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CHILDREN'S PAGE STORIES -- 1961

By Mrs. Paul E. King

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Story 1
RANDY LEARNS A LESSON

"Oh, goody! Goody!" laughed Claudette to her twin, Claudia. "It's snowing! Let's go sledding down the hill in the pasture as soon as we change our clothes!"

"Yes, let's! If Mother says we may." was Claudia's immediate reply. "This ought to really make a good snow for sledding. I'm so excited I can hardly wait to get home!"

"Me neither," said Claudette. The big yellow school bus had barely stopped when the blonde haired twins jumped lightly off the bus and without even saying "Good-bye" to Mr. Neff, the bus driver, they raced down the quarter mile of a lane to home.

"I'll beat you home," shouted Claudia to her twin, and went racing down the snow covered lane with Claudette right behind her.

"Oh, look, Sis!" Claudette called out, "Pammy's at our house. See! She's coming to meet us!" and both girls called out:

"Pam! Pam! We'll go sledding up on the hill if Mother let's us."

"I thought you'd never get home," Pamela Sue said when she came up to her two friends. "I'm going to spend the evening with you. Too bad April couldn't be here too," she suddenly added.

"Oh, we'll have such fun," laughed the red-cheeked girls together. "Quick! Let's ask Mother if we may go sledding," Claudette said, and dashed into the house.

"Mother! Oh, Mother! It's snowing! Is it all right if we go sledding over on the big hill?" the twins asked.

"Why, yes. But first change into your old clothes and pare me some apples and peel the potatoes, then you may go," Mother answered sweetly.

In a very little while the girls had finished doing the work Mother told them to do, then bundling up in scarves, mittens, and warm woolly coats they raced to the back porch, each getting a sled and began the long climb up the steep hill. In the middle of the climb Pam said:

"Oh, me! I must rest awhile! I can't seem to get my breath anymore. This surely is some hill!"

"We love it," said the twins. "In the summer months we often climb it to look out over 'Peaceful Valley' that lies on the other side of the hill. The cows have a narrow, winding pathway up the side of the hill and it looks so pretty to see" them coming single file down the trail M one behind the other."

"You're just plain lucky," said Pamela Sue catching her breath, "to be living on a farm. I hate the city! I want to move in to the country!" and for a moment the twins thought she was going to cry.

"But we just love to visit you in the city," Claudia suddenly said.

"Yes," Claudette chimed in, "you have a zoo, all the ten cent stores you want and . . . and . . . a big museum too," she finally added.

"Who cares about that?" Pam quickly retorted. "I love the country with cows, chickens, horses and.., and.., everything, not monkeys and lions, she quickly said.

"I know what," suggested Claudette, "you ask your Mother if you can stay with us all summer. O.K.?"

"I'd surely love to," was Pamroy's quick reply, "but let's get on with the climb. I'm so anxious to go sledding."

"Me too," said Claudia.

When they reached the top of the hill they stood breathless -looking out across "Peaceful Valley" that was all snow-swept and clean. The wind was brisk and cold and the girls were eager to sled down hill where the wind didn't bite and sting so fiercely.

They were making their fourth climb uphill when Pamela suddenly called out:

"Look, girls! Isn't that Randy coming up the hill? It certainly looks like him."

"It is Randy!" Claudia gasped.

"But he's been in bed with the measles," said Claudette. "It can't be!"

"But it is, just the same," said Claudia who stood staring down hill at the rapidly approaching figure of the lone neighbor boy.

"Randy! Randy!" the twins called out as he came up beside them. "What are you doing outside? You're supposed to stay in bed for another week at least!" and their faces expressed the worry of their heart.

Then Pamela Sue spoke up and pointing her gloved index finger under his nose she said:

"Randy Parker, you know you're not supposed to be out in this kind of weather! Does your Mother know you're here? Do you want to die with pneumonia? You know very well you can easily take pneumonia if you're not careful when you have the measles," and she scolded the flushed faced, black haired boy.

"Now just a minute," Randy began, "you're every one of you as bad as Mother with saying 'You know you shouldn't,' or 'You know better!' I'm tired of it! I heard all the fun you were having and felt it couldn't hurt me at all if I bundled up real good!"

"But, Randy, does your Mother know?" asked Claudette.

"Did you ask her?" she went on, looking him in the eye.

"No, Mother doesn't know," the boy said, "she's gone after some groceries in town, and I was all alone and came because I'm tired of being told I mustn't go outside for another week."

"But, Randy," Pamela said, "you'll be sorry for this. Every time you disobey your Mother or Dad, something awful happens, and to tell you the truth, I'm even scared to go sledding down the same hill with you. I'm afraid the Lord may lift His protecting hand from you, and allow something dreadful to happen to us all. After all," she continued, "when you know somebody's sinning and don't do anything to stop it or if you act like you approve of what that person's doing when you know they're doing wrong, the Lord punishes you along with the person! You'd better go home, Randy," she added.

"I'm not going home . . . not now...." he said. "I want just a couple sled rides, then I'll go. By then Mom will be home," and he laughed as he began to ascend the hill toward its summit. He was almost at the top when the frightened girls heard him cough violently and saw his body shake with chills.

"Kinda' cold up here," he called to the girls.

"Randy, go home," the three girls called and pleaded with him, but he stopped only long enough to have another severe coughing spell, then turning his sled around he called:

"Here I come!" and whizzed by like the air.

The girls stood near the top, watching as the boy went racing down the slippery hillside, but when he reached the bottom and came to a stop, he didn't get off his sled. It looked to the girls as though he made several feeble attempts to get up but he couldn't.

"Let's go," said Claudia. "Something's happened to him," and away the three sleds glided downhill.

"He should . . . have . . . listened," came faintly from Claudette's sled.

Going quickly to his side the girls heard a rattling sound in the boy's chest and noticing the pallor of his cheeks, quickly pulled his sled to the house.

The Doctor was called immediately and upon looking at Randy, he said:

"It's pneumonia, and a bad case of it too. Where's his Mother?"

The girls told the story and the Doctor shook his head sadly, saying:

"He has one chance out of a hundred to make it. But I fear . . . " and he left the words hanging in mid air.

For four weeks Randy stayed at the twins' home -- not daring to be moved. Day and night for days he had hot onion poultices applied regularly, until the girls began calling their farmhouse

"The Onion House," as the smell of fried onions was ever present.

One day after four long weeks of being only partly conscious of his surroundings, Randy weakly opened his eyes and seeing his Mother and Father by his bedside he began to cry. Between several feeble attempts he said, "I'm... sorry... Mom and... Dad! Can... you . . . ever forgive me . . . for . . . disobeying you? I was almost . . . in Hell, . . . but., the Lord... told me He'd let., me live," and by now he was sobbing and repenting with bitter tears, as he said, "if . . . if . . . if I'd give Him my heart and . . . serve Him all my life. I'm so weak, but I want to get saved right now. I want Jesus to have my life from now on and forever."

"Of course you're forgiven, dear," said Randy's Mother and Father, then kneeling by the bedside of their boy they prayed, and soon Jesus came into Randy's soul and saved him. His heart had been opened wide to receive the Lord Jesus and he shouted:

"He's come! I'm forgiven! I'll never be disobedient again!"

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Story 2

HE CARETH FOR YOU

"I'm so hungry, Mother," said Paul as he came into the kitchen, put his school books down on the cupboard, and began a search of the refrigerator.

"Why, Mother," he said anxiously, "the refrigerator's empty! And I . . . I'm hungry."

"I know, dear," Mother soothed tenderly, "but we'll have some good hot biscuits and milk gravy for supper. Then too, there's a few apples out in the summer house and I'll cook them for supper. Run along, dear, get Mother the apples, then change into your old clothes and get ready to start your chores." And she smiled sweetly as she kissed the dark head of hair and a tear trickled suddenly out of each eye, then turning quickly away, she added, "Peter and Jimmy will soon be home, and the two girls. Maybe we can think of a new game to play tonight before you go to bed."

"You sure are a good Mother," called the lanky long legged Paul as he raced out to the old summer house after the apples.

When he had disappeared around the corner of the house, Mother ran into the living room and let the tears flow unhindered down her fair cheeks, then glancing out the window toward the big maple tree whose branches were stretching upward and outward as though receiving a benediction from God, she noticed the sparrows on the ground searching for food. It was then a Voice from Heaven whispered so softly and sweetly in her ear, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

And that same sweet Voice continued:

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

"And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?

"Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? . . .

"For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

Quickly she slipped on her knees by the side of the davenport and with her tear stained face and hands extended heavenward like the maple tree, she said, "Oh, God, give me the necessary faith again this once. You have promised, and on the authority of Thy Word, we shall be fed and clothed. May this help my children to believe implicitly in our God, and I'll thank Thee for answered prayer here and now."

Hearing Paul's footsteps on the porch, she hastily dried the tears and busied herself with her many household tasks.

"Here are the apples, Mother," called Paul as he came through the kitchen, "but, Mom," and his voice fell, "will these be enough for supper? There's not many here."

"They'll do, dear," Mother said sweetly. "Now change your school clothes and go milk Jan. Get all you can from her, Paul; we'll be needing every bit of it."

"Sure will," was Paul's quick reply. Then taking two steps at a time, he went scurrying upstairs, calling after him, "I'm sure hungry tonight."

Just then the boys and the twins, Jill and Jane came rushing into the kitchen with:

"Hi, Mom. We're home," and the girls each placed a kiss on Mother's cheeks.

"My, you look pretty tonight," said Jimmy. "I know we have the prettiest Mother in all the world," he continued.

"Now, now," laughed Mother, "let's stop the flattery! What are you wanting? Something to eat, dear?" and she winked slyly at the girls.

"How did you know?" asked Jim. "I'm starved to say the least," he continued, then running to the refrigerator and seeing its emptiness and the cupboard also, he said in a small voice, "I'm sorry, Mother. I understand! We just don't have it, do we?"

"No, Jimmy," Mother said sweetly, "but we're going to. The Lord promised it. But tonight we'll have biscuits and milk gravy, and I'll have just enough flour and sugar to make these apples into apple dumplings. We'll have. a feast."

"When will Daddy be home?" asked the twins.

"In another week," said Mother sweetly. "I do miss him terribly but he said God was really giving a revival in Milltown, and the Holy Ghost has certainly been among them. Daddy must never know our circumstances, do you hear?" And she looked sternly at the children as she continued, "It may make him worry about us and hinder the meeting. Tonight we're all going to remind our Heavenly Father of His promises!" And it was such a strong challenge to the children that they could scarcely wait until family prayer.

