

God the Loving Father

By

M. FLORENCE BROWN

The Westminster Textbooks of Religious Education
Primary Department, First Year



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The Westminster Textbooks of Religious Education
For Church Schools Having Sunday, Week
Day, and Expressional Sessions

Edited by JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.



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Preface

The Westminster Textbooks of Religious Education are planned to meet the needs of churches seeking to unify their educational program. The informational, devotional, and expressional phases of religious education have been, heretofore, to a large extent, independent of one another. This lack of correlation has been detrimental to educational efficiency. Time and effort have been lost through duplication. Valuable information has failed to register itself in conduct because of the lack of suitable opportunities for expression. Many of our churches have been feeling their way toward better educational standards. It is in response to the requests and needs of these churches that the series of lessons has been undertaken.

These textbooks as prepared for the Intermediate and Junior Departments are planned for church schools having a Week Day Session, a Sunday Session, and an Expressional Session, meeting either on Sunday or on a week day. An absolute differentiation of the three phases of the educative process is neither possible nor desirable. The lessons are so arranged, however, that the Week Day Session is mainly informational, the Sunday Session more largely devotional, and the third session of the week largely expressional. It has been decided, however, that it is unwise to give to the pupils of the Primary Department an Expressional Session, so that for these grades only two sessions are planned.

Since the course is a unity, it is not necessarily confined to the plan suggested. It would be equally suited to a week-day church school system having three sessions a week for the older pupils, and two sessions for the Primary Department, and unrelated to the Sunday-school program of the community. The course could be adjusted to any local condition, provided the sequence of the lessons were maintained.

Forty-two lessons of three sections each are provided for each grade, or year of the Intermediate and Junior grades, and forty-two lessons of two sections each for the Primary

grade. It is thought that this will furnish material for a church school program throughout the public school year. It is also believed that many schools will find the material sufficient for the use of the Sunday session during that part of the year when week-day sessions are discontinued. Much of this summer season might be spent in a rapid review of the work covered during the other part of the year. No exact adjustment to any particular circumstances is attempted because of the fact that church schools differ widely in the matter of their summer sessions. Some are practically closed all summer; some continue on as extensive a basis as during other parts of the year. The whole matter of adjustment is best left to the local church school administration. If a church school practically closes at the beginning of summer, it would be well for the authorities of that school to plan for a completion of each year's course at that time. If the school runs on through the summer with undiminished attendance, more time may be taken for the lessons, a part of each book being left for completion in the summer sessions. Where this is done, the section intended for the week-day lesson may be taken on one Sunday of the summer period, the Sunday lesson related to this week-day lesson the next Sunday, and the expressional lesson, in older grades, on a third Sunday.

In the first pamphlet, the lessons for the Primary Department are on God the Loving Father and His Good Gifts, God's Care Calling Forth Love and Thanks, Love Shown by Giving.

In the first pamphlet, the lessons for the Junior Department are on The Life of Christ. "Jesus the Light of the World" is the title for the first twenty-one lessons.

The lessons for the Intermediate grades are built on the supposition that the majority of the pupils have become somewhat familiar with the Bible stories, especially those of the Old Testament. Hence the stories are not usually told in their entirety, but the treatment is more largely of analysis and illustration of the truths suggested by the narratives of the Scripture. If it be found that most of the pupils are not familiar with the Bible stories, the teacher should give more attention to the telling of these stories than is indicated in the lessons as they are here presented.

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SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER

THE LIVES TO BE INFLUENCED

When the Master was upon earth he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for to such belongeth the kingdom of God." To show these little ones the way to the Master and to give them the religious instruction which will enable them to obey the laws which God has given all his children to keep, is one of the primary objectives of our Church.

More and more attention is being given to the proper kind of instruction necessary to the best help of these children, and the Church may justly be proud of the resulting literature available for such teaching. Of late there has been a growing feeling that there is need for further instruction than it is possible to give in the one hour of Sunday which is generally devoted to it, and a movement has been started to establish schools for week-day religious instruction which will hold for one or two sessions a week in addition to and correlated with the Sunday-school lesson. Such schools have been begun in a number of sections with marked success, and an effort is being made to supply them as well as others which it is hoped may be formed, with proper literature and equipment.

Surely at no time in history has there been a more pressing need to make God and his Kingdom and the coming into his Kingdom of vital moment in the life of our nation than the present.

This book is prepared for the children of six, seven, and eight years of age and their teachers—the Primary Grade. The lessons are closely correlated with the Primary Departmental Graded Lessons. There will be two lessons for each week, one for a week-day and one for a Sunday session. The lesson prepared for the week day will be chiefly instructional, almost always a Biblical story. The lesson prepared for Sunday will be devotional in character, and will often show how the thought aroused and the conclusions gained

in the preceding Biblical story may be applied to the little, unfolding lives of the children. They will be lessons in character-building.

There will be ample suggestions for expressional activities throughout the course. Simply giving the intellectual instruction is not enough. Something must be done to bring this truth into the very life of the pupil. To do this let us help the children to carry out in some action the truth which has become mentally theirs. There are many, many ways of doing this—giving gifts to the poor, sharing at the holiday seasons, performing everyday acts of kindness to the comrades round about them.

THE SCHOOLROOM

We all know that a pleasant environment has much to do with the happiness of the children in a schoolroom, as well as with the actual influence and success of the teacher herself. The room should be chosen for its brightness and cheeriness in as far as this is possible. But even if the room is not so satisfactory as one could wish, much can be done to improve it by means of proper color schemes in decoration and touches of beauty in the furnishings.

First of all, be neat; do not allow your room to become cluttered and disorderly in appearance. Have a place for everything and everything in its place, and insist upon this personal characteristic from yourself and from the children. Have a cabinet or set of shelves.

There are certain supplies that will be necessary:

Desks or tables	Pencils	Blunt scissors
Bibles	Crayon	Pictures
Paper	Erasers	Paste

Have a few good pictures on the wall. A vase of fresh flowers in season—or often one single fine specimen—adds more joy than perhaps you realize.

Little by little add to your cabinet such curios and permanent supplies as you can gather, in time making a really valuable museum.

Have a sand table; no other feature will be found more useful for illustrating purposes.

The following books will be useful for your bookshelf:

- "How to Tell Stories to Children," Sara Cone Bryant.
- "Stories to Tell to Children," Sara Cone Bryant.
- "Stories for Sunday Telling," Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.
- "For the Children's Hour," Bailey and Lewis.
- "Manual of Stories," William Byron Forbush.
- "Stories and Story Telling," Edward Porter St. John.
- "All About the Primary," Elizabeth Williams Sudlow.
- "The Primary Department," Phoebe A. Curtiss.

HANDWORK

Some form of handwork is of great help in making permanent the thought which you have been developing. This will not be necessary for every lesson, but should have a place in many. The series of handwork leaflets which is furnished with the Primary Departmental Lessons, published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, will prove helpful and suggestive. Poster picture work, folding, and booklet making should be arranged by the teacher according to the need of the particular lesson and the ability of her particular children.

THE TEACHER'S AIM

The Primary age is eminently a habit forming period, as the child's brain is at this time so plastic. Let us take advantage of this fact and help to establish habits of right living. Let us help him to turn unconsciously in loving obedience to God's rules.

It will be necessary for the teacher to understand child nature and to make a study of child psychology. Not only should she understand the child in general, but she should also study her particular children for all children vary to some degree from the pattern child.

Remember that the lessons given are not to be followed mechanically, but are given as guides and suggestions. Only as they are helpful as means of influencing the teacher to give the very best of herself, a love and enthusiasm for her work, as well as arousing her initiative and originality, are they of value.

A WORD AS TO THE STORY

A teacher of any experience whatever recognizes the fact that the story form is the all-important means of reaching the mind of a Primary child. Story-telling is much easier for some teachers than for others, but all teachers may improve this ability by the right kind of practice and by the observance of certain facts. Avoid a strained, high-pitched, falsetto voice; be natural; be yourself. Cultivate a low, clear voice, and make only such gestures as seem positively necessary, gestures which creep in unconsciously.

Much, very much depends upon your first sentence or two; if you cannot capture interest by these, you probably will not gain attention at all. Work up to your climax, then give a short, terse conclusion. Do not hammer in a moral. Your story should teach your lesson without this fault, which is always detected and loathed by a bright, healthy, normal, everyday boy or girl.

DRAMATICS

A story is often most satisfactorily clinched by means of simple dramatics. Many of the children are quite familiar with this mode of expression as in recent years considerable attention is being devoted to such exercises in the day schools.

Review lessons are often made delightful instead of dull by this form of expression and several such lessons are provided for in this book. The teacher may simplify or elaborate these as she pleases, according to the age and ability of her pupils.

LESSONS FOR SPECIAL DAYS

Teachers may desire to shift lessons in order to bring the Christmas and Easter lessons at the proper dates.

**GOD THE LOVING FATHER AND HIS GOOD
GIFTS**

CHAPTER I
WEEK DAY SESSION
GOD'S FIRST GIFTS

- I. He Prepares a Home.
- II. He Fills the Home with Gifts.
- III. He Creates Man.

Genesis 1:1 to 2:3; Psalm 33:6-9

MEMORY VERSES

“God is love.”—I John 4:8.

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”—Genesis 1:1.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

A certain amount of reverence and awe are native in the normal Primary child, and he receives with faith and belief truths that are given him by one whom he loves and trusts. Truths are best given to a little child through the help of stories. These first great Bible stories if rightly told will make a special appeal and will become a part of the foundation structure upon which his character is building.

As Wordsworth said, “Heaven lies about us in our infancy.” It is the teacher's aim to help the child to recognize his relationship to God, his heavenly Father, to turn to him in love, to reverence his power, to give gratitude for his constant gifts, to bring his daily life into obedience to God's will.

THE STORY

Gifts: “The world is so full of a number of things.”

There never has been a time when God was not. God lived before you were born, before father and mother were born, before grandfather and grandmother were

born. Indeed, God lived before there was any world at all, and he was great and strong and loving.

Away back, no one knows how many years ago, God made the world. But even though the world was made, it still was a dark and dreary place with no plants or animals or people upon it. However, God had only begun to carry out a wonderful plan.

After the world was made, God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. Did you ever get up early enough in the morning to see the light come creeping, creeping over the earth? I have, and I think you have. If so, you remember how beautiful the first soft rays were as they touched the trees and the hills and at last peeped into your window. You can imagine with me how wonderful and beautiful that first light was.

God saw that the light was good and he divided the light from darkness. He called the light DAY, and the darkness he called NIGHT.

Then God made the sky, and the day and the night of the second day were past.

God then made the dry land to appear, and he called the land "earth," and he gathered the waters together and called the waters "the seas." He told the grass to grow, and he called the flowers, and made the first trees. The earth was then growing more and more beautiful, and the morning and evening of the third day were past.

Then God made two great lights, the sun to make the day bright, and the moon and the stars to give a soft light at night.

Now, although the world had grown so beautiful, not a living creature was yet to be found upon it, not even so much as a tiny bird or bunny. When the fifth day dawned God said, "Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures, and let the birds fly in the air," and the seas were filled with tiny fish and great sea monsters; and the songs of birds echoed over the earth. And the fifth day passed.

God also put animals upon the earth, great beasts and small.

When this world was all ready, like a beautiful garden, God did the most wonderful thing of all: he made a man,

in his own image. He gave him eyes to see the light, ears to hear the songs of the birds and the tinkle of the brooks, a mouth to taste the fruits and berries of the garden, feet that he might run about and walk, and hands with which to work.

God named the man Adam, and called him his son. God loved Adam so dearly that he said: "Adam, I have made this world for you. The light is yours; the quiet night-time is yours; the trees and the fruits are yours, save one; and the birds and the fish and the animals are yours. Take these gifts, my son, and use them. Here in the garden you will find food and drink and life and happiness."

Then, in order that Adam should not be lonely, and should have some one with whom he could talk, some one with whom he could walk about in the beautiful garden and look at the gifts, God created a woman. The woman was Adam's wife, and he called her Eve.

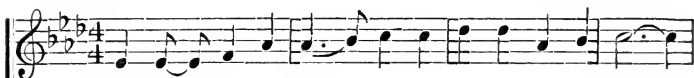
When all was done, the seventh day had come. God called it the Sabbath, and he rested.

The song on page 6 is to be used with this theme.

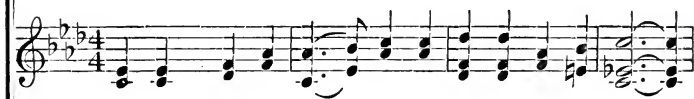
GOD'S WORK.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

FANNY B. EARLE.



1. All things bright and beau-ti-ful, All creatures great and small;
2. Each lit-tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, He
3. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell, How



All things wise and won-der-ful, The Lord God made them all.
 made their glow-ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
 good is God our Fa - ther, Who do - eth all things well.



SUNDAY SESSION

THE GIFT OF LIGHT

- I. Its Use to Adam and Eve.
- II. Its Use to All People.
- III. Its Use to You and Me.

“God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

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

“And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.”—Genesis 1:3-5.

“Even so let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.”—Matthew 5:16.

MEMORY VERSE

“God said, Let there be light.”—Genesis 1:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

We oftentimes accept the things that come easily as a matter of course, and do not fully appreciate them, till perhaps we are deprived of them permanently or for a season. Let us aim to correct this common fault by devoting a lesson to the consideration of the real meaning of these first great gifts, selecting one in particular. Show the children how comfort and even life itself are dependent upon these things. The lesson following considers the first gift, that of light. Let us show its use first to the dwellers in Eden, then to the world, and finally to the child himself. Turn the pupil's attention to his indebtedness to God for this gift, and awaken his gratitude. Inspire him to use his gift in the right ways intended by his heavenly Father. This may be accomplished through help of a story of a little child who did his duty all day long. A list of stories is given on page 8. Select one of them and adapt it to this purpose.

In a nutshell, bring this lesson down to the question: “HOW WILL YOU SPEND YOUR DAY?”

A SHORT LIST OF SUPPLEMENTAL STORIES

“Pippa Passes,” Browning.

“Little Gustava,” Celia Thaxter.

“Little Maid Hildegarde,” in “The Story-Teller,” by Maud Lindsay.

Walk

Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast—
There is a hand above will help thee on.

—BAILEY.

THE STORY

And all things said to the beautiful Sun

Good morning! Good morning! Our work is begun!

—LORD HOUGHTON

When I told you the story about Adam and Eve and their home in the garden, the other day, I named some of the gifts that God gave to make them happy. Who can tell me one gift? Another? Another? Yes, the animals, the trees, the fruits, the fish. You remember that the first gift that God gave his children, Adam and Eve, was the gift of light. You remember how God said, “Let there be light,” and there was light. Before that, darkness had been everywhere. It would have been a very dreary home if there had been no light, and it had been like night all the time. You remember, too, that God gave his children eyes to see the light. I think that Adam and Eve must have thought the soft light of the early morning very beautiful as it came creeping over the garden and waking up the flower buds; and I think they must have felt like getting to work as soon as the light made the garden bright enough to see.

If you go to the country in the summer time, you can hardly wait to get to work, helping to feed the chickens, and to take care of the farm animals. God knew that it would be a pleasant thing for Adam and Eve to work in that garden. Part of his plan was to give the LIGHT to make it possible for Adam and Eve to WORK. God told Adam that he might name the animals, and that part of his work was to take care of them; he was to be their master. I believe that he liked that very much, don't you? I imagine

that Adam and Eve must have been very busy the first days after God told them what he wanted them to do. Perhaps he helped the sheep to find the best places to drink. I am sure he tried to make friends with many of them. Eve must have been very busy gathering the fruits and berries for herself and Adam to eat; that probably was her part of the work. They were busy and happy those first days, working as long as the light lasted, and then, when night came, they were tired and went to sleep.

So, when we come to think, really and truly think, I mean, when we put our thinking caps on, we know that LIGHT is one of the most wonderful of all the gifts that God has put into the world. What would we, you and I, do without it? Close your eyes just a minute, and think how we should miss it!

If you live in a great big city, you wake up when it is morning and the light comes—sometimes quite early, and soon the great whistles begin to blow from the factories, telling the people to come. They seem to say: "Hurry! Hurry! Light has come! Light has come! Get your lunches! Get your hats! Get your coats! It is time to work!" Then eyes are fastened on the work, and fingers fly! Wonderful things are made. Let us name some of the things that are made because God gave us LIGHT and eyes to see how to use our fingers. (Let the children enumerate.)

In the old days when God placed Adam and Eve in the garden, they stopped work when the light faded from the sky and darkness came. But after a while, I don't know just when, except that it was when more people were living, they began to like work so much that they did not want to stop when the light was gone. God gave Adam and Eve, and he has also given us all, minds to find out new ways of doing things; so by and by people learned how to make the nighttime brighter, by means of lights that they made. The first lights that people made, long, long ago, were torches. (Explain.) You boys and girls who have gone to day school have heard how the Indians could make a light by rubbing two sticks together. You know, too, there was a time when people made their houses brighter by lighting candles. With what do you light your home? (Lamps, gas, electricity.) Why, just a tiny match is a stored-up light!

After these many years, we love the light and want to use it as God intended his children to use it: to see beautiful things, and to help to do our share of the work in God's world.

HOW HILDEGARDE MADE USE OF HER DAY

This story is to be found in "The Story-Teller," by Maud Lindsay. Lay stress particularly upon the little girl's well-spent day of unselfish work for her father and mother; all her day was spent in service and with its close came the vision of the good knights who were also glad to help.

PRAYER

Dear heavenly Father, we thank thee for all thy good gifts. Especially do we thank thee for the gift of light. We had not thought, before, how wonderful this first gift was; but now that we know, we will remember. Help us to use this great gift in right ways. Help us to see good and beautiful things; help us to do our share of work in the world. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY

Write upon the blackboard the verses given for the memory work, and also those given under the heading of Chapter II, and have the older children read them.

Teach and sing the song given with Chapter I.

AN ILLUSTRATION TO SHOW THE POWER OF LIGHT

Take a small pane of glass, and a piece of blue-print paper of the same size. Arrange several leaves or simple flowers upon the paper, and cover over with the glass. Expose to the sunlight, and make a blue-print picture. Let the children see this process. Children might be given the blue prints to put in their notebooks as illustrations of pictures made by the sunlight.

CHAPTER II
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE GIFT OF WATER
Exodus 15:22, 27; 17:1-7

MEMORY VERSE

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.”—James 1:17a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

“Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself—and my sleeves well up to the elbows, and my breath good, and my temper?” These are the questions which John Ruskin says that a reader should ask himself when he takes up a good book. The distinguished thinker and critic then tells how necessary it is to know how really to gather the good metal which is in the book, the intense meaning, and how, after such sharp, fine, patient delving, the reader becomes thoroughly possessed of the contents of the book so that it puts a mark of superiority and differentiation upon him.

It occurred to me as I read the essay that the questions should be of preëminent importance to the reader who is gathering material from the Book of books to teach little children who cannot thus delve for themselves, yet who are even at this stage of their existence forming ethical and mental habits of lasting endurance. If we, through our proper instruction and guidance during the habit-forming periods help them to obtain the ability thus to delve for themselves, our labor will be worth all the patience and pains it may cost us, for how can we tell what part our endeavor will play in the resulting character?

The ability to tell this story well requires a large background of historical fact, and a mind full enough to be

capable of picturing the account in all its detail. The few verses indicated emphasize the phase of the story which bears upon the theme, "The Heavenly Father's Good Gifts to His Children"; but the teacher must have a fresh knowledge of all the chapters of Exodus preceding chapter 15, and also a mental picture of the geography of the places mentioned, an idea of the physical geography, and what the absence of water means to any land.

An outline of the facts immediately connected with the story is as follows: It was about 1320 B.C. and God's chosen people, the Israelites, were in a state of slavery in Egypt. Over four hundred years had passed since the migration of Jacob and his family from Palestine. The hardships and insults which they had had to endure under the rule of Pharaoh were breaking their spirits. However, although they had suffered much, they had also imbibed much of culture and learning from the most highly civilized country in the then known world.

God had promised them, through Abraham, a beautiful homeland, but they were to be made more ready for it by their lives in this hard school. The pictures on the monuments of Egypt show some of these hardships in graphic manner: the burden bearers overladen with bricks, the taskmasters wielding their whips, the workers on the pyramids and treasure houses, the straw gatherers, and so forth.

Then was born Moses, the man who was consecrated to lead his people from their condition of bondage through the tedious way that would at last bring them to their longed-for Promised Land. Keep in mind, as you prepare your story for the children, the beautiful account of the childhood of Moses, and the marvelous manner in which he was led to decide to relinquish the life of a prince in order to carry out God's plan for him. Refer with broad touches to the period of the plagues, and picture that last mysterious night when the start was made. This story should not be too greatly chopped up, but very many of these wonderful things should be included, thus making an account to which any real, flesh-and-blood boy or girl will listen, which he will follow to the very conclusion. But remember that the part of your story to emphasize at this recital will be the great goodness of God our heavenly Father in giving the gift of

water to these people who otherwise would have died of thirst.

THE STORY

A long, long time ago there lived some little children with their fathers and mothers in a far-away country called Egypt. Now Egypt should have been a pleasant place in which to live, because within it were many beautiful palaces and fine, big storehouses filled with treasures; there were granaries filled with golden grain; there were vegetables and fruits in the gardens; there were lovely flowers, even lilies floating on the waters. But these little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers were not happy at all. You will wonder why till I tell you that they were slaves, cruelly treated slaves. The big buildings and the palaces had been built by their fathers; yes, they even had made the bricks of which the great buildings were made.

The fathers were willing to work, for they were not lazy, but they had been given such heavy tasks that they never could finish. Cross overseers carrying whips watched while they staggered under loads which bent their backs. They were made to work for so many hours that their strength was almost gone. They were ordered to make the bricks with no straw, which it is almost impossible to do. All these things and many, many more were commanded by the cruel king of Egypt who was called Pharaoh.

No wonder the faces of the fathers were often stern and sad and sometimes wrinkled with care; no wonder the mother's eyes were often filled with tears, and sometimes they were saddest when they rocked to sleep the tiny baby brothers. For they thought: "I wonder, I wonder, if little baby brother will have to toil and work when he grows up! I wonder, I wonder if we still will be here in Pharaoh's land!"

But after a time the day came when the fathers and the mothers had a happy secret in their hearts; a great, great hope began to creep into their lives. God, their heavenly Father, had sent a good man named Moses to help them. Many, many years before, God had promised to give them a happy homeland of their own in which to live. God keeps his promises, and he kept his promise to these people. He

sent Moses and his brother before the king and bade Moses tell the king to let his people go. But the king did not want to do that. "How will my buildings be made?" he asked himself. "Who will make the bricks and carry them? Who will bring me my food when I am hungry? Who will bring me drink when I am thirsty?" And he answered, "No! I will not let the Israelites go!" This was a wicked answer to make when God had sent Moses with the message, and God punished the king by taking away his drinking water. God told Moses to stretch out the rod which he carried, over the river, and all the water turned to blood; all the other streams were also turned to blood, and there was not a drop to drink. Even the fishes died.

You would think that this would have been enough to teach the wicked king, but it was not. Nine times he said "No!" and nine times he and his people were punished. But the tenth time the king learned that God is mightier than all kings, and he said: "Go! Get thee out of this land!"

Then what a hurried time the poor people had to pack! All lent a willing hand. Why I know that every little brother and sister was glad to run on errands, and the bigger boys and girls helped mother and father to roll up the rugs and pack up the plates and water jars and basins and the things that they should need on their long journey. The last supper in the old land was prepared far on into the nighttime, and they stood as they ate, for they were in such a hurry to get started; but you may be sure that they did not forget to think of God who had given them this great chance to get away from Pharaoh, and they thanked and praised him before they touched a mouthful.

Moses started the procession and God was so good to them that he led them in the right way by a cloud. It was dark in the daytime; but at night it was silvery bright. The clouds moved ahead, and when God wanted his people to stop traveling, the cloud stood still.

It seemed too good to be true that they really were off! They traveled along till they came to a great, big sea, and there the cloud halted. But what a fright they had that night! Some one heard a far-off noise after the tents were pitched and all was ready for the night. The noise grew louder and louder and then some one cried: "It is Pharaoh

and his soldiers and chariots! 'They are coming after us!' What should they do? Closer and closer came the horses!

God then told Moses to stretch his rod over the waters; they parted and a path was formed. The cloud moved and the people marched forward. But Pharaoh followed at the top of his speed! He wanted his slaves back to do his work again. He would catch them and drive them back. But when God's people reached the other side, Moses was told to stretch his rod over the sea again. He did, and the waters rolled back. Pharaoh and all his horses and horsemen were drowned!

In the morning the people began their journey again after they had thanked God for their wonderful, wonderful escape.

What a strange land this was, across the sea! Dry and sandy and hot, and hard to travel in! By and by the little ones became so tired they had to be carried. Even the bigger boys and girls began to feel heavy-footed and tired. It was hot, so hot that they became very thirsty, for that is what happens when you are tired and hot, you know.

By and by, when little Joseph and Esther and Reuben asked for a drink, mother said, "There is not a drop left in the bottle." For three days they wandered in the dry and sandy land and found no water.

But God led them on, and after a while some one cried, "I think I see green trees beyond." Then all strained their eyes to look, and others thought they saw. Then on they traveled, and sure enough there was a group of lovely palm trees.

"Water! Water!" cried one and then another and they pressed forward.

At last they reached the grove, and found twelve wells of water, God's gift to them that thirsty day. How good the sweet drink tasted! How cool it made them feel! They could scarcely wait to dip it out of the deep, cool wells. And how the little children and the mothers and the fathers drank and drank and drank! And I am sure that after they had drunk till they were thirsty no longer, they sat down under the trees and talked about how good God had been to give them this gift, and they thanked him.

The Israelites stayed in their tents under the palm trees

till the cloud began to move and then they traveled on. After awhile they came to another dry and desert place, and again they became thirsty, and again they found no water.

It seems strange that they grew so cross about it when they remembered what God had done, but they did. They scolded and scolded. "Why did you bring us out of Egypt?" they complained to Moses.

Moses prayed to God: "What shall I do? The people are almost ready to stone me."

Then God told Moses to take his rod and go to a certain rock and strike it. God promised that water should flow out.

Moses did as God commanded. He struck the rock and out gushed a stream of sweet, clear water, enough for all the people, enough even for all the cattle and even the littlest lamb.

Again God gave them his gift of water.

SUNDAY SESSION

A GIFT OF WATER

Psalms 104:10-14; 147:7-9; Isaiah 41:18; 43:20b

MEMORY VERSE

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father."—James 1:17a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Review the story of the thirsty Israelites given drink in the desert by asking leading questions. Get the story told in as good form as possible by the children themselves. The children like this story, and will enjoy reproducing it. In getting it back again the teacher can tell how well the children have understood the story itself, and how far they appreciated the special theme "God's Gifts," which she has been trying to impress. She is also given opportunity to correct any glaring misunderstandings and wrong impressions. The way in which you get back work that you have given is often a great surprise.

Through this lesson impress upon the minds of the children the fact that God is also their loving, heavenly Father with a hand always open with gifts for their benefit.

Give some understanding of the need of water to a thirsty land. Remember that the only thought upon the subject which some children have is that water comes at the turn of a faucet or the working of a pump handle. Back of that they have never gone. It will be interesting to lead them to inquire what absence of water means to a district: not only discomfort to man, but loss of all vegetables, fruits, flowers, trees, and through this loss, the death of all animals, the absence of all food, and death. In some classes you may mention the great, dry lands in the west of our country, and tell what irrigation has done.

In classes of younger pupils an interesting little talk may be given circling about a bird's basin, or in country districts a talk about giving the very necessary drink of fresh, cool water to baby chicks. You may adapt the story of "The Daisy" by Hans Christian Andersen to show the necessity of water to life. Another story which can be used is that of Sir Philip Sydney, who, as he lay suffering on the battle field, shared his flagon of water with another wounded soldier. Make the story emphasize the need of water and show that God prompted the sharing of the gift.

PRELIMINARY TALK

Last Sunday I told you a story about how some thirsty people were given a drink of water in a very wonderful way. They were going on a journey. Who were the people? Where were they going? Why had they left their homes? They became very thirsty on the journey. Why could they not get water? Can you imagine such a thirsty land? No grass, no trees, no flowers, no fields of grain, and of course no cows and sheep standing in the meadows. Hot, dry sand everywhere as far as the eye could reach! But at last the Israelites all got a drink of water. Who really gave them this gift that they needed so much? How did God give it to them in the first part of the journey? They grew thirsty again: in what wonderful way did God again give them water?

Did you ever think, when you take a drink of water, that

it is a gift of God to you? What would we do if we could not get a drink of water when we are very, very thirsty?

A STORY TO USE WITH THIS LESSON

A dreadful battle had been fought, and many poor wounded soldiers lay on the field. One of these soldiers was very, very badly hurt, and he was burning with fever. How he longed for a drink of water! He felt for his canteen, as the bottle in which soldiers carry their water is called; his hands were very weak, but at last he lifted the bottle to his lips. It was empty, not a drop was left! He fell backward against the hard ground and moaned: "Water! Water!" and it seemed as if he were about to die of thirst, for no wounded soldier can live long without a drink of water.

Not far away was another soldier. He, too, was badly wounded. He, too, was thirsty, but he had a little, just a little water in his flask. This soldier was a nobleman in his own country, a man who lived in a castle with servants to wait upon him and he was rich and wise. He was one of the people to whom his countrymen paid honor. His name was Sir Philip Sydney.

Although he was suffering great pain, he heard the moaning of the other soldier as he called: "Water! Water!" He knew, too, that a drink of water was the greatest need and the greatest gift that could be given to the man who was so nearly dead.

He felt of his canteen. It had only had a little water within it. He, too, was thirsty, so thirsty, and he did not know when help would come. Perhaps it would not be till too late. Yet this other man was dying.

But it did not take Sir Philip long to decide. God put a great willingness in his heart. He turned to the other soldier and, with a soft voice said: "Here, drink! Your need is greater than mine!" and then he poured the gift down the parched throat.

Was not that a beautiful and wonderful way in which God sent the gift of water to a dying soldier?

Let me read some verses from the Bible about God's giving his gift of water. Psalms 104:10-14; 147:7-9; Isaiah 41:18; 43:20b.

Here is a little poem that a poet wrote for his children to make them think what a wonderful thing is water. Can you not hear it splash as I read? (Read the entire poem), "How Does the Water Come Down at Lodore?" by Robert Southey, if this is available. A part is given here:

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
 Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening
 The ear with its sound.

PRAYER

Dear, heavenly Father, we thank thee for this wonderful gift of water. We know how it feels to be thirsty only a little while, and we always are so glad to quench our thirst. We begin to think how dreadful it would be not to be able to get thy gift of water when we need it. We thank thee more now that we understand. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Read the Bible passages indicated. Select those that seem most appropriate for a reading lesson in your class; write them on the blackboards and have them read.

Let the children copy the Memory Verse if they are old enough.

Make a poster picture of an old-fashioned pump or bucket.

Draw a simple Primary drawing of raindrops falling on the ground.

CHAPTER III
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE GIFT OF DAILY BREAD

Exodus 16:4, 5, 13-18

MEMORY VERSE

“Give us this day our daily bread.”—Matthew 6:11.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The Bible story which we are to tell to the children to-day is the story of the giving of the manna in the wilderness. It was one month after the passover night, a month filled with remarkable experiences which reminded the children of Israel again and again of God's care over them. They had reached the borders of the Wilderness of Sin. This wilderness was as dreary a place as its name would seem to indicate, a plain almost devoid of vegetation, strewn here and there with forbidding-looking bowlders.

By this time the food was about gone, and the frightened people felt that they were threatened with starvation. They began to upbraid Moses and Aaron, and loudly expressed their regrets that they had left “the flesh-pots” of Egypt. But God had not sent his children upon an unprotected quest. Food came in a miraculous way: through a flight of quails and following that by means of the daily sending of the manna.

The “manna” was “a small round thing” resembling coriander seed, and it was sweet and pleasant to the taste. The rules for gathering were very positive, and God gave them to test his children in obedience.

It is said that great flocks of quail fly up from the Arabian Gulf at certain times when they migrate, and often they are so tired that they fly very low and so slowly that it is easy to catch them.

THE STORY

It seemed like a great, happy picnic during these days when little Joseph and Reuben and Esther and all the other little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers rested under the palm trees by the wells where they had found water when they were so thirsty. The fathers set up the tents and the biggest boys helped; the mothers spread the rugs and made the family comfortable. It had been such a pleasant resting place! But they never would reach the Promised Land by sitting under the palm trees for ever and ever, so by and by they packed up and traveled on.

I think that they must have taken as much water with them as they could carry when they left the friendly palm trees; and there was plenty of food to eat. And I suppose that the children often turned back to the mothers when they had run on ahead, and asked for something to eat when they were hungry. But the biggest picnic lunch will not last so very, very long; and by and by the mothers would say, "Wait a little longer, dear," and they looked very sober when they spoke. Then after a while the food was gone! The little boys and girls did not know that the fathers and mothers had been going without more and more in order that the little people might not be hungry!

Oh, how hungry every one of those people was! But don't you think they might have remembered the drink of water and who had given it to them? Don't you think they might have remembered?

They did not seem to, however, and soon they began to fret and worry and scold at Moses.

"Why did you bring us out of Egypt?" they complained. "We might better have stayed there. We at least had all the bread we wanted to eat, and all the meat. We shall starve to death in this place."

When the little children cried the fathers grew angrier than ever; they even threatened to kill Moses.

But although they were so cross and forgetful, God did not forsake them. He said to Moses: "I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel. Tell them that I have not forgotten them. They shall not starve to death. At evening they shall have flesh to eat, and in the morning

they shall have bread, as much as they want. You shall know that I am the Lord your God."

Now when the evening came some one—perhaps it was one of the little boys, for they always are on the watch for new sights—exclaimed: "Look! Look! A flight of birds!"

When the birds came near enough the people saw that they were quails. They had flown a great distance from over the seas. The fathers caught them and the mothers prepared them for supper.

I think that Moses reminded the people that it was the gift of food that God had promised to send, and they were grateful and thanked him.

How comfortable and well-fed and contented all the little boys and girls felt that night as they went to sleep under the tents. How relieved the fathers and mothers were! And the people said their prayers of thanks and went to sleep.

A great surprise waited for them in the morning. I think the first person who saw the surprise must have rubbed his eyes and said: "Am I dreaming? Surely this is a dream!" The ground was covered with small, round things.

"Come, look! What strange, round things are these on the ground?" he cried. One after another came out of the tent doors, and looked, and wondered.

But Moses knew. "This is the bread which the Lord has given you," he said. "Gather just as much as you want to eat. Everyone in every tent is to have as much as he needs—every little child, all the grown people, mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfathers—everyone."

Then they began to pick up the new bread. Some one tasted it. "It is good! It is sweet! Taste!" Everyone liked it. It was sweet, like cakes made with honey.

The people called the new bread "Manna." And as long as the journey lasted—and it was a long, long journey—those people were fed by God. God never forgot his gift of food, not once.

SUNDAY SESSION

THE GIFT OF DAILY BREAD TO US

Psalm 85:12; Leviticus 26:4; Mark 4:28, 29; Acts 14:17; Isaiah 55:10

MEMORY VERSE

“Give us this day our daily bread.”—Matthew 6:11.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Review your instructional lesson, the story of the feeding of the children of Israel in the wilderness. Introduce your review by several leading questions, worded in a way that will immediately awaken interest and gain attention. Without interest and attention there can be no work accomplished in any class and almost everything depends upon a good beginning. After you are sure of your class, get the story told by letting some fluent child give a bit, then another who volunteers. Draw a portion of the story even from the more retiring and timid who will be glad to add their sentence, though perhaps they will not be brave enough to speak without some helpful coaxing.

After the completion of the story, make a transition to the thought that God our heavenly Father is also the Giver of our daily bread, and show the pupils how this is true. Many of the children never have thought of the source of food beyond the family pocketbook, and mother's work in preparing the good things that father's money bought at the store. It will be a great step to lead the thought to the fields of grain and gardens of fruit and vegetables that are raised by the farmer; then to show the dependence of even the strong farmer upon the help of God.

A teacher who has even a small ability to use the chalk and blackboard will have a great advantage with this lesson. Even the simplest little line drawings will fascinate your listeners. Here are only a few suggestions: A few lines representing a wheat field with raindrops falling upon it; a sketch of a field with sun rising; sprays of ripe wheat heads; bags or barrels of flour; loaves of bread; bottles of milk; bowl and pitcher; fruits; jars of fruit.

To no Primary child is a lesson complete without a story. A splendid means of making a transition to some activity connected with this lesson will be to tell a story of the famine sufferers in China, referring to America's connection with the alleviation of the suffering. Refer to children's help in this charity. Liken the relief given to the sending of food to the Israelites during those years so long ago.

THE STORY

There was nothing in the whole wide world that little Katie Woo loved so much as Little Brother. Such a round, little roly-poly as he was! Such bright, little black eyes! His face was so cunning when it was all puckered up in a smile! He was quite a heavy baby, but Katie never complained when mother fastened him on her back and bade her take care of him. That is, she never had complained in the happy days when the bowls were always filled with rice when mealtime came, and when there was good chicken meat, and the sweets that mother would bring out from the gay little jars with the pictures of ladies in pretty flower gardens, pictures of bright birds and wonderful trees painted upon them.

It was lots more fun to play with him than it was even to hold the beautiful doll with the lovely golden curls and American clothes that Honorable Teacher in the mission school had brought in her trunk the last time she had come back from her visit to her home in far-away America.

There had been a time when Katie Woo's father and mother would not let her go to the school of the "devil woman" from across the seas, as they then called Honorable Teacher, but that was when they went to the Chinese temple and bowed down to the red-and-gold idol with pop-out eyes that used to frighten Katie Woo every time she saw his ugly face. But now they are learning what is in the big Bible which now occupies the place where a little idol in their own home once stood. That idol is now gone, never to return, and father is getting to read the Bible better every week.

But there came a time when mother had very, very little rice to put in the bowls, then hardly any at all. The rice fields must have plenty of water; indeed Katie Woo often

had carried Little Brother out to the field not far from her home to watch the men gather the grain. She knew how wet the fields must be. And now they were dry, so dry that the rice would not grow. Rain had not come for so long that the whole country seemed parched. Nothing would grow.

Food grew less and less in every home. There was no grain to feed the chickens, and they died; that meant no more of the good dinners which mother cooked so well.

Still no rain fell, and food was quite gone in the homes in the place where Katie lived. There was a famine in the land.

Honorable Teacher wrote a letter all about it to her home in far-away America. "The people are starving," she said, and she told how thin poor Katie Woo and Little Brother had grown. "The poor children are mere skin and bones. The little girl can no longer carry her brother. It is pitiful to see them. Many of the people are eating the leaves and the bark of trees to keep alive. Some are even drinking poison rather than starve. Send us help! Day after day these people pray for help to the Man of the Sky. Be partners with God and send them the gifts of food that he wishes you to share."

So wrote Honorable Teacher to her home people in America. And what do you think they did, even the littlest children in the Sunday school? Don't you think they were glad of the chance to be partners with God and to send a gift of food?

When the gift boxes came, and Honorable Teacher and her helpers opened them, the people could hardly wait for a taste. Katie Woo and Little Brother and many, many others were saved from a horrible death.

"It made me think of the manna in the wilderness that was sent to the children of Israel," Honorable Teacher wrote back. "God surely put it into your hearts to spare so generously. China is being fed! And rain has fallen now, so that the barren fields will grow again."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

The Lord's Prayer repeated understandingly.

Contributions taken in a Chinese cup or bowl for some needed charity at home or abroad.

Write upon the blackboard and have read or copied in the classes of older and more advanced pupils the following verse by Maltbie Babcock:

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will.

A Blackboard Reading Lesson: Mark 4:28.

CHAPTER IV
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE RIGHT USE OF GOD'S GOOD GIFTS
(TEMPERANCE LESSON)

Numbers 11 :4-35

MEMORY VERSE

“Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”—I Corinthians 10:31.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The incident which forms the story material for this lesson took place after the giving of the Ten Commandments at Mount Sinai, as the Israelites were on the forward march through the Wilderness. They had chosen God as their King, and had promised to obey the Laws which he had given them. He was their divine Protector.

The great camp moved on or halted according to the signal given by God, the moving or resting of the mysterious cloud. When the Levites sounded the silver trumpets, it was understood that the cloud had rested, and all the tents were to be pitched in an encampment; when the trumpets sounded again, it was understood that the cloud was moving, and camp was broken up.

The camp was formed in an immense square, the most sacred possession of the Israelites, the tabernacle, in its own tent, occupying the safest place in the center. The space necessary for the accommodation of the two millions of people with their innumerable flocks and herds as well as the treasures and wagons and baggage which they had brought with them, must have been enormous.

The way was exceedingly difficult: hard walking for the feet; dreary stretches of monotonous landscape; a lack of vegetation; uncomfortable heat. But God had given them water, and he had fed them.

However, though the food was good and sweet, as cakes made with honey, and there was a never-failing abundance, the Israelites became tired of it and dissatisfied. Again they began to murmur and to complain, and to compare their fare with that which they had had in Egypt, the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks, the onions, and the garlic.

Moses was a patient man, but their importunity became so disturbing that even his endurance broke, and he cried to God, "I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me."

Then God gave Moses the instructions for selecting the help which he needed. He also promised the people the meat that their appetites so craved. But unrestrained appetite brought its own punishment to the people: they gorged themselves with the unaccustomed food which was sent in the form of another flock of quails. They gathered the quails which had come in countless numbers, and ate ravenously. Illness, a form of the plague, quickly followed, and many, many of the people were left behind in the wilderness.

Make a connection with the two preceding lessons by asking several simple Review questions such as the following: God was very good to his children when he made this earth their home. What was one of the gifts he gave them? Another? Another? (Light, water, food.) How did he give drink to the Israelites when they were thirsty? How did he give them food? Does he give food and drink to you and to me? Do we ask him to give us food? ("Give us this day our daily bread.") Is he glad to give us these good gifts? Ask other similar questions to bring about a receptive state of mind.

INTRODUCTION

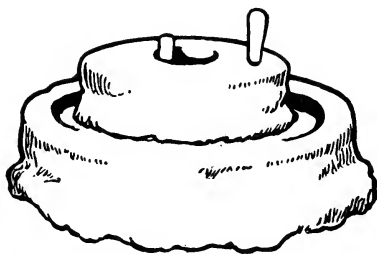
If God gave us these good things, he has a right to expect that his children, all his children, those who lived long ago, and those who are living now, will use his gifts in right ways, has he not? If father or mother gives you a nice thing, it is little enough to expect you to take care of it and use it in the right way, is it not? It would be a strange child who would treat a good gift in a wrong way. Such a child would deserve punishment; he would deserve to suffer, would he not? Yes, and God expects us to treat his good

gifts in right ways. He wants us to have the good things, but he does not want us to use them in wrong ways.

But it is possible to do wrong things with God's good, generous gifts, and I am going to tell you a story about how foolish the children of Israel were at one time, and how they brought punishment and suffering upon themselves. You will see how it was all quite their own fault.

THE STORY

Little Joseph's mother knew how to make the nicest kind of cakes; they were round and as sweet as honey. It seemed as if he and his little sisters Esther and Sarah would never grow tired of them. Father liked them, too; and so did grandmother and grandfather. In the morning mother would step to the low rug beds where they were sleeping



and would call: "Come children, the sun is up, and it is time for you to help to gather the manna. Do not wait till the heat spoils it. Here are the baskets. Gather it and bring it to me early. I will bake you some of the cakes you like."

The children would bounce up from bed and hurry out of the tent door. When they came back they would have plenty. Mother would be sitting by the mill with grandmother waiting to grind it into flour. The mill looked something like the cut. There was one big, round, flat stone with two handles; this was set upon another like this. (Draw.) Mother put some of the manna between the stones, then she and grandmother each took hold of a handle and ground, ground, ground till the manna was crushed into fine white flour. Then she did something else

to it, Joseph didn't know just what; then she put it into the oven, and, oh, what beautiful cakes were ready for dinner!

The family thought they never would grow tired of these cakes, and they were so thankful for the good gift that God had sent them. But after a while they really did grow tired. Joseph would say when mother called him to dinner, "I don't want any cakes to-day." And Esther would say, "O mother, I am so tired of the manna cakes." And even little Sarah would turn away and cry.

Then, strange to say, even father and grandfather would exclaim: "Those cakes again! Oh, for a bit of meat! Do you remember the meat we had in Egypt, and those leeks and onions and garlic?"

And grandmother would look up from the mill and say to mother, "Daughter, daughter, do you remember the sweet, juicy melons that grew in our garden in Egypt?"

Talk like that was going on in every tent in the wilderness, and by and by because they kept thinking so much about their troubles, the troubles seemed to grow bigger and bigger, which is always the way troubles behave, you know. The people became so sorry for themselves; then they began to scold and complain about Moses.

"Oh, how we wish we had stayed in Egypt! We are tired of this manna! Manna baked and manna boiled and manna raw! Manna! Oh, for a taste of meat or anything but manna!" Then those men and women and children sat in the tent doors and cried, cried out loud till Moses, their patient friend, could no longer stand the din.

"I can bear this people no longer alone, help me," he prayed to God.

God had been patient and good to these people whom he had helped to get away from the cruel king in Egypt. He had fed them when they were hungry, and given them sweet water when they were thirsty. He was grieved because they were so impatient, forgetful, and ungrateful. He said to Moses: "I will give them meat. Tell them that they shall not eat one day, nor two days, nor five days, neither ten days, nor twenty days; but a whole month. They shall have it to eat till it comes out at their nostrils, and it becomes sickening to them. They have been ungrateful and have asked, 'Why came we forth out of Egypt?'"

Very soon after this message was given to the people a strong wind arose from the sea, and blew a great flight of quails to the camp. They flew so slowly, and some were so tired that they fell down on the ground. There were quails all about the tents.

All day and all night and all the next day the people gathered the birds. They gathered and ate, they stuffed the meat which they had longed to have. They ate and ate and ate. They gorged themselves.

But before they had finished eating the meat, many of them were taken ill. Little children and grandfathers and grandmothers, even the strongest of the people became ill; there was not a tent in all the camp where there was not suffering. They had eaten entirely too much of the good food that God had given them.

And when the cloud began to move and the silver trumpets sounded, I am sure those people thought, as they looked back at the place where they had behaved so foolishly: "Hereafter we will try to use God's good gifts as he intended us to use them."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Have the children draw an Oriental mill from your black-board copy. Copy this prayer verse:

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Write the names of two "good things" to drink that will not hurt boys and girls.

Write the names of five "good things" to eat that will not hurt boys and girls.

SUNDAY SESSION

THE RIGHT USE OF GOD'S GOOD GIFTS (TEMPERANCE)

Psalm 145:15, 16

MEMORY VERSE

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—I Corinthians 10:31.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Through this lesson make a practical application of the thought you gave in your story of the imprudent and undisciplined use of God's gift of the quails in the Wilderness to satisfy the cravings of the Israelites for meat. The application can be made very clear to the little Primary child, and is a real temperance lesson to him.

INTRODUCTION

Make a connection of thought with your Biblical story in some such way as the following: When God gave his gifts of food to the Israelites he told them how much to gather, and how to use it, did he not? But one time they grew tired of the way that God told them to use it: they wanted something different. God gave them their own way for a little while. Who can tell what they wanted? How did they act about it? How did God give them meat? How did the people act when they got a chance to do just as they pleased? What happened?

It isn't always good to do just as you please about such things, especially if you are not quite wise enough to know what is best for yourself. For instance, there are so many things that we like to eat, candy and the preserves of which mother lets us have the tiniest bit, and ice cream, and pie, and rich puddings and, oh, a host of other things that both you and I know about. Mother says, "One piece is enough, dear," or father says, "You can spend only a part of your allowance for candy and treats, son." And why? Because too much of such food will surely hurt a boy or girl.

Did you ever hear of a boy or a girl in the time of Nowadays who acted a little as those Israelites in the Wilderness acted? Here is a story about one little girl who did.

THE STORY

Natalie helped to gather the strawberries away back in the springtime when she was visiting at grandfather's farm. She had the cutest little basket with a handle, and each time she gathered it full, grandmother gave her ten cents.

The air was sweet with the fragrance of ripe berries, and

each plant was full of the beautiful, red fruit. Natalie sang as she picked, and the robin in the apple tree in the corner of the field sang, and the bees hummed, and everything was as happy as a bright spring day could make it.

Up in the kitchen mother and grandmother were hulling the berries and preserving them with sugar, pound for pound. When the breeze blew in a certain direction Natalie could smell the kettle of sweets. How she liked strawberry preserves!

When mother and grandmother finished the day's work, there were rows and rows of little glasses of the delightful mixture—nicer than candy—Natalie thought.

That was way back in springtime, and now it was winter. Natalie and mother and baby brother and father were back in the city, and a jar of strawberry preserves was on the breakfast table to eat with the flapjacks Nora made for breakfast. Mother was dressing little brother and Natalie was eating breakfast all alone after father had gone to the office.

"Mother, may I have some strawberry preserves to put on top of my flapjacks?" called Natalie.

"Why, yes, little daughter," answered mother from the nursery as she pulled on little brother's stocking. "Don't take too much, for it is very rich."

Oh, how good it tasted! Natalie took a little, then she took a little more.

"Mother, I want another plate of flapjacks. May I have some more strawberry jam to put on top?"

"Certainly, but don't take too much, Natalie," and mother put on another stocking.

Then Natalie spread the flapjacks and ate them. How good they tasted!

"Mother, may I have just a little more strawberry jam in a plate?"

"Why, yes, Natalie, but don't take very much, dear; it is very rich," and mother buttoned a shoe.

Natalie took a large spoonful upon a saucer. Then, although that little voice called conscience, kept whispering, "Enough, enough!" Natalie whispered back, "Keep still!"

She ate spoonful after spoonful. By the time mother had buttoned little brother's other shoe, the last spoonful but one

in the jar was gone, and Natalie simply could not eat another mouthful.

But it was not a half hour later that mother passed through the library, and a little girl lay huddled on the couch, such a white-faced little girl!

"O mother, the strawberry jam! I ate and ate and ate! I hate strawberry jam! Oh!" and Natalie doubled up in pain.

"Poor little daughter!" and mother said no more then, but hurried to the medicine chest.

Natalie spent that day and the next in bed, and although that was a long, long time ago, she has never been able to eat a spoonful of strawberry jam since.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Arrange a reading lesson from the Bible verses suggested for the lesson material. Perhaps in some classes all that you can do will be to write the last clause of Psalm 104:28 ("Thou openest thy hand, they are satisfied with good") and read it to the pupils slowly and impressively, explaining that they are words from God's Book, and that the words are one way of saying that all our good gifts are given to us by God, and that God is always ready and glad to give food to his children.

Write upon the blackboard and teach the following Prayer Verse:

"Father of all in heaven above,
We thank thee for thy love.
Our food, our homes, and all we wear,
Tell of thy loving care." Amen.

A Bible verse to copy: "He careth for you."

Write the Memory Verse upon the blackboard and read it, or if the children are able, get them to read it. Ask for explanations of the meaning, now that they have heard your two lessons on temperance in eating.

GOD'S CARE CALLING FORTH LOVE AND
THANKS

CHAPTER V
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE STORY OF NOAH AND THE ARK

Genesis 6:8 to 8:19

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.”

—Psalm 126:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Studying the story of “in the beginning,” down to the time of Noah, we see clearly that man's life after his expulsion from the Garden of Eden was a steady downward course: he had not in any measure kept to the ideal which God had set for him. We read that there were giants on the earth in those days; this seems to infer that a race renowned for physical greatness had arisen, that strength was considered above all else, and that this strength was directed toward evil rather than toward good. Some scholars think that this phrase may possibly have been a figurative speech and have referred to mental greatness. In either case, man's deportment was so unsatisfactory that “it repented Jehovah that he had made man on the earth.” It was necessary that a new beginning be made, and the Creator determined to wash away that which had become so ruined by sin.

The actual time of the deluge cannot be determined; neither is the exact locality known, although many conjectures have been made by the students of antiquity. Almost all the histories of the ancient nations contain references to such a terrible catastrophe, and the stories are strangely like the Biblical account of the event. However, they are interwoven with references to the association which their own gods had with the event.

Many students think that the Flood reached over that part

of the earth which was then inhabited by man, in Babylonia and the region round the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers, and that the whole earth was not covered. That would help to explain many questions that naturally arise: for example, how could animals whose habitations were by nature in far removed places of the earth, such as the polar bear, have found their way to the far distant ark? Geikie considers that the expression "earth" signified all the ground round about which was inhabited, and was figurative.

The fact is, however, that there was a great deluge by which all life was destroyed except Noah and his family and the animals which were taken by him into the ark.

The story makes a strong appeal to all children, awakening immediate attention because of the special interest of the incidents; its lesson, also, is self-evident.

INTRODUCTION

Can you close your eyes and imagine you hear the rain on the roof? Do you like to stay in the house on a rainy day? What do you do on a rainy day? Do you remember a time when there were two rainy days, one right after another? Did you not wish that you could see the sun? I am going to tell you a story about a rain that lasted forty days and forty nights.

THE STORY

A long, long time ago there lived a man named Noah. Noah and his wife had three boys whose names were Ham, Shem, and Japhet.

Now, in some ways Noah's home was a happy home, because he and his wife and his boys were good people; every day they tried to live just as they knew God wanted them to live. Obeying God helps one to be happy, you know.

But sometimes it took a great deal of bravery to do this, and I will tell you the reason: the people of the world had grown very wicked; every day they broke God's laws in fearful ways; God had forgiven their sins over and over again, for he is a loving, heavenly Father. But above all else, a loving father wishes obedience from his children. The people of the world were so disobedient that God was grieved and angry.

It was often very hard for Ham and Shem and Japhet to be good boys when the other little boys who lived round about them were so naughty. It is quite easy to be good when those around you are good, you know. But when people laugh when a boy tries to do what he knows is right then——. You know what often happens.

I suppose they would sometimes come home to their mother with poor little sober faces and tell her what the other boys had done and she would say: "Never mind, boys; it is hard, I know. But let us do as God has bidden. See how brave father is! It is very hard for father to keep the laws when the neighbors are all doing so differently. But father is brave. Cannot you try to follow his example?" And Ham and Shem and Japhet would promise to try again, and they did.

But ever since the time so long before when Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden their children and grandchildren and the people that lived after them had been growing more and more wicked and disobedient. God's patience was sorely tried and he said, "I am sorry that I have made man." Noah and his family were the only family who obeyed and pleased him.

At last God said: "I will make a new beginning. This sinful, disobedient people shall be washed off the face of the earth. But I will save Noah and his family. I will take care of them."

Then God told Noah what would happen: There would be a great flood of waters. God said, "Build an ark, and daub it with pitch to make it water-tight." And he told Noah how big to make it; it must be very, very large, for it was to hold a great and heavy load. "Make a window at the top of the ark," God told Noah. "Make a door at the side. Build the ark three stories high. I shall cause a flood of waters to come upon the earth, but you and your family shall come into the ark and I shall take care of you. Take with you into the ark two of every living animal, birds, and cattle, and creeping things. Gather enough food for yourselves and all the creatures. It shall rain for forty days and forty nights, and every living thing outside the ark will be drowned, for wickedness must be washed away from the face of the earth."

So presently Noah's neighbors began to notice the father and sons as they worked. Great piles of wood were gathered; kettles of pitch were brought. They measured very carefully just as God had told them to measure.

What a strange shape the building began to take! The neighbors began to wonder what Noah and his sons were going to make!

"What are you building?" they asked.

"A boat," answered Noah.

"A boat! Building a boat in the midst of the land? What will you do with a boat as big as that? Where will you sail it?" Then I suppose Noah told the people about God's message, and begged them to turn away from the evil and wickedness of their lives.

"He is building a boat!" laughed the people. "He says that a flood is coming, a flood that will drown all the people of the earth!" and the boys and girls whispered together as they listened to the hammers and watched the old man whom they thought was crazy.

Probably when a shower would come, the people were frightened for a little, but they laughed at their own fears when the sun came out again. But at last, after a great many, many years, the ark was finished.

"Come into the ark," God bade Noah. "Come, and bring all your family." So Noah and his wife and his sons and their wives entered. All the animals that God bade him take care of went into the ark, two by two, the birds, and the beasts, and the creeping things. Then God shut the door.

Then it began to rain. How it poured!

"Can it be that that old man knew what he was talking about?" some of the people began to ask themselves. "Can it be possible that he was right after all?"

It poured the second day and the third. The water came into the houses and was still rising.

The people began to pack their treasures and leave their homes to flee to places of safety. But soon they dropped their treasures and ran. The water rose to the housetops, the treetops, then to the hills. There was no safety anywhere, and they were drowned.

But out on the face of the deep the ark rose with the waters, and floated. The good father and mother and their

children were safe and snug, for God was watching over them and taking care of them all the time. For forty days and forty nights the rain poured down.

The days inside passed busily; every morning was begun with a prayer of thanks to God, and the busy hours were spent in taking care of the animals and being kind to one another.

The waters remained upon the earth like a great sea for many, many days; then they began to grow less; every day they fell a little, and every day the ark settled nearer to the ground. After a while the bottom of the ark really touched ground, and rested on the top of a high mountain; still the waters fell, little by little, every day. Noah and his family could begin to see the tops of the hills when they looked out of the window. One day Noah opened the window and sent out a raven. The raven is a bird that has strong, black wings, and it flew out over the water and never came back. Then, another day, Noah sent out a dove; but the gentle little dove could find no resting place; she was afraid of the water and flew back to the ark, and Noah drew her in. Seven days afterwards he sent the dove out again; she remained away all day, but in the evening she flew back to the ark, and what do you think she brought in her bill? A fresh, green olive leaf! What joy there was in the ark! How the family examined the new, green leaf! They knew that the tree tops were uncovered!

Some days later Noah sent the dove out again, and she did not come back. The little bird knew that it was safe to build her nest. Not long afterwards Noah opened the door of the ark and behold, the water was gone. God said to Noah: "You may now leave the ark. Go forth with your family. The animals also may go."

What a happy day that was! How glad the animals were to walk upon the ground again, and to feed upon the grass! How grateful Noah and his family were to God, who had kept them so safely through all the danger! How grateful they were to have a home again upon the earth, which was washed clean from sin!

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Let the children draw a picture of what they think the ark floating on the water looked like. Through this you may learn whether or not they have followed your story.

Let several children come to the blackboard and put down as many straight lines as there were people saved in the ark.

SUNDAY SESSION

ANOTHER STORY OF GOD'S CARE

Psalm 121

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.”

—Psalm 126:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Through this lesson give the pupils another example of God's loving care over his children. We wish to help them to feel very, very sure of this fact, to have a personal trust in such care. Habits are developed by many repeated actions; we wish to establish this personal trust as a habit. Let us accomplish this by repeated stories which strongly illustrate our theme.

Following the lesson story is a service of worship which still further emphasizes the thought expressed in the theme. In classes of younger pupils the teacher will need to help with the reading, perhaps do the major portion; but make a beginning in all the classes.

