

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 3 - 1st Quarter - Issue #13



CREATION CORNER

Chats on Green Lane Doorsteps Number 9 SQUIRMY, the Earthworm

The humble earthworm, from the ground,
Makes no pretense to grace or show,
But works and serves us just as well, By
helping food and flowers grow.

SUSIE and Bobby are having a fine time this morning, wandering along the Green Lane and visiting many doorsteps. They have called upon Bunny Rabbit; Wonder Web, the spider; Bushy Tail, the squirrel; and others of the Green Lane who may claim some interest or beauty, either for themselves or for their homes. But no doubt my humble dwelling and humble self will be beneath their notice. Let me draw myself out of the hole in the ground, where I live, and squirm a little before my door-way, just to see if they'll speak to me as they pass by.

Ah, Bobby sees me at once, and springs forward with a laugh, to catch me in his fingers and hold me up close to Susie's face. She screams and almost tumbles, in her haste to back away from me. Bobby laughs again, saying, "Pooh! Old Squirmy will not hurt you," and tosses me back on

CONTENTS:

CREATION CORNER

STORY

STORY LESSON

WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

my door-step, though not roughly enough to hurt me. Bobby is mischievous sometimes, but he is never deliberately cruel, even to an earthworm.

And now I'm glad to see, Susie, that you are over your fright, and that both you and Bobby are lingering to watch me a moment, as I squirm about to find the right spot for a new home. Hurt you? Of course I'll not hurt you. My whole life is spent in doing you good, if you but knew it. I'm not pleasant to look at, am very humble, and you never hear much about me; but for all that, I want you to know that I am one of the most important of animals. God has so ordered it that without my family, your family, children, could hardly find enough to eat.

How can that be? Well, you see, we earthworms are continually burrowing through the ground. When it is dry, we burrow deeply; when it is wet, we come near the surface; when it is very wet, we come out of the ground entirely.

All the time, we keep stirring the soil, making it soft for the young plant roots to penetrate, and porous for the rain to soak quickly down-ward and make the plants grow. We never harm living plants, but our food is chiefly the decaying vegetable matter found in all soil. To get this, we swallow a great deal of earth, afterwards rejecting all that we can not digest, thus pulverizing and enriching the soil in another way.

There are so many of us, all working together, that our efforts have great effect upon the soil in general. Wise men say that we have built up a large part of the most valuable land, and that without us, the ground would soon become too hard and dry for anything to grow in it. One very wise man has shown that there are about fifty-three thousand of us in every acre of garden; that ten tons of soil are eaten by us, on each acre, every year; and that we bring three inches of rich mold from below to the whole acre's surface every fifteen years. I guess now, Bobby, you'll stop to think before again speaking so contemptuously of "old Squirmy," since you've found out how much you owe to me.

Perhaps you wonder how such a soft, wobbly creature can burrow through the ground. If you'd look at me through a microscope, you'd see that the lower surface of my body, which looks so smooth, is really set with rows of tiny, stiff bristles, almost like pins. I have also a firm, pointed nose tip, when I wish to make it so. When I am ready to burrow, I thrust my hard, pointed nose a little way into the ground, bear down hard with one part of my body to push down my little pins, and then stretch the rest of my body forward with all my might. The pins hold me from going backward, and my pointed head can go forward. I repeat the process again and again, holding with first one part of my body and then another, until soon I have forced myself through the earth, wherever I wish to go. I eat a great deal of earth as I go along, which helps very much in my burrowing. Few creatures so small have such wonderful muscles as mine. If ever you try pulling me from my hole when I do not wish to come, I think it will surprise you to find how strong I am, Bobby.

I am large for an earthworm somewhat longer than a lead pencil, and almost as thick, you see, and we rarely grow larger in this country; but in some other countries, I would be thought only a little fellow. In South Africa, I have a cousin who is thicker than a man's finger, and four or five feet long, without stretching out. Except in very cold countries, my family is found all over the world.

I do most of my burrowing at night, sleeping underground during the day. I have no ears, but readily know a sound by the vibrations it makes in the ground or the air; and, although I have no eyes, I am so sensitive to light that I can not bear much of it, but remain almost wholly in dark places. Baby earthworms hatch from eggs, which the mother worm places all together in a little case made from

a substance thrown off by her skin.

Now, children, I must burrow away and set to work again; but when next you eat a nice fruit and grain and vegetable dinner, give a kind thought to old Squirmy, and remember how much I helped in giving you that dinner.