When finally Mother called them all around her in the living room that night, she read from Matthew 6 verses 28 through 33, and Matthew 10, verses 29 through 31, then sweetly she said:

"We're kind of like a team. We're all going to agree on one thing, and pull together in family prayer tonight -- we need food! Now, children, God promised it and when we ask, we must

believe that He's going to do just what we ask Him for -- those things which we need. Shall we all pray!"

Every head was bowed before God in fervent prayer and when the children had all finished praying, Mother continued calling on God to bless her children and keep them in His love, and as each name was lovingly brought before God, the children sensed an unseen, Almighty Being in their midst.

Early the next morning Paul awoke with the most heavenly odors flowing up the stairway and quickly dressing, he raced down the steps with: "Mother, Mother! God did send it, didn't He?"

"Yes, dear, yes. But wait until all the children are around the table, then I'll tell you."

Racing back upstairs, Paul shouted, "Get up, you sleepy heads! There's ham, bacon, and eggs for breakfast with a lot more biscuits, and some butter and jelly." Whereupon the children came scampering downstairs with great excitement.

"How'd it get here," asked Jan. "Did the Lord send it from Heaven?"

"Was it on our doorstep?" continued Jill, "or where?"

"Sit down, all of you, around the table," said Mother.

"Now, Peter, you ask the blessing on this food," she said, "and then I'll tell you all about it."

"Last night," Mother began after the blessing was said by the blue eyed Peter, "when you had all been tucked in bed, I felt impressed to read from my devotional book; I had just settled down in the old rocking chair for an hour of Bible reading and this good book of Daddy's when I heard a knock on the door and recognized Mr. Miller's voice calling softly and like he was crying, not at all like his harsh, gruff voice."

"Oh, Mother," Paul broke in, "you can't mean grumpy, old grouchy Mr. Miller!"

"Yes, but I do," said Mother sweetly, "and never call him old 'Grumps' again. God has touched his soul. He's different since last night. You see, I stepped lightly to the door and turning the porch light on, I saw in reality it was Mr. Miller and his face was all wet from tears. He told me he just had to get over before midnight, said a Voice kept saying, 'Take Mrs. Weldon some food. Take Mrs. Weldon and the children food.' All afternoon the Voice pleaded with him so about four o'clock he went to the grocer's and bought all the food you see before your eyes, and the cupboard's full too," she added, then continued, "but you know how tight he's been with his money, so he decided he'd keep it himself, and after he had gone to bed, the same Voice said, 'Take Mrs. Weldon's food over or there'll be no repentance left for you.'

That's when he came; then while standing on the porch he said, 'I don't understand it, but I've obeyed that Voice, and Mrs. Weldon, if you'll just pray a little prayer for me right here on the

porch, I feel 'twould do me a world of good.' So he bowed his head and wept bitterly as I asked the Lord to save his soul and give him His peace, and to bless him greatly for his obedience.

"After I had finished praying, I told him how God had promised us in family prayer that He'd supply our needs, and thanked him kindly for the wonderful food, when he said:

" 'Mrs. Weldon, the Lord Jesus has just now come into my soul. I'm a new man! I'm going home now and get Mrs. Miller on her knees and she too must find this wonderful peace I have in my heart. Good-night, Mrs. Weldon. Maybe we could have a prayer meeting at your house tomorrow night! "

"Why . . . why," and the big brown eyes of the twins were filled with tears, 'it's almost a miracle, isn't it Mommie?"

"God still answers prayer," said Jimmy, "and I'm always going to serve Him. Why, Mother," he added joyfully, "He delivered Daniel out of the lion's den, the three Hebrew children out of the burning, fiery furnace, and He just delivered us from nearly starving."

"Then it was a miracle," cried Jill joyfully.

"Let's eat, shall we!" said Mother, taking her apron and wiping away the tears.

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Story 3
POISON!!!

"Ring-g-g! Ring-g-g!" went the telephone in the living room of Mr. and Mrs. White's neat white bungalow with pale yellow shutters at the windows.

"I'll answer it," said Mrs. White, rising from the dinner table.

"Hello!" the children and Daddy heard Mother's soft, musical voice say, then, "Why, Sister Babb, you're crying! Whatever has happened?" Then after a long pause Mother said:

"You may be sure we'll be praying but is there nothing more we can do? Would it help if we went over there now? Oh! I see! Then you think we'd better just remain here for now and pray? All right, dear! I'm so sorry to hear that." And then the telephone clicked in the receiver.

"What happened, dear?" asked Daddy when he saw Mother's pale, tear stained cheeks, then very gently he was by her side with his arms steadying her as he led her to her chair at the table. "Do tell us what has happened, Martha dear," he addressed his wife. "Has your father passed away? Is his condition worse?"

"No I No!" said Mother still weeping bitterly. "It's that poor, poor Johns family! Little Rick just died. He . . . drank some . . . poison out of a bottle in the sink cabinet."

"Oh, Mother, No!" and sixteen year old Barbara immediately burst into tears. "Not my sweet little Rick! Oh, No! He was the sweetest little fellow in my Sunday School class," and a fresh flow of tears followed.

"Didn't they have the bottle labeled 'Poison'?" asked Patty Lou.

"Silly!" spoke up nine year old Ned. "Rick was only five. He couldn't read!"

"Please don't cry, Mommie," and six year old Sue was suddenly on Mother's lap with her soft, round arms about Mother's neck, trying to kiss away the tears.

"I'm all right, honey," Mother spoke softly, "but that family has so much trouble. My heart breaks for them. We must pray harder for them; maybe the Lord can get to Mr. Johns' hard heart through this tragedy as little Rick was the apple of his eye."

Then Daddy spoke softly and tenderly as he said, "Yes, it's too bad; we must fast and pray." Then suddenly his voice took on a different tone -- a tone of kindness but with great authority and looking at all six of his children, he said:

"I have something I must tell you, and I feel the time is now. So sit in your places around the table."

After Sue was in her chair next to Mother, Daddy said:

"It really is a great tragedy sweet, round faced; blue eyed Rick dying! We'll never see his smile on earth again, but if we're faithful to the Lord Jesus, we shall all meet again. However, I know of another very deadly thing just as deadly as the poison Rick drank; it too isn't labeled 'Poison', but it's killing people by the thousands every year."

"What is it?" asked Dale.

"Do we have any in our house?" questioned Ned.

"I shall let you decide," said Daddy, "after I'm finished This deadly poison is 'gossip and tale bearing and evil surmising.'"

"Oh!" said all the children together.

"You remember Miss Potter, your tenth grade English teacher, Barbara," and Barbara spoke quickly:

"Oh, I'll never forget her. She was so wonderful and such a conscientious person too, Daddy."

"Welt, you remember how suddenly she died, don't you?" asked Daddy.

"Why, yes, I do! Strange, too, as she was in perfectly good health," and a thoughtful look took possession of Barbara.

"I shall tell you who killed her," said Daddy, and a gasp arose from around the table as Daddy continued:

"Mrs. Long-Tongue, who lived next door to Miss Potter, saw your favorite school teacher and a young man come into Miss Potter's apartment at three o'clock one morning."

"Not Miss Potter!" exclaimed Barbara in defense of her beloved deceased English teacher. "She wouldn't do such a thing!"

"Please, Barbara," Mother said, "let your father finish."

"Mrs. Long-Tongue called Mrs. Gossip," Daddy continued. "In fact, she couldn't wait until she got out of bed, so she called her at three o'clock that same morning, and together they decided to call Mrs. Add-A-Little-More and Mrs. Evil Mind and go to the school board and demand Miss Potter be fired.

"So when school began that morning they spoke to the principal and demanded to see the school board members that same night an emergency meeting they called it.

"Nobody would believe their story," retorted Barbara. "Miss Potter lived a clean life."

"That's the sad part, honey," and Daddy looked his straight at beautiful dark haired, dark eyed, teenage daughter as he continued.

"Many didn't believe it -- in fact they knew it wasn't so but many did believe it, and the school board decided to dismiss your Miss Potter. She was grief stricken and numbed at the news and explained the young man was her sister's son who had only four hours to visit with her before departing for foreign soil -- those four hours being from three till seven in the morning, his connection had to be made out of our city by seven thirty that same morning. When Miss Potter realized that many of the people in this city believed her to be a bad and wicked woman, and many who were one time friendly now turned a cold shoulder on her, it was more than she felt she could stand, so she drank a bottle of poison and took her own life."

"Oh, Father! No!" said Barbara in a shocked whisper.

"Yes, honey, that's the sad truth!" and Father patted the trembling hand of his daughter.

"God will hold Mrs. Long-Tongue responsible though," added Patty Lou.

"Yes, that is so," replied Father, "but it can never bring Miss Potter back from her eternal place -- Hell."

"The wicked, wicked people?" said Dale.

"You see," Daddy continued, "no matter how much we try to correct or make right such things as these, many times we can never fully rectify them. After Miss Potter's death, it was proven she was an innocent, good clean living woman, but that didn't bring her back. Oh, No! She never, never should have drunk that poison but she didn't know Jesus and the power of His saving grace or the strength of His own wonderful self or she would never have done what she did, but may this be a lesson to all of us. Be careful whom you accuse of wrong doing; be slow to judge another, but be quick to be hard on yourself. After all, self gives us most of our trouble. You see, children," he continued, "there are many different kinds of people in this world; first, there are those who are our real friends and know what's being told about us isn't true because they know us and know what we are; but there are others who are always waiting to hear these bad and wicked things, then run from house to house telling it, and each time they keep adding a little bit more until it gets worse all the time; then there are some people who just naturally want to believe some evil report -- especially if it's about some person whom God is blessing and using more than these people who have a defiled mind. You know the Bible says: 'Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled,' Titus 1:15. Now, children, it's up to you to decide what type of girl or boy you're going to let God make out of you. We shape and mold our lives when we're young and if you wish to be children with good, clean, holy and pure minds, you must begin now. Should you choose to be like Mrs. Gossip and Mrs. Long-Tongue or Mrs. Evil Surmises or Mrs. Add-A-Little-Bit-More, you are being molded and fashioned today! Choose you this day which pattern you will follow, but I pray God may help you all to choose the right path and go God's way, and never, never, willfully or deliberately try to hurt or injure another fellow being by thinking evil things about him or believing what you do hear. You know, children, Paul, the Apostle said, 'Love -- perfect love, that is -- suffereth long, and is kind. . . . Love thinketh no evil! This is God's way for your lives; this is God's mold and plan and pattern, but it's up to you to, decide. As your father, I pray you may decide to take God's ways they're the best."