INTRODUCTION

Review the story of Noah and the ark in such a way that you focus the high lights upon your theme. This review will not be difficult, as every child loves the story.

There are many other stories than the story given which you might select. An excellent lesson could be arranged from John Paton's autobiography, the incident which he tells so graphically of his remarkable deliverance from the angry

band of savages who approached his dwelling with the determination of destroying his house and of killing the missionary and everyone else under the roof. At the critical moment, a heavy thunderstorm arose, and the blinding flashes of lightning and deafening roars of thunder were interpreted as being the direct intervention of the "Missi's" God. The savages dropped their weapons and fled.

THE STORY

A long, long time ago a man was walking along a lonely road. He seemed afraid of making a noise, and he looked startled whenever he stepped upon a dry twig, stubbed against a stone, or brushed against the branches of the low-growing bushes. He looked this way and that to see if he were being followed.

He was very tired, and his shoes were dusty; his clothing was wrinkled and worn. But this man was neither a beggar nor a tramp nor a criminal. He was a king, strange as this may seem.

Once he had lived in a castle with servants to wait upon him; he had had royal clothing and dainty food. But hard times had come to his beloved country; he and his soldiers, many brave and mighty men, had marched away to defend the land they loved. But the enemy had scattered his men, and now he was searching for a place of safety.

Night was coming. Where should he go? How lonely it was out on the darkening road! Even the brave king longed for some one to take care of him.

Presently he came to a sort of cave in the rocks. It was a strange place for a king to spend a night, but it was better than the open road where his enemies might pass at any time.

He crept in the narrow opening, and went back as far within as he could. He wrapped his coat about him, and made himself as comfortable as he could for the night.

I am quite sure that this good king must have said a prayer to God before he went to sleep, and asked for his care. I am quite sure he must have begged that his people and his country be watched over and made happy again. He was glad and grateful for the hiding place, even though it was a cheerless spot.

The hours of the long nighttime passed; morning came and the king was still in the cave. But presently he thought he heard footsteps coming along the road. Yes, feet were stumbling over the stones, more than one pair; indeed, the king was sure that several people were approaching. Then men began to speak.

"He must have come along this road," said some one.

"Aha! here is a likely hiding place! A cave!" said a gruff voice.

"Let us search it!" said another man.

"Save your strength, fellows," said the Man-Who-Thought-He-Knew with a laugh. "There is no need to look here!"

"How is that, man? I say go ahead!"

"Well, I for one will not go. You will not find him here."

"How speak you so surely, man?"

"Look at the spider web!" laughed the Man-Who-Thought-He-Knew. "Could anyone get beyond that web without showing his tracks?"

The men looked. There, indeed, a little spider had woven a wonderfully thick and beautiful web, back and forth, back and forth, round and round over the door of the cave.

"Ho! Ho! I for one pass on!" again exclaimed the Man-Who-Thought-He-Knew.

"I follow!" said another, and another, and the clicking of footsteps against the stones grew fainter and fainter, and soon the king was all alone again. No, not all alone, because he then knew that God was there taking care of him all the time. And I am sure the king's heart was full of gratitude and his first words were whispers of thanks to our heavenly Father who had saved him from danger.

A PRAYER

Our heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy loving care over us every day and every night. We are more grateful now that we are beginning to think about this and to understand about it. We thank thee and praise thee. Help us to remember that thou art near us whenever we are in need. Amen.

A SHORT SERVICE OF WORSHIP

SONG: "How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care."
"Carols," page 43.

Repeat line after line with the teacher.

"Jehovah is thy keeper:

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
Jehovah will keep thee from all evil;
He will keep thy soul."

SONG: "God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall."

"The Primary and Junior Hymnal," Number 144.

RECITATION by one of the older children or by the class.

GOD LOVES ME

"God cares for every little child
That on this large earth liveth:
He gives them home and food and clothes—
And more than this God giveth.

"What can a little child give God?
From his bright heaven above
The great God smiles, and reaches down
To take his children's love."

CLASS:

"Praise ye Jehovah.
Praise Jehovah, O my soul.
While I live will I praise Jehovah:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being."
—Psalm 146.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITY

Impromptu dramatization of the story of the king who was saved from danger by God's care through the weaving of a little spider's web.

CHAPTER VI
WEEK DAY SESSION
NOAH THANKING GOD
Genesis 8:20-22; 9:1-3, 8-17

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.”

—Psalm 126:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Although the thought to be developed, and the reaction to be obtained in the lives of the children are of the greatest importance, the story material and the incidents in this lesson are of a far less exciting nature than those in the lesson just preceding. The teacher undoubtedly will find this lesson more difficult to teach, and she will need to be carefully prepared with abundant material of a correlated nature.

Use a portion of this lesson period to teach a Thanksgiving song and a prayer of thanksgiving. The children of Primary age are approaching the time when the ability to memorize is very strong; and the teacher should recognize this fact, and prepare for it. Keep a small blank book in which to preserve and have in readiness the Bible verses and gems of thought which you desire your class to memorize. Teach these so well that they cannot be forgotten. Frequently supplement such a lesson as this with drill upon the memory work.

If this lesson occurs upon a sunny day, bring a prism with you to the classroom, in order to flash the beautiful rainbow colors about the room. If the day is cloudy show the rainbow colors by means of strips of colored paper obtained from The Milton Bradley Company or from any other place where you are able to obtain educational supplies.

Open your lesson by a short talk about the “rainbow,”

and then picture graphically the scene on the mountain top where Noah built the first altar which is mentioned in the Bible, and where he and his family gathered about it for "family prayers" and thanksgiving to God for his preserving care.

INTRODUCTION

(Flash the prism in the sunlight.) I thought that you would think these colors beautiful! I shall flash them again. Let me see if I can make them rest on Helen's dress. Now on Henry's sleeve. Of what do they make you think? Did you ever see anything like this in the sky? When? After a thunderstorm. Let us see if we can name the colors—violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.

I think you often have run to the window to call to mother: "Oh, here's a rainbow! Come and look at the rainbow!"

Once there was a little Indian boy named Hiawatha who lived in a tent with his old grandmother, Nokomis. His mother was dead. Sometimes a storm would come and the wind would rock the trees and the rain would fall and the thunder roll and the lightning flash. Hiawatha was frightened because he was only a little boy.

But after a while the wind would cease blowing, and the rain would stop and the sun would begin to shine through the clouds. Hiawatha would go to the tent door, to breathe the sweet air, and look about.

Presently he would call his grandmother and point up to the sky. "What is that, Nokomis?" Up in the heavens would be a beautiful bow of color like this, a great big bow like a bridge which reached from earth to heaven!

"What is that, Nokomis?" the little Indian boy would ask.

Then the old grandmother would try to tell him, but what she told him was only a make-believe story, and not the truth at all, for she was a poor old Indian woman who did not know.

Shall I tell you a beautiful, true story about the rainbow? It is a story as old as the story of Noah and the ark; it is really a part of that story, and you must know that story

very well indeed in order really to understand this story about the rainbow. Let us tell this story together. (Review with questions similar to the following):

What was the name of the man who built the ark? How many children did he have? What were their names? Did they have a mother? What kind of people were Noah and his family? What kind of neighbors did they have? What kind of people were all those round about at that time? It was quite hard for Noah and his boys and even the mother to be good; they were pretty brave people just because they were good. Can you think of any reason for this?

God is always pleased when his children try to do right, and he was pleased with Noah. He is angry with the wicked people, for the Bible tells us so. What did God tell Noah? Noah obeyed, and began to build the ark. Who can take up the story right here? (Let some child tell.) That is good. Who can go on? (Break up the story at easy stages and review till you complete.)

THE STORY

Forty days to eat your meals in a great, big boat that was rocking on the deep water! Forty nights to sleep in a boat! That was a long time. It does not take nearly so long as that to go across the ocean. Some little boys and girls have come to live in America from lands across the sea, and the journey in the big boat seemed so long. But it really was not nearly so long as Noah and his wife and his family floated in that ark.

What a glad day it was when the dove brought back the green olive leaf in her bill, and the family knew that dry land was near! Then came the day when Noah let her go out and she did not come back. She had found a place to build a nest.

Not long afterwards God bade Noah open the door of the ark. The flood was over. They could go out in safety.

The cattle went outside to nibble the grass, and so did the sheep and the lambs. The birds were outside hunting for the best places to build their nests, and the goats were clambering up the rocks on the side of the mountain.

Noah and his good wife and their family went outside to breathe in deep breaths of the outdoor air. "How good

God was to take care of us through all the danger!" they exclaimed over and over again. "How kind God was to keep us safely!" "How thankful we are to him!" And their hearts were very full of love for our heavenly Father.

Presently Noah began to gather some of the stones from the mountain side and place them in a pile. "Let us build an altar and kneel round it and pray to our God. Let us speak our thanks to our heavenly Father." The sons helped their father, and soon the altar was made.

Then Noah offered a gift to God, and the father and his family said their grateful prayers of thanks to God for taking care of them through all the danger.

God was pleased to see this right, new beginning on his earth, and he loved his obedient children and blessed them. He said: "I will never again take away all life from the earth with a flood. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Then God made a loving promise to Noah, and gave him a beautiful sign by which to remember the promise. God said: "I make my promise to you and to your children, and to all the people who live after you. I also make my promise to the living creatures that go out of the ark, the birds, the cattle, and all the beasts of the field. Never again shall all the people in the earth be destroyed by a flood. Here is the sign of my promise to help you to remember."

Noah and his family looked up into the sky. A beautiful arch of lovely colors reached like a bridge from earth to heaven. A rainbow! "This is the sign of my promise," God said. "This is my promise forever. I do set my bow in the cloud. When I bring a shower to the earth, you shall see the sign of my promise in the clouds when they part. I will remember my promise and keep it. There shall never again be a flood that shall destroy all the people in the earth."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Let the children copy the Memory Verse if they are able to do so.

The younger people may copy the following Bible verse: "He careth for you."

SUNDAY SESSION

ANOTHER STORY OF GOD'S CARE: A CRADLE
AND A FLOOD

Psalms 61:1, 2; 136:1-5

MEMORY VERSE

"He careth for you."—I Peter 5:7b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

By means of the material given in this lesson bring down to the children's own little lives the theme which you are developing, "God's Care Calling Forth Love and Thanks." We have been dwelling upon the thought of God's fatherhood, and a living father gives his care unstintingly. The normal child's reaction is sure to follow: trust, love, and a thankful heart.

A devotional service should occupy a prominent place in this lesson, and full suggestions are included. Add to these what you yourself are prompted to use.

The little story given is somewhat similar in thought to the conditions given in the story of Noah and the ark. It is used in a day-school textbook, "Pictures and Stories," (Steps to Literature), and may possibly be familiar to some of your pupils, although it is here developed quite differently, and is used to illustrate our particular theme.

Every one of these lessons should be accompanied by as much Biblical memory work as your class can accomplish. All the lessons can be especially beautifully correlated with many of the verses of David's psalms of thanksgiving and praise. David's life was filled with experiences where he needed the care and protection of our heavenly Father, and from the days when he was a simple-hearted shepherd lad through the period of kingly leadership of his people he was an illustrious example of one who accepted God as his Father, and turned to him and trusted him.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STORY

(Sketch a picture representing a "Noah's Ark," or have at hand a wooden toy ark.) Here is something that is going

to make you think of a story I told you a while ago. Who remembers? Oh, ever so many do. Tell me, Edna. Was that what you remembered, Jack? And you, Edgar? How many thought of Noah and the Flood? Who can tell how many people were saved, and their names? Who saved them? Why were they saved? Yes, God, their heavenly Father, saved them—and they were kept from all harm because they were good and obeyed God.

(Flash your prism.) What story does this make you think of? The story of the rainbow. The rainbow is beautiful, and the story is beautiful. It is not a very long story. Who would like to tell it? Robert tells a good story; let him try. (Review story.)

I know another good story about a flood—not a great big flood like the flood in Noah's time—it was only a little flood, but it could not help but remind the people who saw it of that other flood when God took care of Noah and his good family. It is not a story to be found in the Bible, but it is true. Shall I tell it?

THE STORY

(Make a very simple blackboard sketch of a house. This need be but a few lines to spur imagination.)

Once upon a time there was a nice little family that lived in a house like this. (Draw.) There was a father and a mother, a little daughter, and the baby. Right near the house ran a river, like this. Of course it is a beautiful sight to look out of your window over the water; and it is pleasant to be able to play along the bank and sail little chips like boats. But it is not always wise to build too close to the water's edge, unless the house is high above, on rocks. Sometimes when the rain comes the river rises and spreads away up on the banks like a flood. It creeps up and up even into the houses. Then, oh, how frightened everyone is!

Now it happened that father and mother had to leave home on an errand, and little sister was left to keep house, and to take care of baby.

"Be a good child, dear," said father as he kissed her good-by.

“I know that she will be a good little housekeeper, and take care of baby,” said mother, and then they started away.

How grown up she felt! First of all she rocked baby to sleep in the little cradle which looked like this. (Draw.)

When baby was sound asleep she said to herself, “Now I will go upstairs to make the beds,” and she tiptoed upstairs without making a bit of noise, and soon was working like a fine little housekeeper.

Now, although there had been rain, and the water in the river was high, father and mother did not know that it was going to rise till it was like a flood. They never, never would have left little sister and baby if they had known this.

While little sister was making the beds upstairs, the water kept creeping, creeping nearer the little house. Presently it reached the door and crept under it; then it lapped over the floor till it reached the cradle where baby lay peacefully sleeping.

Little sister kept on busily working till she finished the beds; then she looked out of the window. She rubbed her eyes—everything was changed. Was this her home or was she dreaming? Where was the barn? Where was the hayrack? There was water, water everywhere! And what was that floating away toward the place where the gate had stood? Was it a little boat? It looked something like a big Noah’s ark. Oh, could it be? Little sister gasped, when she heard a sound which she knew was baby’s voice. It was baby and the cradle. And perched on baby’s feet looking as angry as angry could be, was the black kitten. Little sister knew how he hated water.

But baby was crowing and laughing. He knew no danger, and he liked the queer, rocking motion as the cradle drifted away from his home.

Little sister did what you would have done—she called for father and mother, oh, how she called. God was very good to the little family; I am sure that it was he who helped father to know just what to do when he found that the flood had surrounded his home; I am sure that God put strength into his arms as he pushed a boat with a pole toward the house. I am sure that mother must have said a quick prayer as she sat in the corner of the boat and waited till the long minutes passed.

“Oh, my baby! My little daughter!” she exclaimed, as she looked over the water.

Father pushed with all his strength, and at last he reached the cradle, and mother clasped baby in her arms. Then they pushed toward the window, and father lifted little sister into the boat, and they rowed away to a place out of reach of the waters.

What a happy family that was when they ate their supper that evening. Even the kitten purred happily in little sister's lap. And I am sure that they must have said a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to God before they went to sleep.

SONG

“Thanks for Constant Care.” (“Song Stories for the Sunday School.”)

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, we thank thee for taking care of us every day and all through the night when we are asleep. Help us to remember to turn to thee in times of danger or of trouble. Amen.

SONG

“God's Goodness.” (“Carols.”)

READING LESSON

“Hear my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.”

—Psalm 61:1, 2.

“Oh give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

“Oh give thanks unto the God of gods;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.”

—Psalm 136:1, 2.

(Give only the simplest verses if you need to simplify; explain the hard words.)

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Construct a Bible bookmark with the Memory Verse written across it, and give it to father, mother, or some shut-in.

Draw a representation of Noah's ark.

Make toy cut-out animals and an ark to send to some child who is ill. The teacher will have to give considerable assistance in order to make a success of this problem.

The teacher may make a cardboard pattern of a baby's cradle and help the children to make cut-outs for bookmarks, and copy the Memory Verse, or one of the simplest of the reading lesson verses, on the back.

CHAPTER VII

WEEK DAY SESSION

THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL SAVED AT THE RED SEA¹

Exodus 14:5-31

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.”

—Psalm 126:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Remember that we are not selecting the Bible stories of this course in historical sequence, but are choosing them to throw light upon certain themes which should form a part of the religious instruction of every little child. Keep constantly in mind the theme which we now are studying: “God’s Care Calling Forth Love and Thanks.” This story, telling of God’s wonderful preservation of the children of Israel in their flight from Pharaoh is surely one of the clearest of incidents we could choose to bring out the truth of our theme. The story always appeals to the Primary child’s interest in the marvelous, and to his sense of justice. The action of the story is so swift in its movement as to rivet attention from beginning to end.

A READING LESSON FOR THE TEACHER

Exodus, chapters 5 to 14. (This is necessary.)

To appreciate this lesson fully, and to be able to tell it well, the teacher should know something of the splendor of ancient Egypt, and also be able to understand the strength

¹This lesson and the lesson for the following Sunday are Thanksgiving lessons, and in order to make them seasonable, it may be necessary to shift the material of the course, giving these lessons either earlier or later.

of character and initiative which Moses displayed when he voluntarily became the leader of his people.

The wealthy Egyptian was a model country gentleman. His mansion was a magnificent dwelling inclosing a courtyard. This courtyard was a beautiful garden in the center of which was a fountain or pool which supplied water for the fruit and shade trees—pomegranate, fig, and others indigenous to the country. The air was fragrant with flowers, and the lotus blossoms floated on the water. Gardeners tended and clipped and pruned the trees and bushes into shape.

There were luxuries within doors as well as without. Soft carpets and rugs covered the floors; chairs and couches of rare woods, carved and inlaid with ivory, constituted the furniture; upon sideboards and tables were to be found dainty glass vases of flowers, and thin goblets for drinking.

The dining room was a magnificent hall, and the sleeping apartments were cool and airy, opening on to the verandas.

The master of this paradise strode forth to view his possessions clad in white linen, with anklets and bracelets of gold, and carrying a sort of baton to show his dignity and authority. Everywhere the slaves and servants moved about performing the menial tasks of the household, or ministering in some way to the pleasure and well-being of their lord, his household, and guests. This was the Egypt which God's people served.

THE STORY

"Father will be so tired when he comes home to-night." Those were the words that mother almost always said to little Joseph and Sarah; then she would get something good for him to eat, to make him feel rested and strong again. When father came in sight, Joseph and Sarah would hurry to meet him, and he was never too tired to pick up little Esther and kiss her, nor to take Joseph by the hand and ask if he had been a good, obedient boy, for father loved his children dearly.

How sorry Joseph was as he felt of father's tired, rough hands that had been working in the king's brickyards all day long. Esther put her smooth little hands gently over the sore that the king's overseer had made when he beat father

one day when he could not work fast enough to please him.

“Does it hurt to-night, father?” she asked. “Mother will bind it up again.”

When they reached home mother had the supper all ready; the meat that father liked the best, onions that Joseph had helped to raise, and a fresh, sweet melon. It was good to get home at night.

“Has the work been harder to-day?” asked mother anxiously.

“Yes, they have doubled the work, and they make us gather our own straw for the bricks,” sighed father. “How long, O God, how long will it be?”

“But our God has promised to save us,” mother would answer.

“Moses, our leader, has been before Pharaoh, the king,” added father, “but he will not let us go.”

However, God made Pharaoh understand that he **MUST** let his people go, and one busy night the Israelites were very, very wide awake; that is, all but the smallest of the children—packing bundles and getting ready to leave the land of Egypt and take their journey to a beautiful new home which God had promised them.

They ate a hurried meal and then they started; quietly, with their flocks of sheep and cattle, they began their flight. All sorts of bundles were fastened to beasts of burden, and clasped in the arms of the travelers.

On, on they marched; some of the sick people rode on the beasts of burden and some of the smallest of the children were tucked in bags which hung over the backs of the donkeys. By and by the boys and girls who walked and even the mothers grew tired, but they were very patient.

After a while some one—perhaps it was little Joseph, for he was bright and quick—said, “I hear the waves of the ocean.”

Indeed, there was the sea, and the waves were lapping the shore. They must pass, but how? The fathers were talking about it when suddenly some one exclaimed, “What is that noise?”

“It is the sound of chariot wheels! The king is after us! Pharaoh and his soldiers are coming!”

Soon the great crowd was all in confusion. Mothers clasped their children in their arms, and the boys and girls began to cry. The fathers began pulling up the tent sticks which they had been driving in the ground. Even the little lambs and sheep were frightened.

It was Pharaoh. He was sorry he had let his slaves go. "Who will make my bricks?" he said to himself. "Who will build my great buildings? Who will serve me at table? Who will wash my clothes? Who will take care of my gardens? Who will tend my flocks? Who will make my garlands of flowers?"

Then he ordered his soldiers and his chariots, and bade them hurry.

"Hurry after my slaves and bring them back!" he ordered.

The people looked at the sea; there seemed no way to get over. They trembled with fear.

"He will catch us! He will catch us!" cried Joseph; and Esther put her head in mother's lap.

"What shall we do?" groaned the fathers. Then, strange to say, they began to scold Moses.

"We would better have stayed in Egypt!" they cried. "If we have to go back, our lot will be harder than it has ever been before!"

Moses prayed to God, and God answered. God said: "Tell the people to go forward. Stretch thy rod out over the sea."

Moses obeyed, and behold, wonderful to tell, the sea parted, and a path appeared. The people marched onward through the midst of the sea, yet on land.

But on dashed Pharaoh's horses. The drivers urged them forward. On came the chariots, right over the same path. However, the mud began to cling to the chariot wheels, and they moved more and more slowly; besides, the Egyptians could not see very well in the darkness, for the bright cloud that gave light to the Israelites was dark toward them. The Israelites reached the other side of the sea in safety.

God then said to Moses, "Stretch out thy hand over the sea." Moses obeyed, and the waters rolled back to their places. The path disappeared. The chariots and horses and the drivers were covered by the waves, and drowned. God

had been caring for his people, and had saved them from the anger of Pharaoh and his chariots and horsemen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Make a picture representing the shore of the sea. This may be done with wax crayons, or with the colored papers obtained from educational supply stores.

The teacher may make a simple pattern of an Egyptian chariot and the children may make cut-outs, and mount them.

Review the following verse. Teach it again, if not already learned. Have it read from the blackboard or copied:

GOD LOVES ME

“God cares for every little child
That on this large earth liveth;
He gives them home and food and clothes—
And more than these God giveth.”

SUNDAY SESSION

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

Exodus 15:1, 2, 20, 21; Psalm 50:23a

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.”

—Psalm 126:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Open your lesson with a review of the story of the Israelites saved at the Red Sea. This is especially necessary as the lesson is the conclusion to that story. Make this lesson serve as an application, bringing down to child life the fact that gratitude is the only right state of mind for any loving service, and most especially for the daily blessings as well as the unusual blessings and help in time of danger, which come from God to all of us.

After you have told the Bible story about "A Song of Thanksgiving," tell the little story from history, given in this lesson, picturing vividly the gratitude of the Indian, and also that of the boy. This story will appeal to many of the pupils who are making little excursions into the realms of the history of their country, especially during the weeks around the national Thanksgiving season.

A short Thanksgiving service follows the lesson.

THE STORY

During the night the wind had blown, and the waves had dashed far up on the shore. Fathers and mothers gathered their children about them in a safe place and waited for the morning to come. What a terrible night it had been. They still shuddered when they thought about the king who had tried to catch them.

At last the sky toward the east began to turn a faint, light color. Morning was coming. How glad everyone was.

"We are safe!" exclaimed little Joseph's father.

"God has saved us!" answered the mother.

All through that great, great crowd of people echoed the words: "God is good! It was God who saved us! God is good!"

"God is good! Let us thank him!" exclaimed one and another.

"Yes, let us praise him!"

Moses, their leader, had a good sister named Miriam. Miriam liked music, and one of the treasures which she had brought along with her from the king's country, was her timbrel. A timbrel was a musical instrument, and she could play it well.

Moses, the leader, began to sing, and the men joined with him in praise songs to God. Miriam played on her timbrel, and the women sang.

What a happy Thanksgiving day that was.

Dwell upon the thought that every deed of kindness naturally awakens a feeling of gratitude, and help the children to feel a contempt for the mean soul that does not so react.

ANOTHER THANKSGIVING STORY: 'THE GRATEFUL INDIAN'¹

It was a bright summer morning, a long time ago, in a little town in New England. It was the time when Indians lived in almost every woods and fathers carried guns when they left home, and mothers locked the doors very, very tight at night for fear the Indians might hurt them.

Mother was shelling peas on the porch, and John and Jean were playing round the yard.

Presently John looked out of the yard, for he heard some one passing. It was an Indian woman with her baby strapped to her back, her little papoose.

John saw that something was the matter with the baby, and he ran after the woman and asked her about it.

"Papoose sick," said the Indian mother. "See doctor." She loved her baby.

"Bring the baby in here and my mother will make it well," said John kindly.

The Indian woman followed John into the yard and his mother took the sick little papoose on her lap.

Poor little baby! How he cried! John and Jean stood near mother, ready to help. Mother gave it some medicine and petted it. She comforted the troubled Indian mother.

By and by the baby stopped crying, and went to sleep.

"There, baby is better! He will soon be well!" said mother, and she put him back in his mother's arms.

"Good doctor! Good doctor!" exclaimed the Indian woman, and then she left the yard and started toward her wigwam in the woods.

The next day the Indian woman came back with her baby, and mother washed it, and gave it some more medicine. Then she put on some pretty, clean clothes that once had been Jean's. After a while the baby grew well, and the woman did not come back.

The days and the weeks passed by, and at last Thanksgiving time came. Mother started to make the pies for the dinner. She cut up the big, yellow pumpkin.

But when she looked into the molasses jug she found that it was empty, not a drop was there.

¹ Adapted from a story found in "Worth While Stories for Every Day," by Evens. Published by Milton Bradley Company.

“Oh, my! What shall we do? There is no molasses to make the pies,” she exclaimed.

“I will go and get some from the store,” said John. Then he took the jug and started off through the woods.

Now it was quite late in the afternoon, but what would Thanksgiving be without mother’s pies? John trudged on till he reached the store, and the storekeeper filled the jug; then John started off for home.

He had not gone far when it began to snow, and the gray clouds looked very threatening. The wind blew the flakes, and soon the paths were covered. John looked this way and that—and then he chose the wrong road.

How strange everything looked. The jug was so heavy. And he was lost.

Presently John heard a crackling sound amongst the branches. He turned, and there stood a tall Indian with a gun.

“Oh, I am lost! Please take me home!” and John began to cry. He was afraid of the big Indian with the gun.

The Indian picked him up, put him over his shoulder, and carried him to a camp fire near a tent.

An Indian woman with a papoose was sitting there. She looked earnestly at John for a minute, then she rose and said a few words to the tall Indian man.

The Indian grunted and smiled, then he lifted John up to his shoulders again, took his jug, and tramped all the way through the woods to John’s home. He set John on the doorstep and said: “My squaw and my papoose you helped last summer. Me have thanksgiving here,” and he touched his heart. Then he went off into the woods again.

And don’t you think that little boy said a prayer of thanksgiving to God that night before he went to sleep?

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE SONG

“Praise,” from “Carols.”

READING OR RECITATION

“While I live will I praise Jehovah:

I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.”

—Psalm 146:2.

“In my distress I cried unto Jehovah,
And he answered me.”

—Psalm 120:1.

SONG

“Thanks for Daily Blessings,” from “Song Stories for the Sunday School.”

READING OR RECITATION

“O give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good.”

—Psalm 136:1.

“My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth.”—Psalm 121:2.

(The children should learn many of these praise verses from The Psalms. Correlate them with this theme, and teach them thoroughly and understandingly.)

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

The learning of several of the verses used in the above Thanksgiving Service. Reward the children who make special effort and succeed, by placing a gold star beside their names on the blackboard or by giving some little gift.

Make a simple Bible bookmark from cardboard. This may be decorated by a simple drawing of fruit or vegetable suggesting God's gift at autumn time. On the reverse side have the children copy Psalm 136:1. Let the children give the finished gift to father, to mother, or to some shut-in friend. Many such simple drawing problems may be conducted successfully if you will familiarize yourself with the pupil's work in drawing and manual-training in the secular schools.

CHAPTER VIII
WEEK DAY SESSION
REVIEW

Dramatization of the Story of Noah and the Ark

MEMORY VERSES

“Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad.”

—Psalm 126:3.

“O give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good.”

—Psalm 107:1a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The little exercise called dramatizing has been found to be of real educational value in the secular schools, and, with proper limitations, we, also, may make excellent use of it. Children like to act out their stories, and a number of those which we have been telling lend themselves admirably to this treatment. A story which the pupils dramatize becomes vividly alive and real to them.

Of course the story must be thoroughly known and understood and it must be especially pleasing to the pupils, before the exercise is attempted. The Review Lesson will be an excellent place to use this form.

It is not necessary or wise to have many stage accessories; the dramatization should be spontaneous, and as much as possible the work of the children themselves. They should be so well acquainted with the story, and so thoroughly alive to the action that they themselves suggest motions, dialogue, and setting. If they so enter into the spirit of the exercise the story will be a reality to each of the small participants. Suggestions and dialogues for two dramatizations are given: “The Story of Noah and the Ark,” and “The People of Israel Saved at the Red Sea.”

The Story of Noah and the Ark

General Directions: The chairs used in the Sunday-school room will form very creditable material with which to construct the "ark." They may be placed side by side, with one chair at each end to suggest a boat. The children's imagination will supply the rest.

Four boys may be chosen to represent Noah and his three sons. These children should be those of your class who show the most initiative and are the most active. The others of the class may represent the remainder of Noah's family and the animals.

PART I

(Noah and the three sons talk together as they build the ark.)

NOAH (looking up toward the sky): "It is a clear day, my sons; let us work hard in the building of our boat. Help me to carry this big timber, Ham. It is long and heavy, too heavy for an old man to lift alone. But you are young and strong. My good sons, what a help you are to me and to your mother!"

HAM: "Where does it go, father? You only have the measure." (Have the pupil representing Ham draw forward a chair.)

NOAH: "Here, son. I have been told just the length and just the width." (They lift together.) "Here is the place for that timber."

SHEM: (drawing another chair to the father): "Where does this piece go, father?"

NOAH: "That fits in here, son."

JAPHET: "The boat is growing bigger, father."

NOAH: "Yes, son, a little larger every day. Place that timber here, Japhet."

HAM: "The neighbors have been laughing at our work, father. They do not think we show much sense in building a boat where there is no water."

NOAH (speaking gravely): "Ah, my sons, they have indeed scorned our work. But God has bidden me to build the ark, and we will obey."

JAPHET: "Where does this go, father?"

NOAH: "Here, my son. A flood will surely come. God is angry with the wicked. He has said that evil shall be washed away from the earth, to make it clean again."

SHEM: "Here is another beam."

NOAH: "The ark will be firm and tight. There are to be rooms for the animals in it. It is to be daubed with pitch to make it water-tight. There is to be a window and a door."

SHEM: "What shall we take into the ark?"

NOAH: "Two of every living thing: two of every beast; two of every bird; two of every creeping thing."

HAM: "Can we keep them alive?"

NOAH: "We are commanded to take food enough for all. There is much work ahead of us, my sons."

JAPHET: "We shall help you, father."

(All work till the boat is finished.)

NOAH: "Our work is finished. We have done all that has been commanded us to do."

PART II

NOAH (coming out of his house and looking into the sky):
"The storm clouds are gathering. Wife, come with me and look. Come, children!" (All gather about Noah and look up into the sky.)

SHEM: (holding up his hand): "A drop of rain has fallen on my hand."

HAM: "The wind is rising! How it rocks the branches of the trees!"

ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW: "See that olive tree bend in the wind?"

ANOTHER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "The lambs are afraid! Poor things!"

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "I am afraid, Father Noah!"

NOAH: "Fear not, daughter. We are safe, quite safe. God has promised to take care of us. Remember how he told us to build the ark, and we obeyed. Fear not."

SHEM: "The rain is falling in torrents, now, father."

NOAH: "It is even so, my sons. Let us gather into our ark of safety. We will lead the gentle and tender animals into their rooms. Indeed, we will take them all in as God commanded. Let us get to work, for the Flood is upon us."

JAPHET: "We will help you, father."

NOAH: "Two of every kind; two of the beasts; two of the birds; two of every creeping thing."

(Noah and his sons muster in the "animals" and seat them in the chairs.)

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "Here are the little sheep, father."

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "Here is a dove."

(After all are in Noah speaks.)

NOAH: "Come in, my sons, and we will close the door."

(NOTE: Let the children representing the family care for the "animals," and watch the rain. The child impersonating Noah may pretend to send out the raven, then the dove. Let him add to the dialogue. This can be done with the help of the teacher.)

NOAH (looking at a distance): "The dove has not come back, my children. She has found a tree to build her nest. The Flood is over. We may now leave the ark. We may go and take the animals."

(All leave the ark and look about.)

HAM: "How good it feels to set foot on the earth again."
(Stamps.)

SHEM: "How sweet the air is!"

JAPHET: "How glad we all should be to be safe and well after the dreadful Flood."

A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "The animals are glad. See them nibble the grass!"

ANOTHER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "There is the sheep that I brought into the ark. See how happy it is!"

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "I wonder where the little dove has gone?"

NOAH'S WIFE: "We should be very grateful to God, dear children. It is he who has cared for us."

ALL (looking upward): "Oh, look! How beautiful!"

NOAH: "It is a rainbow, a sign of God's promise that there never shall be a flood over the whole earth again, to destroy all people. This is the beautiful sign of God's promise! Come, my children, let us sing praises to our God who has kept us in safety."

PART III (By the whole class)

ALL: "Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad."

—Psalm 126:3.

"O give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good."

—Psalm 107:1a.

SONG: The praise song which the children like the best.

SUNDAY SESSION

REVIEW

Dramatization of the "Story of the People of Israel Saved at the Red Sea."

Exodus 14:5-31; 15:1, 2, 20, 21; Psalm 50:23a.

MEMORY VERSES

"Jehovah hath done great things for us,
Whereof we are glad."

—Psalm 126:3.

"O give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good."

—Psalm 107:1a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Reread the directions given for the preceding lesson. Remember to keep the action of the lesson spontaneous, and do not attempt to use much stage setting. The children's imagination will supply all deficiencies if you manage the lesson successfully. Let them suggest dialogue and incidents, you, of course, keeping close to the story facts and guiding all aright. A thorough review of the story is absolutely necessary. If this is done, the children will in imagination see each event as a reality.

The People of Israel Saved at the Red Sea

General Directions: One corner of the room may represent the land of Egypt. The children will be more competent to act out the little scenes if they have been shown some of the hieroglyphic pictures representing the Israelites at work on the making of bricks and the many other pictures giving the various phases of Egyptian life, such as a group of Israelites making bricks; an overseer urging the workers.

Another corner may represent an Israelitish home, where a mother and two children are working about the simple duties.

PART I

MOTHER: "Father will be coming soon, Joseph. Go to the well with Sister Esther and draw some water. Carry the big water jar by the handles carefully. When you come home you may help me to get the supper."

JOSEPH: "Poor father will be tired again, will he not, mother?"

ESTHER: "And his arm will hurt."

MOTHER (speaking softly): "Yes, the overseer struck father. He was very cruel, for father worked as hard as he was able to do."

JOSEPH: "We will be back soon, mother." (Children pretend to draw the water and return, carrying the water jar between them.)

MOTHER: "My good children! Now Joseph may bring me some of the leeks and onions from the garden, and Esther may pick a flower for father. I will cook the meat and we will cut one of the sweet, ripe melons that father likes."

ESTHER: "Oh, I see father now! Let us go to meet him!"
(The children run to meet the child who takes the part of the father.)

MOTHER: "Has the work been hard to-day?"

FATHER (shaking head sadly): "Harder than ever. The overseers make us gather our own straw for the bricks. How long must we suffer?"

MOTHER: "Our God has promised to help us."

FATHER: "Yes, and Moses has been before Pharaoh. To-day it is said that he seemed a bit more willing to let us go. Our God has promised to give us the Promised Land and we will trust him."

PART II

(All the children with something in their arms ready to march. One boy represents Moses, another Aaron with his rod, another Miriam with her timbrel.)

MOSES: "The time for which we have waited and longed has come. This night we depart from the land where we have been slaves. Our God is truly mightier than Pharaoh. He is stronger than all the kings of the earth. Let us begin our journey."

(All begin to march slowly. This may be accomplished by walking in single or double file round the room several times. Presently a boy may blow a trumpet made by rolling a paper, and all stop.)

ONE OF THE PEOPLE: "Oh, the sea!"

ANOTHER: "There is the sea! How shall we cross over?"

MOSES: "We have traveled many miles. Our little children are tired. Let us pitch our tents and rest. See! the cloud that has led us is still. Our God will help us to cross." (All work with a will to set up camp. Go through imaginary movements of putting up tents.)

ONE OF THE PEOPLE: "Hark! What is that noise?"

(All stop to listen.)

ANOTHER: "It sounds like distant thunder."

ANOTHER: "That is no thunder. It is the sound of chariot wheels."

(People gather together more closely.)

ANOTHER: "It is the king! It is Pharaoh!"

ANOTHER: "He is coming after us!" (People show alarm.)

ANOTHER: "He is sorry he has let us go!"

ANOTHER: "He wants us back to make his bricks and build his buildings and serve him at dinner, and take care of his horses and wash his clothes and, and"—

ONE OF THE GARDENERS: "And to weed his garden, grow his vegetables and melons and fruits!"

ANOTHER: "The overseers will beat us harder than ever!"

SEVERAL: "We cannot get away!"

ANOTHER: "We might better have stayed in Egypt. We shall have to work harder than ever when we get back."

ANOTHER: "Yes, yes, we might better have stayed! Pharaoh will punish us cruelly for running away!"

MOSES: "Hark! Listen! Remember who brought you from the land of Egypt! You are God's children, and he has promised to take care of you. He is leading us. He will show us the way. We shall be saved from Pharaoh this night. Behave yourselves like men! Gather together your baggage! Be ready for the march! See, the bright cloud is moving! Let us go forward to the sea! God is about to do a wonderful thing for us!"

(Moses stretches out his rod.)

MOSES: "Forward over this path which has appeared through the water! Forward! You will not be drowned!"

(The people march as through a narrow path.)

ONE OF THE PEOPLE: "Pharaoh is following! He is coming through the sea!"

MOSES: "Courage! The king will not catch us! See! Even now the shore is before us! Come, let us gather together on the dry land! We are all safe!"

(Moses stretches his rod over the waters.)

"Behold! The waters are closing together again! The sea has rolled back to its place. The rumbling of the chariot wheels cannot be heard. God has saved us from danger! How great is our God!"

THE PEOPLE: "How good is our God!"

MOSES: "Our God is greater than all kings! Let us give thanks and praise!"

PART III

(Repeat the Praise Exercise of the preceding lesson.)

CHAPTER IX
WEEK DAY SESSION
WILLING GIFTS FOR GOD'S HOUSE

Exodus 35:4-29; 36:4-7; I Corinthians 29:6-9

MEMORY VERSE

"God loveth a cheerful giver."—II Corinthians 9:7b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

We take pupils a step further with a new theme, "Love Shown by Giving," and develop the fact that not only through prayer and praise may we show our love to God, but in still another way—by willing gifts for his service. We know that all impressions are deepened by some expression, some activity, and so this lesson is in proper sequence. The illustration chosen is from Exodus, chapters 35, 36, where we are given the beautiful picture of the people in the desert opening their bundles of treasures, the dearest of the possessions which they were able to bring with them on that night of hurried departure from Egypt, or those which they had gathered on their journey, such as the skins of animals and beautiful specimens of wood.

They had come as far as Mount Sinai, where they had pitched their tents in obedience to God's command. They had received the Ten Commandments and "sundry laws," chapters 21 to 25, which God gave them to keep, laws which, if obeyed, would make them fit and worthy to enter the Promised Land.

Aim to awaken in the children a keen desire to show a willingness to share their good things with those whom they love and also with those less fortunate than themselves, thus fitting in with God's plan for the world.

As the Christmas season approaches or on other special occasions, we may find ample opportunity for giving. The

teacher will want to help the children to make a gift for father or for mother; she will also wish to arrange some form of social service.

We are to aim to show the pupils how God's children, who have received such benefits, should act. We frequently repeat these lessons concerning the correct responses with the hope that the right reaction will become habitual and in time will come without thought or effort.

INTRODUCTION

You love your father and mother very dearly, and you are very happy and grateful for all they do for you, of course. And every boy and girl says, "Thank you" when father comes home with a package and gives it, and when it is opened you find it is just what you wanted—a book, or a pair of skates, or a doll, or a new pair of shoes, or—oh, anything that father and mother know that you like or need to make you happy and comfortable.

But most boys and girls are not satisfied to say "Thank you" and never do anything else. What do they like to do? (By leading questions draw out the fact that a grateful receiver is prompted to show his love by giving.)

THE STORY

For a long time the cloud that led the Israelites had not moved forward, and the tents were pitched. Every morning when the fathers and mothers and the boys and girls rose up from their night's sleep and went to the tent door, they could see a great, tall mountain. They never had tried to climb the mountain, for God had told them not to do this. But Moses had climbed it, and there God had spoken to him and given him messages to take to the people. The people were learning to love God more and more; they were trying harder to obey him and to keep his laws.

They were grateful for what God had done for them, and they wished that they might do something to please him.

One day Moses said, "You may do something for God; you may give him gifts to show that you love him."

The people were glad, and they listened.

Moses said: "God has done great things for us: he has saved us from Pharaoh; he helped us to cross the sea; he kept us from the king's soldiers; he gave us water when we were so thirsty; he has given us manna. You can give him gifts to show your love."

The people asked, "What can we give?"

Then Moses said: "When you left Egypt you did not leave empty-handed; each one of you carried a bundle containing his dearest treasures. Each one of you now has a bundle of treasures hidden in your tent."

The people nodded and said, "We have." Sarah's mother remembered her gold rings and some of the other mothers remembered their gold chains and their jewels.

Some of the fathers had saved pieces of the beautiful trees that grew near the wells; and some of the others fathers had beautiful furs and skins of animals.

Some of the mothers had brought pieces of linen and silk that they had had in their homes in Egypt.

Then Moses said: "You can make a beautiful tent for God, and he will come and dwell among us. We shall not be able to see his face; but we shall know that he is with us; he will dwell in our midst."

Then Moses told what a splendid tent it should be; far, far more rich and costly than their own tents, pitched round the mountain. It should have curtains of royal purple and fine linen; it should have pillars of gold; there should be a golden box to hold the stones upon which were written the Ten Commandments; there should be a golden candlestick and lamps; there should be an altar for sacrifices; there should be dishes of brass and dishes of gold and silver; there should be a wonderful curtain at the door. It was to be called the **TABERNACLE** (write the name upon the black-board), and was to be their church.

"We can go within it and worship God," said Moses. "You have the things. Go to your bundles and look them over. All who have willing hearts come, bring an offering. Give what you have, and give with willing hearts."

The people went to their tents; they opened their bundles. Everyone gave something, and gave gladly with a willing heart until at last there was more than enough to make the beautiful tent for God.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Learn the following memory gem:

“What can I give him,
 Poor as I am?
 If I were a shepherd
 I would bring a lamb,
 If I were a Wise Man,
 I would do my part—
 Yet what can I give him?
 Give him my heart.”

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Make a Bible bookmark.

Copy a praise verse upon it. Give to some friend. Make up a class basket of delicacies for some shut-in.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG TO TEACH

“Little Children, Come and Bring,” from “The Primary and Junior Hymnal,” No. 151.

SUNDAY SESSION

LOVE SHOWN BY GIVING

II Corinthians 8:8-12; 9:7, 8, 12

MEMORY VERSE

“God loveth a cheerful giver.”—II Corinthians 9:7b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Let us aim to make clear to the children the fact that they themselves can show their love by gifts, and that these gifts, even though small, are sometimes means of bringing much happiness into the lives of others. Paul reminds us in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians that “if the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as a man hath, not according as he hath not.” There are very many beautiful stories in literature that are by rights the property of the children

which may be used to help illustrate those great themes, and we should search to find them and fit them in with our scheme. To-day we may adapt the story of Browning's "Pippa Passes." The little girl had but one day for her own, one holiday, and she spent it in giving what she could—her song. Through it she shows her love to God, and helps all who hear her. Teach Pippa's song. Also teach some lovely spring song with a message which the children may sing at home or for others.

PIPPA PASSES

Pippa was not a rich little girl; indeed, she was quite poor, for she had to work in a silk mill all day long. But as she listened to the burr, burr of the machinery and wound the bright-colored silk on the spools, she would say to herself: "My holiday is coming! My holiday is coming! I soon shall have a whole, long day for myself!"

After the long day was over and she went to bed at night she would pray to God to give her a bright, sunny day for her holiday, the one day in all the year that was all for herself.

Day after day she worked on. Sometimes great ladies with beautiful gowns passed by and Pippa would say to herself, "I helped to make those lovely dresses," and she was proud of the mill and of her work.

At last Pippa's holiday came; she jumped from bed and peeped out of the window.

"Oh, it is going to be a sunny day! My holiday is going to be a sunny day!" and she clasped her hands happily.

She began to sing as she dressed, and because she was so thankful for her day these were the words of her song:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

She even hummed her happy little song as she ate her

breakfast, and when she went out into the street of the little village she still was singing happily.

“Here comes Pippa!” said people as they passed. “Bless her for her dear little song!”

Presently she drew near a window. Within, a poet was trying to write a song, but he was not succeeding very well—the music didn’t suit him, and the words were poor. His face was all drawn up in a pucker.

Pippa passed, singing her song. The wrinkles left his brow; he listened.

“The year’s at the spring
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew-pearled,
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn,
God’s in his heaven—
All’s right with the world!”

“Dear child, she has given me a thought! I can do better than this!” and he turned to his work again and wrote a song which was sweeter than any he ever had written before.

“Here comes Pippa!” cried some children, and they began to dance to the song that Pippa sang for them.

Then she passed by a sick man’s window.

“The year’s at the spring
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew-pearled,
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn,
God’s in his heaven—
All’s right with the world!”

sang Pippa.

The sick man listened. “Pippa is passing by!” he exclaimed, and he forgot his pain as he said, “Pippa’s song has given me courage to try to get well again!”

A lame man heard her. “Pippa’s song makes me want to throw away these crutches!” he exclaimed—and he tried to walk.

A blind man heard and said, "I wish that I could catch that beautiful song!"

Pippa passed along, and by and by she went beyond the village, out into the country. Some men were building a castle. A young man was making the steps. He was discouraged. "I wish I could do some great work," he sighed, "something greater than just making steps for people to walk upon."

Pippa passed, and sang her song. The young man listened, and the discontented look left his face.

"The little girl has done a good thing for me to-day. I am ashamed of my discontent. I will go back and work as I should."

Still Pippa passed on. In another house lived a man who needed to do a thing which he dreaded to do. He listened to Pippa. "The child has helped me!" he exclaimed, and he jumped on his horse to go do a great deed.

So Pippa passed by, singing her song all day long, and at last night came—the beautiful holiday was over. She went home and made ready for bed.

"I should have done something besides sing all day long," she sighed.

But I think that the little gift of her song pleased God more than anything else that she could have given him. Don't you?

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Continue the learning of the song, "Little Children, Come and Bring."

Make some Christmas gift (bookmark, calendar, Christmas card with Bible verses copied upon them.)

Collect money for a substantial Christmas basket for some poor family, to be ready for Christmas Eve.

SHORT SERVICE

SONG: "Little Children, Come and Bring."

CLASS: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

RECITATION :

“What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a Wise Man,
I would do my part—
Yet what can I give him?
Give him my heart.”

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BLACKBOARD READING :

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

—REBECCA B. FORESMAN in the *Continent*.

PRAYER :

“Dear Father, for thy tender love,
We thank thee, we praise thee;
We lift our happy songs above,
To praise and bless thy name.”

CHAPTER X
WEEK DAY SESSION
A MOTHER'S GIFT

I Samuel, chapter 1

MEMORY VERSE

“As long as he liveth he is granted to Jehovah.”
—I Samuel 1 :28b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The history of the Jewish people circles about the house of God, and the three Biblical stories under the theme, “Love Shown by Giving,” tell of gifts of love brought there to him. The story for to-day tells of a mother's love for her baby boy, and how her gratitude to God for the gift of her child prompted her to “lend” her boy to the Lord; how she sacrificed the companionship with her child, her dearest treasure, because of her greater love for God. It is a beautiful story, and always wins the attention of the pupils.

The teacher should prepare herself with a good background of the history of the times if she would tell the story well. The incident occurred during that period in Jewish history when the rule of the Judges began to be wanting in effect upon the nation. Many of the people were becoming careless and forgetful of God, and the nation as a whole was in a lax condition of obedience to the Law. Unfortunately this was the case in Eli's own family; his sons were totally unfit characters to succeed their good father in his priestly office.

A new leader was needed, a man to whom the people could look as counselor, judge, and example. Samuel was to fill that difficult position.

Samuel was born into a home where he was especially desired and welcomed. His father was Elkanah, a Levite, who served in the house of God. His mother was Hannah, and

she promised God in her prayer that, if she should be granted the very dear wish of her life, to have a son, she would give him to God for his service. Her prayer was granted, and when the child was born, he was named Samuel. According to her promise, when the child was still very young, she brought him to the tabernacle as a gift to God. She explained her mission to Eli, and then left her boy to be trained for his future work. In the future years the mother made an annual visit to her little son, each time bringing him a coat which she had made with her own hands.

At this time the tabernacle was located at Shiloh, and that place was the scene of great religious pilgrimages. It was pleasantly situated on a hill, and was surrounded by higher hills on three sides, with a valley toward the south. But at this time the place was sinking into neglect.

THE STORY

There was once a good woman who lived in a pretty cottage with her husband. Her husband was kind, and gave her gifts, but these did not seem to make her happy; she longed for a little son.

"Oh, if I had a little baby boy, I should be the happiest woman alive," she would sigh.

"You should not be so sorrowful, Hannah," her good husband would say. "You have my love." But Hannah could not be comforted.

One day she went with her husband to the city where the tabernacle was, and while she was there she prayed to God to give her a baby boy. "O God," she whispered, "if thou wilt give me a little son, I will give him back to thee, to work for thee all the days of his life."

The good old priest, Eli, saw her at prayer, and when she told him her story, he said, kindly, "Go in peace; and may God give thee thy heart's desire."

Hannah and her husband went home again and, after a time, God answered her prayer; a little boy was given to her, and she named him Samuel. Hannah thought that he was surely the sweetest little baby in the world.

But she did not forget her promise, and when little Samuel was old enough to leave her, she packed his clothes and some gifts, and took him to God's house, the tabernacle.

Such a happy-faced woman she had become! Eli did not know her, her face was so changed.

"Do you not remember me?" she asked. "I am the sad woman who prayed for a baby boy. God answered my prayer. Here is my little child, Samuel. I promised to give him to God, and I have brought him to God's house. As long as he lives, he belongs to God." Then the mother kissed her little Samuel, and went away.

But she did not forget him, oh, no, indeed! She thought of him every day. After a while she thought of a beautiful thing to do: she made him a little coat with her own hands.

"Every year I am going to the house of God at Shiloh," she said to herself, "and every year I shall make a little coat and take it to my Samuel."

And so she gathered the best wool that she could find and spun the cloth with her own hands. I am sure that she sang as she worked, for she was always happy now. And I am sure that the coat fitted him nicely, for the mother tried so hard.

How glad she was when the coat was nearly done! She would hold it up and say: "The year is almost over! The coat is almost finished! I will soon have my little Samuel in my arms again."

In the house of God Samuel was doing his work every day. The priest, Eli, was growing to be an old man, and was so glad to have a pair of young feet to do errands for him, a pair of bright eyes to see for him, and two willing hands to help him with the day's duties in God's house. Eli loved Samuel.

When the year drew near its close Samuel would rise out of his little bed and say to himself: "My mother is coming to-day; or if she does not come to-day, she will be here soon!"

"My mother is coming very soon," he would say to Eli.

Then I am sure when the mother did come Eli must have told her what a good boy Samuel had been during the year; how well he did the work in God's house; how faithfully he helped—always up early to open the doors, always well prepared in his lessons.

"God loves our little boy! God loves your gift to him," he would say to the mother.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Continue the making of the Christmas gifts which you have planned for your pupils to give.

Buy penny copies of Reynold's, The Child Samuel, and give to each child to mount. Under the picture or upon the other side have the children write: "SAMUEL WAS GIVEN TO GOD."

Review the quotation: "What Can I Give Him?"

Obtain small-sized envelopes and let the children themselves ornament them with a decorative seal which you may buy by the box from the Dennison Company. Have the pupils write upon the envelopes: "My Gift for God's House." They may bring their Sunday collection money in these envelopes.

BIBLE VERSES TO BE USED WITH THIS CHAPTER AND
CHAPTER XI

"I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go unto the house of Jehovah.
Our feet are standing
Within thy gates."

—Psalm 122:1, 2.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise."

—Psalm 100:4.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Then to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

—Psalm 84:10.

"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."

—Psalm 84:4.

Write as many of these verses upon the board as your class can learn, and teach them. Incorporate them into your opening and closing services. Repeat them till the children know them thoroughly.

SUNDAY SESSION

A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS

Matthew 25:31-40

MEMORY VERSE

"Go, and do thou likewise."—Luke 10:37.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

As frequently as possible we plan to select stories and poems from the literature taught the children in the secular schools, giving this material the ethical and religious touch which it is often impossible to give there for obvious reasons. The children will bring to these stories a preparedness which renders them doubly valuable for our purpose.

Have you ever taught a beautiful poem to a class of children, and have you noticed the gradual surrender of mind and attention to the beauty of the rhythm and repetition, the meaning of new words, the mental pictures, and finally, have you watched the dawn of appreciation as the inner meaning begins its appeal? If you have not, you have a treat in store if you will attempt this.

The children's classics should be repeated over and over again, for new truths can always be found, ethical lessons can be discovered by the teacher who really wishes to search for them.

The story chosen for to-day to illustrate the Biblical passage and the theme is a poem by Alice Cary, "The Wise Fairy." Carefully modulate your voice in the rendering. Read slowly and comment freely when first you go over the poem. Develop the unfamiliar words. Explain difficult phrases such as "friend of the friendless," "her heart was in her hand," "the flax of their distaffs," and so forth.

Read separate lines and verses over and over till the pupils really see what you wish them to see. Talk about the mental pictures. Let the pupils express the thoughts in their own words. Of course, in doing this work you must keep constantly in mind the fact that your pupils are of the Primary grade and that you cannot expect more than Primary children can give.

After you have accomplished this preliminary work read the whole poem.

THE WISE FAIRY: A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS

Once in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree,
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand,
For she was the friend of the friendless,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,
Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dyke,
Digging, digging, and digging
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children
Their goats from the pasture take,
Or saw them milking and milking,
Till their arms were ready to break,
What a splashing in their milking pails
Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes in the night, a fisher
Would hear her sweet, low call,
And all at once a salmon of gold
Right out of his net would fall;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
 Or child, or spinner old,
 Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
 Or a coat to keep from the cold,
 The gift of the good old fairy
 Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or fisher,
 Or spinner, or child so gay,
 Brought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,
 Or staked his pleasure at play,
 The fairy's gold in his very hold
 Would turn to a lump of clay.

—ALICE CARY.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

SONG: "Oh, What Can Little Hands Do?" Found in
 "The Primary and Junior Hymnal."

CONCERT RECITATION: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

BIBLE READING BY THE TEACHER

Here are some words in the Bible which show us how glad God is when we give to those who need. We are told that it is just the same as giving to him.

"For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? and when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, make our eyes bright to see those who need; make our hands quick to do; make our hearts willing to give, because we know that is the way to give to thee. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Bible verse: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Continue the making of Christmas gifts.

Devote the class offering to some special form of charity, giving the children full opportunity to suggest where and to whom, and permitting them to understand the extent of the good done, so that they may be glad to repeat the service.

Make an extremely simple dramatization of the poem—giving impromptu work entirely.

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LOVE SHOWN BY GIVING

CHAPTER XI
WEEK DAY SESSION
GIVING IN GOD'S HOUSE

II Kings 12:4-15; II Chronicles 24:4-14

MEMORY VERSE

“Every man should give as he is able.”

—Deuteronomy 16:17.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The Kingdom of Judah had sunk into a state of carelessness and forgetfulness of the worship of God, and the Temple was in a dilapidated condition. Under the influence of Athaliah, the daughter of the Tyrian Jezebel and Ahab, king of Israel, the worship of Baal had become as prevalent as it had been in the sister Kingdom of Israel.

When Ahaziah, the king of Judah, was killed, there was a massacre of the royal family, and it was supposed by Athaliah, who intended to become the queen, that all the seed royal was dead; but the little, one-year-old prince, Joash, was smuggled away by his aunt and his uncle Jehoiada, the priest, into the Temple cloisters.

Here, in God's house, he lived in seclusion till he was seven years old, when the time seemed ripe for his coronation. All arrangements were made by his uncle Jehoiada, and on a Sabbath Day when the people who still remembered God had assembled, the priest brought the child before them, told them the story, placed the crown upon his head, and then the Temple courts rang with the exclamations, “Long live the king!”

Athaliah was seized and put to death inside the Temple, and the worship of God was reestablished.

But the Temple needed repairs, and when the young king grew older it was no wonder that the condition of God's house, his home, was a source of trouble to him. To-day's

story tells of his methods of collecting money and conducting the needed repairs.

THE STORY

When King Joash first began to reign over his country of Judah, he was only seven years old. The beautiful crown seemed very big and heavy for his little head.

It was on a Sabbath Day and his uncle Jehoiada who was a priest of the Temple had come and carried him out to a place where all the people could see him. Then he had said some very solemn words to the people, who had seemed so surprised to see the child, and gently gave him something which he said was the Law.

Soon the people began to shout: "Long live the king! Long live the king!"

Presently there was a loud noise outside and a gayly dressed woman came hurrying in, crying: "Treason! Treason!" She looked about wildly and angrily.

But soldiers with spears were standing on guard. They seized the woman whom some one called the wicked queen. For six years she had ruled where she had no right to rule. They took her away and out of the building.

The building was God's house, the Temple, and the little boy had been hidden in it for six years. His uncle and his aunt had carried him there. If they had not done this, the wicked woman who had made herself queen would have killed him. But the time had come for little Joash to take his place on the throne.

Of course, even when Joash became a young man, he remembered all about the Temple; he knew all about the different rooms. It made him sad to see the place growing more and more dirty and dusty; more old and crumbling. He thought about it a great deal, and the more he thought about it, the more he wanted God's house to be made fit for his people to worship God.

At last King Joash thought of a plan. The high priest was the same good old man who had taken care of Joash when he was a little boy, hiding in the Temple. It was he who had taught Joash to love God's house. The king told his plan to this man, Jehoiada. He told it to some of the helpers of Jehoiada, also, and they all promised to help him.

Then he said to the priests: "Take the money that the people give, to mend God's house. The broken places in the Temple must be mended." And the priests were to go to the people and ask for money. They were to tell what it was for.

But the time passed, and the work was not done. The Temple was still old-looking and broken. The king called the priest to him. He asked, "Why do you not mend the Temple?"

He was disappointed because his plan had failed. But soon he and his uncle made another plan. A chest was placed by the entrance of the Temple. It was something like a big, wooden box. The good priest, Jehoiada, bored a hole in the lid. All the money that was given was put into the box, to be used to mend the Temple.