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

TRUE-STORY-TIME

The Davis Indians

Look on the map of South America, and find the place where Venezuela, Guiana, and Brazil meet. Can you find here the name of Mt. Roraima? Those who now visit this place stand with bowed head before a little mound of earth which marks the spot where lies the body of the first white man who carried the gospel to the Indians living here. This man's name was O. E. Davis. Because he laid down his life in opening the gospel door to these natives, they have ever since been called "The Davis Indians," but their real name is the "Carib Indians."

It was in the year 1911 that this missionary started on his long, lonely journey from Georgetown, British Guiana, to Mt. Roraima. His only companions were two Indians, one to act as guide, the other as interpreter. But the privilege of hunting out other Indians who had never seen a missionary and who had never heard about Jesus filled his heart with hope and joy, for he believed that God would open the way to establish a mission among them.

The journey during the first few weeks was taken up a river in a little rowboat. When the river became too small for the boat, a canoe made of a log hollowed out carried the company seven miles farther. The rest of the three months' journey had to be traveled on foot.

For eleven days, they pushed their way through forest and glen, over hill and valley, under the hot tropical sun and through drenching rains, sleeping at times in some wayside hut, and again out under the stars, wherever night overtook them. It was a truly heroic journey, for danger lurked at every turn. Only faith in God and a love for souls could lead even a brave heart over such a path.

At last, they reached the country where the Indians lived. Mr. Davis called the Indians from the surrounding towns and told them of Christ. During the few months that he was among them, he started three missions, the last one at Mt. Roraima. The

Indians and their chief listened with wonder to the story of Jesus, the Son of the only true God, who loved them and gave His life to save them. They learned of God's law. They learned how important it is for every child of God to obey his Creator.

With great joy the chief and one hundred thirty of his people accepted Christ and promised to obey God. To those who made this covenant with God, Elder Davis gave Christian names. He named the chief, Jeremiah. Gladly these Indians provided a building in which they could come and learn more about God. It was large enough to seat two or three hundred people.

Faithfully did Elder Davis teach these people who were hungry for the bread of life. Elder Davis had been with them but a few short months when he became very ill with black-water fever. His Indian friends did all they could to help him, but his work was done, and one day out in that lonely place with no white friend near, he breathed his last in the hut of Chief Jeremiah.

Loving native hands dug a grave, and laid the body of this noble missionary gently down to rest. For a long time, his friends did not know about his death. His wife was waiting and watching for his return. It was on her birthday that the American Consul brought her the sad news.

A short time after this, a white man found the grave, and learned the story of the sacrifice that Elder Davis had made. While he was taking a picture of the spot, the Indians gathered about the grave of their loved missionary, singing one of the songs he had taught them, - "Jesus knows all about our struggles." Did Jesus really know all about their struggles? Oh, yes, Jesus knows and cares. They had lost their dearest earthly friend, but they had learned about their heavenly Friend.

Chief Jeremiah held meetings with his people and did his best to help them. But after a while, the good chief died. Then the Indians were like orphan children. Poor Indians! They longed to hear more about Jesus, but they had no one to teach them. They were like sheep without a shepherd, and after a time they gave up their religious meetings.

When the people in Georgetown heard of the death of Elder Davis, they wanted to send some one else to teach the Indians. But year after year passed, and there was no one to send. Anxiously the Indians watched and waited. But they waited and watched in vain. Fourteen summers came and went, and still no "Davis men."

One bright day in autumn, nearly fifteen years after Elder Davis had first visited them, they heard several signal shots fired not far away. Looking in the direction of the sound, they saw two white men with several strange Indians coming toward them. The Indians met these strangers and kindly took them to a shed where they might rest.

"Who are these white men?" they questioned among themselves. "What if they are the 'Davis men!'" They determined to find out. One young man went to the shed where the strangers were resting.

"I want to be a good man," he said in broken English, but very earnestly. Then he began to sing, "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus."

The strangers join in the singing. Other Indians come. In a few moments the shed is filled with them. Men and women crowd in and surround the shed, and all join in singing. With earnest, hopeful faces, they sing, "Jesus knows all about our struggles."

The song was finished. There was a short pause. Then an Indian woman began to sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" All joined, "Yes, we'll gather at the river." After that, another song, "Jesus is coming again!"

When the strangers joined in singing the songs that Elder Davis had taught the Indians, they exclaimed, "The 'Davis men' have come! The 'Davis men' have come!"

Their joy knew no bounds. They stroked the faces of the men. They patted their cheeks. They took their faces between their hands. They put their arms around them. They did all they could to express their love and happiness.