A great silence hung over the family table, then slowly Ned pushed his chair away from the table. "May I be excused?" he asked. "I must see Tommy right away. I told him that I was sure Melvin Herr had stolen my favorite sky blue marble," and a big tear rolled off his cheek as he said, "Dad, I don't want to be like Mrs. Gossip or any of those other women!"

"Good, good, Ned!" said Dad, laying a big, loving hand on his son's head. "Go, my boy, you are excused, and may God bless you and make you a light to those boys as you see them. We'll pray together as soon as you come back."

"Mommie and Daddy," and Sue's lips trembled as she said, "I wish to be excused from the table too. You see, Janie's right eye was pulled out of her head and her wig's been torn off at places, and I blamed Jenny Moore because I didn't let her play with Janie the day she wanted her, and that night Janie was lying beneath the Mock Orange bush on Jenny's lawn with her eye pulled out and her wig torn. I'm sorry! I want Jenny to, forgive me for even thinking she did it."

"You may go, honey," spoke Mother and Daddy together, and just as Sue was leaving, Dale called after her:

"Sue, come here a minute, will you?"

With her eyes brimming over with tears Sue stood by Dale's chair, and with his lips quivering and shaking so he could hardly speak he said:

"I pulled Janie's eye out, and I tore her wig off! Can you ever forgive me? Please, please, Sue. I'm sorry! When you didn't give me the pencil I wanted, I took my spite out on Jane's head and made it look like Jenny had done it by putting your doll on Jenny's lawn. But I'm truly sorry. I want to be different." Then turning and running to his father, he said:

"Dad, I can't wait till Ned gets home. I want to be saved right now."

Dale had just prayed through to glorious victory when nine year old Ned came in and knelt by his father and Dale. He had barely hit the floor with his knees when Jesus came into his young heart and life, They had prepared their hearts for Jesus.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord," boys and girls, as the Scripture says and, "Make straight paths for his feet."

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Story 4

THE LION TAMER

Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Chuck were visiting in the big city and after going through the Public Museum where they saw many pretty and interesting things, Aunt Dot said, "Who'd like to go to the zoo today?" and all the nieces and nephews answered, "We would! We would!" and they jumped up and down like rubber balls.

"Goody!" shouted David. "Hooray," said Dickie and Bobby, and Karen and Laverne laughed with glee but blushed in embarrassment at the boys' loud exclamations.

"All right!" said Uncle Chuck. "If you're all real quiet and good, we'll take you to see the animals. No loud noise anymore!"

"We won't, Uncle Chuck," the boys said. "We'll be real good! Won't we?" and they looked at each other with boyish mischief, as though wondering if such a thing were possible.

"Let's all stay together, and no running," said Uncle Chuck to the boys as they scampered out of the car and had already begun to race over to the monkeys' cage at the zoo.

Together they all watched and laughed as they saw a mother monkey looking for fleas on her tiny baby's back and ridding the small one of some of the pests. Then they saw her out her arms around her baby and love it tenderly. The girls wanted to stay and watch the mother and the baby, but the boys heard a clanging noise and must find out what was making it. Around the corner they went and then the shouts of laughter as one monkey chased another across a thin stretch of rope and grabbed hold of an old cow bell and rang it fiercely, then innocently looked up at the boys.

"Let's go and see the polar bears," suggested Aunt Dorothy.

"Oh, yes," said Karen and Laverne. "I like those big white bears. They have such white, clean fur."

The big rocky pit was empty when they got there and the children were disappointed when suddenly Dickie shouted:

"Look I Uncle Chuck I Look 1 Over in that cave!" And his eyes grew big and round as a giant mass of white fur lumbered out on his two hind feet--standing straight and tall.

"He's . . . he's . . . a giant!" whispered David in spellbound fascination. Laverne and Karen grabbed Aunt Dorothy's hand tightly.

"He can't hurt you. He's in that stone pit and can't get out. See the clear water coming down that slope to your right? That's for them to wash in over in the pool," said Aunt Dorothy.

Soon another, and another beautiful white bear came out of different caves in the pit and for a long time everybody watched the beautiful bears.

Then Uncle Chuck said, "What's that I hear? It sounds like a loud speaker!"

"I hear it too," said David and Dickie. "Let's go see what it is, and where it's coming from."

Together they made their way toward the sound and then they saw it! How excited the children became.

"It's a lion tamer," shouted David.

"And he's teaching him tricks," continued Dickie.

"Let's watch him," suggested Aunt Dorothy, "but you must be real quiet and not excite the lion. He may be dangerous and hurt the man."

The children watched as the lion tamer cracked his whip and commanded, "Up" to the year-old lion, who sat up on a round barrel and looked all around.

Next the tamer said, "Go!" and the young lion jumped first over one small stool, then another, and another, and in through a round hoop.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, and boys and girls," someone announced over the loud speaker, "we shall show you how we teach these young lions to open wide their mouths and hold them open as Frede, the lion tamer, sticks his head in the open mouth.

Karen screwed up her face in fear and turned her head, but Laverne looked on in fascination and awe.

Soft music was playing somewhere and Aunt Dorothy said she guessed it was to calm the wild lion nature down when the children asked why they played music.

Slowly the lion tamer approached the animal, his whip over by one of the barrels. His eyes looked so severe and hard at the lion who was slowly opening wide his mouth until it looked like some mammoth cavern on the inside.

"I'm scared," said Bobby as the lion tamer went closer and closer to the open mouth.

"Me too," said Dickie, "What if he bites the man!"

Slowly the lion tamer put his head into the open jaws of the lion, when suddenly the lion closed down and the man screamed and fell limp. The attendant who stood by fired a blank cartridge and the lion jumped to the tallest barrel, trembling like a leaf.

The children screamed and cried, and the lion tamer was quickly rushed to a hospital where they found he had a broken neck, but would recover with time.

Quickly, Uncle Chuck and Aunt Dorothy took the trembling children back to the car and quieted their fears with soft words of kindness and love. Then before even starting the car on their homeward way, Aunt Dorothy said:

"Uncle Chuck, wait a minute! I must tell the children something. That lion is a great lesson to us." Then looking back at the children she began:

"You know how scared you are because of what happened!" And everyone nodded their head and dried the tears from their eyes as she said:

"That lion is just exactly like sin is in our heart. The lion tamer thought the lion was tame enough to stick his head in his mouth, and you even heard the announcer say he'd been doing it for months with the lion; but what happened? That poor, poor lion has that wild lion nature within him and today he was only doing the thing that's natural for him to do. He couldn't help it -that's his nature:!"

"It's the same way with you, children. Until you're saved and become a real Christian, you may pretend -- and even try ever so hard -- to be good and gentle-natured, but down inside your

heart you have that lion nature that makes you be bad and disobedient, and sometimes you even hurt people, and then you're sorry, but you did it and can't help yourself. It takes Jesus' blood to take all your sins away and make you new and give you a new heart. What is it makes you want to fight, David?" asked Aunt Dorothy.

"The devil," said David.

"That's right," said Aunt Dorothy. "It's like that poor old lion -- he has that fighting nature within him and, no matter how hard or how often they whip him or try to tame and train him, he's still a lion in heart. Do you see and understand?"

"Yes," replied Dickie and Karen, then Karen said, "But Aunt Dorothy, we don't need to be like that; when Jesus saves and sanctifies you, He takes all that ugly nature away from you."

"That's right," said Aunt Dorothy, "but we must ask Jesus to take it out of our heart and then He'll do it."

"I'd like my fighting heart changed," said David, "I don't want to be like that lion and hurt somebody."

"Me too," said Dickie.

"Let's pray and tell Jesus about it," suggested Uncle Chuck, "Shall we?"

"Oh, yes," said the children; and they did, and Jesus changed their heart and made them loving and kind toward each other.

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Story 5 HONEY BEES

"Mother! Mother!" Jeanne Anne cried as she ran into the kitchen, perspiration dripping from her chin. "Oh, Mother! They hurt! They hurt!" and she ran into Mother's big apron and hid her head, her tears flowing freely into the freshly starched, clean apron.

"What is it, honey?" Mother asked as she gently kissed the soft curly head. "What hurt you, dear? Tell me."

"Oh, those nasty, nasty bees," cried Jeanne Ann. "I never even bothered them and they . . . they . . . stung me. See!" and she lifted a swollen finger to Mother and added, "And... and they got me all over my head. It hurts, Mother. It hurts! Whatever made them hurt me when t didn't molest them in the least?"

"Now, now, Jeanne," Mother said tenderly, "don't get so excited. Mother will take care of your stings, then we'll go for a happy trip by way of the rocking chair and story land. How will that be?" Then picking the weeping girl up gently she took her to the bathroom and washed and dressed the painful places.

"Oh, Mother, that feels better already," Jeanne Anne said .as Mother finished her doctoring.

"That's wonderful, honey," Mother said, "and now for the story and the old faithful rocking chair where we rock away all nasty hurts and wounds!"

Jeanne Anne nestled cozily in Mother's soft, protecting arms and smiled happily up at her.

"Once long ago," Mother began, "when the world was really in need of someone to help them out of their troubles and sorrows, a wonderful Man was sent among them. He was ever so humble and kind and only did those things which were good and right. He gave them a lot of honey bees -- bees that never once would sting, but were forever and always good."

"Oh, Mother," Jeanne began, "why don't we get that kind in our beehives instead of these bad ones Daddy has?" and a sob escaped her as she said it.

"Well," Mother added thoughtfully "everybody who wishes to may have these honey bees for keeps. They bring so much sweetness into the life of all who want them."

"That's the kind we need, Mother," Jeanne Anne burst out enthusiastically. "Where can we get them?"

"This kind, good Man one day showed us the way to these good honey bees: It's really quite simple Jeanne dear," Mother said.

"Tell me how to find them, Mother, and Daddy and I will go and get them," the little girl said soberly.

"These bees are quite different, dear, from the kind that stung you," said Mother. "You see, these bees will forever and always live in your heart if you have Jesus within, and know He saves and sweetly sanctifies your soul."

"Oh!" Jeanne Anne said softly. "In my heart, Mother? Will they live in my heart and never hurt me, and . . . and . . . and . . . Mother," she said brightly, "will they make honey just like our bees do?"

