

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

To provide Bible based, true reading material for children and youth.

Year 3 - 1st Quarter - Issue #10



CREATION CORNER

Chats on Green Lane Doorsteps Number 6

Bushy Tail Chatters

Friend Bushy Tail, the squirrel, sits
Upon his step, the oak tree's limb
Or scampers, chattering, in and out
The leaves, from morn to twilight dim.

CHIRR-R-R-R-RH! —

Come away from my neighbor, Bunny Rabbit, and look up here at me, children. No, no, not that way; through the leaves, right over your heads. I sit here in plain sight, looking down at you. I am not timid, like Bunny Rabbit. I don't tremble to see you coming down the Green Lane. You may throw all the sticks and stones you like, and I'll trust myself to dodge them; and you may shout your loudest, and I'll sit here on this oak limb and scold back at you, without being frightened in the least. Chir-r-r-rh!

Excuse me till I finish my lunch. Um-m-m, this acorn is good. I don't eat the kernel, you see, till I've gnawed away every bit of shell, with my sharp front teeth. Oh, Susie, did that acorn cap; strike you on the head? I hope it did not hurt. I have been

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gathering a great many acorns this morning, and taking them to my storehouses.

There are nuts and seeds and other good things there, too. Where are my storehouses? In hollow stumps or trees near by, or in holes in the ground; but I mustn't tell just where. I keep them carefully hidden, that they may not be robbed; and I have several, so that if one chances to be robbed, there'll still be others left. I'll soon have enough food for myself all winter, in them.

"You are right, there is plenty of food for me now, without store-houses. But the acorns and the nuts will be eaten by other little creatures, or they'll be covered by earth or snow; so I, and most of my relatives, store up a supply while they are plentiful. I sleep away much of the time in cold weather; but on pleasant days, I awake, eat my fill at my store-houses, and take lively scampers through the tree tops, and sometimes on the ground.

Do you see that bunch of leaves in the big fork behind me? Look sharp, for it is so cunningly made that it is hard to see from below. That is my home. At first, it was an old, empty bird's nest, made of sticks. I filled it with wood fibers, moss, and leaves, for a bed, and made a leaf roof over it, to keep out rain and cold. It is a snug place for a nap, I assure you.

My mate and our children are near by, and I must join them presently. I love my mate, and we shall stay together as long as we both live. We love our children, too, and keep them with us a whole year, or until they are grown and ready to go out and make homes of their own. By this, you may know that we are one of the happiest families in all the Green Lane. My mate and I have made our home in this oak tree for a number of years; and we shall remain here many more years, unless some enemy drives us away.

My own branch of our family, the gray squirrels, prefer, for their homes, trees that drop their leaves in winter; but my very near cousin, the red squirrel, likes any sort of forest, including the pine woods. This cousin stands cold weather better than we do. He is found in the far regions of the North, does not sleep in the winter, and plays about in the snow as if he liked it very much. Ugh! I shiver to think of it.

Some of my relatives are found in all temperate and tropical parts of the earth, except Australia and some islands of the sea; but one third of them are found in America. The real squirrel headquarters, though, are the Malay countries, where the very largest squirrel lives. He is over forty inches long. And I have other cousins there, of all sorts and sizes, down to the tiny palm squirrel, whose body is only five and a half or six inches long.

The great squirrel family is divided into two main branches: those squirrels who, like myself, live in the tree tops; and those who live on the ground, like the chipmunks, the gophers, and the prairie dogs. The ground squirrels live in burrows, eat much the same sort of food as the rest of us, and store it in the same way.

Cousin Chipmunk has the advantage of most of us, when it comes to storing food; for he has pouches in his cheeks, in which he can carry great loads at a time. And it is quite shameful to see what enormous stores of food the greedy fellow hoards away, by means of those cheek pouches.

The hair of squirrels generally is soft and fine, and is valued as fur; but in Africa, I have some cousins called spiny squirrels, because their hair is coarse and spiny. They have bushy tails, like mine, but live among rocks and in burrows. Some of the spiny squirrels have no outward ears, while other cousins of mine have large ears with tufts of hair at their tips. But dearest of all my cousins are the beautiful flying squirrels, who have a furry band connecting their front feet with their back feet. This furry band holds them in the air and enables them

to soar from one treetop to another, in the most charming flight imaginable.

What, Bobby! Are you starting to climb this tree to try to catch me for a pet? Thank you, but that is useless. I like these tree tops; so, if you come too near me here, I shall simply run along this bough to its tip, spring to a bough of that elm tree over there, and your climb will be for nothing. No cage and whirling wheel for me, if you please. Chirr-r-r-r-rh! Chirr-r-r-r-rh!