The people liked the plan. They gave a great deal. By and by the chest was full. The high priest and another man, the king's scribe, took the money out and counted it. Then they put it into bags.

Then the people began to fill the chest again. It was filled and emptied a great many times, for the people were glad to give money to mend God's house. Soon there was enough to begin the work.

When the money was counted carefully, it was given to the workmen. Soon the work of mending the Temple began. Carpenters were busy, masons were busy, and also the men who hewed the stone.

The broken places in the Temple were mended. Day by day God's house grew solid and strong and beautiful again.

The king and his people were glad, and the workmen were faithful and honest.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

(Have the pupils memorize the following verses and use them repeatedly.)

CLASS: "I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of Jehovah."

GIRLS: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

BOYS: "Freely ye received, freely give."

SONG BY THE CLASS:

An Offering Service

M. FLORENCE BROWN

HARDER

Andante

mf

mf

1. To our heaven - ly Fa - ther, Lit - tle chil - dren bring
 2. To our heaven - ly Fa - ther, These our gifts will bring;

mf

Lov - ing hearts and voic - es, And his prais - es sing.
 Glad - ly now we of - fer Treasures to our King.

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SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Copy one of the verses used in the devotional service.

Decorate an envelope with a Dennison seal for next Sunday's offering, and copy upon the envelope the text, "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Make a drawing of a church, using only an outline which suggests the shape.

Plan to use the Sunday offering for a given time for some small gift for the church such as the flowers. This can be talked about in the week-day session.

SUNDAY SESSION

LITTLE GIFTS AND HOW THEY HELP

Mark 12:41-44

MEMORY VERSE

"Every man shall give as he is able."

—Deuteronomy 16:17.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Use this lesson to bring the theme down to the children's own lives. Do not leave on their minds the possibility of the conclusion that they are too small to give or that their gifts are insignificant.

Tell the story of the poor widow's mite, and Jesus' comment upon it.

A pleasant little story to illustrate the help that may come from a small gift may be secured from the adaptation of the fable, "The Ant and the Dove." It may be found in its original form in Tolstoy's "Fables for Children."

INTRODUCTION

Kings can give wonderful gifts if they want to do so; rich men can also give beautiful gifts. But do not think that they are the only people who can give. Sometimes the tiniest gift, if love goes with it, brings as much joy as the gift of a king or of a prince. Jesus told us that when he lived upon earth.

One day Jesus was in the Temple. He was tired, and he sat down, for he had had a very hard day. Many people had been unkind to him.

His twelve disciples were with him. The place where they sat was called the treasury; in the treasury there were boxes into which the people could drop their money gifts to God.

Jesus sat watching. Now would come a rich man called a Pharisee. He would drop in his money with a great clank. Then another man would come and drop in his money with a bang, and he would look about to see how many people were watching as he put in his gift.

Many, many rich men passed by, taking coins from their belts and moneybags. But each man made a great show of what he was doing. They were thinking more of how big the people would think their gift was than of their love for God.

Jesus watched. Presently his tired face grew bright and happy. A poor widow came toward one of the boxes. She quietly dropped in her gift. It was only two mites—a tiny, tiny offering, the very smallest that had been given. It would take eight mites to make a penny.

Jesus turned to his disciples and said: "This poor widow has given more than all the rest. They gave of their plenty. She gave from her want. She has given all that she had."

Jesus knew that the gift of the widow was a gift of love. A gift without love is nothing.

I am going to tell you another story about a little gift in order to show how much good a little gift sometimes does.

THE STORY

It was a beautiful day in summer. The little brook sang through the meadow, "I'm glad I'm alive this morning." The leaves of the apple tree by its bank waved gently in the bright sunshine. The green grass dotted with wild flowers made a soft carpet close to the water's edge.

The pretty gray dove, which had a nest in one of the branches of the apple tree, cooed softly, "This is the happiest place in the world for my three little baby birds!"

Down in the hole at the foot of the tree lived a little ant, the busiest fellow you ever did see. He carried load after load of stores to the wonderful little cave which he had helped to dig for a home.

"I'm glad I'm alive to-day," he said, as he worked.

Even the old frog who had lived by the brook for many a year, croaked in a loud voice: "Ker-chonk! You're right! This is the best place in all the world to live!"

Presently the little ant grew thirsty, for he had worked very hard. "I'll go to the brook and get a drink," he said, and he did.

But at that minute a very frolicsome wave danced up against the bank and washed the ant into the water. Poor fellow! He struggled bravely, but the wave carried him along, and he was almost drowned.

The bright eyes of Mistress Dove saw the accident. "Coo! Coo! Coo!" she cried.

Then she broke off a small branch of the apple tree. It looked something like a tiny boat. It was all that she could give. She threw the little gift boat down into the water, just within reach of the poor ant.

Another quick struggle and Mr. Ant reached the leaf boat and climbed upon it. The breeze wafted him safely back to the shore.

What a narrow escape! Could anything have given him more help than the little green boat, the gift of Mistress Dove?

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A VERSE TO READ FROM THE BLACKBOARDS: "Be ye kind one to another."

VERSES TO RECITE: "Freely ye received, freely give."
"God loveth a cheerful giver."

A MOTTO FOR THE CLASS TO LEARN:

"Even the youngest, humblest child
Something may do to please the Lord;

.
Never, never a day should pass,
Without some kindness, kindly shown."

SONG: First two verses of the song given in the preceding lesson.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Let the children make a child's illustration of the story of the "Ant and the Dove."

Send a small gift to a child who is shut in the house because of illness.

GOD'S BEST GIFT

CHAPTER XII
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE BABY JESUS IN A MANGER

Luke 2:1-20

MEMORY VERSE

“God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son.”—John 3:16a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Historical Setting. Herod the Great was king of the Jews, and his capital was at Jerusalem. However, he was subject to Cæsar Augustus, emperor of Rome, who was at the time of the birth of Christ in the twenty-seventh year of his reign.

Tax notices had been published at this time, and it was the regulation that the taxpayers must make payment at their native towns. Hence the roads were full of travelers. Joseph and Mary were among them, on their way from Nazareth to the town of Bethlehem. They reached Bethlehem late, and found the inn so full of other people who had come upon the same errand that they could find no lodging place under its roof. The only shelter obtainable was the stable of the inn where Joseph was compelled to take his tired young wife.

Tell the Christmas story. Then make assignments to the different members of your class for the devotional service which will constitute the following lesson. Teach as much as you can of the exact Bible story as given in Luke 2:1-20. Get the children to learn some of the verses at home; they will not find the first portion difficult. Use part of your session to teach your Christmas music.

THE STORY

It was Christmas time, but people were not making ready

for it the way they have been doing this week. Indeed, no one knew anything about Christmas, that December night so long ago.

A great many men and women had been coming to the little town of Bethlehem all day, and the place was full. The roads had been crowded, and every room in the inn was taken.

Some of the people had come on long, long journeys, but they were not gay, happy-faced travelers such as those who have been on a long vacation journey.

The great ruler of the land had told them that they must come to write their names in a big book, and pay their taxes. The taxes were very heavy and took a great deal of the poor people's money. They talked about the taxes instead of about Christmas gifts.

Among the travelers were Joseph and Mary, his young wife. They had come from their home in Nazareth. Mary rode on a donkey, and Joseph walked by her side.

Mary was very tired before she reached the town.

"Courage, Mary! Only a little farther! See, there is Bethlehem!" said Joseph. "Soon we shall reach the inn, and there you shall have a room where you can rest! Courage, Mary!"

They came to the inn, and Joseph knocked. When the innkeeper answered, he asked for a room.

"Room!" exclaimed the innkeeper rather roughly. "Why, there is not a room left, man! Have you come to pay the taxes?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Joseph. "Bethlehem is the city of my fathers. We have come to write our names in the book, because the king commanded it."

"Well, the town is crowded with people who have come on the same errand. There is not a room left," said the man.

Then Joseph told him how tired Mary was; he said that he himself could sleep in the street, if need be; but Mary must have a resting place, and he begged the man again for a place.

"There is no room," repeated the man, "but you can go to the stable of the inn."

So Joseph had to be content. He led the donkey round

to the stable and tenderly lifted down his tired, young wife and took her into the stable. Mary was glad for even that rude shelter, and for the bed of hay.

Now not far from Bethlehem some shepherds were resting and keeping watch over their flocks on the hillside. Presently one of the men looked up into the sky and exclaimed: "What is that! See! What is that bright light over the town?" One after another stood up and looked, and the light grew so bright that they began to tremble with fear. They never had seen anything like it before.

"What has happened in Bethlehem! What has happened!" exclaimed the frightened shepherds to one another.

While they stood gazing at the sky, an angel of the Lord appeared and said to them: "Do not be frightened. I have come to bring you good news; oh, joyful news! I have come to bring good news to all people."

Then the angel continued: "Over in the town of Bethlehem a little Baby has been born. He is Christ, the Lord; he is the Saviour. Here is the way you shall know him: You will find the Baby wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. He is with his mother."

Suddenly a host of angels appeared in the sky, and the shepherds heard them sing this beautiful song:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

When the song was finished, and the angels had gone, the shepherds said one to another, "Come, let us go find him."

Then they hurried to Bethlehem, and went to the place over which the light of the brightest star rested. It was a stable. There the dear little Baby had been born, and the mother had wrapped him in soft swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, for it was the only cradle she had.

What a bright light shone in that humble place! The star that led the shepherds made it light outside, but the light round the Baby was greater. Indeed, he had come to be the Light of the world. I think the shepherds must have had to shield their eyes as they came in and looked down into the manger cradle.

They stayed with the Baby a while, and then they went

away singing songs that were the first Christmas songs that the world had ever sung. They went away praising and thanking God for the Gift of his Son. And to everyone they met they told the good news.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Have the pupils copy the Memory Verse.

Have the pupils copy the angels' song and learn it.

Help the children to make a large cardboard bell and write upon it "Good News to All People." This may be given as a Christmas card or bookmark.

Send a class Christmas postal to some one who would especially appreciate a Christmas message. More than one postal may be sent if thought best.

SUNDAY SESSION

CHRISTMAS

Luke 2:1-20

MEMORY VERSE

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3:16a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Make this lesson a real Christmas service of worship. Give ample time to help the children to become familiar with the "real" Christmas, what it means to the world, to them, and to each of us. Keep this time for the Bible story and for the songs and recitations that are among the classic thoughts. They are old hymns and old verses, yet they seem new each time that Christmas comes again. These things should be given to every child, and it is for us to give them, to pass them along.

Keep your room simply decorated, and if possible have one or more large and good copies of the Christmas pictures, the real masterpieces.

The music of one little Christmas song is given to add to the program.

THE WONDERFUL GIFT

SONG (By a concealed choir):

“ Silent night! Holy night!
All is dark save the light,
Yonder, where sweet vigils keep,
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.”

PRIMARY CHILD RECITES CLEARLY: “ And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.”

SONG OR RECITATION:

“ While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
' Fear not,' said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
' Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“ ‘ To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.’ ”

PRIMARY CHILD RECITES CLEARLY: “ And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.”

SONG BY AN OLDER CHILD OR BY A CHOIR:

“Hark! the herald angels sing,
‘Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!’
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
‘Christ is born in Bethlehem!’
Hark! the herald angels sing,
‘Glory to the newborn King.’”

RECITATION BY PRIMARY CHILD: “And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.”

SONG BY THE PRIMARY CHILDREN: “Stars of Christmas Night.”

Stars of Christmas Night

LIZZIE DEARMOND

(Primary Motion Song)

E. S. LORENZ

Not too fast

1. ¹Twinkle, ¹twinkle, stars so bright, We are glad to see your light,
 2. ¹Twinkle, ¹twinkle, gleam and glow O'er the ³fields of fro-zen snow,
 3. ¹Twinkle, ¹twinkle; can you tell Of the Christ we love so well?



Shin - ing from your home on ²high, Lit - tle jew - els of the sky.
 While the bells so gay - ly ⁴chime, Ring - ing in the Christmas-time.
 Did you shine up - on the ⁵hay Where the Ba - by Je - sus ⁶lay?



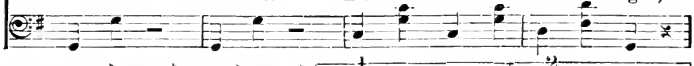
CHORUS



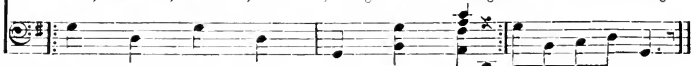
¹Twin- kle! ¹Twin- kle! Like the ⁷eyes of an - gels bright,



¹Twin- kle! ¹Twin- kle! Lit - tle ⁸stars of Christmas night,



¹Twinkle, ¹twinkle, twinkle, ¹twinkle, Through the Christmas night! ³O'er the visions bright.



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MOTIONS:—1. Make twinkling motion with fingers held high. 2. Point up. 3. Hold hands out at face level, palms downward. 4. Make ringing motion with right hand. 5. Point down. 6. Close eyes, fold hands and lay left cheek upon them. 7. Touch right eye with fingers of right hand. 8. Hold hands up and look up.

RECITATION BY A PRIMARY CHILD: "And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger."

SONG: "What Child Is This?"

SOME POEMS TO SPEAK ABOUT THE BABY JESUS

"Once in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 Where a mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for his bed;
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

"He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And his shelter was a stable,
 And his cradle was a stall:
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

"And through all his wondrous childhood
 He would honor and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly maiden,
 In whose gentle arms he lay;
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as he.

"For he is our childhood's Pattern,
 Day by day like us he grew,
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us he knew;
 And he feeleth for our sadness,
 And he shareth in our gladness.

—MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

God send us store on Christmas Day
 Of friends, and health, and mirth:
 And bless us with that dream always
 That blessed the world on Christmas Day:
 "Good will, and peace on earth."

So sing we all on Christmas Day
Old songs of Christmas cheer,
God grant us brave, true words to say;
Yea! help us live some better way
In all the glad new year.

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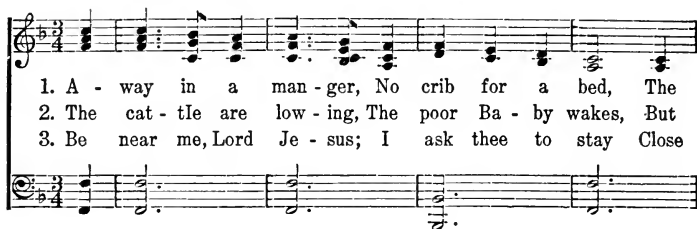
SEEMS TO ME

Seems to me the stars shine brighter
Christmas night;
Seems to me the snow lies whiter
Christmas night;
That the solemn trees stand straighter,
And the frosty moon sets later,
And the hush is stiller, greater,
Christmas night.

Seems to me sad things are fewer
Christmas night;
Seems to me glad things are truer
Christmas night;
Seems to me the bells ring clearer
From their steeples, louder, nearer—
Seems to me the whole world's dearer
Christmas night.

—NANCY BYRD TURNER, in *The Youth's Companion*.
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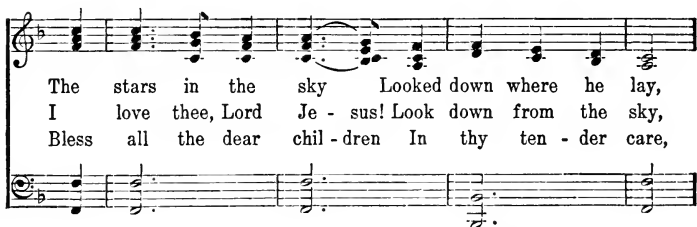
Luther's Cradle Hymn



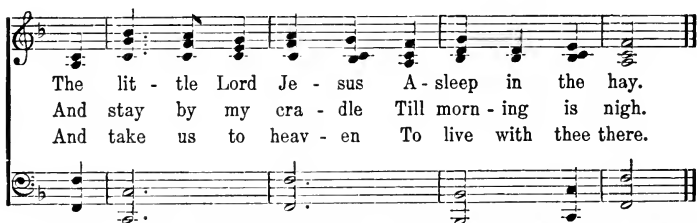
1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor Ba - by wakes, But
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask thee to stay Close



lit - tle Lord Je - sus Laid down his sweet head;
 lit - tle Lord Je - sus No cry - ing he makes;
 by me for - ev - er, And love me, I pray.



The stars in the sky Looked down where he lay,
 I love thee, Lord Je - sus! Look down from the sky,
 Bless all the dear chil - dren In thy ten - der care,



The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep in the hay.
 And stay by my cra - dle Till morn - ing is nigh.
 And take us to heav - en To live with thee there.

From "A Christmas Program for Beginners and Primary Sunday Schools." Used by courtesy of G. Schirmer, Inc.

CHAPTER XIII

WEEK DAY SESSION

THE FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS: THE WISE FAIRY

Matthew 25:35-40

MEMORY VERSE

“Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me.”—Matthew 25:40b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

This lesson has been arranged with the thought that it may be used in connection with the frolic or afternoon of Christmas cheer and good time which every teacher should have with her children at the Christmas season. As will be seen it is a simple dramatization of the poem “The Wise Fairy” which was the illustration used in a previous lesson. The pupils are familiar with the story and its underlying thought, and this will simplify the preparation. Make this a “giving” Christmas as well as a “receiving” Christmas, and let this dramatization further your end. Some articles of comfort may be collected and afterwards put in baskets and sent to some needy child or family or shut-in, some destination previously determined upon by children and teacher. This will follow the plan of preparing for each lesson some expressional activity correlating with the underlying thought of that lesson.

Of course this little innovation may be simplified till it is almost an impromptu exercise, or it may be elaborated by using a curtain and making the whole stage represent the interior of the spinner's cottage—then in turn the ditchers at work, the children in the meadow, the fisher and some appropriate surroundings, and by giving many separate little acts.

The Friend of the Friendless: The Wise Fairy

Stage Setting: A small group of little pine trees, Christmas trees, to represent a forest, one of the trees to be slightly larger than the others, as the "home" of the wise fairy.

The fairy may be costumed either in a crisp, short, full-skirted dress of tarlatan, or in a softer, clinging costume of white cheesecloth. She should have the customary crown of tinsel, with a star decoration. The stars may be homemade or they may be purchased at an entertainment-supply store. The fairy may carry an electric searchlight instead of the customary wand, in order to "overlook the land." She should also carry on her arm a basket constructed from large golden hearts. Make the heart shape decidedly prominent. Fill this with "lumps" made of gold or yellow-colored paper coins. The "coins" should be rather large; fasten several together by means of elastic bands.

If it is desired to elaborate the wood scene, you may decorate with the green garlands which may be purchased at entertainment shops. Use gold stars and gold paper garlands lavishly around the fairy's tree.

In one corner of the room or stage represent a brick fireplace by means of brick fireplace paper, which may be purchased at an entertainment shop, add andirons and a spinning wheel if you can get them, and anything else which will make this corner look like a cottage and its interior.

In another corner have several little boys, dressed in overalls and carrying small spades and pickaxes at work as at digging a ditch. Muffle the ends of the tools.

In another corner of the room represent a meadow by means of a bit of apple-green cheesecloth fastened to the floor, and a few gay paper flowers. Several toy cows or goats may represent the animals.

In another place a child with a diminutive fish line may represent the "fisherman."

All this may be simplified or elaborated as you wish, as suggested above.

Curtain rises to music, "Maryland, My Maryland."

Fairy amongst branches of tree surrounded by her attendants, several little gnomes and elves, who creep out from behind the other trees.

Gnomes and elves join hands and sing round the tree:
 ("Maryland, My Maryland.")

"A little fairy comes at night,
 Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
 With silver spots upon her wings,
 And from the moon [a tree] she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
 And when a good child goes to bed,
 She waves her wand from right to left,
 And makes a circle round its head.

(Softly. Singers nod.)

"And then it dreams of pleasant things
 Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
 And trees that bear delicious fruit,
 And bow their branches at a wish."

—THOMAS HOOD.

FAIRY (rustling the tree branches and moving her electric searchlight round the stage): "Nighttime again, my little gnomes and elves! Sleepy, little Dusky Shadow? (Points her searchlight toward little elf in soft gray drapery.) Wake up! Our work has just begun! Why, you behave like one of the daylight children. Come, wake up! Such a busy night this is to be for all of us! It is near the Christmas time! Busy! Busy! Busy! Let us begin our work. One dance round our forest home to wake you up, then, to work!"
 (Hum "Maryland, My Maryland," and circle round the fairy tree.)

FAIRY (directing her light toward the fireplace by which a little old lady sits spinning surrounded by her children—doll babies): "Look, my little gnomes and elves! Look and listen!
 (All the little gnomes and elves stop humming, some place hands to the ears and others place hands over the eyes as they listen to the monologue of the little old spinner.)

LITTLE OLD SPINNER (sighing): "Oh, dear! Nighttime already and my work is not done! (Yawns.) If

Sonny-boy had not been sick to-day I should have been through. My, what a cold he has taken! He should have this little woolen coat—then he would be warmer. But there is not enough wool to finish it. He should have some mittens, too, and so many other things. And Norma and Jack and Marie should have new shoes and coats. And the money in the pocketbook is so little. (Opens a large pocketbook and counts a few coins. One rolls away on the floor.) There, the noise waked the baby—I'll sing him to sleep again. (Stirs cradle and sings one verse of "Luther's Cradle Hymn." See music.)

Fairy waves her electric searchlight and presently mother and babies are all asleep, as gnomes and elves hum softly the music of "The Cradle Hymn."

FAIRY: "Now's our time! Quick, little ones! All must be finished when I wave my wand. Here, little White Cloud! Take this yellow ball of gold! She will need more than one, for Norma and Jackie and Marie must all have comforts. Here, Moonbeam! Here, Frolic! (Hands each a golden ball from her heart-shaped basket. With much ado about tiptoeing and silent laughter, they manage to put a ball in the mother's lap, and the others in the cradle. Fairy waves her wand, and all retire.)

FAIRY: "Heigho! Well done! My good little spirits! One more song, a very gay song—then to work again!" (Sing "The Twinkling Stars." See music.)

FAIRY (sending the rays of her electric torch): "Now to work again! Ho! Ho! What is this I see? Look, children! (Focuses upon the "poor ditchers.") "Poor ditchers. Poor ditchers!"

"Knee-deep in the muddy water!
Digging, digging, and digging
To their very graves, belike!"

Come my children! (Hands out the lumps of gold.) I will wave my wand and put them to sleep! Sweet dreams!"

LITTLE MOONBEAM. "But they'll come true!"

LITTLE GRAY SHADOW (giggling): "They'll come true!"
 (Fairy waves wand and all hum "The Lullaby."
 Ditchers sink in slumber, gold is placed in caps of sleepers, and elves and gnomes hop away.)

FAIRY: "Well done, little ones! Let us hasten. (Waves searchlight.) Oh, look! (Rests light on the meadow where she sees several poor little children tending their toy animals.) "Poor dears! Too little to work! Now should be their playtime. What a splashing in their milk pails our gifts of gold will make! Let us play a fairy joke upon the children. Sing, my dears!" (Hum "The Cradle Song." Children sleep; elves and fairies place the gold nuggets in pails.)

FAIRY (flashing searchlight): "Ho! Ho! A fisherman! But if ever I saw a fisher who has not had a single bite on his line, here is one! What a doleful face! Here's a chance for you, Little Glowworm. Take this golden salmon and fasten it on his line. Take your little candle to light you on your way. Watch him, little ones, but make no noise. Now sing our lullaby!" (Humming sends the fisher to sleep. Glowworm fastens on the golden salmon.)

FAIRY. "Now, children, let us chant our spell:

TOGETHER. "If—any—ditcher, or fisher,
 Or—child, or spinner old,
 Buys shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
 Or—a—coat—to—keep from the cold,
 The gift of the fir-tree fairy
 Will—always—be—trusty—gold!"

FAIRY waves wand, all exclaim merrily:

"Wake, wake, wake,
 Find the gift of the fir-tree fairy!"

ALL awake with appropriate motions of pleasure and surprise, take the nuggets, and explore their contents.

CURTAIN. (Music.) "The Angelus."

SUNDAY SESSION

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN

Matthew 2:1-12

MEMORY VERSE

“ And opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts.”
—Matthew 2:11c.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Through this lesson you will show the children that God's best Gift, Jesus, is for all: the rich, the poor, the simple-hearted, and the untaught, the wise and the great, the young, the old. They will see, too, that all these classes like to do him honor by bringing him gifts.

The Magi, or Wise Men, were astrologers, and belonged to a religious castle in the East.

Help the children to feel as definitely as it is possible for a child to feel that, just as the lives of those Wise Men were touched and changed by the Light which they followed and sought, so their lives may be changed and beautified by that same Light. As the Wise Men lifted themselves out of the darkness of the desert into the Light, so all life may be lifted toward that same Light.

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN

(If the teacher can sketch a camel upon the blackboard [and it is not a difficult outline], she will add greatly to the interest of “ the beginning ” of the story.)

If a man likes his camel, he will buy a fine harness for it, just as a man buys a fine harness for his favorite horse, or a little boy sometimes buys a fine collar for his pet dog. He buys a harness with tinkling bells and pretty tassels and sometimes chains of shells. If he is a rich man with plenty of money in the moneybag which he carries, he may buy a big, white camel, because a white camel costs more than a brown camel. He will feel of the great hump on his back, and he will look at the queer, spongy feet, to be sure that he can trust his beast to carry him on his long journey over the sands of the desert.

A long, long time ago, three men bought camels, the best that could be found, for they were rich men. They were going to a far country. They took with them dates and olives and food enough to last through the journey. Besides their lunch, each man had in his pack a treasure, a beautiful treasure. One man carried gold, another carried costly frankincense, and the other carried sweet-smelling myrrh.

The travelers were called "Wise Men"; they knew a great deal about the stars; sometimes they tried to tell the meaning of people's dreams; sometimes they tried to tell the meaning of signs.

As they rode along the desert, they would often look up at the sky; a very bright, new star was there, and they talked about it. They followed its light, and it led them along. The men liked best to travel at night, because it was cooler. They put up their tents during the hot hours of the day, and rested. They often talked about a little Baby King. It was to see this little Baby that they were taking the long journey. The star was the sign that he had been born, and it was leading them to his birthplace.

They traveled for many, many miles. The star led them out of the desert. By and by they came to the great city of Jerusalem. There was a high wall all round about it, and the gates were guarded.

The big camels drew near the gates. The travelers said to the gatekeeper: "We have come to worship the Baby King who has just been born. Where can we find him? Can you tell us the way?"

The gatekeepers were greatly surprised. Up in the palace lived King Herod; there was no baby king there. King Herod had been king for more than thirty years, and even as they thought of his name the faces of the gatekeepers became hard and cross-looking. How they hated him! How everyone in Jerusalem hated the man who kept them poor and treated them so cruelly!

"No, there is no baby king," they said to the strangers.

But the Wise Men kept on their journey, for the star led them, and they were sure of finding the Baby, if they hunted faithfully.

At last some one went to the palace and told King Herod about the strange visitors, and the strange question.

Herod was frightened; he was angry. Perhaps it was a plan to take away his crown; perhaps some one wanted to take his place. What if he should lose his palace and his servants and his chariots and his beautiful robes and all his jewels? The more he thought, the more troubled and frightened and angry he became.

He called some of the great men and the priests to come to the palace. He began to ask them questions. Their answers troubled him more and more.

“Call these strangers to the palace,” he commanded. “But do not let anyone know about this thing.”

The Wise Men came.

“When did you see the star?” he asked, and they told him. Then he asked a great many other questions. The king was greatly troubled.

“Go find the child. Look everywhere for him. When you find him, come and tell me. I, too, will go to worship him,” he said. But this was a wicked lie, for the bad king did not intend to worship any little, newborn King.

The Wise Men left the palace, and went on, following the star. It led them out of the big city, out over the hills, toward the little town of Bethlehem, the very same town that the shepherds had visited. It led them on and on, till it rested over a house.

The Wise Men knew that their journey was over; they entered, and there they saw the dear little Baby Jesus, with Mary, his mother. They fell down on their knees and worshiped him. Then they gave him their treasures, the beautiful gifts they had traveled so far to bring. But when they went back, they did not go near the palace to tell King Herod, for in a dream God warned them not to do so.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Have the pupils copy the Memory Verse.

Decorate an envelope, or better, a small box with an appropriate Christmas picture. Write upon it the question: “What can I give him?” Use this for the following collection. Determine upon some special charity for the class collection, something for a little child where a gift will be greatly needed.

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, we know that the gift of Jesus was for everyone. We, too, are grateful as were the shepherds and the Wise Men. We, too, would give thee a gift. We know that what we do for others is the same as giving to thee. We give our gifts for thy sake. Amen.

GOD THE PROTECTOR

CHAPTER XIV
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE BABY JESUS SAVED FROM DANGER

Matthew 2:13-15, 19-23

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah is thy keeper.”—Psalm 121:5a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Fear is an emotion prominent in varying degrees in different little children. They are afraid of pain; they are afraid of goblins and of horrible things which they imagine populate darkness and shadowy corners; they are afraid of strange noises; they are afraid of death. In the Bible, our true word picture book of the childhood of the human race, much is said of this baleful emotion, and of the sure means of overcoming it. The remedy is so to fill the heart and mind with the certainty that God is our Protector and ever present with us both in times of special crises and in the everyday sameness of our lives that the feeling of fear is crowded out.

“Jehovah is my light and my salvation;
Whom shall I fear?
Jehovah is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid.

.

Though a host should encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear.”

To show this fact in concrete form, by means of stories, Biblical, historical, and also in sketches from modern child life should be the aim of every teacher, and for her help this lesson and several which are to follow under the same theme, are given.

THE HISTORICAL SETTING

This story follows in historical sequence the story of The Visit of the Wise Men. Augustus Cæsar was emperor of Rome, with his residence at that city. Herod was king of Judea, and responsible to Cæsar. Herod's reign of over thirty years was the story of the life of a tyrant, and the hearts of his people were filled with bitter hatred toward him. This feeling was caused by a long series of neglected interests, of unjust taxations, of cruel and excessive punishment, of careless treatment of life and property.

Although born in a lowly manger, the King of whom the Jewish prophets wrote had come: the shepherds and the Wise Men had seen him. The Wise Men through their questions had aroused suspicion in the mind of Herod, and he was haunted by the dread of losing his throne and the luxuries incident to his royal life. His hatred grew, and he began a search, intending to destroy the "Child King" of whom they spoke, if he could find him. But God's protecting care was over his own Son. He warned Joseph in a dream to move to a place of safety. Hence the flight into Egypt.

Draw on the blackboard a picture of a simple, flat-topped Oriental house, such as that in which Joseph and Mary probably went to live after they left the inn. Tell the children something about these houses, describe the flat roof, the outside stairway. Tell something about the simple furnishings. Explain that Joseph probably found such a home for Mary and the Child, and that they had left the inn and were living there when the Wise Men came to visit the Baby.

Open your service by quiet music, such as some sweet, simple lullaby. Have the children sing Luther's "Cradle Hymn."

THE STORY

Just as soon as Joseph could find a nice little house, he took Mary and the Baby to live in it. It looked something like this (draw). It was made of clay; it had a flat top; it had an outside stairway like this.

When the pleasant warm days came Mary intended to take her Baby in her arms and go upstairs, because it would be cool and pleasant there. The family of three was living

in the nice little house when the Wise Men came to make their visit.

Day after day Mary rocked the Baby to sleep in her arms, and sang lullabies. She loved him dearly, and was glad when she saw that he was growing a little stronger every day.

Joseph took care of them both. He was a carpenter, and I suppose he made things with his tools and earned money by selling them to the people who lived in the town.

Together they watched the Baby, and Mary would say, "He grows prettier every day, Joseph, does he not?"

"He's a wonderful Baby, too. The angels sang of his birth, and the star led the shepherds to find him."

Then they would talk about the visit of the Wise Men. They would look at the beautiful gifts they had brought. They would talk a long time about the Baby and these wonderful things, and then they would dream sweet dreams about him.

But one night Joseph had another kind of dream; it was a fearful dream. He awoke with a start.

"Mary! Mary!" he called.

"Mary, I have had a dream! It was about the Baby. He is in great danger!"

Mary listened, and she grew cold with fear.

"We have no time to lose, Mary. Herod, the king, is searching for him. He will kill him!"

Joseph's voice trembled with anger when he spoke the bad king's name.

Mary gathered her Baby close in her arms and held him tight as Joseph told his dream.

"God has warned me. We must leave at once. The king must not find the Baby. There is no time to lose!"

Then Joseph went out and found a donkey and brought it to the door. Mary dressed herself and the Baby. She took a little lunch and a bottle of water. Joseph helped her into the saddle, and they hurried away in the darkness from the little house where they had been so happy.

Out of the little town of Bethlehem they rode. After a while the road grew dreary, like a desert, yet on, on they went. Mary forgot that she was tired; Joseph thought

nothing of his aching feet as he walked along by the side of the beast of burden.

"Little Jesus must not be found! The king shall not get my dear Baby," said Mary.

"No," answered Joseph. "Herod shall not kill this Child. It is the will of God that he should live," and they traveled on.

By and by they came to another land, called Egypt.

"We are safe!" cried Joseph. "The king will not get us here!"

"My Baby!" whispered Mary, gratefully. "Thank God for keeping him safe from Herod!"

So Joseph and Mary and the Baby stayed in Egypt just as long as God wanted them to stay; indeed, they lived there till King Herod died. God then told Joseph in another dream that it would be quite safe for them to go back and live in their own country again.

Then Joseph said, "Let us go to Nazareth."

Nazareth was the town where Joseph and Mary had lived before Jesus was born. Mary thought of the pretty white houses covered with vines; she thought of the lovely orchards of olive and orange trees; she remembered the flowers she had picked from the garden when she was a little girl. She thought of all these things and said, "Yes, let us take little Jesus there."

So they went to Nazareth, and Joseph found another pretty house. Little Jesus grew like the flowers in the garden. Mary taught him to say her name; she taught him to say a little prayer to God, his heavenly Father.

Joseph was a carpenter and by and by the little Boy was old enough to be with him when he worked. How glad Jesus was to hold the nails for Joseph, or to find the hammer or some tool that he needed!

His mother told him stories from the Bible, the same stories that you love so well. She told him about the shepherds and the Wise Men who came to visit him when he was a tiny Baby; she told him about the star and the angels' song. And each year that the little Boy grew he became a greater help to his mother and to Joseph in the carpenter shop.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

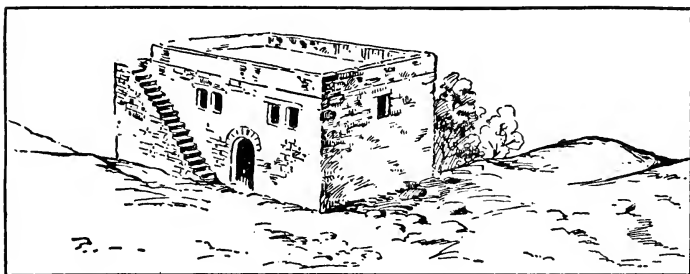
Have the pupils copy the Memory Verse.

Let them cut out or draw an Oriental house using the pattern given.

Talk about the need of being "protectors" to little brothers and sisters and urge that this care be specially given this week—this service to be discussed during a portion of the following lesson.

Let them learn the following prayer verse:

"O Lord, be not far from me."—Psalm 35:22b.



AN ORIENTAL HOUSE

SUNDAY SESSION

SAVED FROM DANGER: THE CHILDREN IN
THE WOODS

Matthew 6:26; 10:29-31; Psalm 27:1-3, 7, 8, 13, 14

MEMORY VERSE

"Jehovah is thy keeper."—Psalm 121:5a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

One of the beautiful teachings in the Bible is that God protects the little and the weak. We are assured of this by many incidents, and through actual statement of the fact. God's own Son gave this testimony of his Father's care over the more helpless and the smaller things of earth when he

said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny?" This bird was of so little value that two were worth but a penny! Then he continued, "And not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." Again and again it is shown to us that God is tender-hearted to all, and especially toward those who are not able to stand the buffetings of the world's hard circumstances.

The children should be helped to know this side of their heavenly Father, for such knowledge will awaken a confidence and trust which will help them through many a childish crisis. Show them this so clearly that they will turn to God in such times as naturally as did David when he said:

"Jehovah is my light and my salvation;
Whom shall I fear?

.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee,
Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek."

Very often we little realize that a small affair in a child's life has meaning to him; it may seem like a fearful thing though in fact it is not. What a comfort it is if the little one is able to turn naturally and confidently, and ask for protection and then to be sure of the close presence and guidance of God through the danger which is causing such distress!

There is a feeling of tenderness toward children, the weak and the helpless, in the heart of every human being, unless he is far too depraved to deserve the likeness of his heavenly Father. And this trait is often remarkably noticeable and fully developed in the great and the strong. Many beautiful stories are based upon this feeling. Show the children the beauty of the characteristic of the desire to protect. Perhaps you can awaken interest by telling the incident of Abraham Lincoln's turning aside to put back the little helpless bird that had fallen from its nest and was in danger of being trampled.

Show the children how they, too, in their small way may help to "protect" baby brothers or sisters by being willing to care for them when mother is busy. Talk over this possibility at length. You may draw attention to both the "pro-

lector" and the "protected," by means of the following story which is simplified and adapted from the incident called "The Children in the Wood of the Far South," found in "A Book of Golden Deeds" by Charlotte M. Yonge.

THE STORY

A long time ago in the country called Australia three little children lived with their father and mother on a farm. Big brother was nine years old, sister Jane was seven, and little Frank was five.

Not far from their home was a big woods: the trees were close together and the overhanging branches kept most of the sunlight out. Away, deep within, it seemed almost like twilight even in broad daylight.

Beneath these trees was plenty of good firewood to be had for the gathering, and this was just the work for little people to do so long as they did not venture too far into the deep, dark places.

One day Big Brother, Jane, and little Frank all started out to gather the firewood, for they were always quite ready to help mother.

When evening came, however, they did not come back. Mother and father were anxious, of course, but they knew that there were no bears or wolves or other fierce wild animals, and father comforted himself with that thought while he made ready to hunt for his little lost children.

"My children will not be torn to pieces by wild beasts," he said, "but they will have nothing to eat; nothing grows in those woods, not even a raspberry or a blackberry. And what will they do for water? Grown men have been known to die in these woods. How will my poor little children fare?"

The anxious father called his neighbors and asked them to help him to hunt for his children, and together the men started out.

"Cooee! Cooee!" they shouted, "for that is the call people use in those woods.

"Cooee! Cooee! Cooee!"

As father thought of the dangers, he became more and more frightened. The neighbors tried to comfort him, but

they, too, grew very sober-faced as the hours passed by, and nothing but echoes answered them.

The day passed, and then the night; the next day passed, and the next night; still no little voice answered the calls.

At last they asked the help of some of the dark-skinned native people who had lived in Australia even before the white men came there. These men would be able to track the children if anyone could.

They looked at the ground. Soon signs were found in the bent twigs and the tramlings of the grass.

"Here little one tired; sit down," said one man who could speak a bit of the white man's language. "Big one kneel down; carry him along."

"Here travel all night," said another as he looked at the trail. "Dark—not see that bush; her fall."

Then another man said, "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down but fall flat on face."

"Poor, poor little children!" said the neighbors.

"My oldest child has been protecting his little brother," thought father as he listened to the talk of the dark-skinned natives.

After a week had passed the natives led the father up to a clump of brush, where lay the three little figures. Little Frank was in the middle, the safest place; one little protector was on each side. The baby brother was covered with sister Jane's torn dress—to keep him warmer.

The father thought his children were dead, but as he stooped over them, Big Brother stirred and whispered, "Father!" then fell back with weakness.

Little Frank awoke from a quiet sleep. "Father, why didn't you come before? We were cooeing for you!"

Jane was just alive, and she murmured, "Cold, cold!" as her father lifted her in his arms.

The rescuers gathered the children in their arms and carried them home to a place of safety and put them to bed.

Because little Frank was so much stronger than the others the rescuers knew how unselfish Big Brother and sister Jane had been.

How good God was to answer that father's prayers and guide him to his lost children and help him to save their lives!

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Select verses from the lesson material and prepare a blackboard reading lesson.

Talk over possibilities of keeping baby brother or sister from danger by careful care-taking, and try to carry out the talk during the week.

Impromptu dramatization of this story.

CHAPTER XV
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE STORY OF THE BABY MOSES

Exodus 2:1-10

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah is thy keeper.”—Psalm 121:5.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

At this time Egypt was at the zenith of all her brilliant history. The Pharaoh then reigning is supposed by most authorities to have been Ramses II. His ambition was to add marvelous buildings of strength and permanence to his kingdom, and his feats of architecture have been the wonder of the ages since.

In order to carry out his stupendous plans, he needed the skilled strength of many workmen, and this he obtained by subjecting to a state of slavery the thousands of Israelites then living in his land, the descendants of Jacob and his sons who had emigrated from their home in Canaan because of famine, so many years before.

These people were put under the closest and strictest of laws, and overseers insisted upon the utmost fulfillment of the tyrant's requirements. The Hebrews were not permitted to raise themselves to a higher social position, and their condition of constant labor rendered them too weary to rebel.

The glory of the ruler and the splendor of his kingdom increased amidst the groanings and sufferings of an afflicted race. Monuments, temples, obelisks, and palaces were built throughout the land. The palaces were equipped with every known device for the luxurious living which the king and the upper classes craved. Services of all kinds both within doors and on the farms and in the garden were demanded of these unfortunates.

But God heard the cries of his chosen people, and he sent his aid through Moses who was destined to become their leader out of the land of their bondage.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

It will add greatly to your lesson if you gather a number of the hieroglyphic pictures which represent the Israelites at work in the land of Egypt. These can often be secured at a public library, from books, or in the form of mounted pictures.

Tell something about the great river Nile which overflows its banks every year, thus watering the gardens and giving life to the fruits and vegetables—the onions, leeks, and melons which are important food supplies in Egypt.

Explain how barren the soil would have been without the water which came in this way from the Nile. Tell about the beautiful flowers that grew in Egypt, especially the lotus, and how the people liked them, using them to decorate their dining tables, and their rooms; how they presented them to guests; how they made garlands of them.

Many of the children have been taught to make baskets of raffia during the manual-training hour at the secular schools, and they will be immediately interested in the description of the “ark,” or “cradle,” which the mother made of reeds. Show some such little basket to the children as you tell the story.

THE STORY

Down by the river bank in the far-away country of Egypt grew many long, strong reeds, and one day, many, many years ago, a woman gathered a big bundle of them. When she brought them to her house she began weaving them into a basket, and as she worked, I am quite sure that her little son Aaron watched her fingers as she pulled the reeds in and out and back and forth.

Little sister Miriam was a bit older than Aaron, and I suppose that she took care of the baby while her mother was busy.

"Keep him quiet, Miriam dear," mother said; and Miriam would cuddle him very close in her arms and try to keep him from crying.

"Isn't he a pretty baby, mother?" Miriam would say over and over again as she looked into his face; and mother would answer, "Yes, my dear; he grows prettier every day."

Then Miriam would remember the command of the cruel king, "All the little boy babies of the Hebrew people must be killed."

She would shudder as she whispered, "The king must not find our baby!"

Father had to spend all his time working for the king, and he was very tired when he came home. Sometimes, too, he had a sad story to tell of how the overseer had struck him when he could not work fast enough. The king's overseers were very cruel to all the Hebrew people who were building his great buildings for him. They often forced the brickmakers to gather their own straw to mix with the mortar, but they demanded that just as many bricks be done at the end of the day.

Father would sigh! "How long! How long!" and then mother tried to comfort him.

By and by the little basket cradle was finished, and it was just big enough to hold baby brother. Mother made it quite water-tight by covering it on the outside with pitch. Then she placed baby inside, and carried both baby and cradle down to the river. Quietly and gently she hid it among the tall grasses that grew at the edge of the water.

"Watch him carefully, Miriam," she said. "Do not go too near, because some one might see you. I will go home. But if harm comes to baby brother, call me."

How the little "mother sister" watched that tiny basket! She did not mind tired back or aching feet. As she stood just where her mother told her to stand, she thought of mother's words: "God is good. God is strong. He loves little children." Then she would whisper to herself, "Surely he will take care of little baby; surely he will save him from the king."

Presently the faithful little sister heard a sound. Some one was coming! She strained her ears to listen; then her heart seemed almost to stop its beating! The princess was

coming! The king's daughter was coming to the river to bathe! Yes, it was the princess and her maidservants! What should Miriam do?

The royal lady and her attendants came close up to the river bank. Then the princess spied the tiny basket. "What is this?" she cried.

One of her maidens lifted the basket for her mistress to see.

"Open it!" she commanded.

The maiden opened it, and there lay the helpless baby.

"It is one of the Hebrew children!" she said.

Then God did a wonderful thing. He put it into her heart to be kind to the little slave child.

"What a beautiful little baby!" she exclaimed.

The baby looked about; mother was not there; he could not see sister Miriam. He cried.

"Poor little baby!" exclaimed the princess.

Miriam came nearer; she knew that her chance for saving little brother had come. Then she heard the princess say: "I shall keep this beautiful baby for my own. Carry him to the palace."

What a marvelous thing for the princess of Egypt to say! Could Miriam believe her own ears? But she had heard aright.

It was a hard thing for a little slave girl to speak to the royal lady, but brave little Miriam spoke. "Would you like a good nurse for the pretty baby?" she asked timidly. "I know some one who would take care of the baby so well!"

The great lady looked down into the sweet face of the little girl. "You may go bring her," she said.

Then Miriam ran as fast as she could right back to her mother. "O mother, mother!" she panted. "The princess has found the baby! She loves him! She is going to keep him! She wants a nurse to take care of him! Come!"

Mother ran to the riverside. The princess put the little baby into her arms. "I want a nurse for this dear little baby. I shall call his name Moses. You shall take care of him."

This was God's wonderful way of taking care of a little baby who was in great danger.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

If the class is composed of children who are able to give a small sum, collect enough to purchase some necessary article for a baby, preferably for a child of needy parents.

Lead to a special act of attentive care for baby sister or brother this week.

Make a raffia cradle basket.

If you work with clay, have the children make models of bricks and pyramids.

SUNDAY SESSION

HOW GOD FOUND THE WAY TO A SEABOUND COTTAGE

Psalms 102:1-5; 103:1-5

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah, be thou my helper.”—Psalm 30:10b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Keep in constant remembrance the fact that your aim in teaching these lessons is not only to give the historical fact. This, of course, is to be done, and well done; but over and beyond this, we must make such an appeal that we effect the desired change in the child's life, in his way of doing things. We must not stop when the story is grasped intellectually, not until the truth is engraved upon the very heart is our work accomplished.

To help along this purpose it is often well to tell some story of child life illustrating the truth which we have developed through the telling of the Biblical story. For this side of your work select really good stories, often those from the accepted classics for children, or, perhaps, a beautiful incident from history, and amplify it. We shall thus be working hand and hand with the secular schools, and correlating with the courses there.

In leading up to our story for to-day have the children retell the story of the baby Moses, you, of course, by your

questions and skillful references making the theme, "God the Protector," the prominent light.

The purpose of your introduction is to awaken interest and attention, and to call up in the mind some related fact which is known, upon which to build the new knowledge. After you have spent a requisite amount of time for the review, make the connection by means of a sentence or two similar to the following.

INTRODUCTION

God protected his own little Son, the Baby Jesus. He protected the little baby Moses. He loves little children. Do you not think that he is glad still to protect them? I do. Would you like to hear a story of a little boy who was in danger of being a cripple all his life, and how God saved him from this sad trouble?

THE STORY ¹

It was Christmas Eve, and a bitter cold night. The snow lay deep in drifts all round about a little cottage away up in the far country of Labrador.

In the cottage lived three little children with their father and mother—Jimmy and Martha and little lame Sammy.

Although it was so cold outside, it was quite warm and comfortable in the kitchen, for Fisherman Jutt had built a good fire in the old stove, and round it gathered the three little children—and sober-faced children they were, too, for Christmas Eve. Martha held a letter in her hand; she had found it in the stove. She herself would have told you that it had come straight from Santa Claus—from his home at the North Pole. All three stared at the letter, and their eyes were not far from tears.

As they sat looking at the letter, a great stamping and thumping was heard, and some one began to pound on the door. "Open!" he cried, and the little Jutts huddled close together.

"Open!" cried the big voice again, and the knocking was

¹ Adapted from "Christmas Eve at Topmost Tickle," by Norman Duncan, in "Doctor Luke of the Labrador." (Fleming Revell & Co.).

still louder. "Are you dead? Are you deaf? We'll freeze, I tell you! Open!"

Skipper Jonas, the children's father, then opened the door, and there stood two cold-looking men. "Welcome, sirs, whoever you be! 'Tis a wild night," he said.

"Thank you! Yes, we were glad to see your light. I see the glow of a fire! Hello! Who's this? Children? Good! Three of them! Ha!"

Not one of the little Jutts nor the father nor mother then knew that one of the men was a good doctor; but Martha and Jimmy and little Sammy looked into his kind, twinkling eyes and then knew that they were in for a merry time with the stranger who had the great voice and the laughing eyes. They began to chuckle with delight.

"I like children!" he said, and he looked into their faces, but most of all he looked at pale, little, lame Sammy. "How are you?" he asked; and Sammy answered, "Better."

"Better!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Ith, thir," lisped Sammy.

The mother spread a lunch of bread and tea, the best she had, and the strangers ate. Then the doctor spied the letter that Martha had in her hand.

"What's that, my girl?" he asked.

"He's not coming, zur," she answered. "Santa Claus is not coming this year. He's broke his leg."

"Poor fellow! How did he do that?" asked the doctor.

"Catchin' one o' the wild reindeer."

All at once the doctor, with twinkling eyes, exclaimed: "The lazy rascal! Did they send you that message? Give me that letter! Sammy, where did this letter come from?"

"North Pole, thir!" answered Sammy.

"And how did it come?" asked the doctor.

"Out of the stove," and the doctor read: "'Dear Martha: This few lines is to let you know that on account of havin' broke me leg cotchin' the deer, I'm sorry not to be able to be out in the heavy weather. Yours, Santa Claus.'"

"Ha!" shouted the doctor as he crushed the letter in a ball and sputtered in a great way, "I'll attend to him! I'll fix him! Give me pen and ink." He wrote a letter in great haste, strode to the stove, flung it in, and slammed the lid. "There, I think that'll do the trick. We'll soon know." All

waited very quietly, then the doctor jerked open the lid, and snatched a letter, putting out the flame. How the little Jutts blinked! Here was surely a letter from Santa!

"Read that, Martha Jutt," he exclaimed and Martha read: "Dear Sir: Mistaken message. Santa Claus got away at 9.36."

Then there was an outbreak of glee in that kitchen; everyone cheered, even little, weak-voiced Sammy. But Martha's face sobered. "It's sad 'tis too late to get word to him," she sighed.

"Sad, is it?" said the doctor. "What word do you want to send?"

"'Tis something for Sammy, zur," she answered.

"What do you want for Sammy?" he asked.

"The Exterminator!" Martha jerked out in great excitement. "Oh, ay!" added Jimmy. "Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator. Warranted to cure. Please, zur!"

"Yes, zur, Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator cures rheumatism, pains in the back and chest, and warts on the hands. We want it for Sammy, zur. Oh, zur"—

"None genuine without the label," put in Jimmy. "Money refunded if no cure." The doctor laughed and laughed and laughed again, and wrote another note to Santa Claus.

Later, when the fun was somewhat quiet and they all sat round the warm fire, the doctor took little Sammy in his lap, and his face was very, very kind. He looked down deep into his eyes, and stroked his hair, and at last very tenderly bared his poor little lame knee.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Sammy, and he screwed up his face. But the doctor's touch was very gentle.

"And is this the pain that the medicine is to cure, Sammy?"

"Ith, thir," answered Sammy.

"Ah, is that where it hurts?" Right on the point of the bone, there?" he asked.

"Ith, thir."

And then the doctor said: "Did you fall on the rocks? And was the bruise where it hurts so much? It's very hard to bear, isn't it? It hurts a good deal, sometimes. That's too bad. That is very sad, indeed. But perhaps—perhaps. Sammy, I can cure it for you, if you are brave. Are you

brave? No? Oh, I think you are. You'll try to be, won't you? Of course, that's a good boy."

Then the doctor put little Sammy on the kitchen table, and with his sharp little knives, he cut his knee; though Sammy did not feel the pain as he lay there white and still as if he were asleep. And it was not hard for the doctor to do; but if he had not chanced that way, Sammy Jutt would have been a cripple all his life, which would have been a very great pity.

Now who do you think it was who guided the doctor's footsteps to the lighted kitchen that night? And who do you think it was who gave the doctor skill to do this great thing for Sammy?

AFTER THE STORY

Long ago and now and always God wants us to believe that he loves little children and is glad to protect them from danger and from hurts. He wants them to go to him when they are in trouble or in need, and to speak to him as they would to a father.

Here are some verses from the Bible that a good man wrote when he was in trouble; he took his trouble to God. Read the first Bible reference given at the beginning of the lesson. Here are some other verses which thank God for his care in time of trouble. Read the second selection at the beginning of the lesson.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Write upon the blackboard several verses from those given at the beginning of the lesson, and use them for a Scripture reading lesson.

Another blackboard reading:

"Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near:
God sees, God sees."

A gift of book, game, or fruit sent by the class to a sick child. Never permit one of the children to be the bearer of the gift where there is the slightest danger of contagion or infection.

CHAPTER XVI
WEEK DAY SESSION
HIDING A BOY KING

II Kings 11:1-17

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah is thy keeper.”—Psalm 121:5.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

It will be necessary to trace to some extent the family tree of this young prince, Joash, in order to grasp properly the situation and tell the story in such a manner as to make the scene live before the eyes of your class.

Many years before this, Ahab, king of Israel, had married Jezebel, a princess, whose father, the king of Sidon, was an idol worshiper. The princess was a strong-minded, ambitious woman, and unfortunately these characteristics all were toward evil. She was determined to overthrow the worship of God and supplant the religion of her husband's people with the idols of her fatherland. She influenced and bent the will of her weaker-minded husband, and the Bible records that he was the most evil of all Israel's kings. Thus Baal worship grew in Israel, the Northern Kingdom. The daughter of Ahab and Jezebel was Athaliah; she married Jehoram, or Joram, King of Judah, the Southern Kingdom. Jehoram died and his son, Ahaziah, became the king. However, he was in reality only king in name, for his strong-minded mother, Athaliah, was the real head of the government, continuing the evil influence of her heathen line.

Ahaziah met with a tragic death at the hands of Jehu. Read the account in II Kings 9:21-29. Athaliah was then afraid that she would have to give up the position of authority which she so much enjoyed, and so, to avoid this, she ordered all her grandchildren who were the rightful heirs to the throne to be killed.

Prince Joash was one of the heirs. His aunt Jehosheba, a half sister of the dead king, had married a priest of the Temple, Jehoiada. This good woman hurried with the little prince to the safest places which she could think of—first to a storeroom, and then to the Temple, long since neglected by the worshipers who now frequented the temples of Baal. She hid her little nephew, not quite a year old, in this quiet place.

We can imagine the lonely little prince growing up in the silent place, mothered by the loving aunt, and trained by the good priest in the ways in which God intended a little child to be trained. The first hope was to see the line of Israel's kings eventually restored, and to see through Joash, the overthrow of Baal and the return of a belief in God in his erring countrymen.

Until the little lad was seven years old this quiet life continued; but in the heart of the priest was hidden the hope, and in his mind the plan was fermenting, for a conspiracy which would ultimately result in the restoration of the old order of things. The dénouement of this plan forms the story material for to-day's lesson.

THE STORY

Little Joash was really a prince, but he did not live in a palace. He lived in the church, or the Temple, as the people called the beautiful, big building, God's house.

When Joash was a tiny baby less than a year old, he had lived in a palace, for his father was the king, but that was six years before; Joash was now seven.

Joash did not remember anything about the dreadful night that he had been taken away, but Aunt Jehosheba did. Indeed, if it had not been for Aunt Jehosheba little Joash would never have lived to grow to be a boy seven years old, big enough to help Uncle Jehoiada every day.

What a night that had been! A messenger had come running to the palace crying: "The king is dead! The king is dead! He hath been killed in the battle!" Soon afterward servants brought the dead king, the little prince's father, home, and he was buried.

Now this little boy's grandmother wanted to be queen, for

she loved the palace and the beautiful jewels and the chariots. She was a wicked woman, and she did a terrible thing; she ordered the soldiers to kill all who had any right to the throne. She intended to kill the little baby Joash, who was less than a year old, but Aunt Jehosheba spoiled her plan. She stole the baby away and hid him in a storeroom. Her husband was a priest, or minister, in the Temple. For many years God's house had been a very quiet, lonely place; for most of the people no longer went there. Instead of worshipping God they bowed down to a wicked idol.

Aunt Jehosheba was like a good mother to the little baby whom she had saved from a dreadful death when the wicked grandmother sought through the palace for him. She taught him verses from the Bible, and told him stories about God, and how it was God who was taking care of him and keeping him safe from danger. His uncle told him how sad he was because so many of the people prayed to idols.

The little prince had seven birthdays in the Temple. Uncle Jehoiada and Aunt Jehosheba had long planned for the time when the little boy could be crowned king, for they remembered that the big palace and the throne really were his.

At last Jehoiada told his secret to some trusty men. "The real little king still lives," he said, and told the story. Then they made a bold plan.

"Stand with your weapons in your hand," Jehoiada bade them after he had made everything clear. "Stand from the right side of the Temple to the left!"

Then he brought the seven-year-old boy out before them all. He placed a golden crown, all glittering with precious stones upon his little head, and put a roll of God's laws in his hand. He then anointed him king.

What a noise of rejoicing then rang through the Temple! How the men clapped their hands and shouted: "Long live the king! Long live the king!"

"Long live the king!" The noise reached the palace. The wicked grandmother heard it, and she hurried to see what it all could mean. When she drew near, and heard all the trumpets, and caught the words, and saw the boy with the crown upon his head, she understood.

"Seize her! Catch her! Take her prisoner!" shouted

Jehoiada. Then the soldiers took the wicked woman, and she was killed.

Jehoiada then made a promise to God that he and the new king and the people would serve God and be his people. How grateful they were that God had saved the little boy from all danger and had kept him safely in the Temple for more than six years!

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Make a collection of toys to send to some child who is lonely and shut-in because of illness or an infirmity or any other cause. Send in the name of the class.

It would be best to buy new toys, if you are not perfectly sure that those obtained by donations will be free from germs of children's diseases.

Write a class letter to go with the gift. Children always like to write and to receive letters, and this is among the first and most important of the language tasks in the secular schools.

Copy the Memory Verse.

Write three or four original sentences about the little Prince Joash. (Or copy these from the blackboard.)

SUNDAY SESSION

GOD THE PROTECTOR

II Corinthians 11:16, 24-27; 12:8-10

MEMORY VERSE

“The God of love and peace shall be with you.”
—II Corinthians 13:11.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

In teaching the lessons under this theme, “God the Protector,” a word of caution is needed. We select stories where the dominant character is protected and kept from some threatened danger through the care of God, principally

by means of some kindly human agency. We find plenty illustrations—but we must not let the inference be drawn by the child that he is always safely shielded from all bodily harm; that in every case of trouble he will be spared; that if he is in a proper attitude toward God his heavenly Father, his will be a “flowery bed of ease.”