"Yes, dear, yes," answered Mother "You see, after you know Jesus is your very own, one of the honey bees He tells us to always have and keep is 'Be ye kind one to another!' This is a wonderful bee -- it's always looking for ways to help others instead of being selfish Its interests are not its own, but for others. This bee is almost lost in our world today but I believe the Lord has given my little girl the 'be ye kind' bee," and she lovingly kissed the rosy cheeks that nestled softly on her bosom.

"Another bee," she continued, "is the honey bee of love. This wonderful Man called Jesus said all the Law and the Prophets hinged upon this bee, for you see, Jeanne Anne, when anyone has the honey bee of love within their heart, they will naturally produce the other honey bees of kindness, longsuffering, patience and joy. This bee produces more honey than you'd ever believe possible. His honey of love will heal wounds within the hearts of suffering people that no other medicine can heal and cure, and by loving everybody you naturally get the other bee of joyfulness, for when you love, it produces a wonderful joy in the heart which naturally calls the bees of kindness and longsuffering to work. What a wonderful group of working bees are in the heart when you have these kind, good bees! They produce, or make, the rarest and finest honey possible. These good bees never sting, nor are cross and hurt people. All these wonderful bees are almost lost from our world today. People's hearts seem filled with hate and selfish interests and unkind, hard, stinging words. This is because they don't know Jesus and don't have Him within their heart. You see, Jesus gives us these wonderful bees to work in our heart and life for His glory. He said, 'By this shall all men know that ye are t My disciples if ye have love one toward another.' This is how the world knows if we really know and love Jesus, if we love each other, honey. His love makes us so sweet and kind until it's, oh, so easy to love everybody. Don't you like these kind of bees, Jeanne?" Mother asked as she squeezed the little girl closely to her.

"Oh, yes, Mother!" she answered, "I really do, and . . . and . . . Mother, I have these bees in my heart and the stings don't even hurt me anymore," and a ripple of laughter floated out the kitchen doorway like the gurgling, babbling brook at the foot of the hill.

* * * * *

A GREAT WOMAN By Mrs. Paul E. King

God does not measure greatness the way the world measures it. In the world, one is considered great when he can display the most unusual type of humor, antics and such; while in God's eyes and His infinite beholdings one may be completely obscure and unknown yet be pricelessly great.

Generally, in the world, one's greatness is decided and determined by what the eye sees, the ear hears and the mind senses. God, on the other hand, decides quite the opposite: The heart life, so invisible to man but like an open page to His eyes, may be possessed with His fullness and His purity until to Him one is a great man or a great woman.

In II Kings 4:8 God's Word declares, "And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."

We have no record of her name nor what great talents she possessed which made her great, but we know she was great for the Word declares she was. One thing is certain, she was endowed with keen spiritual discernment for she told her husband one day, "Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually."

She was also given to wonderful old fashioned hospitality and generosity for she makes a wise suggestion in verse 10: "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."

Again, we notice that she was great without being a place seeker, for when Elisha asked, "Wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host" she humbly replied, "I dwell among mine own people."

This was indeed a great woman and, a most unusual one! She was possessed with qualities which today are virtually extinct. She must have been living close to God and following His Commandments to have had the keen spiritual discernment which immediately gave expression in her great hospitality toward the old prophet and his servant.

Oh, the selfishness in the world today! So few preachers and their wives, or laymen, for that matter, want the care of the evangelist and singers anymore. It seems to be too much trouble or bother for them, or it may upset some of their plans, T.V. programs and such; while all the time this could be the very thing which would revolutionize their entire household and home. Oh, the joys, blessings and spiritual compensations which have been ours simply by being hospitable and keeping God's servants in our home!

This was not merely a great woman but a God-fearing mother as well! A woman of great faith! Instead of going around to her neighbors and gossiping and prying into their affairs, this woman was a keeper at home. She loved her son and, when it fell on a day that he took sick and died she immediately sought the man of God, not some powerless compromiser. Oh, that God would give us more truly great mothers! Mothers who know God and are concerned that their children know Him, and prove their concern not by mere teaching but by Godly example.

Says D. L. Moody, "In working in the inquiry room, I have found that those who had religious training, whose parents strove early to lead them to Christ, have been the easiest to lead to Him. I always feel as if I have a lever to work with when I know that a man has been taught by a Godly father or mother; even if the parents died when he was young, the impression that they died praying for him has always a great effect through life. I find that such men are always so much easier reached. We should teach our children diligently and do it in love. So many teach by doing it coldly and harshly, thereby making a great mistake. I do not believe, as some people seem to think, that our children have got to wander off into sin first, so that they may be brought back to Christ. Those who have been brought up in that way from their earliest childhood, do not have to spend their whole life forgetting some old habit. Let us be encouraged in bringing our children to Christ."

God give us mothers who are truly great; whose hearts are impassioned with love; whose chief concern is to see that their children make it to heaven above.

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Story 6
A FRIEND WHO CARES

It was a brilliantly sunny afternoon with soft fleecy clouds skipping across the heavens like wooly, white lambs. Johnny had just finished gathering the eggs and cleaning the henhouse when Daddy stood inside the doorway inspecting the job.

"Nice job you did today, son," he said, then quickly asked, "How'd you like to take the rest of the day off and go fishing?"

"Would I ever!" Johnny exclaimed excitedly and happily. "You're great, Dad. You really are! Can you go along too?" he asked boylike. "After all, we are pals, aren't we?"

"Sure are!" was Daddy's immediate reply, "But today it's impossible for me to go along. Mr. Smith needs some help in getting his second crop of alfalfa in and he's not able physically to do it since he broke his hip so all the neighbor men are doing it for him. However, you may ask Wayne Long to go. They're poor people and I doubt if Wayne ever goes fishing since his father died."

"But, Dad," Johnny began, "he curses and swears when he gets mad and it seems he's always cross. He's not good company! Why -- he -- he -- even doesn't believe in God, says that's all a myth and -- and -- such, and he's -- he's -- always laughing at me for being so 'religious' as he calls it."

"Son, what was it Jesus said? Whom did He come to save?" Daddy asked. "Was it those who already are saved?"

"Well -- No," Johnny stammered, then brightly he said, "You're right, Dad. I'll take Wayne and you pray for the Lord to make me a special blessing to him today."

Johnny left the big clean henhouse and went to the garage where all the fishing tackle and equipment was kept, then getting his very best rod and reel for Wayne and an old cane pole for himself he told Mother what Daddy had allowed him to do, then placing a kiss upon her rosy cheek he headed toward the lake.

Wayne lived only a short distance from Johnny's place and, when Johnny saw him out in the cornfield gathering corn for the pigs, he called cheerily, "Wayne, I'll help you feed those ever hungry pigs, then ask your Mother if you may go fishing on Piney Lake with me. I hear the bass are really biting just now. Must be this cool fall air and see," he said as he proudly held up his best rod, "you may fish with this all afternoon."

"That's great," said Wayne who seemed to be in a better mood than usual.

The two boys worked feverishly at their task and soon had Mrs. Long's permission for Wayne to go.

Johnny's heart kept breathing a prayer all the way to the lake and it surely helped, for Wayne wasn't cross and irritable as was his usual custom, but Johnny noticed how light and boyish he really was. Perhaps losing his father has made him feel the responsibility of the family, Johnny thought, and that would trouble a boy indeed. His heart went out in love and pity for this poor unsaved neighbor boy as they walked together. "Oh, God! At any cost, please help me to lead him to you!" Johnny prayed.

In a little while they reached the lake. The pines were whispering soft music all around them and Johnny saw his father's boat safely anchored at his dock.

"Climb aboard!" he said cheerfully, and Wayne settled down on the broad seat in the boat, proudly looking at and holding the beautiful new rod and reel.

"Some rod you have here, Johnny," he began. "When Dad lived, we used to have such things too, but after he died we had to sell everything except the strict essentials to keep soul and body together;" and he sighed a deep sigh and Johnny saw a dark shadow creep over his boyish face which made him look like an aging man.

"Do you like it, Wayne?" he asked. "Really like it?"

"Like it? I guess I do, but that's all the good that'll do me," was Wayne's reply. "It seems God hates us."

"Oh, no, no, Wayne! Please never say that," said Johnny. "He loves you. He really does. He didn't make your father die and he didn't cripple Sandra! These things happen to saved as well as unsaved. God is love and really loves you, Wayne. I wish you'd let Him save you and then you'd know I'm telling you the truth; and, Wayne," he hesitated, then quickly went on, "you may keep my rod and reel for your very own."

The boy's mouth opened wide and he uttered a cry of delight as he said, "You really are different, aren't you, Johnny? Thanks a lot. It's the nicest thing I've had since Dad died."

Johnny saw the glistening tears of happiness in the other's eyes, and after anchoring the boat near a weed bed he said, "Try it out now, Wayne, and good fishing to you."

The boys fished for several hours and were so intent on their fishing that they failed to notice the sky growing darker by the minute, and not until a fierce wind began rocking their small craft in the sea troughs did they realize their imminent danger.

Johnny pulled the anchor up into the boat and began rowing with all his might and strength, but try as he would, the fury of the wind seemed to be propelling them farther and farther out into the choppy waters. The rain began spilling down in torrents and Wayne became panicky.

"Johnny, Johnny! We'll be lost. We'll be drowned," he kept saying. "Please do something, Johnny! Row hard! Johnny! Row hard!" and then another huge wave rolled in and spilled inside the boat.

"Bail water," Johnny called through the howling wind to his companion. "Bail, Wayne! Bail while I row."

Finally Johnny's strength was exhausted and he simply looked heavenward and prayed:

"Dear Father, in Jesus' Name I come to Thee for help, and as the disciples called out years ago 'Save us or we perish,' so I call to Thee. Please, dear Lord, save Wayne and forgive him his sins. Don't let the boat go down and him unprepared to meet Thee. All these things I ask in Jesus' Name. Amen!"

"How can you be so calm," Wayne almost hissed, "when there's no help in sight. I'm scared! Scared! Scared!" he hollered. "I'm not ready to die. I'm afraid. Oh, God help me!" he called.

"Do you really mean that," Johnny asked as he sat by Wayne's side and put his arm around the trembling boy's body.

"Oh, yes, I mean it, Johnny. I need Jesus and I really want Him," and he was weeping bitterly as he continued. "All my life since Dad's died I've been in this kind of a storm inwardly and I've been helpless and -- and Johnny," he added, "I've been bitter and -- and unkind with you. Can you forgive me? I do want Jesus. Oh, I want Him!"

As the storm raged the two boys knelt side by side at the wide board in the boat and prayed.