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS. From Our Little Friend Feb. 1924 = ^ .. ^ =

TRUE-STORY-TIME

How the Lord Paid Back the Five Dollars

A missionary was appealed to by a poor man who seemed almost distracted. He had a wife and five children. One of the children was ill. He himself had been sick for three months, and he owed rent for all that time. The landlord had told him that he must leave. He could get no other place to live unless he paid five dollars down on the rent. He had applied to a benevolent society, but they were entirely out of funds. So they gave him a note to the missionary, hoping he might have or find the desired help.

The missionary was unable to supply the money, but he took the man to a friend of his. The poor man told his story and asked for five dollars as a loan only. He said he could return the loan one week from that time, as he had an order for the painting of two signs for which he would be paid when the work was done.

The missionary's friend saw at once that the family was in need of everything. He knew the man could not return the money, however much he might wish to. He therefore refused to lend it. The poor man urged his case, but without success. At last, the missionary sent the man away, telling him to come to him later that night.

"I didn't take any stock in "that man," said the missionary's friend. "Can you not see that his paying that money back is an impossibility?"

"Well, perhaps so," answered the missionary. "But the question with me in such cases is, What is duty? Admit that he cannot pay it, or even that he does not try. Is it not better to relieve his desperate need than perhaps have him turn criminal and prey upon society? He must leave the house where he is; he cannot get another without

the money; and he is desperate. Moreover, think of his wife and children. Now let us open this little Bible, and see what meets our eye first.”

“Oh, nonsense! You know I do not believe in that kind of thing! Do you go to the Bible for everything?”

“Why not? Can we have any better guide?”

“Oh, well, I don’t work that way. Now about that man and his money. I will toss a penny with you whether I lend or not.”

“No, you won’t ! You know I don’t believe in chance, but in the Lord. And would you sooner rest your decision on a gambler’s test, than on God’s promises? Now just let us open the Book.”

“Well, what do you see?”

“The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again; but the righteous showeth mercy, and lendeth.”

As there was no hunting up of passages, nor leaves turned down to open easily, both men were impressed.

“Lend him the money, and if he does not pay you next week, as he has promised, I will,” said the missionary.

It was so agreed, and when the poor man called on the missionary as he had been told to do, he was sent to the missionary’s friend for the relief.

The week passed, as they all pass, weighed with human ills, some that could be helped, some not. The missionary was weary with the cares of the week, and stepped into the prayer meeting for fresh encouragement and benediction on his labors. At its close, a gentleman stepped up to him.

“I have known you by sight for years,” he said, “but I have never given you anything, and I promised myself that the next time I saw you, I would do so. Have you any special need of five dollars now? If so, you shall have it.”

Instantly, it flashed through the mind of the missionary that this was the day when either the borrower or he must pay his friend. After getting the money, he went at once to his friend, and as neither the poor man nor the money had appeared, he gave his friend the five dollars, telling the story of how the Lord had provided it.

His friend was so amazed as to how the Lord provided, that he refused to take the money, and instructed the missionary to use it in the Lord’s work. Adapted. = ^ .. ^ =

STORY LESSON

A Slave Boy Who Became a Missionary

The slave boy that this story tells about lived in Africa, near the Gulf of Guinea. Into this gulf flows the Niger, one of the largest rivers in Africa. Later, he lived in Sierra Leone, which is also in Africa. As you read the story, see if you can find a proof that “all things,” even very sad and cruel things, “work together for good to them that love God.”

A little more than a century ago, on that part of the coast of Africa that is washed by the waters of the Gulf of Guinea, there lived a little black boy whose name was Adjai. Adjai’s father and mother loved their son as dearly as your parents love you.

One day, when Adjai was about twelve years of age, a slave ship docked at one of the seaport towns down at the ocean. Wicked men landed. They had come to capture as many black people as their ship could hold, and carry them away to sell them as slaves. Do you think that these helpless people wanted to become slaves? Do you think they were willing to be torn from their homes? Do you think they did not care if their families were scattered, perhaps never again to see one another? Do you think it made no difference to them to be most cruelly treated?

Adjai’s father could not see his wife and children treated like beasts and dragged away from home. With many others, he fought to defend and protect them. But he was helpless. Poor, faithful father! He was soon killed by the wicked slave traders.

Many of these terrified black people tried to flee. But their captors pursued them, flung lassoes over their heads, and brought them to the ground half suffocated. Adjai was tied with a rope to other captives and dragged away. Before long, he was traded for a horse. He was separated from his mother and sold to a Mohammedan woman. She took him to a place on the coast where slaves were bought.

