to make you understand how much I have been grieved by what I have listened to today."

The girls were very glad to go when Grandmother Roberts had finished speaking. When outside of the cozy cottage they were still thinking about how much better it would have been had they picked only the flowers that were growing outside the fences, and had left the beautiful lily where they had first seen it in Mrs. Fox's yard.

—Isabel C. Byrum

Scratch! Scratch!

Last July, when I was attending a campmeeting for a few days, something happened I thought right away I would tell you about.

About the second morning I was there, a little noise outside my tent woke me up. It was a little before rising time. Everything else was quiet. Then I heard a "scratch, scratch, scratch," but I could not find where it came from. So I kept

very quiet for a few minutes, and listened harder and harder. It sounded like mice tearing open a paper bag, to steal a bit of cheese.

Finally I slipped out of bed and opened my small suitcase, to see if some mice were rattling some wrapping paper I had in it. But, no; everything was all right there. So I lay down again for a short nap, till the proper time for rising.

Again, "scratch, scratch, scratch." This time I turned my eyes upward. There it was—the shadow of something moving over the top of my tent. It was plain now—three or four little pairs of feet were hopping above me. You can guess by now that they were birds' feet. When they hopped their little claws scratched the canvas. So that was the scratching I had heard. They might have been little wrens, for I saw a wren afterward at the front of one of my neighbor's tents.

I thanked the dear Lord for letting the little birds be my alarm clock that morning, for I might have overslept. Of course, when the birds heard me, or saw my shadow moving below them, they were frightened and flew away.

The Lord has many nice ways of taking care of His own. I see His loving heart and hard in all such things that happen. --C. G.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Hundreds of years ago God made a covenant, or pact, with Abraham and his descendants. Through Abraham God promised to bless all nations of the world. It was through Abraham's grandson, Jacob, that God chose to work. Jacob's name was changed to Israel, and his sons and their sons, and

their children and descendants were called *Israelites*, or *Jews*. God gave them rules to obey. As long as they kept God's rules, or laws, God led them where He wanted them to go; He kept diseases away from them: He provided food for them to eat; He protected them in battle. Oftentimes though, the Israelites would drift from God and even turn to worshipping idols. God was highly displeased, and would withdraw His hand of protection, that they would see their need of Him and turn back to serving God. God would forgive them and restore their benefits again. This happened numerous times. Sometimes God raised up prophets to try to lead His people back to Him. Some of the prophets they refused to listen to, and they stoned some of them. How terrible to think that the Jews rejected the men that God sent to help them! At last God sent His own Son to turn them back to God. But did the Jews listen to Jesus? No; instead they cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" The ones who had been of God's chosen people actually had God's own Son put to death. No longer would God work through the Jews to show His will and power to men. From now on His chosen people would not be those born of Israelite blood, but those born again by the blood of Jesus. God's people are made up of men and women of ALL NATIONS who have their hearts made clean by Jesus' blood.

Since Jesus' resurrection, God has had a group of believers, or the Church. God's Church is made up of ALL believers and God guides and blesses them as He did the Israelites years ago. When any person gets saved, he is born into God's Church, and is one of God's chosen people. We must be careful to always love and obey God. If we turn from His ways, He will withdraw His benefits from us, and put us out of His vineyard.

—Aunt Sandra

THE VINEYARD

Lk. 20:9 Then began he to speak to the people this parable; A certain man planted a vineyard, and let it forth to husbandmen, and went into a far country for a long time.

10 And at the season he sent a servant to the husbandmen, that they should give him of the fruit of the vineyard: but the husbandmen beat him, and sent him away empty.

11 And again he sent another servant: and they beat him also, and entreated him shamefully, and sent him away empty.

12 And again he sent a third: and they wounded him also, and cast him out.

13 Then said the lord of the vineyard, What shall I do? I will send my beloved son: it may be they will reverence him when they see him.

14 But when the husbandmen saw him, they reasoned among themselves, saying, This is the heir: come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours.

15 So they cast him out of the vineyard, and killed him. What therefore shall the lord of the vineyard do unto them?

16 He shall come and destroy these husbandmen, and shall give the vineyard to others. And when they heard it, they said, God forbid.

Matt. 23:34 Wherefore, behold, I send you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city:

35 That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth,

from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar.

36 Verily I say unto you, All these things shall come upon this generation.

37 O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

38 Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

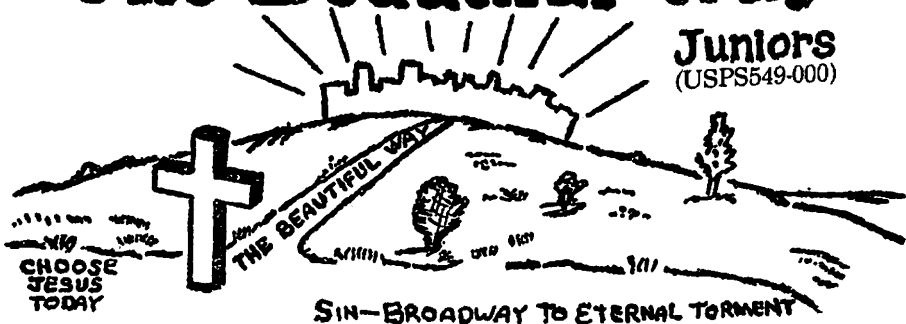
Memory Verse: Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof. Matt. 21:43.

Questions:

1. In the parable, what did the man do with his vineyard when he went away?
2. What did the husbandmen (the ones caring for the vineyard) do to the servant who came seeking fruit?
3. How many servants did the man send out? What happened each time?
4. Who did the man at last send to his vineyard?
5. What did the husbandmen do to their master's son, and why?
6. What did it say the owner would do to the husbandmen?
7. In this parable, who did the husbandmen represent? Who were the servants?
8. Did God send His Son for the Jews' salvation? What did the Jews do to Jesus?
9. Did Jesus love the people of Jerusalem?

The Beautiful Way

Juniors
(USPS549-000)



Vol. 34, No. 2

April, May, June, 1983

Part 2

April 10

The Pilot's Voice

By Isabel C. Byrum

THE OCEAN OF LIFE

The last rays of sunshine were fast disappearing behind the treetops, and a day that had been warm and sultry was drawing to a close. The lowing of cows waiting to be admitted into the barn lot could be heard, and among the honey-suckle vines the dull droning of bees told that their labor for the day was nearly ended.

Down the dusty road in the gathering shadows a lad of sixteen summers was hurrying along. One could plainly have seen that the boy was from a good home; for his clothing bore the marks of a loving mother's care, and his brow was high and noble. In his countenance there was a frank and open look, but his brow was drawn as if he were in deep thought, and a close observer could have detected a look of unrest and guilt. Now and then he looked behind him as if expecting to see some one coming. He had a long way to go and was anxious for a ride. No one being in sight, the look of expectancy in his face gave way to that of disappointment.

At the cross roads, after looking in each direction, he stood for a moment trying to decide what would be best to do. "By cutting across these fields," he reasoned with himself, "I shall save much time and strength." He was soon over the fence that surrounded the pasture and was speeding away across the rich meadow land. He did not stop to look toward the large barn at his left nor toward the farmer near by calling to his cows. The boy knew that he was known and respected by the farmer and that his crossing the meadow would not be accounted as trespassing, and upon this occasion he had no time for conversation or delay.

He soon gained the farther side of the pasture, and climbing the fence, he entered a field through which a small creek was flowing. Many times he had played along the banks of this stream with his little brother and sister, and the pleasant memories of strings of fish and little frolics came before him. For a moment he hesitated to look down into the sparkling water to see if a fish was in sight, and then he hastened on.

Coming, at last, to a shallow place, he sprang from one stone to another and soon gained the opposite bank. Here he

was confronted by another fence, but he sprang lightly over it and entered a large corn field. The corn being almost to his knees, he found the walking somewhat difficult; but by keeping between the rows, he soon gained the other side, and then entered a long strip of timberland.

Following the path that wound in and out among the great oaks and maples, he was soon buried in the forest. On and on he went, occasionally noting cool billows and grassy knolls, until he came to another stream—a deep river, somewhat swollen by recent rains. One not familiar with the place might have turned back and retraced his steps, but not so with Byron (for this was the boy's name). He was acquainted with all the country in that vicinity, and he knew of a foot-log a short distance away. He was aware, however, that the log would be slippery and that in the dense shadow of the forest he should have difficulty in crossing even with the aid of the hand-railing. But he had no time to go to the bridge farther up the river.

As Byron stepped upon the log, a strange feeling of fear and dread swept over him. The water beneath appeared so dark and chilly. An owl hooted in the distance and caused him to start; then a whip-poor-will began its evening song, and he trembled.

"What is it?" he asked himself. "I am no coward! It must be the stillness of the evening and my surroundings that cause me to feel so strangely!"

Again he cast hurried glances up and down the river, and, nearing the center of the stream, he stopped to listen. All was silent save the river. He could hear the rushing and swirling of the waters below the rapids a short distance away, and he heard something else. The voice of his conscience was speaking and warning him in almost audible tones of danger.

This voice not only was bringing to

his mind some of the dangers that he might expect soon to meet if he continued his trip upon that particular night, but was giving him hints concerning the future if he continued to follow the course in life that he had chosen.

There were many dangers ahead of him—dangers that in his own strength would be very difficult and hard to surmount; dangers that would need an experienced eye to detect and that would wreck his soul if he had no pilot to guide him through the great ocean before him.

As he listened to the voice, the form of one he dearly loved arose before him. She, too, had warned him of danger and her words were still clear and distinct in his memory. Her warnings had been not only of the penalties connected with crime but of the effects of sin and wickedness of every sort upon the human mind, body, and soul. And she had taught him how to avoid the errors that so often lead the young astray and cause them misery and sorrow. She had also urged him to make the proper preparations before starting out in life for himself.

"The ocean of life is deep and wide, Byron," she had said. "You cannot cross it easily or in a moment of time. The other shore is safely gained only by those who understand the dangerous rocks and shoals, and who can brave the dangers of the deep. Therefore every one should let Jesus, through the Holy Spirit, pilot him in this voyage that we all must take."

In fancy he could still see her near the gateway at home begging him with tears in her eyes to change his plans for the night, and then, like a flood, came his own cruel words surging in upon him.

"Mother," he said, "I am almost a man, and I ought to have some responsibilities in life. I think I am old enough to decide some things for myself."

And then he seemed to hear her answer repeated: "My son! Oh, how I tremble for you! I am afraid that if you follow out your plans tonight you will fall into company that will do you harm! The boy that you wish to spend the night with is not the companion with whom you should associate. I cannot give my consent to your going. If you go, it is against my wishes."

To this he had answered: "Now, Mother, you're doing James an injustice when you speak of him as you do. He is all right. You can say what you please, but I am going anyway. You are always trying to tell me what I ought not to do, but I'm not going to be a 'sissy' any longer. I'm going to take things into my own hands tonight and decide for myself. I won't be babied any longer! Here I have wasted an hour waiting for your consent. It's now past time for me to start! I should have been well on my way by this time. I shall not wait a moment longer to hear more of your argument."

And then his mother's farewell words repeated themselves—"Goodbye, my boy, goodbye! Remember, I shall pray for you tonight." He could hear the echo vibrating through the air: "Goodbye—pray—tonight—pray—pray—"

(to be continued)

Juniors

Some people say Juniors are too young to be saved. If you are old enough to pout and fuss, you are old enough to ask God to help you smile and sing. If you are old enough to steal, you are old enough to know that God wants you to be honest. If you are old enough to lie, you are old enough to know that you can listen to God's Word which says, "Lie not one to another."

Of course, you are old enough to be saved. As soon as you know you are a sinner, that is the time to ask Jesus to be your Savior!

LESSON ILLUSTRATION



Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever lost something that was dear to you? You probably searched and searched everywhere you could think of to find it.

In the newspapers there is a *Lost and Found* column where people put in notices about animals or things of value to them that they've lost. The following is an example:

16 Lost and Found

COLLIE PUP, 5 mo. brown/white, lost Forest Park, 42nd St. So. Reward. 595-5670

DACHSHUNDS (2) red, LOST Center Pl. - Pinson area. Female w/brown flea collars. REWARD. 681-2630, alt 5 wkdays

DOG, Large black male, LOST Gardendale area. Tan collar, reflection flea collar. Answers to Blackie. Reward. 631-9702

DOG Lost, male part collie, old dog, white with reddish brown patches. 827-4196 alt 8:30 pm

DOG Small blonde 1/2 Pekinese, 1/2 Pomeranian. Answers to Rags. Lost 9/24, Dug Hollow Rd & Camp Cosby, \$500 REWARD. 681-1602, 987-7566

Jesus told a parable about a man who had one hundred sheep and one of the sheep strayed away and became lost. The man did not say, "Oh well, what's one lost sheep? I still have ninety-nine." No. He left the ninety-nine sheep in a safe place, and went out into the rugged wilderness to search for the one lost sheep.

Jesus is the Shepherd. If we do not live for Him, we are like that sheep that is lost. Jesus goes out and looks for us, wanting to bring us safely into the fold with the other sheep. How does Jesus search for us? He speaks through our own consciences and makes us know when we are doing wrong. He lays a burden of prayer on the hearts of

Christians and they pray for us. He sends His ministers out to preach the Word. He leads His personal workers to us to give us a tract or tell us about God.