Suddenly Wayne threw his arms around Johnny and said, "Thank God, Johnny, Jesus has come. My heart has a great calm inside."

Just as the boys opened their eyes the waves became a great calm and the sun began shining through.

"It's just like my heart," Wayne sighed prayerfully. "Thank you, Lord! Thank you for saving my soul," he whispered as the tears glistened like rare gems on his brown tanned cheeks and the pines seemed to take up the refrain as they softly whispered, "Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!"

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Story 7

THE DERELICT

Robbie stood leaning against the big guard rail, his clear blue eyes watching in spellbound fascination as the stately white and blue vessel pulled far out into the ocean. Great puffs of smoke ascended into the soft blue sky overhead, reminding Robbie of the puffs of smoke his electric train made as it went 'round and 'round on the tracks in the basement. The huge vessel sailed smoothly away and Robbie's heart yearned to be on board the beautiful ship. He watched until the ship looked like a tiny black speck 'way out upon the ocean, then Daddy touched his shoulders lightly and said, "Let's go, shall we? The big ship's gone and there's more to see."

"Yes, Father," Robbie said kindly; then softly, almost dreamily, he added, "Oh! Dad, I wish I were on that beautiful big ship! That must be wonderful -- to sail the ocean, I mean."

"I guess it would be if you like it," said Father.

They were walking along the concrete waterfront listening to the soft 'splash, splash' of the waves as they crept silently forward and kissed the shore line, then quickly retreated out into the ocean, only to admit another, and still another gentle foamy spray of water to play with the sand along the shore. Suddenly Robbie called out excitedly, "Oh! Look! Daddy! It's a pirate's ship! I just know it is! Look! Look!" he said as he pointed to an old black wreck that once was undoubtedly a stately good vessel, but now appeared to be floating near the shore line with no captain on board to steer and guide it, and no port in view. Just floating with whatever direction the wind would blow it.

Robbie's excitement mounted as they came nearer and nearer to the black hunk of a ship, but Daddy seemed thoughtful. In a little while they were within full view of Robbie's "Pirate Ship" and suddenly Robbie said:

"Oh! Daddy. Is there no way we can get out to that ship! I just know it's a pirate ship that's lost," then suddenly becoming very thoughtful, he said, "Say, Dad! Maybe Magellan, or . . . or ... Balboa used that ship -- maybe it's here as a kind of souvenir! There's not a man on it, so it can't be a pirate ship and.., and . . . it looks like it may fall to pieces any minute, so it's bound to be old," then quickly he added, "but I'd still love to go on board and see what's left of it."

"Robbie," said Daddy, "undoubtedly the old sea-worn vessel would have quite a history if she could talk, but those sea faring days are over. Her stern is badly damaged and the rudder broken too, so there can be no more voyages for her. The working men who keep the waterways clear for the many ocean going liners will soon spot this derelict and have their moving cruisers to move it out of the path of the good vessels"

"Here they come now, "Daddy," said Robbie as he sighted to his left a strong looking barge with several big long cranes attached, plowing the waters toward the big black ship

"I see it," said Father, then asked, "Would you like to watch the men as they work?"

"Oh! yes, Daddy," was Robbie's immediate reply.

Robbie and Father sat for a long time watching as the men worked with the black derelict and slowly they worked it farther and farther away from the sea path of the port. Just then an old, long bearded, tottering man came stumbling by, muttering to himself. Every little bit he stopped and hollered something that neither Robbie nor his dad could understand; then again he began his unsteady pace. The spittle, mixed with tobacco juice, ran freely out of his mouth, his eyes were red and bleary looking and, when Robbie got a close-up view of his entire countenance, he huddled close to the warm body of his father, who protectingly placed a strong arm about his shoulders. Just then the old man began his hollering and loud muttering and would have toppled into the water but Daddy, watching his unsteady steps noticed the man going closer and closer to the water's edge and rushing up, he placed strong, steady hands on the feeble shoulders of the man and safely guided him away from the water to a shaded spot on the opposite side of the concrete and gently he spoke to him of Jesus' love and forced the old drunk to lie down in the shade where he immediately went to sleep.

"I'm scared," Robbie exclaimed when Daddy came back and seated himself by his son again. "That old man scares me, Daddy," he went on.

"No need for that, son, while I'm with you," said Father. "That poor, poor man! If only I could have made him realize how much Jesus loves him, but he was too far gone with drink to realize what I was trying to tell him. Poor man!" again he said. Then he faced his innocent, dark-haired, blue-eyed son whose hands were a soft brown bronze from the summer sun. "Robbie," he said tearfully -- almost pleadingly, "You, Sue, and Ruth are now like the' big, beautiful blue and white ship we saw sailing away a short time ago, to Mother and me. You're well able to amount to something for God and Holiness, as you permit Him to steer your lives by His Great, Almighty power. You're all young yet and so far," here he paused and wiped the tears away as he said, "thanks be unto God! your lives have not been polluted or contaminated by sin's evil effects in all because of Jesus Never forget this; it's nothing good in us, but it's Christ who makes us good, and you all have been born again or been saved, also been cleansed from that awful inbred sin called carnality; but, Robbie, always remember, unless you live close to Jesus and continue on praying and reading the Bible every day, sin yet can make you a derelict -- a human derelict! That's what that poor old man is who's lying over there in the shade. A human derelict! One day, long years ago, he was a little boy who was perhaps much loved and often kissed and fondled by a Mother and Father who loved him, but sin has taken its toll of his life and look at him! The ship we see being removed is a derelict too, but of the two derelicts, the human derelict is by far the most sad and pitiful. One doesn't become a derelict overnight but little by little sin keeps fastening itself upon us until we can't free ourself. That's what James meant in his Epistle when he said, 'Lust when it is conceived, bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' We're born with sin in our heart ever since Adam and Eve fell in the garden of Eden, and we can't help it being there but we can do something about getting rid of it when we know .and see it's there, and that's just what you did when you came to Jesus and repented of all your sins and God for Christ's sake forgave you all your sins."

"I wish Adam and Eve would have obeyed God instead of sinning and listening to the serpent," said Robbie looking with sad eyes toward the old human derelict who was snoring loudly on his Concrete bed in the shade.

"Yes," said Daddy. "It would certainly be a different picture if sin had not entered into the world. But let's be on our way. Mother and the girls will be ready to go home by now as it's almost closing time for Carson's Department Store."

"Daddy," Robbie asked thoughtfully, "don't you have a few tracts in your pocket?"

"Why, yes, I do. But what do you want them for?" asked his father.

"I'm going to put a few in that old man's shirt pocket and maybe . . . just maybe., when... God sobers him up he may read them and get saved," said Robbie.

"That's a splendid idea, son," Father said proudly; then reaching into his pocket, he brought out a handful of tracts. Robbie carefully and prayerfully made his selections, then with his pencil he wrote on a piece of paper:

"I'm just a little boy whom Jesus saved. I want you to confess your sins all to Jesus and ask Him to forgive you and save you. He'll save you. I know He will because He saved me and now I have wonderful peace and joy in my heart! Your Mother loves you too. I know she does because my Mother and Father love me and want me to always live for Jesus, like your folks wanted you to do. Jesus will deliver you from drinking too, so ask Him. My Dad and I will be praying for you."

"What are you doing?" Daddy asked.

"Just writing a note so when he wakes up he can see that somebody loves him," said Robbie, "and, Daddy I told him you and I would be praying for him."

"That's fine, son, very fine," Father said fondly, then added, "Who knows but what some day we may see him in Heaven because of this small act of kindness and love! And now, let's go to get Mother and the girls," he said after Robbie had safely tucked the tracts and his note in the shirt pocket of the old man.

"Daddy," and Robbie's eyes had a determined look in them as he spoke, "I'll never become a human derelict, by God's grace. I really mean this! I want to fight against sin and warn boys and girls and all people of what sin will do to them. I want to always and forever live for Jesus -- a good, clean, pure life. I love the way of the Christian, Father, and I'm so happy serving my Lord and Saviour!" And his eyes were shining.

"Everybody who is a real Christian loves this way," said Father, giving Robbie's hand a tight little squeeze.

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Story 8
MARSHA'S FATE

Earl, Gene, and Carl were sitting on the big heavy swing on the porch, going back and forth, back and forth.

"This is getting monotonous," said Earl. "Can't we think of something else .to do besides swinging?"

"Yes," Gene said, "something exciting."

"Like what, for instance?" asked Carl. "Mother said we were to stay here until she came from the hospital with Sandra. She's having the cast taken off her leg today, you know. So I'm staying right here, and you better too, Gene. Earl, you do as you please because you're not our brother but Gene and I will obey Mother, won't we, Gene?"

"I guess so," answered the younger boy, "I surely don't want to hurt Mother. She's a wonderful Mother! But I sure am hot too, sitting here on this swing."

"!Well, Mother will be home any minute now. She never does anything like this unless it's necessary," said Carl.

"Well, I'm going over to Billy's house. At least we'll not need to swing. We can watch TV if nothing else. Why, your folks don't even own a TV set," Earl said. Then he added, "Kinda' outdated, aren't you?"

Gene hung his head as though embarrassed. But Carl looked squarely into Earl's eyes, saying kindly but firmly, "Earl, don't ever call my folks outdated again. They're the best Mother and Father in the world. We're Christians and a very happy family. We don't have a TV set because we don't want any. We're having no part in the devil's trash nor searching his garbage cans for food. We have the Bible as our guide post and lamp and care nothing for the devil's filth and slime. That's about the extent of what TV watchers get: slop, dirt, and trash -- morally speaking."

"Well, I guess I'll be going then," said Earl, "It's too monotonous and uninteresting just to sit in a swing and swing. I like excitement and plenty of it!" the boy added as he ran across the lawn, through the four vacant lots, and on to Billy's house.

"Billy! Oh, Billy!" called Earl as he saw his friend in the back yard about to climb the big Weeping Willow tree, "Let's play. I was over to Gene and Carl's house but they're so unexciting -- no TV, no cowboys and Indians, no shooting, no killing, no nothing! Dull! "Ugh!" he said.

"What's the matter with cowboys and Indians?" asked Billy. "After all, it's just play!"

"I know that," said Earl, "but try to tell them that! Whew!," And he mopped his brow as he continued. "Bible, Bible, Bible! They always say 'The Bible says this is wrong, or that is wrong.' They say it's downright sinful and wicked to play you shoot and kill each other."

"Well," laughed Billy, "we'll show them what fun it is! We'll whoop and holler and have such a good time until they'll wish they were here with us instead of feeling it's wicked."