It will not be long before his life experience will prove that this is not so. There are dangers and trouble on every hand, and we know it and he will know it. The present time and the immediate past of the world’s history make this especially apparent. There is evil in the world, and we are here to meet it, and combat it, and conquer it.

At first thought this might seem a contradiction to the theme statement, but it is not; and step by step we may lead the children to understand the subtle blending of the two thoughts. Paul speaks of a “shield” and of God’s protection, yet again he often refers to the “enduring of hardness.” He was always confident of God’s care, yet his was not the accepted idea of a protected life. Remember his description: “in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren . . . in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.” He did not flinch from these things. Yet did he not live in constant surety of God’s protection?

Do not let us deceive the children and lull them into an apathy of dependence and weakness. Let us help them to realize that although God is their shield and nothing can harm the real “self” the “soul,” they must not hesitate to make themselves brave “soldiers” in life, and conquerors.

To lead up to this thought, choose for to-day’s illustration the story of “The Leak in the Dike.” Bring out the thought that duty must not be shirked for the sake of safety or self; that God is pleased when his children forget self and safety for the sake of others. God took care of the little boy who was willing to do so brave a deed.

THE STORY

There was once a little boy named Peter who lived in a cottage in the country of Holland

Now Holland is a very low land, and it borders on the sea. Indeed, it is so low that great walls have been built to keep the water back from the land. Those walls are called "dikes," and if it were not for them, the sea would often come rushing over the fields and even flood the houses.

It was fine fun to play on top of the dikes, and Peter often played there with his little friends, that is, when he was not helping father drive the cows to pasture, or bringing them home at night, or helping mother weed the tulip bed, or churning the cream into butter, or bringing home the big loaf of bread which had been baked at the baker's, or carrying wood for the great fireplace where the iron pot was boiling merrily for dinner.

Now one day he was walking along the dike quite alone, and presently he heard a sound which made him stand still to listen. Yes, there it was again; he had made no mistake. Trickle! Trickle! Trickle! Could it possibly be a leak in the dike?

Well Peter knew what that would mean! Every little boy in Holland who was old enough to know anything knew what a leak in the dike meant! The little stream of water would grow so fast that soon the fields would be flooded. Hundreds and hundreds of cows would be lost! The water would sweep away houses and many, many people would be drowned!

"A leak in the dike!" Peter stood quite still in his little wooden shoes for a minute, while his heart seemed to stop its beating, and his eyes opened wide with fright. But that would never do! He must act! He followed the sound, and soon found the little stream. It was just as he thought! A leak in the dike!

"Father! Father!" he called. But his father could not hear. The stream was growing! He dared not leave. He called and called again, but no one heard.

Then he did a very brave thing for a boy to do; he stuck his own arm through the hole, and the water stopped its flowing.

Nighttime came, and still no one passed. He called again and again. How cold the water felt! How stiff his arms and legs grew. How his back began to ache. He was hungry, too.

He thought of the comfortable home. Father was probably smoking his pipe and dozing. Mother was spinning the linen. He thought of the cheese and the sausages they had for supper, and the great slices of bread. They would miss him, and mother would worry.

Father would say, "Peter's all right, mother!" and then he would doze again. But father, too, would grow anxious when bedtime came. Then he would hunt for his boy. Peter knew that he would.

Then I am sure that Peter must have asked God to take care of him and to keep him, and bring some one soon to help him. I am sure he must have said his prayers, for the little Holland children are told how God is their Protector and how they should turn to him in time of trouble and danger.

The hours passed, and the nighttime came, and still Peter stayed at his post. His father did miss him, just as Peter knew he would, and he asked his kind neighbors to help him hunt for his lost boy.

God led their footsteps, and at last they found him. Poor little Peter! He was almost dead with weariness and hunger and stiffness! They lifted him up and carried him home.

The news soon spread, and the people came to thank him. Even the mayor of the town came to thank the brave boy who had saved their lives and saved the town.

And I don't think that Peter ever forgot the God who was with him, and comforted him and helped him to be brave enough to do the hard thing that he had to do. Do you?

SENTENCE PRAYER

Dear God, thou art with us always: at home, at school, at play, at work, in times of special danger—always. Help us to remember and think of this very often. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

A short conversation about "What frightens us most?" Try to show the foolishness of many of the childish fears.

Copy the Memory Verse.

READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

(Write the "promise" with colored crayon and explain that it is God's promise, and is found in the Bible.)

"In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee;

For thou wilt answer me."

"I will not leave thee."

"Help me, O Jehovah my God."

"I will not leave thee."

"This I know, that God is for me."

"I will not leave thee."

"Unto thee, O Jehovah, will I call."

"I will not leave thee."

"In God have I put my trust."

"I will not leave thee."

SONG: "Canst Thou Count the Stars?" page 170. (From the "Primary and Junior Hymnal.")

CHAPTER XVII
WEEK DAY SESSION
A KING'S MESSAGE TO A LAME PRINCE

II Samuel, chapter 9

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah is good; his lovingkindness endureth for ever.”
—Psalm 100:5

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Out of this incident in the life of David, you may prepare a striking example of God's protection and loving-kindness through the agency of David, king of Israel. The historical synopsis is as follows:

The final scene in the life of King Saul of Israel took place out on Mount Gilboa, during the battle with the Philistines. This was the supreme struggle of the king with his ever-menacing enemies. God was not with Saul, and he “trembled greatly” on the eve of this battle—he had forfeited the protection which God is always so willing to give. When the great day came, the Philistines pressed the king and his army harder and harder up the sides of Mount Gilboa which rose from the plain of Jezreel. The three sons of King Saul were killed. The king was wounded. One account says he fell upon his own sword. An Amalekite coming up, found him in this cruel position and put him out of his pain, took the royal diadem, and carried the news and this proof of the king's death to David.

Now at the time of this battle, there was a little prince, probably living in the king's palace at Gibeah, the son of Saul's son Jonathan. The child's name was Mephibosheth, and he was in the care of a nurse.

When the messenger came bringing the news of the destruction of the army, the death of the king and of all his sons, the inmates of the palace were thrown into panic. The

nurse caught up her little charge and fled. In her wild confusion she stumbled and fell, and the child was so injured that he was crippled for life in both of his feet.

The family of Saul, including the little prince, went to live in the country beyond the Jordan. An influential man by the name of Machir, the son of Ammiel gave them a refuge in his house. Here Mephibosheth was brought up, but, of course, he was an exile from his home, and deprived of the possessions which had been his during the lives of his grandfather, Saul, and his father, Jonathan.

David became the established king, and he asked, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness?"

Then followed the information from Ziba that the king's grandson, the child of his dearly beloved friend, Prince Jonathan, was still living. It is no wonder that David felt that he was called by God to give protection and to make affectionate, generous provision for this unfortunate son of his friend.

TEACHING SUGGESTION

Aim to help the children see the hand of God through the life of this child; that God was watching over him and caring for him, and loving the poor lame prince all the time. Lead them to recognize the possibility of human agencies in the help that God has planned, and to desire to be such agents.

THE STORY

Little Mephibosheth lived in a palace; his grandfather was the king of Israel. His father was a handsome prince who rode in a chariot, and sometimes went out to hunt with his bow and arrows.

The little prince loved his strong father who could hit a mark so well with his arrow. However, he was a bit afraid of his tall grandfather, King Saul, who was often so stern and moody.

But in all the king's country there was not a little boy who was better cared for and more daintily clothed nor more carefully fed than the little Mephibosheth, the king's grandson.

One day the palace was all astir. The war chariots were brought; the king and his sons were dressed like soldiers. Hundreds and hundreds of other soldiers were gathering. The Philistines, the enemies of the king's country, had come. They were out in the plain beyond the city.

Mothers said good-by and tried to be brave; little children watched with big, frightened eyes at all that was happening.

Brave Prince Jonathan bade good-by to his baby son, and hurried away with his father, King Saul, his two brothers, and all the other soldiers. The Philistines were upon them and they were strong and cruel and bold.

Soon only the women and the children and the old, old men were left in the palace and the other homes in Israel. And they waited and watched for news of the battle.

By and by a messenger came running. His face was filled with horror.

"The king is dead!" he panted. "King Saul is dead!" He showed the beautiful jeweled diadem that only that morning the king had worn.

"All is lost! The king's sons are killed! Prince Jonathan is dead!"

The old men and the women and the children began to weep. Then they cried, "We must flee from the city!"

A white-faced woman, the little prince's nurse, snatched him up in her arms and ran from the palace. The Philistines would soon be in the great building. She ran as fast as she was able.

In her fright she stumbled, and the little prince fell. He was cruelly hurt, but the nurse could do nothing but pick up the poor little child and hurry on. On she fled with others, who also were going to a place of safety.

On, on the nurse hurried with the little prince, and at last they came to a place far enough away to be in safety. A man who was chief offered to let them remain in his land. He befriended the little prince and many of the others who had fled from the city of the king.

But the poor little baby boy never was able to run and play as he had been able to do before that dreadful day of battle. He was lame for life. People were sorry for the child, and he did not suffer—but he was no longer the petted grandchild in a king's palace. He was poor little lame

Mephibosheth—an orphan child away from his country and his home.

Time passed by, and good King David ruled in King Saul's place. King David loved God, and tried to obey and serve him. A king has a wonderful chance to do good to a great, great many people.

One day he said: "I wonder if there is still living anyone that belonged to King Saul to whom I could do good? If there is anyone, I should like to do the kindness of God to him."

"O king, I know of such a man." It was Ziba, one of the king's servants, who spoke.

"Who is he? Where is he?" asked the king, as his face lighted with kindness.

"It is Jonathan's son. He is lame," said Ziba.

"Where is he?" eagerly asked the king.

Then Ziba told how he had been living in the home of Machir, the rich and powerful chief who dwelt over across the river Jordan. He had been there ever since he was a child. Now he was a grown man, with a little boy of his own.

"The son of my friend Jonathan! Jonathan's son still lives!" exclaimed the king. "Send for him!"

Then servants went to the country across the Jordan River to the land of Lo-debar, the home of the great chief who had been a friend to Mephibosheth, and they brought him to King David. Mephibosheth came into the king's presence, and fell on his face before him.

"Mephibosheth! Jonathan's son!" said King David, and his voice was very kind.

"Behold, thy servant, king," answered the lame man.

"Do not fear me," said the king. "I will surely be kind to thee for thy dear father's sake. Jonathan was my friend, and you are his son!"

Then the king continued: "I will take care of thee. I will show the kindness of God unto thee. I will give back to thee all the land of thy father. Thou shalt eat at my table always.

"Ziba!" called King David. Years before Ziba had been one of the servants of King Saul, the lame man's grandfather.

Ziba fell upon his face before the king.

“All that belonged to Saul and to all his house, I have given to thy master’s son. Thou shalt till his land for him, thou and thy sons and thy servants. From henceforth, he shall be thy master. Serve him well. Till his land. Bring him his fruits when they are ripe. This man, my friend Jonathan’s son, shall always eat bread at my table.”

Now Ziba had fifteen sons and twenty servants. He bowed himself before the king and said, “All that the king commands will thy servant do.”

So Mephibosheth and his little son Mica went to live in the king’s palace in Jerusalem, and King David protected and took care of them, just as he knew that God wanted him to do.

A PRAYER FOR THE TEACHER

“O Thou, without whose care a sparrow does not fall, who through the pathless sky dost guide the bird seeking its distant nest! Thy trusting children are safe in thy dear love. We know not the way before us, but thou dost know; our feet may stumble in rough paths, but thou wilt hold us up. Glad in this confidence, may we begin the day with song and finish it, whatever may befall us, in the calm assurance that all things work for good. Give us patience in perplexity, hope amid our fears, and faith to trust thy holy will as best. Thus walking in thy love may we reach home at last to see our Saviour’s face. Amen.”

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Buy and pack a basket of groceries for some deserving person who is reduced to poverty because of some bodily affliction. This may be large or small according to the financial condition of the pupils of your class. Even a box of choice tea and a bit of sugar would be a pleasant gift for some old person.

DEVOTIONAL

Teach the Doxology (“Old Hundredth”) and use with it as a responsive service the following verses selected from Psalm 113.

“Praise ye Jehovah.

Praise the name of Jehovah,
 Blessed be the name of Jehovah
 From this time forth and for evermore,
 From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same
 Jehovah’s name is to be praised.

Who is like unto Jehovah our God,
 That hath his seat on high,

He raiseth up the poor . . .
 And lifteth up the needy . . .
 That he may set him with princes.

Praise ye Jehovah.”

SUNDAY SESSION

WHAT HAPPENED AT SHUSHAN THE PALACE

Esther 2:5-7, 17, 20-23; chapters 3 to 8

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah is good; his lovingkindness endureth for ever.”
 —Psalm 100:5

THE TEACHER’S PREPARATION

Let us remember, that, as previously suggested, one of our chief aims is to give added strength to the character of our pupils at this mobile period of their lives. Let us continue to intermingle with the feeling of trust in God’s loving protection the knowledge that God desires a courageous outlook upon life, and a willingness to trust while tackling the crises which no life can entirely escape.

Paul is a bright example of such a character: He remembered God’s promise of protection, for he had been a thorough student of God’s Word; he lived in God’s constant presence. But he let God’s purpose for him enter and imbue

his whole being. Paul had a great deal to say about soldiers and the duty of Christian warfare, yet he reminds us that God's armor was what made successful warfare possible.

The children will catch the thought through the story of Esther, the beautiful young captive maiden who became queen through her marriage to the king of Babylon, and of how she was protected while performing the dangerous duty which she was called upon to do for the sake of her people.

THE HISTORICAL SYNOPSIS

The Jews were living in captivity in Babylon, having been conquered by Nebuchadnezzar. Babylon in turn had been conquered by Cyrus and was now a part of the Persian Empire. The condition of the Jews was not hard under this ruler; he favored them to such an extent that during the first year of his reign, he issued a proclamation permitting all who wished, to return to Jerusalem to rebuild the Temple. Esther's people did not go, but chose to remain in Babylon.

At the time of our lesson Xerxes was the king. This man's character was a strange contradiction. He was cruel and passionate, yet could be influenced to change an edict by the pleadings of the young queen whom he had married.

Only a short study of Persia at this time will bring before you a gorgeous setting for the story. Shushan was the beautiful winter palace of the Persian kings, and here, about two hundred miles from the city of Babylon, our story incident takes place.

THE STORY

Esther was a little orphan girl; both her father and her mother were dead. She might have had a very sad time if it had not been for her cousin Mordecai. He was a grown-up man, and he took care of his pretty little cousin as if he had been her father.

Long, long years before, Esther's great-grandfather, with a great many other men and women, had been stolen away from their homes in Jerusalem and brought to this wonderful city of Babylon. Such a big city, with splendid palaces and wide streets and soldiers prancing by on beautiful, well-cared-for horses! Here little Esther had been born.

The years passed by, and Esther grew to be a big girl. She was good, and it seemed as if she grew more beautiful every year. Indeed, strange and wonderful as it seems, when the king of the land saw her, he loved her, and chose her, Esther, a captive maiden, to be his wife, the queen.

The king thought no woman in all the land so beautiful as his fair young wife when she was dressed in her lovely, queenly gown, and the royal gems.

Shushan, the king's winter palace, was built in a beautiful garden. The floors were of marble and beautiful colored stones. Strong pillars held up the ceilings.

The fair young queen had dishes of gold and silver from which to eat her food. Sweet flowers were everywhere; and servants obeyed her every wish. It seemed a wonderful life for a little captive girl.

Yet—the young queen was not always happy. Sometimes this king who chose Esther for his wife was bold and brave, so bold that he would lead his soldiers out to battle and conquer far countries. But at other times he was more like a coward, and sometimes he became so passionate and angry that everyone in the land was afraid of him.

Esther's cousin, Mordecai, also had business at the palace; day after day he sat at the palace gate. Once he sent a warning to the king and saved his life.

Now there was in Babylon a certain man whom the king favored; the king often did the things that this man, Haman, asked him to do. Indeed, he became such a great man that his word was next to the king's. But Haman hated the people of Israel who dwelt in the land; most of all he hated Mordecai, Esther's cousin, who would not bow when he passed by as did all the other people of the land.

One day he said to the king: "O king, there are certain people living in the land who are dangerous. They do not keep thy laws. It would be well to get rid of them. If it please thee, let it be written that they be destroyed. I will pay ten thousand pieces of silver to those who take charge of the work."

The king listened and agreed. He took off his ring and gave it to Haman for a seal. "The money to pay is given to thee, the people also." But the king did not know that Esther, his queen, was one of the people of Israel.

Haman wrote the letters, and sent the swiftest runners to spread the news that all the people of Israel should be killed, and great fear was in every house where these people lived. Mordecai cried aloud in anger and bitterness and grief, and the servants came and told Queen Esther how her cousin mourned. Esther sent a messenger to her cousin, and he sent back a letter, saying, "Go to the king and beg for the lives of your people."

Queen Esther sent word to her cousin, saying: "All the servants of the palace know that whoever goes before the king in the inner court when he is not called, will be put to death, unless the king holds out his scepter. Even I, the queen, may not go."

Mordecai sent back the answer: "But thou, also, Esther, art one of the people of Israel. Thou wilt not be spared. Thy life will be taken away when this is known. And who knoweth but that thou hast been made queen to help God's people at this time? Who knoweth but that this is God's plan for thee?"

Then Esther sent word to Mordecai: "Go, gather all the people of Israel round about and fast and pray for three days. I and my maidservants will do likewise. I will go before the king. I will do this hard thing. If I die, I die."

Then the queen put on the most wonderful of all her royal robes; she looked more lovely than ever before as she came to the forbidden room. Would the king look with favor upon her? Would he want her to come? Would he hold out his scepter to her, or would he—how her heart must have beat when she asked herself—would he command that she and all her people be killed?

The king looked at her and then—he raised his scepter! He said: "What wilt thou have, Queen Esther? What is thy request? It shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom."

God was protecting the brave young queen while she did this hard duty that he wished her to do. God helped her tell the story so well that the king understood just what the wicked Haman had been doing.

The evil servant trembled and begged for mercy. But when the king learned that he had built a scaffold upon which to hang Mordecai, Esther's cousin, the good man who

once had saved his life, he ordered that Haman himself should be hanged upon it.

And Esther and her people were saved, and Mordecai was made one of the greatest men in all the kingdom.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Read to the children these verses selected from The Psalms, giving them an opportunity to read the very simple verses. Let one or more of the children who are beginning to read come forward and hold the Bible before the class. Explain that the verses are prayer verses. At the close of the devotional exercises, continue to teach the Doxology.

“Hear my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my
heart is overwhelmed.

For thou hast been a refuge for me,
A strong tower from the enemy.”

—Psalm 61:1-3.

“But verily God hath heard;
He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
Blessed be God,
Who hath not turned away my prayer,
Nor his lovingkindness from me.”

—Psalm 66:19, 20.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse, or copy the following sentences about Esther, making a very simple little written “story.”

Esther was a little orphan girl.
She was beautiful, and she was good.
When she was grown up the king married her.
God had a great work for her to do.
It was hard; it might cost her life.
At first Esther was afraid.
She asked God to help her.
She did the work and God took care of her.

CHAPTER XVIII
WEEK DAY SESSION
A LONELY HIDING PLACE

I Kings 17:1-6

MEMORY VERSE

“What time I am afraid,
I will put my trust in thee.”

—Psalm 56:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Ahab was the seventh king of Israel, reigning 874-855 B. C. He was the son of Omri, the founder of the fourth dynasty of the kings of Israel, and is designated in the Bible as the wickedest king of Israel. He was the bad son of a bad father. He married the Tyrian princess, Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal, king of Sidon. Through her influence he built a temple to Baal, and four hundred and fifty priests of Baal were supported by this king and queen. A grove was consecrated to the worship of Astarte.

Jezreel, in the Plain of Esdraelon, was chosen for Ahab's favorite residence, and here he established a wonderful palace, his own house being referred to as the “ivory house.” Jezebel's seraglio was on the city wall, and had a high window facing eastward. One of Ahab's chief pleasures was the building of magnificent structures, and his palace was an impressive example of the architecture of his time.

The religious life of Israel was at its lowest ebb at this period, because of the baleful influence of Jezebel and Ahab.

ELIJAH

The sudden appearance of Elijah from out the fastnesses of his wild and lonely haunts in Gilead is one of the most dramatic and arresting stories in the Old Testament. We may picture to ourselves the fine, strong figure, clothed in

the rough, sheepskin mantle, his deep-set eyes, and long, wind-blown hair, his skin bronzed by the sun and wind. He suddenly appears amidst the effete surroundings of Ahab's "ivory house," the home whose dominating spirit was Jezebel, the painted Tyrian princess. The moral struggle between these two sovereigns on the one side and God's representative on the other, forms one of the most dramatic situations in all history. Our aim to-day is to show a character who has performed a most difficult duty which God gave him to do, and God's subsequent care over his obedient servant.

THE STORY

There was once a queen whose name was Jezebel, and because she was a queen she could have almost everything she wanted. It was a pity that she did not want good things, for she could have had good things just as well as bad; and it was a pity she did not want to do good things, for she could have done good things just as well as she could have done bad things.

It was just the same with her husband, the king whose name was Ahab: he, too, could have had almost anything he wanted; but, like Jezebel, his wife, he spent the days of his life in doing evil. Never before had such a bad king ruled over Israel.

Hardly anyone worshiped God any more. Instead, the people went to the splendid, glittering temples in which a great, ugly idol called Baal had been placed.

The king and queen bowed down to this idol which was nothing but an image without heart or mind or eyes or any life at all. They also taught their people to bow down and pray to the idol instead of saying their prayers to the one true God, who was their heavenly Father, and who is the heavenly Father of all the world.

Even amongst the beautiful trees in the groves idols had been placed, and there also the people bowed down and worshiped. God's First Commandment was just as much of a Commandment then as now. The king knew that Commandment, and his people knew it; even the little boys and girls in the king's country once had known it: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Queen Jezebel painted her face and dressed in the gay and wonderful colors and robes that came from her father's land in Tyre. She had a room on the top of the palace wall, and the window looked far, far away. Sometimes she sat by this window and watched the people who passed by. Sometimes she watched the king as he rode away to battle in his splendid chariot.

One day a stranger came across the valley of Jezreel to the palace. He must have looked very odd to the painted, gayly dressed queen. He was tall, and straight, and strong. He looked as if he had lived out of doors; his face was brown and tanned; his hair was rather long. He was dressed in a robe made of the skin of an animal. He had wonderful, truthful eyes. I am quite sure that King Ahab felt guilty and uncomfortable when the man looked at him; it must have seemed as if he were looking through and through him.

The strange man's name was Elijah. He had a message for the king; it was a hard message to give. Many men would have been afraid to give it. But God had sent it, and Elijah was brave; he was not afraid to do the work that God had given him to do.

"I am a messenger from God, King Ahab. I am a messenger for the true God of Israel," said Elijah.

How these words must have burned into the heart of the wicked king!

"God has sent me to warn you. This is his message: If you continue to worship Baal, a famine shall come to your land. For years there shall be no dew or rain."

No dew or rain! King Ahab and Queen Jezebel knew what that meant. It meant that nothing would grow. The fields would be bare; the gardens would be parched and brown; the cows and sheep and goats would be hungry and thirsty and at last would die; there would be little to eat for men and women and children. Perhaps there would be hunger even in the palace. What would the country do?

How angry the king was! And the queen was even more furious, for she was a very evil woman. Elijah's life was in great danger, for she was willing to kill him.

But God was taking care of his brave messenger. He spoke to Elijah, saying: "Hurry away, Elijah! Get away

from the palace! Go away from the city of Samaria. Run toward the east! Hurry to the little brook Cherith. I will feed thee; I will give thee to drink when thou art thirsty. I have commanded the ravens to feed thee, and the water in the brook is cool and sweet."

There were lonely rocks and caves round the brook Cherith, good hiding places, and Elijah hurried there. He was quite safe from the wicked king and queen.

He had not been there long before a big bird flew near and dropped from its beak something for Elijah's supper. The bird was a raven. A raven is a large, black bird with shining feathers, about as long as the ruler you use at school, about so long (measure). For weeks the raven brought food to Elijah.

Over in the king's country the rain did not fall. The fields dried up; there was little food of any kind. The animals died of hunger and thirst. Many little children and big people, too, went hungry and thirsty.

But God took care of Elijah all the time: he had food which the ravens dropped, and clear water from the little brook to drink.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Teach the song "Canst Thou Count the Stars?" page 170. If the children know this, use the song during the following devotional services under this theme, calling attention to its meaning and connection in thought with the lessons. Sometimes we do not realize that a very little suggestion will enrich the whole service in the minds of the children. However, do not make the mistake of moralizing.

READING LESSON FROM THE BIBLE (By the Teacher)

(Explain that the verses are prayer verses of one who was in trouble, and who went to God for help.)

"I cry with my voice unto Jehovah;
 I show before him my trouble.
 I cried unto thee, O Jehovah;
 I said, Thou art my refuge,

Attend unto my cry;
For I am brought very low."

—Psalm 142 (Selected verses).

"Hear my prayer, O Jehovah; give ear to my supplications;

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning;
For in thee do I trust:
Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk;
For I lift up my soul unto thee.

I flee unto thee to hide me."

—Psalm 143 (Selected verses).

PRAISE TO GOD THE HELPER

"Praise ye Jehovah.
Praise Jehovah, O my soul.
While I live will I praise Jehovah."

—Psalm 146:1, 2.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Ask the children to think over the stories they have been hearing about how God takes care of people and helps them when they are in danger. Let them tell the names of these stories. Have one or two retold by the pupils.

Copy one or more of the "praise verses."

SUNDAY SESSION

THE TREASURE TROVE

Psalm 120:1 ; 121 :8

MEMORY VERSE

"In my distress I cried unto Jehovah,
And he answered me."

—Psalm 120:1.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Several of the stories given under this theme describe the rescue and help provided at some time of desperate need:

Elijah is guided to find a safe hiding place from the frenzied anger of Queen Jezebel; the children of Israel are led to safety by a pillar of cloud and fire; Jacob is protected on the journey of flight, and given encouragement by means of a heavenly vision. Let us try to instill a faith in God's rescuing power in the hearts of our pupils. Very many beautiful examples of such help may be found in literature and in stories from everyday life. We want the children to turn instinctively to God for help in all these times of distress and need. Sometimes the help comes in a different manner from the way that we crave and ask; but it comes in some form, and very often this is far better than that which we asked.

A story by Tolstoy in his book entitled "The Long Exile and Other Stories" is adapted to show this truth.

THE TREASURE TROVE

It was Easter Sunday, and there was happiness in all the houses along the village street, except in one. In some of the windows bloomed an Easter flower. From out some of the houses stole the fragrance of the holiday feast. There was rejoicing in every house save one—the home of Marya and her grandmother, Babushka.

"We will have no feast for the holiday, grandmother," said Marya, sadly, as she looked out of the window at the passers-by.

"No, child, there is nothing for us but a bit of kisel jelly and tuiria. There is not even a bowl of milk."

Marya saw the children clothed in new holiday dresses, and she began to cry softly.

Grandmother, too, rubbed a tear from her cheek as she said: "We will pray to the good God to help us, Marya. He will not forsake us."

Babushka sat thinking; she could remember what happened long, long before Marya was born. Presently the tired old eyes began to brighten, and then she exclaimed: "Marya, child, God has helped me to remember. Long, long ago, when the French soldiers came to our land, under the great conquering soldier whom they called Napoleon, there was great fear everywhere. No one was safe. In those dreadful days people used to hide their money in the ground."

The old woman leaned forward as she spoke: "We will ask God's help. Then take your shovel and go over to the place where once the old village stood. You know where it was, child. Dig into the ground. Perhaps God will send us something."

Marya took her shovel and left the house. "I will do as grandmother bade me," she cried to herself. "But I cannot hope to find anything."

She reached the place where the old village once had stood. She dug a hole. She dug for quite a long time.

Presently she said to herself: "I have dug long enough. I am going home now."

Just then the shovel knocked against something. "Click!" It was hard. She leaned over; she pulled away the clods of dirt. There was a large jug.

How she worked to get it out of the earth! She shook it; something jingled.

She threw down the shovel, and ran to her grandmother, crying, "Babushka, I have found a treasure!"

They opened the jug and found it full of silver coins!

"We can have an Easter feast, now, grandmother!" exclaimed Marya.

"Yes, child, and more. We can buy a cow, and then we may have milk for every day. God has taken care of us."

And then they thanked God for answering their prayer.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

During the week prepare slips of paper containing written, or better, typewritten verses from The Psalms which correlate with this theme, and which you have used during the teaching of these lessons. Call the children who are able to read before the class and let them read these verses. Select only the simplest of the Bible verses.

"From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from Jehovah,
Who made heaven and earth.

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Jehovah is thy keeper:

Jehovah will keep thee from all evil.

Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore."

—Psalm 121.

CLASS sing "The Doxology" (This should become part of the "never-to-be-forgotten" possessions of your pupils.)

PRAYER which may be repeated by the class:

Heavenly Father, help us to remember to come to thee at once when we need help of any kind. Help us to remember that thou art watching over us at all times. We thank and praise thee for thy care. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITY

During the week save a number of pictures which you can use in various connections, illustrations from old numbers of magazines, advertisement pictures, and others. Let the pupils sort these and place in envelopes.

Give each child a picture to mount on a piece of cardboard or a folder of some heavy-grade paper. Copy a Bible verse under the mounted picture. Take the work home.

A SONG TO TEACH WITH THIS THEME

Canst Thou Count the Stars?

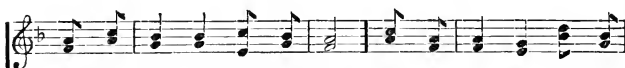
Words and Music from the German



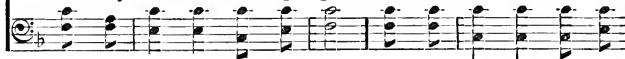
1. Canst thou count the stars that night - ly Glis - ten
 2. Canst thou count the in - sects play - ing In the
 3. Canst thou count how ma - ny chil - dren Go to



in the az - ure sky? Canst thou count the clouds, that lightly
 sunshine's gold - en light? Canst thou count the fish - es straying
 lit - tle beds at night? Sleep - ing there so warm and co - zy



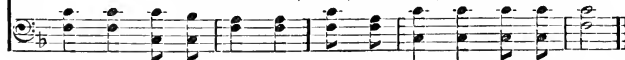
Ev - ery day go float - ing by? God, the Lord, the num - ber
 In the spark - ling wa - ters bright? God, the Lord, a name hath
 Till they wake at morn - ing's light? God, the Lord, each one's name



know - eth Of the won - ders that he show - eth, Of the
 giv - en To all creatures un - der heav - en, To all
 can tell, Knows them all and loves them so well, Knows them



won - ders that he show - eth In their countless mul - ti - tudes.
 crea - tures un - der heav - en, When he called them in - to light.
 all and loves them so well, God, the Lord, each name can tell.



CHAPTER XIX
WEEK DAY SESSION
LED BY A PILLAR OF CLOUD AND FIRE

Exodus 13:17-22; Numbers 9:15-23

MEMORY VERSE

“What time I am afraid,
I will put my trust in thee.”

—Psalm 56:3.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The tabernacle was “the dwelling place” of Jehovah, Israel's King; it was the “house of God.” God's wish that it should be constructed was made known to Moses at Mount Sinai. In it were kept the tables of the law which God gave his people for their guidance in their journey and throughout their lives.

It was constructed from materials which the Israelites could obtain in the wilderness, and from the freewill offerings from their treasures which they brought along with them out of Egypt. The acacia tree was plentiful in the wilderness, and this wood was used for the woodwork, the altars, and their staves, the tables, the boards, bars, and pillars. It is a hard, fine-grained durable wood, and was excellent for this purpose.

The skins and hair of the flocks formed some of the material. Gifts of gold, silver, brass, and linen were bestowed freely.

“And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they may take for me an offering: of every man whose heart maketh him willing ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them: gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams' skins dyed red, and sealskins, and acacia wood, oil for the light,

spices for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set for the ephod, and for the breastplate. And let them make a sanctuary that I may dwell among them."

This the people did, and the tabernacle, within which was the Ark, was their most precious possession, the sign of God's presence. Everyone had participated in its structure; everyone loved it.

The directions for the construction of the tabernacle were very specifically given. The structure was in the form of a parallelogram; the whole front was left as an entrance which consisted of five pillars overlaid with gold. These supported a curtain. Within were two rooms, the Holy of Holies and the sanctuary. Beautiful curtains woven of purple, scarlet, and blue threads were hung at the entrances of the two apartments. The curtain which hung at the door of the Holy of Holies was wrought with figures of cherubim. The Ark was placed in the Holy of Holies.

The tabernacle was inclosed by a fence, forming a parallelogram.

There are a great many different points of teaching interest directly connected with the lesson. You may collect some interesting facts and pictures illustrating the country of Egypt from which these people had fled. Tell something about the river Nile and its life-giving powers through its yearly inundations; tell of the luxurious gardens in which grew the vegetables, leeks, onions, garlic, melons, of which the people were so fond; tell of the flowers, especially the beautiful lotus blossoms.

Tell something of the peculiar buildings of Egypt: the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the palaces. Tell about the desert and how people traveled over it. Describe the camel: its shape; its hump; its power to go without water; the peculiarity and formation of its feet.

Tell something of slavery as practiced in Oriental countries: how the slaves were often people who had been stolen from other countries or bought from traveling merchantmen; among these were often boys and girls, young men and women—some light-haired, fair-skinned, and blue-eyed; some dark-eyed and olive-complexioned; some black. All were compelled to do the work of the master and mistress

to whom they belonged. This had been the condition of the "travelers" about whom we tell the children to-day.

THE STORY

Once upon a time there were some people who started out on a long, long journey. There were ever and ever and ever so many people who were going. Fathers and mothers took every one of their children, even if there were four or five or six or ten children to get ready. All the grandfathers went, and all the grandmothers.

They took all their things along with them, too; that is all that they cared for and wanted to keep. They had all sorts of bags and bundles, for they took everything from a big water jar that looked like this (draw) and a big mill to grind the grain that looked like this (draw) to the lovely gold earrings and the bracelets that the mothers wore when they were dressed up on a holiday.

Another strange thing about the journey was that the people started in the nighttime; they hurried to get ready, and they ate their last supper in great haste after they were all ready with their traveling shoes on their feet. It was a very plain meal such as the mothers could prepare in a hurry.

Perhaps you have guessed it—these people were running away. They were running away from the land of Egypt where Pharaoh was the cruel king and had made them his slaves. The king had made them do the work in his land. Many of the fathers were builders of the great buildings and makers of brick. Pharaoh had been very unkind to them. He had put overseers to spy upon their work and punish them if they were slow or made mistakes.

"Faster! Faster! Faster!" the overseers would cry. Sometimes they would beat the fathers if they were not pleased with the work. The fathers were always very, very tired when they came home.

The people were the children of Israel, God's chosen people. He had seen their troubles; he had heard their prayers for help. Now he had sent Moses to lead them out of Pharaoh's land. God promised to help them and protect them on the long journey. So they started and went on and on and on day after day, week after week, month after

month. God promised to bring them at last to a beautiful land which was to be a new home for them. They called it their "Promised Land."

The very dearest and most precious thing that these people had was the Ark. It was a beautiful golden box carried by long handles, in it were kept the stones upon which were written the Commandments which God gave to Moses for the people to learn and to obey. The people built a building in which to keep this Ark, which could be set up or pulled down as they traveled along the way. It was called "the tabernacle." It was God's house. He promised to go with them, and be with them all along the journey. This was his house. The people made it as beautiful and rich as they could.

It was made of fine pieces of wood, and the columns were covered with gold. There were lovely curtains woven of threads of purple and scarlet and blue. There were splendid trimmings of gold and silver and precious stones. The people gave these precious things to make God's house beautiful.

They took the Ark and the house of God along with them whenever they went. And God went with them.

And now comes another wonderful part of the story: God put a bright cloud in the sky to lead the Israelites safely in the direction that he wanted them to go, the safe way toward the land that he was going to give them for the beautiful new home. This cloud was like a pillar of fire at night, and moved before the people. If God wanted them to rest, the cloud of fire stood still; the people pitched their tents and went to sleep in the nighttime feeling quite safe, because they knew that God was taking care of them.

In the daytime the pillar of fire became like a cloud again, and it, too, moved before them to show the way. If the cloud stopped in the daytime, the people knew that God wanted them to wait.

Sometimes the cloud stood still for a week or for a month, and the people remained in that place. As long as it rested, the people knew that God did not wish them to go on. But as soon as the pillar of fire or the cloud began to move, the people took down the tents, folded up the mats, rolled up their bundles, drove on the flocks, and moved forward. God

was taking care of them in this wonderful way, and showing them the right path.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A READING LESSON FOR THE BLACKBOARD

“God is love.”

“And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.”

“Jehovah is good to all.”

“Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.”

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Let the children line up and march round the room as you play some simple march music. When the music stops, they are to stop instantly, and OBEY. Repeat several times.

Copy one or more of the verses from the Reading Lesson.

A collection of money might be taken to buy the flowers for “God’s House” for some following Sunday.

SUNDAY SESSION

THE SWISS WOOD CARVER

Psalm 23. (I Kings 19:9-12. For the teacher.)

MEMORY VERSE

“This is the way, walk ye in it.”—Isaiah 30:21.

THE TEACHER’S PREPARATION

There should be a place under this theme where we may help the children to see that the help and the protection which God gives in time of trouble is sometimes not such as they would have chosen for themselves. It is a very difficult lesson to learn: that our own way is not always the wise way; that we ourselves are often not able to know that out of our very difficulties good may come. Elijah was clearly shown

this after his period of complete discouragement and his flight into the cave.

“What doest thou here, Elijah?” came the word of God.

“I have been very jealous for Jehovah, the God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away,” answered the man who was frightened, discouraged, and in need of help.

God gave the lesson: the way was neither in the wind, in the earthquake, nor in the fire. He had another way, the best way, that Elijah had not fathomed.

Show this thought by means of the story of “The Swiss Wood Carver.”¹

THE STORY

Rubi was a little boy who lived in a country called Switzerland. When he looked out of his window he could see a great, tall mountain. The top of the mountain seemed away up in the sky. Indeed, the peak was higher up than some of the clouds.

Now perhaps you know that it is cold, very cold away up high, high in the air—and always the top of the mountain was covered with snow. And what storms they had in the wintertime!

The sides of the mountain were very steep and hard to climb. It was easy to lose your way if you tried to reach the top. There were dangerous rocks, and narrow, rough places where you could slip and fall and hurt yourself. Sometimes even big men lost their way, or were hurt by falls, or even killed. But, nevertheless, it was splendid fun to climb, and how far, very far over the world about you could see when you reached the top! How wonderful the sky looked! And the sunrise! And the sunset!

Oh, it was such fun to climb the mountain just outside Rubi's home, that men and women came from far countries to do it. But they had to have a guide to show them the way, and help them over the rough places. Rubi's father

¹ Reprinted from “Worth While Stories.” Used by permission of the author and the publishers, the Milton Bradley Company.

was a good guide; he had been to the top of the mountain many times. Rubi himself knew the paths very well.

That is, Rubi himself had been there many times before he had had his fall. Once he had stumbled and fallen and hurt himself. Since that time he had been a little crippled boy. All his life he would have to use crutches.

Rubi's mother was a lace maker and when the work in the little cottage was done, she made yards and yards of beautiful lace to sell.

Day after day poor Rubi sat and watched the goats that fed on the hillsides. Sometimes he saw a chamois on the far-away cliffs.

His father would sigh as he saw his little son sitting by the window or hobbling on his crutches. "My poor little son! What would become of him if anything were to happen to me! Who would take care of him? Who would take care of him?"

One day Rubi's mother saw a toy goat carved from wood in a shop in the little village. She bought it and took it home to her little son.

"Why, mother, I believe I could make a better goat than that." His mother was glad to find something that he wished to do—something that would make the long hours seem shorter. She bought him some tools and gave him some wood.

He began to carve animals. Every one he did was better than the last. He loved his work, and his face grew brighter and happier. He kept his work a secret.

"Some day," thought Rubi, "I will be able to make such a fine piece of work that I can sell it and help my father and mother."

One day Rubi's father had a bad fall on the mountain side. His leg was broken, and he was laid up for a long time. He was sorrier than ever for his little son, and he thought, "What would become of my lame boy if I should never be able to take care of him again?"

The poor mother sold her lace, but it was very hard to live in the little cottage during those days. Rubi was beginning to sell just a few of his carved animal toys to the dealer in the village, but the man did not pay very much.

One day a traveler came to the door. In his hand he had a beautiful carved chamois climbing a rock.

“I am looking for the man who carved this,” he said. “Does he live here?”

Rubi’s father looked at the beautiful work. “No, sir, none of us here could do such carving as that.”

Rubi came along on his crutches just then, and saw the chamois, and heard the man’s question.

“I did that myself a year ago, but I can do better now,” he said.

How surprised the man was! How surprised Rubi’s father was! Rubi then showed them many other beautiful things he had made—goats and bears and dogs and horses—all kinds of toys that he had carved. He had put them away in a box that his mother had given him.

The traveler was one of the great dealers in carved woods. “You must go with me and work in my shop,” he said to Rubi.

So Rubi went with the man, and became one of the greatest of all the wood carvers. He was able to take care of himself and buy many comfortable things for the good father and mother back in the little cottage. He was happy because he had learned to help himself.

Do you not think that was a beautiful way that God took care of a poor little lame boy?

AFTER THE STORY

Although the burden of lameness was not taken away from the boy, he was given strength to bear it; he was given something which gave him a light heart and a power to do, that made the load easy to carry.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

SOME SENTENCES IN THE BIBLE ABOUT GOD’S CARE

Write or typewrite these Bible verses for the children to read.

“The Lord is my helper; I will not fear.”

“I will not fail thee.”

“He will keep the feet of his holy ones.”

“Goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me.”

“I have commanded the ravens to feed thee.”

“Cast thy burden on the Lord.”

A LESSON FROM THE BIBLE READ BY THE TEACHER

Mark 9:17-27

SONGS

"He Cares for Me," ("How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care,") from "The Primary and Junior Hymnal."

"God Is Always Near Us," from "The Primary and Junior Hymnal."

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, we have been hearing many stories about thy loving care and protection. Sometimes the care comes in a different way from the way that we ask, but we know that thy way is best. We thank and praise thee for this help. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Something done by the class for a sick or a lame child: a gift of a box of animal toys; a box of tools or paints; some pictures to cut out, such as the supplements to the illustrated magazines.

CHAPTER XX
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE STORY OF JACOB'S LADDER

Genesis, chapter 28

MEMORY VERSE

"I am with thee, and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest."—Genesis 28:15.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The story of "Jacob's Ladder," the story of "The Children of Israel Led by a Pillar of Cloud and Fire," and the story of "A Lonely Hiding Place," are given to help the children to catch the thought that God not only sends help and protection through human agency, but that that help sometimes comes in wonderful and unexpected ways, ways unexplainable.

Jacob and Esau were the twin sons of Isaac and Rebekah; but to Esau the birthright and its benefits were considered to belong, as was the custom amongst the Israelites regarding the eldest son. Jacob was the mother's favorite son, however, and through strategem, the blessing was bestowed upon him. The teacher should reread the account in Genesis, chapter 27, in order to have the facts clear, though the story need not be fully told to the children.

Considering the character of the two sons, it would be more possible for Jacob to develop the promise which God had made to his grandfather Abraham, so many years before, than for Esau. In obedience to God's command, he had emigrated from Ur in Chaldea and come to the land of Canaan, receiving the promise that he should be the founder of a great nation.

But much change in Jacob's nature had to be wrought before he was fit to become a part of God's plan for him, and God's power is shown in bringing about such a modification in character. Jacob was a selfish, grasping man, will-

ing to stoop to the lowest trick in order to make a good bargain for himself. Then, afraid to face the fury of his brother's threats when his contemptible trick had become known, he had to flee for his life.

All the needed characteristics for the founder of a great race were dormant, and it took God to find them out, and make their development possible. This awakening of the dormant good in the man's nature was the way in which God took care of Jacob.

Look for a moment at the characters dwelling in that tent in Canaan: Isaac, the father of the family, was a dreamer, a man who was not naturally one who took the initiative; Rebekah, the mother, evidently was the leader. Although the two sons were twins, they were very unlike in character. Esau was a gay sportsman and hunter, living in the joys of the moment; Jacob was a thoughtful calculator, looking far into the future for what would bring him gain. Both sons let their special character traits so dominate their lives that what would naturally have been only a distinguishing feature became an obsession, and in each case led to sin.

TEACHER'S AIM

Our aim is to teach about the loving care and protection of God. But there are secondary lessons of such importance that he should not let them pass: The sins of lying and deceitfulness and selfishness broke up a home.

THE STORY

A long, long time ago there were two brothers who lived in a tent. It was a big, black tent and very strong. Their father, Isaac, had a great many sheep and goats which pastured on the grass outside in the meadows.

Inside there were plenty of soft fur rugs, and also rugs of wool which their mother, Rebekah, wove from the hair of the sheep and the goats. When Jacob and Esau were very little boys and were tired of play, their mother would unroll a soft rug, and make a bed, and put them on it to sleep.

When Jacob and Esau were little boys, their good old grandfather was still living with them, and he often told them a wonderful story of how he and their grandmother

had left the home where they once had lived, and how God had spoken to him and talked to him, and told him to look up at the stars in the heavens. At that time God had made a wonderful promise to their grandfather Abraham, and the family were proud of it and often thought and talked of it. God had said: "I will be with thee. I will make a great people of thy family, if thou wilt obey me."

Very often twin children look alike; sometimes you can hardly tell them apart. But these two brothers were not like that; they were very different. Esau was strong and sturdy and full of fun. He liked to go out in the fields to hunt. He liked to have a good time without thinking much how it came. Jacob was more quiet and thoughtful; he was a bright boy, and liked to get as many good things for himself as possible. He was very smart at a good bargain.

Sometimes these two brothers did not agree very well. When they grew to be young men they were more unlike each other than ever.

One day they had a dreadful quarrel; Esau became so angry that he threatened to kill his brother. But the beginning of the quarrel was Jacob's fault.

It was no longer safe for Jacob to live at home. His mother said, "My son, you must go and stay with your uncle for a while."

Then the father who was old and feeble and almost blind, called Jacob to him and blessed him, and kissed him good-by. He said, "May God's blessing rest upon thee, my son," and he spoke to his boy about the wonderful promise that went with the blessing, the promise that God had given to his grandfather, Abraham, and that was now passed on to him.

So the young man kissed his mother good-by. She watched him from the tent door as long as she could see him. She loved Jacob very dearly. And well might she be sad, for she was never to see her boy again.

Jacob traveled along alone; he hurried quite fast, at first, for he did not want Esau to catch him. But by and by he began to walk more slowly, and as he walked, he began to think.

"What a mean brother I have been! It was I who started the quarrel! I wanted to get the better of Esau." Then he remembered how he had always been quite willing to get the

best of everything for himself. He remembered how once he had cheated his father, and had pretended that he was his brother. He did this because he wanted his father to give him a blessing instead of giving it to Esau. It was easy to cheat his father, for he was old and almost blind; he had to feel to tell his sons apart.

"I have been very selfish. I am ashamed that I cheated my blind father," he thought sadly.

He trudged along, and at last he became very tired. It was toward evening, and the stars were beginning to peep out in the sky. How wide and wonderful the sky looked that night! How still God's world seemed! As Jacob looked up into the sky, he began to think about God; he thought of the promise that God had made to Abraham, his grandfather. Jacob began to love God very dearly as he thought of him that night. He wanted to be a better man.

Then he grew tired, but there was no bed. He thought of the soft mats in the tent, that his mother had made. However, he must sleep. He gathered a pile of stones for a pillow, and lay down to rest.

Soon he was fast asleep. Then a beautiful dream came to him. A ladder appeared to stretch from the earth where he lay asleep, and the top of it reached up into heaven. Then he saw the angels of God walking up and down upon it.

God stood above it and said: "I am the God of thy father, Isaac; I am the God of thy grandfather, Abraham. I will take care of thee, Jacob. This land upon which thou art lying I will give to thee and to thy children." Then God continued: "I am with thee, Jacob. I will keep thee in all places whithersoever thou goest. I will not leave thee. I will keep my promise to thee."

Then Jacob awoke from his beautiful dream. He did not feel alone any longer. He made up his mind to try to be less selfish and a better man. "This is the gate of heaven," he said to himself. He gathered together the stones which he had used for a pillow; he made an altar. He then poured oil upon it, and made an offering to God. He promised God to give his life and his heart to him forever and ever. "God shall be my God as long as I live," he said, and he promised to give a tenth of all that he ever should have to God.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

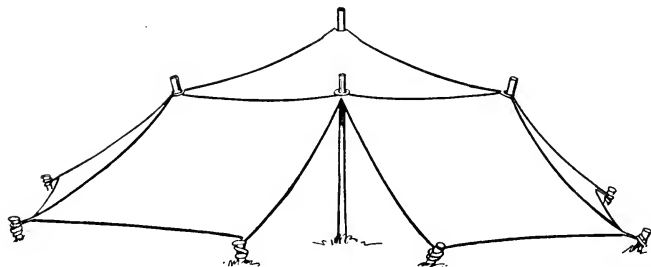
(A Short Reading Lesson for the Blackboard)

"I am with thee, and will keep thee withersoever thou goest."

"He careth for thee."

"Jehovah hath done great things for us."

Teach two verses of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Explain the second verse and make a close correlation with the lesson. The children cannot fail to see the connection



SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Set up a tent. Use different length pins to stick in a soft board, or different length sticks in the sand table. A tall "tent pole" forms the center support; then arrange shorter poles on each side. Stretch over these the "tent cloth," and fasten down the ends in the sand or board.

SUNDAY SESSION

GRANDFATHER ROGERSON'S GIFT TO THE
PATON FAMILY

Psalm 146:5-10

MEMORY VERSE

"Thou givest them their food in due season."

—Psalm 145:15.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Spend the lesson period to-day in describing again how God takes care of the primitive needs of his children, often

sending help in unexpected ways. Take for the Bible lesson the portion of Psalm 146 which tells of God's bounty.

A fine lesson story may be prepared from that incident recorded by John G. Paton in his "Autobiography" which tells of the need of food in the little thatched cottage in Scotland during the absence of his father, the mother's fine faith, and the answer to her prayers.

With this lesson use The Lord's Prayer stressing the phrase "Give us this day our daily bread." Teach a grace and tell why "the blessing" should be said at table.

THE STORY

Five brothers and sisters! What a good time they had in the little thatched cottage in the bonnie land of Scotland! It would almost seem as if the little house would tumble down with so many lively inmates, but it was made of good, stout oaken timbers that had stood many and many a year before it became the home of little curlyheaded Johnny Paton and his brothers and sisters.

The room where mother could always be found was kitchen and living room all in one. But it was very clean and bright and neat. Not one of those children ever forgot that room where mother was always to be found. Johnny said so years and years afterwards when he was a grown-up man, a man with white hair and a long, gray beard, and had come back from teaching the wild men in a very far-away island where he went to tell the same Bible stories that his mother had often told them while they sat round the kitchen fire.

There was another room where father could be found, most of the time. This room was quite big, and there was machinery in it, that went whir, whir, whir, hour after hour. Father made fine, stout, strong stockings for the Scottish folk in the village and in the other towns round about. Never any complaints about dropped stitches or weak places in Johnny Paton's father's work! Neither was there any grumbling about the work that Johnny did to help father, when he grew old enough.

There was one other room in the thatched cottage, a little room, and in it was a Book, the very dear possession of the Patons, the family Bible; it rested on a table. Very often

father stole away alone into the little room, and then the children knew that he was praying to God. Oftentimes the family gathered there together while father read to them or had family prayers.

None of the family ever forgot that room where father often went, either, for Johnny said so when he came home from teaching the wild men, years and years afterwards, when he had grown gray and learned and altogether a great man.

And then there was the garden: a picket gate led into it; the bees hummed over the heather blossoms, and other old-fashioned flowers; you could see a mill not far away. Johnny never forgot that, either, for he said so when he was the great John G. Paton, come home on a visit from teaching about God, and saying the prayers that he had learned from his father, away out in the islands where the wild men were trying to learn about God, because he had taught them.

One year the gardens in bonnie Scotland did not grow so well as usual; there were few potatoes; and the other crops were poor. This made John's mother look very sober, sometimes, when she was cooking the dinner, because it takes a great many potatoes, and a great many slices of bread, to say nothing of the other things, to feed a big family of children. John's father made the wheels of the machine fly as steadily and as fast as he could—and he wove a great many stockings.

One day he went to another town with a great load of the finished stockings. "When I come home, wee Jen'" he said to mother—for that is what he called her—"I will have money, and plenty to eat for the bairns."

Then he said good-by to all the children and hurried away.

But the meal barrel was very low, and so was the potato barrel; and try as mother did, she could not make the food last. Perhaps the children were unusually hungry. At any rate the food was gone.

Mother was too proud to tell anyone, or to ask for food from the neighbors. But she knew where she could ask for help, and she felt sure she would get it, though she did not know just how.

"Go to bed, dear bairns," she coaxed. "I have told God

all about it; he knows that the food is gone. He will take care of us."

Now, over in Lockerbie, a pleasant little village, lived mother's father. Just at that time he was thinking of his daughter and John, and all the little grandchildren, and he was packing a bag of new potatoes, a jar of the first ground meal of the season that had just come home from the mill, and some of his delicious homemade cheese.

In the morning there was a knock at the door, and mother opened it. There stood the carrier with Grandfather Rogerson's gift.

Mother opened the bag. "Some of grandfather's new potatoes! And here is a jar of ground meal from the old mill, the first of the season! And here is some fresh cheese!"

Big eyes looked in wonder from the bag and jar and bundles of good things, up into mother's face.

Mother saw the children were thinking of the quick answer to her prayers.

"O my children," she said, "love your heavenly Father. Tell him in faith and prayer all your needs, and he will supply your wants so far as it shall be for your good and his glory."

John never forgot those words of his mother.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Read the psalm selected for the lesson material. Select verses such as the following and place on the board before the opening of the session, for a Reading Lesson.

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,

.

Who made heaven and earth,
The sea and all that in them is;
Who keepeth truth for ever;

.

Who giveth food to the hungry, . . .

.

Praise ye Jehovah."

CHANT: The Doxology.

REPEAT the Bible Reading.

SONG: A praise song chosen by the children.

PRAYER: The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Collect and make up a "surprise bag" for some needy child or aged person. Let the children actually plan and participate.

Copy the last verse of the Bible reading.

Copy and learn the following grace:

A CHILD'S NOONDAY GRACE

Lord, bless this meat that we shall eat,

This bread that we shall break;

Make all our actions kind and sweet,

We ask, for Jesus' sake.

—WILBUR D. NESBIT.

CHAPTER XXI
WEEK DAY SESSION

REVIEW: DRAMATIZATION OF "GRANDFATHER
ROGERSON'S GIFT TO THE PATON FAMILY"

(Suggested by an incident told in John G. Paton's
autobiography)

The Story of Lesson XX. Bible verses selected from the
Devotional services of Lessons XV to XX.

MEMORY VERSE

"Thou givest them their food in due season."
—Psalm 145:15.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

At this point devote two lessons to a review of the theme "God the Protector." Write on the blackboard the question: "From whence shall my help come?" Remind the children of the stories that they have heard from week to week, which will make them able to answer this question. They surely will be able to give you the answer that you expect. Then ask them to try to give the answer in the form of one of the Memory Verses or reading lesson Bible verses that they have been studying. Write two or more upon the blackboard as the children repeat them—such verses as

"Jehovah is thy keeper."

"I am with thee."

"I will not leave thee."

Ask the children to tell you the names of some people whom God protected, about whom the Bible tells us.

Ask them if they remember some other people whom God protected, and spend a few moments in talking over several of the characters in your illustrative stories. Ask if they would like to "act out" one of these stories to-day.

The two stories selected for dramatization are "Grand-

father Rogerson's Gift to the Paton Family," for the Week-Day Session, and "The Story of the Baby Moses" for the Sunday Session.

GRANDFATHER ROGERSON'S GIFT TO THE PATON FAMILY

Children like to "play house" and their imaginations and suggestions will carry them far in this little dramatic performance. Any way that will be possible for you to make three divisions representing the three mentioned rooms in the Paton cottage will suffice. A Department table may be set with a toy tea set belonging to one of the children, and other "stage property" quickly gathered by the children themselves may represent the "kitchen" and "living room" where Mother Paton was always to be found.

The boys will improvise something with "wheels" to turn, if it is only a wheelbarrow turned upside down, to represent the shop. Another small room contains the table with the Bible resting upon it, and several of the small chairs of the Primary Department. The garden may be represented by a gay wall-paper background such as you may buy in some of the large stores, with a few potted plants in front, or may be just an imaginary garden.

Use the gifts which you have gathered for your "surprise" basket.

Possibly, instead of using both these dramatizations, you may choose one, giving more time for elaboration, and ask some of the fathers and mothers and church people to attend the second and more perfected session.

THE CHARACTERS

FATHER PATON, a larger boy.

MOTHER PATON, a larger girl.

JOHNNY PATON and several other children.

THE CARRIER.

PART I

(Father Paton is in the workroom alone, busily turning his wheel. Mother Paton and the children are in the kitchen, Mother Paton working, and the children in various attitudes. All sing to piano accompaniment "O Where and O Where

Has My Highland Laddie Gone?" or some other well-known Scotch song. If the children cannot sing this, the song may be played upon the piano, or sung by a concealed chorus of older voices.)

MOTHER PATON (to one of the little girls as she stirs the porridge with a big spoon on the imaginary stove): "Here, dear, take the spoon and stir the porridge. Mother will peel the potatoes. Johnny, lad, here's a pan; get them for mother out of the barrel. But I wonder, my bairn, if your arms are long enough to reach? The potato barrel is getting very empty. (Shakes her head soberly.) I don't know whether there will be enough to last till father comes home. Be careful not to stoop over too far and fall in!"

JOHNNY (laughing): "I won't, mother:

' Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.'

How many shall I get?"

MOTHER: "Only one apiece, no more. Father hopes to finish his work to-day. Then he is going away to sell his stockings. When he comes home, we shall have money to buy potatoes and—— Be careful, sister dear, the porridge is sticking." (Goes to pull the kettle to the back part of the stove.)

ONE OF THE SISTERS (Rocking a cradle in which there is a doll): "Baby is asleep, mother."

MOTHER: "That is a good child. Now go get mother some meal. Two cups full—no more. It must last. Yes, bring it here." (Busies herself at the kitchen table.) "Johnny, go help father a little while with his work. Children, the rest of you may go play in the garden."

PART II

(The children march into "the garden" singing "The Little Piper" to the tune "The Campbells Are Coming," and play several Scottish games. This portion of the play may be very simple or it may be made to give any amount of elaboration to the little "play" that you may wish. Several Scottish games are suggested on the following pages.