Once we are safe in the fold of God, the Lord wants us to be concerned about the others who are still lost. He does not want us just to be content in being safe ourselves. God may lead us out to tell others about Him, and to lead them safely to the fold. Even now God wants you to tell other boys and girls about Him. He wants you to be good and have joy, so others will want to follow you to Christ. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 2, April 10, 1983

THE LOST SHEEP

Lk. 5:30 But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners?

31 And Jesus answering said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick.

32 I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Lk. 15:3 And he [Jesus] spake this parable unto them, saying,

4 What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

5 And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

6 And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

7 I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that

repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

8 Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

9 And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.

10 Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

1 Pet. 2:25 For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.

Memory Verse: For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. Matt. 18:11.

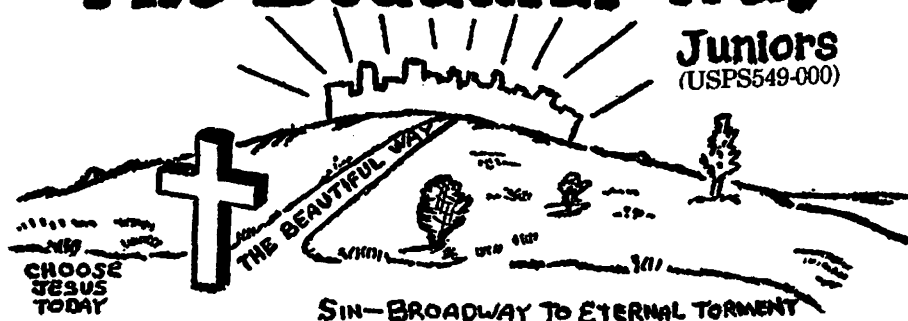
Questions:

1. About what did the scribes and Pharisees murmur?
2. Whom did Jesus come to call?
3. In the parable, how many sheep were safe? How many were lost?
4. Did the shepherd forget about the lost sheep? What did he do?
5. What did the man do when he found his lost sheep?
6. Is God concerned about lost people?
7. Where is there rejoicing when a sinner repents?
8. In the other parable, what did the woman do when she lost one coin?
9. A sinner is like a lost sheep and Jesus is the Shepherd. How does He search for the lost?
10. Does God want us to be concerned with only saved people or with sinners, too?
11. How can we lead the lost to Christ?

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Part 3

April 17

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

LEAVING PORT

Byron's mother was a Christian woman, and she knew the power in prayer. Often during severe trials and in perplexing times she had carried her burdens to the throne of grace. And as she poured forth her sorrows there, she always received strength and help that she needed.

For some months her son had, much to her displeasure, been associating with James. On the evening when Byron wound his way through field and forest, across the stream, and on to the place where he was to meet James, his mother's heart beat anxiously for her boy. After he left her at the gate that night, she watched him as he hurried down the road until he entered the field and was hidden from her view. Then with a sad and aching heart she had turned and entered the house. The evening work was waiting, but she had no heart to do it. Entering her bedroom, she closed the door, and kneeling in her accustomed place, poured out her heart's sorrow in earnest prayer to God.

"O Lord," she cried, "thou knowest the burden of my heart; thou knowest that I must have thy help and strength to bear up under this trial. I have done the best I knew to do and have used all the judgment thou hast given me, in the matter. Byron has disregarded my wishes and advice. I am going to commit him into thy hands, and I pray thee to take care of him and help him to see the error of his way, and to save his soul. Send thy Holy Spirit, Lord, to talk to him through his conscience, and pilot thou him through this night."

When the prayer was ended she felt relief and went about her evening duties, but her mind was still upon her son. Byron had never before spoken to his mother in such a way, utterly disregarding her advice and judgment, and his cruel words could not be forgotten.

A week before Byron had arranged with James, a boy a year older than he, to spend Saturday night with him. All week long he had thought of his promise and each day had planned to speak to his mother about it, but his courage had always failed him when he came into her presence. Thus the entire

week had slipped away and Saturday had arrived without his having gained his mother's permission to go.

At noon he had felt that the time had come. He must tell her, but how? He felt sure she would ask him certain questions and how could he answer them? His mother had grounds for her poor opinion of James, for he did many things that were wrong. He had left his home in another state and for some distance had stolen rides on freight trains.

For more than a year he had been living a few miles from Byron's home, with different farmers, for whom he worked. He went to Sunday school in the same country chapel that Byron attended, and it was in this way that the boys had become acquainted. A few times he had returned with Byron to his home. It was after one of these visits that Bryon's mother had called her son to her side and said:

"Now, Byron, I don't want to deprive you of associating with other boys. It is right and proper that you should do so, but you ought to choose good boys for your companions. I should like to have you associate with those whose actions you can imitate and who have a good, strong, Christian character.

"You are now at an age when impressions are being made upon your mind, that will last all through your future life. You are now neither a man nor a boy, yet you have manly principles unfolding themselves within you. In other words, you are molding either a good or a bad character. You cannot associate with evil companions and not have their imprint left upon your heart. Like the photographer's camera, your heart has a plate, or negative upon which impressions are being made through exposure. When this plate is exposed before unclean or impure

objects, is it strange that the heart becomes filled with thoughts that are evil? Is it strange that sinful acts are then committed? It is not strange, for Jesus said, 'A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh' (Luke 6:45).

"The world, Byron, is as an ocean—great, deep, and wide—and all humanity must spend their mortal life upon it. God has so arranged it that every one may choose his own course upon this great sea, but he desired them to follow the directions that he has marked out for them in his guidebook—the Bible. If they decide to follow his instructions, he gives to them his Holy Spirit as a pilot to guide them by speaking through their conscience in every trial and difficulty through which they may have to pass. Should their course be marked by danger and trial, there will be benefits and victories as well, for these things belong together. If, on the other hand, a man chooses to depend upon his own good judgment and the advice of companions who, like himself, have no pilot, he will be guided into new difficulties and will find that he is wholly unacquainted with what lies before him, and sooner or later shipwreck will be his doom.

"For this reason I cannot feel right about your associating with James too much. It is all right to treat him kindly and to try to help him to do right, but to make a bosom companion of him will undo all of the good that you might be to him and will influence you in the wrong direction.

"He has lived among all classes of people and has come in contact with sin

of nearly every kind. You can see by his face that he has formed sinful habits that ought to be shunned. His attending Sunday school and church does not prove that he is a good boy, by any means. It may be helpful to him, and no doubt it is. A religious influence is good for anyone, but the influence that he gives in return must be avoided. From the time I first saw him I have not liked his appearance. He never could look me squarely in the eye. He always has an expression of guilt that an innocent boy does not have.

"I have tried to be kind to him when he has visited you, hoping that I might be of some help in turning him from his sinful habits, but I see that my influence is doing him no good, and, on the other hand, he is doing you harm.

"Ever since your father's death, when you were a small boy, I have felt the burden and responsibility of bringing you up to manhood with high and noble principles within you. I have tried to guide your feet in the right path. You are now at the most dangerous period of your life, when you need good wholesome advice, and what I am telling you is for your future good.

"Now, James is older than you are, and you will unconsciously be led into company where it will be very hard for you to stand up for the right. Do you remember the account in your old school reader of the plateful of beautiful apples with the rotten one in the center?"

(The story referred to is about a man who had noticed that his son was being influenced by evil companions. Wishing to give him an object-lesson, he selected a number of fine ripe apples, and after calling his son in to see them, he put a rotten apple near the center of the pile. When this was done, he opened the cupboard door and placed them carefully

upon an upper shelf, saying as he did so, "We shall enjoy them later on."

(to be continued)

Would I most glad and willing be,
To answer Jesus' call,
Since He so gladly gave for me
His love, and life and all?
I hope I would, for He has been
So very kind to me;
For He has saved me from my sins
For all eternity.
If I should give to Him my all,
That very small would be,
Compared with all, He did and gave
For such as even me. —Sel.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you ever watched someone build a house? The first thing they do is lay a foundation. They dig down to hard earth or rock and pour in concrete to anchor the house to something solid. Why would building directly on sand be foolish? Just as happened in our lesson, when heavy rains came along, the sand would wash out from under the house.

I am sure you understand the lesson. The Rock is Jesus. Jesus never changes and is the One on whom we should build our lives.

But do you know how someone could build his life on sand? Back in the 1920's, there was a number of rich people, even millionaires, in the United States. Their money seemed to get them everything they wanted. They lived in fine houses. Their money could buy them fashionable clothes, elegant dining, or take them on cruises anywhere in the world. Their lives were built on money. In 1929, there was a stock market crash and banks went broke. Many of these wealthy people were reduced to poverty. Some felt their lives were so ruined that they actually took their own lives. They had built their house or lives on sand, or on things that could change.

Sometimes people build their lives on their own physical strength. We may see this happen with athletes or dancers, and others. Perhaps they think the rest of their lives will be lived in wealth and fame; they're not thinking of their soul's welfare. But some of these very people may suffer unforeseen accidents and become disabled for life, just when they are in their prime. Our physical health is not a sure thing to put our trust in. It, too, can change as the sand.

The only sure and unchanging fortress we can depend upon is God. If we lose our health, money, or friends, but have built our life on Christ, He will keep us from going down in despair. He will give us help to face tomorrow, whatever it may bring. Jesus is THE ROCK which will never go down in life's storms. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 3, April 17, 1983

THE TWO BUILDERS

Matt. 7:24 Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

Matt. 16:13 When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do

men say that I the Son of man am?

14 And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

15 He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?

16 And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

17 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

18 And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Memory Verse: Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Ps. 127:1a.

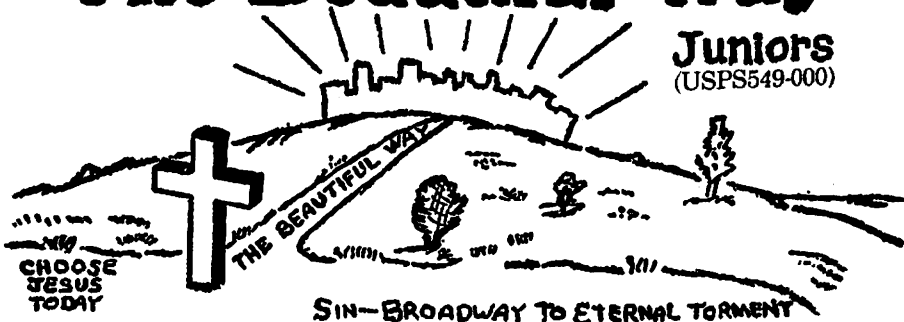
Questions:

1. Upon what did the wise man build his house?
2. What happened to the house on the rock when the winds and floods came?
3. Where did the foolish man build his house?
4. What happened to the foolish man's house when the winds blew and the floods came?
5. Who did some people think Jesus was?
6. Whom did Peter say Jesus was?
7. What did Jesus say He would build on the rock?
8. Who is the Rock of our salvation?
9. What will happen to people who do not build their lives on Jesus?
10. What are some storms that come into our lives?

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April, May, June, 1983

Part 4

April 24

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

The son was surprised at what his father had done and quickly told him about the harm that the spoiled apple would do the others, but the father paid no attention to his son's warning and closed the cupboard doors.

Some time later the father called his son to him and said, "Now, we shall get our plate of apples and eat them." Reaching into the cupboard, he carefully took down the plate; but when they looked upon it, they did not see the fresh, beautiful fruit that had been placed there. The bad apple had ruined the good ones, and none of them were fit to eat. "Did I not tell you," exclaimed the boy, "to keep that rotten apple away from the others or it would ruin them?" "Yes, my son," his father answered: "I know that you told me, and I knew exactly what the result would be, but I had a purpose in not removing it. I wanted to impress upon you that a bad boy is like a rotten apple and causes his associates to become like himself."

"Now, take the lesson of the apples to yourself, Byron, and profit by it. My

daily prayer is that you may become a good Christian man."

Byron really wanted to be a noble and useful man in the world. Whenever he saw James at Sunday school after his mother's talk, he thought of her words; but as week after week rolled by, he tried to make himself believe that James was not so bad after all and that his mother was just a little too careful and particular.

The daring stories James told him from time to time, fed the restless nature within him, and, regardless of the apple story and his mother's advice, he longed to be with James as on former occasions. Still, he did not like to invite him to his own home, when his mother felt as she did. After many an argument with himself he at last silenced his conscience for a season and began to plan how he could have secret meetings with James.

Now, Byron had a cousin who was near his own age and who lived not far away; and as the cousin was a good boy and carefully trained by Christian parents, Byron was often encouraged to visit him. Satan was not long in taking advantage of this opportunity and soon helped Byron in his scheming by pre-

senting a way whereby James could meet the cousins down the river. He also gave James the shrewdness that would prevent him from leading the boys on too rapidly in opposition to their former teaching, and helped him to answer their expressions of doubt and fear with ridicule and shame.

Thus the two cousins were given the impression that their home teaching was not the kind that would make them brave, strong, and daring; and many times they acted against their own inclinations, that they might not appear cowardly before their hero. Upon these secret occasions the three often indulged in fishing and swimming, and when the cousins suggested that their mothers did not approve of doing such things on Sunday, he would answer with a coarse laugh, "Yes, there you go again. Always quoting what your mother thinks. I wish you boys could remember that our actions are secret and are not going to be found out so easily that you will be gotten into trouble."