"But we need a few more players," said Earl. "It's so much more fun when there's a lot of us."

"Yes," agreed Billy. "I know what! You go get Marsha and I'll get Norma and Jackie and after a little while Roger said he'll be over."

"Oh! Good!" shouted Earl who was already on his way to get his sister, Marsha.

In a little while the six boys and girls were running across the vacant lots, screaming like Indians and riding their stick horses like cowboys, their guns shooting and calling out, "You're dead! I shot you," whereupon the supposedly shot individual would fall from the stick horse and lie like one dead. Billy was in hot pursuit of Marsha who was a brave Indian maiden, and Earl was formulating a plan for the capture of Roger who had been a bad criminal, when suddenly a shot rang out not an imaginary 'bang' but a real, live shot. Marsha staggered forward a step or two, then fell face forward to the ground, her life's blood oozing from a wound in the back. Immediately all the children surrounded her limp body frantically calling, "Oh, do something somebody! Do something!"

Just then Gene and Carl's Mother, hearing the shot from the kitchen window where she had begun her supper preparations and seeing the frantic children gathered around Marsha in the vacant lot, ran to them. Seeing Marsha, and the rifle in Billy's hands, she gathered Marsha into her arms and rushed with the bleeding girl to the nearest hospital.

"Will she live?" asked Gene at the supper table.

"What did the doctor say about her wound?" asked Carl.

"Dr. Wood said she'll live all right," Mother began, "but he also said Marsha will never walk again."

The boys each drew in a quick breath, then looked tenderly over at Sandra.

Carl spoke then, "Oh, Daddy and Mother, I thank you -- a thousand times I thank you -- for steering our feet in right paths. Suppose that would have been Sandra!" and a tear fell to his plate.

"I thought of all that, many times," said Mother. Then sighing deeply, she said, "Poor Marsha! Poor, poor Marsha! She'll be an invalid for life. The bullet hit a nerve and it's paralyzed her from her waist down."

"Earl wanted excitement," said Carl, "and he got it all right. Only his poor little sister is the victim of all this."

"What was Billy doing with a rifle?" asked Daddy. "And where did he get it?"

"It was his father's gun," answered. Mother. "Billy was told never to get into his Daddy's guns but both parents work, you know, and Billy intended to play with the real rifle only unto his Mother was due home, then put the pistol Earl was using and the rifle he was using back where he got them, but the rifle was loaded -- something neither Billy nor his father were aware of. Luckily, the pistol was empty or there might have been two tragedies instead of one. Billy told the policemen he was only playing and didn't mean to hurt anybody, that he was just playing like the stories he saw on the television screen of cowboys and Indians. Then I heard the one policeman say as he shook his head, 'When will our nation ever learn to keep such things off the screen?'"

"Children," Daddy said, looking at each of his three, "now you can really understand why Mother and I have been so careful and watchful over you and won't have a TV set. Your hearts too could be tempted to desire these wicked things. In the end sin always brings forth death. We're trying to steer your feet in holy and clean paths of righteousness."

"I know it Daddy, and we're glad," said Carl. "We love you and Mother for it. Don't we, Gene and Sandra?" he asked.

"We certainly do," said each of the children as they quickly got up from the table and lovingly kissed Mother and Daddy.

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Story 9

SCHOOL AGAIN

It was a beautifully fresh clear morning with the sun's long, warm rays playing hide and go seek in the beds of asters, marigolds and chrysanthemums. A cardinal whistled loudly somewhere in the mock orange bush and Martha called crossly from the upstairs window, "Oh, be still! I'm up! You needn't think because you're having a picnic every day of your life the rest of us are too. Maybe if you'd have to go to school you'd not be so happy and gay! Your life's an easy one! No school, no books, No . . . "

"Why Martha!" Mother's surprised voice began softly. "Why scold that beautiful cardinal? Maybe you could sing too if you'd trust your Heavenly Father the way those birds do."

"Maybe I could trust my heavenly Father better too if I had no school, no books, no . . . ", and Martha threw herself over the bed and let the tears flow freely as she stammered, "Oh mother! Why did they ever con . . . con . . . "

"Consolidate, dear," Mother said sweetly as she gathered the brown haired, blue eyed Martha into her arms.

"Now Martha," mother began softly, "We've gone over this quite a few times already. As I stated previously, you have no way out but to go and make the best of the situation. Maybe if you pray much and try hard you can be like the cardinal in the mock orange bush. You may even bring cheer and sunshine to someone whom you're least expecting to be able to. Why Martha, those birds don't have an 'easy life,' as you implied a few minutes ago. Their life is in constant danger from Toby's ever watchful eye and hungry stomach, also bad boys with guns. They work from sunup to sun down finding food for themselves and their babies. No Martha, it's just which side you look at a thing that makes the difference, and this morning you've chosen the darkest, blackest side. Turn it around now dear and look at that glorious sunlight as it's filtering in through your pretty curtains and is lying down, smiling all golden smiles, upon your soft bed. Smell the perfume of the flowers! Um. . . m!" and mother inhaled deeply of the clear morning freshness.

"I'm sorry mother! I . . . I . . . guess I'm scared a wee bit, that's all. A big new school, new teachers, new..." and again she began sobbing.

"Cheryl, Peggy, Linda, Mary and all the other girls will be there too," mother reminded. "So that won't be too bad. Stand tall now as I comb and brush your pretty long hair, and dry those tears or the girls will know you've been crying."

After family worship Martha began the two mile walk to the school. The air was heavily scented by mother's profusely blooming clematis vine and, as she walked down the lane, Martha didn't even stop to gather any of the delicate, lacy white flowers. Any other September morning she would have gathered an abundance of the sweet things and taken Miss Miller a bouquet for her desk. But who knew, she may even have a man for a teacher this year.

The thought of a man teacher sent cold chills racing down her spine and Martha again slipped into a sullen mood. She was alone now and could pout! There was no cardinal to whistle and call at her, neither was mother's sweet voice here to shame her for her un-Christ like attitude so the devil suggested she sit down and pout and pity herself, and she immediately obeyed.

She sat down indignantly on a soft clump of dark green grass beneath the gnarled, twisted arms of an aging apple tree. All about her, on either side of the dusty road, the corn waved slender, green blades at her as if saying, 'Lovely morning, Missy,' 'Great morning God made!' At the same time a small song sparrow perched atop the highest branch on the old apple tree and began singing a medley of thanks to its heavenly Father for all things good and beautiful. Martha cast a frown upward and muttered, "You too." Then, noticing the carefree unconcern and raised head of the tiny creature, her own conscience smote her and mother's soft, ever kind voice seemed to be saying again, 'You've chosen the ugliest, darkest side of things this morning Martha. Turn the pattern over'

"Dear Jesus, can You please forgive me for being so cross and unkind?" Martha prayed and, as she raised tear-dimmed eyes upward, heavenward with the happy song sparrow she noticed the gnarled, twisted limbs of the old apple tree. She noticed too, a robin's nest securely cradled in the forks of one of the gnarled limbs. The apple tree must have kept the sunny and bright side of the pattern up for it never complained of its rheumatic looking limbs being unable to do anything. No indeed! It had cradled not one, but many, many a robin's nest in those warped looking

arms. It had made the best of its unpromising looking situation and, since the Father tenderly watched over it He had bestowed glorious blessings upon/* it for its faithfulness. Never again would she pout or be fretful, but as mother suggested only a short time ago, she would reverse the pattern -- right now too!

The rest of the two mile walk was spent in praying and asking the Lord to make some beauty come out of her transfer from her beloved one room school house to the big one in Berrysburg.

So absorbed was Martha in prayer and the beauty of the day that she failed to notice the neatly kept yard with its new white picket fence around it until a small, weak voice said softly, "Good morning."

Martha stopped abruptly and peeked through the fence; for the first time noticing she was at the very edge of the small town and not over a half a block from the large sprawling schoolhouse. A sigh escaped her but she managed a radiant smile for the sweet young girl on the other side of the fence as she said cheerfully,

"Good morning to you! This is a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," came the sweet, melodic, soft voice.

"My name's Martha -- Martha Brook. What's your name? I'm on my way to school this big new school in back of your house."

Martha was careful not to mention her fears and disappointment so said pleasantly instead, "It's a nice new school, and it sounds as though the other girls and boys are having fun. Just listen to them!"

"They are having fun. How I wish I could be there too! I'm Joyce Anne Stowe. I sit in the yard every sunny and pleasant day and watch the children. Oh, how I wish I could run and play, and walk like you do! You're lucky Martha! You get to go to school and be with all the other girls; I'm almost always alone for most of the girls don't want to sit and play quiet games. I'm partially paralyzed and have a disease that won't permit any excitement for me so you can see why I think you're lucky."

"The Lord has been good to me," Martha said feebly as a big, salty sympathetic tear rolled gently down her round, plump cheek. Then, remembering her prayer back under the gnarled apple tree she added brightly,

"Joyce Anne, I'll be your playmate! We can cut out paper dolls and dress them, and make doll clothes for your dolly. We'll play lots of games mother and father taught us at home. You see, I'll have an hour for lunch time and I'll ask mother to pack me two lunches so you and I can eat together. Oh, we'll have lots of fun and each of us will 'keep thinking of something new and different to do. We'll read the Bible and the Bible story book together, and I'll teach you how to cut a big chain of paper dolls holding hands, out of a newspaper."

"That sounds wonderful," Joyce Anne's feeble voice said softly as she smiled up at the dark haired girl.

"I'll see you this noon, Joyce Anne, and perhaps Cheryl Lane will be able to come too." Again Joyce Anne smiled sweetly, then hearing the familiar buzzer she exclaimed, "That's the first buzzer, Martha. I'm sorry I kept you so long. Don't be late. I'll be waiting for you at noon."

Martha waved good-bye as she ran down the tree lined street to the school house. Just before reaching the door a group of girls came hurrying to her, calling out, "Martha! Martha! We have a surprise for you. Follow us!"

The girls led her down a long, clean hallway to a door on the right side. Upon entering, Martha saw long rows of shiny new desks and there, standing at the teacher's desk was Miss Miller.

"Miss Miller! Miss Miller!" Martha began joyously as she ran into the waiting arms of her beloved teacher, "Miss Miller!" She breathed softly as the tears fell unashamed down her rosy cheeks. "Oh, I'm so glad I have you! Mother was right! I was looking at the darkest side of everything this morning, and I... I . . . even listened to the devil." She confessed to her teacher and friends.