THE LITTLE PIPER

Donald Macdonald's
 A braw little lad,
 With his woolen Glengarry,
 His kilt and his plaid;
 And he's piping the march
 They have taught him to play
 At Gaffer Macdonald's
 On New Year's Day.

—ALFRED H. MILES.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN: "Let's play 'London Bridge is falling down.'" (Other plays are given at the end of the lesson.)

(There is a lull in the games as the children sit down to rest. Johnny is helping his father.)

JOHNNY: "You have a big pile, father. May I turn the wheel?"

FATHER: "Yes, laddie. You may turn until mother calls us to dinner. I will pack the stockings." (Whir the wheel and pack the stockings.)

MOTHER (comes to the door and calls): "Father! Children! Dinner is ready!"

(Table is set with bowls for porridge. Children are seated. The grace that was learned is recited. If you have a curtain, it may be drawn at this point, or after the "pretended meal," the children may rise, and father gets his bundle and starts on his journey.)

PART III

MOTHER: "Come, children, the work is done: it is eight o'clock. Father did not get home to-night as we thought. But we must not forget the Bible reading. Johnny may find the place." (All seat themselves round the table.)

ONE OF THE CHILDREN: "The potatoes are all gone, mother. What will we do for dinner to-morrow?"

ANOTHER CHILD: "And there's only half enough oatmeal for porridge, mother."

ANOTHER CHILD: "And there's only one loaf of bread, and that's not enough."

ANOTHER CHILD: "And I'm hungry already, mother."

MOTHER: "We won't worry, children. Mother's told God all about it. He knows. This is just the time to say our verses. Johnny, say yours; and then each may think of a promise verse."

(Each recites a verse learned during the study of the theme.)

MOTHER: "Johnny, can you say the psalm that we are learning?" (Read Psalm 23.)

MOTHER: "Let us sing baby to sleep."

ALL: "Luther's Cradle Hymn."

Curtain.

PART IV. MORNING

(Piano plays gayly "The Campbells Are Coming!")

Carrier comes to the door bringing a great bag, or basket. Mother answers the loud knock. Children all follow in a troop.)

CARRIER: "A present, ma'am. I think it is from your father, the children's Grandfather Rogerson."

MOTHER: "O children! Johnny, laddie, may help me unpack! Some of grandfather's new potatoes! And a bag of meal!"

ONE OF THE CHILDREN: "O mother! Cheese!"

MOTHER: "Yes, some of grandfather's fresh cheese! There will be plenty to eat until father comes home!"

ONE OF THE CHILDREN: "You said—mother—you said"—(thoughtfully). "It is very wonderful, mother!" (All look into her face wondering.)

MOTHER (gathering the children about her): "O my children, love your heavenly Father. Tell him in faith and prayer all your needs, and he will supply them so far as it shall be for your good and his glory."

(If you have a curtain, a concealed choir may chant the Doxology as the curtain drops.)

(Simplify this to suit your needs.)

OTHER PLAYS

"HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON"

(Part of the children stand at each end of the garden space, one stands in the middle. The children at the ends ask the questions, and the child in the middle answers.)

" King and queen of Cantelon,
 How many miles to Babylon?"
 " Eight and eight and other eight."
 " Will I get there by candlelight?"
 " If your horse be good and your spurs be bright."
 " How many men have ye?"
 " Mae nor ye daur come and see."

The players at the ends then run from side to side, and must be caught by the child in the middle, when they then help to catch the rest.)

HICKITY, BICKITY

" Hickity, bickity, pease, scone,
 Where shall this poor Scotchman gang?
 Will he gang east, or will he gang west,
 Or will he gang to the craw's nest?"

A boy, whose eyes are bandaged, rests his head against a wall, while the rest come up and lay their hands upon his back. He sends them to different places, according to the rime, and calls out, "Hickity, bickity!" till they have returned, when the last in must take his place. The "craw's nest" is close beside the blindfolded boy, and is a coveted position.)

SUNDAY SESSION

DRAMATIZATION OF "THE STORY OF THE BABY MOSES"

Exodus 2:1-10

MEMORY VERSE

"Jehovah is thy keeper."—Psalm 121:5.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

This little dramatic presentation may be kept exceedingly simple, depending for "stage property" and "scenery" almost entirely upon the children's imagination. If preferred, this exercise may suffice for two lessons, and the

more elaborate "playlet" given in the preceding lesson may be used for some special occasion. This little play may be arranged to take so short a space of time that, if your class is large, several groups of children may go through the same exercise, as all will like to "act out" the story.

CHARACTERS

MOTHER, a large girl.

FATHER, a large boy.

AARON.

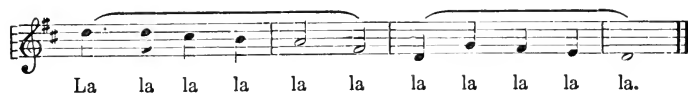
A LARGE DOLL, representing the baby Moses.

THE PRINCESS.

SEVERAL ATTENDANTS.

AN INTERIOR SCENE: Mother weaving a basket (raffia); a little boy looking on; a little girl holding a big doll dressed as an Oriental baby in "swaddling clothes."

MIRIAM sings a lullaby.



From "New Educational Music Course for Elementary Grades, Teacher's Edition," by McLaughlin and Gilchrist. Used by permission of the publishers, Ginn & Co.

MOTHER: "Do not sing quite so loudly, my Miriam. The song is sweet; the song is sweet; but it may be that some one could hear it beyond the walls of our house. Remember, the life of our baby is in great danger. If the king's messengers should by any chance hear you!"

(Miriam stops her song and gathers her baby brother closer in her arms.)

AARON (watching his mother): "What are you making, mother?"

MOTHER: "A little basket, Aaron, my lamb. Hold this bundle of reeds for mother, while I weave. Over, under; over, under. That is right!"

AARON: "It is going to be a big basket, mother."

MOTHER (getting up and measuring her work to the baby in Miriam's lap to the astonishment of the two children.)

BOTH: "Why, mother!"

MOTHER: "Can you keep a secret, my lambs? Yes, I know you can, because upon the secret depends the life of little brother. You know how cruel the king has been to father and all our people. Now he says that all the little babies of the Hebrew people are to be destroyed. But I have prayed to God to protect our baby. God has helped me to make a plan. This is to be a little cradle basket. When it is finished, we will hide our pretty baby in it."

MIRIAM: "O mother, he is waking!"

(Hums very softly.)

AARON (in subdued voice): "I'll hand you the reeds, mother. Here is a good, strong reed."

(Have another basket ready, and pretend that the work is finished.)

MOTHER: "There, it is finished!"

AARON: "It's strong, mother."

(Mother takes the baby and puts him in it.)

MOTHER: "Come, children! Not a bit of noise!"

MIRIAM: "Why, you're going to the river, mother!"

MOTHER: "Yes, dear. Hush!"

(She parts the reeds and puts the cradle amongst them.)

"Now, Miriam, you are to stay here and watch. Brother Aaron and I will go home. Do not go too near, my lamb. Do not look anxious. If anyone finds the basket come and tell me."

(Miriam follows her mother's directions. Hums a little tune; weaves a bit of raffia; dances. Suddenly she stops to listen.)

MIRIAM (suddenly listening): "I hear talking! People are coming this way!"

(The princess with her attendants, approaches.)

PRINCESS: "You may gather some of these beautiful lotus blossoms, my maidens. I wish them for my table. Here is the place where I shall bathe." (Suddenly she spies the basket.) "What is that amongst the reeds? Go get it!" (One of the maidens pushes the imaginary reeds aside and brings the basket.)

PRINCESS: "Open it!" (She clasps her hands in admiration.) "A baby! What a beautiful baby! It must be one of the Hebrew children! Poor little thing! I shall keep this beautiful baby!"

MIRIAM (stealing up and speaking very earnestly): "Would you like a nurse for the baby, O princess? I know where to find a very good nurse."

PRINCESS: "Go bring her!"

MIRIAM (running to her mother): "O mother! The princess! The king's daughter has found the baby! But, oh, mother, she loves our beautiful baby! She is going to keep him. I told her" (panting)—"I told her—I could find a nurse. O mother!"

(Mother runs to the little group by the riverside. Bows at the feet of the princess.)

PRINCESS: "Take this baby and care for him tenderly. He shall be brought up as my son. He shall be called Moses. All that a little prince should have this baby shall have."

(Princess and attendants depart.)

CLOSE: (Mother holding the baby in her arms; Miriam and Aaron bending over him. Class sings softly one of the songs about God's care which they have learned during the study of the theme.)

GOD FORGIVING HIS CHILDREN

CHAPTER XXII

WEEK DAY SESSION

THE STORY OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Genesis 2:8, 9, 15-17, 19, 20; chapter 3 (selected verses)

MEMORY VERSE

“Forgive us our sins.”—Luke 11:4a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

One of the chief reasons for the never-failing interest that the Bible has for all of us from childhood through every age is that it is like a mirror of the thousand and one situations that complicate our own lives.

“Temptation” comes to all; even Christ was not free from it. The story of the way the first temptation was met and the consequence of disobedience is so simple that its appeal is direct to the youngest.

THE STORY

Adam and Eve lived all alone in a great, big garden. It did not make any difference in what direction they walked, or how far, they never could meet anyone else, or come to a house where anyone lived, because there were no other people. They were the first people in all the world.

God had created Adam and Eve, and he had given them the big garden for a home. It was called “the Garden of Eden.”

Now perhaps you remember that there was once a man called Robinson Crusoe, and he had a servant named Friday. They lived on an island all alone, because Robinson Crusoe was wrecked at sea. Robinson Crusoe was very lonely; he was thinking always about the people he once had known, and the home and the things he once had had. He tried to make things like those which he once had seen and had had. He was lonely.

But Adam and Eve were not lonely. They never had

been anywhere but in the Garden of Eden. They never had been with other people; they never even had seen a home. They were the first man and woman.

The garden was a beautiful place: there were flowers of all colors in it; there were trees; there were fruits; there were vegetables. Animals roved around and ate the grass; birds flew about the sky, and hopped amongst the branches of the trees; fishes swam in the water of the river that flowed through the garden.

God showed all these things to Adam, and told him that he might give the animals their names. By whatever name Adam called them, they were to be known.

“Take good care of the garden, Adam; tend the flowers and all the growing things; be kind to the animals,” God said. Adam and Eve were his children, and he loved them and was glad to give them all these gifts.

Then God said: “You may eat of the herbs and the vegetables and fruit, Adam. You may have them for your food. But of the fruit of this tree you must not eat. It will poison you; if you eat it, you will surely die.” And God showed them the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

How happy were those first days in the Garden of Eden! Adam and Eve looked at the flowers and smelled their sweetness; they tasted the fruits; they listened to the songs of the birds; they played with the animals and took care of them.

Now the cleverest animal in the garden was the serpent. But he was a sly beast, and not good. One day when Adam was busy in some other part of the garden, tending to the growing things, or to the animals, as God had bidden him do, the serpent came to Eve and spoke to her.

“Did God say that you could not eat of every tree in the garden?” he asked.

“We may eat the fruits and the vegetables and the herbs, but we must not eat the fruit that grows on the tree of the knowledge of good and evil,” answered Eve. “God said we must not eat of that; we must not touch it. If we eat it, we shall surely die.”

“You will not surely die,” said the serpent. “If you eat of it, you will grow very wise. See, it is pretty! It is good to eat!”

Eve ought to have stopped up her ears and run away, but she did not. Instead, she looked at the tree with bright fruit glittering in the sunshine.

“Look at it!” tempted the serpent. “Taste it!”

Eve bit into the fruit. It tasted good in the mouth. She went to her husband. She told him what the serpent had said. She teased him till he, too, ate some of the fruit.

But Adam and Eve were not happy the rest of that day; they knew that they had been disobedient children.

When the cool of the evening came, God walked through the garden. For the first time in their lives, Adam and Eve were afraid of God. They did not run to meet him, but went and hid among the trees.

“Adam, where art thou?” called God to him.

When Adam came he said: “I heard thy voice in the garden; but I was afraid. I went and hid,” and Adam dropped his eyes in shame.

God looked at Adam. He knew that he had disobeyed; he had sinned.

“Why wert thou afraid? Why didst thou hide thyself? Adam, hast thou eaten of the fruit that I told thee not to eat?”

Then Adam began putting the blame on Eve. “She told me to eat it,” he said.

Sorrowfully God said to Eve, “What is this that thou hast done?”

“The serpent tempted me to eat, and I ate,” replied Eve, and she, too, was ashamed.

God punished the serpent. He said to the woman: “Thou hast brought great trouble to thyself, and to thy children, Eve. Because of thy disobedience, thou hast brought suffering and pain and trouble into the world.”

He then turned to Adam and said: “Because thou hast listened to Eve and hast eaten the fruit, thou canst no longer stay in the garden. Thou shalt till the land outside. The ground shall be hard; weeds and thistles and thorns shall come up where thou plantest. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou work all the days of thy life. Then thou shalt die.”

And sin and sorrow and pain and death came into the world because of disobedience.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

“Teach me to do thy will;
For thou art my God.”

“Lord, teach us to pray.”

THE LORD'S PRAYER: Lay stress on the phrase “Forgive us our debts [our sins].”

Teach the following song:

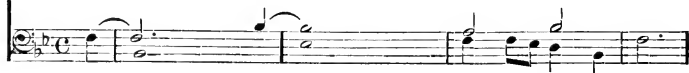
Lord, Teach a Little Child to Pray

(A Child's Prayer)

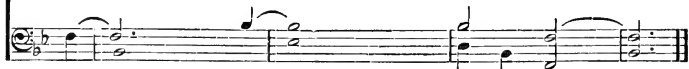
Brown



1. Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray, And oh, ac - cept my prayer!
2. A lit - tle spar - row can - not fall, Un - no - ticed, Lord, by thee;
3. Teach me to do what - e'er is right, And when I sin, for - give;



Thou hear - est ev - ery word I say, For thou art ev - ery - where.
And though I am so young and small, Thou dost take care of me.
And make it still my chief de - light To love thee while I live.



—From “The Primary and Junior Hymnal,” published by The Heidelberg Press. Used by permission.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Bring an envelope of pictures to cut out and mount that would suggest a garden.

SUNDAY SESSION

DOWN CEDAR HILL: A STORY OF A FATHER'S
FORGIVENESS

Psalm 32:1-5; 38:18, 21, 22

MEMORY VERSE

"I will be sorry for my sin."—Psalm 38:18b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The account of the temptation to sin, the failure to meet the temptation in the right, strong way, and the inevitable consequence comes amongst the very first pages in God's Word; so also does the understanding of the meaning of temptation and sin, and the consequence come early in the life of every normal individual. It is not difficult for a very young child to understand fully the story of the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve, and also the application to their own personal lives.

Let us make the thought of God's yearning and willingness to forgive the very bright and prominent light that shines through the lessons grouped under the theme. Yet do not forget to point out a secondary lesson: that although there has been pardon freely given, sin leaves a scar. Adam and Eve were forgiven, but the home in the garden of Eden was gone. God gave another opportunity—an opportunity that was to make possible a stronger, fuller life than would have resulted from the idyllic life spent in the perfect garden. However, the effect of their sin resulted in changed conditions.

None of the characters in the Bible were without temptation; none met all their temptations victoriously—save One. The story of a successful life is to conquer as often and as valiantly as we can, and when we fail, to ask forgiveness, and try again.

Use this lesson to develop the story of temptation and sin and forgiveness in terms of child life.

THE STORY

Cedar Hill was as smooth as glass—after the first snow-storm of the season. The first snowflakes fell on Sunday

afternoon, and the snow continued all night. When David woke in the morning the world looked like a great, big Christmas card. All the branches of the trees were bowed down with snow; the fields were covered, and every fence post wore a cap of white.

He dressed in a hurry, did his share of the morning's work, and then went upstairs to the attic to get his sled which had been stored away all summer. He put it outside of the door, ready for use as soon as breakfast should be over.

Father put the morning paper in his pocket, buttoned his great coat up close around his neck, bade good-by to mother, and then said to David and Katherine: "Come along, children, it is time to start. I will leave you at the school door. I don't often have the opportunity to start so late in the morning, but I am glad of the chance to get you to school." Father generally took a much earlier train to the city.

"Well, David, boy; I see you have your sled out all ready."

"Yes, father; I'm going over to Cedar Hill before school. Katherine can go with you; but I've time to go with the fellows before school. We're going to coast. Good-by." And David picked up his sled.

Father grew sober at once. He looked toward Cedar Hill. Indeed it was in fine condition for coasting. The boys were in the habit of going there year after year. But the highway where a continuous stream of automobiles passed had been out of repair for several weeks, and was now being mended. All along the way arrow signs bearing the word "detour" were fastened on trees and telegraph poles and fences.

One of these arrows had been placed at the corner, and now, instead of a quiet, safe coasting hill, right at the foot where the road crossed, a pretty steady line of automobiles passed.

"Why, son—I hadn't thought—but it will not be safe to use Cedar Hill now. No," said father decidedly—"it certainly—will—not—be—safe. You might not have an accident, but then again, you might." Father looked determined. "I hate to take away your sport, David; but it is not safe. No, son; you are not to go there to-day."

Father took out his watch. "My, the time is passing!

The train is almost due. Come, Katherine; good-by, son—remember,” and father hurried away.

David looked at the splendid, shining hill; he was dreadfully disappointed. Still, he knew that his father was right about the danger—he could see for himself. Two automobiles were passing at that minute. And David was in the habit of minding. Father was his best chum. He turned slowly and walked away from Cedar Hill down in the direction of the school. He began to whistle, and made up his mind to forget all about coasting.

“Hello, Dave!” exclaimed a voice just round the corner. It was Dick—and he, too, had his sled.

“You’re early, Dave. You don’t have to go for half an hour yet. I’m going to Cedar Hill. Come on. Here are Bert and Phil.”

All the boys were a little older than David, and he was very proud to be their friend. But—father’s command! David quite suddenly felt very miserable.

“I’m going early to school, to-day,” he began. “I want to”——

“Oh, come on; don’t stand there wasting time. Come on,” and Bert started.

“I can’t”—— and then he added shamefacedly. “Father said I shouldn’t go.”

“Shouldn’t go! Oh, go on! Why, the boys have always coasted down Cedar Hill!” exclaimed Dick in amazement.

“What’s the harm?” asked Bert.

“The automobiles,” said David. “They have to come past Cedar Hill—because the big road’s shut off.”

The boys talked a good deal, and David’s face grew quite red. He thought “the fellows” considered him a baby; and he was proud of going with “the big boys.”

“My father didn’t tell me not to go,” said Phil.

“Nor mine,” added Dick.

David ought to have been man enough to say that it was probably because they had gone to business early, and had not thought; but he did not.

“We’ll take care of you,” laughed Bert.

Take care of him! David’s eyes flashed as he exclaimed: “Oh, well, I guess he won’t care. Come on! I’ll go! I’ll beat you to it!”

Up and down! Up and down! Several other boys joined the crowd. Never had the hill been smoother! Never had the sleds flown faster!

"One more!" shouted David as the school bell began to ring in the distance.

The sled flew! Something black suddenly loomed in the way just as he crossed the road; an awful crash and then—David knew nothing of what happened after that.

It might have been days, it might have been months—it might even have been years after, as far as David could tell when he opened his eyes one morning, and found himself in a little white bed in a little white room in a very strange place with a white-dressed stranger moving about a table where there were medicine glasses and bottles and other things.

He tried to move his arm, but he found it tightly bandaged; he tried to lift himself up, but fell back again; he tried to move his foot, but found it was fastened in a hard case. Even his head was bandaged.

"Where am I?" he asked, and his own voice sounded strange.

"Oh David," said the person in white, "you're better—I'm so glad."

"Better!" answered David. "Why, where am I?"

"You have been sick. You were hurt; but you are better now. I wouldn't try to think about it now. Here, drink this," and then the person in white was very nice and arranged him comfortably, and gave him something to eat.

But David did think—and little by little the memory of "that day" and the coast on Cedar Hill and the "smash-up" came back.

"Where's father? I didn't mind him," said David so suddenly that afternoon that the person in white jumped.

"Why, I thought you were asleep, laddie," she said. "You're father was here yesterday. He has been here a great many times."

"I didn't mind him. Will he be here to-day?"

"Here he is now," said the person in white, and opened the door.

"O my boy, my boy!" exclaimed father as he saw David's face. "You are better! You know me!"

“Father, I didn’t mind you! I’m so sorry!” and David began to cry quite like a great big baby.

“There, David, dear, not a word more, now”——

“Will you forgive me, father? I’m sorry!”

There was no doubt in David’s mind about father’s forgiveness, and there was no doubt in father’s mind about David’s “being sorry for his sin.” And although David’s leg was never quite so strong and straight as it was, and although he never could run so well as he had been able to do, he and father loved each other more than ever, and David found it easier to obey when he thought of what that disobedience had cost him.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

(Explain the meaning of the difficult words “transgression,” “iniquity”: “grown-up-words” for sin. “Blessed” meaning happy.)

READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

(Or by the teacher from the Bible as preferred.)

“Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered.

.

“When I kept silence, my bones wasted away
Through my groaning all the day long.
For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:

.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
And mine iniquity did I not hide:
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto Jehovah;
And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.”

“I will be sorry for my sin.”

.

Forsake me not, O Jehovah:
O my God, be not far from me.
Make haste to help me.”

SONG: See last lesson. Continue to teach the song.

PRAYER: The Lord’s Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Let the children tell of some personal experience of "disobedience" and what came of it. Bring out the thought that relief came with "being sorry," and obtaining "forgiveness."

CHAPTER XXIII
WEEK DAY SESSION
SELFISHNESS FORGIVEN

Luke 15:11-24

MEMORY VERSE

“Forgive us our sins.”—Luke 11:4a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Selfishness is an excessive attention to one's own interests; an inordinate desire for one's own advantage even to the forgetfulness of the rights of others. Only a little thought will show how this characteristic will lead to all manner of complications and encroachments upon the rights of others; how it can pave the way for many other sins. Egoism is a common habit with many children, and a lesson pointing out its unloveliness and its hurtfulness is important.

Jesus came into the world to show up the ugliness of sin, and to draw us away from it; he often did this by means of the parable, and the story of the “prodigal son,” that young person who concentrated upon “self” and the advantages and good times he could get by his selfish plan in which nothing was considered but his own personal interests, is surely calculated to be a telling blow to this sin which every child will recognize.

The children can see the very human, earthly situation: the wayward boy; his loving, generous father, who forgives him gladly and receives him back at home when he returns and confesses, sorry and ashamed. It will not be difficult, either, to draw the parallel to our relations to the heavenly Father, the real purpose of the story.

A Word as to the Setting: The publicans and sinners were drawing near to hear the teachings of the Master. The scribes and Pharisees, selfish egoists, complained, “This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.” To

prove his purpose of helping people get away from their sins, and also the willingness of God to forgive, provided the sinner repents and asks for forgiveness, Jesus told the story of "The Prodigal Son."

THE STORY

There was once a father who had two sons. They lived in a comfortable home, for the father was not a poor man. There were servants to help with the work in the house, and also outside in the fields which the father owned. Within the stables were well-fed animals.

You would have thought those two sons would have been happy and contented in such a home; but one of them was not. For some reason, the younger son was discontented. He wanted to get away: he thought he could find a better place than his home. The more he thought about it, the more discontented he was with the things in the home and the work he had to do. He thought so much about himself and the good times he wanted for himself, and the good things that he would like for himself, that at last he could think of nobody else. Such a person is very, very selfish.

One day he said: "Father, I need some money. Give me my share of your fortune."

The father loved his son, and he divided his fortune, and gave the son his share. Not many days afterward, the son packed up all his belongings, put most of his money in his moneybags, and some in his belt, as was the custom in those days. He bound on his stoutest sandals, and put on his traveling coat. He said good-by to his father and his older brother, and started out to see the world.

Well, this selfish young man found that there were other selfish people out in the world besides himself. And every one of these tried to do the rest. Every one of these new friends wanted to get the most good food, the most good times, and each tried to drink the most. Each selfish person loved these things so much that he was quite willing to get the best of all the others in order to please himself.

The young man spent a great deal of money—day after day he spent, and his moneybags grew lighter and lighter.

By and by there came a time when all the money that his father had given him was gone. And what did the new

companions that he had chosen to go with, do? They left him.

Now it happened when all his fortune was spent, that there came a famine in the far country where he had gone. There was very little to eat, and what there was cost a great deal of money. His clothes were old, and he became altogether hungry and miserable.

There was a rich man living in that country, and the young man went and asked him for a place as a servant. The man sent him out in the fields to take care of his pigs and feed them.

Now the young man was so poor and hungry and miserable—he had sunk so low, that he would have been glad enough to eat the husks that belonged to the pigs, if he could. Yet no one gave him anything.

It was then that he began to think of his home and the good things that his father was so glad to share with him.

“The servants in my father’s house have more than they need of bread,” he thought sorrowfully. “And here I am dying of hunger!”

He thought of his selfishness; he felt that he had been as greedy about getting the best for himself as the pigs he was watching that very minute. He began to hate selfishness; he began to hate himself.

“I am sorry for my sins,” he said to himself. “I want to see my father again. I will go home. I will go to my father and say, ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in your sight. I am not worthy to be called your son. But forgive me; and make me one of your servants.’” And right away he started.

Now the young man had not reached home yet, but his father saw him coming while he was still far off. He was so glad to see his boy; his heart was just filled with love! He ran and put his arms round his neck, and kissed him.

“Father, I have sinned against heaven, and against you,” said the son, “I am not worthy to be called your son.”

But the father led him to the house.

“My son has come home!” he called to the servants.

“Get the best clothing in the house and put on him! Take away those old clothes! Put a ring on his hand! Put good shoes on his feet!”

Then he said to the cooks: "Make a fine feast. We will have a merry time. Here is my son! I thought he was dead! But he is alive and has come home again. He was lost, and is found!"

That boy knew that his father had forgiven all his selfish sins, and he was happy again. And they made ready for the feast and had a merry time.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

In a very few sentences draw the parallel with God's forgiveness of sin.

BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

(Explain hard words and help in the reading.)

"I acknowledged my sin unto thee."

"I said, I will confess my transgression [sin] unto Jehovah."

.

"I will be sorry for my sin."

"Forsake me not, O Jehovah."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITY

Copy the Memory Verse.

Get the children to make a voluntary effort to do one unselfish act during the week.

SUNDAY SESSION

ASKING FORGIVENESS

Luke 5:17-26

MEMORY VERSE

"Thy sins are forgiven thee."—Luke 5:20.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Jesus' mission was to bring the message of God's forgiveness to those who had sinned, and to those who would sin

in the future—and that means to all of us. He taught the need of forgiveness: that it was a boon to be desired above all other benefits, even above the blessing of physical well-being, the gift which he was so glad to bestow upon the sufferers who came to him.

Tell to-day the story of the sick man who was brought by his four friends to Jesus. We are led to think from the wording of the account that possibly the man's illness was his own fault. At any rate Jesus recognized that illness was not his only burden: he needed forgiveness and he received that greater blessing as well as the release from suffering.

An understanding of the structure of the roof of the ordinary class of Oriental dwellings will be absolutely necessary to make a complete picture of the situation, and for this reason a simple copy is given. Practice the drawing of this till you make it your own. The cut is sufficiently large for you to make copies in cardboard to give to the pupils to use in any way that you may prefer.

THE STORY

Once upon a time in the far country where Jesus lived when he came upon earth, there was a certain house that looked very much like this. (Draw.)

It was one story high and there was a door. Outside, going up to the roof, there was a stairway, something like this. The roof was not made of shingles or tin or slate such as those that we generally see. There were some rafters laid across the side walls. Some sticks were placed over these rafters. Over the sticks was some brushwood, and then over this was spread some earth. The earth was smoothed down and rolled, and last of all came a coat of mortar.

On a certain day the door of the house was open, and a big crowd of people stood round about. All that could get inside were inside; the house was full. Ever so many more wanted to get in, but they couldn't; every inch of space was taken.

It was no wonder that there was such a crowd, because Jesus was inside that house, and he was talking. Everyone wanted to hear what he said.

Presently four men came over the road carrying something heavy. The burden was a rug; each man held one corner, and on it was a sick man. The man could neither walk nor move.

The rug was really a bed such as they used in those days. It could be rolled up when it was not needed, and stowed away; or it could be carried about if necessary.

When the men came to the house they were very much disappointed because they could not get in. However, they believed that Jesus could help their poor friend, and they were not going to give up. There must have been a great many selfish people in the crowd or they would have been willing to make way and let the men pass, but they did not.

"Here's the stairway," they said to one another, and then a good idea came to them. They carried the man on the roof; then they began pulling off first the mortar, then the dirt, then the twigs, and very soon they had a hole big enough to let the man down through the roof.

They must have tied the ends of the bed with some kind of strong rope or strips of something and then—down, down, they lowered their friend right at Jesus' feet.

The man did not need to speak to Jesus; his eyes told everything. Jesus knew right away that the man wanted to say to him, because the thoughts were in his heart: "Master, I know that you are able to forgive my sin, and take away my illness. Forgive my sins and take away my suffering."

Jesus said, "Man, thy sins are forgiven."

Some of the people who had been listening began to find fault with Jesus. They said, "Who but God hath power to forgive sin?" They did not believe in Jesus.

But Jesus said: "Why do you say these things? Which is easier, to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee' or 'Arise, and take up thy bed, and go to thy house'?"

New strength came to the poor man's body. He rose from the bed, rolled it up, and walked out of the house. He was well. But best of all, he was forgiven.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Teach the following song:

Father, Holy Father

G. Hinton



1. Fa - ther, ho - ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come,
2. We thy lit - tle chil - dren, To thy throne a - bove,
3. Thou art wise and lov - ing, Thou art great and strong;
4. Hear us, ho - ly Fa - ther, As to thee we pray,
5. Fa - ther, God, our Fa - ther, Guide us ev - ery hour;



Bring - ing light and glo - ry From thy heaven - ly home.
 We would hymn thy prais - es, We would sing thy love.
 Glad when we do right - ly, Grieved when we do wrong.
 Ask - ing thee to keep us Safe from harm to - day.
 Keep us safe, and shield us From temp - ta - tion's power.



—From “The Primary and Junior Hymnal,” published
 by The Heidelberg Press. Used by permission.

BLACKBOARD READING

(To be read directly from the blackboard, if preferred.
 Selected from Proverbs, chapter 1.)

DIFFICULT WORDS AND THEIR SYNONYMS

“Entice” . . . Coax.

“Consent thou not” . . . Do not yield or “give in.”

“Cast thy lot among us” . . . Thou shalt come with us
 and we will look out for your welfare.

“Refrain” . . . Keep away.

“My son, if sinners entice thee,
Consent thou not.
If they say, Come with us,

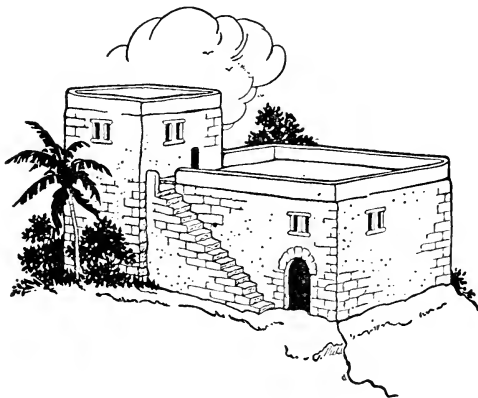
Thou shalt cast thy lot among us;
We will all have one purse:
My son, walk not thou in the way with them;
Refrain thy foot from their path:
For their feet run to evil.”

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Draw a picture of an Oriental house—or cut from paper.

Let four children illustrate the carrying of the bed by holding the four corners of a sheet of newspaper, or anything which you have at hand which will serve the purpose.



CHAPTER XXIV
WEEK DAY SESSION

ZACCHÆUS

Luke 19:1-10

MEMORY VERSES

“I will be sorry for my sin.”—Psalm 38:18b.

“Thy sins are forgiven thee.”—Luke 5:20.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

One of the best stories about the forgiveness of sin is that of Zacchæus. To his countrymen Zacchæus was an unpatriotic man. He was a “publican,” and to the Jews of that time he was despicable and unforgivable.

The scene is located at Jericho, that old, old city about which we first hear at the time of the entrance of the children of Israel into their Promised Land. Because of its location, in the valley of the Jordan, near the Dead Sea, and eight hundred and twenty-five feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, the city had a peculiarly tropical and enervating climate. We notice in glancing over the events mentioned in connection with Jericho, that many of the inhabitants did not seem to be possessed of very ambitious or sturdy ideals—and probably the relaxing influence of the climate had something to do with this.

The Jericho of the time of Christ was a city of beautiful palm trees. The gardens were fragrant with the famous Jericho roses, and the sweet yellow and white blossoms of the henna plant. The sycomore tree which is mentioned in the story was a sort of fig tree which bore its fruit in clusters on twigs springing directly from the trunk. These branches were near the ground, and so the tree was easily climbed.

Among the buildings was a splendid palace owned by Herod the Great, and a hippodrome. We also may picture

the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, a rough, downhill road infested with robbers and highwaymen.

Zacchæus had a home here, a rich home built and maintained with the money he gained in a business which the Jews hated, for he was a publican. A publican was one who farmed the Roman taxes. All these men were wealthy, and they had to give bonds and promises to the Roman Government. The overcollectors generally let out part of the work to subcollectors and taxgatherers. The Roman Government allowed a margin to be kept as payment. This gave the taxgatherers an advantage over the taxpayers and the margin became very elastic according to the desires of these officers. Naturally, the Jews hated these men, and most especially they hated one of their own race who consented to occupy the office. These men were loathed and were characterized as "sinners."

Such a man was Zacchæus, and he was ostracized and shunned by the members of his own race.

THE STORY

A great many people were hurrying to get a good place to see, along the road in Jericho. It was pleasanter to get under the shade of a tree, because it was hot—it was always hot in Jericho. But if they could not get under a tree, the people were willing to stand in the sun.

"Jesus of Nazareth will pass through this street to-day," said some one. "He is on his way to the feast in Jerusalem." Then he hurried on, and all who heard him hurried, too, for they wanted to see.

"Who is Jesus of Nazareth?" asked some one.

"Oh, Jesus is the One who has done such wonderful things. Have you not heard about him?" answered the man who told the news. "He heals the sick whom no other doctor can cure. He has even opened the eyes of blind men."

"He has made lame men walk," said some one.

"He has even cured lepers," said another.

And so the people talked, and more and more people gathered, and the street became more and more crowded. Everyone wanted to see Jesus.

Now there was a certain man, a very little man, walking

all alone—no one spoke to him—no one had much to do with him. But he listened.

He was quite a lonely man, and not very happy. This might seem strange, too, because he lived in a fine home, and he was rich enough to have all the good things he wanted. He could have servants to take care of his house, and servants to take care of his garden, which, I suppose, was sweet with Jericho roses.

Zacchæus walked along, listening to what the people said about Jesus. Some of the talk was about how good Jesus had been to sinners.

Good to sinners! That made Zacchæus begin to think of a great many things which had happened in his own life—things that he had done. Many and many a time he had heard people call him “a sinner.” He knew that his neighbors would not even speak to him because they knew how he got the money to buy his house and his gardens and the wages to pay his servants.

“Why, he is no better than a thief!” they would say. “He is not true to his country! He is the taxgatherer for the Romans!”

Such a man was called a publican, and Zacchæus was a publican, and a “sinner,” and no one would be his friend.

As he walked along that day, Zacchæus was ashamed and sorry; he made up his mind to see Jesus. He would learn whether Jesus was a friend of sinners. Zacchæus wanted a friend.

The crowd grew bigger, and he hurried along with the others. But he was a little man, and he could not see over the heads of the taller people. No one wanted to make room for Zacchæus “the sinner.” He was in danger of not seeing Jesus after all. A sycamore tree was growing by the road. Like a boy he climbed up into the branches. Then he could see right over the heads of the people.

Presently some one called: “Jesus is coming! Jesus of Nazareth is coming!” and the crowd pressed closer.

Jesus drew near; when he reached the sycamore tree he stopped. No one needed to tell Jesus that there was a man named Zacchæus up in the tree looking down at him; Jesus knew that Zacchæus would be there even before he reached the city. No one even needed to tell Jesus this man’s name,

for he knew it. Indeed, one of his reasons for passing through Jericho was to find Zacchæus.

“Zacchæus, make haste and come down,” said Jesus. “I shall visit at your house to-day.” Zacchæus’ heart gave a great bound of happiness. No one had cared to come to his house, but now he had a Friend! He let himself down from the tree. He came to Jesus and received him joyfully.

“He has gone to be a guest with a sinner! He has gone to stay at the house of a publican!” complained the people, and they were angry.

Then Zacchæus told Jesus everything; he was sorry for all the mean, dishonest things that he had done. He said, “Lord, the half of my goods I shall give to the poor; and if I have wrongfully taken anything from any man, I shall give it back fourfold.” This was the promise that Zacchæus made to Jesus.

Jesus was very glad that Zacchæus had decided to do what was right and to turn away from the wrong things that he had been doing. He said: “This day has forgiveness come to this house. The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.”

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

BLACKBOARD READING

“I will be sorry for my sin.”

“Forgive us our debts.”

“Thy sins are forgiven thee.”

SYNONYM

“Debt” . . . sins.

PRAYER: The Lord’s Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy one of the Memory Verses.

Draw a tree and represent the people in the story by means of short, straight lines.

SUNDAY SESSION**THE STORY OF THE SHEEP THAT WAS LOST**

Luke 15:3-6; Matthew 18:12-14

MEMORY VERSE

“Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost.”—Luke 15:6.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The following books will help in the preparation of this lesson: “Brooks by the Traveler's Way,” by Jowett; “A Day with the Good Shepherd,” by Anna F. Mamreov; “Bible Manners and Customs,” by Mackie; “The Song of Our Syrian Guest,” by Knight.

One of the most familiar sights out on the hills and over the plains in Palestine was the shepherd caring for his sheep. The shepherd of the Orient loved his sheep, and was good to them. He was their leader, and they followed him gladly. They knew his voice and answered when he called. Never were they willing to obey a stranger's voice. Their own shepherd was all in all to them. And well he deserved the first place in their animal devotion; for he fed them, gave them drink, bound up their bruises, and protected them from harm, even at the risk of his life if necessary.

Jesus turned to the everyday scenes, the homely affairs of life, for his stories, and it is no wonder that one of his most beautiful parallels, the story to illustrate the yearning love of God for those who have wandered from the paths of righteousness, his paths, was “The Story of the Sheep that Was Lost.”

SUGGESTIONS FOR GAINING ATTENTION

A simple blackboard sketch of a lamb or of several sheep will add interest to this story. This will not be difficult to accomplish free-hand, but if you cannot sketch, you may buy a stencil at some educational supply store.

The sand table will be helpful to-day. You may make several sheep from cardboard, and also a cardboard shep-

herd, and let the children arrange the flock correctly, with the shepherd leading. You may also furnish twigs, and illustrate the construction of an Oriental sheepfold.

THE STORY

Once there was a shepherd who had a hundred sheep in his flock. He had named them all, and he knew them all apart. He loved them dearly.

The sheep loved their shepherd, too, and would come to him when he called them.

The sheepfold was the place where they stayed at night; it was their home, and it was a safe, strong place something like this (draw); it had some sharp, thorny twigs like this around the top of the fence to keep robbers and wild animals away, when the little sheep were asleep.

The good shepherd slept with his sheep at night so that they would be quite safe. He would drive the wolves and bears away, if any came; he would keep the sheep safe from robbers.

There was a little, narrow door that led out of the fold, and when the sun was up and morning came, the sheep would be eager to get out, and the shepherd would open the door and soon he would be at the head of the flock leading them away to the green pastures where they could get fresh, sweet grass to eat.

Every day the shepherd carried his long staff with a crook at the end like this (draw), and a sling shot like this (draw), and a bottle of oil. He needed the staff to help himself over the rocks, and also to pull up any little lamb that should happen to fall and hurt itself. He needed the short club to drive away bears, wolves, and robbers, if any should happen along. Sometimes he needed a sling shot. And very often he needed the oil to bathe the bruises and cuts that the briars and sharp stones were bound to make on the tender feet or noses of his sheep.

This good shepherd always led his sheep; he never followed them. He found the safest and the best ways to go over the hills and through the meadows, and sometimes over rocks and stony places to get to better pastures. But always the sheep were safe.

One day the shepherd had to lead his sheep through a

very lonely, rocky, rough road; it was very hard on the feet. But beyond it was the greenest pasture ground and the sweetest, coolest water.

“Come, Curly Horn! Come, Bright Eyes, my beauty!” he would coax. “Only a little farther!” and they would run along because they liked to hear him speak to them.

“Come, my pets! Easy, easy Black Foot! Not so fast!”

Very often the shepherd would look back over his flock to see if all were following. Presently he stopped; he looked again; he said: “One of my sheep is not here!” then he counted again.

“One, two, three,” he counted till he said, “ninety-nine!”

“One is missing; there should be a hundred. One of my sheep is lost! It is Black Foot! Yes, it is Black Foot! He sometimes will not listen to my voice. Poor little Black Foot!” and the shepherd sighed, for he loved the little sheep that so often wandered away from the flock.

He thought of the lonely way just passed; he thought of the bears and wolves. He remembered the steep places where the rocks were so sharp.

“Poor little Black Foot!” and the shepherd wondered if his pet was bleeding and dying out among the rocks. “I will not leave him to die alone!” he exclaimed. Then he took the rest of the flock to the fold where they would be safe. He clutched his stout club; he climbed over the rocks; he looked into the dark caves. “Ho! Ho! Black Foot!” he called over and over again.

After a while, afar off, came a faint answer. “Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!”

The shepherd hurried in the direction of the faint call. By and by he found the sheep, away down among the sharp rocks where he had fallen when he had disobeyed and had left the flock. He was bruised and bleeding; indeed he was half dead.

The good shepherd climbed down over the rocks. It was a wonder that he did not fall; as it was, his hands were torn and cut. But he did not mind; he reached down and lifted the sheep to a safe place; then he carried it in his arms all the way back to the fold.

“Ho! Ho!” he called to his neighbors as he reached his home. “Rejoice! I have found my sheep that was lost!”

Are you not glad that Jesus is like that good shepherd, and that we are like his sheep? Does this not make you love Jesus very, very dearly?

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Find the Twenty-third Psalm in the Bible. Explain that this is a song written by a real shepherd. Tell that he knew that God is like a shepherd and we are like his sheep. Draw the parallel verse by verse as graphically as you are able. Get as much of this psalm memorized as possible. It may be that you will in your particular class have some children who know a portion of the psalm; build upon this knowledge and make the learning of the psalm a portion of a home-work assignment. Keep at this till the psalm is a familiar portion of your class memory work.

SONGS

“Jesus, Tender Shepherd.”

“Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.”

“The Twenty-third Psalm” (Chant).

“There’s a Fold Both Safe and Happy.” .

SUGGESTED ACTIVITY

Set up a sheepfold, flock of sheep, and shepherd on the sand table.

GOD THE GIVER OF LIFE ON EARTH AND IN
HEAVEN

CHAPTER XXV
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE AWAKENING OF HIDDEN LIFE

Job 37 :6, 9, 10; Psalm 147 :15-18; Song of Solomon 2 :11-13

MEMORY VERSE

“He hath made everything beautiful in its time.”—
Ecclesiastes 3 :11a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Read over carefully the Bible verses selected and let them make a mental picture for you of God's changing seasons. At this “awakening time” of the year let the words carry to you yourself a bigger, sweeter, and more wonderful message than ever before.

Once more the heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plowed hills
With living blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throistles, too.

Opens a door in heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Do not attempt a scientific nature lesson; just try to show the springtime to the children, and help them to understand something of God's power and his care over all his world.

Literature is full of beautiful selections which will help you. Choose what will appeal to your class, and construct a little dramatic illustration of spring's awakening.

Use the Song of Solomon 2 :11-13 as the nucleus of your

lesson. Have it written upon the blackboard for a reading lesson, or for any other purpose that you may find helpful for your class.

A glance through the following exercise will show that it is very elastic and may be elaborated as much as you like. You may supply more or less stage effect, costumes, music, and recitations or you may reduce it almost to the simplicity of a game. You may begin it this week, giving pieces to learn for "home work," and add to this repertoire from week to week, giving the exercise over and over before or after your regular lessons.

THE AWAKENING OF HIDDEN LIFE

All the class is to participate. Those who do not have a piece are to sing the spring songs.

SPRING (the chief character), one of the larger girls of the class. Any number of characters that you wish such as: DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY; BABY SEEDS; ROBIN.

The stage may be decorated in any way that you may devise to represent spring. Place an improvised throne to one side for the character "Spring." The children representing the "sleeping flowers, birds, beasts, and so forth" sit round the edge or in a large semicircle, as if asleep. Caps of tissue paper are easily constructed and help to create the illusion desired.

Four children representing the seasons, one of them being "Spring," our leading character, march slowly and gracefully round and round several times, one of them repeating the following verse. Then Spring takes her place on the raised throne while the others retire from the stage.

FOUR SEASONS (circling about):

THE YEAR

The year is a circle,
 One, two, three, and four
 The seasons that make it,
 And o'er and o'er and o'er
 Each follows another,
 So therefore 'tis plain
 That when winter's ending,
 Spring's coming again.

—WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER.

SPRING takes her seat.

SONG BY CLASS: "Spring Is Coming."

Spring Is Coming

English

T. E. Morrell

Allegretto

1. Spring is com - ing, spring is
 2. Spring is com - ing, spring is

f animato *mf*

com - ing, Rob - ins, rob - ing, build your nest; Weave to -
 com - ing, Flowers are com - ing, com - ing too; Pan - sies,

geth - er straw and feath - er, Do - ing each your ver - y best.
 lil - ies, daf - fo - dil - ies, Now are com - ing, com - ing through.

From "New Educational Music Course, for Elementary Grades, Teacher's Edition," by McLaughlin and Gilchrist. Used by permission of the publishers, Ginn & Co.

SPRING:

“For, lo, the winter is past;
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.”

MUSIC (played softly. Class sings la, la, accompaniment.)
“Spring is Coming.”

SPRING:

“Pussy Willow, awake! (wields her wand)
Wake up little gray pussy! Aha! Ha!
She is dressed in fur from top to toe!
Quite wise, pussy, for the winds are still cold.”

CLASS: A wind song (hummed with the syllable oo-oo.)

PUSSY (opens her eyes sleepily and goes to stand near Spring.)

SPRING: “Daffy-down-dilly! Come, daffy, you have a story to tell us!”

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY:

“Daffy-down-dilly
Came up in the cold,
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes
Blew keen on her face
Although the white snow
Lay on many a place.”

CLASS: “Spring Is Coming.” (Second verse.)

SPRING: “My Baby Seeds are beginning to wake up. Come, little ones! What have you to say for yourselves?”

BABY SEED SONG (arrange as a dialogue for two children representing “little brown seeds.”)

“Little brown brother, oh, little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark—
‘Waken!’ the lark says, ‘waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
‘Waken!’ ’tis morning—’tis May!’

“Little brown brother, oh, little brown brother,
 What kind of flower will you be?
 I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
 Do be a poppy like me.
 What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
 When you've grown golden and high!
 But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you,
 Little brown brother, good-by.”

—EDITH NESBIT.

SPRING: “Hark, I hear the raindrops! Welcome, rain!”
 (A good rain song may be found in “The New Educational Music Course for Elementary Grades, Teacher's Edition,” “Rain,” page 1.)

SPRING: “Scamper away, now, little Raindrops! Here is the first robin!”

ROBIN:

“From the elm tree's topmost bough,
 Hark, the robin's early song!
 Telling one and all that now
 Merry springtime hastes along;
 Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
 Little harbinger of spring!
 Robin's come!”

—WILLIAM WARNER CALDWELL.

Reprinted by permission of the editor, Burton E. Stevenson, from
 “The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks.”

SPRING: “Wake up, Daisies and Buttercups!”

DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS:

“Heigho! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
 Oh, when the wind wakes, how they rock in the grass,
 And dance with the cuckoo buds slender and small.”

—JEAN INGELOW.

(NOTE: Add other flower verses if you wish to lengthen the exercise.)

SPRING rises from her chair and stands in the center of the stage and recites:

“For, lo, the winter is past;
 The rain is over and gone,
 The flowers appear on the earth;
 The time of the singing of birds is come,
 And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.”

THE FLOWERS and all join hands and circle round her singing, "We Thank Thee, O Our Father (two verses).

From "Worship and Song," page 60. (The Pilgrim Press.)

SUNDAY SESSION

"BEHOLD THE BIRDS . . . CONSIDER THE LILIES"

Matthew 5:1; 6:26, 27b; 14:13; 19:1; Review Song of Solomon 2:11-13.

MEMORY VERSE

"He hath made everything beautiful in its time."—Ecclesiastes 3:11a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

One of the never-to-be-forgotten things that it is possible for a teacher to do for a class is to arrange for a spring walk. The time in reference to this particular lesson, of course, will depend upon the mildness of the opening days of spring; in some years such an expedition can be made considerably earlier than in others. You might teach both this lesson and the lesson preceding, and so prepare and plan for the walk in the near future. The excursion will mean more after you have made this study prelude.

During the week call attention to the early signs of spring; let the children listen for the first bird songs; talk about the plowing or the recently plowed ground; gather the first spring flowers and some of the budding twigs. Recall the stories that Jesus told about the fields, the vineyards, the fig trees, the sower sowing his seed, the flowers, and the birds.

Let some of the children recite their pieces as you walk along the country roads. Let several repeat verses from the selection from the Song of Solomon (chapter 2:11-13.) Considerable time may be necessary for this. If it has been partially taught, perfect weak places, or review.

When Jesus lived upon earth, he loved the springtime. He often walked out into the country because it made him feel rested when he was tired. He would take his twelve friends, his disciples, with him.

One day he and his disciples went out into the country and up on a mountain. There were flowers and birds all round about; it was a beautiful place. Jesus said a great many things that day. He wanted those who were with him to love God and to know more about God's love for them. He knew that out in the country was a good place to think about God.

While he was talking he said: "Look at the birds. They do not sow or reap. God feeds them. They have enough."

There were lovely lilies all round, coming up from the ground. Jesus had seen them every spring since he was a little boy; he had gathered many a bunch to give to his mother.

He said: "Look at the lilies! How they grow! They neither work nor spin; yet they are more beautifully clothed than King Solomon in all his glory. God clothes them."

Then he told how much more God loves people than he loves the birds and the lilies. He told how God would take care of them.

Another spring day Jesus took quite a long trip out into the country. He was very tired, because he had been healing and helping a great many people. He wanted to rest. But when the people found out where he had gone, they followed after, and so they all went out into the country. Jesus let them stay, because he was glad they wanted to be with him. He talked to them so long, and they wanted so much to hear what he was saying, that they went without eating for a long time.

Jesus knew that they must be hungry, and so he told them all to sit down on the green grass.

A little boy had a lunch of five small loaves like little cakes, and two small fishes. Jesus asked for the boy's lunch; he blessed it and told the disciples to pass it around. Wonderful to tell, there was enough for all that company of thousands of people. When all had had enough, twelve baskets full of food were gathered up.

That was a wonderful spring walk for those people, was

it not? Don't you think that the birds and the flowers and everything that comes in the spring were always more beautiful to those people after that day?

It was when Jesus and his disciples were taking a long, long spring walk, going from the city by the sea where he had lived to the great city of Jerusalem, that some mothers brought their little children to him. All the children loved Jesus and wanted to come to him that spring day. He blessed them and held them in his arms.

He said: "Let the children come to me. They do not bother me. I love them. Let them come." And all the children remembered that spring day.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

BLACKBOARD READING LESSON: Song of Solomon 2:11-13.

SONGS: "Loving Care," in Carols."

"Hymn of Praise," in "Carols."

"God's Work," in "Carols."

"Shiny Brown Seed" in "Carols."

"Waiting to Grow," in "Carols."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Make a basket for flowers gathered on your walk to send to some shut-in.

Cut out and mount springtime pictures.

A POEM TO READ ON THE SPRING WALK

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-down-dilly
 Came up in the cold,
 Through the brown mold,
 Although the March breezes
 Blew keen on her face,
 Although the white snow
 Lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly
Had heard underground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they broke
From their white winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds
And the pattering rains.

“Now then,” thought Daffy,
Deep down in her heart,
“It’s time I should start.”
So she pushed her soft leaves
Through the hard-frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface,
And then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,
Gray clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead.
Then how do you think
Poor Daffy-down felt,
When the sun would not shine
And the ice would not melt?

“Cold weather!” thought Daffy,
Still working away.
“The earth’s hard to-day!
There’s but a half inch
Of my leaves to be seen,
And two third’s of that
Is more yellow than green.

“I can’t do much yet;
But I do what I can.
It’s well I began!
For, unless I can manage
To lift up my head,
The people will think
That the Spring herself’s dead.”

So, little by little,
She brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers
Began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed
In her spring green and gold.

CHAPTER XXVI
WEEK DAY SESSION

JESUS RISEN

Matthew 28:1-10

MEMORY VERSE

“ He is risen.”—Matthew 28:6.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

If this lesson and the next do not come at exactly the right time for Easter week of this year, they may easily be rearranged by the teacher.

Devote two lessons to the Easter story. For this Week Day Session tell the story to the children. After the story has been given, the following lesson may be more in the form of a devotional service. Preparation will be needed for this, and time for the learning of both Bible passages and Easter selections. The teacher will need to copy the pieces and assign them for home-work learning. The selections are simple.

Lay the stress upon the joy of the season. Have an Easter lily for your classroom decoration, if possible.

If you have planted seeds in boxes, during your spring lessons, or perhaps lily or other kinds of bulbs, call attention to the signs of life.

THE STORY

It was Friday when Jesus died, and since that time his friends had mourned for him. They had buried him in a tomb, in a garden, and a great, heavy stone was rolled against the doorway. It was sealed tight, and soldiers were put there to watch by night and by day.

Friday was such a long, long day, and so was Saturday; but at last they were over.

Some women said, "We will go visit Jesus' grave, early Sunday morning."

"Yes, we will take some sweet spices. That is all we can do."

And so they prepared their gifts, and waited.

Very early in the morning, Sunday morning, as soon as the first rays of light began to come and they could find their way, they started. They talked about Jesus on the road, and about the dreadful things that had happened.

"That heavy stone is at the door of the tomb," said one woman.

"I wonder who will roll it away for us?" said another.

But when they drew near, they found that the stone was already rolled away; they entered the tomb and saw an angel clothed in a white garment sitting on the right side. He said to the frightened women: "Be not amazed. Ye seek Jesus who was crucified. He is risen; he is not here. See the place where they laid him! Go tell his disciples. Tell Peter. He has gone before you into Galilee. Ye shall see him there, as he told you."

Then the women ran out of the tomb into the sunshine and happiness of the first Easter Sunday. They ran with the wonderful news.

When Mary Magdalene was standing in the garden, weeping, and looking into the empty tomb because she thought Jesus' body had been stolen away, Jesus himself drew near.

He said, "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?"

Mary did not know Jesus. She thought Jesus was the gardener, for her eyes filled with tears, and she said, "Sir, if thou hast taken him away, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Jesus then said, "Mary," and Mary knew her Lord. She exclaimed, "Teacher!"

Jesus met the women as they were hurrying from the tomb with the happy news; he also appeared to Peter. In the evening of the same day, he joined two friends who were walking out into the country, talking of the things that had happened during the past few days. And their day, too, ended joyfully, for they also learned that Jesus had risen and was alive again.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Read the story directly from the Bible, and try to help the children to visualize it very clearly. Explain what you want them to do for the next lesson. Assign the portions to be learned.

Teach one or more Easter songs. Adapt the amount both of memory work and of the song service to your class.

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, we thank thee for sending Jesus to live here for a little while. We thank thee for all that he did for us. We thank thee that he rose from the dead. We thank thee for Easter and all the gladness that it means. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITY

Make an Easter booklet or bookmark to give as an Easter gift.

SUNDAY SESSION

EASTER SERVICE

Matthew 28:1-10; Mark 16:1-7

Related selections of children's verse.

MEMORY VERSE

"He is risen."—Matthew 28:6.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Use this opportunity to clarify and impress the Easter Lesson. Simplify as you need in your class.

AN EASTER SERVICE

"HE IS RISEN"

RECITATION:

This is my Father's world.
Should my heart be ever sad?
The Lord is King—let the heavens ring
God reigns—let the earth be glad.

—MALTBY D. BABCOCK.

SONG: By the Primary Department, "To Our King."

To Our King

Isaac Watts

Chas. E. Boyd *

† Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to our King!

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own: Let
2. Ho - san - nas to the a - noint ed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son! Help
3. Ho - san - na in the highest strains The Church on earth can raise; The

D.C.

heaven re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round his throne.
us, O Lord, de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from thy throne.
high - est heavens in which he reigns, Shall give him no - bler praise.

* All rights reserved.

† The first line is sung after the last stanza.

RECITATION. By a Primary Child: "And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early on the first day of the week, they come to the tomb when the sun was risen."

PIANO is played softly: "Christ Is Risen from the Dead."

(See music at the end of service.)

RECITATION. By Primary Child: "And they were saying among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb? and looking up, they see that the stone is rolled back: for it was exceeding great."

PIANO repeats softly: "Christ Is Risen from the Dead."

RECITATION. By a Primary Child: "And entering into the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed."

PIANO repeats softly: "Christ Is Risen from the Dead."

RECITATION. By a Primary Child: "And he saith unto them, Be not amazed: ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, who hath been crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold, the place where they laid him!"

RECITATION. By a Primary Child: "But go, tell his disciples and Peter, He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you."

PIANO (exultingly): The first line of "To Our King."
(Then the children sing the words.)

RECITATION:

THINE

Whose eye foresaw this way?

Not mine.

Whose hand marked out this day?

Not mine.

A clearer eye than mine,

'Twas thine.

A wiser hand than mine,

'Twas thine.

—MALTBY D. BABCOCK.

SONG. By the Primary Department (with jubilant expression): "To Our King."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITY

You may need to omit any other work in connection with this lesson; but if an expressional activity is desired, you may make little Easter bookmarks of strips of paper. Decorate one end with a picture cut-out or a seal of appropriate spring design. Let the children copy upon these the Memory Verse for the day or the words "Happy Easter."

Your class may send a bunch of spring flowers to some place where a message of cheer is needed.

You may buy Easter postals, or let each of the children buy one, and prepare for a children's hospital or for one child who is ill.

Christ Is Risen from the Dead

R. Farrant

Christ is risen from the dead,
 For since by man came death,
 For as in Adam all die,

And become the first fruits of them that slept.
 By man came also the resur-rec - tion of the dead.
 Even so in Christ shall all be made a - live. A - men.

CHAPTER XXVII
WEEK DAY SESSION
A WONDERFUL SPRING WALK

Luke 24:13-44

MEMORY VERSE

“Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.”—Luke 24:15b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Emmaus was a little village between seven and eight miles from Jerusalem. Authorities differ as to the exact location. Two of Jesus' friends were walking out from Jerusalem on the afternoon of that first Easter Sunday toward this village, discussing the event which so recently had occurred: the crucifixion on Calvary of Jesus of Nazareth.