In spite of his efforts to forget them, Byron would sometimes think of his mother's warnings and of the apple story, but he would quickly banish such thoughts from his mind and endeavor to excuse James because of his lack of home training. But now he knew that James was a bad boy and that his own desire to be with him and to do as he did was stronger than it had ever been before. He also knew that now when James proposed doing something wrong, instead of saying that it was not what they ought to do he was sometimes influenced to take part in it.

When Byron explained to James his mother's objections to their being together, James answered: "Well, never mind, Byron, I know that your mother is a good woman and means well, but she doesn't understand as I do your desire to gain a knowledge of the world.

What can you learn shut up as you are at home on the farm away from those who know what real fun is? I tell you what, Byron, it will be a grand day when you are able to do as you please."

Thus encouraged in wrong-doing, Byron came to regard the worship hour at home (for Byron's mother had taught her children to bow with her in prayer around the family altar as long as he could remember) as tiresome and monotonous. The only part that he looked forward to with eagerness was the "Amen." In fact, many things that he used to delight in he ceased to enjoy; especially was this true about his class on Sunday in the little chapel. His mind was not on his lessons any more. He thought principally of the good times that he would have at the riverside when with James. He enjoyed hearing James tell of the many things that he had done—of his stealing rides on the trains from one town to another, of the dangerous exploits that he had done, and of visits to saloons and other places of wickedness—and wondered if he himself should ever have like experiences.

Whenever he thought of the disgrace that such a downward course would mean to his family, he would reason, "They might never find out about it," and thus the voice of his conscience was constantly hushed; and, without the Holy Spirit to pilot him in his career, he was in great danger.

Upon a certain Sunday, when the three boys were together, they strolled back into the woods. Here, in a lonely place, they seated themselves upon a grassy knoll beneath a large beech tree, and James, whom the boys recognized as their leader, addressed them. "Boys," he said, as he pulled something from his pocket, "I have something here that will be of interest to you."

"What is it, James?" both boys exclaimed. "What have you got?"

"I have a pack of cards," James answered, shuffling them carelessly in his hands. "These are the kind of cards that are used by gamblers and in saloons. I learned to play the game when only a small boy and can say it is not only interesting but beneficial as well, as large amounts of money can be won when it is properly played. I have never mentioned it to you before, because I know how strict Byron's mother is about what he does or thinks, and I supposed she would be against this, of course. Now that you are becoming better acquainted with me and my ways, I shall tell you about the game."

James was dealing out the cards before the boys had an opportunity to say anything. Now Byron had played the cards of the Educational series, but his mother had often warned him against the kind that the gamblers used. As he looked down at the cards before him, he thought seriously of his mother's words.

"James," he said with deep emotion, "I can't feel right in playing this game. I'm afraid my mother will find out about it."

"Oh, come, Byron," James urged, "Don't always be a boy! You are almost a man, and it's high time you were learning some of these things."

After a little of this kind of persuasion from James, the boys consented to learn and the game was begun. Now and then James made remarks about the impossibility of Byron's mother ever finding out that they had been playing cards, and about the many people in the world whose fortunes had been made by gambling. The fascination of the game, together with James' reassuring words, made it very easy for the boys to continue, and game after game was played, in which one or the other of the cousins was permitted to win.

(to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you have an orchard near you? Or maybe you have an apple tree in your yard. To a child, a fruit tree is one of the earliest trees he can recognize. Why? Because of the fruit that grows on it.

When I was a little girl my parents bought a place in the country. On one side of the house was an open field, and on the other side was an orchard. The first trees I learned to recognize were the plum trees. When we first moved there, the plums were ripe and I learned how to select the juiciest ones. Before long, I knew what peach trees were because of the luscious peaches that hung on their branches. And at the end of summer the apple trees were easy to spot because of the red apples. There was one tree in the orchard on which no fruit grew. It was supposed to be a fruit tree, but my brother and I could never decide what kind of tree it was. From the looks of it, we decided maybe it was a prune tree! After a year or so, Daddy cut that tree down and planted another fruit tree to replace it.

In our lesson, trees are used to illustrate our lives. Jesus wants our lives to bear fruit, or traits that others can recognize as coming from a Christian life. In Gal. 5, some fruits of the Spirit are listed. One is love—an intense desire to please God and help mankind. Another is peace—the calm and quiet which replaces fear from guilt and doubtful forebodings. Another is longsuffering—bearing with the faults and weaknesses of others, and bearing through the troubles of life without murmuring. Faithfulness is also a fruit of the Christian life—being careful in keeping promises, and not doing things to break someone's confidence in us. Perhaps you can name and describe other fruits that God wants to see in our lives. It is these fruits that draw others to Christ.

We cannot put fruit upon a tree, but the fruit grows as a result of a healthy tree. Christian fruit shows up in lives that are healthy in the Lord. Just as the man wanted to dig around and fertilize the tree to help it produce fruit, there are things we can do to help produce godly fruits. We can read and study the Bible, pray more, think about God, go to meetings and listen carefully to the ministers, and read books about triumphs of other Christians. God looks for fruits in our lives and surely we do not want to displease Him. Does God see fruits in your life, or does He just see leaves?
—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 4, April 24, 1983

THE FIG TREE

Lk. 13:6 He spake also this parable; A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard, and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none.

7 Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?

8 And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it:

9 And if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down.

Matt. 21:17 And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there.

18 Now in the morning as he returned into the city, he hungered.

19 And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee

henceforward for ever. And presently the fig tree withered away.

20 And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig tree withered away!

21 Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done.

22 And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

Memory Verse: Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Matt. 7:20.

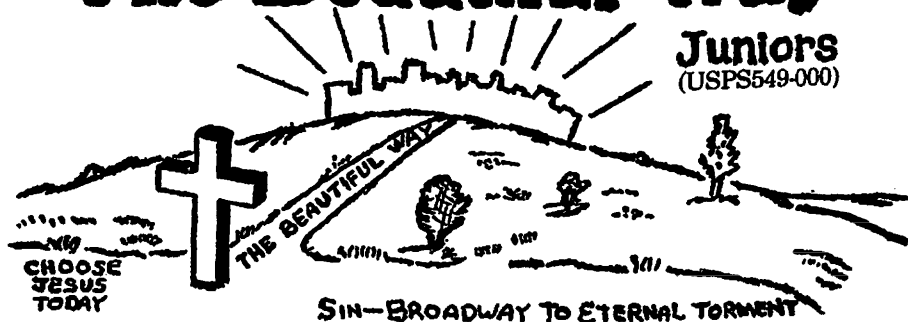
Questions:

1. What did the man expect to find on his tree?
2. How many years should it have been producing fruit?
3. What did the man tell his servant to do to the tree?
5. What was to be done to the tree if it did not produce fruit within another year?
6. When Jesus was hungry, what did He look for on the tree?
7. When He found no fruit, what did Jesus say to the tree?
8. What happened to the tree?
9. What are some *fruits* of the Christian life?
10. Does Jesus give us a period of time to produce *Christian fruits*?
11. The servant in our story dug about the tree and fertilized it to help it produce fruit. How can we *dig* and *fertilize* our lives for Christ?
12. If we do not produce *Christian fruits*, will Jesus bear with us forever?

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Part 5

May 1

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

So interested had they become that they did not notice that the sun was fast sinking and that the shades of evening were already gathering. Knowing that he would be expected home by sundown, Byron sprang suddenly to his feet, saying, "My, but the time has gone rapidly! I had no idea it was getting so late. That game is interesting, all right, and I don't like to stop playing. It surely can't be as bad as Mother has said, and I don't see why she should object to it. She probably has never watched a game of this sort played. She has been altogether too strict with me."

"I believe that you have a good mother, Byron," James said; "but there is no need of depriving a fellow of all the pleasures along the way. Why, we only pass through this life once, and we might as well get all the enjoyment out of it that we can."

The following two weeks Byron was kept so busy on the farm that he had no time for himself. When again the boys met near the river, a young man named George was with James. George, though not much larger than James, was older,

and sin had left in his features deeper and harder lines. He made his home with a farmer who lived about a mile from the man for whom James worked, and the two boys were often together. The cousins found him to be a very jolly and talkative companion and were soon much interested in the stories he told them of his adventure, and with one accord they all retired to the secluded place in the woods where James had produced the deck of cards.

During all the past two weeks of hard toil on the farm, Byron had not forgotten the enjoyment that he had found in the card game. Sometimes he wanted to talk about it to his mother and tell her how very interesting it was; but he always shrank from doing so when he thought of James' words—"They are what the gamblers use in the saloons," and remembered about the large amounts of money he could win when he learned how to play. How he wished that she would approve of the game!

Now as he seated himself upon the green turf and the older boys began to play, he again thought of his mother's teaching and heard the voice of his conscience speaking; but the present influence was so great that he soon

accepted an invitation to join in the game. For an hour or more they played, and as the fascination grew more powerful, he endeavored to learn all the little details that he could, and was soon well acquainted with many little tricks and methods, by which he could take advantage of the other players dishonestly. He was suddenly awakened, however, to the course that he was taking when he heard James saying: "Oh, this is too tame! Let's put a little life into it! Come, get out your money, Byron, and let's play for a small stake."

"Why, that would be gambling!" Byron exclaimed in a horrified tone and then continued, "My mother—" but the look upon James' face checked the words, and he was afraid to finish the sentence. For several minutes he remained silent, and this is what he thought: "Mother has always said that gambling and card playing go together, and here the boys want me to gamble! What shall I do? If I tell them no, they will call me a coward, and perhaps take my money from me; and if I lay it down, I shall stand a chance of winning it back and more. With a hesitating motion Byron drew forth his purse saying as he slowly opened it:

"What would Mother say if she should find out about this!"

"There Byron goes again worrying about his mother," James said, and he laughed coarsely. "He is always wondering about her, but he's better than he used to be. He's becoming more manly and will soon be able to think for himself."

James' tone and manner when speaking of Byron's mother made Byron wince, and when James added, "Come now, old boy, your mother will never find out about this, so fork over your money like a little man," Byron's face became scarlet, and he dared not look up. James' rough words and manner

had stung Byron to the very depths of his soul, and for a few moments he did not know what to do. He would have been glad to be at home. It was hard to stand such ridicule, and now that James was losing his reserve, Byron could see plainly that his mother was right in her warnings. But there was a fascination about it all that he could not resist.

As soon as he was able to do so, he tried to laugh and not to appear offended at the rough remarks. Then, fearful lest something more be said about cowardice, he counted out his money, finding that he had just forty-seven cents, and quietly laid it down upon the grass. The other boys soon followed his example. Each put down a similar amount, and then all were ready to begin the game.

The manner in which the boys received their money was somewhat different. James and George were paid wages for their work, it was true; but by the time they paid for their clothing, they had very little left for themselves. Byron and his cousin did not have to plan for their clothing, as it was always supplied, and what money was given them was for their own use and to do with as they pleased; but they had been taught to use it carefully and to make it go as far as possible. It was therefore with reluctance that all the boys had parted with their money, but each was hoping to receive it back again with interest. With this thought in mind, James said: "We will not make the amount very large at first. We'll each lay down a nickel, and the one who wins the game will receive all the nickels."

(to be continued)

"While God Is Near"



When Bro. Foster was young, he felt the call of God upon his soul. He did not

yield to God then. Later, he sought the Lord but He seemed far away. This saddened his heart. In talking to someone else about it, they advised him that when he again felt the smallest drawing of God upon his heart or the faintest desire to be saved that he should yield. This happened when he was in a church service one day. He went to the altar and prayed through and was saved.

Boys and girls, the Bible says, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Isa. 55:6. You might want God some time and He will not be near. You must call upon Him when He calls for you and is near.

—M. Miles

LESSON ILLUSTRATION



Dear Boys and Girls,

In our lesson today, Jesus told a lawyer to "love thy neighbour as thyself." The lawyer thought the term "neighbour" would include only a small number of people. "Who is my neighbour?" he asked. Jesus told a story to illustrate that a neighbor is anyone we come in contact with whom we may do good.

Let's visualize the story Jesus told. A man left Jerusalem going to Jericho. Some wicked men beat him and robbed him, taking all he had. The man was left lying wounded along the road. Before long, a priest, a man who was considered so godly that he offered sacrifices to God for others, came along. When the priest saw the wounded and deserted man, was his heart filled with love and compassion? No. He went around the man, staying as far from him as possible. Soon a Levite came down the road. Now a Levite was also a religious man and performed duties in the temple. When the Levite saw the maimed man there in the road he came and looked at him. Perhaps he was wondering if it was a relative or a friend. But after looking at the man, apparently not finding him to be an acquaintance, the Levite continued on his way, also. At last along the road came a Samaritan. Now the Samaritans were considered to be wicked in the eyes of the Jews, and the Jews refused to have any dealings with them, esteeming themselves too good. The Samaritan went to the poor man and dressed his wounds. He then lifted the man onto his mule or donkey and took him to an inn. The Samaritan treated the beaten man the way he would have treated his own brother had he found him in such a condition.

Our hearts are filled with indignation when we think of the behaviour of the priest and the Levite! Here were men claiming to be of God, yet did not have the true love of God in their hearts.

Today there are people who claim to be Christians and walking in the light, who ignore the needs of others. Many are concerned only with their own needs or of those close to them. God wants us to help those who are in need, whether or not they attend our

congregation, and regardless of their station in life.

If you were walking along a road and came upon one of your enemies lying there, beaten and unable to move, what do you really think you would do? Would you do as the priest, the Levite, or the Samaritan? —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 5, May 1, 1983

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Lk. 10:25 And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

26 He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

27 And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

28 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

29 But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?

30 And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

31 And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

32 And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

33 But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

34 And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

35 And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

36 Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

37 And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

Memory Verse: And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. Luke 6:31.

