

TEMKIT FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

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

Year 3 - 3rd Quarter - Issue #6



CREATION CORNER

Stories Written in the Snow

As I look out of my window I can see the fields and hills covered with the fluffy white blanket of snow. It has been a glorious winter for the boys and girls with their skates and sleds. It would seem, however, that these icy storms would be too severe for the little birds and the other shy people of the fields. But if any of you have been out in the fields or the woods this winter, you have no doubt seen that they are still alive.

When the ground is white with snow, an animal cannot move out of its hiding place for a walk without letting every one who comes that way know it. And wherever a bird has stopped upon the ground even for a moment, it has left us a record that we can read if we only know its alphabet.

Long ago, the Egyptians used to make very curious marks when they wished to write a story, but the letters that birds use are more curious and interesting than those. These letters are made by the little feet that patter in the snow, leaving tracks, each one of which will spell its own story. I always like to go out after a light, moist snow has fallen,

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and try to read the meaning of these tracks.

When we see a dog sniffing along with his nose to the ground, we know that he is reading records that are hidden from us. I envy the dog his wonderful sense that gives him power to read stories from the ground when to me it seems perfectly bare. But when the snow comes, I can read the track records as well as he, perhaps better. On one short walk I found all the things I am now telling you about.

The first record which caught my eye was what seemed a double row of little tracks. On closer examination I could see that each track had been made by two feet, and that between the rows of prints there was an imperfect trail where the animal had dragged his tail. A mouse had made this record, and I was able to trace the trail back to the building from which I had just come. So I saw that one of my near neighbors had also been out for a walk.

Out in the open field, where rye had been grown last season, I found many tracks that told me the birds had been there hunting for food. In the deeper snow the tracks were very indistinct. The little birds could hardly hop high enough to lift their

feet above the surface, and the dry snow had tumbled into the prints made by their feet, leaving imperfect trails behind. Some places were marked over with double lines like the rails of a tiny railroad, crossing and recrossing in every direction.

One could hardly tell where the feet had been planted in the snow, but little irregular enlargements, like pairs of beads, on the trail showed that the little birds had hopped, keeping the two feet together. This track, then, was made by one of the hopping birds, but I could not tell surely which one. It may have been a tree sparrow or a house sparrow.

With these little railroads I found also tracks made by some larger bird. In a place where the snow was not deep, each footprint was very distinct. These tracks were not in pairs, but arranged alternately in two rows, showing that they were made by a walking bird. I was not at first sure how to tell which of our walking birds had made them. I thought it might have been a crow or a dove or a meadowlark or a shore lark, for each of these birds walk. But the size of the track gave me a clue. Each track was about three fourths of an inch wide and an inch and a half long. Then I knew it must have been made by the shore lark. The long claw of the hind toe also indicated the same thing.

One can soon learn to tell the tracks of our walking birds by noticing the size of the track and by comparing the width of the foot with its length, also by noticing the length of the hind toe. The meadowlark makes a track about two and a half inches long with the long print of the hind toe. The crow has a much larger track, and the prints of the separate toes are all about alike in length.

When one finds the tracks of a mouse, by following them up he can see the place from which the little fellow started, or the place in which he is hiding. But a bird track suddenly stops, and a few broken lines on either side show where the wings have hit the snow when the bird flew up.

In the woods I found a great many tracks, the most common being those of the rabbit. One might imagine that a three-legged animal had been running along if he judged by the first appearance of the tracks. There are two large oval prints and just behind these a smaller irregular print. The two large tracks are made by the hind feet, and the smaller single one by the forefeet together. In

running, the rabbit throws the hind feet beyond the forefeet, so that the prints of the feet are reversed.

One can also tell about how fast the rabbit was running. When the prints of all four feet are close together and the groups or tracks not very far apart, the rabbit was in no particular hurry. But when the dogs get after him and he has to run for his life, the tracks show the long leaps of the frightened animal.

The snow about a dead stump told an interesting story, too. All about it were scattered tracks that looked as if they had been made by a very small rabbit. These told me that a deer mouse had his home in the stump.

Down by the pond I saw the tracks of a muskrat. A fox had also cautiously picked his way through the field, keeping a safe distance from the barn where the dogs sleep. These are only a few of the tracks that I saw on this walk. When the next snow comes, put on your boots and tramp through the fields and see what you can find. You can get guidebooks to help you to learn what or who it is making the tracks in the snow. = ^ .. ^ =

STORY LESSON

2. The Joy and the Rejoicing of My Heart

“Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts.” Jeremiah 15:16.