But to them the event had been revealed in a new light; the report of the women who had visited the tomb that morning had reached them. WHAT COULD IT MEAN? They had looked upon Jesus as their Hope of a long-expected improvement in Israel's condition—temporal, of course, for they had not grasped the higher significance of the change that Christ had come to make for them. These hopes had been dashed by the crucifixion and death. But the report of the women—what could it mean? This was the burden of their conversation, and it is not difficult to conjecture the “questionings” as the two men walked leisurely along that springtime afternoon.

Try to make this picture and the surprise very real to your pupils this day.

THE STORY

It was Sunday afternoon in the springtime. The sun was no longer just overhead, but was getting on toward the west. Two men who had been in the big city of Jerusalem that day

were going to the little town called Emmaus. It was nearly eight miles away. They were going to walk, and eight miles to travel on foot before sunset was a long distance. So they started.

They were very sober-looking men; yes, they were sad-looking. Just as soon as they left the big, big gate of the city, and got out into the country, they began talking together. At first their work led downhill, and was very steep, because the city was built up on a hill. They walked more slowly after they reached the bottom of the hill.

They did not pay much attention to the hill, or to the stones that might have hurt their feet. They did not notice the pretty pink-and-white blossoms that were just coming into bloom on the almond trees. They did not look down into the little brook or listen to the songs of the birds, even though it was springtime. They were too busy talking together.

I do not know just exactly what they said, but it must have been something like this:

"It is good to get away from Jerusalem, Cleopas. My head is tired and my heart is sad. Things are not the same since our Friend is gone."

"No! Jesus is dead! I say the words, yet I cannot yet believe that we shall not see him," answered the other man.

"But it is only too true. He was put in the tomb in the garden, and the door was sealed. Jesus is dead."

"Yet what can you make of that story which the women told this morning?"

"I do not know. It was a strange tale. I never heard anything like it before. They said they went to the tomb with spices and found the stone rolled away, and that the tomb was empty," said the other man wonderingly.

"Yes, Jesus was gone! And what was that strange tale about an angel that the women told?" asked Cleopas.

"Mary Magdalene told it. She said they had been wondering how to get the stone away, and when they reached the place the stone was rolled back. An angel was sitting at the tomb. He spoke to them and bade them not to be frightened; that Jesus was risen from the dead!"

"Risen from the dead!" repeated the other. "A strange, strange story!—You say Mary Magdalene told it?"

“Yes! And Salome, also, and Mary the mother of James!”

“Mary the mother of James told it! And Salome! Both honorable women!”

“But it is a strange story! Jesus risen from the dead!”

The two men had not noticed that a Stranger had been walking along the road and had caught up with them. Now he began speaking.

“What are these things that you are saying?” asked the Stranger.

The two men stood still and looked at him in wonder and sadness. Was there anyone in all Jerusalem who did not know that Jesus had been crucified? Who could this man be? From where could he have come?

“Are you alone the only man in all Jerusalem who does not know about the things that have happened?” asked Cleopas.

“What things?” asked the Man.

“The things that happened to Jesus,” and then they both began to talk. They could not say enough of the wonderful things that Jesus had done.

“We thought he was going to be our King. But now he is dead! They crucified him out on the hill! Jesus is dead and buried!”

Then they remembered the story which the women had told.

“Some women went to the tomb early this morning and came back with an amazing story. They said that the body of Jesus was not there,” said one.

“And they saw angels who told them that Jesus was alive,” said the other.

“Our friends, Peter and John, heard the story and ran to the tomb, but they did not see Jesus. We do not know what to make of it,” they said.

Then the Stranger began to talk to them. Such wonderful words! He told them a great many things that God had said in his Book about what he was going to do for people—how he promised to send Jesus his Son.

By and by they came to the little village, and to the house where they were going. They stopped, but they wanted to hear more. They could not let the Stranger go.

"Come in with us," they begged. "The day is almost gone. It is almost evening!" and he went in with them.

The supper was made ready. They came to the table.

The Stranger took the bread and blessed it, and broke it and gave it to them.

They looked at his face! Why, this was no stranger! Why had they not known him? Many a time they had seen him at the head of the table! Many a time had they heard that voice as he blessed the bread! This was Jesus! Jesus had risen from the dead! The women's story was true!

When Jesus had gone, they hurried back to Jerusalem that very night to tell the wonderful news to their friends.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Repeat the Easter Story.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Mount spring pictures.

SUNDAY SESSION

JESUS GOING TO PREPARE THE HEAVENLY HOME

John 19:30, 41, 42; 20:1-18; Luke 24:50, 51

MEMORY VERSE

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14:2a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The ascension occurred forty days after the day of resurrection. On the day of the resurrection Jesus appeared five times to his friends at Jerusalem and in its vicinity:

He appeared to Mary Magdalene early Sunday morning near the sepulcher. This is reported by Mark and John.

He appeared to the women, as told in the Gospel of Matthew.

He appeared to Peter.

He appeared to the two men on their way to Emmaus Sunday afternoon (Luke).

He appeared to ten of the disciples Sunday evening. Thomas was absent.

On the following Sunday he appeared to the eleven disciples.

When Jesus promised that he would meet his disciples in Galilee, they left Jerusalem and returned to the place where they had lived so long with their Master. John tells us how he appeared to seven of them while they were fishing in the Sea.

Matthew tells how he appeared to the Eleven and gave them his "Great Commission."

The last appearance was upon the fortieth day after the resurrection, when he led his disciples up the Mount of Olives as far as Bethany, and there the ascension took place.

PREPARING TO TELL THE STORY

Let the children retell the Easter Story.

Ask the children to tell about several people who saw Jesus the first Easter Sunday.

Review the story of the spring walk "when Jesus went along." (The walk to Emmaus.)

Establish thoroughly the fact of Jesus' living again.

THE STORY

Forty days passed by after Jesus rose from the dead. All the eleven disciples had seen him. They had talked with Jesus and he had eaten with them just as he had done in the years while they went about together from place to place.

Jesus was really alive, the same Friend who loved them; the same Friend whom they loved.

One day seven of the men went fishing, and Jesus appeared and called them to the shore.

John heard and cried, "It is the Lord!"

Peter wanted to see Jesus so much that he jumped out of the boat and swam to the shore.

A fire was burning on the bank, and upon the coals some bread and fish were baking. Jesus bade them come and eat.

How like the old times it seemed to those glad disciples! Jesus said many loving words to them that day.

But the time was coming when he was to leave them and go to heaven to live with his Father. So one day he again appeared to them while they were all together on a mountain. He left his "good-by" wish with them.

He said—and these are his very words: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." That meant that he wanted his disciples to go on telling about him and giving his love and God's love after he had left them and had gone back to heaven. He wanted everyone in all the world to know about his love and the love of God.

Then one day, just forty days after that first Easter Sunday, Jesus appeared to his followers for the last time. He led them out of the city, up the Mount of Olives near Bethany, where they often had gone with him. Then he lifted up his hands and blessed them; and as he blessed them, and while they were looking earnestly at him, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven. He went back into heaven to live in his Father's house, where he promised that all who love and believe in him shall see him some day.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Repeat the memory work on the Easter Story.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Cut out and mount spring landscapes to remind you of the bright spring day that Jesus went back to heaven.

The story of the ascension which you tell to-day is naturally somewhat shorter and will take less time than the Easter story; but it seems to me better not to supplement it with any other story to-day. Devote the time over to a little more work upon the memorizing of the Easter story. Then read the poem which is given with this lesson. The first verse at least may be repeated line after line by the pupils.

Elaborate your handwork by furnishing a number of beautiful spring pictures. Let the children cut these out and mount them carefully so as to form a creditable spring book-

let. This may be sent to some one where it will bring an especially needed spring message. The children may also include some of their carefully written Easter verses.

THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love can never die;
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name he bears.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For everyone is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by,
A crown of brightest glory,
Which he will then bestow
On those who've found his favor
And loved his name below.

—ALBERT MIDLANE.

CHAPTER XXVIII
WEEK DAY SESSION
THE CITY OF THE TREE OF LIFE

John 14:2; Revelation 21:10-13, 19-21; 22:1-5

MEMORY VERSE

“In my Father’s house are many mansions.”—John 14:2a.

THE TEACHER’S PREPARATION

Try to-day to make heaven seem a beautiful and desirable place to the children; a real home, the city of the many mansions described by Jesus to his disciples. We are given a glimpse into the glories of that home in the book of Revelation. Let us give this glimpse to the pupils: a home of everlasting light and life and springtime; a home where the tree of life bears fruit forever.

A mansion is being made ready for those who are worthy. Jesus gave the conditions of possession. He admonished, “Lay up treasures in heaven.” He came to show the way to lay up those treasures.

At the close of the word picture which you make of the heavenly home, tell the little story which illustrates graphically “laying up treasures in heaven.”

GRADATIM

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

THE HEAVENLY HOME

“In my Father’s house are many mansions.” These are Jesus’ words; you learned them last week for the Memory Verse; you are to say them again to-day.

The day he said these words, he also said, “I go to pre-

pare a place for you." Our last story told how he went back to keep his word.

Jesus also once said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven . . . where thieves do not break through nor steal."

We are told something about heaven in the very last part of our Bibles. It is a place where no sorrow or pain ever comes. It is a place of happiness and light. Round about it is a great, high wall through which no evil can pass. The twelve gates are of wonderful pearls. The foundations of the city are adorned with precious stones; the streets are of pure gold.

The river of water of life flows through the city, and beside the river grows the tree of life, bearing fruit each month forever and ever. God reigns there; and Jesus, his Son, is there.

* * * * *

Let the children repeat the Memory Verse. Repeat the thought that Jesus asked us and gave us the opportunity of "laying up treasure" in the heavenly home. Then tell the following story.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN

There was once a rich lady who had almost everything that she wanted. She lived in a beautiful house with a wonderful garden round about it. She had servants to wait upon her.

She had every dainty upon her table, even fresh fruits and vegetables from far-away sunny lands, when snow and ice covered her own garden.

Her gowns were of silks and velvets; and lovely laces and precious jewels made her more beautiful.

Every day and all the hours of the day the lady spent her time enjoying the good things that were hers. She was so busy looking after her own pleasure that she had no time to see the poor beggar that came to her door. She did not know that the little, toil-worn laundress who came to her house each week was a widow with three children to support. She did not notice the blind soldier who sat under the tree by her garden gate. There were so many things that that lady did not see!

Outside amongst the flowers and the fruits her old gar-

dener worked. He was poor, and lived in a tiny cottage down the road.

But he never passed the blind soldier without a gift of fruit and a cheery word. He seldom passed the door of the widow without a basket of food which he and his good wife spared from their table. Even the beggar was remembered with what his own little garden could spare.

One day the rich lady was sitting by her window in one of her beautiful ivory chairs; she watched the gardener as he tied up the roses in her garden.

Presently she fell asleep and dreamed. She dreamed she went to heaven.

A beautiful mansion was being built. "For whom is that?" she asked the guide.

"For your gardener," he answered.

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth with barely room enough for his family. He might have better if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks."

Farther on she saw a tiny cottage being built.

"For whom is that?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

"Well," said the guide slowly, "the Builder is doing the best he can with the material that is being sent up."

The lady awoke. She knew what "material" was needed. She decided to lay up treasure in heaven.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Read selected verses from Revelation 21:10-21; 22:1-4.

Let the children repeat the Memory Verse.

Prayer by the teacher.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Continue work on your spring picture scrapbook.

SUNDAY SESSION

REVIEW

Stories and Bible verses under the two themes: "God Forgiving His Children," "God the Giver of Life on Earth and in Heaven."

MEMORY VERSE

The Memory Verses under these two themes.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

This lesson is reserved for the review and retelling of the stories under the two themes mentioned in the lesson material. It will be necessary for each teacher to work out this review for her own particular class.

Thoroughly review the stories yourself before coming to your class; have them at instant command.

Let the children do most of the talking to-day. Lead step by step by well-prepared questions.

Group your stories under two heads:

THE COMING OF SIN INTO THE WORLD

GOD'S FORGIVENESS THROUGH THE COMING OF JESUS

Recognition of some simple sort may be given to the child or several children who tell the best stories. This may be done by writing the names upon the blackboard, or by the giving of a picture card, or a little booklet of stories.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

"Jehovah saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth."—Genesis 6:5a.

"Forgive us our sins."—Luke 11:4a.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3:16a.

"He is risen."—Matthew 28:6.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14:2a.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

—Matthew 6:20.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Cut out paper flowers and mount them.

Make a paper booklet for holding flowers. These may be put away in the cupboard and kept for further use.

GOD SPEAKING TO A CHILD

CHAPTER XXIX
WEEK DAY SESSION

GOD SPEAKING TO A CHILD

I Samuel, chapters 1 ; 2:18, 19, 26 ; 3

MEMORY VERSE

“ Speak, Jehovah ; for thy servant heareth.”

—I Samuel 3:9b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

This is one of the most beautiful of all the child stories in the Bible, as well as in all secular literature, and the teacher should make it do a great deal for her pupils.

Study the location of the two places mentioned until you form a good mental picture for yourself of Ramah, the little town among the hills, where Elkanah and his wife, Hannah, lived, and where their baby, Samuel, was born ; and of Shiloh, the town where the Israelites had set up the tabernacle within which the Ark of God was guarded.

Here at Shiloh, the high priest, Eli, ministered in the house of God. Eli, now grown old, was a good man, loyal and true to God in those days when “ the word of Jehovah was precious,” and “ there was no frequent vision.” His one glaring fault was his weak indulgence toward his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, whose behavior was in every way outrageous and displeasing to God.

A turning point was about to come in the lives of God's chosen people—it must come, and Samuel was to be the great factor in that change.

In I Samuel 3:1 we read “ and the word of Jehovah was precious in those days ” ; or, as explained, God's communications were “ rare ” because of the failure of the Israelites to measure up in any degree to the standard which had been set for them. “ There was no frequent vision.”

The religious life of the nation had become degraded by

the contact with heathenism; selfishness and wickedness had spoiled the ideal life that should have been lived in the Promised Land; and as time passed, the prospects became darker and more threatening.

God was angry with his people; the nation must be cleansed and rebuilt, and Samuel was his chosen instrument to perform this great task.

TEACHING AIM

The aim of the Primary teacher with this story should be to open the ears of her pupils to the "voice of God"; to show how to listen, and how to recognize ways in which God still speaks to his children.

The Bible may be likened to a letter from God. Develop this idea through a parallel thought of the joy and attentive interest given a letter received from an absent father or mother to a little boy or girl.

God speaks to children through the voices of fathers and mothers. Show how this is true by means of an incident.

God speaks through the voice of teachers or minister.

God speaks through the influence of good pictures and books.

God speaks very intimately by means of the still small voice of conscience. Innumerable stories may be selected to illustrate this means of intimacy with God.

THE STORY

Little Samuel was polishing the golden candlestick and silver and brass dishes of the tabernacle. Round and round and back and forth moved his hands till the silver gleamed like the soft light of the moon, and the brass looked like gold.

This was part of his work every day, and he did it well. There never was a speck of tarnish left, even though he knew that the eyes of Eli were growing old and dim, and he could not see even so well as he had done when Samuel first began to help him with the work.

Eli was the priest in the tabernacle, as the house of God was called, and little Samuel lived with him. He had a

little room and a bed and had lived with Eli here ever since he had been a very, very small boy.

The lamp of the tabernacle was never allowed to go out at night, so it was very important that it should be kept bright and clean and filled with oil.

Samuel also opened the door of the tabernacle in the morning, and did ever so many other things for Eli, who was glad to have young hands and feet and bright eyes to help him when he did the work in God's house. The good priest loved the boy.

When the time for the big holiday came near Samuel would jump out of bed and put on his coat and say to himself: "I shall soon see my mother again. The holiday is coming, and my mother will come. She will bring me another coat, I am sure," and he would look very happy.

Over in a little town among the hills, Samuel's mother, Hannah, was busily finishing the coat, and she, too, counted the days as she worked, and she would say: "The holiday is coming! I shall soon see my Samuel again! I wonder how much he has grown this year? I hope the coat will fit!"

You will wonder why Samuel lived with Eli in the tabernacle at Shiloh, and his mother and father lived in the village of Ramah in the hills. It all came about in this way: Before Samuel was born, his mother had wanted a son very much. One day she went with her husband to the city where the tabernacle was, and while she was there she prayed to God to give her a baby boy. "O God," she whispered, "if thou wilt give me a little son, he shall be given back to thee, to work for thee all the days of his life."

Eli, the priest, saw her at prayer, and when she had told him her story, he said kindly, "Go in peace; and may God give thee thy heart's desire." Hannah and her husband went home again and, after a time, God answered the wish of Hannah's heart. A little boy was given to her, and she named him Samuel.

She did not forget her promise, and when little Samuel was old enough to leave her, she packed his clothes and some gifts and took him to the tabernacle. Eli did not know her, her face was so happy.

"Do you not remember me?" she said. "I am the sad

woman who prayed for a baby boy. God answered my prayer. Here is my little child, Samuel. I promised to give him to God, and I have brought him to God's house. As long as he lives, he belongs to God." And then the mother kissed her little Samuel and went away.

Every day she thought of her child and every day she wondered what he was doing. "I shall see him when the holiday comes," she would say to herself, "I shall take him something. I will make him a coat. Yes, every year I will make him a little coat."

This she did, year after year; and Samuel was so glad when the time drew near for his mother to come.

"Thy Samuel has been eyes for me," the good old priest would tell the mother when she came. "He has been feet for me, and always the door of the house is opened in the morning. The lamp is bright. His lessons are well learned. God loves your boy; and I love him."

One night, as Samuel lay asleep in his little bed, and Eli was sleeping in his own room near by, the little boy was suddenly wakened by a voice which called him.

"Samuel!" called the voice.

"Here am I," answered the little boy. He was sleepy, and he thought it was Eli who called. He ran to Eli's room, and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me."

"No, Samuel, I did not call. Go lie down again," said Eli. And Samuel went back to bed.

Soon after, the voice called again, "Samuel!" and Samuel went again to Eli. "Here am I," he said; "for thou calledst me."

"I called not, my boy; lie down again," replied Eli.

It was God who had called, but Samuel did not know it; and when he went back to bed, the voice called for the third time, and for the third time he went to Eli, saying, "Here am I; for thou calledst me."

Then Eli knew that it was God who had been calling little Samuel. "Go, lie down, my child," he said. "It is God who is calling thee. If he calls again, say, 'Speak, Jehovah; for thy servant heareth.'" And Samuel went back to his bed again.

God's voice did call again, and Samuel answered, "Speak; for thy servant heareth."

Then God's voice said that he was to bring many changes to his people. He told how grieved he was at the wicked way in which many of the people, even Eli's own sons, were living. He made it very clear that he had a great work for the little boy to do for him when he should become a man.

Samuel went back to bed until the morning, when it was time to open the doors and do his work round the tabernacle. When Eli asked him to tell God's message, he told every bit of it.

Day after day the little boy went on with his duties, learning his lessons and helping in the tabernacle, growing more and more fit for the greater work that God had for him to do after a while.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Read the words of the hymn, "Hushed Was the Evening Hymn," found in "The Hymnal." Song, "Softly, Softly Christ Is Calling," found in "The Primary and Junior Hymnal."

PRAYER VERSE

Oh give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear.
Each whisper of thy word,
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

—JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Write down all the ways that you can remember in which God speaks to you.

Copy this message that God has spoken to you: "Come unto me."

Mount small-sized Perry pictures of the child Samuel, and copy the Memory Verse beneath.

SUNDAY SESSION

"HE CALLETH . . . BY NAME"

Acts 8:3; 9:1-22

MEMORY VERSE

"Unto his voice will we hearken."—Joshua 24:24c.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

More than a thousand years elapsed between the time when God's call came to the boy Samuel, and he answered, "Speak, Lord," and the time when the voice called to Saul who was on his way to Damascus "breathing threatening and slaughter"—the voice which called, "Saul, Saul!" Remember that the first object of the Primary teacher is not to teach history, nor to give these stories in historical sequence. It is our purpose to bring together groups of stories which throw light upon certain themes chosen to show the children their relation to God their heavenly Father.

Tarsus, the chief city of Cilicia in Asia Minor, was the birthplace of the Apostle Paul, or, as he was known at the time of his conversion and for some time afterwards, Saul. The city was a center of culture and its schools were celebrated. Saul's family were Hebrews of the line of Benjamin, and it is not known certainly how they came to be living in the city of Tarsus. They seem to have been people of means, and possibly they may have settled there for commercial reasons.

The boy was sent to Jerusalem to be educated, and he was taught by the famous teacher, Gamaliel. He was brought up strictly in the Jewish faith. His father was a Pharisee.

He was a free-born Roman citizen, though how this came about is not known. The magic words, "I am a Roman citizen," which he was able to use more than once, acted as a check upon those who would have taken his life in time of crisis.

Like all Hebrew boys, he learned a trade to serve him in case of need; his trade was the making of tents.

His nature was intense and his sympathies were with the inherited traditions of his ancestors. Such was the young

man to whom the voice called "Saul, Saul!" that noonday as he traveled over the hot, sandy road toward the old city of Damascus, full of a misdirected zeal, against the disciples of the Lord.

You will need to picture to yourself the condition of Christianity at this time: Jesus had ascended to heaven. The members of his little band of followers were passing through a period of readjustment to their changed circumstances—a little flock of people without an earthly leader, hated and hunted and open to imprisonment, torture, and even death because of their unpopular belief.

The home Church was at Jerusalem, but was beginning to expand both because of obedience to the Master's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel," and also so that its members might find places of safety where they would be allowed to live in peace and still remain followers of Jesus. A group of these early Christians were at this time in Damascus, the magnificent old city of ancient times. Such in a nutshell was the condition of the times.

THE STORY

The sun was just overhead, and its rays were beating down hot, oh, so hot on the sandy road. Some men were riding along on horseback; they were going to the city of Damascus, and they were almost there.

The horses were hot and foaming about the mouth; they could not travel very fast. It would have been kind to let them rest, but the leader was not thinking about his horse. He was thinking about a letter that he carried in his belt, and what that letter said he might do when he reached Damascus.

It was a cruel letter, and the leader, Saul, was going to do a cruel, bad thing. Ever so often he would turn to the other men who were with him and threaten what he intended to do. He would hunt those people down when he reached Damascus! He would chain them! And he urged his horse on, glad when each mile brought him nearer to the city.

But the people whom Saul was intending to torment were

not bad people. No, indeed, they were a little band of Christians who had gone to Damascus to live. It was not safe to live in Jerusalem. It was not very long after Jesus had gone back to heaven to live. These people loved Jesus and were true to him. They were going to love him and praise him all their lives even though people hated them for doing it. They had left Jerusalem and had gone to Damascus because they hoped to be safe there.

Saul did not love Jesus; he did not believe in him. He hated the Christians. He went to some of the head men and got a letter giving him the right to go to Damascus and trouble and persecute these people. And so he was on his way.

By and by he drew quite near the city; he could see the walls. It was a beautiful city. Two rivers flowed through it and made it one of the loveliest places on the earth.

Suddenly a bright, sharp light darted out from heaven. It struck Saul and he fell to the earth.

A voice called to him. It called him by name. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

Saul answered the voice. He said, "Who art thou, Lord?"

The voice answered, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: but rise, and enter into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

The stunned and frightened men that were with Saul were speechless; they heard the voice, but saw no one.

Saul rose from the earth, but he found that he was blind, quite blind. The men led him by the hand into the city. There he remained without sight for three days, neither wishing to eat nor to drink. But Saul thought: oh, how many things he had to think about! How many times he thought of that voice—the voice of the Lord.

There was a good Christian man living in Damascus whose name was Ananias; God called him by name in a vision: "Ananias, arise, and go to the street called Straight, to the house of Judas, and ask for a man named Saul of Tarsus. Behold, he prayeth; he hath dreamed that thou hast come and laid thy hands on him to give him back his sight."

Ananias was afraid, for he had heard of Saul. He

thought that he was a very bad man. He said, "Lord, I have heard about this man, and what he did to thy people at Jerusalem." But God still told him to go, and he obeyed. Ananias found Saul and laid his hands upon him, saying, "Brother Saul, Jesus, who appeared unto thee in the way, hath sent me that thou mayest receive thy sight, that thou mayest believe in him and become his follower."

Immediately the scales fell from Saul's eyes, and he received his sight. He arose and was baptized. Then he ate some food and was strengthened. And Saul never did what he had come to the city to do; from that time he gave his heart and his life to Jesus. He spent his whole life in work for Jesus.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Talk over again the different ways in which God speaks to his children. (See preceding lesson.) Tell the children that from the day that the Lord called Saul by name, he began to tell God's messages to people. Tell that after a while he was called "Paul" instead of "Saul"; that he wrote a great many letters containing God's messages. Tell that one of his most beautiful letters was to a young man named Timothy. Explain that that was the way in which God spoke to Timothy. Then read these very short extracts from II Timothy.

"Paul, an apostle of Christ Jesus through the will of God, . . . to Timothy, my beloved child."

First he writes that he thinks of Timothy day and night, and prays for him. He is rejoiced that Timothy has the same love for God and for Jesus his Son that his grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice, have. He tells him to be brave to stand up for Jesus; he asks him to remember him even though now he is in prison for Jesus' sake. He tells Timothy that he is not ashamed of being a prisoner for Jesus' sake.

"Abide thou in the things which thou hast learned . . . knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a babe thou hast known the sacred writings which are able to make thee wise unto salvation. . . . Come, shortly unto me. . . . The Lord be with thy spirit. Grace be with you."

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, help us to keep a listening ear when thou callest us. Help us to obey what thy voice asks us to do. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Give the pupils narrow strips of paper of as good a quality as you can reasonably secure, shaped conveniently for bookmarks. Get a box of Dennison's gummed seals of some attractive design. Let the children copy the Memory Verse and decorate the bookmarks. Send these where they will bring most satisfaction both to receivers and givers.

Teach the following hymn.

Bless the Lord, O My Soul

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Bless the Lord, O My Soul". It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me bless his ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, O my soul." The second system includes a dynamic marking of *f* and the instruction *Coda for last verse.* The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

From "The Primary and Junior Hymnal." Used by permission.

SPEAKING TO GOD IN PRAYER

CHAPTER XXX

WEEK DAY SESSION

EZRA'S PRAYER FOR HELP ON A JOURNEY

Ezra, chapters 7 ; 8:15a, 21-34

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him.”
—Psalm 145:18a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

We read this prophecy in Jereniah, chapter 25:

“The word that came to Jeremiah concerning all the people of Judah, in the fourth year of Jehoiakim the son of Josiah, king of Judah, (the same was the first year of Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon,) . . . And this whole land shall be a desolation, and an astonishment; and these nations shall serve the king of Babylon seventy years.

“And it shall come to pass, when seventy years are accomplished, that I will punish the king of Babylon, and that nation, saith Jehovah, for their iniquity, and the land of the Chaldeans; and I will make it desolate for ever.”

These words had fallen upon the ears of the Jewish people, and also other warnings; but they had continued in their everyday existence—days of ordinary occupation, and evil living. They had not obeyed God, and they had treated every warning with triviality and neglect. The fulfillment of the prophecy came during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Great and unbelievable changes can be effected through the pitiless attacks of war such as Nebuchadnezzar made, and his first coming resulted in the captivity of some of the royal of the land. II Chronicles 36:2-7. A few years later he carried off Jehoiachin and the king's mother, and princes and artisans and men of valor to the number of ten thou-

sand. The city was destroyed in 587 B. C.; the Temple burned, and all the remainder of the people, except the poorest of them, were carried away to Babylon. The stories of the horrors of those days of the siege, which lasted a year and a half, when battering-rams were jammed against the walls, when palaces were set on fire by the fire-brands fastened to the missiles which were hurled over upon them, when the food began to give out, were tales often told to the children and the children's children during the years spent in the city of the Captivity.

Babylon was one of the most remarkable cities of all times, and Nebuchadnezzar was the king who did much to make it what it was. It is estimated that the area enclosed by its walls was at least ten miles square. The wall, constructed of immense bricks of sun-dried earth, was said to be so wide at the top that it formed a roadway, and four-horse chariots could pass each other upon it. One hundred strong gates led to the city, and imposing towers were built at various points.

The king's palace was a place of the greatest magnificence, ornamented with colored bricks and mural decorations. The houses of the wealthy citizens, too, were handsome and luxurious, and sometimes several stories high.

The condition of the captives in Babylon was somewhat peculiar. They were not subject to cruel treatment; they were allowed a large degree of freedom; they could accumulate wealth and acquire social position. For example, take Daniel, who became so indispensable to his king. However, their hearts were with their homeland. When Cyrus, the Persian, who had gained the throne through conquest, favored the Jews to such an extent that he made an edict giving the captives the right to return, their joy was supreme.

Several short reigns of Babylonian kings succeeded the reign of the great Nebuchadnezzar, and then the empire fell to the conquering Persians. The new dynasty was more favorable to the Jews than the kings who had followed Nebuchadnezzar. The return to Jerusalem of Ezra and his company occurred during the reign of Artaxerxes I.

THE STORY

When Ezra was a little boy his mother had told him the story of how the Hebrew people became captives. He was a little captive boy and so were hundreds and hundreds of other Hebrew boys and girls growing up in the wonderful city of Babylon.

She would tell the story in words something like this; and his eyes would grow big and round every time she told it:

"The great king came with his thousands of soldiers, my child. The watchmen on the walls of our beautiful city saw them. They sent the news to our king. 'Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, is coming!' The news spread from house to house!

"Our soldiers closed the gates of our beautiful city; they locked and guarded them.

"Nebuchadnezzar's soldiers came closer and closer to the walls; they set up their forts and tents. No one of us dared go in or go out.

"I can never forget the noise in the city during those terrible days. The soldiers built great battering-rams and swung them against the walls. We thought our walls were strong; and they were strong; but the stones began to fall out.

"Sometimes the soldiers would fire a dart over the wall. The cruel men had fastened firebrands to them, and the housetops would burn wherever they fell.

"By and by our food began to grow low. No one dared go out of the gates to get more. Still those soldiers remained week after week; month after month. At last a horrible year was past. Then six more months passed. Our people were gaunt and thin and starving. They could fight no longer.

"Your grandfather, Seraiah, was high priest in the Temple in those days. Oh, if our people had been obedient to God, that time of suffering would not have come!"

Ezra's eyes grew round with horror when his mother told about the last day of the siege:

"They made a hole in the wall. They made a hole big enough to get through!

“Our soldiers ran away in the night through the king’s garden. The king ran, but Nebuchadnezzar’s soldiers caught him; they chained him and carried him away.

“The wicked soldiers burned God’s house; they burned the palace of the king; they destroyed other houses. Our house was spoiled.

“The soldiers caught many of our people and chained them; they brought our people to this land.

“They broke the beautiful Temple pillars. They stole the gold and silver and brass dishes.

“They found your grandfather and some of the other helpers in God’s house. They carried them away and killed them! They killed your grandfather!”

Mother would stop her story to think, and Ezra would say, “I wish that I could see Jerusalem, my mother.”

“Perhaps you will some day, my son.”

In some such way that little Ezra learned the story of his poor people. It is no wonder that he wanted to see Jerusalem.

One day, after he had grown to be a man, a new king ruled over Babylon. This king was willing to let the Jews go home.

Ezra was now a priest. The king gave him a letter giving him permission to go. In the letter the king said, also, that he would give Ezra a great gift of gold and silver and money, and also provisions to carry with him along the way, for it would be a long, long journey, and some of it lay through the desert. The letter was very kind, and it told Ezra to spend the money in the best and wisest way when he should reach Jerusalem and come to the house of God. He was also to buy flocks of sheep and goats. But especially he was to make beautiful the Temple, God’s house. The letter also told all the people to give gifts to Ezra.

How gladly Ezra made ready for the journey! He went from family to family and asked those who wished, to see Jerusalem to come with him. A great many wished to go, and soon a large company was ready.

Then Ezra began to think about the gold and the silver and the precious gifts and—the robbers along the way! What should he do? Would they lose the gifts the kind king

had given them? Would they even lose their lives when robbers attacked them from behind rocks and out of caves?

"I am ashamed to ask the king for a soldier guard to go with us," said Ezra, "because I have told him that our God is strong and powerful to take care of us."

He gathered all the people together and told them about it. Then he prayed to God. Oh, what a prayer for help he made! He asked God to keep them from danger! He asked God to take care of them, and keep their little children from the robbers and all the perils along the journey. He asked for help in protecting the gift that the king had given them, the money and precious things that were to be used to build up the broken Temple in Jerusalem.

Then Ezra chose a band of brave and trusty men. He weighed all the gold and the silver and the money and all the valuable things. He gave these things into their keeping. "Guard these treasures with your lives," he said. "Watch them. Let nothing happen to them on the way. Bring them safely to the Temple in Jerusalem."

Then they all started on their journey. It was a long, long procession. But God went with them. They were kept safely throughout all the journey. Not a robber dared steal from them, nor hurt them.

After a while they came to the city that they had longed to see. Ezra was glad to go for the first time into the Temple.

Four days after they reached the city, he weighed the gold and silver and the money. Everything was safe. Not a piece was missing.

God, indeed, had answered Ezra's prayer. He had gone with them, had protected their lives, and had helped them to bring the king's gift in perfect safety.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

(Explain difficult words.)

"Hear my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed."—Psalm 61:1, 2.

“ I will cry unto God with my voice,
Even unto God with my voice; and he will give ear unto
me.”—Psalm 77:1.

PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITY

Copy this prayer and take it home to learn:

“ Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work or play
To grow more loving every day.”
Amen.

SUNDAY SESSION

AT THE HOUSE OF MARY

Acts 12:1, 3-17

MEMORY VERSE

“ Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him.”
—Psalm 145:18a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Tell to-day another story which shows clearly the Lord's nearness to his people when they speak to him in prayer. Tell it so as to put confidence and trust into the hearts of your pupils. Try to make it a stepping-stone toward a habit of speaking in prayer to God at times of special trouble or crisis, as well as at all times.

LESSON SETTING: It was April, A. D. 44. Herod Agrippa I, grandson of Herod the Great, was king. He desired to gain favor with the Jews. One of his chief means of doing this was to torment and persecute the Christians whom the Jews hated. He had killed the disciple James in March of this same year.

The house of Mary was a meeting place for these early

Christian friends. Peter was one of the prominent members of the little group.

After the murder of James, Herod imprisoned Peter. His intention was to give him into the hands of his enemies after the passover.

THE STORY

It was Rhoda's work to open the door at Mary's house. This door, or gate, led out into the street and was always kept locked.

Mary's home was a nice, big, comfortable house in the city of Jerusalem. Her son, Mark, lived with her; and very often their friends came to see them in this pleasant place.

When their friends were gathered together and all were talking, Mary told Rhoda to be very watchful of the door. She told her to ask who was there before opening for anyone else.

There was very good reason for this: Mary and her son Mark and their friends and even the young girl Rhoda were Christians.

It was only a few years after Jesus had gone to heaven. Peter and Jesus' other disciples had been telling about him ever since. Peter was one of the friends who often went to Mary's house, and he told them very, very many stories about his life with Jesus.

But Herod, the king, hated this little band of Christian friends. The Jews also hated them. King Herod wanted to please the Jews, so he bothered and tormented and threatened these Christian friends who gathered together.

Their lives were not safe. It was no wonder that Rhoda watched the door so carefully.

One April day bad news came to the friends at Mary's house. I do not know who brought it; perhaps it was her son, Mark, perhaps some one else. But the messenger said: "Our friend Peter has been put into prison! King Herod has taken him prisoner."

That made everyone in Mary's house very sad. They knew what the king did to his prisoners. They could imagine just what was happening to Peter. He was chained. His right arm was fastened by a chain to an arm of a big,

strong Roman soldier. His left arm was chained to another soldier. A strong Roman soldier with a spear guarded the door which was locked. Just outside that locked door was another soldier with a spear.

No wonder the friends grieved over the news. They all loved their friend.

"Peter is growing older," some one said. "He is not strong enough to stand the cold cell and the cruel life."

"Peter is needed to tell the story of Jesus; we cannot spare him," said another.

"We can do nothing," said another. "Herod's prison is the strongest place on earth. We can do nothing."

"Yes, we can do something," said still another. "We can speak to God about all this trouble. We can do nothing alone. But we can pray for Peter."

Then those friends began to pray. Never had they prayed more earnestly; they prayed all the time. They told God all about it; they told him how much they loved their friend, how much they needed him; how they wanted him to tell the story of Jesus. They asked if it were God's will, to spare Peter's life. They begged God to take care of him.

Now, up in his palace, while the friends were praying at Mary's house, King Herod was making his plans. "I want to please the Jews," he thought to himself. "I shall have an easier time if I please them. I'm glad I put that man Peter in prison. He cannot get away. He got away once, but not again! Aha! The locks on the iron gates and my four soldiers will see to that! The man is fast this time! After the holiday I shall bring him out and give him to the Jews."

The friends at Mary's house prayed on into the night. Presently, while they were still gathered together, there was a knock at the door. Little Rhoda was ready to answer.

"Who is there?" she asked, and her heart must have beaten fast as she waited for an answer.

"It is Peter! Open!"

Peter! Rhoda knew the voice. She had heard it so often. Peter!

She was so surprised and frightened and glad that she lost her head completely. She did not open the door, but ran back to the friends who still were praying.

“Peter has come! Oh, Peter has come!” she panted. “He is at the door!”

“You’re crazy, Rhoda,” said some one.

“No, no! He is here! He is at the door!”

Peter kept on knocking. The friends heard at last, and ran to open.

It was true. There stood Peter! Rhoda had made no mistake. They began talking all together and asking questions.

Peter raised his hands and bade them to be quiet and listen while he told them how it all had happened.

“I was asleep between the two soldiers,” he said, “one soldier was chained to my right arm; one to my left. One guard was standing inside the door; another outside. The iron gate was locked.

“Presently an angel of the Lord stood beside me; he shook me, and I awoke. There was a light shining in the cell.

“The angel said to me, ‘Rise up quickly.’ My chains fell off. The soldiers were dazed, and did nothing.

“‘Put on your girdle, and fasten on your sandals,’ the angel told me, and I did.

“‘Put on your coat, and follow me.’ I obeyed. I thought I was dreaming.

“We went past the first and second guard. We came to the iron gate which leads into the city. It opened itself. We went out and passed through one street. Then the angel left me.

“Now I know that all this is God’s doing. He sent his angel to save me from prison and from King Herod and the Jews.”

Then the friends told him how they had been speaking to God in prayer all the time these wonderful things were taking place.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Devote a few minutes to discussion about the times of speaking to God in prayer: we may pray at any time, for he is always ready to hear; at special times, such as Ezra’s crisis when he started out on a long, dangerous journey, or such as the crisis of the friends gathered in Mary’s house

when they heard about the imprisonment of their comrade, Peter.

The Lord's Prayer was the prayer that Jesus taught when he told how to speak to God.

Teach a prayer verse.

READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11:1.

"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him."—Matthew 6:8b.

PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

SONG

"God Is Always Near Us."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the first verse of the blackboard reading lesson.

Make a blackboard drawing of an Oriental house and let the pupils copy it.

Let the children make a very impromptu representation of the scene of Peter knocking at the door and Rhoda answering and hurrying eagerly to tell the news. "Peter" may then tell his story.

CHAPTER XXXI
WEEK DAY SESSION
KING DAVID'S WISH AND PRAYER

II Samuel, chapter 7

MEMORY VERSE

“Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him.”
—Psalm 145:18a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

To-day's lesson story is taken from a bright spot in the history of the Kingdom of Judah. Jerusalem was at the time the well-established capital, to a large extent, the work of King David who had reached the height of his power and glory. He had seen the possibilities of the stronghold of the Jebusites and with remarkable foresight obtained it for his capital.

David was now rich and prosperous, and had gained the love of his people. He was bending his own life as well as the lives of his subjects to the will of God. God, according to his promise, rewarded Judah with a period of peace and unprecedented prosperity and happiness.

One of the most joyful occurrences in David's life as well as that of the nation was the bringing of the Ark from its resting place in the house of Obed-edom in Kiriath-jearim where it had been ever since Uzzah met his death for touching it (II Samuel 6:1-12), and placing it in a tent on the hill in Jerusalem.

When peace comes to a nation, the people naturally turn to building and beautifying their homes and public buildings. This now happened in Judah. David built a beautiful palace of cedar wood. His neighbor, King Hiram of Tyre, furnished much of the material from the wonderful cedar

forests of his country. He also sent skilled mechanics, workers in wood, and masons to help in the building.

David was pleased with his beautiful new house, and his heart turned to God in thankfulness and gratitude for this and all his other mercies. Perhaps, as he looked from his windows, he could see the tent in which had been placed the Ark. He contrasted "God's house" with his own. Then was suggested his wish to construct a house which he considered fitting for God. David desired it to be far handsomer than his own palace, and he began to dream dreams and form plans.

Nathan, the prophet, was the instructor and interpreter of God's will to the king and the people. A distinct prohibition to this plan of David's was given to him to bear to David.

The manner in which the successful, high-spirited king was able to receive the answer "No" and his intimate, submissive prayer to God forms the burden of this story, which is a wonderfully important lesson for boys and girls of today to learn.

THE STORY

A tent, a cave in the rocks, a palace! David had lived in them all.

When he was a boy and took care of his father's sheep, he often lived in a tent.

But this was the same David who killed the giant. First the king was glad and invited him to come to the palace and play his harp for him. But afterwards this strange king became angry and jealous because everyone loved David. He threatened to kill the shepherd boy, and David had to run away and hide. Those were the days that he lived in a cave to keep himself from the angry King Saul as well as from the wild wolves and bears and from robbers.

But all that was years before. King Saul was dead. David was now king. He himself lived in a palace.

What a beautiful palace it was! It was made of sweet-smelling cedar wood; the fragrance made David think of forests of tall trees.

A king of another land had sent the wood to him. This king owned great forests of these tall cedar trees.

The builders and masons were men of great skill. They, too, had come from the country of the friendly king. David and all his people were very proud of the palace when it was all finished.

Now there was a hill that David could see from his palace—and he often looked over toward it. On the top of it was a tent. In that tent was the most precious thing in all the land. The king loved it more even than he loved his new palace.

The precious thing was the Ark of God. The people loved it, too. Just a little while before they had brought it to the city of Jerusalem and put it in the tent on the hill. They sang and rejoiced when they brought it. It had been hidden away in a house for a long time.

The Ark of God was a long, golden box. Over it were the figures of two golden angels with outstretched wings. Two long handles were passed through golden rings; by these the Ark was to be carried. The Ark was the sign of God's nearness to his people. Long before, enemies of David and the people had stolen it away. Now it was safe on the hill.

When David looked from his palace windows and saw the tent his face grew troubled. He thought: "Here am I living in a fine palace made of cedar wood, while the Ark of God is in a tent. It is as if I thought a tent good enough for the house of my God. Why should I, David, live in a house finer than the house of my God?"

Then he began to make plans: "I will build a beautiful house for God. It shall be more splendid than my palace; it shall be the most beautiful dwelling that I can make. It, too, shall have beams of cedar. There shall be golden doors swung on golden hinges, floors of marble, and trimmings of precious stones."

Now there was a wise, good man named Nathan who lived in Jerusalem. He was a prophet; that is, he was one of those men to whom God often spoke and told his wishes. Nathan was a friend of King David.

King David called the prophet to him and told him all his plans. "Why should I live in a palace, Nathan, when our God dwells in that tent over yonder? Shall I have a finer dwelling place than God? I will build a splendid house for

him. It shall be of cedar, with floors of marble and doors of gold hung in golden hinges. It shall have splendid purple curtains, and shall be trimmed with precious stones."

Nathan thought the king's plan right and good, and he said, "Let the king do all that is in his mind." But that night God came to Nathan in a vision. He said: "Tell King David that it is not my wish for him to build me a splendid house. Have I not gone with my people from place to place in their wanderings and had but a tent for shelter? It is not best for David to build me a house at this time. I have other work for him to do. But tell my servant David that I am well pleased with him. Tell him that his son shall build me a house." The answer was "No." Nathan went to the palace, and told King David all that God had said. Now David loved God so much that he was willing to take God's answer "No." He knelt down and told God what was in his heart in words something like this: "O God, I thank thee for all the great things that thou hast done for me all the days of my life. I wanted to make a beautiful house for thee, but if it is not thy wish, I will not build it. Whatever is thy wish, I am ready to do."

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Talk to your little people in a very simple way about three things:

How they may speak to God and what they may say. (What is in their hearts).

When they may speak to God. (At any time.)

Where they may speak to God.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE

"Lord, teach us to pray."

PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the blackboard verse.

Copy and learn the following prayer:

“ We thank thee, loving Father,
For all thy tender care,
For food and clothes and shelter,
And all thy world so fair.”

SUNDAY SESSION

THE ANSWER “ NO ”

Psalm 63:1 ; 143:6-8 ; Matthew 6:6-13

MEMORY VERSE

“ Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.”—Matthew 6:8b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Prayer is the expression of our desires to God ; it should be almost like an instinct. Just as it is natural for a child to ask of its father, so should it also become spontaneous, in the ordinary course of things, for the children of earth to speak their desires intimately to their heavenly Father.

Throughout the pages of the Bible continual reference is made to prayer, and there are many verses telling of God's desire to have his children speak to him. Prayers of supplication, of thanksgiving, and of praise are given ; for example : Abraham's prayer for Sodom and Gomorrah ; David's prayer about the Temple which he knew would be built by his son Solomon, “ Give unto Solomon my son a perfect heart, to keep thy commandments, thy testimonies, and thy statutes, and to do all these things, and to build the palace, for which I have made provision ” ; Elisha's prayer for the Shunammite's son ; Moses' prayers ; Solomon's prayers.

Jesus gave us a model of prayer. Instances of his prayers are given all through the story of his life.

Many references to the affirmative answer to requests are given, for we are assured that God likes to grant us our desires. Yet this cannot be always so, any more than it is always possible for a parent to give his child exactly what he wishes. To be able to accept a negative answer is often hard—yet it should be done. David is a remarkable example of the possibility of a high-spirited character so self-disciplined

as to be able to accept the answer "No" when it seemed to thwart one of the dearest desires of his life; which so far as he himself could then see, appeared a perfectly innocent and an unselfish desire.

Christ is the supreme Example of One who could accept the negative answer, when he asked, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me"; then, "My Father, if this cannot pass away, except I drink it, thy will be done."

In Maltbie Babcock's "Thoughts for Everyday Living" he speaks of "God's Answer":

"Let us not forget the emphasis and miss the comfort of the words 'know how' in the verse: 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children.' Are the honest, earnest prayers of God's children always heard? Always. Are they always answered? Always. In the way we expect? Not always. If a hungry child asks for a scorpion, will his father give him a scorpion? Not if he knows how to give his children good things to eat. If he is asked for a stone, for 'that which is not bread,' by a child driven by hunger, but deceived by appearances, will he mistake the child's inner need and real meaning?"

"Because our heavenly Father knows how to give good gifts, we may ask with perfect confidence for what we want. He will give what is best. We often know how to ask more intelligently the next time because of the answer we get. The promise is kept, and we have learned something new about God's purposes and resources."

You may illustrate the necessity of the negative answer by means of the following little story of everyday child life.

THE STORY

The most beautiful strawberries grew in Mr. Perry's garden; and they were now big and ripe and luscious. Their fragrance, with that of the June roses, stole over the hedge and down the road, and the bees and the birds and the boys and the girls thought the garden the loveliest spot in all the town.

Mr. Perry was such a kind-hearted, generous man that he did not mind sharing a few of his strawberries and his

roses with the bees and the birds, and he wanted to share more of his luscious berries with the boys and the girls. You see, he was a rich old man and did not raise his berries for market, but just for himself and his friends—and, when he came to think about it, he said to himself, “I believe the bees and the birds and the boys and the girls are amongst my very, very best friends.”

So it happened that one June morning the postman brought a note to every boy and girl in town inviting them to come to a strawberry festival in Mr. Perry's grove on Saturday afternoon.

“Come to the grove at three o'clock,” read the note. “The birds and the bees will be there, too, but they come without an invitation.”

Robert showed the note to mother and his face was all aglow while she read. Then he saw that the answer was going to be “No,” by looking into her eyes. Mother's eyes were sorry-looking, but they were firm when she was going to say “No.”

“Patrick's children will surely be there,” thought mother. Patrick was Mr. Perry's chauffeur, and he lived over the garage. “Katie is getting over the mumps and Jimmy has not had them yet. Mr. Perry is just as kind-hearted as he can be, but he does not know a great deal about children's diseases, as he never has had any little boys and girls of his own. If Robert should take the mumps, he could not go with his father on his trip to Canada. It is partly a business trip, and he could not possibly wait till Robert grew well again. It would be such a disappointment to both. No, he had better not go. I will tell Mr. Perry about it.”

Mother explained: “You would probably be ill just the time of father's trip, dear. And you would have to stay home. How sorry you would be to miss it! No, dear; it is not best.” That is why Robert was sitting disconsolately on the side porch when the children trooped by on their way to the grove.

Then what do you think Robert did? He crept along by the hedge, out to the road, nearer, nearer, nearer, till he came to the big walnut tree just at the edge of the grove.

Mr. Perry saw him and called: “Ah, here's Robert! Come along, get your strawberries, laddie! Come!” and he

handed Robert a great, heaping plateful. How sweet and juicy they were! Robert took the berries and sat down under the tree.

"Hello, Robert!" It was Patrick's little boy, but Robert was busy.

"Hello!" Robert answered, but he did not turn. He did not notice that Jimmy's face looked a bit one-sided, and that he did not join in the fun as usual.

"I'm glad I didn't let you go to the grove yesterday, dear," said mother at the supper table the next evening. "Jimmy is at home, ill with the mumps." Robert dropped his eyes to his plate, and said nothing; but, oh, how ashamed he was, and how sorry!

Of course you can guess the rest of this story; how before long the shape of Robert's face looked something like the shape of a Christmas plum pudding; and how he couldn't eat, and how altogether miserable he felt. And, of course, you can guess that the mumps came just at the time of the trip. Mother knew best! When father had gone, Robert buried his face in the couch pillow and cried like a baby.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A personal talk about the answers fathers and mothers give—and why.

Did your mother ever say "No" when you asked her if you might do something that you wanted to do very much? How did it turn out? Was your way or mother's way best? Lead in a spirited little conversational lesson on this theme, guarding against the development of anything like Pharisaism.

BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

"Hear my prayer, O Jehovah; . . .
 In thy faithfulness answer me . . .
 I spread forth my hands unto thee:
 My soul thirsteth after thee . . .
 Make haste to answer me, O Jehovah:"

—Selected from Psalm 143.

JESUS' PRAYER

"Thy will be done."—Matthew 6:10b.

PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse or the verse under the heading, "Jesus' Prayer."

Remember during the week the answers mother gives to some of your requests and tell about them when you come to class again.



HOW WE MAY WORSHIP GOD

CHAPTER XXXII
WEEK DAY SESSION
BRINGING OUR GIFTS TO GOD

II Chronicles 24:4-14

MEMORY VERSE

“God loveth a cheerful giver.”—II Corinthians 9:7.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

King Joash began to reign when he was only seven years old; so of course, during the early years of his reign, he was under the guidance and influence of those who were his advisers. Chief of these was Jehoiada, the high priest of the Temple. The boy king's succession to the throne was spectacular: Athaliah, his grandmother, daughter of the wicked Sidonian princess, Jezebel, and King Ahab, determined to have the crown for herself. King Ahaziah, her son, was slain, and in the haste and surprise and confusion, his mother endeavored to obtain control of Judah. The evil woman planned to do this by murdering all the seed royal. However, by the quick action of Jehosheba, the king's sister, the baby Joash was saved; she hid him in the Temple.

This aunt of the little royal heir was the wife of Jehoiada, the high priest. And so it was that the boy lived in the silent cloisters of God's house, quite safe from discovery, since the worship of God was now so neglected in consequence of the idol worship introduced by Jezebel.

Joash was proclaimed king by the strategy of Jehoiada. (Read the account in II Chronicles, chapter 23.) As long as Jehoiada lived, he was under the influence of the good, old priest who longed to see his people brought back to the worship of the true God. It was through this young king, the only living direct heir of David, that he felt this could be accomplished, and so we can imagine the extreme care

that was taken to instruct him in all the ways that Jehoiada knew would bring his heart into tune to the religion which was so dear to him.

During the life of this uncle, Joash was an exemplary king. He "did that which was right in the eyes of Jehovah." One of these right things was to repair the Temple which had now fallen into a state of neglect and was in sad need of attention. It was at this time over one hundred and forty years old.

Our story to-day tells of how the king influenced his people to bring gifts of money to do this work. We use the incident to illustrate the theme: "How We May Worship God." Let us show the children how to give their love and worship a practical turn. Real love should always bring with it a willingness to give, even if the gifts require a sacrifice on the part of the giver. This is one proof of the sincerity and depth of our worship.

THE STORY

If it had not been for God's house, King Joash probably never would have been king at all. What is more, he probably would have been killed when he was only a little, year-old baby boy.

His father was killed in a battle; and unfortunately this baby had a bad grandmother—so very, very different from most grandmothers, the whole wide world over. She wanted to be queen. She wanted to be queen so much that she ordered all the children of the royal family killed. Little baby Joash would have been killed, but his good aunt seized him in her arms and hid him away. She took him to the Temple where her good husband was the high priest.

There the good aunt and uncle took care of the little child until he was seven years old.

Very few people ever came to the Temple in those days, because they had turned away to worship and pray to idols. This made the good old uncle and aunt very sad, for they loved God with all their hearts and were true to him.

When the little boy's uncle Jehoiada did his work about the Temple he would think: "The years are passing. Our little Joash is growing; some day he will be king. Then, O God, he will turn his people back to thee. I will teach him."

I am quite sure, too, that the good aunt would tell him stories about the little boy Joseph and his coat of many colors; and about Samuel, the boy who also had lived in the Temple and listened to God's voice; and about good King David who gathered together all the beautiful things that were built into this wonderful house of God, which was now giving him shelter.

Joash loved God, and he loved the Temple.

Sometimes he must have said to his uncle: "There are cracks in the walls, Uncle Jehoiada; and the floors are old."

Then his uncle would answer: "Yes, my son, the house of God is growing old. It needs to be mended. But the people do not care. They have forgotten the God of their fathers. O that they would come here and worship as they did in good King David's time!"

He would tell Joash how, long before, the great timbers were floated down the waters from the country of the big forests; how the people gave gifts of gold and silver and precious stones.

"Anything! Everything! Nothing was too good to give to their God in those days, my son!" said the good old man sorrowfully.

It is no wonder that the boy would think to himself: "I wish I were king. If I were king, I would make God's house new and beautiful for him again."

Then one day Joash was made king, and when he grew to be a young man, he called the people back to God. He bade them give up their wicked idol worship.

He said to the priests, "Go gather money to mend and fix the Temple." But for some reason the money did not come in very fast.

Then the king thought of a plan to stir up the people and make them want to give. He talked over the plan with his uncle.

They took a chest and placed it near the altar. It was something like a big, wooden box. The uncle bored a hole in the lid. When the people came to the Temple, they gave their money to the priests. All the money was to be used to mend the Temple.

When the chest was full, two good helpers of the king and his uncle came and emptied and counted the money;

then they put the empty chest back again. They did this over and over again, and the people came and filled it over and over again. The more they gave, the gladder they became. They began to see how badly the beautiful Temple needed to be cleaned and mended. They came back again to worship God.

By and by there was enough money to begin work. Carpenters and masons and workers in metal came. They worked until the Temple was clean and whole and beautiful once more.

What was left of the money they brought to the king and the good old priest. With this they bought gold and silver. Then skilled men made gold and silver dishes and spoons for God's house.

Everyone was glad to come back and to worship God in his beautiful house. And God was glad to hear the prayers of his people again.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“ Oh come, let us sing unto Jehovah ; . . .
 For Jehovah is a great God,
 And a great King above all gods . . .
 Oh come, let us worship and bow down ;
 Let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker :
 For he is our God.”

—Selections from Psalm 95.

“ God loveth a cheerful giver.”

—II Corinthians 9:7b.

“ It is more blessed to give than to receive.”—Acts 20:35c.

“ Freely ye received, freely give.”—Matthew 10:8.

SONG

“ The Sabbath Bells Are Ringing,” “ Primary and Junior Hymnal ” (Verses 1, 4, 5).

PRAYER

Our heavenly Father, we come to praise and worship thee. Thou art our God. We thank thee for all the blessings that

thou hast sent us. Accept the gifts that we bring because of our love for thee. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Interest the pupils in giving something to make the church or Sunday-school room more beautiful. A small box may be furnished by the teacher or one of the children and a collection taken and kept until there is enough to buy a flower or a vase for containing the church flowers.

SUNDAY SESSION

“YE DID IT UNTO ME”

Matthew 25:35-40

MEMORY VERSE

“Every man shall give as he is able.”

—Deuteronomy 16:17.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Use this lesson to help the children to understand that it is not alone the size of the gift that pleases God. Their own small gifts are not overlooked by their heavenly Father. They may worship him with their offerings just as truly as may the great and wealthy. It is the worship in the heart that prompts the gift that is desired by God. This is one of the great lessons that Christ taught. It is not gold alone that God wishes: Sometimes a small deed of kindness is a far greater gift of worship. Horatius Bonar reminds us:

Waste not thy being; back to him
Who freely gave it, freely give.

In speaking of the manner of worshiping God, Dr. Jowett carries us back to the story of David's meditation in his palace of cedar:

“So the best was for man, and the second best for God!
The cedar for self-indulgence, and the curtains for the home

of worship! It is a marked sign of spiritual awakening when a man begins to contrast his own indulgences with the rights of God. There are so many of us who are lavish in our home and miserly in the sanctuary. We multiply treasures which bring us little profit, and we are niggardly where treasure would be of most gracious service.

“‘I dwell in a house of cedar,’ and yet I am thoughtless about God’s poor! For I must remember that the poor are the arks of the Lord. ‘I was . . . naked, and ye clothed me not.’”

It is an easy mental step even for a little child to grasp that God is worshiped by the loving gifts to those in need—material gifts or gifts of deeds of kindness.

The passage of Scripture chosen for this lesson is, naturally, Matthew 25:35-40. It will be used more than once in this course, for it is a lesson that must be often repeated.

The illustrative story given to-day is an adaptation of Count Tolstoy’s “Where Love Is, There God Is Also.” It is shortened and simplified and made very primary in vocabulary and sentence structure.

THE STORY

Once upon a time there was an old shoemaker who lived all alone in a tiny room in a basement. The room had one window which looked out in the street.

He would bore a hole in the leather with his strong awl. Then “Tap, tap, tap,” would go his hammer; and “Stitch! Stitch!” he would sew with his needle.

They were good, honest shoes that Shoemaker Martyn made, and people were glad to buy them.

Martyn would often look out of the window at the passers-by. He could see only their feet from his little basement window, but he knew many of the shoes that passed. Many of them he had made—he even knew the patches. He also knew when a stranger passed.