Questions:

1. What was the first question that the lawyer asked Jesus?
2. How are we supposed to love God?
3. Who are we supposed to love as ourselves?
4. In the story Jesus told, what happened to the man on his way to Jericho?
5. What did the priest do when he passed by the man?
6. What did the Levite do when he saw the hurt man? Who were the Levites?
7. Who stopped to help the man?
8. What did the Samaritan do for the man's wounds? Where did he take him?
9. To whom are we supposed to show kindness and mercy?
10. Name some reasons why many people do not help those who are in need?

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Part 6

May 8

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

In the game that followed each player tried to do his best. Every card was carefully studied before it was thrown down, and the players endeavored to take advantage of their companions in every way that they could. George won, and as he triumphantly picked up the money, James said excitedly:

"Now, boys, we ought to have more money than this. None of us here have much to spend, and we ought to figure out a plan whereby we could secure more. I asked my boss the other day to pay me higher wages, but he only laughed at me and said he was paying me now more than I earned. I should like to have several dollars to blow in every week."

"I agree with you," George added emphatically. "Money is a good thing to have, and the more we can get in our possession the better time we can have." Then he added in a lower tone, "I have been getting some extra of late, and I mean to get some more soon."

"How is that?" James asked quickly.

"Why, I've been finding some loose change lying around," George an-

swered. "It's an easy matter to find it when you try; but, of course, you have to be very cautious and can only take a small amount at a time, but it's a help."

"Good for you!" James said, slapping his companion on the back. "That's the way to do it, and I guess it does help!"

An awful look of fear swept over Byron's features. He realized that he was a companion not only of card players and gamblers but of thieves as well. Could it be possible! What would his mother say about it? He could almost see her white face and hear her saddened voice warning him against such a course in life. Could he ever meet her again?

Suddenly, however, he was awakened from his reverie. James was saying, "Look here, boys, I have a plan all figured out, and I know it will work fine! Here is Byron. He receives no regular wages for his work, and he is entitled to a share in the things that are produced on the farm. He helps to produce them and ought to share in the benefits. Here is the plan: His mother has a large number of chickens, and each day he could lay aside a few eggs and hide them somewhere without their ever

being missed. Then when he had collected a sufficient number, he could in some way manage to market them and thus secure a nice little sum for himself, and," he added with a meaning glance, "I am sure he would be willing to share up with his best friends."

"James, you are always full of new ideas. I never would have thought of that plan," George said approvingly as James finished his speech.

Byron appeared to be more troubled than ever and he remained silent. The remarks made about his being able to securely hide things from his mother, brought to his mind a little incident that had taken place several years before, and he quite forgot for the time being that he was in the presence of the boys and not at home between the long rows of corn.

The incident occurred when he was about nine years of age. His mother said: "Byron, I want you to take these beans to the north corn field and plant them in with the corn. There is no other place to plant them now, and they should have been planted before this. As they are a variety that grow very tall, they can wind around and climb up on the stalks of corn for their support. You may make a small hole beside each hill of corn and drop a single bean in every hole. I will not need your sister today, and she may go and help you with the work. It will be best for each of you to have a small stick sharpened at one end. With these you can easily make a small opening in the ground, where you can drop the bean, and then you can cover it with earth." Hastening to the woodpile, he soon prepared, by the aid of an ax and a jackknife, the two sticks; and returning with them to the house, he found his sister waiting for him. In her hand was a tin pail that contained about four quarts of beans.

As Byron sat there among his friends musing, he remembered how beautifully

the sun shone that morning, how sweetly the meadow larks were singing and how clearly the bob whites were calling to their mates as he and his sister followed the winding cowpath that led through the rich pasture-land. The sweet odors that arose from the clover blossoms, over-laden with honey, seemed again to fill the air; and he thought of the accidental spilling of part of the beans as he and his sister climbed a fence that surrounded the great field of corn. They carefully picked up and replaced in the pail every bean, and then, after glancing at the long rows of green just appearing above the ground, they made ready for their work with eagerness and preciseness.

As they planted one row after another, their enthusiasm arose, and his sister remarked, "Say, Byron, this is fun! It won't take long to plant these beans," and he answered, "Yes, it's more like play than work."

But after a while their ardor abated, and he remarked, "This is going awfully slow. The beans in my pail are disappearing so slowly I fear it will take us a long time to plant them"; and his sister answered, "Yes, and my back is getting tired already." At the next hill he accidentally dropped two beans instead of one in the hole that he had made, and just as he was about to reach down to remove the extra one, a thought flashed through his mind, and he said:

"Say, Sister, if we just drop two beans in each hole, we can finish our work much sooner than we shall be able to do at this rate."

"I know that Byron," his sister replied, "but Mother told us to plant only one in each hill."

"I know she did," he rejoined, "but when shall we ever get done? No one would know about it if we dropped two in a hole, and we could do it just as well as not."

After talking the matter over, they finally decided to plant two beans in each hill, instead of one. After they had planted a few rows in this way, there were still a good many beans left, and they were both getting very tired and hungry, in their eagerness to finish their task. They did not stop with putting two beans in a hole but often deposited four or five; and although the beans in their pails were going fast, there were still quite a number left when they heard the dinner bell begin to ring.

Looking about him for a place to hide the remaining beans, Byron discovered a stump and said: "Here's a place, Sister, where we can hide our beans and make the folks think they're all planted. Come, let's empty our pails and cover the beans with a little earth: and if any one asks us if we have planted them we can answer yes, and no one will ever know the difference." With one accord they deposited the beans about the stump and after carefully covering them hurried to the house for their dinners.

When they came into their mother's presence, she asked, "Well, children, did you get the beans all planted?" and they answered, "Yes, Mother." The feeling of guilt that crept over him then as he listened to their unmerited praise was much the same as he now felt concerning the plan that James had suggested. And he vividly remembered how his sin was discovered.

(to be continued)

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Proverbs 20:1.

Dear Boys and Girls,

We have been reading and discussing parables that Jesus told His disciples. The Bible does not say today's lesson was a parable, but we feel this would be a good time to study

this account of hell.

The story does not tell us directly how the rich man and poor man felt about God while they lived. It just tells us the lifestyles they each lived, but if we look closely at the story we can see that the rich man did not know the love of God. The rich man was clothed in fine clothes and had plenty to eat. Lazarus was covered with sores and begging for food. The story states he begged at the rich man's gate, which means that the rich man was aware of the poor state that Lazarus was in. It was in the rich man's power to clothe, feed, and wash the sores of Lazarus, but he left Lazarus to suffer. This shows that God's love was not in the rich man's heart. Had it been, Lazarus would not have remained at the gate begging, but would have been cared for and well provided for by the rich man.

Let us also notice that in hell the rich man could see Lazarus afar off in a peaceful place. The rich man begged that Lazarus just dip his finger in water and come to cool his tongue. But Abraham told him that was impossible. He said there was a great gulf between the two placed, over which one could not pass from one place to another. It was too late for the rich man to repent. He wanted to warn his loved ones not to come where he was, but his concern for them was too late. Once a person dies it is too late to repent or to warn others of the agonies of hell. God gives us opportunity in this life to turn to him. He has preserved the Bible for hundreds of years in order for us to know what God requires of us. He sends ministers to tell us of God and His ways. God sends many things into our lives to make us repent of our wrongs. If we ignore the mercy of God, we will be like the rich man—sorry for what we have done, but finding it too late to do anything about it.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 6, May 8, 1983

LAZARUS AND THE RICH MAN

Lk. 16:19 There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

20 And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

21 And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22 And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

23 And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24 And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

25 But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

26 And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

27 Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house:

28 For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also

come into this place of torment.

29 Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

30 And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

31 And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

Memory Verse: And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal. Matt. 25:46.

Questions:

1. What type of life did the rich man in our lesson live?
2. Describe the beggar's life.
3. Where did Lazarus go when he died?
4. What happened to the rich man when he died?
5. Could the rich man see Lazarus?
6. What did the rich man want Lazarus to do for him?
7. Why could Lazarus not go to the rich man?
8. Did the rich man want his brothers to join him in torment? Whom did he wish to go and warn his brothers?
9. Whom did Abraham say would give warning to the rich man's brothers?
10. Who and what do we have today to warn us about hell?
11. Once someone is in hell, can he repent and go to heaven? How do you know from the lesson?
12. As indicated in the lesson, describe hell and what one will experience there.

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
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Vol. 34, No. 2

April, May, June, 1983

Part 7

May 15

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

Ten days after the beans were planted, he and his older brother went back to work in the same cornfield. The corn had grown rapidly since he last saw it, and the beans were up and growing nicely. As the two brothers worked back and forth through the field, one cultivating the soil and the other loosening it up about the roots of the corn with the hoe, the older suddenly remarked, "Byron, you must have planted this row twice, for there are two beans coming in every hill."

Byron noticed his brother's quizzical look and did not know what to answer. It had never occurred to his mind that the beans would be a telltale for his disobedient actions. It was all too true. There were the beans side by side in plain sight, and the next row was the same. His brother at once began an inspection of the field and soon found that not only two beans but four and five had been planted in a place. Coming to the stump where the children had emptied their pails, he found beans sprouting all around.

"What does this mean, Byron?" his

brother asked as he stopped and looked earnestly into Byron's face. "How did you children plant those beans?"

There was no other way than to tell the truth, and with burning cheeks he confessed his disobedience to his brother and later to his mother. She said that such deception and disobedience were too great to be passed by unpunished. After the two guilty children retired, the mother quietly sought their bedsides and instructed them concerning the harmfulness of deception and evils that were sure to follow deceit.

"Evil deeds," she said, "will sooner or later bear a harvest of bad things. You may think, Byron, that you can commit sin without having it known, but this is not true. Whenever sin is planted in the heart, it, like the beans, will surely sprout and grow."

All this ran through Byron's mind as he sat among the other boys in the woods. When at last he could speak he said:

"Boys, if that wouldn't be stealing, I don't know what would, and I never want to be a thief. Mother has always been downright against stealing. She has told me that a person cannot enjoy what he gets in a dishonest way, and

what I get I want to come by in an upright manner. She said, too, that a person who steals will sooner or later land behind prison bars. I could never consent to do such a thing as you have mentioned. Just think what it would mean if it would be found out!"

"Listen to that boy again!" said James in a sneering tone. "He is always afraid of being found out and is forever preaching to us about what his mother has told him. I think Byron would make a pretty good preacher. He is too chicken-hearted to make his way through the world with us. What he needs is more backbone, so that he will not be afraid of doing such little things as that." Then turning to Byron he said, "It's only holding up for your rights, Byron; you are entitled to the eggs, and we will stand back of you. If any trouble ever comes, we are your right-hand men."

When James had finished his argument, the plan did not seem so bad to Byron as at the first, but he could not give his consent to carry out the suggestion even when he was urged by George to do so.

The shadows in the west had lengthened, and it was time that Byron was wending his way homeward, so with a hasty adieu to the boys he left them. Their urging remarks to consider the plan still rang in his ears as he entered the gate at home, and he feared to meet the other members of the family, lest they should read the guilt and shame that he already felt within his heart, and he wondered what it would be if he did as he had been bidden by James.

MISTY WEATHER

To every youth there comes a time of conscious awakening, a time when he begins to realize that he has a part in life of his own to perform. In other words, he finds that he has an inner life

that is seeking to assert itself to help him reason and decide matters that he has hitherto left or submitted to the knowledge and understanding of others.

Even the rudest and most uncultured have this heaven-given element within them, and day by day this reasoning power increases in strength and understanding. During the time when this silent mystic power is developing within the immature mind, much mischief results from a lack of understanding of the first principles of life.

The child nestling under the protection of its parents' care little knows what dangers are ahead of it. Like the brood of chickens beneath the mother's wings, it has no comprehension of evil; and, like them, it feels the dangers when ventures from its protection.

Byron was a child no longer. Within him the manly powers had arisen and were asserting themselves in his nature. Although unable to comprehend the full meaning of the change, he felt that he must have a right to judge and reason for himself. The current of events was sweeping him rapidly onward, and a dense mist had arisen above the sea. His course was becoming more indistinct every moment, and on account of being acquainted with the hidden dangers of the deep, and being unwilling to obey the warnings of his conscience, he was already in a perilous condition.

When he went to the field the following day, his mind was not on his work. He was thinking of the things that happened the day before, of James' suggestion, and of his mother's warnings. It was no light thing to act directly against his former teaching and do the identical sins against which he had been warned. He was still pondering over James' plan when he returned to the barn at the noon hour.

Leaving the horses to seek their

individual stalls, he proceeded to the main part of the barn. Just as he was preparing to fill one of the mangers with hay, a large white hen suddenly flew from beneath the feed-box. He dropped his load quickly at the opposite side of the manger, and looked for a nest. Sure enough it was there, and he saw that it contained three white eggs.

The suggestion that here was his opportunity arose before him, but with it came a feeling of repulsion. The thought of stealing the eggs made him shudder; but when, a moment later, he considered the taunting remarks of the boys that he would have to listen to when he again met with them with little or no money, he hesitated. It was hard to be ridiculed and termed a coward; so with a hurried glance about him he walked to the door to be sure that no person was near.