They had no telegraphs, no telephones, no post offices, no railway trains, no automobiles, but these Indians knew how to make known such glad tidings to their people. Three runners were quickly sent to the different Indian towns to carry the news.

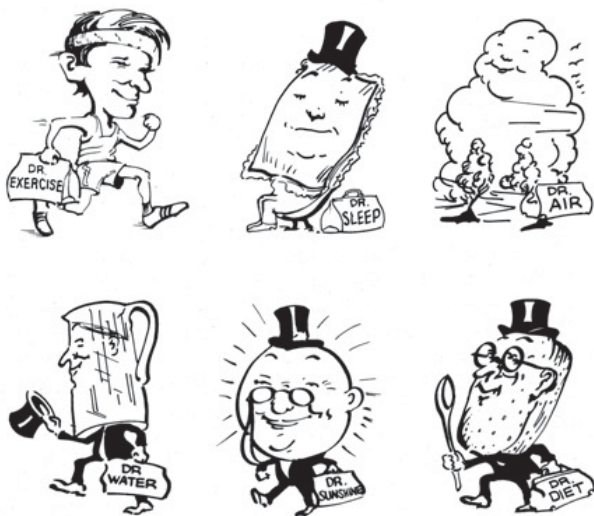
"The 'Davis men' have come! The 'Davis men' have come!" they shouted as they reached the towns.

Some of these towns were distant half a day's journey, but groups of Indians were soon on their way to welcome the "Davis men." With earnest faces they pleaded that these men come to their town and teach their people more about Jesus.

The visitors remained with the Indians only a few weeks, but every day they were busy teaching and helping them. At last, the time came when it was necessary for them to say good-by. The Indians could hardly let them go. Some of them went with the visitors on the way. Three times the visitors said

good-by before the Indians turned back. Even then, an hour later, they, with other Indians, twenty-four in all, caught up with the visitors, this time with their hammocks and food just to go a "piece way." To show their love and good will, they went a distance of eight days' march.

Then sadly they said their last good-by, and with sorrowful hearts returned to their mountain home to pray that God would soon send other "Davis men" to live among them. And God heard the prayers of these humble, earnest Indians who are seeking after Him. = ^ .. ^ =



STORY LESSON

"Our Amazing Health Message!" Part 9 "A Different Way to Think!"

We are born not knowing anything. We have certain 'instincts' given to us by God when we are born, we look around to find a mother's eyes to look at; we turn to the side if something touches our cheek; we try to suck on something to get food. Pretty well everything else we have to learn.

One of the main ways we learn is by watching and imitating our parents and later other people around us. We tend to learn to think about things as they do. Then as we get older, teachers and other people tell us a lot how to think and mostly we just follow along.

When we get to be teens, then sometimes we start to ask questions about what we have been taught, and wonder if it is true or not. Sadly though, most of such questions are only about what we

should or should not do, and not about the very basic ideas of life we have absorbed from our society.

We are going to look today at one of those ideas we get into believing from our early years, and seldom ever question. It is our idea of how and why we get sick. It seems most of us have accepted without question that when we get sick, it is because some germ fell on us; and it has nothing to do with anything we do or don't do. But God sent a message to us by His special messenger that this idea is not true!

Notice what we were told on health: "Disease is an effort of Nature to free the system from conditions that result from a violation of the Laws of health." Ministry of Healing, Pg. 127

Now maybe this is a lot of big words to you, but I will explain; it is saying that when we get sick, it is because we have not been careful to follow the 'Laws of Health' that God gave to us and take proper care of our body!

Let's use a named disease such as a cold; this is an effort of Nature to free the system from conditions that result from a violation of the Laws of health. The Flu is an effort of Nature to free the system from conditions that result from a violation of the Laws of health.

Our body works very hard to keep us alive and well, but many times we do not help it like we should. We see sugary foods like ice cream, cake and candy, and we like them, so we eat them. But our bodies do not like them; the body has to work hard to get rid of this stuff.

When we eat junk food and sugary food and greasy or too salty food, it is just the same as if someone came into your house and dumped a big bag of dirty, smelly garbage in the middle of your living room. You would have to clean up the mess! But what if you just cleaned up and they came and did it again? You would be mad and sad. You would have to clean up again!

But if they kept doing it, finally you would get so tired you would have to give up cleaning it all up and would try to throw it into places out of the way, hoping to get it all out later.