Into my jungle dispensary one morning many years ago there came a little old grandma. She waited till all the patients had been attended to, then came slowly forward, but seemed unable to say just what she wanted.

“Do you have fever, grandma?” I asked encouragingly.

“Oh, no! no! it’s not that,” said grandma.

“Maybe sore eyes?”

“Oh, no! no! it’s not that.”

“Ah, then maybe it’s ringworm.” I added, naming one of the most common ailments.

“Oh, no! no! it’s not that. I’m starving, I tell you!” Then with all her fear broken down she told her story.

“My big son went to Moulmein, Thara, and he promised to send me back some money to buy

rice, but he hasn't sent any money at all. When you go to Moulmein next time I want you to find him and tell him his mother is starving."

"Did he find work, grandma?" I asked sympathetically. "Yes, he has a good job in a lumber mill, and he writes letters to me and tells me he is getting good wages."

"But, doesn't he send anything in those letters?" I interrupted.

"Only some crazy little old bits of paper with English printed and written all over them," she replied almost angrily. "But you can't buy rice with crazy little bits of paper. You have to have money to buy rice, and I'm starv-ing, I tell you!"

But I was immediately suspicious about those crazy little old bits of paper, so I said, "Grandma, go home and get all of his letters and all of those crazy little bits of paper, and bring them to me. I want to see them."

The next morning in came grandma, still sad and dis-couraged; she handed me a bundle of letters carefully wrapped in a banana leaf, and said, "There now, see for yourself."

I looked, and sure enough each one of those crazy little bits of paper was a money order for ten rupees.

"Grandma, grandma," I said as I gathered them up, "each one of these crazy bits of paper is worth ten rupees. You just go to the post office, and put your thumbprint on each one, and the postmaster will give you ten rupees for each one."

For a moment grandma stood mute with amazement, then gasped, "I can? He will?" Then grasping her treasure to her heart, and trembling with excitement, she cried, "And there I was starving! With all this fortune in my hands!"

Would that God would open our eyes today to realize what a priceless treasure we have in the dear Book of God.

Moses likens it to bread: "Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live." Deuteronomy 8:3.

Paul likens it to a sword, which protects us from the wiles of the devil: "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Ephesians 6:17.

Solomon likens it to a guide, a protector, and a com-panion: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother: bind them continually upon thine heart,

and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." Proverbs 6:20-22.

David likens it to a lamp: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psalm 119:105.

Mrs. E. G. White likens it to a shield: "Faith in God's word, prayerfully studied and practically applied will be our shield from Satan's power, and will bring us off conquerors through the blood of Christ."-Messages to Young People, p. 61.

We must recognize, however, that the power of the Bible to guide, to protect, to comfort, and to shield does not lie in the book as a book in the bookcase, or in one's suitcase, or under one's pillow. Its power is manifest only when we read its precious words. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." John 6:63.

Let us notice the priceless blessings of the words of God as given in the following paragraphs:

"Amid the perils of these last days, the only safety of the youth lies in ever-increasing watchfulness and prayer. The youth who finds his joy in reading the word of God, and in the hour of prayer, will be constantly refreshed by drafts from the fountain of life. He will attain a height of moral excellence and a breadth of thought of which others cannot conceive. Communion with God encourages good thoughts, noble aspirations, clear perceptions of truth, and lofty purposes of action. Those who thus connect them-selves with God are acknowledged by Him as His sons and daughters. They are constantly reaching higher and still higher, obtaining clearer views of God and of eternity, until the Lord makes them channels of light and wisdom to the world." Messages to Young People, p. 247.

"The Bible contains all the principles that men need to understand in order to be fitted either for this life or for the life to come. As a means of intellectual training, the Bible is more effective than any other book, or all other books combined." Education, pp. 123, 124.

"There is nothing more calculated to energize the mind and strengthen the intellect than the study of the word of God. No other book is so potent to elevate the thoughts, to give vigor to the faculties, as the broad, ennobling truths of the Bible. If God's word were studied as it should be,

men would have a breadth of mind, a nobility of character, and a stability of purpose that are rarely seen in these times.” Counsels to Parents, Teachers, and Students, p. 460.

No wonder Jeremiah said, “Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and re-joicing of mine heart.” Jeremiah 15:16.

Satan is well aware of the power there is in the Word of God, and through the ages has made battle against the Book. Its triumph, however, adds glorious witness to its power.