(to be continued)

God Sees Everything

God can see beneath the ground,
God can see the world around;
There's nothing hid from God's great eye,

He knows each deed; He knows each lie.
Then live so God will smile on you
And please Him by the things you do.

—Juanita Brown

Dear Boys and Girls,

When Jesus walked this earth, He left us an example of the attitudes we should have toward God and men. He said that we can expect forgiveness from God only to the extent that we forgive our fellowman. If we hold grudges against others and look for opportunities to "get even," God will not show mercy to us.

In our lesson, we see a group of people who were quick to condemn others and did not have a spirit of forgiveness. The scribes and Pharisees came to Jesus bringing a woman who

had been caught in adultery. Adultery is when a married man or woman lives with someone to whom they are not married, or when they divorce their husband or wife and marry another. The scribes and Pharisees wanted to see if Jesus would hold to the Mosaic law and command that the woman be stoned. Jesus told them that whoever was without sin should cast the first stone at the woman. Jesus knew the hearts of these people. Perhaps they did not commit the sin of adultery as did the woman, but each of them had sin in his life. After the scribes and Pharisees had left, Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Although the woman was guilty of sin, Jesus had forgiveness for her if she would "sin no more." Thank God for forgiveness!

When we find it hard to forgive someone, regardless of how severely they have injured us, let us think of the attitude Jesus showed as He hung dying on the cross. Even while He was hanging there suffering untold pain, He asked God to forgive the very ones who had nailed Him to the cross. *That* is forgiveness! Let us seek to show mercy to those who wrong us, and not let a grudge lodge in our hearts to harden us.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 7, May 15, 1983

JESUS IS FORGIVING

Matt. 18:21 Then came Peter to him [Jesus], and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

22 Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.

Lk. 17:3 Take heed to yourselves: If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him.

4 And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him.

John 8:3 And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst,

4 They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.

5 Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?

6 This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not.

7 So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

8 And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground.

9 And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.

10 When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?

11 She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.

Lk. 23:33 And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

34 Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.

Memory Verse: But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses. Mark 11:26.

Questions:

1. When Peter asked if he should forgive his brother seven times in a day, what did Jesus answer?
2. Is it always easy to forgive? Why or why not?
3. Who brought the woman in adultery to Jesus?
4. Who were the scribes and Pharisees? Did they have a forgiving spirit?
5. What is adultery? (Read Matt. 19:9; Lev. 20:10).
6. What did Moses command in the law to be done to one in adultery?
7. What did Jesus do when they brought the woman to Him?
8. Who did Jesus say should cast the first stone at the woman?
9. Why did the scribes and Pharisees turn and walk away?
10. Did Jesus seek to hold the woman guilty of her crime? What did He say to her?
11. When Jesus was crucified, did He want to see the ones who were crucifying Him suffer for their wrong? What did Jesus ask God regarding His crucifiers?
12. Do you think there is anything for which we should not forgive someone?
13. Is forgiveness only saying, "I forgive you"? Explain your answer.

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Part 8

May 22

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

Seeing no one, Byron returned to the manger, but still fearful lest some one might be in another part of the barn, he carefully looked the place over. Still finding no one, he again stopped in front of the manger, and as he silently looked down upon the eggs he asked himself, "Shall I do it?" In answer his newly awakened manhood asserted itself, and he mumbled, "It's my right; and if I associate with those boys, there is no other way." After chiding himself for his lack of courage, he suddenly put his hand down into the nest and as quickly withdrew it—empty. The eggs were still warm, and they seemed to burn him.

Ashamed of his failure, he made another attempt. This time he succeeded in grasping the eggs firmly in his hand. With them he climbed a ladder and soon had them carefully deposited beneath a pile of hay in one corner of the loft. By this time his conscience, fully aroused, was speaking almost audible tones, and as he made preparations to enter the house, he shrank from meeting his mother. The deed that

he had committed was no light thing. Not only had it severed the harmony between them, but a wall seemed to have suddenly risen. Like the beans, it was something to sprout and grow in his heart.

"Think of the days that your patient mother has spent in looking after your wants and needs and of the weary hours at night that she has spent beside your cradle or bedside," his conscience urged. "Can you ever heal the wounds that you are making in her heart and life? Can you ever again return her tender, loving gaze? Think of her advice concerning James. Is his influence not as she said it would be?" The apple story and other things awoke in his memory, and when he entered the house he endeavored to slip into his accustomed place unnoticed.

Thinking that he had succeeded in his purpose, he glanced around quickly in the direction of his mother, only to see that he was mistaken. She was looking at him, and in her eyes he seemed to read the dreaded question. During the entire meal he felt that her gaze was upon him and that she was reading the hidden secrets of his heart.

Conscience suggested that he replace

the stolen eggs when he returned to the barn, but the thought of the boys' ridicule and unkind remarks forced the idea from his mind. When the dinner hour was over, he returned to his work in the field, and endeavored to drown his feelings in the sea of forgetfulness and to bury his burden beneath the furrows that he was turning in the mellow soil. This he did in a measure, for hard work often brings relief to the troubled mind; but it did not lessen his guilt nor remove the mist that had enveloped his soul and that was endangering his character and principles.

When he saw the hen fly from the manger the following day, his conscience did not remind him so keenly of his danger, and it required no second trial to secure the eggs from the secluded nest. Neither was he so much afraid of the eyes that might be watching him at the dinner table. During the entire week he daily took eggs from the manger to those in the loft above. He also discovered other nests in out-of-the-way places, and the eggs from them helped to increase his hidden store. Little by little the plan that had so horrified him at first seemed entirely proper. Whenever his conscience appealed to him, he pled his rightful ownership of a share of the farm produce; and the question of how to market them became uppermost in his mind.

When he was able to count six dozen of the stolen eggs he felt that they must soon be disposed of, for they were liable to be discovered at any time. There being no place to market them near his home, he knew that very likely his absence would be discovered should he undertake to leave the farm, and to send them by a neighbor might cause suspicion and possibly result in the revealing of his secret.

One morning as he was watering the

horses at the well, and planning his work for the day, his mother came near him and said, "Byron, we are needing flour, and it will be necessary for you to go to the mill this morning." A sudden wave of surprise and pleasure swept over the boy's features when he heard these words; but his face being turned away from his mother's she did not see his expression. "Here is my chance," he thought. "I can take the eggs with me and sell them at the country store I shall have to pass on the way. Nothing can possibly be discovered if I leave them there." Thinking it best to hide his eagerness, however, he answered carelessly.

"All right. How soon shall I go? Right away?"

"Yes, you had better start at once," his mother replied. "I need the flour now and must have it as soon as I can get it." Then as she turned to go into the house she added, "Your brother will help you to prepare the load and to get started."

"Ah!" Byron remarked to himself. "I could not have wished for better luck!" As he nervously began his preparations for leaving, he wondered how he could bring the eggs down from their hiding place and get safely away with them. His elder brother helped with the sacking and loading of the grain; but when the load was ready, Byron went into the barn alone to harness the horses. Before he had completed his task, he hastened to the ladder leading into the loft above and, mounting it with a basket in his hand, was soon bending over the pretty eggs. A few minutes later he had returned with them, placed the basket in a convenient place near the door, and covered it with empty grain sacks. Then he quickly returned to the horses.

When at last everything was in readiness, he managed, in the absence of his brother, to slip the basket in

among the sacks of grain; and as he was driving through the gate, he smiled at the thought of his cleverness. He was pleased to think that he had escaped detection, but with this pleasure there came a bitterness and shame. What had he done? He, a thief and a robber, had stolen from his own mother. Crime was at his door! These thoughts and many more surged through his brain, and although he endeavored to modify them by excuses, he knew that the accusations of his conscience were true. "There is no need of saying I have not done wrong," he at last acknowledged to himself, "but I cannot back down now. I must sell these eggs, for how could I account for them if I should try to return them?"

On reaching the store he stopped in front of it and after hitching his team lifted the basket from its hiding place. Again he was reminded of his sin, but he hesitated for only a moment.

The store had once been a dwelling; but, having been somewhat remodeled and rearranged, it made a very respectable store building. Signs and various advertisements decorated the darkened weather boarding, and the numerous boxes and barrels in the yard signified good patronage.

(to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you find it always easy to obey your parents, teachers, or others in authority? I am sure there are times that it is hard for you to submit to adults. But adults have to submit to others, just as children do. There will always be those to whom we must submit, and above all we must submit to God.

Jesus was the Son of God, yet the Bible states that when He was twelve years old, He returned home with His

parents and was subject to them. This means that His actions were to be controlled by His mother and father. He obeyed the rules of their home and listened to their instructions. God wants each of us to follow the example of obedience that Jesus set. If you sometimes think that your parents "just don't understand," remember Jesus' boyhood. He had great understanding, yet He obeyed His parents rather than go His own way.

Obedience means doing as we are told whether we "feel" like it or not. It also means doing what we are told when we are told and not waiting to be told a second or third time.

If we learn to be obedient to our parents, it will be easier for us to obey God. God knows all about us and He knows the lessons we need to learn and the things that will bring us the most happiness. If we listen to God and obey Him completely, we will have the truest happiness we can ever know.

Do not be ashamed to obey your parents. The strongest men and the loveliest women obey God because they know it is right. Learn to obey those in authority so you will be the boy or girl God can use. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 8, May 22, 1983

JESUS, THE OBEDIENT SON

Lk. 2:42 And when he [Jesus] 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 acquaintances.

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 them 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.

Matt. 26:38 Then saith he unto them [disciples], My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

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

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

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

42 He went away again the second

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

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

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

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

Memory Verse: Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves. . . . Heb. 13:17a.

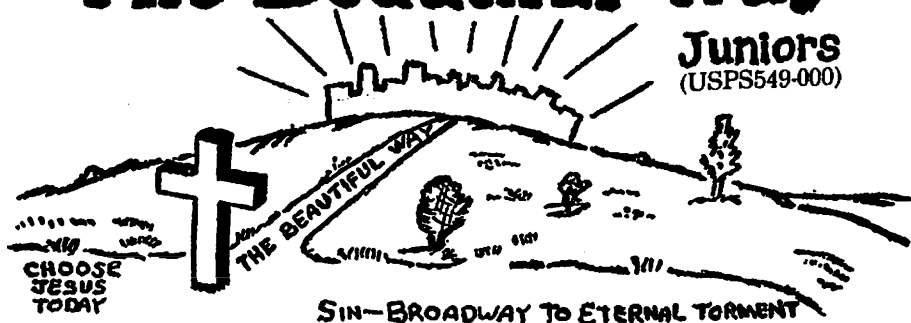
Questions:

1. How old was Jesus in our story when He went with His parents to Jerusalem?
2. When they left Jerusalem, where did Jesus' parents think He was?
3. When they couldn't find Him, what did His parents do?
4. Where did His parents find Him?
5. Did Jesus return home with His parents?
6. What does it mean, "He was subject to them"?
7. Are children supposed to obey their parents in all things?
8. The night before Jesus was crucified, what did He do in the Garden of Gethsemane?
9. When Jesus prayed, whose will did He say He would submit to?
10. Is it sometimes hard to obey our parents or God? Give some examples. Should we obey them even when we would rather do something else?
11. How can we learn to be obedient to God?

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Part 9

May 29

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

Before entering the building, Byron stopped to examine some of the posters and found that most of them were advertising tobacco and cigars of various brands. Several boxes arranged near the door attracted his attention, and he remembered having heard his mother tell him of loafers who often gathered about the doors of a country store to while away the time in playing cards and gambling. Instantly a scene seemed to arise before him, and in imagination he saw a group of four men seated around one of the boxes with a deck of cards before them. The faces of the players were hard and vicious, and each man seemed intent upon winning the game and obtaining the pile of money that lay upon one corner of the box. As he gazed upon the imaginary scene, it appeared to change. The box became the green turf in the woods by the river, and the players the four young men who had played for the nickels. The same lines of sin seemed to be chiseled upon their faces, and Byron shrank from the scene.

Pushing open the screen door, he

entered the store. As he confronted the kindly-faced groceryman, he was strongly impressed with his gentlemanly appearance. After replying to the man's remarks about the weather, Byron briefly stated his errand, and the grocer carried the stolen product away from Byron's possession, but not from his thoughts.

With his conscience still rebuking him, he began to look about the room that answered for a general store and post office combined. The extreme order and neatness of the place first attracted his attention, and then the desire that he had long felt to own a store for himself some day awoke within him. In all his dreams of the futures he had pictured himself either behind a counter or in an office chair, but his hope of getting into such a position was always dimmed when he realized the vast amount of work there was to occupy his time upon the farm. Of late, however, his thoughts had been wholly centered upon other things.

The return of his former hopes brought again the remorse of his wrong doing, and his conscience whispered, "It would be better to recover the eggs than to blight your whole future

career." But Byron simply received the change from the grocer, and when asked if there was anything else that could be done for him, he replied, "Why yes; I will take a little candy."

When he had received the candy, made a few remarks about the weather and crops, and was again seated in the wagon, his thoughts were peculiar indeed. Byron wanted to do right. He desired not only to become a respectable citizen of his country, but to be an honor to his family as well. He meant to have a worthy aim in life. But he had not chosen the course that would land him on the shores of Success, and he knew it. He would have liked to undo the happenings of the past weeks and to begin his life anew, but thought, "It would mean too much now."

The candy purchased with the egg money he did not relish. It seemed to have a strange, unnatural taste, and he remembered his mother's statement that stolen goods afford but little enjoyment. The sight of the mill, however, gave him a new avenue for his thoughts. The building bore the signs and stains of old age, but from within came the sound of music peculiarly sweet in itself.