Our body does this. It tries to throw out bad stuff we put into it using our bowels, kidneys and lungs and skin, but if we keep it up, it has to start and store it out of the way of the most important organs. It hopes later to get the stuff all cleaned out. Too many people though, do not give the body a chance to catch up, and finally it

will get tough with us. It starts to use vomiting and diarrhea and throws poisons out in mucous from our noses and lungs, and makes fever to burn up some of the junk.

We say we have 'caught' the flu. But we never would have that 'flu' if our body did not have such a pile of 'garbage' inside that it wanted to get rid of. The 'germs' even help to eat up some of the garbage.

But what have most people learned to do when this happens? Well they run to the medicine cabinet and grab the Tylenol or Temptra and start taking that. Then the poor body that is trying to get itself cleaned up and running OK again, has another dangerous poison to deal with. (Yes, these chemicals are dangerous poisons!) What can it do? If it ignores this new attack and tries to get on with its work, the poison will kill part of the liver cells or other cells. So it stops cleaning house and gets busy to get that new poison out!

When this happens we seem to feel better and we say, "Oh this medicine helped me." But really all it did was attack the body in such a way it had to stop housecleaning and deal with the new poison.

God has told us that drugs never cure disease; all these drugs do is cause the disease to change and come back later in a different form, maybe a much worse one!

So if we realize that, we will act very differently when we get sick. Instead of thinking we have to run and take some chemical medicine, which only gives our poor body more trouble, we will start to think what we have done to allow this sickness to come alone.

Have we been eating foods not healthy for us? Have we not been getting our proper rest and sleep? Have we forgot to drink enough water? Have we got cold and chilled because we were not dressed right? Have we been stressed and worried because we forgot to obey and trust in Jesus?

Then we will do what we can to change all that, and we will use lots of pure water to bath our bodies and to drink; we will cut down on eating and just use light foods like fruits for a while; maybe even stop eating for a day and drink lots of water, and we will keep warm and rest and let our body get its housework done.

So when you get sick, don't attack your body with chemicals! Instead help your body to do what it is trying to do, clean itself out! It will do wonders for you. = ^ .. ^ =



Year 3: 1st Quarter:
"GO YE...AND PREACH THE GOSPEL"
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 13:
"PAUL AND NERO"

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: "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts 26:27, 28

Sunday

Text: Acts 24:25-27 "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee. He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him: wherefore he sent for him the oftener, and communed with him. But after two years Porcius Festus came into Felix' room: and Felix, willing to shew the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound."

We have spent a quarter looking at the stories of the early church and the apostle Paul. There are many more adventures that Paul had after he was a prisoner. We will look at a few of them very briefly in our last lesson.

After Paul had been taken to Felix, he was there for two years. Often Felix would have Paul come and preach to him, but although he felt afraid of the judgment that Paul told about, he would not give his heart to Jesus but kept saying he would do it later when it was ‘more convenient’. That time never came and Felix remained lost.

One of the reasons Felix wanted to listen to Paul often was that he hoped that Paul would arrange for a large amount of money to be paid to bribe him to let him go. But Paul would not do this. For two long years Paul remained there in Herod’s Judgment Hall.

Then another man came in to the place of Felix, his name was Festus. But if Paul hoped for any justice from him he was soon disappointed!

Thought - It was very hard for Paul, who had been very active and used to freedom, to remain a prisoner, but he had a clean conscience that he had done nothing worthy of punishment.

Monday

Text: Acts 25:9-12 “But Festus, willing to do the Jews a pleasure, answered Paul, and said, Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me? Then said Paul, I stand at Caesar’s judgment seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Caesar. Then Festus, when he had conferred with the council, answered, Hast thou appealed unto Caesar? unto Caesar shalt thou go.”

When Festus came in to rule, the Jews, who had not stopped their plans to kill Paul, showed up at his court and asked for Paul to come to Jerusalem to be tried. Festus was willing to do this. Of course they would have killed him long before he got there.

Paul knew this and so was forced to claim the right of a Roman citizen to be tried by Caesar to protect himself. Festus wanted to please the Jews

and did not care about Paul. So once again, their plots of the Jewish rulers were spoiled.

Soon after this, the King, Herod Agrippa came to visit Festus and for entertainment they brought Paul out to tell his story. As you see in our memory verse, Paul’s earnest preaching almost caused Agrippa to decide to be a Christian. But like Felix, he put off the chance and was a lost man.

We don’t have space to tell of all the adventures of Paul on his way to Rome, but finally he was there and for the first two years he was allowed to be in his own rented house, but of course, always chained to a soldier. Still he preached to all who came to hear and many people believed and gave their hearts to Jesus.