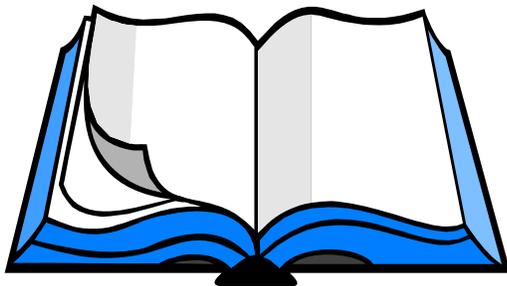
“Generations follow generations-yet it lives.
Nations rise and fall-yet it lives.
Kings, dictators, presidents, come and go.
Yet it lives.

Torn, condemned, burned, hated, despised,
cursed,
Doubted, suspected, criticized-yet it lives.
Damned by atheists, scoffed at by scorners,
Exaggerated by fanatics, misconstrued and
misstated,
Ranted and raved about, its inspiration denied,
Yet it lives.

It lives, as a lamp to our feet,
As a light to our paths, as the gate to heaven,
As a standard for childhood, as a guide for
youth,
As an inspiration for the matured,
As a comfort for the aged.
As food for the hungry, as water for the thirsty,
As rest for the weary, as light for the heathen,
As salvation for the sinner,
As grace for the Christian,

To know it is to love it,
To love it is to accept it,
To accept it means life eternal.”

Willard L. Johnson. Condensed.



TRUE-STORY-TIME

“Lady Rebecca”

The Real Story of Pocahontas

A few years ago there was an animated movie put out called Pocahontas. It was supposed to be based on the true story, but it was not true at all. The ideas of paganism and spiritualism in that movie were just terrible, and I hope if you ever watched it, you will never do so again.

Here are the real facts of the story of Pocahontas. Notice especially that this kind hearted Indian maiden became a true Christian later in her life and was baptized.

Pocahontas was the daughter of a mighty Indian chief. The chief’s name was Powhatan. Powhatan and his tribe of Indians lived in Virginia many years ago. It was when the people from England first began to come to America to live. At this time, there were no other English people living in the whole United States. Wild Indians roamed through the woods and over the fields, up the mountains and down into the valleys.

Pocahontas was a little Indian girl, and she was very beautiful. She was also kind and gentle. The Indians of her tribe all loved her. She was the idol of her proud father, King Powhatan. He loved her so much that he could not refuse her anything she asked for.

One day, when Pocahontas was about twelve years old, some of Powhatan’s Indians saw a white man in the woods with a gun. They thought he was their enemy. So they caught him and were going to kill him. This man’s name was Captain John Smith. He was the leader of the few white men who had come from England to live in America.

The Indians took him to the little Indian village where their chief, Powhatan, and his daughter, Pocahontas, lived. The captain pretended not to be frightened. He interested the Indians by telling them many wonderful stories. He told them about the great ocean and the people who lived beyond it. He told them about the great things his people across the ocean could do.

Pocahontas listened eagerly to his stories. She thought he must be a very great man. When the Indians saw that he did not wish to harm them, they let him go.

After this, he was caught again by the Indians. They were afraid to trust him, and they decided

that he must die. They brought him before their chief Powhatan. Powhatan was a tall, sour-looking old man. He sat before the fire in his wigwam. He was dressed in a robe made of the skins of animals. Around him sat the squaws. (Indian women) His Indian warriors stood by. Their faces, arms, and necks were painted red. They had feathers in their hair, and chains of shells around their necks.

Two big stones were brought and placed on the ground in front of Powhatan. The captive was led in. They made him lie down and put his head upon the stones. They tied his hands and feet with strong cords.

“Kill him!” commanded Powhatan.

Two tall Indians raised their clubs to give the deathblow. Pocahontas saw what they were going to do. She remembered the wonderful stories he had told her. She did not want him to be killed. Quick as a flash, she rushed into the wigwam. She threw herself between the captive and the uplifted clubs of the Indians. She laid her own head upon his.

“Oh, father,” she cried, “do not kill this man! He has done us no harm. We ought to be his friends.”

The Indians could not strike, for they did not want to hurt Pocahontas. The old chief could not refuse his beautiful daughter. He listened to her cries to spare the captive’s life. He told the warriors to untie the cords from his hands and feet, and let the white man go. The next day, the chief sent Captain John Smith to his home in Jamestown. He sent several Indians with him to keep him from harm.

After that, Pocahontas was the friend of the white man as long as she lived. Whenever they were in danger from the Indians, she would secretly let them know about it. When their food gave out, she would find a way to send them some. She was loved by both the Indians and the white men. She helped to keep peace and friendship between them.

When Pocahontas grew to womanhood, she became a Christian. She was baptized and given the Christian name of Rebecca. She was afterwards married to a young Englishman, named John Rolfe. She was married in the little church at Jamestown, which was almost as rough as an Indian’s wigwam. Indians and white men were both at the wedding.