As the hum of the busy wheels floated out upon the morning air, it seemed to carry with it the spirit of the place. Byron remembered how pleasant the miller had been on former occasions and how interesting had been the stories that he told him while they waited for the grist to be ground into flour, and he wondered if he should hear any on that particular morning and what it would be about.

Mechanically driving up to the high porch at the side of the mill, he began to unload his grain. As he did so, he heard the merry laughter of the miller as it rang out above the hum of the machinery from time to time. "He surely is

happier than I am this morning," Byron thought.

Just as he grasped the last sack of grain to place it beside the others, the miller, clad in his flour-dusted clothing, appeared in the doorway. Looking up into the happy face before him, Byron wondered if the miller ever had disappointments and trials.

"Well, Byron, I am very glad to see you here again," the miller remarked with a smile of welcome as he warmly shook the hand that had been offered him. "Every one is well out your way, I suppose?" In answer to Byron's question concerning the grain that he had brought, the miller said kindly:

"I will do the very best I can for you, Byron, but I've had a lot of bad luck of late. Last week it was my hogs. Several of them died, and I lost quite a bit of time on account of it; and this morning, just as we were starting up, some of the machinery broke. We have it all repaired now, though, and will begin on your grist right away, as I think you are in more of a hurry than the rest of my customers. I suppose the break was caused by a small fire that we had here last week, and I'm very glad that no greater damage was done than there was."

Here his merry laughter rang out again through the building and drove away the dark shadows that might have come at the remembrance of his troubles. Byron could see the trace of the fire that had suddenly swept through the building but that had been extinguished before it did very much harm, and he realized the delay and damage that it must have caused the miller. Yet it had made no difference in his attitude toward others. He was just as kind and considerate as he had always been on other occasions and was as ready with his story-telling. So Byron seated himself upon a pile of empty grain sacks and listened atten-

tively while he waited for his grain to be made into flour.

(to be continued)

Joseph was sold into slavery by his brothers. They thought they were rid of him, but they met again. This time Joseph was their ruler and their lives were in his hands. What did he do about it? He said to them as they fell down before him and begged for mercy as he had done before them years earlier, "Fear not, for am I in the place of God? But as for you, you thought evil against me: but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive. . . . I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them." Genesis 50:18-21.

—M. Miles

Dear Boys and Girls,

Do you know what it means to be meek? A good example of it is in our lesson today. When Jesus stood before Pilate, the people cried out many accusations against Him. Instead of standing His ground and trying to prove they were wrong, He stood silently receiving the injury. This is meekness!

Sometimes it is very hard to have others say bad and untrue things about us and not rise up in defense to prove ourselves innocent. It is human nature to not want to suffer unjust accusation. Other boys and girls may think it is stupid to live a holy life. Perhaps this causes you to want to defend your belief. If you are not careful at this point, you may lose control of your reasonings and say things spitefully instead of in a way pleasing to God. Meekness is an inner strength that helps us to withstand hurtful words and insults. For it does take real strength to keep our mouths shut when someone is putting us down. Meekness keeps us from saying things that later

we wish we could take back.

Meekness and humility are closely related. Humility is the opposite of pride. It is esteeming ourselves lowly and not above others. Jesus did something He must have felt very important, because He did it the night before He knew He would be crucified. He took a pan of water and got down before each of His disciples and washed their feet. He had never done this before. He was their leader, the Son of God, the greatest Man in the world, yet He washed the lowliest part of their body—their feet. He told them He had given them an example; that they should wash each other's feet. He did not do this to clean their feet as each one could and did wash his own feet when they were dirty. Jesus wanted them not to feel lifted up above the others. If you have ever been in a foot-washing service, you, no doubt, felt very unworthy to have someone wash your feet. Jesus wants us to have the spirit of humility in everything we do. If you recognize pride beginning to rise up in your life, think upon the life of Jesus and realize your littleness before Him.

—Aunt Samdra

Lesson 9, May 29, 1983

JESUS SHOWS MEEKNESS

Matt. 18:1 At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

2 And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

3 And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

4 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

5 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

6 But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

John 6:15 When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone.

John 13:4 He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself.

5 After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.

6 Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet?

7 Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.

8 Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.

9 Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands my head.

10 Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all.

14 If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

15 For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

16 Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him.

Mark 15:2 And Pilate asked him, Art thou the King of the Jews? And he answering said unto him, Thou sayest it.

3 And the chief priests accused him of many things: but he answered nothing.

4 And Pilate asked him again, saying, Answerest thou nothing? behold how many things they witness against thee.

5 But Jesus yet answered nothing; so that Pilate marvelled.

Memory Verse: Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. Matt. 11:29.

Questions:

1. Who did Jesus say was greatest in the kingdom of heaven?
2. In what ways does Jesus want Christians to be like children?
3. What does it mean to offend someone? Does Jesus want us to offend others?
4. When the people wanted to make Jesus a king, what did He do?
5. What did Jesus do to His disciples after supper?
6. Is it more lowly or humble to wash another's hands or his feet? Explain.
7. Did Peter want Jesus to wash his feet?
8. How would you feel if the greatest Person ever born washed your feet?
9. Why do you think Jesus wanted His disciples to wash each other's feet?
10. Did Jesus defend Himself before Pilate and His accusers?
11. Could Jesus have proven to Pilate He had supernatural powers? Why do you think He did not?

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The Beautiful Way

Juniors
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Vol. 34, No. 2

April, May, June, 1983

Part 10

June 5

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

On this occasion the story was one that had been read in a certain book. It was about a young miller who had succeeded to his father's business and who made the flour for all the people of his native village and for the farmers of the country for miles around. His pay was taken in toll from the grain that he ground and was supposed to be one-tenth of every bushel. This tenth was measured out in a round box, or dish, that was called the toll-dish and that was kept for that special purpose.

Among this young miller's customers was an old farmer who, having his farm all paid for and well stocked, and some money out at interest besides, was looked upon by his neighbors as a rich man. He used to come about once in two weeks to the mill, bringing four or five bags of wheat to be ground.

One day, after the old man had left, the thought occurred to the miller, just as he began pouring the wheat into the hopper, that if he should take a little more than a tenth the farmer would never miss it.

"Other millers do it," said he to

himself, "and so might I as well. Besides, I will make it up to him by extra care in grinding his flour."

So, after he had taken out the tenth that he was entitled to, he filled the toll-dish twice again and emptied the contents into a barrel of his own wheat that stood near.

But the miller did not feel altogether satisfied with what he had done. The thought of it disquieted him more than once. Yet he could not quite persuade himself to put the wheat back.

"I think I'm fairly entitled to something more from such a rich man," he reasoned.

Then a bright thought struck him. There was in the mill some corn that belonged to a widow. The poor woman had wheeled it there in a barrow with her own hands, and left it to be ground into meal.

"I'll take something less than my full toll from her, and so will make matters square by remembering the poor."

This seemed for a time to overcome his scruples; and, having made a beginning, he gradually increased the extra toll that he took from the rich farmer, but soon discontinued making

any allowance on his poor customer's grist.

But, though the miller had made a correct supposition regarding the farmer—that he would not be apt to miss what was unjustly taken from him—he had made a wrong estimate of his own conscience. He found by thus testing it that it was not of the sort to heal while he kept on wounding it afresh, or to accept as true what he knew to be false. It was rather of the kind that we find it so inconvenient to have when we want to do wrong and still be as comfortable as if we were doing right. "Why has he chosen this particular story this morning?" thought Byron, as he changed his position upon the grain sacks. Byron would have liked something of a different nature much better, but he continued to listen respectfully as his companion went on talking.

The miller of the story was in the habit of going to the village church on a Sunday where he sat in the pew with his wife and little children, taking part in the service and listening to the minister's sermon. But now, whenever the eighth commandment of the Decalog was repeated or so much as alluded to, he grew restless and uneasy and anxious for the service to be over.

On week days the stage driver, as he passed the mill door, threw out a newspaper that the miller subscribed for; and it had long been his favorite pastime, as the great waterwheel was revolving and the millstones were grinding, to sit among the bags of grain in his flour-besprinkled clothes and read his paper through and through. But of late he found himself avoiding all paragraphs headed: "Defalcation," "Embezzlement," "Breach of Trust," "Conscience Fund." Now and then he stumbled on an account of some honest debtor who as soon as he was able paid

up his back debts, or of some repentant thief who made restitution of the things he had stolen. This was unpleasant reading to the miller.

In the village there lived a man who had done just the reverse of these things, and in consequence bore a bad name. The miller disliked to meet this man. Occasionally the miller had to go on business to the county seat and on his way passed the jail. Peering through the bars, he often saw the evil countenances of the prisoners. "What are they in there for, I wonder," he said to himself. "The truth is, I deserve to be there with them."

This finding of a rebuke in whatever he came across went on until everything about him seemed to join in a dreadful chorus, accusing him of his crime.

At last the load on his conscience became so heavy that he could bear it no longer. But what should he do to get rid of it? To confess his guilt would crush him to the earth. There was but one thing more dreadful, and that was to go on hiding it. But was there no way of escaping an open confession? Ah! happy thought! This would not be necessary. The farmer was still confidently bringing his grain every two weeks to the mill.

"I will go over my accounts," said the miller, speaking to himself, "and add up to the last pound all I have ever taken from him, and I will return it gradually, from time to time, with his flour, in quantities that will not be noticed; so I shall pay my debt and clear my conscience without being even suspected of wrong."

Having made this resolve, he longed to put it in practice, and could hardly wait for the next appearance of the farmer's wagon. In a few days it drove up to the mill door as usual. The miller, with a glad heart (which he was careful to conceal), carried the bags into the

mill and bade the farmer a cheerful "Goodbye" as he drove away.

"Now," he thought, "I will take out of this grinding a part of my toll, lest, if I should take none, the difference might be noticed and some inquiry made." So he filled the toll-dish three times instead of six, and ground up the rest of the wheat.

But while he was thus carrying out, in secret, his plan at the mill, he little suspected how matters stood at the farmhouse. The farmer's wife, who was a more shrewd observer than her husband in such things as came directly under her charge, had noticed for some time that the grists returned from the mill seemed short in weight, and at length she confided her suspicions to her husband.

"Nonesense!" he said. "I've known the miller all his life, and his father before him: his father had a conscience, and so has he."

(to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

What is compassion? It is having pity for someone in sorrow or distress and desiring to help them. Jesus had compassion on many people. In our lesson we have four instances cited where Jesus had compassion on people. In the first instance noted, He had tender feelings for the large number of people who followed Him. He knew they needed someone to guide them in the right way, yet they lived in various regions. He told His disciples to pray that God would send labourers, or ministers and workers, to help encourage and instruct others in the Christian way. When Jesus saw the two blind men, He was touched with compassion. They could not see and begged Jesus to heal them. He gave them sight. When He was entering the city of Nain, He saw a funeral procession. A woman

was weeping. This woman's husband had previously died, and now her only son was being buried. Jesus knew she was suffering much grief and felt all alone. He brought her son back to life. The other instance of compassion given in our lesson was when Jesus was looking out over the city of Jerusalem. He loved the people there, but they had rejected the prophets and He knew they would even kill Him. Yet He wept, as He thought of the grief and woe they were bringing on themselves.

Jesus wants us to have compassion on others. When we see others in pain, distress, or sorrow, we should be touched by their sufferings. If we can do something to help alleviate their distress, we should do it. This is true compassion.

We can have compassion on animals as well as on people. Once I stopped beside the road and there I saw a dog lying in some weeds. When I spoke to the dog, it struggled to stand. Then I saw it was so undernourished that his bones showed through. That pitiful sight touched me, as I realized it must be nearly starved to death. The only food I had in the car was a loaf of bread. I took a few slices to give to the dog. The poor dog was so hungry it never chewed the bread, but swallowed each slice in one gulp. The sad state of this mere animal soon had me weeping there beside the road.

Compassion causes us to feel the sufferings of another. Do not let your heart become hardened to the pain of others, but let your heart be touched as Jesus' often was. —Aunt Sandra

Lesson 10, June 5, 1983

THE COMPASSIONATE SAVIOR

Matt. 9:36 But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with com-

passion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.

37 Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few:

38 Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.

Matt. 20:30 And, behold, two blind men sitting by the way side, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David.

31 And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace: but they cried the more, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David.

32 And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall do unto you?

33 They said unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened.

34 So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes: and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him.

Lk. 7:11 And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people.

12 Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her.

13 And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.

14 And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.

15 And he that was dead sat up,

and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.

Lk. 19:41 And when he was come near, he beheld the city [Jerusalem], and wept over it,

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

43 For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,

44 And they shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

Memory Verse: But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion. Psal. 86:15a.