On the road he passed smoking villages that had been burned by the slave traders. He saw human heads nailed to trees as a warning to all who should make any effort to escape. No wonder that poor little Adjai had such a horror of becoming a slave that he tried to kill himself.

When he reached the coast, he was crowded into a pen with other captives. The heat of the tropical sun was almost unbearable, and many of the poor helpless captives were cruelly beaten with

long whips. Early one morning, with many others he was hurried on board a slave ship, and crowded into the hold of the ship. There was no chance for any of them to escape, and here some of them died.

Fortunately, two English ships learned about these captives. They chased the slave ship, and compelled the slave traders to give up the prisoners. Then Adjai and the others were taken to a colony in Sierra Leone, a place of refuge for freed slaves.

In this colony there was a school taught by kind missionaries. How happy Adjai was to go to school! He was so anxious to learn to read that one of the very first things he did was to beg a halfpenny to buy an alphabet card. He was a bright boy, and in six months he learned to read.

After he had been in school five years, Adjai was converted and baptized. When heathen become Christians, it is the custom for them to take a Christian name. So when Adjai was baptized, he was named Samuel Crowther.

Samuel was taught a trade as a carpenter. The next year, he went with some friends to England. Here he went to school for a year. He made such excellent progress in school that when he returned to Sierra Leone, he entered college. Not long afterwards, he became a teacher in the school.

When Samuel became a man, he chose the life of a missionary. He devoted all his powers to the elevation and salvation of his own people. He was the first black bishop of modern times in Africa.

This missionary not only taught the people the word of God, but he encouraged them to learn how to do all kinds of work. Some native chiefs were so pleased with the work of the missionaries that one time they sent a letter to Queen Victoria, who then ruled over their country.

“We have seen your servants, the missionaries,” they wrote. “They have built a house of God. They have taught the people and our children the word of God. We begin to understand them, and we approve what they have done.”

With the Queen’s gracious reply she sent the chiefs two elegant Bibles, one in English, the other in Arabic. Prince Albert sent them a steel corn mill.

Samuel Crowther was a truly great man. He made many voyages up the Niger River. Along its banks he established small missions and schools. How different to find plantations of cassava and maize where before were companies of human beings bound with cruel chains! The work of this missionary along the Niger River was so great that he has ever since been called “The Bishop of the

Niger.” As a reward for his labors, he was given a gold watch by the Royal Geographical Society.

Samuel Crowther was also gifted in language study. He could speak several languages. During his life, he translated the Bible into one of the native languages. He also prepared a dictionary, a primer, and a prayer book in this language. Although so talented, he was a very humble man.

Several times, this converted and educated African visited England where vast audiences listened attentively to his earnest appeals for missions. Then back again to his native land he went, giving all there was of his time and strength and ability to teaching his people to live a nobler life. The Negro has been described as “God’s image carved in ebony.” “I do not care much as to what material I am carved in,” said a colored speaker one time, “so long as I am carved in the image of God.”

Twenty-five years passed after Adjai was rudely torn from his mother’s arms by cruel slavers. He had never seen her since. But he had not forgotten her. Often, during the busy days of his life, his mind went back to the time when as a little boy he played at her side. Where was she now? Would he ever see her again? Was she still alive? Was she a slave under the lash of some cruel master? Oh, if only he might see her once more. If only he might tell her of Jesus, the Friend of the oppressed! If only she might know the freedom and the joy of serving the Master of love!

One day, he heard about a new town where a number of slave refugees had settled. He visited the town to tell them of Jesus, to tell them of the joy of being His slave. How thankful they were to know about Jesus! Among those who came to be baptized was a woman. Samuel Crowther, the Negro missionary, talked to her to see if she was ready to be baptized. How much she seemed like his own dear mother! He asked her many questions. At last, he exclaimed, “My mother! I am your own little boy, Adjai!”

They were both so overcome with joy that they could only look into each other’s streaming eyes with the mute language of love mingled with joy and amazement. They forgot all the trials of the long separation. They could think only of God’s wonderful goodness to them. Surely nothing is too hard for God. When Samuel Crowther baptized his mother and received her into the church the new name he gave her was “Hannah, the mother of Samuel.” = ^ .. ^ =



**Brown and Yellow, Black and White
All are Precious in His sight!**



**Year 3: 1st Quarter:
“GO YE...AND PREACH THE GOSPEL”
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 10:
“THE NAME OF JESUS”**

This series of Bible Story Lessons is about the wonderful adventures of the apostles. For our Bible lessons we are going to use the King James Version of the Bible. Just like the boys and girls used to use to learn to read from in the pioneer days. There will be some texts to look up for each day and you should practice your memory verse until you can say it without looking. Don't forget to learn the text too.