Two or three years later, the Indian princess went with her husband to England. She was the first Indian lady to take such a voyage. Her gentle manners won the hearts of every one. She was

introduced to King James, who called her Lady Rebecca, for she was a true princess, the daughter of a king. While in England, she met her old friend, Captain John Smith, who had returned to his native land.

About the time she was to sail back to America, she was taken ill and died. She left a little baby boy, who returned to Virginia with his father. The child grew to be a fine man, and some of the best families in Virginia are proud to say that they are the descendants of the gentle Princess Pocahontas.

There is now at Jamestown a beautiful monument to the “Dear and blessed Pocahontas.”
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JOY IN SERVING JESUS

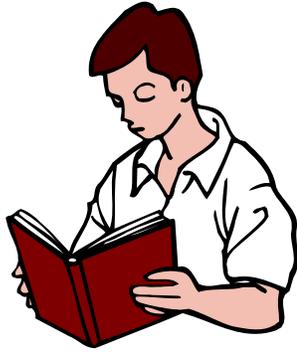
There is joy in serving Jesus,
As I journey on my way,
Joy that fills the heart with praises,
Ev’ry hour and ev’ry day.

There is joy, joy,
Joy in serving Jesus,
Joy that throbs within my heart;
Ev’ry moment, ev’ry hour,
As I draw upon His pow’r,
There is joy, joy,
Joy that never shall depart.

There is joy in serving Jesus,
Joy that triumphs over pain;
Fills my soul with heaven’s music,
Till I join the glad refrain.

There is joy in serving Jesus,
As I walk alone with God;
’Tis the joy of Christ, my Saviour,
Who the path of suff’ring trod.

There is joy in serving Jesus,
Joy amid the darkest night,
For I’ve learned the wondrous secret,
And I’m walking in the light.
Oswald J. Smith.



Year 3: 3rd Quarter:

“GOD’S MESSENGERS: THE PROPHETS”

WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 6:

“THE PROPHET ELISHA: 3”

This series of Bible Story Lessons is about God’s Messengers, His Prophets. 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: “And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.” 2 Kings 6:16

Sunday

Text: 2 Kings 6:17 “And Elisha prayed, and said, LORD, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the LORD opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”

In last week’s lesson we learned how the Prophet Elisha was given information from the Lord about where and when the King of Syria would attack Israel. This was an extremely great help to the King of Israel but the King of Syria was very angry about it.

Finally he decided he had better leave off trying to fight Israel and do something about the bothersome prophet. So he gathered his army and headed for Dothan, the very town where Elisha was staying, intending to capture him and perhaps even kill him.

They came quietly during the night and the next day when Elisha got up early there was the whole

town surrounded with the armies of Syria, horses and chariots of war, and all. Elisha had perfect trust in the God of Heaven and he was not worried but his servant took one look at the situation and he was SCARED!

“Alas! What will we do?” he cried. Then Elisha asked for the man to be allowed to see with his eyes what Elisha already knew was there. God gave a special vision to the servant and he saw horses and chariots of fire round about the town where they were.

As the army of Syria prepared to march up to the town to grab Elisha, the prophet quietly prayed a request to God. “Please smite them with blindness”

Instantly the whole army was blind; they could not see anything. Then Elisha went down and spoke to the leaders and told them, “This is not the way, neither is this the city: follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek.”

So he led them right into Samaria the capitol city of Israel where the king and his army were located. When he got there he prayed the Lord would give their sight back. What was their surprise and terror when they opened up their eyes and found themselves in Samaria surrounded by the kings soldiers?

The king of Israel asked Elisha, “Shall I smite them?” But Elisha said not to harm them, because these were prisoners of war. Instead he told them to give them food and drink and send them back home in peace.

So the King made a great feast for the enemy army and after they had eaten and drank, they were sent back home. For a long time after that, the Syrians did not raid Israel.

Thought - Elisha did what Jesus taught and Paul recorded in Romans 12:20 “Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.”

Monday

Text: 2 Kings 6:24, 25 “And it came to pass after this, that Benhadad king of Syria gathered all his host, and went up, and besieged Samaria. And there was a great famine in Samaria: and, behold, they besieged it, until an ass’s head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove’s dung for five pieces of silver.”

Hazael had died and Benhadad, his son, reigned. He was determined to destroy Israel once and for all. He went up and surrounded the city of Samaria and the people could not come out to get any food. Soon people were starving and even bird droppings were sold for a high price for people to eat.

The King of Israel went for a walk on the wall of the city and a woman came crying to him, "Help! Oh King!"