However, although Martyn had plenty of shoes to make and to mend, and plenty to eat, he was a sad old man. He was lonely; his good wife and all his children were dead.

“If only I, too, could die,” he said to a kind old friend who had come to visit him.

“Ah! Martyn! That is a wicked wish,” cried his friend.

“God gave us life. We must live for him. When you learn to worship God and to live for him, you will be happy.”

“How?” asked Martyn.

“Christ has shown us how! Don’t you know how to read? Buy yourself a Bible and read.”

Martyn went that very day and bought himself a Bible. He put on his spectacles and read and read and read. When night came, he lighted his lamp and read some more. The more he read, the better he liked it, the happier he grew, and the less he felt like crying. He hated even to go to bed.

He became very angry when he read how meanly some of the people treated Christ when he lived upon earth. He grew more and more angry.

Then he took off his glasses to think. “Would I have done so, if he had come to me?” and as he was thinking, he fell asleep.

Suddenly he seemed to hear some one breathe in his ear, “Martyn!”

“Who is that?” he asked as he slept.

“Martyn, Martyn, remember! To-morrow I will come to the street.”

Martyn arose in the morning before daybreak, said his prayers, made a fire, put the beet soup and porridge on the fire, tied his apron, and sat down at his window to work.

He looked out on the street a good deal that day, as he worked, and thought of his Book and of his dream. He looked at the boots that passed, and if they belonged to a stranger, he peered up at the faces.

Now a man would pass in fine new felt boots; then some one else, and some one else.

Presently an old soldier passed by; he wore an old, old pair of patched boots; he was bent and cold. He stopped to shovel the snow from Martyn’s door, but the work was far too heavy for him.

“I ought to give him some tea,” said Martyn to himself. He stuck his awl into the wood and tapped on the window.

“Come in and get warmed up,” he called, and then he filled a glass with tea and gave it to the old soldier.

“Have some more,” he said, when the glass was empty.

Martyn looked out of the window.

"Are you watching for some one?" asked the soldier.

Then Martyn told about his Bible and his dream. "I will come to-morrow!" the voice said to me, and I have been thinking about it all day."

The grateful old soldier thanked Martyn and went away. Martyn washed the dishes and went to work again.

More people passed, and more. Then Martyn saw a pair of old, old shoes. A poor, shivering mother with thin clothing was trying to keep her baby warm.

Martyn pitied her. He went to the door and called: "Come in! Don't stand there in the cold. Come! Sit near the stove and get warm, and feed the child."

He brought a bowl of warm bread and milk. "Sit down and eat. I will take care of the baby. I used to have children of my own. I know how to take care of them."

Soon the mother was comfortable, the baby was smiling, and Martyn was happy. He told about his Book and the dream.

He gave the woman a warm cloak that once had belonged to his wife, and she went away comforted and happy.

By and by an old woman with a basket of apples passed by. A bad boy came along and snatched an apple as she took her basket down from her shoulder to rest.

How the old woman scolded! She grabbed the boy by the hair. She made as if to drag him to the policeman. The boy pulled to get away.

"I did not take any!" he lied.

Martyn ran out to separate them. "Let him go! Forgive him!" he cried, but the old woman scolded the louder.

"Let him go, granny, he will not do it again! Beg grandmother's forgiveness, boy. Don't do that again. I saw you take it!"

The boy began to cry, and asked forgiveness. Martyn bought the apple and gave it to him. Then he made peace between granny and the boy. Granny's temper passed.

"Let me carry the basket, granny," asked the boy, and soon they were out of sight.

That night Martyn was thinking of his dream. Presently a voice whispered, "Martyn, O Martyn, did you know me?"

"Whom?" asked Martyn.

"Me!" said the voice. "It is I!"

Then out from a dark corner came the old soldier; he smiled and vanished. Out from the corner came the woman with the baby; they smiled and vanished. Out from the dark corner came the old woman and the boy; they smiled and vanished.

Martyn's heart was filled with joy and he opened his Book and read: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Read Matthew 25:35-40 from the Bible.

Write the Memory Verse upon the blackboard and have it read.

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, help us to remember that doing kind things for others is one of the best ways to worship thee. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Plan some special deed of kindness to be shared by all the class.

CHAPTER XXXIII
WEEK DAY SESSION
LISTENING AND TALKING TO GOD

Mark 10:13-16

MEMORY VERSE

“ I will hear what God Jehovah will speak.”—Psalm 85:8.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The region beyond the Jordan River was called Perea. Jesus passed through this region and remained there for some time while he was on his way to attend the passover feast, the last year of his ministry.

The incident which forms the burden of our story for today occurred in Perea, during the last month of his life, March, A. D. 30.

The actual telling of this story will not take very long, but the message, if properly given, will be of great significance in the lives of your pupils; it will help to draw them very much closer to Jesus.

One of the most noticeable things about Jesus was his friendship for the friendless; his sympathy for the sufferer; his desire to help the weak; and also his affection for little children. It was his aim that these should understand that they have a very bountiful share in the love of God.

In connection with this lesson teach the hymn, “ I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.” Although it is so old, it is one of the songs that carry this thought of Jesus' assurance of the children's place in a very clear and beautiful way.

Try to obtain a good but inexpensive copy of one of the pictures representing this story. Among the best are:

Christ Blessing Little Children, by Plockhorst.

Christ Blessing Little Children, by Hofmann.

The Triumphal Entry, by Plockhorst.

Use pictures after the story has been told, and let the children make observations about them. The best way to treat this lesson would be to buy a copy of one of these pictures for each child. Ask the children to find Jesus in the picture. Ask them to look at the children who are close to him. Do these children look as if they were glad to be there? Can you find a child who has brought a gift to Jesus? What is the gift? What is Jesus saying about the children?

Since this incident is given in but four verses, it will be well to add touches of home life in order to bring home its full appeal to your children.

THE STORY

Three little children lived in a cunning little house something like this. (Draw.) It was nearly square; it had a flat roof with a railing round the edge: it had a stairway that went up to the roof, like this. (Draw.)

One bright spring day their mother came to their cots and said: "Wake up, my dears; the sun is shining; it is morning. Come! Your cakes and milk are ready; and you each shall have a fig."

Mother had baby Joseph in her arms, and she smiled very happily as she looked down at her boy and girl.

David and Ruth were hungry, happy, healthy little children, and they were soon ready for their breakfasts. They liked mother's sweet cakes, and the fresh milk, and they never grew tired of the figs that grew on a tree in their own garden.

"What makes you look so happy, to-day, mother?" asked David, as he put down his cup.

"Our mother is always happy," said Ruth. "She is always happy, David."

"Yes, but she is very, very happy to-day," said David. "She acts as if something very nice is going to happen. And the water jar is already filled, and"—

"Oh, yes, and she has the rugs all rolled up, and it is early, so early," added Ruth. "What is going to happen, mother? Are you going to take us to visit Grandmother Lois? Oh, are you?"

"No, my dears; but you are partly right. I am going to take you somewhere to-day. That is why I called you early, and why I am hurrying to put the house in order. Ruth may put away the dishes, and David may fill the lamp. We will wash our hands and faces very clean, and put on our best clothes. Then we will start."

"Where, mother?" asked Ruth.

"And will you take baby Joseph?" asked David.

"Jesus has come to our country, children—Jesus who has healed the sick, and made the lame to walk. Do you remember that poor blind man who used to sit begging by the roadside? He is a beggar no longer. Jesus opened his eyes. Now he can see to work."

David and Ruth both remembered.

"I want you all to see him. I want to take you to him. All, even baby Joseph. Perhaps he will talk to you; perhaps he will give you a blessing."

So they all left the little house and went along the road together. David and Ruth picked some of the beautiful wild flowers along the road; for they wanted to take a gift to Jesus.

As they walked along they saw some other mothers who also were taking their little children to see Jesus.

By and by they came to the place where Jesus was; a number of men were there, and they were talking over very deep questions with Jesus. The mothers were timid, and half afraid; little David and Ruth and all the other children gathered close up to their mothers. But their eyes kept turning back to the kind face of Jesus.

The grave-looking men who had been talking with Jesus also saw them. "Go away!" exclaimed one of these men. "You must go away from here. Do you not know that you will bother the Master? Go away!"

Jesus heard, and he was displeased with the man. "Do not send those dear children away," he said, and he put out his hands. "Do not send them away! I want them! I love them!"

"Come, dear children!" he exclaimed, and his kind voice took all fear from their hearts. "Come!"

"Let the little children come to me. Do not send them away!" he said.

Little David climbed into Jesus' lap; Ruth put her arms about Jesus' neck. All the children clustered around. I believe that Ruth and David gave him the wild flowers they had gathered on the way. Even baby Joseph put out his chubby hands to go to Jesus.

"Let all the little children come to me," said Jesus, and he blessed them all.

Then he talked to them and they listened to every word he said—they never had heard such a beautiful voice.

And as long as they lived, David and Ruth remembered that day and the blessing and the things that Jesus said to them.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

"I will hear what God Jehovah will speak."—Psalm 85:8.

"And they were bringing unto him little children, that he should touch them."—Mark 10:13.

"Jesus called them unto him, saying, Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Luke 18:16a.

"And he took them in his arms, and blessed them."

—Mark 10:16a.

SONG

"Jesus, Friend of Little Children." Verses 1, 6.

PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the verse: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Ask the children to try to find a little friend to bring with them the next time they come to Sunday school.

SUNDAY SESSION**“IN SHUSHAN THE PALACE”**

Nehemiah 1:1 to 2:11

MEMORY VERSE

“So I prayed to the God of heaven.”—Nehemiah 2:4b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Review your ancient history a bit, in order to obtain a fresh idea of life in the heyday of the Persian Empire, and the characteristics of the Persian kings. Remember that the Jews were taken as captives to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar. The Babylonian Empire was conquered by Cyrus the Persian, and at the time of our lesson, Artaxerxes Longimanus, son of Xerxes, was the king.

Imagine a king who had power to gather forces strong enough to intimidate the Greeks—who, when thwarted by the inclemency of the sea, was childish and superstitious enough to order it to be scourged with a whip! The men who were commanded to discipline the unruly waters were charged to exclaim these words which the king himself had dictated:

“Miserable monster! this is the punishment which Xerxes, your master, inflicts upon you, on account of the unprovoked and wanton injury you have done him. Be assured that he will pass over you, whether you will or no. He hates and defies you.”

The men who built the bridge which had been destroyed were ordered beheaded, every one.

This was Xerxes, the father of Artaxerxes the king whom Nehemiah served. The manner in which he obtained the throne proved that it was in a measure, “like father, like son.”

Nehemiah was one of the Jewish captives, the son of Hacaliah. The position of the captives was not intolerable at this time; although their power was limited, they could, by reason of natural ability or industry, rise to eminence and success. Nehemiah was cupbearer to the king, and from the account, he must have been more or less of a favorite.

As was the case with all his countrymen, he longed for the restoration of his homeland; and, being a man of courage and especially gifted with initiative, he formed the bold plan of appealing to the king, and of making a personal visit to the home of his fathers.

What we desire especially to bring before the children is the constant appeal to God that was made by this ardent man with a plan. It seemed as if his plan were made with God—he talked with God about it. He even entreated God in the critical moment of its unfolding before the king.

THE STORY

Almost always Nehemiah was a happy-looking man with a smiling face and eyes. That was one reason why the king liked him.

And why shouldn't he be happy and smiling and gay? Didn't he live in a castle? And didn't he have plenty to eat, even dainties from the king's table? And didn't he have good clothes to wear as befitted one of the king's favored servants?

His work was not so very hard, either. He was the king's cupbearer—and his taster. That seems an odd sort of business, doesn't it?

But it was the custom in that land for the king to have his food and his drink tasted in his presence, to be sure that it was quite safe for him to eat it.

Now this country was not really Nehemiah's own country. Many, many years before, his people had been conquered and brought to the land as captives. However, they never forgot Jerusalem, their own beautiful city. They and their children and their grandchildren loved the city dearly.

One day when Nehemiah was somewhere in the palace Shushan, he saw some strangers. One of the men was a brother whom he had not seen for a long time, because he had gone to Jerusalem many years before. He and his companions had just come back to Shushan.

Nehemiah could not ask questions about the dear old place fast enough. "How did it look, brother? Who did you see there, Hanani?"

But Hanani had a sad story to tell. Nothing was right: the people were terribly poor and distressed; the wall was

broken down; the fine, strong old gates were all charred with the fire where the soldiers had burned them.

After that, Nehemiah did not seem like the same happy-hearted man. He went by himself and wept. He could not touch the food.

Then he went to God with his trouble. He prayed a long prayer, and his words were something like this:

“O God, thou art strong and powerful; thou keepest thy promises and art very kind to those who love and obey thee. Let thine ear hear me; listen to the prayer that I pray before thee day and night.

“My people and I have sinned against thee; we confess to thee that we have sinned. Yea, I and my father’s house have sinned. We have not kept thy commandments; we have broken thy rules.

“In the long-ago days of Moses thou saidst that if we disobeyed, we should be carried away from our homeland; that we should be scattered amongst other people.

“But thou didst also say that if we should return to thee, O God, and if we should keep and obey thy laws, thou wouldst bring us back again.

“We are thy people who have come back to thee. O God, hear my prayer. Help me this day. Give me mercy in the sight of the king.”

Now presently the time came when the king was accustomed to have his wine. No one knew just what kind of humor he would be in; he might be very pleasant and kindly; or he might be in such a furious temper that no one could please him. He might shout, “Off with his head!” if Nehemiah did not put just the flavor he liked in his cup of wine.

Nehemiah carried the cup daintily; he tasted it, and handed it to the king. But his face was sad; his eyes showed that he had been weeping.

The king looked up from his cup.

“Why is your face so sad? You are not sick. You must have some trouble in your heart,” he exclaimed.

The king liked a smiling face; it was no small thing to have a sorry-looking countenance when waiting upon this man.

Nehemiah trembled; he was afraid. He bent his body;

then he fell to his knees; then he put his hands and his face to the ground, as a servant must when speaking to this king.

"Let the king live forever," he exclaimed. Then he said: "Why should not my face be sad? The city where my fathers used to live is spoiled. The walls are down, the gates are burned."

"Well, what do you want to ask?" said the king.

Nehemiah spoke to God quickly, and begged for his help to ask the king in just the right way.

Then he said, "If it please the king, and if I have found favor, let me go to Jerusalem to my fathers' city, and build it up again!"

"How long will the journey be? When will you come back?" asked the king.

Nehemiah told him.

Then the king said to his servant, "Thou—mayest—go."

God was listening all the time to every word that Nehemiah spoke to him. He heard all his prayers and answered.

The king gave Nehemiah letters to pass him along the way; he gave him timbers to help with the building; he gave him captains of the army and horsemen to help to take care of him on his journey. And he reached Jerusalem in safety.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

"I prayed to the God of heaven."—Nehemiah 2:4b.

"I have called with my whole heart; answer me, O Jehovah:

I will keep thy statutes.

I have called unto thee; save me."

—Psalm 119:145, 146a.

"In my distress I cried unto Jehovah,
And he answered me."—Psalm 120:1.

PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

A VERSE TO LEARN

God is in heaven, can he hear
 A feeble prayer like mine?
 Yes, little child, thou needst not fear,
 He listeneth to thine.

—Ann Taylor.

God Is Always Near Us

ELEANOR SMITH

1. God is al - ways near me, Hear - ing what I say,
 2. God is al - ways near me, In the dark - est night,
 3. God is al - ways near me, Though so young and small,

Know - ing all my thoughts and deeds, All my work and play.
 He can see me just as well As by morn - ing light.
 Not a look or word or thought, But God knows it all.

From "Songs for Little Children, for the Kindergartens and Primary Schools, Part 2."
 Used by permission of the Milton Bradley Co.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy these words:

"Lord, Teach a Little Child to Pray."

Urge that the children bring the little friend for the following session, also.

CHAPTER XXXIV
WEEK DAY SESSION
HIS DAY IN THE COUNTRY

John 6:1-14

MEMORY VERSE

“I will hear what God Jehovah will speak.”—Psalm 85:8.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

We have been attempting to bring to the Primary pupil's understanding ways in which he, a little child, may worship God. We gave him, in the preceding lesson, an ideal of his peculiar place in the love of God, picturing that scene where Jesus called the children to him, and talked to them.

Let us now draw another picture of the little lad who followed the crowd and listened to Jesus all day as he talked about God, and gave his heavenly Father's message. Tell about the gift that the little boy so gladly gave, and what Jesus did with the simple offering.

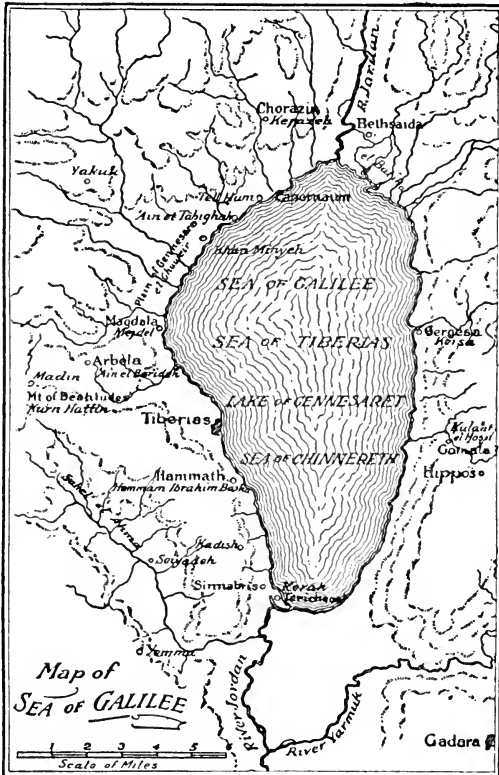
LESSON SETTING *

It was April, A. D. 29, a little before the passover time. The distressing news of the death of John the Baptist at the hand of Herod, had just come to Jesus and his disciples. Besides this, Jesus and his followers were physically tired on account of the Master's great amount of work during this Galilæan ministry. Jesus proposed that they leave the village of Capernaum, and cross over the Sea of Galilee to a less populous place. This would be restful, and also would take them to a more secluded region for a little time.

Accordingly he and the disciples took a ship and sailed over the sea. But the multitude, who now were wildly enthusiastic about his wonderful healing touch, followed him by foot round the side of the sea. A study of the accompanying outline map will show how this was done.

The troubled crowd, groping after something, they scarcely knew what, soon reached the sunny spot greening up with the first signs of spring. Jesus gave up his holiday and talked to them about the things for which they longed.

The hours passed as they listened, and at last the crowd,



unconscious of the need of food, became faint with hunger, and the long strain of attentive listening. Jesus sympathized with their needs, and in his own wonderful way, brought them the creature comfort they required.

We will follow the "little lad" on this spring day when he listened to Jesus.

THE STORY

It was a fine spring day, and a little boy was going out into the country. A walk in the country is sure to make you hungry, and when the sun is overhead and it is noon-time, you are bound to be ready for your lunch.

This little lad's mother knew all about how long walks made hungry boys, so she thought to herself, "I will pack up a good lunch for him."

She took a nice little basket and put five loaves of bread in it! That sounds like a joke, doesn't it? Five loaves of bread for one little boy! But it was not, at all, for the loaves of bread in that far-away land of Galilee were flat and round, something like big, round crackers; so five loaves, you see, were not too much for a boy who was going to be very, very hungry.

Besides the bread she put two little fish in the lunch basket. The fish were not so big, either; but about the size of the sardines which your mother buys in little tin boxes.

So in the basket were five loaves and two fishes.

Now that very same morning, Jesus had planned to go into the country, for this happened in the time when Jesus lived upon earth.

He said to his disciples: "Let us take a holiday. It is best for us to rest a while."

Jesus had been working very hard curing sick people, making blind people able to see again, helping lame people to walk, and comforting and cheering sad people.

The city where Jesus was living was beside a beautiful, big, blue sea, and there were many boats moored to the shore or crossing back and forth. The disciples took one of these boats, and soon the tired Master and his friends were enjoying the cool breezes which came over the water. They headed toward a green, grassy spot on the other side of the sea.

But after all Jesus was not to have a holiday. Presently the people who had been listening to him spied the little boat; they saw just where it was heading. They began to follow along the edge of the water.

The crowd grew bigger and bigger. The little boy saw the crowd. All boys like a crowd, and this boy hurried up and joined it. On and on he went with the other people.

By the time the boat reached land, the crowd had reached the place, too. When Jesus saw how much they wanted to hear him talk to them, he gave up his holiday. He forgot all about how tired he was. He healed a great many sick people.

Then he talked to them. He told them how much he loved them; how much God loved them.

All day long the people listened. The little boy in the crowd listened, too. The people forgot when dinner time came; the boy even forgot the lunch which his mother had given him. He forgot everything while listening to Jesus.

Evening came, and still the people listened.

Presently one of the disciples said: "Master, the day is gone. There is nothing to eat here. Send the people away that they may go to the village and buy food for themselves."

"They need not go away," said Jesus. "Give ye them to eat."

"Why, Master, it would take a great deal of bread to feed such a crowd, even to give very little to each!" said one man. Then another man said, "Two hundred shillings' worth of bread would not be enough."

"How many loaves have you?" asked Jesus. "Go and see."

One of the men, Andrew, soon came back and said: "There is a little boy here who has five loaves and two small fishes. But what are they among so many?"

But when the little boy found that the people were hungry, and that Jesus had need of his lunch, he came up and gave it to Jesus. He was so glad to be able to do something to help.

Jesus said, "Make the people sit down." Then all the crowd sat down on the grass; there were five thousand men and a great many women and children. They sat in groups, and their gay-colored dresses made the field look as if it were covered with flowers.

Jesus took the little boy's five loaves and two fishes. He asked a blessing over the food. Then he began to break the bread and fish into pieces, and gave to his disciples to pass to the people. In some wonderful way it grew more and more and more; the hungry people ate as much as they

wanted, and still there was enough to go round. All the great crowd ate until they were hungry no longer.

When the meal was over Jesus said, "Gather up the pieces," for he did not wish to have a crumb of the good food wasted. And the disciples filled TWELVE BASKETS WITH WHAT REMAINED!

As long as the little boy lived he remembered the day he listened to Jesus.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A READING LESSON FOR THE BLACKBOARD

WORDS WHICH JESUS SAID

"Come unto me."—Matthew 11 :28.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Luke 18:16.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Luke 8:8.

SONGS

"I Think When I Read."

"Jesus, Friend of Little Children."

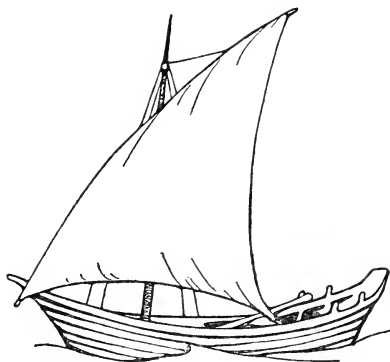
PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Cut from paper or draw a small Oriental ship.



SUNDAY SESSION**REVIEW**

Review the Stories of Chapters 30 to 33

MEMORY VERSES

Review the Memory Verses for Chapters 30 to 33.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The two themes to be reviewed are:

**SPEAKING TO GOD IN PRAYER
HOW WE MAY WORSHIP GOD**

Opportunity is given to reemphasize these themes, and in a way, to make an inspection of your own work. This may be done partly by asking carefully prepared questions, to draw out the children's thoughts upon the different lessons.

Help the children to look back over the several stories told during the consideration of the themes. You will, in all probability, find it advisable to retell one of the most interesting to your special class.

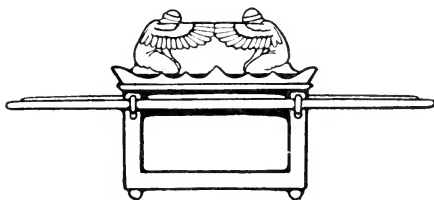
Suggestions are given for the review. Continue with other lessons in a manner similar.

SPEAKING TO GOD IN PRAYER

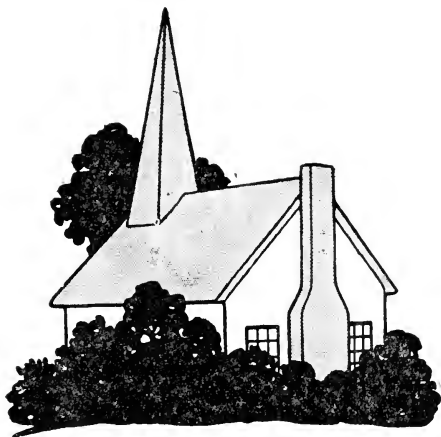
Draw a simple picture of stones representing a wall. Ask the children to tell the names of two men who often thought about the walls and gates of a city that had been broken down and burned. They loved the old walls and gates. Why? They wanted to go there. Why? Who could help them? The king and Some One greater than the king. Dwell upon the fact that Ezra and Nehemiah spoke to God and told him all that was in their hearts; they told how they were answered and helped by God.

Draw a picture of an Oriental house, also a sketch of Oriental chains. You heard a story about a man who was put in a strong prison, and about how soldiers guarded him. He had a great many friends who loved him. They met in a house something like this. What were they doing? How was their prayer answered? (Story about Peter.)

Once there was a tent, and in it was a very precious thing made of gold. It was something like a box and



looked something like this. (See cut.) The king and all his people loved it. What was it called? It was a sign of God's nearness. The tent was God's house. The king wanted to make a fine house for God because he himself lived in a palace. What was this king's name? What did he do about the building of God's house?



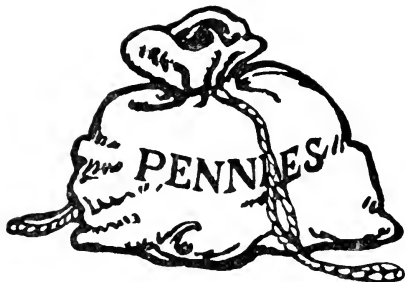
HOW WE MAY WORSHIP GOD

Refer to the little king who was brought up in God's house. Speak of its condition. What did he do to make it fresh and beautiful again?

Draw a picture of a church.

QUESTION: Can you think of some ways in which we may worship God?

Sketch several moneybags.



Let some child tell the recently told story of how the children listened to Jesus when he told them to come to him.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BLACKBOARD READING LESSON GOD'S PROMISES

“Hear, O my people, and I will speak; . . .
I am God, even thy God.”—Psalm 50:7.

ANSWERS

“Thy servant heareth.”—I Samuel 3:9.

“Come and hear, all ye that fear God.”—Psalm 66:16.

“I will hear what God Jehovah will speak.”—Psalm 85:8.

“He that is of God heareth God's words.”—John 8:47.

JESUS' PRAYER TO HIS HEAVENLY FATHER

“Father, I thank thee that thou heardest me.”

—John 11:41.

SONG


“Father in Heaven! Bless Thy Little Children,” from
“The Primary and Junior Hymnal.”

SUGGESTIONS FOR ACTIVITIES

Copy one or more of the Memory Verses.

Hunt for two pretty pictures from old magazines and bring them to the church school for mounting in a scrapbook.

A PUZZLE TO SOLVE

	<p>5</p> <p>SPEAKING</p>	<p>2</p> <p>THEY</p>
<p>3</p> <p>ARE</p>	<p>6</p> <p>I</p>	<p>1</p> <p>WHILE</p>
<p>4</p> <p>YET</p>	<p>8</p> <p>HEAR</p>	<p>7</p> <p>WILL</p>

GOD'S LOVING-KINDNESS

CHAPTER XXXV
WEEK DAY SESSION
GOD'S PROTECTING CARE

II Chronicles 32:1-23; (or) Exodus 14:5-31

(For Exodus story see textbook "God the Loving Father,"
Chapter VII.)

MEMORY VERSE

"I will not leave thee."—Genesis 28:15b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

A choice of two stories will be given for this lesson, either of which is a striking illustration of the subject "God's Protecting Care." If the story of the Crossing of the Red Sea is chosen, you may review Chapter VII of the First Year Textbook, Part I. Use the Memory Verse and devotional service suggestions for to-day's lesson.

The choice is taken from an incident in King Hezekiah's reign over Judah.

IN THE DAYS OF HEZEKIAH

Hezekiah was the son of Ahaz, King of Judah, and it is recorded that he began his reign when he was twenty-five years of age. Hezekiah loved God and served him. This fact was more to the credit of the young king because his father had spent his life in following idols.

Contemporary with both Hezekiah and his father were the prophets Isaiah, Hosea, and Micah. Thus both had equal opportunity of knowing God's will. It is recorded that Hezekiah "did that which was right in the eyes of Jehovah," and even in the first years of his reign began to reestablish the worship of God amongst his people, and rebuild the Temple which had been so sadly neglected. He inspired his subjects

with enthusiasm for righting the wrongs that had been committed against God during the long years of his father's reign, and at the end of the period devoted to reconstructions, the workers repaired to the king's palace with the report: "We have cleansed all the house of Jehovah. . . . Moreover all the vessels, which king Ahaz in his reign did cast away when he trespassed, have we prepared and sanctified; and, behold, they are before the altar of Jehovah." Then the king and his people went to the Temple and offered sacrifices of atonement.

This was the tenor of Hezekiah's reign.

At this time Assyria was the great power that threatened the other countries round about. Sargon had been succeeded by his son, Sennacherib. The Assyrians were nature worshipers. Every object in nature was supposed to be animated by a spirit. Ashur was their chief god; after him there were eleven great gods, and innumerable lesser deities.

From reading the lesson passage and adjacent references, we draw the information that Sennacherib was a bombastic braggart. He was cruel toward those whom he conquered. Hezekiah had reason to be terrified when he learned of the approach of this king at the head of his army.

We wish to show by the telling of this story a clear picture of God's protecting care through a time of great danger over the king and people who were honestly trying to serve him; that God warded off danger, and made the right triumph.

THE STORY

Once upon a time there was a good king named Hezekiah who ruled over the land of Judah. All his people had been living happily for a long time. Ever since this king had been their ruler, they had been happy, because they had been busily making their big city, Jerusalem, the best city of all the country round about in which to live.

The first thing that the king and his people did after he was crowned was to repair the beautiful house of God that had begun to look so dirty and old and worn. Even the women and the boys and the girls found something to do.

But one day the face of the king was very sober. He received a message that was enough to make any king afraid.

The bad news spread, and soon the faces of all the people, even the bravest, looked frightened.

“Sennacherib is coming!” The watchmen on the walls told the news first. “Sennacherib is coming!” The word spread like a flame of fire from house to house through all Jerusalem.

Sennacherib and his army! Soldiers with daggers and swords! Soldiers with bows and arrows! Soldiers mounted on the fleetest of horses! Soon the war cry would be heard close at the city gates!

It was no wonder that good King Hezekiah was frightened. But he and his people were not to be left alone to that cruel king. Hezekiah remembered God.

“Be strong and of good courage, my people,” he said. “Let us not be afraid of the king of Assyria and his hosts. There is One who is greater than he, and that One is for us and not for him. God is with us.”

Senacherib and his soldiers did not believe in the one true God whom Hezekiah and his people loved. They prayed to false gods who had no power to help or hear them when they worshiped.

“God is with us! He will help us fight our battles,” said King Hezekiah to his people, and they listened and took courage.

Then the king called the princes and the wise men of his kingdom. They planned together.

“Let us get to work!” they said to the people.

“We will stop all the waters and the fountains that flow out of the city,” said the king. “Sennacherib and his soldiers shall not drink. Why should they?”

Then they began to make the city wall very strong by mending all the weak places. They built up the watchtowers. They shut the gates tight, and locked them.

Very soon the people were making weapons as hard and fast as they could; shields and swords and daggers and bows and arrows.

“Take courage,” comforted the king. “Be not afraid. Remember, God is with us. God will protect us. God will help us!”

One day King Sennacherib sent some of his servants from his camp with a message, a bold, insulting message:

“Thus saith Sennacherib!” these servants began. “However do you suppose you are going to stand the battle? Your king says, ‘God will help us and keep us out of the hand of Sennacherib.’ If you do as King Hezekiah begs you to do, you will only die of hunger and thirst. Your God cannot save you.

“Do you not know what I, Sennacherib, have done to other lands? Could their gods help them? Was there any god able to help those people against me? No, not one! Neither can your God protect you.

“Do not let your King Hezekiah cheat you. Do not believe him. No god of any land has been able to save his people from me. You may be sure then, that your God cannot save you.”

So boasted the king and his servants; they even said more.

Sennacherib also sent insulting letters to King Hezekiah, saying, “Just as other gods of other lands could not keep their people out of my hands, so your God cannot keep you and your people out of my hands.”

Then the soldiers yelled their war cries at the people shut up in the walls of Jerusalem to frighten and trouble them. They made day and night hideous with their noise. They hoped that the people would be so frightened that they could easily take their city away from them.

But King Hezekiah still prayed to God for protection; Isaiah, their teacher, prayed; the people prayed.

That night God sent an angel into Sennacherib’s camp amongst the soldiers who had defied him. In the morning hundreds and thousands of those bold men lay dead on the field.

The wicked king’s battle never was fought, and he ran away back to his own country again.

So God took care of King Hezekiah and his people, and protected them. And the people praised and thanked him, and gave him offerings and gifts.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“I will not leave thee.”

“He that keepeth thee will not slumber.”

“He careth for you.”

“Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him.”

A PROMISE

God will take care of you, all through the day;
 Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;
 Waking or resting, at work or at play,
 Jesus is with you and watching you still.

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

SONG

“God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall,” from “The Primary and Junior Hymnal.”

PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Begin the making of a class scrapbook. Have some definite plan for its disposal when completed. A scrapbook of carefully selected and beautifully mounted pictures is sure to give a very great deal of pleasure at some children's home, or to some shut-in.

The children may contribute pictures and of course you yourself are always on the lookout for good pictures for the many uses in your class work.

It will often be possible to devote a few minutes to “the making of the book.”

SUNDAY SESSION

LITTLE BHAU (BROTHER)

Mark 9:36, 37; Psalm 91:2-6, 10, 11, 15

MEMORY VERSE

“He will give his angels charge over thee.”

—Psalm 91:11a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

We have been helping the children to understand something of “God's Loving-Kindness” toward them. God's

loving-kindness is over all his creatures; so let us tell to-day a story that will help to broaden their thoughts from self, showing a picture of the needs of other little children in other lands.

If you will try to glean stories of modern instances from mission fields, you will not only enrich your own life, but you will have a wonderfully increased store of good things to tell to your pupils.

A most beautiful and successful mission work for children is the Brownie orphanages of India. The following is a little incident adapted from a mission letter from a station in West India.

THE STORY

To be hungry is bad enough! To be hungry and to have no home is worse! But these were not all of little brother's troubles! He had neither father nor mother. This little brown boy of India was an orphan, and he was only eight years old.

As long as big brother was with him even those troubles did not seem so dreadful as they did when he went away to find work in another town because of the famine; now little brother was all alone.

In a land where there is plenty, it is hard to understand just what a famine is like. It means that food grows less and less even for the rich folk; and for the poor it means that perhaps, how soon they do not know, there will be none at all. And that means to suffer and die.

Little brother's face was growing more pinched every day. His little, ragged shirt hung loosely round his little, thin body. It is dreadful to be as hungry as he was!

He had said his prayers to the idol to whom his father and mother had prayed, but no help came. He was growing more lonely and more hungry and more ragged every day.

In some way he had heard of the boys' school in the town several miles from the town where he and his father and mother and brother had lived.

He made quite a brave plan for an eight-year-old boy to make: he decided to go to the school and ask to be taken in.

Little brother did not have to wait a minute after his plan

was made; he did not have even a coat or a pair of shoes, not even a book or a toy to pack and take along. So right away he began trudging over the long road toward the school.

And what a hot, dusty road it was! The sun beat down on his head, and his little brown feet grew tired and sore, but he did not stop.

He did not know that God our heavenly Father was watching over him all the way, that it was God who helped him to make the plan.

The sun was setting red behind the mountains when little brother reached the end of his journey. What a beautiful place it was! There was a garden with flowers behind the fence. Sahib, the teacher, was sitting on the veranda. It was all so beautiful and restful that little brother forgot his trouble and his tired feet, and smiled.

He opened the gate and walked to the veranda.

"Here I am!" he said clearly.

Sahib smiled kindly at the tiny brown boy who looked like a small ragamuffin after his dusty journey.

"Here I am! I have no father, mother, or any other relatives. I've walked all the way from Takli. I begged scraps along the way to eat. Here I am!"

He told his sad little story cheerfully, so cheerfully and bravely that Sahib was almost afraid he was telling a lie.

"Where did you say you came from, boy?" asked Sahib kindly.

"From Takli!" repeated the little brown fellow.

"And your father and mother? Did they tell you to come?" asked Sahib, wondering whether he would tell the same story.

"They are dead, both dead."

"Why did you come?"

"I'm hungry. I've no place to go."

That was true, as Sahib could see. Yet what could he do? The school was full, not another bed was empty. It was hard, so hard to get enough to feed his boys even three simple meals a day.

Of course he let the little lad stay there for the night; he gave the child something to eat; he gave him a new little shirt and made him clean and comfortable. This was what Sahib had come to India to do, to make little children clean

and good and comfortable; to take care of them for our heavenly Father's sake. God had sent him to do this.

The next day he asked some boys who lived in Takli if the little brown brother's story were true. It was true, every word.

"Yet what shall I do? Yes, there is one thing I can do." Sahib remembered the home that some other of the good people that God had sent were keeping for just such poor little waifs. It was called the orphanage. He wrote a letter.

The answer came: "Yes, they would take little brother. They would take care of him during the famine; they would feed him and give him a bed. There was room in the orphanage for him."

So Sahib sent him to the home, and little brown brother found a place that was really a corner of God's Kingdom of heaven.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

"And he took a little child, and set him in the midst of them; and taking him in his arms, he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such little children in my name, receiveth me."

.

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble."

SONG

"I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." (First verse.)

Write the fifth verse upon the board and read it or let the children sing it.

"But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never hear of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come."

PRAYER

"Heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy loving-kindness toward all the children the whole world over. Amen."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse or the last verse of the Bible reading lesson.

Interest the children in earning a few pennies during the week for a gift to children in some special mission field. A bit of work for the scrapbook.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WEEK DAY SESSION

GOD, THE FATHER, AND HIS GIFTS

Exodus 15:22, 27; 17:1-7; Psalm 104:10-14; Exodus 16:4, 5, 13-18; Mark 4:28, 29

MEMORY VERSE

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.”
—Matthew 22:37a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Moses and his followers had passed over the Red Sea in safety, had sung their songs of thanksgiving, had praised God for their wonderful escape from their life of bondage in Egypt; they were now actually upon their journey toward the Promised Land. But the way led through the wilderness, where food and water were scarce. They had not gone far before hunger and thirst attacked them; the great multitude became almost desperate and began to upbraid Moses. “Would that we had died . . . in the land of Egypt,” they cried, as they remembered the plenty which had been theirs.

But God's loving-kindness was over and round about them, and the manner in which food and drink were furnished forms our story for to-day.

THE STORY

Nowadays if they had been going on such a long journey, they would have traveled in the comfortable seats of the steam cars; or perhaps in a splendid, fast-running automo-

bile. But little David and Ruth and Samuel and Joseph did not travel in those ways; they walked.

This little family and their father and mother and a great many, many other fathers and mothers with their children were going on a journey. They had taken everything that they owned along with them, because they never were going back to the land where they had been living. They were moving to another homeland.

They had a great many bundles: some of them big and queer-shaped; some of them little and precious. They even had taken their flocks of sheep and goats and all their animals along with them.

When the day was over they would sleep in tents which the fathers set up.

It was fine fun at first; David hurried his sister Ruth and his smaller brother Samuel along. Mother carried baby Joseph in her arms. Father looked after the flock of sheep. The first day was fine fun.

At night father pitched the tent. Mother unrolled some soft rugs and spread them on the sand, and soon four tired little people were fast asleep under the bright desert stars.

They woke early in the morning, and ate breakfast. It was part of the food they had brought along with them. But it was growing less, now. Mother looked quite sober as she packed up what was left. She said something softly to father, and he looked at the small bundle.

Walking on the sand makes you thirsty, and David ran to mother and said: "Where is the water bottle, mother? I am thirsty."

"Do not drink very much, dear: only a few swallows," said mother as she gave the water to him.

"But I am very thirsty, mother; very, very thirsty," said Ruth who generally did just what David did, and said just what David said.

"And I am thirsty, very, very thirsty," said little brother Samuel who could not talk very plainly yet.

"Yes, children, but we will drink just enough, and leave the rest for another time. There, that is all, Joseph, my little one."

The children ran on again, but the sun was making the sand very hot; and soon they came back for another drink.

"Only two swallows each, dears. No, David, that is enough! Sister Ruth must have her share."

But soon there came a time when every drop of water was gone, every drop; and there was no well, no brook, no spring where they could get more.

"What shall we do, father?" asked mother in despair. "The children are crying for water!"

"What shall we do, mother?" said father. "Even the sheep are suffering; their tongues hang from their mouths."

"And the lunch is almost gone! Our children will starve, or else they will die of thirst!"

Mother began to cry; and father began to scold.

Moses, the good man who had led the way, was doing just as God had told him to do. He knew that God would take care of those hungry and thirsty people in some way. He knew that God is good and kind and loving. He would not let his people die of thirst when they had obeyed him by going into the wilderness.

But the fathers forgot everything else but the sufferings of their children. They complained and grumbled and scolded.

"We might better have stayed in Egypt," some one cried.

"My David and my little Ruth and Samuel and the baby will all die!" groaned father.

"We had plenty of bread and meat in Egypt," grumbled an old man.

"Yes, and there were vegetables and fruits, too," added a woman.

"And onions and leeks," said a man.

"And the juicy melons: oh, the sweet, juicy melons!" sighed another woman.

"And there was water!" said a young girl.

"Water! Water! Water!" everyone began to cry.

The people all grew so cross and ugly that it was a wonder that Moses could think. But he did think; and he prayed to God and asked him what to do with the tired, hot, hungry, thirsty people.

God told him just what to do and Moses led them on. By and by some one saw a green-looking spot. They hurried to it. What a beautiful place! There was water!

Twelve wells of sweet water! How the thirsty people ran!
The green trees made a pleasant shade.

After a while they went on. The sands were hot. Their feet grew tired. They were still hungry. Then they began to grumble again. "We might better have stayed in Egypt. We had plenty of meat and bread. We shall starve!"

Moses prayed to God, and God answered: "I will feed this people. They shall not die of hunger. I will take care of them. I will rain bread from heaven for you. The people shall go out and gather it every day. On the sixth day they shall gather twice as much as on any other day of the week. There will be none to gather on the Sabbath."

The next morning when the people got up, the ground was covered with strange, small, white things. The people did not know what these things were.

Moses knew. He said: "This is the bread which God has rained down from heaven for you. Gather what you need. Every morning you shall have a new supply."

The mothers took bowls and gathered some of the new food; David and Ruth and the other children gathered some. The people thought, as they ate, "How good God is to feed us when we were so hungry!" They called the strange new food "manna."

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

"He sendeth forth springs into the valleys; . . .
They give drink to every beast of the field; . . .
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;
That he may bring forth food out of the earth."

—Selections from Psalm 104.

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"Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; . . .
Who giveth food to all flesh;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever."

—Psalm 136:1, 25.

PRAYERS

Heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy loving-kindness; we thank thee for the gifts of food and drink, for without these gifts we cannot live. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

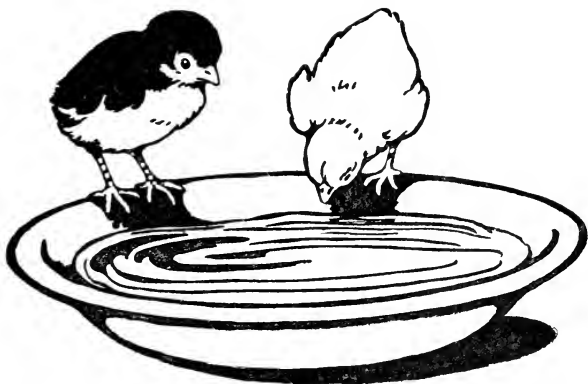
SONG

"Thanks for Daily Blessings," from "Song Stories for the Sunday School."

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse or one of the verses of the reading lesson. Use a sand table to illustrate phases of the journey. A sand table such as is furnished by the educational supply houses is an excellent piece of property. If this is not to be had, you may manufacture one from a large-size baking tin. You may find small objects to add at the five-and-ten-cent stores.

BLACKBOARD DECORATION



SUNDAY SESSION**SOME OTHER GOOD GIFTS FROM GOD**

Psalm 136:1-9, 25

MEMORY VERSE

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.”—James 1:17.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

When we develop the thought that our good gifts are from God our heavenly Father, we naturally talk to the children of those gifts of prime necessity, food and drink, and we illustrate, of course, with the beautiful story of God's loving provision for the children of Israel in the wilderness by giving them water from the rocks and in the wells of the oases; and by sending them food in the form of manna and by an occasional flight of quail.

But God's gifts are boundless; do not let the children, by any chance, draw the conclusion that food and drink are all that God gives. We should remember that the Primary child is often intensely literal.

Tell him something of the gift of coal which is so necessary during the cold of winter, and how that gift is found.

Tell him about the gift of iron, and lead him to think for himself how many things are made from that gift; stoves, pipes, machinery, and so forth.

Talk of the gifts which give pleasure: gold, silver, and what is made from them.

Tell of the gifts of the precious stones.

Tell of the gifts of medicines, such as the medicinal barks and herbs. A most interesting story can be made about the discovery of the medicine, quinine.

These are but suggestions; many other gifts may be considered, and a lesson of intense interest prepared.

LESSON PREPARATION

Ask the children to name two gifts that God gave the children of Israel when they were on their journey through

the wilderness. Dwell for a few minutes upon the fact that these gifts are given to us, also, by God.

The water is not just from the faucet, or just from the pump as some little children think, but from the underground streams and springs, from the rain; and these are God-given.

Fruit and vegetables are not merely bought from the green-grocer's store or from the market, but grow in the ground; and growth depends upon the rain and sunshine which are sent by God.

Remind the children that there are many other gifts. How do we keep warm in winter time? (Coal.) Do you know where the coal comes from?

THE STORY OF COAL

Ages and ages ago our earth looked very different from the country we know to-day, and our cities with their houses and stores and busy streets.

Some parts of the earth were covered with great forests of trees, greater than any trees you or I ever saw. There were also ferns as tall as trees; and plants, plants, plants were everywhere.

God was working in that long, long-ago time; he had a plan for the people who are living to-day. After a while the tall trees and the ferns and the plants died. Water and earth were washed over them, and other plants grew on top. They died; water and earth were washed over them. Again other plants grew. The same thing happened over and over again.

These trees and ferns and plants were pressed down hard under the earth. With the heat and the weight, something very strange and wonderful happened. The trees and plants were turned to coal, the very coal that we are burning to-day!

People find this gift from God, away deep down in the earth.

In some parts of our country great holes are dug in the ground, and men called miners go down with shovels and picks and little lanterns fastened on their caps, so that they can see. They pick and pick and pick.

Mules are let down in the elevators in the holes to carry

the loads. Cars are loaded with the coal and sent all over the country.

And by and by your coal bin and mine are filled with coal to keep us warm in winter time.

ANOTHER STORY OF A GIFT FROM GOD

THE MEDICINE QUININE

Away up on the slope of the mountains in South America, in the country of Peru, deep in the forests where it is hard to climb and to travel, a certain kind of tree grows.

These trees were growing there when only the Indians lived in all America; they had been growing there no one knows how long except God, for it was he who planted them.

They were beautiful trees with evergreen leaves, and when blossom-time came, the air was sweet with the fragrance of their flowers, which looked something like the lilac blossoms which you like to gather in the spring. Year after year the trees grew and blossomed. No one knew that God had planted them for a wonderful purpose, and that by and by they would be of use to thousands of people in the world, and help in many cases of illness.

After a while the white men found America, the beautiful land which has become our home. But at first, as you know, America was the home of the Indian, and it was very hard for the white men to live in the wild country of forests and fierce animals and Indians who feared and hated strangers.

But even at that time when so few white men lived in either North or South America, there were good men who wanted to tell the story of God and of Jesus to the Indians.

There was a missionary who had been trying to tell this message. One summer he became miserably ill. He had the ague; sometimes he would have a chill and would shake with the cold, then he would burn with fever. Day after day and week after week he suffered. Each chill was longer than that which had come before, and each fever hotter, and at last it seemed as if he would die.

Now there was an Indian who had found out a wonderful secret about those trees that grew up on the mountains, away amongst the deep forests, the trees that had been planted by God.

This Indian had learned that they were medicine trees; their bark was good for fever and ague.

How he learned the secret I do not know, for the taste of the bark is bitter and unpleasant. Perhaps the Indian had begun to love the gentle stranger who had come with the message; perhaps the message had touched his heart, and perhaps it had made him kinder when he saw suffering.

At any rate he came to the poor sick man and gave him a drink of tea that was made of the bark of the wonderful medicine tree.

How bitter it was! But the sick man took it, and soon the fever and ague left him; strength came back, and in time he was well again.

Ever since that time doctors know what to do when they are called to see some one who is ill of the same disease from which the sick man was suffering.

It is the medicine called quinine. God gave the gift because of his loving-kindness.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“Oh give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.
Oh give thanks unto the God of gods;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever. . . .
Who giveth food to all flesh;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.”

—Psalm 136.

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.”—James 1:17.

“Bless Jehovah, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits.”—Psalm 103:2.

PRAYERS

Heavenly Father, we thank thee for all the gifts thou sendest us: gifts of food and drink; gifts of beauty; everything that makes this earth a wonderful home. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

SONGS

“Doxology.”

“All Things Beautiful and Fair,” from “The Primary and Junior Hymnal.”

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Have at hand a box of pictures that you have gathered. Let the pupils select pictures that represent the gifts about which they have been learning. Cut these out and mount them. Underneath the pictures let them copy the Memory Verse. Fasten the mounted pictures together in the form of a class booklet.

CHAPTER XXXVII
WEEK DAY SESSION

GOD'S BEST GIFT TO THE WORLD (MISSIONARY
LESSON)

John 10:11-15, 27-29

MEMORY VERSE

“God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son.”—John 3:16a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

It has been said that one of the most beautiful sights in the Orient is a flock of sheep on a fine, starlight night, out in the fields at pasture. It is the custom, we are told, for the shepherds to lead their flocks out near sundown. The sheep nibble the soft, green grass while the little lambs gambol about; the faithful shepherd dogs are in evidence, while the shepherd watches over all.

Ever since the time of Abel, sheep have meant a very great deal to the dwellers in Palestine: the useful animals furnish much of the clothing and food; from the earliest times they held an essential position in the religious ceremonies of Israel; they formed a large part of the wealth of the land.

Sheep are the meekest and most lovable of animals, and the shepherd became greatly attached to his flock. He knew them apart, and called them by name; he was able to control them with his voice.

The sheep knew their shepherd, too, and loved him and obeyed him. They would come when he called them. It is said that they have been known to obey his voice even when in the act of obtaining a coveted drink of water.

The life of a shepherd was lonely and sometimes full of peril. There were times when he must ward off and even

fight wild animals, such as the wolf and the bear. Robbers, too, often attacked the flock, so it was eminently important for the shepherd and his faithful dogs to be on the alert.

The winter season was cold and trying, and the shepherd sat huddled up in his heavy coat, sometimes when the ground was covered with snow, trying to keep awake, constantly watchful.

He carried a knife and a short, stout stick in his belt. He had also a long crook which he had probably made from a branch of an olive tree. It was curved at the end and was used to curb the sheep and lambs if they ran too far from the flock. He had a sling shot, and often a simple sort of musical instrument. David's word picture in the Twenty-third Psalm is a faithful portrait of the shepherd in his day, and during the time of Christ, as well as in modern times in Palestine.

Jesus loved this sight always to be seen out in the fields of Judea, and he told some of his most beautiful stories, and made some of his most striking similes, by means of his references to the shepherd and his sheep.

Use the Twenty-third Psalm with this lesson. Some of your pupils may know it. Teach as much of it as you can during this and several following lessons.

Have at hand some large pictures of sheep. Attractive pictures in colors may be found in some of the large-sized "first" books for very little children. Perhaps you may be able to make a simple sketch upon the blackboard.

Remember that some of your pupils may never have seen a sheep, and may not know the animal. If this should be the case your story will never reach home unless your preliminary explanations are thorough.

THE STORY

There were a great many sheep in the land where Jesus lived.

Sheep live on green grass and drink fresh, cool water. They wander over the hillside and through the meadows and valleys in search of grass and water.

But they never wander alone. That would not be safe, because they cannot take care of themselves. Little lambs and sheep are the gentlest animals that live.

In that far country where Jesus lived, a shepherd always goes with his sheep. He walks first and leads them. They follow.

The shepherd looks out for wild beasts that may be hiding in the bushes or behind rocks. He is ready to fight for his sheep, if need be.

He carries a big club in his belt. He has also a sharp knife and a sling shot with stones. He can shoot very straight with his sling shot.

Sometimes robbers hide in caves or in the dark shadows, ready to steal the sheep. These bad men are often wicked enough to kill the shepherd in order to steal the sheep.

But the shepherd is ready to risk his life for the sake of his sheep.

The shepherd loves his sheep. He knows every one of them. He calls them by name.

Sometimes he will call, "Ho, Black-foot!" and that little sheep will leave the flock and come hurrying to his side.

Sometimes he will call, "Come, Beauty!" and that little sheep will run to him.

Again he will call, "Mother sheep!" and a kind old mother sheep will leave all the others to go to her shepherd.

A sheep will stop its drinking to run when the shepherd calls.

They would not come if you called; they would not come if I should call. Even if you should put the shepherd's coat about you, the sheep would not come. They probably would run away quite frightened.

The shepherd leads his sheep to the greenest pastures he can find; he takes them to the coolest brooks and wells and springs.

When they bruise their tender little feet upon the stones or briars and they bleed, he pours oil in the hurt places and binds them up.

It is no wonder that the sheep love their shepherd, for he is kind and good and loves them very dearly.

Jesus often saw the sheep on the hillsides with their shepherds.

One day he said: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. . . .

I know mine own, and mine own know me, . . .

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; . . .

My Father, who hath given them unto me, is greater than all."

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Jesus meant that the people of the world are his sheep. He came to help them. He loves them.

He loved them so dearly that he was willing to lay down his life for them.

And one day he did give up his life for his sheep—his people.

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Give a missionary touch to this lesson by emphasizing the fact that Jesus includes all people, in every land in his flock and amongst his sheep. The following lesson story for Sunday will help to develop the thought a step further.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

SOME WORDS THAT JESUS SPOKE

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. . . .

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."—John 10:11, 27.

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"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psalm 23:1, 2.

Read all the Twenty-third Psalm, commenting upon it broadly.

SONGS

"Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us."

"Jesus, Tender Shepherd."

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, we thank thee for sending Jesus, thy Son to earth. He is our best Gift from thee. Help us to

follow him willingly and gladly, just as the willing sheep follow their shepherd. Amen.

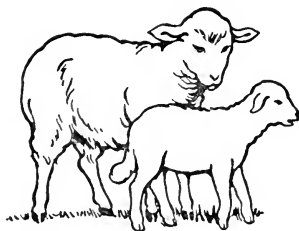
SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the first verse of the Blackboard Reading Lesson.

Give out typewritten portions of the Twenty-third Psalm to be learned at home and recited at the next school session. Some reward or recognition may be given for this work. We all like rewards; this is natural, and the teacher should not forget this phase of human nature.

Draw childlike pictures of a shepherd and sheep.

Set up a flock of sheep with the shepherd and dogs and all that you are able to represent of this side of Oriental life on the sand table.



SUNDAY SESSION

OTHER SHEEP

John 10:16; Isaiah 49:6b; 56:7, 8; John 21:15-17

MEMORY VERSE

“Feed my sheep.”—John 21:17d.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Throughout the Bible there are references showing the all-pervading character of God's love, and the universality of Christ's invitation. “My house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples,” we read in Isaiah; and “Come unto me, all” we remember that the invitation runs.

There is also the direct instruction given as to how the invitation is to be given. "Go ye into all the world."

These thoughts are elastic in their interpretation, and can be made understandable to even the very little folk, if we try.

Let us give them from time to time pictures of other children of other lands, who need both help and teaching.

The following story is adapted from a station letter from Chiangmai, Siam, American Presbyterian Mission.

THE STORY

It was nighttime, and the lamp was burning in Teng's home. It was a very tiny home; in fact it was just a hut in the old, far-away country of Siam; for Teng's mother was a widow, and very, very poor.

Just how it happened neither Teng nor his brother nor his mother ever could tell, for it was all over in a minute. There was a crash, then a flare of fire, and then a scream, oh, such a scream of pain!

The lamp had been overturned, and had fallen upon little Teng.

Mother beat out the flames; then she took her little boy in her arms. Oh, how he cried and moaned! The great, angry, red burn on his leg told the story.

If it had been only a little burn mother would have known what to do. But such a burn as that! Her heart turned sick and brother covered his bright, black eyes with his hands.

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned Teng all night long. Some of the time he talked so strangely that mother knew he did not know what he was saying.

She called the spirit doctors who lived in the town, and they tried to cure the sore. But it grew worse instead of better, and they hurt Teng so that he would scream whenever they came near him.

As the time passed, he sat day after day with his legs doubled up under him.

By and by he could not straighten out even the well leg. His heels touched his thighs. His burned leg was all one terrible sore.

He grew thinner and thinner until he was like a little skeleton.

One day a neighbor said to his mother, "I think I know some one who can help your boy."

Mother asked a great many questions. This neighbor had been going to the Christian school, and mother did not believe in the school or in the teachers.

"But my little Teng—if something can be done for him!" she thought.

"Let the doctor of the school come to visit him," coaxed the neighbor. "Let him come. He is a good doctor."

At last mother said he might come, and one day, when the doctor made a visit to the town, the good neighbor brought him to see Teng.

How kind he was! How sorry he was for the poor little sufferer! How gently, very gently, he touched the poor leg!

"He will have to go to my hospital. I can take care of him better there," said the doctor.

So they made a sort of hammock, and hung it over a long pole. Two men carried him.

For four months he stayed in the hospital, and every day the doctor and good nurses cared for him.

They poured soothing medicines upon the sore; they bound up the leg with soft bandages.

Slowly, gradually, the crooked leg began to straighten. Little by little the look of pain disappeared from Teng's face.

The nurse gave him such good things to eat! Never before had Teng had all he wanted to eat.

After a while the hollow places in his cheeks began to fill, and his body began to look a little less like a skeleton.

There was one time of the day that Teng liked as well as mealtime; that was story time—the time when the teacher told him stories from the book which she called the Bible.

One day Teng's mother came to see him. She expected to see a poor, little thin child sitting with his legs under him.

Instead, a little boy came running to meet her. He was a happy-faced, smiling boy; his bright, brown eyes had a merry twinkle.

"Why, why, is this my Teng?" cried his mother.

Teng laughed and threw his arms round her. Then she knew.

He showed her a book and how he was beginning to read; he told her about the Jesus' stories.

“My leg is almost well, mother,” and he showed the healing wound.

“I am going to school to learn about Jesus. The teacher has come here to tell us about him.”