"He... he... had me believing I'd have a man teacher and . . . and . . . all" kinds of scary things. Mother was right and our Bible is right; it says 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' Wait until I tell Mother that we have you."

Tenderly Miss Miller said, "She has known for a long time dear. but she wanted to surprise you," and she smiled sweetly down at the trusting little girls she was to teach again this year.

"He brings beauty out of all things," Martha whispered -- almost to herself. "Just like the beautiful rainbow after a hard thunder storm. He doeth all things well," and she grew all starry eyed as she thought of Joyce Anne.

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Story 10

VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

Allen had just sneaked out Darrell's back door and around the hedge of the yard toward the alley and started homeward when a very audible voice said, "You've sinned, boy! You know you've sinned! And you'd better confess it all out to Mother and ask her to pray for you. You're on dangerous ground!"

"Leave me alone, will ya?" Allen said crossly. "You're always bothering me and I'm tired of it! I'm big enough to know my own mind. Now go!" he commanded.

"You know you don't actually mean that," the soft audible voice continued. "You can't possibly mean it! I'm the best friend you have, and again I say you sinned. You were disobedient and that's sin; you watched the TV in Darrell's house and you've been reading those filthy comics too. You'd better come clean and tell your Mother and begin praying again before it's too late, Allen."

"Must I shout at you?" Allen said loudly. "Didn't you hear me the first time? Leave me alone, I said. I'm tired of your nagging. Every time I do something wrong you remind me and make me feel miserable and like I'm . . . I'm... a . . . miserable, wretched sinner and I'm tired of it," he shouted as he ran down the dark alley.

"I'm the Voice of Conscience," continued the soft, audible voice, "and, in verity, I'm your best friend. I don't want to leave. Oh, please, I beg of you, don't make me leave! You need me! Without me you will have no restraint upon your doings. I am your friend."

"Friend, did you say?" Allen hissed. "You're not my friend or you'd not torment me so. After all, I'm twelve years old now and, like Darrell says, I should be allowed some privileges."

"Privileges! Do you call sinning privileges?" the small, soft voice asked, then continued, "Remember the Word, 'Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death!' You're going in the wrong direction and I want to head you off. These comic books you're reading are defiling your mind and warping your thinking and the TV programs you've been sneaking around and watching are corrupting your good, clean morals. You're headed for death, Allen, real spiritual death and I want to help you."

"Well, I don't need any of your well-meaning help. You only torment me," said Allen, "and I'm tired of it."

This time there was no response from the soft, soft voice and something deep inside Allen's heart hurt terribly and he felt forsaken.

"Is that you, Allen?" Mother asked when she heard the back door open. "Did you finish your homework over at Darrell's?" she continued

Homework! Why, he had forgotten all about his homework he was supposed to be doing at Darrell's house, so feebly he answered, "Yes, I'm home Mother, and I'm good and tired. I think I'll go to bed."

"Not before we have our family devotions, dear," Mother said sweetly. "Come now and we'll have family prayer."

Allen climbed the steps wearily and in spite of his forsaken feeling he was soon asleep,

Sometime during the still, wee morning hours Allen took a trip. He had boarded a ride on the southbound freight train and was soon discovered, whereupon he began firing his six shooter. He saw something small and tender eyed and began shooting for all he was worth. Twice he thought he had killed the intruder but each time it looked more pleadingly and tender eyed at him and each time he shot again. Finally, he backed the small tender-eyed looking thing into a corner and pulled the trigger. The small thing merely whispered in the saddest tone, "Good-bye! Good-bye forever, Allen! I am your conscience. You hate me and I love you, but I'll not abide any longer with you seeing you have hardened yourself like steel. I leave you to your fate and certain destruction. You have tried to kill me with bullets but that is not what's causing me to die; it's your continual refusal to heed my voice and my warnings. I am dying, Allen, and I bid you farewell forever. If you had listened to my pleadings and entreaties, you would not be a fugitive from justice, but a free man. Good-bye! . . . Good-bye!" it echoed and the rumbling of the heavy freight train seemed to make it echo like thunder in a canyon - "Good-bye! Good-bye!" kept ringing in his ears.

"Don't leave me! Please don't leave me," Allen screamed and suddenly sat upright in bed.

"I want you. Come back! Come back!" he cried.

Mother came hurrying into the room with, "Allen, whatever is the trouble? Don't scream like that."

"Oh, Mother," Allen began, "forgive me. Please forgive me. I've been a wicked sinner and I'm on my way to Hell. I've been sneaking around to Darrell's house reading comics and looking at TV and... and... Mother, I told my conscience to leave me and not . . . bother me anymore and . . . I . . . I . . . just dreamed it left me forever and I don't want it to leave. Never, Mother! Never!"

Let's pray about it, Allen. Jesus makes everything right," and Mother was beside her boy weeping and praying.

The big old grandfather clock in the hallway struck three times when Allen said, "It's all right, Mother. I know Jesus saves me. I have such wonderful peace! Just think, three o'clock this morning I found my dear Saviour!"

As Allen pillowed his head on the pillow a soft, kind voice said tenderly, "I am your friend. You did a wise and noble thing, Allen! I am your conscience."

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Story 11
THANKSGIVING TURKEY

"I'll never believe in God unless He sends us a big fat turkey for Thanksgiving," Peggy said sarcastically to Mary Alice as they walked home from school.

The air was crisp and cold. For a long time neither of the girls spoke. It was Mary Alice who broke the intense silence.

"Peggy," she began, "We're poor too. Too poor to ever have turkey at our house, but that doesn't stop me from believing in God. I know there's a God; that's the God I serve. He lives in my heart and He's with me all the time. Why last Thanksgiving He helped Peter catch two rabbits in his traps and we had a delicious stuffed rabbit dinner. I don't need turkey to make me know there's a God, and you don't either," the pleasant, smiling lass added.

"That's what you think?" Peggy said tartly. "Maybe you've never really liked turkey and in that case it wouldn't matter at all to you; but I happen to love it, and I know with Dad out of a job we'll just not have any again, and I . . . I . . . I'll never believe in God unless He sends us a turkey," she added emphatically.

"You should be thankful you have a Dad," Mary Alice said softly; then as a tear fell unashamed down her soft rosy cheek she continued:

"Just because the Lord took daddy from us, and because we're too poor to have turkey at all anymore, doesn't make me disbelieve God. Why these things only make us love Him more."

Peggy said nothing as her heart smote her for her selfishness. Only too well she realized the truth of Mary Alice's words.

The two friends parted at the forks of the road. As Mary Alice made her way to the warmth of the kitchen she determined what she would do. Mother met her at the door, then giving her a gentle pat she asked,

"How's my girl this evening? Did you have a good day in school today?" Then, noticing her sober expression she gently asked, "What's bothering you dear?"

"It's Peggy, mother. She says she'll never believe in God unless He sends them a big fat turkey for Thanksgiving."

"Well, what's so bothersome about that?" Mother asked brightly. "This is a small matter for our God dear. He owns the cattle on a thousand hills, so it looks like one turkey isn't too big," and a heavenly smile played across her face as she said it.

"Oh, mother!" Mary Alice began, "You always make everything seem so possible and easy when you talk like this."

"Is there anything too hard for the Lord? Remember Who said this?" Mother asked. "The Angel said that to Abraham and Sara when Isaac was promised; and then it's in Jeremiah too," the child said brightly.

"That's right dear. I'm glad you remembered; and now, is there anything too hard for the Lord? Even a turkey for the Woodlaws?"

"No," Mary Alice said softly, "and mother, that's a dead turkey already! I don't know where it's coming from but God's going to send a turkey to Peggy's house."

"We must do this only for His glory dear, no other motive at all," mother said sweetly.

"For Thy glory, and in Jesus' name we ask these things. Amen." Mary Alice prayed in family worship that night as she brought her prayer to a close. Her heart beat with great excitement as she thought of Thanksgiving only three days away, yet she had real confidence in God. He had been taking such good care of mother, Peter and herself since daddy died a year ago and He wasn't going to fail her this time! Hebrews said, 'He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them who diligently seek Him.' Her heart found sweetest rest and repose in the Promise, and somehow, somewhere a turkey was as good as dead.

She was awakened by the soft tinkling of a melody played on the water glasses as mother carried them from the cupboard to the breakfast table. She heard the tea kettle singing a soft, muted song as the steam blew out of the spout in warm puffs of vapors. A good feeling enveloped her small body as she quickly dressed. Then, noticing the window panes all frosted over with beautiful leaf and fern patterns by the cold night air, she ran lightly down the stairs

"Has He sent it yet mother? Has He? Did Peter catch any in his traps?" and Mary Alice was all questions; her big blue eyes shining like two bright diamonds.

"Only be patient dear," was mother's soft comment. "HE will send it, but maybe not by Peter's traps.,

"But how, mother? How else would He?" asked the curious child.

"That's not for us to worry about Mary Alice; it's ours to believe. No matter how He sends it; but He will send it. He said, 'All things, whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.' So He'll send that turkey in on time. Let's not get over anxious. His time isn't our time dear."

"But Mother, Thanksgiving's only...." began Mary Alice. "I know it's only two days away honey, but God has plenty of time. Only believe." The sky was leaden gray and the air seemed warmer as Mary Alice and Peter went to the woodshed for wood. It seemed the old wood-box was always hungry and never full; especially since mother was baking hickory and walnut fruit cakes, mincemeat and pumpkin pies, but the spicy aroma of the baked goods, along with the warmth of the steaming tea kettle and big round braided rug in front of the stove, were big compensations for the children's tired, aching arms.

Peter sat wearily down in the big wing back rocking chair and closing his eyes he half spoke and half whispered, "I know You will do it."

"What did you say Peter?" Mother asked as she slipped another fan-tan roll into the well buttered muffin pan.

"Oh, I was just thinking of that turkey and how good it would taste if we had one too." "We must not be selfish Peter. We believe in God and worship Him because we love Him, but the Woodlaws know little about Him as yet. We must pray for them. We have a little side pork that I can cook with some beans for our Thanksgiving dinner. That will be wonderful fare with these rolls and the other baked goods I have," Mother said sweetly.

Just then Mary Alice let out a loud squeal of delight. "It's snowing! Oh, goody, goody! Peter, perhaps we can go sledding today yet."

"The way this is coming down we may have a deep snow," Mother said as she parted the bright yellow calico kitchen curtains and looked out.