MEMORY VERSE: “Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Ephesians 5:20

Sunday

Text: Acts 18:24,25 “And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures, came to Ephesus. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John.”

Aquilla and Priscilla were friends of Paul and Christian believers in Corinth. One day they heard a man named Apollos speak in the synagogue about the Messiah to come. They invited him to their home and they told him all about Jesus.

Apollos was very happy and excited to learn that Jesus had come and all about the prophecies that showed He was the promised Messiah. Apollos had been born in Alexandria. He was well educated and knew the scriptures. He had heard the message of John the Baptist at some time in his life, and he had given his life to preaching that wonderful message about the soon coming Savior. He had not heard the story of the ministry of Jesus and now he was so eager that he went out and began right away to preach about Jesus from the prophecies in the Scriptures.

Now Apollos was preaching in Corinth and Paul came back into the area of Ephesus as he had promised he would return. There he found twelve believers. He asked them if they had received the Holy Spirit and they said they did not know about Him at all.

Paul asked them about their baptism and they said they were baptized into the baptism of John. Paul told them that John's message was to repent and be prepared for the coming Messiah but now that Jesus had come, they needed to be baptized in the name of Jesus too, and receive the Holy Spirit.

They did not know about the Holy Spirit that Jesus had promised to all true believers. When they were re-baptized they afterwards received the Holy Spirit and they went out to spread the message of the gospel in great power and in other languages as well.

Thought - It is the Holy Spirit in our hearts that teaches us and gives us power in the Name of Jesus to overcome all bad ways and sinful habits. He is like our schoolteacher to teach us all about Jesus. We are baptized in the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Monday

Text: Acts 19:11,12 “And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.”

Paul spoke and taught in the synagogue in Ephesus for 3 months and many believed. But as usual the ones who did not believe started getting jealous and making trouble for Paul, so he stopped teaching them. He took the ones that did believe and helped them form a church of believers.

Paul then went to a school run by a man named Tyrannus and there he taught everybody who would listen for two years. He taught them all about the Scriptures and the prophecies that showed that Jesus was the Messiah.

Now the city of Ephesus was a place very given to idol worship and the study of witchcraft, magic symbols and words. Jesus saw that Paul would need extra help in this center of Satan's craft and so he was given great power to heal both in person and also by sending pieces of cloth or aprons from himself to the person who needed help and they were made well by the name of Jesus. It was not 'magic' in the cloths but faith in the name of Jesus that healed these people.

Now because of the satanic worship and witchcraft practiced in this city of Ephesus, many people were possessed of devils and many of them were healed by Paul as well and the devils had to leave them.

Thought – Do you know how to find the prophesies in the Old Testament that prove Jesus is the one and only Messiah? If not, you should study and learn about it.

Tuesday

Text: Acts 19:13, 14 “Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so.”

Now there were some Jews that made a living by supposedly driving out devils from people who were possessed of them. When they saw how Paul was so successful in getting rid of devils in the name

of Jesus, they decided they would try it too.

Now these seven sons of Sceva a Jewish Priest, were not believers in Jesus and were sort of magicians who tried to use magic words and symbols to control demons and work magic.

After the Jews had returned from the long time in Babylon in the days of Daniel, some of them brought back ideas from the Babylonian magicians and tried to mix these ideas into the Hebrew religion. This was called the Kabala and was not true but was heathen through and through.

Now these seven brothers thought they had a new magic word to use that really worked, the name 'Jesus'. Off they went to find a man possessed of devils and they commanded the devils in the Name of Jesus who Paul preaches, to come out of the man.

The devil in the man spoke to them and said, “Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are you?” You see, they did not have the protection of God and the holy angels just because they said the Name of Jesus. To have that power and protecting we first have to give our whole lives and hearts to Jesus, repent of our sins and be born again by the power of the Lord.

So the man that had the evil spirits attacked these seven men in the power and fury of the demons. He tore their clothes off them and beat and bruised them badly, so they fled for their lives out of that house naked and wounded. After this was known, people had more respect for the name of Jesus.

Thought – There is no such thing as magic words and symbols and so on. Anything like this is from Satan and should be left alone even if it claims to be from God.

Wednesday

Text: Acts 19:18, 19 “And many that believed came, and confessed, and shewed their deeds. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver.”

Now the city of Ephesus had a great temple and in it was an ugly and weird image of a woman, made of gold, which they claimed had fallen out of the sky. No doubt Satan had something to do with the making of this image. It was covered with weird symbols and they were thought to have magic

meanings and power if you could understand them.