Of course mother let him stay, and teacher made him some new clothes. She gave him a slate and a pencil and a book.

Teng went to school and learned more and more about Jesus. Now he believes in Jesus and loves him with his whole heart. He is one of the “other little sheep” that Jesus wanted to have gathered into his flock.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“Jesus saith . . . ‘Feed my sheep.’”—John 21:17.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.”—Mark 16:15.

“And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice.”

—John 10:16.

Continue work upon the Twenty-third Psalm.

SONGS

“I Think When I Read,” verses 1 and 5.

“There’s a Fold Both Safe and Happy,” from “The Primary and Junior Hymnal.”

PRAYER

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
 Bless thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be thou near me;
 Keep me safe till morning light.

—MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Earn a bit of money, or spare from an allowance enough to make a small contribution to help “other little sheep” such as Teng.

Mount several pictures for the scrapbook.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WEEK DAY SESSION

REVIEW: EXERCISES SHOWING SEVERAL GOOD GIFTS FROM GOD, OUR LOVING FATHER

MEMORY VERSE

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.”—James 1:17.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Write the Memory Verse upon the blackboard, and have it read understandingly by the children. Have it read with the emphasis put upon the word “every.”

Refer to the stories about gifts. Get from the pupils a good list of gifts from God, and write them as named upon the board.

Reemphasize the thought that we owe gratitude and thanks both for these everyday gifts and for the unusual gifts. Differentiate between these different kinds of gifts by some kind of mark. Let the children help in this distinctive indication.

Get a recitation of as many “thank-you” and “praise” verses from the Bible as the children can remember.

Let the children dramatize in the most simple manner possible the stories connected with several of the “good gifts from God.”

One or two of these stories might be given by several of the children, mostly in the form of pantomime, and guessed by the remainder of the class who are the onlookers.

The following are suggestions, and may be modified by additions as the class teacher desires.

THE GIFT OF COAL

Let several boys act out in pantomime a group of miners

working with pickaxes down in the coal mines, loading trains and elevators and looking upward as if through a deep shaft.

THE GIFT OF A LOAF OF BREAD

Write upon the blackboard Maltbie D. Babcock's poem:
 "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread":

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
 And back of the flour the mill;
 And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
 And the sun, and the Father's will.

Let several children go through the form of sowing wheat in the old-fashioned way as was done in Palestine.

SONG: "Wind, Sun, and Rain," from "Carols."

"Blessings on Effort," from "Song Stories for the Sunday School."

Include in the review the thought that God intends that his good gifts be shared. Remind the children of "the other sheep" and give a missionary touch by means of a little dramatization of the story of Teng.

TENG

One corner of the room may be used to represent the widow's hut in Siam. Teng sits in a corner with his legs under him, very quiet and limp. The mother works about the house. Another boy, Teng's brother, is polishing a bowl. Neighbors pass by and stop near the door.

MOTHER: "Is the pain any better, Teng, my little one? No, it is not! The spirit doctor did it no good! The sore is worse than yesterday. Oh, what shall I do!" (She sits beside him, and looks at Teng's leg. A neighbor passes by and stops at the door.)

NEIGHBOR: "What is the matter? Is your boy sick?"

MOTHER: "Oh, neighbor, yes! Yes! The lamp fell down. He does not know how it happened. I did not see! It has burned his leg! He cried all night. He can eat no rice."

NEIGHBOR: "Send for the spirit doctor."

MOTHER (distractedly): "I did; but he did no good. He hurt Teng's leg! The sore is worse."

ANOTHER NEIGHBOR: "Have you asked the help of Buddha, our god?"

MOTHER: "I have asked Buddha. My boy Paulo has gathered all the guavas in the garden. He took them as a gift to Buddha. It is all I had to give; but Teng is no better. He cannot walk. He cannot straighten his leg. He can eat no rice."

ANOTHER NEIGHBOR: "I think I know some one who can cure your little Teng."

MOTHER: "Who?"

NEIGHBOR: "The doctor at the Christian school."

THE OTHER NEIGHBOR: (in chorus): "No! No! He cannot do anything! What can he do more than our own spirit doctors! No! No!"

MOTHER: "I am afraid to displease Buddha. Oh, what shall we do?"

NEIGHBOR: "But try. He is a good doctor. I have seen some of the things that he does."

(After more persuasion the mother yields. Teng is carried to the school and the door is closed. The pianist plays "I Think When I Read," and another appropriate song with which the class is familiar. Then Teng's mother rises.)

MOTHER: "I am going to the Christian school to see my little Teng. I can wait no longer. I must see him. Perhaps they have hurt him. I dreamed about him last night."

(Goes to the door and knocks. It is opened by Teng himself who walks with a limp but has a smile of welcome.)

MOTHER: "Why! Why! Is this my little Teng? But Teng was lame and sick and thin. This boy is not thin, and his face is smiling. He can walk! No, this cannot be Teng!"

TENG: "Yes, it is Teng, mother! My leg is almost well. The doctor is very kind to me! I love the doctor; I love the teachers. See my new coat! See my book! I am learning to read, and I can write my name. See! (Writes.) "The doctor said that God sent him here to help me and to help all little children of Siam. I want to stay. Will you let me stay?"

(Piano plays softly accompaniment, "I Think When I Read.")

MOTHER: "Yes, Teng. And brother Paulo may go to the school, too."

SONG BY THE CLASS: "I Think When I Read."

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

DOXOLOGY.

REPETITION OF TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Each child may collect during the week one or more pictures which suggest God's good gifts. These may be filed away for future mounting in the scrapbook.

A small gift of fruit, collected and sent to some little child who is sick or ill, perhaps in a hospital.

SUNDAY SESSION

STORIES RETOLD

Psalm 86:12, 13a; Proverbs 20:11a

MEMORY VERSE

"I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart."—Psalm 86:12a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Two lessons are devoted to a review of the stories used to develop this theme. Remember, however, that the stories are the means to an end, and that what we wish to impress primarily is the theme, "God's Loving-Kindness."

A review need not be an uninteresting lesson, incapable of engaging attention or exciting the feelings and emotions. Little devices may be used to arouse the children's desire to excel in the actual retelling of the stories.

Perhaps, however, one of the most successful ways to conduct a review is through the use of the dramatic. This, as has been stated previously, may be exceedingly impromptu, and worked out in the class; or it may be a bit more elaborate according to the time allowed, or to what you consider the best need of your particular class.

The children are always eager to participate in this kind of exercise. A teacher of a little class of Italians gathered from among the workers in a canning factory had told the story of "The Good Samaritan," and wished to review it by arranging an impromptu dramatization.

"Who would like to be the traveler?" she asked, and a forest of hands went up.

"And who would like to be the Levite?" again she asked. Again up flew the hands.

"Who will take the part of the Good Samaritan?"

Again the same response.

But before she could get in another question Tony raised his hand in desperation, and his eager face showed that he had something which he just must ask.

"Well, Tony?"

"Teacher, can I be the robber?"

Teacher was ready with an answer, "But don't you think, Tony, it would be just as well to begin where the robber left off?" And Tony's admiration for teacher and all that she did or said or thought, led him to say, at least, that he agreed.

DRAMATIC REVIEW OF WEEK DAY LESSON, CHAPTER XXXVI: GOD, THE FATHER, AND HIS GIFTS

REMARKS: All the children may participate. Each may carry a bundle of some sort, and march around the room to a simple tune with which they are familiar, played softly on the piano. The chief characters will be Moses and the little family composed of father, mother, three children, David, Ruth, and Samuel. A coat wrapped up to look like a baby and carried by the child impersonating the mother may represent the baby Joseph. The pianist may adjust the music to fit the action, and in a measure should lead the children.

LONG PROCESSION MARCHING:

MOSES (Turns and holds up hand, music ceases): "Halt, my people! The sun is high in the heavens. The sand is hot to the feet. You and your little ones are tired. We are quite safe. Pharaoh and his hosts cannot overtake us now. We have crossed the Red Sea. Our God has been kind to us. Let us sit down under these palm trees. You are hungry. Eat from your lunches. Drink a bit from your water bags. See! (pointing to the sky) The cloud is resting!"

(The people sit down in companies, and go through the motions of eating, drinking, and resting. In a short time a signal is given from the piano. Moses steps forward.)

MOSES: "The cloud is moving, my people. It is time for us to be on our journey again. Arise!" (Marching order again. After a few minutes the music lags, and the marchers move slowly and wearily. The three children show special weariness.)

DAVID (crying to his mother): "Where is the water bag, mother? I am thirsty."

MOTHER: "Do not drink very much, dear; only a few swallows."

DAVID: "But I am very thirsty, mother; very, very thirsty."

RUTH: "And I am very thirsty, mother; very, very thirsty."

SAMUEL (a very small boy who lisps): "And I'se vewy thirsty."

MOTHER: "Yes, my children, you are thirsty; but we will drink just enough, and leave the rest for another time. There, that is all, Samuel, my little one."

(Children run on again, but soon return for another drink.)

DAVID: "May we have another drink, mother?"

MOTHER: "Only two swallows, dears. No, David, that is enough! Sister Ruth must have her share."

MOTHER: "Father, the last drop of water is gone! What shall we do? The children are crying for water!"

FATHER: "Yes, even the flocks are suffering; their tongues hang from their mouths! What shall we do?"

MOTHER (looking into the lunch basket): "And the food is almost gone! Our children will starve, or else they will die of thirst."

(Mother cries and father begins to scold. Several of the travelers surround Moses and begin to upbraid him.)

A TRAVELER: "We might better have stayed in Egypt!"

FATHER: "My David and my little Ruth and Samuel and the baby, all will die!"

AN OLD MAN: "We had plenty of bread and meat in Egypt!"

A WOMAN: "There were vegetables and fruits, too."

A MAN: "And onions and leeks."

A WOMAN: "And the juicy melons! Oh, the sweet, juicy melons!"

A YOUNG GIRL: "And there was water. Oh, there was water!"

EVERYBODY: "Water! Water! Water!"

MOSES: "My people, let us go forward. You will not die of hunger and thirst! God has brought us here. God is good; he is kind! He will take care of us. He will provide both food and drink. I have asked, and he has answered. Come, the cloud is moving, let us go forward where it leads!"

(The travelers move forward. Some one raises his hands to his eyes, and looks far to the distance.)

TRAVELER: "What is that that I see? Look! Over there!"

ANOTHER TRAVELER: "I, too, see something."

ANOTHER: "It is green! Trees!"

ANOTHER: "There is water where there are trees!"

ALL: "Water, water!"

MOSES: "Onward! This is the place to which the Lord hath led us."

ALL: "Water! There are wells!"

ANOTHER: "There are dates! There is food and drink!"

(The procession moves forward to a place chosen to represent an oasis.)

MOSES: "Give drink to your little ones. Do not crowd. There is enough for all. Not even a little lamb needs to go thirsty. Drink and eat. Then set up your tents and rest."

ALL SING: The Doxology.

(Memory Verse in concert.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Mounting of pictures in the scrapbook. (If time permits.)

PLEASING GOD BY RIGHT-DOING

CHAPTER XXXIX
WEEK DAY SESSION
JOSEPH OBEYING HIS FATHER

Genesis 7:1-4, 12-17

MEMORY VERSE

“Honor thy father and thy mother.”—Exodus 20:12a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Obedience toward parents is a lesson that every little child should learn; and every story that helps him to appreciate his duty toward his father and mother is of great educational value.

Obedience was one of the fundamental laws of God. From the first God required it from Adam, and Adam failed.

Jesus was the only Example of perfect obedience to his Father.

“Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother (which is the first commandment with promise), that it may be well with thee.” So the Apostle Paul admonishes, and we are constantly assured that obedience yields its fruit; many promises are given.

Joseph was a superlative example of a boy who showed love and obedience, and the story for to-day is based upon the account of his willing and cheerful readiness to carry his father's gift and message to his brothers, who were taking care of the sheep in the distant fields of Shechem.

THE GEOGRAPHY

Hebron was the place where Isaac and Jacob lived. Abraham dwelt for a time near the vicinity, in his tent, which was pitched under the oak or “terebinth” trees. It is about nineteen or twenty miles south of Jerusalem.

Shechem was among the hills of Ephraim, fifty miles

north of Hebron. It was a very fertile region, and there were plenty of springs, thus making it a desirable pasture ground for the flocks of sheep.

Dothan was fifteen miles farther on toward the north. It was on a caravan route.

TO BEGIN THE LESSON

What two people do boys and girls love most in all the world? What is a good way to show that you love your father and your mother? By minding; by being obedient.

(Read or recite in effective manner the poem by James Whitcomb Riley), entitled "A Boy's Mother."

THE STORY

A long time ago in the land called Hebron, there lived a boy whose name was Joseph.

Joseph did not have a mother; she was dead; but he had a father whom he loved very dearly.

His father loved him, too, and was very good to him. He had loved Joseph's mother dearly, and now when he looked at Joseph, the boy reminded him of her.

It was a large family, and they lived in tents. There were ten brothers older than Joseph, and one little brother younger.

The little brother's name was Benjamin, and he and Joseph had many happy times together.

There was another member of the family, too; the old grandfather, Isaac. He was almost blind now, and Joseph and Benjamin would sometimes have to lead him when he walked.

The gentle old grandfather could tell them wonderful stories about the long-ago times when his father first came to the home under the oak trees where they now lived.

Joseph's father was a rich man. He had so many sheep out in the meadows and on the hillsides that a boy could not count them. It took a number of men to care for them.

This was what the big brothers did.

Sometimes they had to lead the sheep many miles to pasture because they ate so much grass.

When they were sheared, the father, Jacob, had great piles

of fleecy wool. Some of this he had woven into beautiful, soft rugs. Sometimes the wool was dyed into wonderful colors which made the rugs more beautiful.

Some of the wool was woven into clothing.

One day Joseph's father gave him a gift. It was a handsome coat woven of the fleecy wool that had come from the backs of some of the sheep.

The threads of wool had been dyed beautiful colors, and the coat had sleeves.

In those days most of the coats that boys wore had no sleeves. This soft, warm coat with sleeves was the finest Joseph ever had had. It came down almost to his feet.

He was very grateful to his father for the gift, and wanted to do something to please him.

Now the ten big brothers were jealous because the father had given their young brother the beautiful coat; they were envious and cross. They talked about Joseph when he was not around, and they said spiteful things to him when he came near them.

One day Joseph's father said to him: "Come here, my boy. I wish you to go on an errand for me. Your brothers have had to go a long distance with the sheep. They have gone to Shechem, fifty miles away. I want you to see whether they are well."

This was a pretty hard thing for Joseph to do. But he thought of his father's love, he looked at the beautiful coat. "I am glad to do anything to please my father," he thought. "Of course I will go on this errand."

Then he said cheerfully, "Here I am, father; I'll go."

Soon the boy was trudging away over the hills toward Shechem. By and by he reached the place; but not one of his brothers could he see.

As he was wandering about the fields, wondering what to do, a stranger asked, "For whom are you looking?"

"I am looking for my brothers. They are shepherds, and my father has sent me to learn if all is well with them."

Joseph described his ten brothers, then he asked, "Can you tell me where they are?"

"Yes, I have seen the ten men," answered the stranger. "I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'"

Dothan was fifteen miles farther away, so Joseph's errand

for his father was not yet finished. He left Shechem, and kept on until, far away, he spied his brothers. He never stopped till he had done all that his father had asked him to do.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A READING LESSON FROM THE BLACKBOARD

“ My son, keep the commandment of thy father,
And forsake not the law of thy mother.”
—Proverbs 6:20.

“ A wise son maketh a glad father ;
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.”
—Proverbs 10:1.

“ My son, if thy heart be wise,
My heart will be glad, even mine :
Yea, my heart will rejoice,
When thy lips speak right things.”—Proverbs 23:15, 16.

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, help us to live each day in a way well pleasing to thee. Help us to be obedient; to do right and kind things; and to think right thoughts. Amen.

SONG

“ Prayer Response.” from “ Carols,” page 7.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Mount pictures in the scrapbook.

Begin weaving small rugs on looms. (For directions see page 396.)

Do one especially fine thing for father and one for mother during the week.

SUNDAY SESSION**“ IF THERE BE WITH THEE A POOR MAN ”**

Proverbs 14:21 ; Deuteronomy 15:7-11 ; Matthew 25:35-45

MEMORY VERSE

“ Be ye kind one to another.”—Ephesians 4:32.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

There was once a man in the very early days of human life on the earth who asked his Maker the question: “ Am I my brother's keeper? ”

Many pages of the Bible and many incidents of varied nature are given to answer this question; and so conclusive is the answer that there can remain no doubt that God holds every man responsible to help his fellow man in every way that he is able. God is pleased when we behave rightly toward our neighbor and is grieved when we neglect or wrong him.

Great stress is laid upon our behavior toward the poor. “ Ye have the poor always with you; ” it was so when the laws of God were first given to man, and it is so to-day. One of the interesting rules in those early days was concerning the reaping of the harvest field. The land was not to be combed too closely; a certain portion was to remain for the poor, who followed after to glean.

The poor were to be helped and comforted and taken care of. They were to be clothed and fed; they were not to be pressed for debt; they were not to be neglected in any way.

God showed again and again that it was right and pleasing in his sight that these, “ his poor, ” should be helped, and that when he asked, “ Where is thy brother? ” we have no right to reply, “ Am I my brother's keeper? ”

Try to develop this thought through the following short story, bringing out with the story the real personal joy that comes with right-doing toward our neighbor who, it may be, is poorer than ourselves.

Supplement with a careful reading from the blackboard of the verses suggested for the devotional service.

THE STORY

There was to be a lunch in the pavilion, and perhaps ice cream; there was a merry-go-round and there was a sand pile; there was a menagerie with all kinds of animals—cunning little rabbits and white mice, and big animals, too—queer, humped camels and bears and lions and elephants; perhaps you could feed the monkeys if you could spare some of your good things.

Tommy had the ticket to go to all this splendor, a pink ticket for the picnic! His Sunday-school teacher had given it to him a week ago, and it was in his safest pocket with the ten cents mother had been able to spare from her hard-earned money from the washing and ironing. He fingered them both lovingly as he came home from school.

Wednesday—Thursday—Friday—and then Saturday, the great day would be here! What made him see little lame Dick just at that minute? And what made Dick look so very pale and wan? What made his home look so especially dirty and tumble-down, and what made Tommy remember that Dick's father was out of work, and what made him think of the time Dick had told him how he hated the crowded city and how homesick he was for the village home that they had left when his father had tried to get work in the city?

Tommy closed his eyes and stopped up his ears and ran round the corner, but still he kept thinking of all these things.

"Well, we're poor, too; and the ticket's mine," he said out loud.

Then some one seemed to say, "But there are only you and mother, and mother has a little money, and the home belongs to her; and sometimes she can take you on a picnic." Oh, that still, small voice whispered a great many other things.

It took Tommy a whole day to thrash it all out, but when it was decided, there was the sweetest look of love in his brown eyes.

"Dick is poorer than we are; and I went last year; and he never goes anywhere; can't run and play; can't even walk without his crutch. Yes, this ticket's Dick's."

He took the pink ticket from his pocket and spelled the words to himself. Then he began whistling the gayest tune

he knew as he drew near the old doorstep where Dick was sitting with his crutch near his side.

"Here, Dick, you can go 'stead of me. It's the picnic ticket," and he tossed the card into Dick's lap. "There's to be a lunch, and perhaps ice cream, and a merry-go-round and lots and lots of animals. Get some peanuts to feed the elephant," and he put the ten-cent piece into Dick's thin hand.

Dick's face was so happy that Tommy had the queerest feeling come into his throat.

When the picnic day came, and mother was away, and there was no school because it was Saturday, Tommy had to whistle quite often to keep from thinking of the ice cream and the elephant, but he didn't cry, not once.

Tommy's Sunday-school teacher was at the picnic, and in some way he learned all about the pink ticket. The very next week he went to visit at Tommy's house.

"You have made three people happy, Tommy boy. Dick had the best day of his life; my day was happy; and I think I know how you have felt. And better than all, Tommy, the heavenly Father was made glad because he saw one of his children showing love and kindness toward another who was poor and helpless."

Just as teacher rose to go he said: "By the way, Tommy, I am going fishing next Saturday. My boat has just been painted and I have two fishlines and a big lunch basket. Will you go with me? Yes? Well, then, bright and early Saturday morning!"

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

"He that hath pity on the poor, happy is he."

—Proverbs 14:21b.

"If there be with thee a poor man, . . . thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother."

—Deuteronomy 15:7.

(Note: Explain that the following were words that Jesus spoke.)

"For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in;

naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. . . .

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."—Matthew 25:35, 36, 40.

SONG

"Give, Said the Little Stream," from "The Primary and Junior Hymnal."

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, help us to remember always that our good gifts come from thee. Help us to be generous with these gifts. Help us especially to be glad to share with those who are needy and less fortunate than we ourselves.

(Conclude with The Lord's Prayer.)

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Copy the first verse of "A Song of Busy-Being."

Mount pictures in the scrapbook.

Do one special kind thing this week for some one poorer than yourself.

A SONG OF BUSY-BEING

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

—REBECCA B. FORESMAN, in *The Continent*.

CHAPTER XL
WEEK DAY SESSION
JOSEPH'S UNKIND BROTHERS

Genesis 37:5-11, 18-36

MEMORY VERSE

“We should love one another.”—I John 3:11b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

This lesson is a continuation of the story of Joseph as begun in the Week Day Session, Chapter XXXIX. Review this lesson by a number of questions so arranged that they give the story:

Several days ago we heard a story about a boy whose father gave him a very beautiful gift.

What was the name of the boy?

What was the gift that his father gave him?

Who can describe this coat?

How many brothers did Joseph have?

What was the name of Joseph's little brother?

What did the older brothers think about the coat?

What was Joseph's father's business?

Who took care of his sheep?

What did he ask Joseph to do one day?

What did Joseph do?

A bit of Primary geography will be necessary with this lesson. Picture as clearly as you can what a desert is like, and why it is barren.

Tell something about the caravans that travel over the desert; how the merchantmen travel with camels, and why they use this animal. Tell what they carry in their packs, naming such things as spices, olives, dates, and rugs. Sometimes they had slaves and sold them to the wealthy of the land.

Make your positive conclusion by means of the contrast. Bring out the contrast as expressed in the words of John, which are chosen for the Memory Verse.

THE STORY

When Joseph went to bed at night, he would take one of the soft rugs that had been woven from the wool of the sheep in his father's flock, unroll it, and put it down in one corner of the tent. It made a fine, comfortable bed, and soon he would be fast asleep and dreaming.

Dreaming! One night before he went on that errand for his father, he had such a strange dream that he remembered it in the morning.

"I dreamed a strange dream last night," he said to his brothers. "I'll tell it to you. I thought we were binding sheaves in the field. Presently my sheaf arose and stood upright. Your sheaves came round and bowed down to my sheaf."

Ten angry-looking big brothers began to scold at Joseph.

"You think you will reign over us, do you?" said one brother.

"Well, we'll see about that!" exclaimed another.

"Reign over us, indeed!" and one after another had something unkind to say.

They disliked him more than ever.

But it was not long afterwards that one morning when Joseph rose and rolled up his rug for the day, he went to his brothers and said, "I had another dream last night."

The brothers gathered round him.

"I thought the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowed down to me."

If the brothers were angry before, they were much angrier now; they hated Joseph. They talked about him together while they were out in the fields with their father's sheep.

They had been saying very unkind things about him the day his father sent him on the errand. Indeed they had seen him looking this way and that as he wandered over the fields.

"Here comes this dreamer!" said one brother. They felt so ugly and angry that they were ready to hurt Joseph. They began to plan to hurt him.

“Let us kill him and throw his body into one of these pits,” said one brother. “We can then go home and say that some wild beast ate him. Then what will come of his dreams? We may have a bit of peace!”

Reuben, the oldest brother, seems to have had a kinder heart than the others, for he said, “No, we must not kill him,” and he took Joseph away from them. “We must not kill our brother. Throw him into this pit in the desert.” Reuben intended to come back and get the boy, and take him home to his father.

Then those jealous brothers tore the beautiful coat from Joseph’s back; they threw him roughly into the pit which was dark, but fortunately had no water in it. The hard-hearted brothers then sat down and ate their dinner.

Presently, in the far distance, they saw something moving toward them; they found that it was a procession of Ishmaelites, desert travelers, who were on their way to Egypt to sell their wares. They rode on camels, and in the packs on the great animals’ backs were spices and balm and myrrh, which they were carrying to Egypt.

“Here is our chance to get rid of the dreamer,” thought Judah, one of the brothers. “We should not kill our brother,” he said. “Here’s a better plan. Let’s sell him to these traders. We must not kill him.”

The others agreed to the plan, all but Reuben, who was not with them just at that time.

The merchantmen drew near. The brothers pulled Joseph from the pit.

“Would you like to buy a slave boy?” they asked.

The men looked at Joseph: he was good-looking; he was straight and well formed. They would sell him to some rich man; he would bring a good price.

“Yes, we will take him. How much?”

Then they bargained, and at last the merchantmen opened their moneybags, and, taking out twenty pieces of silver, gave them to the brothers and led Joseph away.

By and by Reuben came back, and went to the pit. Joseph was gone! “The child is not there! What shall I do? What shall I do?” he cried, and he thought of his poor, old father.

The brothers then killed a kid and dipped Joseph’s coat in

its blood. They took it home with them and showed it to their father.

“We have found this coat,” they said. “Do you know it? Is it your son’s coat?”

The poor father took it in his trembling hands. “It is Joseph’s coat!” he gasped. “It is my Joseph’s coat! He never will come back to me! Some animal has killed him—has torn him to pieces!”

Then he cried aloud, and, try as they might, his sons could not comfort him. “I shall die of my sorrow!” he cried.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“Am I my brother’s keeper?”—Genesis 4:9.

“We should love one another.”—I John 3:11b.

“This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.”—John 15:12.

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity!”

—P’salm 133:1.

SONG

“Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day,” from “The Primary and Junior Hymnal.”

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, help us always to be kind and loving. Help us to drive jealous and angry feelings out of our hearts when they do come there. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Cut out camels and arrange as a caravan.

Try to do one special kind act to each member of the family this week.

SUNDAY SESSION**BEAUTIFUL HANDS**

Proverbs 20:11, 12; 21:3; James 2:15, 16; I John 3:17, 18

MEMORY VERSE

“Even a child maketh himself known by his doings.”
—Proverbs 20:11.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Let it be our aim in teaching every lesson grouped under this theme to influence the children toward a real desire and determination to do right because such conduct will please our heavenly Father.

All through the Bible are pictures of the righteous and of those who made a right choice between two possible courses of action for the sake of pleasing God.

Let these stories be accompanied by others of the every-day life of to-day, stories with a strong appeal to children, in order to make our theme a very vital part of their own lives.

If those who teach these lessons will give an earnest thought to the great, wide meaning of the theme, they will appreciate what tremendous odds oppose “pleasing God by right-doing” in the world to-day; yet again they will realize our tremendous opportunity. Sometimes it seems as if the evil finds it an easy matter to overleap restraint. Surely one way to help in the critical situation is to begin with the children and show through proper instruction that the only happy way of life is the way set down by God in his Book of instructions to his children.

Two stories are suggested for your help to-day. One the poem “Abou Ben Adhem,” by Leigh Hunt. It is printed in full that the teacher may have it at hand. This may be interpreted for the children in the form of a short prose story; or perhaps it may be read.

The second story is an adaptation of the old fairy tale, which many of the children have heard at home or at school, with the emphasis laid upon the part of the story which illumines our theme.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

TO BEGIN THE LESSON

Review the story of "Joseph's Unkind Brothers." Bring out the fact that the brothers were envious and jealous. These two sins prompted their unkindness and led on to other evil.

Draw attention to the fact that it was a sort of unhappy story, a story that left a sad feeling.

We have a story to-day about choosing right things to do: taking the opportunity of doing kind things for others, and not taking the opportunity. Which way is best?

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

One summer day some girls were playing and talking together beside a brook.

The little brook sang gayly as it slipped along over the pebbles, the sun shone down on the water, and ferns and wild flowers grew along the edge. It was a very pleasant place to play.

Presently one of the girls dipped her hands down into the brook. She caught up the water, and the drops sparkled like diamonds as they fell through her fingers.

"See what beautiful hands I have!" she exclaimed. "The water looks like precious jewels upon them. Look!" and she held up her hands for the others to admire.

They were soft and white, for she never had done anything but wash them in clear water, and take care of them. It seemed as if no hands could be more lovely than these.

There was a strawberry patch just beyond the brook, and one of the other girls ran over to it. She gathered a handful of the ripe berries, and crushed them with her fingers.

The juice trickled through her hands, and stained them till they were the color of a dainty rose.

"See what beautiful hands I have!" she cried, as she held them up for the others to see.

They were very soft and beautiful, for she never had done anything much but to take care of them. Could any hands be more lovely than these?

On a bank near by, the ground was sweet with violets. One of the girls gathered a bunch and crushed them in her hands, until her fingers were fragrant with the delicate perfume.

"See what beautiful hands I have!" she said to the others. "They are as sweet as the violets!"

They were beautiful hands, soft and sweet, for she had come to the violet bank every morning and gathered a bunch to perfume her fingers. Could any hands be more lovely than these?

There was another little girl, but she did not show her hands. Indeed she rolled them up in her apron and did not say a word.

Just then an old woman came along the road; she stopped beside the brook.

Each girl began to talk to the stranger.

"Don't you think my hands the most beautiful in the world?" asked the first girl. "See! The water sparkles like diamonds!" and she splashed them in the water.

"But mine are still more beautiful! Look!" said the second.

"But mine are as soft and sweet as the violets," said the third.

The old woman shook her head as each showed her hands.

“Let me see yours, my dear,” she said to the girl who sat quietly with her hands in her lap.

She raised them timidly. They were rough and quite hard. The girl’s face flushed, and she dropped her eyes.

The old woman took the hands in her own.

“Ah, these are the most beautiful hands!” she exclaimed. “They are hard because she helped her mother to wash the dishes, and sweep the floor, and tend her baby sister. See, here is the finger that was pricked with the needle when she helped her mother to mend the clothes. And here is the cut that was made when she peeled the fruit. And here is the burn which she got when she was cooking her father’s supper on the stove. These hands have carried food to the poor and lifted burdens that were heavy. Truly, these are the most beautiful hands!”

The old woman put her hand in her pocket and drew out a most beautiful ring; it sparkled with diamonds more sparkling than the water drops; it glittered with rubies redder than the strawberries; it contained sapphires bluer than the violets. The beautiful hands reached out to grasp it.

But the old woman lifted up the toil-worn hands.

“The prize is yours, dear child. You deserve the prize for the most beautiful hands. It belongs to the hands that have chosen to do for others.”

And the old woman disappeared, and the girls were left alone.

AFTER THE STORY

This is only a make-believe story, but who remembers a real story in the Bible about a boy or a girl or a man or a woman who did a right thing to please God who has done so much for all of us? (Get several examples.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“Even a child maketh himself known by his doings,
Whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.
The hearing ear, and the seeing eye,
Jehovah hath made even both of them.”

—Proverbs 20:11, 12.

• If a brother or sister be naked and in lack of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled; and yet ye give them not the things needful to the body; What doth it profit?"—James 2:15, 16.

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, help us to do unto others as we should like them to do unto us. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Try to do three special kind acts with your hands this week.

CHAPTER XLI
WEEK DAY SESSION

JOSEPH IN THE FAR COUNTRY OF EGYPT

Genesis, chapters 39, 40

MEMORY VERSE

“Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart.”—Proverbs 3:5a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Ancient Egypt was a small country with a great history. In position it was quite isolated by natural barriers from the rest of the world.

The fertile portion, the valley of the Nile, stretched like a green ribbon through the gray, barren regions on either side. On the western side a monotonous desert extended for countless miles of level sand, relieved by very few oases, widely separated from one another, mere specks in the desert.

The country on the east is different in character; for here great mountains of crystalline rock rise to immense heights.

Beyond the delta of the Nile are the waters of the Mediterranean, while in the opposite direction, the south, the First Cataract forms a natural barrier.

Here in this comparatively small area was located the country which had such a career of conquest and dominion, and whose civilization was a marvel to the world.

Egypt became a haven to the Hebrew race through Joseph, Jacob's son. After being sold as a slave boy to Potiphar, he soon proved his superior ability and rose step by step in the estimation of his master, and afterwards in the political life of the country.

The remarkable account of this providence is the story we tell to the children to-day.

It was a far step from the condition of the wronged, frightened, slave boy sold by his brothers to the merchantmen

of the caravan to the well-poised assistant of the Pharaoh of Egypt. The children are shown that throughout his wonderful success, Joseph never failed to embrace every opportunity to do the things that he knew would be well pleasing to God, from the teachings he had received from his father, Jacob, and his old grandfather, Isaac, away back in his homeland in Canaan.

Hieroglyphic pictures of the home life and occupations in Egypt will interest the children and are easily obtainable from books on Egypt.

TO BEGIN THE LESSON

Before the lesson make a blackboard decoration in the form of a caravan of camels made by lightly pasting some of the pupils' best cuttings of camels.

Talk for a few moments about caravans and what the merchantmen carried in their packs.

Remind the children that we talked about a caravan last week. It was passing along a road when Joseph's brothers were taking care of their father's sheep.

Review the facts of the story: about the dreams, the coat, the jealousy of the brothers. Where was Joseph? In a pit where his brothers had put him. Then they sold their young brother to these men who were going to Egypt, a far-away country.

THE STORY

The merchantmen took out their moneybags and counted out the money. One, two, three—they counted until they had twenty pieces of silver.

They gave these to the brothers. Then they told Joseph to come with them. He would not see his father that night. He did not know where he was going, he did not even have his beautiful new coat to take along with him.

The camels and the men and Joseph jogged on. They traveled for a great many miles.

Joseph was tired and homesick. The stars were very bright in the desert sky, and as Joseph lay there at night, he would wonder about his father; he longed to be home again. He asked God to take care of him.

After a while the caravan left the desert. They came to the land of Egypt. There were cities with big buildings, and streets, and people passing to and fro.

They took Joseph to a market place. They put him where passers-by could see him easily; then they offered him for sale.

Many people looked at the fine-looking young boy. He was good to look at even though he was tired and frightened and homesick.

Presently a rich man named Potiphar came by. He looked at Joseph very carefully.

"I'll buy the boy," he said. Then he gave the merchantmen their money and took Joseph to his home to be his slave.

Joseph proved to be a good slave, and soon he was the favorite servant in the household. Potiphar was very kind to him.

But Potiphar's wife told an untruth about him to his master. Potiphar became very angry, and poor Joseph was put in prison.

However, even in prison, Joseph tried to do the things that he knew would be well pleasing in the sight of God. He was so trustworthy that the prison keeper made him his chief helper.

He was kind to the other prisoners. Two of the prisoners, the king's chief butler and the king's chief baker, each had a strange dream.

Joseph told them what the dreams meant, for God helped him to know the meaning.

(The dreams and their interpretations are given in Genesis, chapter 40.)

Now, two years afterwards Pharaoh, the king, had a strange dream. He was greatly troubled; he wondered what the dream could mean. He called for all the magicians and wise men of Egypt, but none could explain.

Then the chief butler came to Pharaoh and said: "O Pharaoh, I know a man who can interpret the dream. The chief baker and I were in prison because thou wast angry with thy servants. We both dreamed dreams and were troubled. There was a young man there, a Hebrew, servant of the captain of the guard. He told us the meaning of our

dreams, and what he said came true. I was brought back to serve thee, and the chief baker was hanged."

"Send for the man!" commanded Pharaoh.

They went to the dungeon and told Joseph that Pharaoh wished to see him.

Joseph put on clean clothes and came into the presence of Pharaoh. He bowed before him.

"I have dreamed a dream and no one can tell the meaning," said Pharaoh. "I have heard it said that thou canst interpret it."

"It is not in me," answered Joseph. "God shall give Pharaoh an answer."

Then the king and all his attendants looked eagerly into the face of the young man who began to explain the meaning of the strange dream. (Tell the children that they will hear the rest of the story when they come next time. It will be well to hold over interest in this way as there are many incidents in this fine short story, and all given at one session will prove a bit long for the Primary class. Arranging the account in this way will make it possible to provide a short review of the story of Joseph as you make connection.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

"My son, forget not my law;
 But let thy heart keep my commandments: . . .
 Let not kindness and truth forsake thee:
 Bind them about thy neck;
 Write them upon the tablet of thy heart: . . .
 Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart, . . .
 In all thy ways acknowledge him,
 And he will direct thy paths."

—Selected from Proverbs 3:1-6.

SONG

A praise song that is familiar to the pupils.

PRAYERS

Heavenly Father, when we are in trouble, help us to remember to ask thee for help. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Impromptu dramatization of incidents in the story of Joseph.

Work upon the rug-weaving.

SUNDAY SESSION

JOSEPH'S KINDNESS TO HIS BROTHERS

Genesis 41:1 to 45:15

MEMORY VERSE

“Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other.”—Ephesians 4:32a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Review the geographical position of Egypt in so far as you were able to give any information to your particular class.

Review the story of Joseph up to the point at which you stopped at the last lesson.

Make a review of the different ways in which Joseph pleased God by his right-living.

Continue the story as follows:

THE STORY

Two full years passed on, and Joseph was still in prison. Strange to say the chief butler forgot all about him.

But Joseph lived on day after day, doing the best he could in the prison: helping the keeper; doing kind things for the prisoners. And day after day he prayed to God as his father had taught him to do in his old home, away off in the land of Canaan.

One morning there was trouble in the king's palace. Pharaoh had had two strange dreams! What could they mean?

No one in the palace could tell him. He sent for all the

wise men and magicians, but they could not tell him the meaning of the dreams.

Then the chief butler came to Pharaoh and said: "O Pharaoh, I know a man who can interpret the dreams. The chief baker and I were in prison because thou wast angry with thy servants. We both dreamed dreams and were troubled. There was a young man there, a Hebrew, servant of the captain of the guard. He told us the meaning, and what he said came true. I was brought back to serve thee, and the chief baker was hanged."

"Send for the man!" commanded Pharaoh.

They went to the prison and told Joseph that Pharaoh wished to see him.

Joseph put on clean clothes and came into the presence of Pharaoh. He bowed before him.

"I have dreamed a dream and no one can tell the meaning," said Pharaoh. "I have heard it said that thou canst interpret it."

"It is not in me," answered Joseph. "God shall give Pharaoh an answer."

Then Pharaoh spoke: "In my dream I thought I stood by the bank of the river. (Tell something of the dreams as given in Genesis 41:17-24. Tell about the plan for the conservation of food in Egypt, then continue as follows:)

Busy, happy days now came to Joseph. Pharaoh said: "There is no one in all my land so wise as this man. Joseph shall be ruler over my house, and next to me in power over all my kingdom." Then he took off a signet ring, and placed it on Joseph's finger. He gave him a costly suit of clothes, and hung a gold chain about his neck. He gave him his second chariot in which to ride. From that day servants ran before Joseph, crying: "Bow the knee! Bow the knee!"

While the people of Egypt had plenty of food, the people in Joseph's old home were hungry. His father was becoming thin and pale; his brothers had less in their lunch bags when they went to pasture with the sheep. Many of the sheep had died of hunger.

"I hear that there is grain in Egypt, sons. Go down there and buy some. We shall die, if we do not get food soon," said the father. So one day the ten brothers started for

Egypt. The father kept the youngest son, Benjamin, with him.

When the brothers reached Egypt, they went to the governor. They did not know that this great man was Joseph. But Joseph knew them. "Whence have you come?" he asked rather gruffly.

"From the land of Canaan, to buy food," they answered.

"You are spies!" he exclaimed.

"No, no, my lord! We have come only to buy food. We are not spies! We are twelve brothers. The youngest is home; one of us is dead."

But the governor said: "You are spies! You shall not go from here, unless you prove that you are telling the truth."

(Tell about the arrangement that Joseph made whereby nine of his brothers were permitted to return to their home; give the conversation showing the pricking of conscience regarding their old sin. Describe the finding of the money in the bags, the consternation which the whole affair caused in the old home in Canaan, the despair of the father.

Show how hunger caused the father to beg his sons to go to Egypt for more food, their refusal unless accompanied by Benjamin, and the reluctant consent after hearing Judah's proposition. Tell about the journey. Describe Joseph's preparations for the reception, his agitation upon seeing his brother Benjamin. Tell about the finding of the silver drinking cup in Benjamin's sack, and the return to Joseph's house. Tell of their humiliation and Judah's appeal.)

Joseph could keep his secret no longer. "Put everyone out of the room, but these men," he exclaimed.

Then he cried aloud: "I am Joseph! Is my father yet alive? Come near me, I pray! I am Joseph, your brother! Do not be grieved any longer; do not be angry with yourselves. I forgave you long ago.

"This has all been God's wonderful work. See how God has helped me to provide against the famine! See how God has used me to save Pharaoh and to feed you, my family! Go home and tell my father the good news. Bring him down to me!"

Then he fell upon Benjamin's neck and wept. He kissed all his brothers; and they talked together lovingly of the happenings of all those years.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity!”

—Psalm 133:1.

“For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly
Father will also forgive you.

But if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will
your Father forgive your trespasses.”

(Explain the word “trespasses.”)

SONG

“Deeds of Kindness.”

PRAYERS

Heavenly Father, help us to be kind; help us to be willing
to forgive; for we know that is one way to please thee.”

The Lord's Prayer (Stress upon the phrase concerning
forgiveness.)

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Impromptu dramatization of one or two of the incidents in
the story of Joseph. Let the children help in the suggestions
for conversation and action. One studied attempt to forgive
an unkindness.

Deeds of Kindness

Anonymous

CHAS. E. BOYD*

1. Suppose the lit - tle cow-slip, Should hang its golden cup, And
 2. How many deeds of kindness A lit - tle child may do; Al -

say, "I'm such a ti - ny flower, I'd bet - ter not grow up," How
 though he has so little strength, And lit - tle wis - dom, too! It

ma - ny a wea - ry trav - el - er Would miss its fra - grant smell, How
 takes a lov - ing spir - it Much more than strength to prove How

ma - ny a lit - tle child would grieve To lose it from the dell!
 ma - ny things a child may do For oth - ers by its love.

rit.

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CHAPTER XLII
WEEK DAY SESSION
JOSEPH'S CARE OF HIS FATHER

Genesis 45:16 to 46:7; 47:1-12

MEMORY VERSE

“Honor thy father and thy mother.”—Exodus 20:12a.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

The aim of the teacher to-day will be to direct the children's attention in the happiest way possible to their duty toward father and mother; and to remind them of what their parents are constantly doing for them.

In no more striking way could we develop the thought so tersely summed up in the Memory Verse than by this beautiful conclusion to the stories of Joseph.

After the lesson, if time permits, tell some modern incident of a loving sacrifice of a parent for a child, or, if you prefer, tell some story of reciprocation on the part of the child.

In beginning the story you may use again some of the conversation and description relating to the reunion scene, and so make connection with the account up to the present lesson.

THE STORY

In Joseph's kitchen the bakers and the butlers and all the servants were busy making a splendid feast. The ovens were full of bread and meat, and the smell of the good things baking was enough to make hungry men hungrier.

“My poor brothers are thin and weak for food,” Joseph thought to himself. “They shall have plenty to eat before they go back with their news to my father.”

“Do not blame yourselves any longer for what you have

done to me," he said to the brothers who found the news so hard to believe.

"Come near to me. This was God's plan to save your lives. Tell me again: Is my father well?"

The brothers said, "He is alive; he is well."

"You must hurry back to my father," said Joseph. "Tell him I am alive. Say to him that Joseph is governor of all Egypt. Tell him that Joseph says: 'Come down to Egypt! Do not wait!' Tell my father that he shall live near me."

Then Joseph told his brothers how they, too, were to come down to Egypt where they could have plenty to eat.

"There are to be five more years of famine, and my father must come," he said. "I will take care of him. Tell him to bring his flocks of sheep, his cattle, and all that belongs to him. Hurry back and bring my father. Tell him of all my glory in Egypt. Tell him what you have seen."

Joseph then fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept. Then all the brothers talked together.

Some one heard the excitement in Joseph's house. The news spread, even though Joseph had sent everyone out of the room.

"Those strange men who came to dine are Joseph's brothers," said a servant. The news spread all through the kitchen and all through Joseph's house.

Some one carried the news to Pharaoh, the king.

"Joseph has eleven brothers, and they have come to visit him," said some one to Pharaoh.

The king was fond of Joseph, because he had kept the barns full of food for the people of his land. So he was glad that Joseph was happy.

All the people liked Joseph because they knew that he had kept them from starving. They, too, were glad that he was happy.

"Tell Joseph to come to me," commanded Pharaoh, and he sent his messenger to bring him.

Joseph bowed before Pharaoh.

"Tell your brothers to go bring your father," said the king. "Have all come to Egypt to live; I will take care of them. They shall have the fat of the land to eat as long as the famine lasts. Send wagons for the mothers and little

children, and for your father. Send plenty for them to eat on the way."

So Joseph loaded wagons and beasts of burden with good things to eat for meals on the journey. Each brother had a gift of a change of clothing; and Joseph's youngest brother, Benjamin, had five changes, and a splendid present of money.

The happy procession was soon on the way back to the old home, to tell the wonderful news to the father, and to bring him to Egypt.

They could scarcely tell the secret fast enough when they reached home. "Joseph is yet alive!" they cried to their father.

"Joseph is yet alive? No! No! That cannot be!" cried the old man.

"Yes, he is ruler of Egypt," they exclaimed.

"No! That cannot be!" said Jacob. He could not believe the good news.

But they said: "See, see! Here is what he has sent you!"

When Jacob saw the presents and the wagon that Joseph had sent to bring him, he exclaimed: "It is enough! Joseph, my dear son, is alive! I will go and see him."

So they packed their belongings, and soon Jacob was seated in the wagon, the mothers and little children were seated in theirs, and the whole family started for Egypt with their cattle and sheep and all their possessions.

Joseph went in his chariot to meet his father, and when they met, he threw his arms round his father's neck, and they cried for joy.

Joseph brought his father to Pharaoh. Jacob lifted up his hands and blessed the man who had been so kind to Joseph and to them all.

Pharaoh looked with affection at the good old man who was the father of Joseph, and he asked, "How old art thou?" They talked together for a while, and then Joseph led his father from the throne room.

For many happy years Joseph took care of his father, and gave him the best of food, beautiful clothing to wear, and a comfortable home.

A POEM THAT MAY BE USED

“ ‘I love you, mother,’ said little John,
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off for the garden swing,
Leaving her water and wood to bring.

“ ‘I love you, mother,’ said little Nell,
‘I love you more than tongue can tell,’
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother was glad when she went to play.

“ ‘I love you, mother,’ said little Fan,
‘To-day I’ll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn’t keep!’
So she rocked the babe till he fell asleep.

“ Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept and tidied up the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

“ ‘I love you, mother,’ again they said,
These three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which one of the three loved her best?”

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“Honor thy father and thy mother.”—Exodus 20:12a.

“My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
And forsake not the law of thy mother.”

—Proverbs 1:8.

“Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing in the Lord.”—Colossians 3:20.

“A wise son maketh a glad father;
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.”

—Proverbs 10:1.

SONG

“Saviour, Teach Me, Day by Day,” from “The Primary and Junior Hymnal.”

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, we thank thee for our homes and for the love and care of our fathers and mothers. Help us to be loving, helpful, and obedient children. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse.

Write a very short but loving letter to take home to father and mother.

Mount a picture to take home as a gift.

Do one "specially" fine thing for father and one for mother this week.

SUNDAY SESSION

THE MESSAGE TO HIS UNCLE

Acts 23:11-35

MEMORY VERSE

"Be ye of good courage."—Numbers 13:20b.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

We have been teaching the children that God is pleased when they act in a right and kindly manner in the home circle. We have illustrated our theme by means of the story of Joseph, bringing out his obedience to his father; his willingness to follow the teachings of his grandfather and father concerning the commands of God; his gratitude for his father's care; his forgiveness toward his brothers even after they had cruelly wronged him; his generosity in sharing with his brothers; his desire to care for his father in his old age.

Let us tell another story about right-doing toward one's relatives. The little incident given in Acts, chapter 23, showing the courage of Paul's sister's son, will furnish an excellent example of courage born of love, and of the far-reaching effect of that act of the youth; how it was God's plan by which the life of Paul might be spared to carry the

message of Jesus to places and people where it never had been heard before.

It was in May, A. D. 58. Paul had returned from his third missionary journey and had come to Jerusalem. Friends along the way home had besought him not to go to Jerusalem at this time, but their tears and entreaties could not weaken his determination. After a long voyage partly by land and partly by sea, he had arrived there. He was most joyfully received by his friends, but all were much concerned for his safety, for Paul was hated by the Jews, and, of course, the city was heavily guarded by the Romans. The Castle Antonia, where a garrison was always stationed, looked down over the Temple courts, and a stairway led to it conveniently in case of need.

But Paul was no coward. He went boldly into the Temple, and was seen there. The Jews stirred up a mob. The riot grew in violence, and Paul might have been killed had it not been for the intervention of the guard who rushed down from the castle. He was seized by the chief captain and bound, the populace yelling constantly. Paul tried to speak to them from the stairway, but they clamored for his death. He was hurried away and put into prison.

Forty Jews banded together and swore that they would neither eat nor drink until they had killed Paul.

In some way Paul's young nephew heard the plan, and courageously carried the message which was the means of saving his uncle's life.

Make a vivid story of these stirring events, showing how a boy's loving courage for his uncle pleased God, and helped God to carry out his wonderful plan.

THE STORY

He was an uncle to be proud of! He had just returned from a long journey to lands over the seas. This was the third long journey he had taken for the same purpose. No wonder his nephew was rejoiced to have him back! No wonder all his friends were glad to have him with them! What splendid letters he had written!

Uncle Paul had a special place in his young nephew's heart.

But although Paul's sister and his nephew and their friends were proud of him, a great many other people hated him, for just the same reason that they loved him and were proud of him. It was all because of what he had gone on those journeys to do.

It was a dangerous thing in those days in Jerusalem to talk much about Jesus, or even to speak his name. It was not long after Jesus had died and risen from the dead, and had gone back to heaven to live. Jesus had said, "Go tell everyone about me," and Paul had gone on three long, hard journeys to "tell." The Jews hated him for this.

One day soon after he had come to Jerusalem he went into the Temple. Some Jews saw him.

"Help! Help! Men of Israel! Here is that man that has been teaching all these wrong things and making all this trouble! Help! Men of Israel!"

In less time than you can think, a mob had gathered round the boy's uncle. It seemed as if the whole city was in an uproar. The men pushed against Paul; they dragged him out of the Temple; they shouted one thing and another. It seemed as if they would kill him.

Near the Temple was the castle where the Roman soldiers watched. They heard the uproar. They rushed down the stairs; they beat aside the mob. They caught hold of Paul and bound him with chains.

"Who are you? What have you done?" asked the captain of the soldiers.

But the people shouted so loudly that he could not hear. He hurried Paul toward the castle.

When the boy's uncle reached the stairway he turned and tried to speak. The yelling stopped for a time, but when he had done talking, they began to shout: "Away with such a fellow! Away with him! It is not fit that he should live!"

They were so angry that they tore their clothes and threw dust in the air.

The soldiers hurried away with the boy's uncle, and he was locked up tight, to spend the night in prison.

But the angry Jews were not satisfied. Forty bad men made a bold plan to get hold of him.

"We will none of us either eat nor drink until we have killed this Paul," swore one of the forty men.

Now a boy who has a good uncle is bound to do what he can to help him. In some way this boy heard that bold, bad plan.

“Kill my Uncle Paul!” he thought to himself. “Indeed, you shall not, if I can help it! Kill the man who has carried his message so bravely!”

Then Paul’s nephew in some way got into the castle where the Roman soldiers were stationed. He reached his Uncle Paul in the prison.

“Uncle Paul, forty men have planned to kill you! They have bound themselves neither to eat nor to drink until they have slain you! They are now ready to carry out their plan!”

Paul beckoned to one of the soldiers.

“Take this young man to the chief captain. He has something to tell him,” said he.

The soldier led the youth to the chief captain.

“The prisoner asked me to bring this young man to you. He has something to say,” said the soldier.

“What is it that thou hast to tell me?” asked the chief captain taking Paul’s nephew by the hand.

“The Jews have made a plan to kill my uncle! They are going to ask you to bring him down to-morrow. Do not do it! Forty men lie in wait to kill him! They have bound themselves together neither to eat nor to drink until they have slain my uncle!” Then he told all he had heard.

“Do not tell anyone these things that you have told me,” said the captain. Then he sent him away.

He called two of the guard.

“Get ready two hundred soldiers, and seventy horsemen, and two hundred spearmen. Have them ready by nine o’clock to-night. Bring a horse for the prisoner. Hurry him out of the city to the house of the governor. I will write a letter to him.”

At nine o’clock all the soldiers were ready. The prisoner was mounted on his horse. They all rode out of the gates of Jerusalem.

What could forty Jews do against all those Roman soldiers?

The brave boy’s Uncle Paul was spared to go on with the work that God had planned for him to do.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

A BIBLE READING LESSON

“Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed.”—Joshua 1:9b.

“The righteous are bold as a lion.”—Proverbs 28:1b.

“Be strong, and let your heart take courage.”

—Psalm 31:24a.

“Jehovah is the strength of my life;

Of whom shall I be afraid?”—Psalm 27:1b.

SONG

“Father in Heaven! Bless Thy Little Children,” from
“The Primary and Junior Hymnal.”

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, help us to have courage when we should do things that seem hard for us to do. Help us to remember that thou wilt help us if we ask. We know that this will be well pleasing in thy sight. Amen.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES

Copy the Memory Verse or one of the verses of the Bible Reading Lesson.

Rug-weaving or scrapbook-pasting.

HANDWORK

Although the handwork which we use in connection with the church school should not be an end in itself it is a valuable form of activity if it is used correctly and is thoughtfully prepared by the teacher.

It provides an avenue of expression and deepens impressions. It is much easier for the child to remember a form that he himself has cut or folded or molded or drawn.

There should be a definite connection of these problems with the lessons, and they should be of real teaching value.

Suggestions are given under the headings of the "Activities" for the lessons. For the sake of classes able to do more than the work already mentioned, the following supplemental work has been planned.

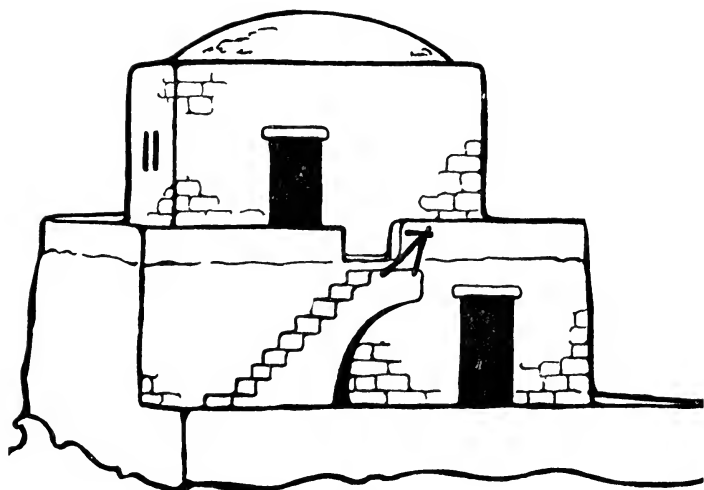
Take as your handwork subject the Oriental house: its form and peculiarities; the flat roof and outside stairway; its furnishings; flocks in the near-by fields; caravans passing on the roads outside; the family and their dress.

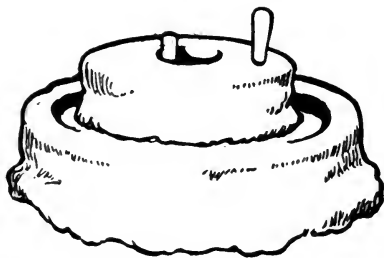
Models and patterns are given in the following pages, and the teacher may add others as desired.

For the house use two boxes, one smaller than the other, and construct the house as shown in the cut on page 393.

Full instructions are given for the weaving of the rug. These were used for beds and various purposes, and were made from the wool of the flocks which formed so great a part of the wealth of the land.

Water jars and mills and other utensils may be modeled from plasticine which may be obtained in small boxes or in bulk.







RUG

PREPARATION FOR LESSON I. Tan-colored thread, each piece cut about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards long, four pieces for each child. Older children can do this cutting.

Pieces of cardboard (light enough in weight to puncture fairly easily with chenille needle). Size: $7\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11". Measure off 1" from each corner. Draw lines and measure off dots $\frac{1}{4}$ " apart according to diagram. Make holes in dots. It is a good plan to thread one model during the week.

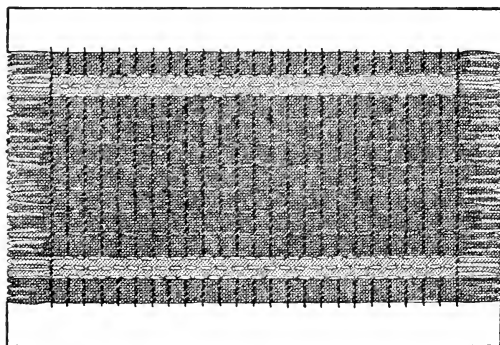
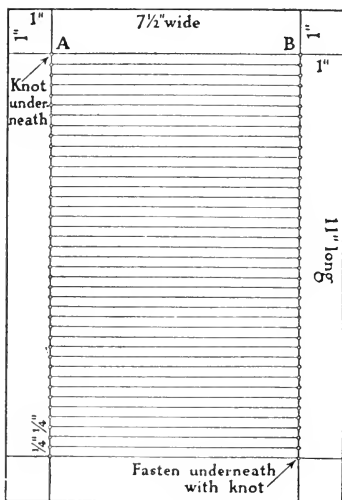
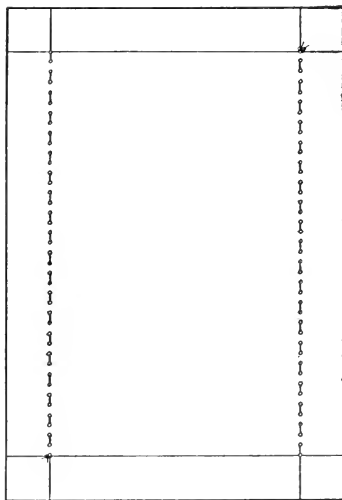
LESSON I. Take another model and thread it before the children, letting them thread their own at the same time.

PREPARATION FOR LESSON II. Have a large quantity of dark blue, red, and rather dull orange cord, cut 15" long.

LESSON II AND FOLLOWING LESSONS. With chenille needle or bodkin threaded with dark blue, weave over and under the tan threads, lengthwise of the cardboard. Fringe hangs at each end. Weave enough blue to fill $\frac{1}{2}$ " of space. Then weave in two red threads, next two orange, two red, two orange, two red. Go to other side of rug. Make same border. Then fill in center of rug, making a half inch of dark blue, then one colored thread, half inch of blue, then one colored thread, and so on.

Finish by tying fringe: each four threads together.

Use other colors if desired.



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