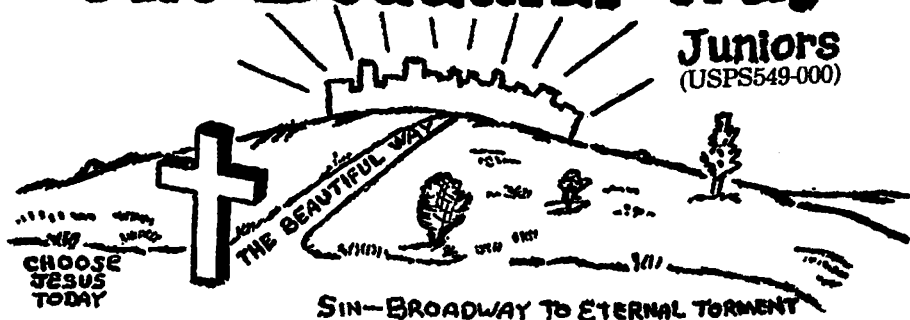
Questions:

1. What is compassion?
2. Why did Jesus have compassion on the multitude?
3. Did the people want the two blind men that called out to Jesus to be quiet?
4. What did the blind men want Jesus to do?
5. Did Jesus have compassion on the two men? What did He do for them?
6. When Jesus was entering the city of Nain, what did He see?
7. Why did Jesus have compassion on the widow. What did He do for her?
8. What did Jesus do as He looked out over the city of Jerusalem?
9. Why did He weep for Jerusalem?
10. Is compassion a sign of weakness? Name some other men and women that the Bible tells about who had compassion on others.

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Part 11

June 12

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

At this Bryon glanced quickly through a window close by and thought of his own conscience. But his companion went on with his story.

"Well, there's one way of testing it that neither you nor anybody else can object to," the farmer's wife answered: "I weighed what we last sent him; now we'll weigh what he sends back to us."

As the farmer could find no fault with this proposal, he called it a bargain. The next day he went to the mill for the grinding. The miller received him gladly and hastened to carry out his grist to the wagon. As he drove homeward the farmer said to himself: "How strange that Wife should speak so about the flour! But women do sometimes take up such queer notions. I'll be bound, now, that she'll be waiting, when I get home, to have the bags put on the scales as soon as they are unloaded."

He was not wrong. As he drove around to the side porch, his wife appeared in her great white apron, hardly able to keep quiet until the wagon was backed up; and as the bags were taken out of it, they were laid, one

by one, on the scales that stood near.

"How does it come out, Wife?" asked the farmer as she set down the pounds contained in the last bag.

But she kept on going over the figures again and again without answering; so the old man put on his spectacles and hastily footed them up.

"Didn't I tell you so?" he exclaimed both reproachfully and triumphantly. "Why, instead of cheating us, he has cheated himself! What a pity it is for a woman to be suspicious!"

"Don't brag too soon," said his wife, piqued at his words; "you'd better wait till we've weighed another grinding."

The hungry mouths on the farm soon demanded a fresh supply of flour, and then another load of wheat was weighed with extra care and hauled to the mill. The miller, in the meantime having found some relief to his conscience by the little he had already done, was more eager than ever to carry out his plan and remove his burden altogether.

"It is certain they have not noticed anything unusual in the last grist," he mused, "I might just as well hurry matters up a little. This time I'll take out no toll at all, and after this will begin adding some of my own flour."

Putting off other farmers who had brought their grain first, the miller ground the old man's wheat before theirs and sent him word it was ready. His wife, still smarting under the charge of being unjustly suspicious, hurried him away after it, and waited his return even more anxiously than she had when he was bringing the former load. It came in due time, and was promptly laid on the scales as the other had been. But if she was surprised before, she was dumb with wonder now, and her husband, who, in truth, thought there was no better woman, seeing her embarrassment, was considerate enough to do no more than join in expressing his astonishment at the unlooked-for result. The flour was quietly put away in the store-room and other matters requiring attention about the farmhouse were looked after.

Just before bedtime that evening, as they sat together in their old-fashioned comfortable kitchen, the farmer said to his wife:

"I've been thinking about that last grist. There must be something the matter with our young miller's scales, and you know that we don't want to take without paying for it what belongs to him. I mean to go over to the mill tomorrow on purpose to look into it."

"That's exactly what I want you to do," replied his wife, seriously. "The grinding was short of weight more than once, I know; and twice now it has weighed too much, we both know. The thing keeps worrying my mind."

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, the farmer harnessed up his horses and drove to the mill. The miller, who was standing in the door, looked surprised to see him, since he had neither wheat to grind nor flour to haul away. Not only was he surprised: a look of apprehension came over his face, for there is always a lurking fear of evil in the heart that is conscious of hiding

some wrong.

"I don't believe you can guess what I've come over about," said the farmer as he got down from the wagon.

The miller said nothing.

"Did you weigh the last grinding?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"And the one before that?"

"Yes."

"And don't you know they weighed too much? But perhaps you wanted to make us a present!" he continued, good-humoredly, "or maybe as winter is coming on, you thought we stood in need."

The miller's face grew scarlet. He attempted to speak, but his voice stuck in his throat, and he could not utter a word. The farmer perceived at a glance that the miller was in trouble, and said:

"Tell me all about it. I was your father's friend and am yours."

Then the miller took the old man into the mill, and, shutting the door, told him, in a trembling voice, the whole sad story.

"I've found out," he said, "that the wrong way is the hard way, and I'm in that way yet, but I long to get out of it. I'd give this mill—yes, and all that is in it—were that needful to make me feel myself once more an honest man. I have set it all aside. Those bags over there contain every pound I have ever taken. But I shall never know a happy moment till I see them hauled away from here and put into your barn."

"My dear young friend," said the farmer, drawing his sleeve across his eyes, "I care nothing for the flour, yet it is mine, and it is right I should take it. Carry it out and load it on the wagon and I'll soon put it where you want it to be. I believe you have been taught, by the best of teachers, such a lesson as you'll never forget. And be assured that after this, I shall never fear to trust you. Take my word for it, too, that no one but

my wife—and she can keep a secret—shall ever hear of this.”

The next Sunday the miller went to church, and, whatever else he might have dreaded to hear about, it was not the eighth commandment. The following week, and for many a week afterward, he read his newspaper as he did in former time—all through, skipping nothing.

After finishing the story the miller had added a few words on principle. “Principle,” he said, “is that quality within man that makes him do right because it is right. It acts as a rudder and helps him to take and keep the right course all through life’s voyage. It guides him during the storms of temptation. His companions may be willing to slight their work, but he will be independent and will judge his duty to others by what he would expect from them.

“This miller’s sufferings were the result of his acting against his principles and failing to heed the warnings of his conscience. Byron, men or boys without principle may sometimes succeed in business; but, mark my word, if they do they will not only reap unhappiness all the way along, but in the end sorrow and misery will be their reward. I had rather act according to my principle to do right and listen to the warnings of my conscience, than to have all the wealth that is gained through dishonesty.”

Here the miller was called to another part of the building, and Byron was for a short time left alone. Byron’s heart was beating wildly. Shame and guilt had done their work, and he wondered, “Would it be possible to undo the happenings of the past few weeks?” He realized more keenly than ever what dishonesty really means, and his sin seemed to loom up before him mountain high.

He could hear the miller’s merry whistle now and then, and noted the

pleasant smile with which he greeted his workmen and customers. Byron thought, “It must surely be principle that has given his face that happy, care-free expression.”

(to be continued)

“To remove worry wrinkles, get your faith lifted!”

Dear Boys and Girls,

Are you ever tempted, or enticed, to do something you know you should not? If you think long enough, I am sure you can think of some times. When the temptation came to you, did you consider doing it? Perhaps you did yield. Yielding to temptation, or giving in to wrong, makes us weak and it is easier to yield the next time. We will have temptations, but we do not have to yield. The way to fight temptations is to be firm in what we believe to be right. Do not even *consider* doing wrong.

Some people are up and down in their Christian life. One time they believe one thing and another time they believe the opposite. The devil likes this. He knows if you are wavering, or unstable, he can get you to believe a lie.

The Bible tells us what is right and wrong. It should be our guide. When someone tries to get you to do wrong, use Bible Scriptures to guide you just as Jesus did. The devil went to Jesus when He was hungry. He had been fasting forty days and nights, so His body was weak. There was no food there in the wilderness. “If you’re really the Son of God, turn these rocks to bread,” the devil told Jesus. This does not seem to be so wrong, except that Jesus was not to use His divine power to fulfill His fleshly appetite. Did Jesus waver? No. He immediately quoted a Scripture to support His actions. Since Jesus used a Scripture, the next time the devil used a Scripture when he tempted Jesus. We

must realize that sometimes people use Scriptures to tempt us to do wrong. That is why we need the Holy Spirit to help give us understanding. We must take the whole Word of God, and realize that people can pull out a Scripture here and there and warp the meaning.

The time to get strength in fighting the devil is when we are not in temptations. An army drills and practices how to withstand the enemy long before they go into battle. We should learn what is right when our understanding is clear and our minds are not troubled. Then when temptations come, stand by the right and do not consider giving in to the suggestion of the devil for one moment. Let us take Jesus as an example and do not waver.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 11, June 12, 1983

JESUS IS UNWAVERING

Matt. 4:1 Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2 And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungred.

3 And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

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

5 Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple,

6 And saith, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they

shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7 Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8 Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

9 And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10 Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11 Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

Memory Verse: A double minded man is unstable in all his ways. James 1:8.

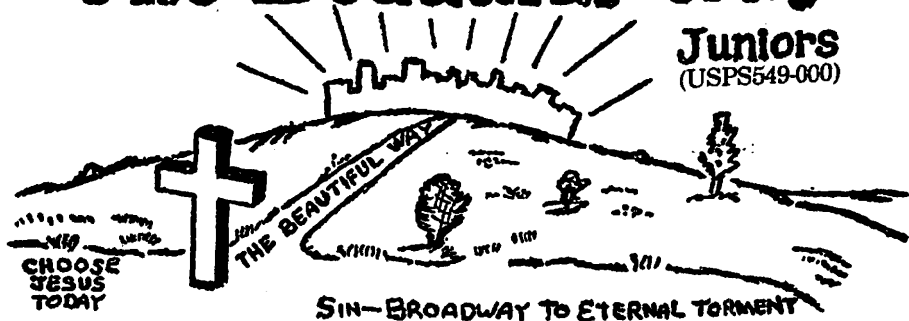
Questions:

1. How long did Jesus fast in the wilderness?
2. When Jesus hungred, what did the devil suggest He do?
3. Jesus answered that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by _____?"
4. When the devil took Jesus to the pinnacle of the temple, what did the devil want Him to do? What Scripture did the devil quote?
5. Did Jesus do what the devil said? What Scripture did Jesus quote?
6. When the devil offered Jesus all the kingdoms of earth and their glory, what did he ask in return?
7. What did Jesus answer the devil?
8. Is it a sin to be tempted? When does it become sin?
9. How can we fight temptation?

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Part 12

June 19

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

A picture of the two great courses in life arose before Byron. He saw that he had chosen the wrong course, and he partly discerned the mist that had so thickly enveloped him. The dense fog was breaking away; but as it did so, dangers great and forbidding appeared. The miller's course in the story was not tempting, but Byron saw that it was right.

At last his flour was ready, and he started home. As he rode along, he meditated on the story. It revealed to him his own duty, and his conscience strove to guide him aright by proposing plans of reconciliation between him and his mother.

"It would be better to tell her at once," whispered that faithful voice in his ear. "Explain the temptation and sin that have befallen you, and allow her to advise you. She will be only too glad to help you out of your difficulties."

"Yes, but the boys," he reasoned. "How can I meet their taunts when I see them?"

"Don't see them! Stay out of their company, and you will have no trouble," his conscience continued.

"How about Sunday? I shall have to see them at Sunday school, and hard questions will be asked!" Byron argued.

"You might avoid the boys," conscience suggested. "Just give them to understand that you do not care for their company."

"Which is easier said than done," thought Byron, as he drove in through the gateway at his home.

An hour may seem to be prolonged to a year in the mind where there is suspense. Thus the day had crept by for Byron's mother. She realized that the strong unity which had existed between her and her son was broken. The thought that he no longer confided in her as in the past pierced and stung her heart as a poisoned dagger would have done. Though the duties of the day were pressing, she thought continually of her son. "Why are we drifting so far apart? and how can I draw from his lips the secret that has become a barrier between us?" she pondered. "If only I could get a clue that would enable me to draw from him the secret that is separating us, how gladly I would grasp it!"

She heard Byron driving into the yard and appeared in the doorway to greet him with a smile; but his eyes were

turned away from the house, and although she called he did not appear to hear. Returning to the stove where she was preparing the meal, she continued her meditation. It was not until late in the evening that she found herself alone with her son.

For a time after his return from the mill, Byron struggled with the conviction that he should keep his secret from his mother no longer, but by not obeying his first impulses to go to her, his decision was weakened and his task magnified. Little by little excuses for himself and the boys arose in his mind, and as he considered them he felt relief and decided to wait at least until the following morning. He was just preparing to steal away unnoticed to his bedroom when his mother met him and requested him to take the chair that she offered him.

With an earnest prayer in her heart, his mother endeavored to draw from her son the cause of his changed attitude toward her, but in vain. He listened to her tender, loving words as one in a dream, making no response. As she finished her talk and bade him good-night, she kissed him tenderly and whispered: "Byron dear, is something troubling you? You can surely tell me about it, can you not? I might be able to help you out of your difficulty if I knew. Open up your heart and tell me all." But Byron simply shook his head and hastened away into his own room.

Long into the night he continued to think of his mother's kindness and love, and of the manner in which she had explained the sorrow and misery that come to many people simply because of their continued refusal to accept instruction and advise; but as a drowsiness crept over him, the cruel remarks of the boys and his fear of their displeasure were uppermost in his mind. There had already been too many failures, he reasoned, and good resolutions must be

a thing of the past.