Mostly it was the poorer people that chose to follow Jesus, too often the rich let their pleasures and worldly pomp and power to be more important to them than eternal life.

Thought – Even in the Palace of Caesar, many servants and slaves became Christians. If you think it is hard for you to be faithful where you are, imagine what these people had to put up with to serve Jesus in such a den of wickedness!

Tuesday

Text: 2 Timothy 4:16, 17 “At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.”

The day finally came for Paul to appear before the Caesar he had appealed to. This was the evil Nero, whose name still is spoken with a shudder by all who know of his wickedness.

It sure didn’t look like there was much hope for Paul to have justice from this man. It was allowed that friends could come and plead for a prisoner, but all of Paul’s friends were afraid and no one came to stand with him. Like his Master, Jesus, Paul stood alone.

“Paul before Nero—how striking the contrast! The very height of earthly power, authority, and wealth, as well as the lowest depths of crime and iniquity, had been reached by the haughty monarch before whom the man of God answered for his faith. In his power and greatness, Nero stood unrivaled.

There were none to question his authority, none to resist his will. The kings of the earth laid their crowns at his feet. The most powerful armies marched at his command. The ensigns of his navies upon the seas betokened victory. His statue was set up in the halls of justice, and the decrees of senators and the decisions of judges were but the echo of his will. Millions of subjects bowed in obedience to his mandates.

“The name of Nero made the world tremble. To incur his displeasure was to lose property, liberty, and life. His frown was more to be dreaded than the pestilence. Yet while surrounded by all the outward semblance of earthly pomp and greatness, adored and revered as a god in human form, he possessed the heart of a demon.

“Paul the aged prisoner, without money, without friends, without counsel, had been brought forth from a loathsome dungeon to be tried for his life. He had lived a life of poverty, self-denial, and suffering. With a sensitive nature that thirsted for love and sympathy, he had braved lies, reproach, hatred, and abuse; shrinking with nervous dread from pain and peril, he had fearlessly endured both.

“He had been, like his Master, a homeless wanderer upon the earth; he had lived and suffered for the truth’s sake, seeking to relieve the burdens of humanity, and to show in his life the life of Christ. How could the capricious, passionate, licentious tyrant, who had no idea of the value of a self-denying, virtuous, noble life, be expected to understand or appreciate the character and motives of this son of God?

Thought – The Bible doesn’t tell us much about this trial but we have a wonderful book written by the Messenger to God’s people in the Last Days, called, “Sketches from the Life of Paul”. If you can get a copy of this book and read it you will enjoy it very much.

Wednesday

Text: Romans 1:16 “For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.”

Paul and Nero face to face!—the young monarch bearing upon his sin-stamped face the shameful record of the passions that reigned within; the aged prisoner’s calm and kindly face telling of a heart at peace with God and man.

Face to face for all to see, stood clear examples

of what Christianity made of a man and what Paganism made. Selfishness faces selflessness; the simplicity of self-denying endurance, ready to give up life itself, if need be, for the good of others, and the luxury of all-absorbing selfishness, that counts nothing too valuable to sacrifice for a momentary gratification. Here were two religions,—Christianity and paganism; two theories of life,—two spiritual powers,—the ambassador of Christ and the slave of Satan.

How much this world is under the rule of the prince of darkness was shown by these two men. The wretch who had even murdered his own mother, was robed in purple, and seated upon the throne, while the purest and noblest of men stood before the judgment-seat, despised, hated, and chained.

In the vast hall, which was the place of trial, was an eager, restless crowd that surged and pressed to the front to see and hear all that should take place. Among those gathered there were the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the proud and the humble. Yet none of them knew about Jesus and the way of life and salvation.

The Jews were there to claim against the prisoner the old charges of sedition and heresy. Paul was calm; no shade of fear or anger disturbed the peaceful serenity on his face. The people and even the judges beheld him with surprise. They had been present at many trials, and had looked upon many a criminal; but never had they seen a man wear such a look of holy calmness as did the prisoner before them. When he was permitted to speak, all listened with eager interest to his words.

To men’s eyes it looked like Paul was on trial for his life, but in the sight of God, Nero was on trial for his soul!

Thought – Nero’s mother had spoiled him as a child and allowed him to have his own way and do whatever he wanted. She is guilty of creating one of the world’s cruelest monsters!