Through the years many books were written that claimed to explain the supernatural symbols and show how to use them for magic. They were really telling how to worship Satan, get help from him and talk with the dead. It was witchcraft. Ephesus was a center of this and it was not at all what God wanted people to have anything to do with.

Now when some of these people who studied this stuff learned about Jesus and the Gospel, they turned away from their wicked ways and gave their whole selves to the Lord. Then they had a problem, they had all these books that were very expensive and valuable but they were satanic books.

If they sold them, these wicked things would trap someone else, so what could they do? They had the answer, they made a big fire and they burned up all their magic and witchcraft books.

Thought – When we really belong to Jesus, we will not want to read about or look at or listen to stories about fantasy or magic, witchcraft or wizards, spells or rituals. We will get rid of all movies, games and books about these things and never use them again.

Thursday

Text: Ecclesiastes 9:5, 6 “For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.”

Really, no matter what people claim about magic and witchcraft, it really is a type of worship of Satan and the dead. When my mother was young the idea of being a witch or wizard was not very popular although there were still many practicing these things, but mostly in secret.

When I was young the ideas were gradually coming back into being popular and you will never guess who it was that did most of this? It was Walt Disney and his movies for children, that somehow people thought were just fine, even though they were full of spiritism. So many movies had ghosts or magic spells in them, and even Mickey Mouse claims to be a wizard. And yet Satan blinded the eyes of people and they thought it just fine to let their children watch these things.

Once we start to like things that are against the truth of the Bible, Satan can blind our eyes more and more, and soon we start to like his lies better than God's truth! If you do not think this is true, then go to a group of children and offer to tell them a Bible story and then offer to tell them a ghost story, see which they get more excited about. Why is this? Because our hearts are naturally in tune with Satan, it is easy for us to like his lies. For us to be saved our hearts must be changed to be in tune with God. Only God can make this change and only if we choose for Him to do it.

Now in our world we are seeing the most terrible bunch of Satanic books and movies for children that ever was! And people, who think these things are wonderful, say, “Well you older people grew up with stories of Snow White and Cinderella, what is wrong with us having fantasy also?” Yes, they are right in that, if people had not had the start in these fairy stories, these terrible books of today could never have been sold.

People claim that fantasy and magic have good sides to them, but God tells us plainly that these things are evil and will destroy us. People think the dead are alive somewhere and we can talk with them. It is in this way that Satan and his angels are tricking most of the world and getting them ready to refuse to believe and obey God and not be ready for Jesus' coming.

Satan's agents claim to cure disease, but in truth the power of which they boast comes from the sorcery of Satan. He casts his spell over the bodies and souls of men. The sick, the bereaved, the curious, are communicating with evil spirits. All who venture here are on dangerous ground.

The visible and the invisible world are in close contact. Could the veil be lifted, we would see evil angels doing all they can to fool and destroy people. Anything that causes us to forget God, in that Satan is using his bewitching power. All who go into scenes of indulgence or irreligious pleasure, or seek the society of the pleasure lover, the unbeliever, or the blasphemer, in person or in reading or movies, are tampering with sorcery. Before they know it, the mind is confused and the soul polluted.

Paul's message to the Ephesian church should be followed by the people of God to-day: “Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.”

Thought – If you are offered books or movies about magic or witches and stuff, don't read or look at them. You are not missing anything good - but Satan will miss his chance to hurt and destroy you.

Friday

Text: Acts 19:26, 27 “Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands: So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth.”

It wasn't long before there was a difference seen in Ephesus. It was a good difference, not as many people were worshipping the idol and doing witchcraft. But there were some people who were not at all happy about this.

They were the people who made little models of the idol with the mystical symbols on it to sell to people who came to Ephesus on the special holidays to worship the idol and get magic powers.

They were not making as much money anymore and so one of them named Demetrius, who was a

silversmith, called a meeting and told the other people who made these idols and things all about it. He said that soon nobody would worship the idol, Dianna any more. They were very angry and began to yell at the top of their voices, “Great is Dianna of the Ephesians”.

They yelled and yelled and soon there was a great uproar. They caught two of Paul's friends and dragged them into the public place, Paul, always brave, wanted to go and talk to them but the Christians did not think it was safe for him to do it.

After yelling for two hours straight, the town clerk spoke to them and told them they were likely to get in trouble for making such a racket about nothing. These men had not harmed their goddess or their temple and they should be quiet. So they finally stopped their yelling and went home. After things were quiet again Paul left and went back to Macedonia.

Thought - Always remember that saying something does not make it true. They shouted as loud as they could that their idol was great, but it was just an ugly lump of gold that could not help anybody! = ^ .. ^ =