Byron was being held by his fear of the boys, and the taste of the pleasure of sin made it difficult for him to break away from their company. His conscience was pointing out the trouble to him, but he was not heeding the advice. Instead he was wasting precious moments and was dreaming of the fairy-land of pleasure that he had been told was upon the land, and longing to view it for himself. He was where the tide of the world could play with him at will, where it could lash and beat him about at every turn. Byron's life was like a boat which, when unfastened from the shore, would speed away.

Morning dawned bright and clear, and little birds sang merry songs as they had so often done before. But it was not until the sunlight stole across the room to his pillow and there streamed into his face that Byron awoke. His mother downstairs was preparing the breakfast, and he could hear the rattle of the dishes as she placed them upon the table.

"I didn't dream it was so late," he remarked to himself, as he sprang from the bed and began to dress. "I wonder if Mother has forgotten to call me."

He had been called some time before, but his mother only smiled and bade him good morning as he passed her on his way to the barn. She had always been gentle with her children, and Byron had not gone so deeply into sin that he was wholly unmindful of this. Her earnest words of the previous evening returned to his mind as he went about his morning duties.

"My son," she had said, "The world is full of sin and wickedness, but it is not the things that God has created that are causing this shame. It's the wrong use of them. Take for example, the delicious fruit of the vineyard and the different grains that are grown in the field. See

the ungodly uses these products are put to when they are made into wines and liquors. Again, look at these wines and liquors upon the shelves of the saloon. They could not harm man if he would let them alone. It is the wrong use of them that caused all the trouble they produce.

"Carefully examine the tobacco plant and you'll find it perfectly harmless in itself and to the worms that feed upon it. It wasn't intended to share a place among our foods. Man has made a wrong use of it.

"The beautiful poppy is not to blame for the millions who are lulled to sleep through the use of opium. Man is responsible for all the harm caused by opium and drugs like it. He has put the articles manufactured from these natural products to a dishonorable use.

"Man was made in God's own image, just a trifle lower than the angels. He fell from this holy plane through Satan's efforts, and now, by Satan's help and suggestions, he abuses and misuses the things that would otherwise be a blessing to all humanity.

"It is sad that this is so, but since it is, we don't need to obey Satan and follow his example. You will no doubt sometime be tempted to partake of liquor, tobacco, and perhaps opium; but it lies within your power to resist the temptation. All of these powerful articles have similar effects upon the system, according to their strength. They all produce unnatural appetites and longing, dull the senses, and bind with habits from which few are able to escape."

As tiny darts her words returned to Byron; and as he pondered them, they seemed to vibrate in the air about him. When he passed the manger, he did not look beneath the feed-trough for eggs. Once more he felt that he would like to unburden his heart to his mother; but when he returned to the house, he ate

his breakfast in silence and afterward hurried away to the field.

(to be continued)

—o—
"Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important."

—o—
Dear Boys and Girls,

Jesus wants us to be considerate of the needs and feelings of others. We enjoy being with people who show thoughtfulness to those around them. Jesus Himself was thoughtful of others.

In our lesson today, we see several occasions on which Jesus was concerned with the needs of children, sinners, His disciples, and His mother. Some people are not concerned with the needs of children, but Jesus was. He knew that although they were little, they needed some love and attention, too. He told His disciples to let the little children come to Him, that He could heal them and bless them. Jesus also had a concern for sinners. Although these people did not know God, He knew these were the very ones who needed to learn of God's love. He had a real desire to straighten out their messed up lives. Jesus was also thoughtful of those close to Him. His disciples had been out telling others of Him, and were tired. Jesus Himself may not have been weary, but He saw that His disciples needed rest. He took them away from the crowd that they might renew their strength. When Jesus was dying on the cross, His thoughts even then were of others. He looked down and saw His mother nearby. He realized that after His death, she would need someone to care for her. He asked one of His disciples to treat her as his own mother. What concern He had for others!

The way to be more thoughtful of others is to think about others' needs. Imagine yourself in other people's situations and think about how you

would feel. What could bring cheer and uplift the spirit? Then do the things that you feel would bring joy to their lives. Do away with selfish ways, in thinking only of yourself. Life will be happier for ourselves and for those around us if we think more about others and less about ourselves.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 12, June 19, 1983

JESUS IS THOUGHTFUL OF OTHERS

Matt. 19:13 Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

14 But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

15 And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.

Mark 2:15 And it came to pass, that, as Jesus sat at meat in his house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and his disciples: for there were many, and they followed him.

16 And when the scribes and Pharisees saw him eat with publicans and sinners, they said unto his disciples, How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?

17 When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Mark 6:30 And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.

31 And he said unto them, Come ye

yourself apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.

32 And they departed into a desert place by ship privately.

John 19:25 Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

26 When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!

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

Memory Verse: And to godliness [add] brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. 2 Pet. 1:7.

Questions:

1. Did Jesus care about the welfare of children? How do you know?
2. Did the scribes and Pharisees think Jesus should eat with sinners?
3. Why did Jesus take time to visit with the sinners?
4. When Jesus' disciples had been out preaching for Him, did He think they needed a rest? Where did He take them?
5. When Jesus was in pain and agony on the cross, did He think only of Himself? What did He say concerning His mother?
6. Does Jesus want us to be thoughtful, or concerned about the needs of others?
7. Name some ways you can be helpful, or thoughtful of your parents; of your friends; of people you meet on the street.

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The Beautiful Way

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April, May, June, 1983

Part 13

June 26

The Pilot's Voice

(continued from last lesson)

The day passed as many others had done before it and some others did later on, and at last he went once more (with the money that he had received for the stolen eggs in his pocket) to visit his cousin. As he went with the permission of his mother to spend the night with him.

As soon as it was possible for the cousins to do so, they quietly slipped away down by the riverside, and it was not long until they were joined by the other boys. James and George had been anxiously waiting for Byron's appearance; for they were not quite sure that he would try, or succeed in carrying out, the plan that they had suggested for securing more money. They were therefore ready with questions upon the subject as soon as he was within speaking distance.

Now it was that Byron could open his heart, but he did so in a different way from that in which he had resolved to approach his mother. He told them about securing and selling the eggs. When he had finished, the boys patted him upon the back and called him a

good fellow, and they told him that he was making rapid progress and would some day be up with them.

"And now, boys," James continued. "I have our program for this evening all arranged. There's to be a dance at a public hall two miles away from here, and I thought we'd all enjoy attending. I've never danced very much myself, but I want to learn more about it. And here is Byron! It is high time he was being initiated!"

Byron's heart began beating fast. He endeavored to be calm, but in spite of his efforts his mother's face and warnings again came before him. He had heard about those dances at the hall ever since his earliest recollection, and he knew that only a low class of people made up the crowds. He had been taught that dancing was one of the great evils that led to the baser things of life. He had never attended one of these gatherings, and he had no desire to do so; but he was in the tide and such things might be expected at frequent intervals.

"Now, see here, boys," he said, "you are constantly springing something new upon me whenever we meet of late. Where is this thing going to end?" He wanted to tell them some of the things that his

mother had told him about dancing, but, realizing that he would only be laughed at, he refrained.

"Why, of course we want something new," George said. "Do you suppose we always want to go along in the same old way? We want to keep apace with the times. Why, a fellow might as well be dead as to be behind the times! Oh, Byron, come along and get rid of that idea of yours about not wanting to learn new things!"

"Yes, but there's more to it than that," Byron answered. "We can't go to that dance without having people see us. Those with whom I'm acquainted know very well that my mother doesn't approve of my going to such places, and the thing will sure to be found out. If once it's found out, there'll be investigation started that will deprive us of each other's company hereafter."

"Oh, Byron, you're always afraid something awful is going to happen," answered James. "It's the same old story every time. You know very well everything has been running smoothly and that all has been kept a secret. There'll be no one at that dance that will run to your mother with the news. They will be only too glad to see you there, and will be your friends and will work for your interests."

After a little more persuasion the boys started on their way, and they soon arrived at the hall. The dance had already commenced. The music was grand, and the dancers kept perfect time and answered every call. It was all new to Byron, and he could not help enjoying the scene.

Suddenly as he sat watching, someone tapped him on the shoulder and said, "What are you doing here? I thought your mother didn't believe in your attending such places." The speaker was a neighbor boy who lived only a short distance from Byron's home. Byron hardly knew what to answer him, but said that

he had come there with some friends; and as soon as it was possible, he got out of the boy's presence.

In every part of the room Byron ran across those whom he knew, and thus the evening was spoiled for him. After he had passed an hour in trying to dodge acquaintances, his companions bade him come with them to the farther end of the hall, where soft drinks and other things were kept for sale.

"We might as well get the benefit of our egg money," James said with a very important air as he ordered a number of things and told Byron to pay for them. The last purchase made was that of some cigars.

Now, Byron had never smoked, but he remembered distinctly an experience he had with tobacco the winter before. His mother had secured some tobacco leaves from a neighbor to be used in some way among the poultry, and Byron thought, as he had never tasted tobacco, that he should like to see just what it was like. The opportunity to taste it came one evening while he was on his way to feed the pigs. The dried leaves were hanging in the grainery, and after securing his corn for the pigs, he pinched a piece from a wide brown leaf and began to chew it. It did not taste at all like he had expected it would, and he could not understand why any one would want to chew such nasty-tasting stuff.

But he continued chewing it all the way to the pig-pen, which was quite a distance from the grainery. He was already beginning to feel faint when he set down his basket, and by the time he had finished throwing the corn to the pigs, he was so faint and dizzy that he could not stand up. He managed some way, however, to get out of sight behind the pen, and there he sat down. It was several minutes before the spell had passed off.

As Byron took the cigar, he also

remembered a talk his teacher made to the school the previous winter, in which she explained the effects upon the human system of the poisons contained in whiskey and tobacco; and a story that he had read in a book flashed across his mind—the story of a lion and a tiger that did much harm in a certain village. Both of these animals (so the story ran) were fierce and savage. They roamed about the village during many hours of the night and sometimes during the day; often killed some of the people. In fact, the animals had such power that at every public gathering several people were killed. For some reason the public sentiment was that the beasts must be allowed to live, as it would not be wise to kill them. They were really handsome creatures and able to attract so much attention that it was decided best to chain them in a certain part of the city where they could be seen by the people as they passed along the streets. Accordingly they were both chained and great signs and advertisements were scattered abroad urging the people to become interested in the animals.

(to be continued)

Dear Boys and Girls,

We are still studying about the character of Jesus, and how we can be more like Him. So far we have discussed His qualities of forgiveness, obedience, meekness, compassion, steadfastness, and thoughtfulness of others. Most of these characteristics evoke the thought of Jesus being tender and mild. He was. But His character was nothing feminine or weak.

In our lesson today we see a bold Man (Jesus) facing a crowd who thought He was doing wrong. When Jesus was in the synagogue, He saw a man there with a withered hand. His heart was filled with compassion. There were many scribes and Pharisees there, too. They saw the look of compassion that

Jesus had for the man. They also knew that Jesus had the power to heal. But this was the Sabbath day, and according to the Mosaic law, work, healing, traveling, and other things were forbidden on the Sabbath. Jesus looked round at the scribes and Pharisees. They looked at Him with a daring accusation in their eyes. There were a number of them and Jesus was only one Man. Was He afraid of the crowd? No. He would heal the man, even if it was the Sabbath, and He did.

Another time when Jesus was in Jerusalem, He went to the temple. There He found men buying and selling right in the temple. What a disgrace to God's house! He would not allow God's house to be desecrated as this. He turned over the tables that were set up, drove the animals out of the temple, and cast out the men who were doing the selling. Jesus had boldness to uphold the right and point out evil, regardless of who or how many were against Him.

God wants us to be bold for Him.

—Aunt Sandra

Lesson 13, June 26, 1983

JESUS SHOWS BOLDNESS

Matt. 21:12 And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves,

13 And he said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it into a den of thieves.

Lk. 4:16 And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

17 And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esias. And

when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,

18 The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

19 To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

20 And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

21 And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.

32 And they [in Capernaum] were astonished at his doctrine: for his word was with power.

36 And they were all amazed, and spake among themselves, saying, What a word is this! for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out.

Lk. 6:6 And it came to pass also on another sabbath, that he entered into the synagogue and taught: and there was a man whose right hand was withered.

7 And the scribes and Pharisees watched him, whether he would heal on the sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against him.

8 But he knew their thoughts, and said to the man which had the withered hand, Rise up, and stand forth in the midst. And he arose and stood forth.

9 Then Jesus said unto them, I will ask you one thing; Is it lawful on the sabbath days to do good, or to do evil? to save life, or to destroy it?

10 And looking round upon them all, he said unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he did so: and his hand was restored whole as the other.

11 And they were filled with madness; and communed one with another what they might do to Jesus.

Memory Verse: And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Matt. 10:28.

Questions:

1. What were the people doing at the temple when Jesus went there?
2. Why was Jesus upset? What did He do?
3. When Jesus was in His hometown of Nazareth where did He go on the Sabbath day?
4. From what did He read to the people?
5. What did the Scripture Jesus read say He had come to do?
6. Did Jesus seem to be afraid of the people in the synagogue?
7. What do you suppose they thought about Him?
8. Why were the people in Capernaum astonished at the things Jesus taught?
9. Did Jesus have power over unclean spirits?
10. What was wrong with the man's hand in our lesson?
11. Why did the scribes and Pharisees think Jesus should not heal the man?
12. Was Jesus afraid of the scribes and Pharisees? Did He heal the man?
13. Should we refrain from doing things for God because of what men might say?

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