Thursday

Text: 2 Timothy 4:6-8 “For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at

that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Once more Paul could tell the Gospel Story! He could hold high the banner of the cross of Christ. The Holy Spirit helped him on that day to urge home upon their hearts the truths of the gospel. The wisdom of God was revealed through his servant. As Paul stands before the emperor of the world, his words strike a chord which vibrates in the hearts of even the most hardened, and which thrills in unison with the mission of angels. Truth, clear and convincing, overthrows error and refutes falsehood. Never before had that company listened to words like these. Light was shining into darkened minds that would gladly follow the guidance of its precious rays.

Nero did not know it, but he was having his last chance, given him by a loving Saviour, to repent and be saved. Yes, even Nero's sins could be cleansed away by the blood of Jesus!

Never had Nero heard the truth as he heard it that day. Never had the enormous guilt of his own life been shown to him as it was that day. The light of Heaven had pierced the sin-polluted chambers of his soul. He quaked with terror at the thought of a tribunal before which he, the ruler of the world, should be tried, and where his deeds should meet a just reward.

He was afraid of the apostle's God, and he dared not pass sentence upon Paul, who was not guilty. A sense of awe for a time restrained his bloodthirsty spirit. For a moment, Heaven had been opened before him by the words of Paul, and its peace and purity had appeared desirable. That moment the invitation of mercy was extended even to the guilty and hardened Nero; but only for a moment.

The command was issued for Paul to be taken back to his dungeon; and as the door closed upon the messenger of God, so the door of repentance was forever closed against the emperor of Rome. Not another ray of light was ever to penetrate the dense darkness that enveloped him. The Holy Spirit left him forever!

Thought – The truths spoken on that occasion would never die. Though spoken by a feeble and aged prisoner, they would shake the nations. They had a power that would live through all time, influencing the hearts of men when the lips that uttered them should be silent in a martyr's grave.

Friday

Text: Jeremiah 23:19 "Behold, a whirlwind of the LORD is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind: it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked."

Paul was set free but only for a short time. Soon he was arrested again and this time kept in a dismal dungeon. There he wrote his last letters and when he stood before Nero again, was sentenced to death.

It was not long after this that Nero sailed to Greece, where he acted so badly that everyone was disgusted. He returned to Rome with great pomp, and in his golden palace, surrounded by the most wicked of his courtiers, he did things too horrible to talk about. In the midst of their revelry, a noise of a tumult in the streets was heard, and a messenger was sent to learn the cause. He hurried back with the news that Galba, at the head of an avenging army, was marching rapidly upon Rome, that rebellion had already broken out in the city, and the streets were filled with an enraged mob threatening death to the emperor and all his supporters, and coming toward the palace.

The wretched tyrant, as cowardly as he was cruel, was scared like Belshazzar of old. He sprang from the table at which he had been feasting and drinking, overturning it in his blind terror, and dashing the most costly dishes to pieces.

Like a crazy man, he rushed here and there, beating his forehead, and crying, "I am lost! I am lost!" He had not, like the faithful Paul, a powerful, God to rely upon in his hour of peril. He knew that if taken prisoner he would be subjected to insult and torture, and he wanted to kill himself with as little pain as possible.

He called for poison, but when it was brought, he dared not take it; he called for a sword, but after examining its sharp edge, he laid it also aside. Then, disguised in woman's clothing, he rushed from his palace, and fled through the dark, narrow streets to the river; but as he looked into its murky depths, his courage again failed. One of the few companions, who had followed him, suggested that he escape to the country a few miles distant, where he might find safety. Concealing his face, he leaped upon a horse, and succeeded in making his escape.

While the emperor was running for his life, the Roman senate, passed a decree declaring Nero to

be the enemy of his country, and condemning him to death. The news of this decision was brought to Nero by one of his companions, the monarch asked what manner of death he was to suffer, and was told that he was to be stripped naked, to be fastened by his head in the pillory, and to be scourged to death.

The monster who had delighted to inflict upon Christians the most inhuman torture, shrank with horror at the mere thought of being tortured himself. He seized a dagger, and again tried to plunge it into his heart; but the prick of it was all that he could endure. As he threw it aside with a groan of despair, horsemen were heard approaching. His retreat was discovered; a few

moments, and he would be in the power of his enemies. Terrified alike at the thought of torture and suicide, he still hesitated, and at last had to let a slave help his trembling hand force a dagger into his throat. Thus perished the tyrant Nero, at the early age of thirty-two.

Thought - How much better the dying words of Paul: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Timothy 4:6-8. = ^..^ =

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