It snowed all day, and throughout the entire night the soft, downy white flakes sifted earthward. When Peter and Mary Alice looked out their windows the next morning they gazed upon a fairyland of snow eiderdown that glistened and gleamed like myriads of diamonds and jewels. The pond was frozen over and covered with a thick white blanket; the apple tree cradled the soft white stuff gently in its long slender boughs while the barn roof looked like the fluffy frosting on grandma's cakes. The whole earth was pure and clean looking.

Peter, dressed in warm woolens and heavy boots, dragged his feet through the soft, thick carpet on the ground, making a small trail from the house to the barn. Just as he reached the cow stalls he noticed something strange in the open implement shed. Very quietly, and softly he stood there, gazing unbelievably at what met his eyes. Ever so gently he pulled the doors inward, then locking them securely he raced back to the kitchen and mother, his milk pail swinging in great excitement.

"Mother! Mary Alice!" he shouted as he rushed into the kitchen, "God sent them! They're here! They're here!"

"Who's here, Peter Smith?" Mary Alice asked. "Who'd ever come in this kind of weather?"

"The Turkeys. God sent them; four of them! Imagine! He sent them into our implement shed. Oh, Mother, come see," the excited lad exclaimed.

"Truly this is more than I asked of Him," Mother said tearfully and joyously, "but He always gives good and abundant measure."

"Come. See them! I closed the door so they can't get out. I'll milk Belle and Jan after I show you," Peter urged.

Donning hats and coats the trio made their way out the narrow foot trail Peter had made with his feet, until they came to the barn. Upon seeing the turkeys mother said softly, "Thank Thee

Lord for sending the turkeys. The Woodlaws shall have one and we too, shall have one, with two to spare." And the tears of gratitude began to fall down her comely cheeks.

"Where did they come from?" Mary Alice questioned at the breakfast table.

"Only from God," was mother's quick reply. "He permitted the snow to come so they'd go in search of-food, and He sent them to the shed where there's plenty of grain. Yes, God sent them here."

"Peggy shall see what a great and wonderful God we're serving," Mary Alice remarked the next morning as mother stuffed two plump turkeys with her favorite dressing.

Peter and Mary Alice tied the pan with one of the big turkeys in it, on the sled, then carefully loading a pumpkin and mincemeat pie on the rear end of the sled they started for the Woodlaws.

The snow had drifted the previous night and lay in great, high drifts over the country side. Their feet made crisp, crunchy sounds, and when the Woodlaw home came into full view the children were breathless with excitement. The smoke from the chimney curled lazily upward, then vanished into a thin vapor; the smell of wood smoke filled the pure air and before the two could knock the door burst open and Peggy ran out to meet her two friends.

"It's here Peggy!" Mary Alice said, "God sent you a turkey and us one too. You must never doubt Him again; it's such a sinful thing to do."

"Please, Mary Alice, forgive me. I need Jesus. I've been so miserable since I said that to you. I feel I'll die and be lost unless He saves me and forgives me of all my selfishness. Please pray for me."

"We'll all pray together inside," Peter said brokenly as he noticed Mr. and Mrs. Woodlaw weeping.

"There is indeed a God and I thank Him for saving my soul," Mr. Woodlaw said after long hard praying. "I thank God for you folks; you not only professed but you lived the Christian life, and ever since the Lord saw fit to take your Daddy home I've been watching you. It only seemed to bring you closer to God and to each other and I really got miserable. Thank God, He has taken all my sins away and for the first time in my life I have real peace."

"May God bless each of you and a happy Thanksgiving to you," the children shouted as they started homeward across a winterland of white.

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Story 12

THE STREET URCHIN'S CHRISTMAS

It was the week of Dec. 20th and Christmas day was only five days away. The two sisters pulled their woolen coats more tightly about their bodies as they braced a strong east wind.

"Br-r-r! It's cold," Betty said as she turned her blonde head toward her auburn haired sister.

"It really is. Let's walk a little faster," Mac suggested through chattering teeth.

The pair hastened their steps and were soon in front of the big dime store in the middle of the block, pausing only a brief minute in front of the gaily decorated window before going inside.

"I saw what I want to get for mother," Mac began as they stepped out of the cold into the big, warm, brightly lighted store. "That bath mat set would surely look pretty in our bathroom. Wouldn't it?"

"Are you sure you have enough money?" asked her sister. "After all you have a lot to buy for and our supply is quite limited -- moneywise, I mean. Let's look around a little bit and price things in different stores then we'll know just where we can buy the best thing at the most reasonable price."

"Suits me fine," Mac said, "but I sure hate to get out in that cold wind again. It seems much colder on the streets than back on the farm."

"You're forgetting that we have a big, beautiful mountain that runs right along the farm which cuts off most of that cold east wind," Betty laughed to her sister.

The two girls rode the escalators up and down the stairs, carefully looking over and pricing each prospective gift. After a long time of womanly handling and feeling of the merchandise they headed for the second dime store.

The wind lashed at their feet and bodies and the sky hung like a heavy leaden gray blanket overhead. A large man passed them, his head so completely tucked down into the upraised lapels of his topcoat until all the girls could see were his eyes and a steady puff of breath emitting through the opening in top. Both giggled and pulled their collars more tightly about them.

"It certainly looks like snow," Betty's voice came, muffled beneath the thick collar of her coat.

"Soon too," Mac answered between "her shivering. "Daddy always says a sky like this one today will produce snow, and lots of it."

Quickly the girls slipped through the swinging doors of the second dime store. Once inside the spacious building they stopped to adjust their collars in place then made their way to the huge basement where were all kinds of house wares and gadgets for bathroom and kitchen.

"I believe I like these things better than the other one," Mac said to her sister as they started up the beautiful, wide marble steps.

They had reached the last few top steps when their attention was diverted by something dropping lightly to the steps. Both looked to the top landing and there, standing where he could get a good view of the many colorful and beautiful things in the basement, shelling peanuts, and eating them hungrily, was a handsome little lad. Handsome, except for the pallor of his face which seemed to accent the enormous blue eyes -- eyes so blue they made the girls think of a warm June sky with apple blossoms spilling all over the place. His hair was gold blond like wheat straw waving under the July sun. It was long and unkempt; unruly locks protruding up through the torn cap he was wearing. His ragged, too large, thin gray jacket was pulled tightly about his chest and pinned securely with an enormous safety pin for the world to see. His worn knee britches hung loosely to his ankles while the oversized shoes upon his feet were worn out and open, exposing ragged socks and cold, blue toes. A look of hunger was written all over his young boyish face. The girls looked at him, then, smiling a big friendly understanding smile they passed by him and out into the cold, heading for their third dime store. Neither spoke. Each was silent and alone in their own chamber of thought. Shoppers passed them by the score; the wind nipped at their nose and bit fiercely at their face, yet they seemed not to notice. After a long period of silence Betty spoke up:

"Sis, I'm going back to that dime store. I can't stand seeing that precious little boy. He looked so hungry and so cold. I'll be back soon," and she turned and began to leave.

"Wait up," Mac began, "I'm going too. I . . . I . . . was just thinking Betty, really . . . we . . . we don't need as much as we think we do. That boy needs food and clothing. Jesus said, 'I was naked and ye clothed me, thirsty, and ye gave me drink; hungry, and ye fed me.' He then finished with 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto, one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. So, for Jesus' sake, and to obey His voice which has been speaking to my own heart, I must do something for that boy.'"

"That's the way I feel too," Betty said. "After all, you and I have a wonderful mother and father and brothers and sisters, and, perhaps we can think of something to make for each of them before next week."

"They'll understand when we tell them," Mac said softly.

The girls retraced their steps to the big marble floored dime store and there, standing at the same spot and place was their boy.

"Are you hungry?" Mac asked softly, tenderly.

A frightened look stole across his sweet young, anemic looking face but vanished almost instantly when he saw the kind smiles showered upon him.

"We're two sisters," Betty began, "and we thought you may be hungry and cold. We're Christians and since Jesus was born nearly two thousand years ago, then suffered and died for our sins, we'd like to do something special for you. We don't have much money but we're going to buy you some food and clothes."

The beautiful blue eyes lighted up from within and a look of eager anticipation flooded his entire being.

"Have you ever heard about Jesus Christ, our wonderful Saviour?" Mac asked. "No," came the soft answer.

"Never?" asked Betty dumbfounded.

"Never knew there was such a person," again came the soft answer.

"We have a wonderful story to tell you," the girls began. "This is a true story -- a story of One who really loves you."

"Loves me?" the boy asked, a puzzled look on his face. "No one loves me," He added sadly.

"Don't you have a mother and father?" questioned Betty.

"Yes, ma'am, but they don't ever love me," the lad said tearfully.

"Are you sure?" Mae asked, "Why you're a sweet and wonderful little boy. They must love you! Just look at your beautiful blue eyes and gold blonde hair; Jesus made you as sweet and as pretty as any little child and He dearly loves you. Where is your mother?"

"I don't know ma'am. She leaves brother and me most of the time. She and papa go out drinkin' together and we don't see them for days. No, she must not love us," and the small head dropped.

"I know Someone who does love you," Betty said brightly. "That's Jesus the Son of God; and my sister and I love you too."

"Jesus -- the Son of God," he said thoughtfully. "Tell me about Him."

Tearfully the girls began relating the precious story which they had heard from their earliest years but which never ceased to thrill their heart, and the eager lad devoured every spiritual morsel, his young soul overjoyed at the thought that someone loved and cared for him -- loved him so much in fact that He chose to die for him! He had never heard such words before and he tearfully accepted all the Holy Word, said as his very own, and for himself.

After a long time of Bible quoting and answering questions the girls gave him money, telling him to buy food for himself and his brother. Before leaving him at the lunch counter where he was told to order whatever he was hungry for, the pair bought warm new socks and gloves, then, giving him a final word of admonition to pray to God through Jesus' name and to grow up to be a good, clean Christian man they started down the long broad aisle, no money for gifts yet feeling like Queens loaded with money.

"Maybe we're broke," Mac said happily, "but I feel good and light all over." And the tears commenced flowing.

"So do I," Betty commented between a nose blow. "Kinda' like all Heaven is rejoicing."

Together they passed through the doors to the outside. The sky was darker than ever and millions of snowflakes were sifting earthward. Some caught in the tear drops and hung like glistening diamonds on the girls' rosy cheeks.

"Oh Sis," Betty cried out in great exuberance, "It's so much more blessed to give than to receive."

Suddenly, in spite of the cold, both felt warm all over.

* * *

P.S. This story, like many others written for the children, was written from an actual experience my sister Betty and I had.

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THE END OF THIS FILE