The King replied, "How can I help you? I can't help you. What is wrong anyway?"

The woman then told the king a terrible story about how another mother had said to her, "Let us eat your baby today and tomorrow we will eat mine." So they ate the one baby but the next day the other woman had taken her baby and hid him away.

When the king heard this ugly tale he was overcome with rage and sorrow. He tore his robes and dressed in sackcloth and the people saw him on the wall dressed in sackcloth. Now Elisha had warned about this terrible situation and so the King blamed the prophet for it. He sent a messenger to Elisha's house to cut off the prophet's head.

Elisha was sitting with some of the elders in Israel when Elisha told them, "Behold this son of a murderer has sent to take away my head!" He told them to grab the man and hold him and his master would soon arrive.

Before long, sure enough, the messenger was heard coming and they grabbed him and the master came. Then Elisha told them, "Thus saith the LORD, To morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria."

This meant there would be lots of food sold cheaply, and the famine would end. But one of the leaders, the King's right hand man, refused to believe the word of the prophet. "Maybe if the Lord makes windows in heaven this might happen!" he said rudely.

Then Elisha told him, "You will see it happen, but you won't get to eat any of it!"

Thought – It is not wise to refuse to believe God's Messengers!

Tuesday

Text: 2 Kings 7:3, 4 "And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate: and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die."

There were four lepers who were huddled in the entrance to the gate of the city. They too were starving but were not allowed in the city. They got to talking and decided that they would go into the Syrian camp and ask them for mercy. Maybe they would be given some food, and if the Syrians killed them, they would not be any worse off than they were now.

So off they went in the darkness to the camp. Coming to a tent they listened, but heard nothing, so they sneaked in. There was food all ready, but not a man to be seen. They ate and drank and gathered up gold and clothes and went and hid them, then they went into another tent and did the same.

Soon they realized the camp was empty, the Syrians were all gone. What they did not know is that the Lord had made the Syrians hear a great noise in the evening and they cried out that the King of Israel had hired the Hittites and the Egyptians to come and attack them. The Lord made them terrified and they ran like scared rabbits, out of their tents and away across the land throwing away clothes, pots and weapons and everything as they ran.

When the lepers realized the camp was empty, they decided they had better get the news to the King so everyone could be helped. They headed back to town and called to the watchman and told him the camp was deserted. He told the others and the message went to the king, who sent a few men to see if it were so and was not a trap. They found it was truly so.

Then the Israelites went out and gathered all the food and valuables from the camp. Soon the food was being sold cheaply, just as the prophet had said.

What about the man who did not believe? Being the King's right-hand man, he was in charge of the gate to try and control the people. When the people

heard about the food, they all rushed through the gate and the man was knocked down and trampled to death, so he saw it happen, but did not get to eat any of it.

Thought – When the Lord makes you scared, you are REALLY scared!

Wednesday

Text: 2 Kings 8:1 “Then spake Elisha unto the woman, whose son he had restored to life, saying, Arise, and go thou and thine household, and sojourn wheresoever thou canst sojourn: for the LORD hath called for a famine; and it shall also come upon the land seven years.”

Elisha had sent warning to the kind woman, who had given him a room in her house to use, that there was going to be trouble and famine and she should go and live somewhere else for seven years. So she did.

After that time she went back and went to appear before the king to ask for her land and houses to be returned to her. Now God had worked it out that on that very day, the King had asked Gehazi, Elisha’s servant, to tell him all about the wonderful things that the prophet had done.

“And it came to pass, as he was telling the king how he had restored a dead body to life, that, behold, the woman, whose son he had restored to life, cried to the king for her house and for her land. And Gehazi said, My lord, O king, this is the woman, and this is her son, whom Elisha restored to life.” 2 Kings 8:5

Right then it was that the woman came into the court to ask for help from the King. How excited the King was to meet her and learn the story was indeed true. So it was ordered that all the property be restored to her and an officer was even given to make sure she got everything back. Even the value of what grew on the land while she was away was all restored to her.

Thought – God repaid this woman kindness to His prophet, many times over.

Thursday

Text: 2 Kings 13:14 “Now Elisha was fallen sick of his sickness whereof he died. And Joash the king of Israel came down unto him, and wept

TEMKIT for Children

over his face, and said, O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.”

Through the ministry of Elisha, God had continued to pour out His love and counsel to the rebellious and wayward nation of Israel. For many years the prophet traveled around and helped both small and great, teaching all who would listen, the way of the Lord.

Now he was old and sick and when the young king Joash heard he came to visit him. The words that he said in the verse show that even though he was an idolater and did not worship the True God, he recognized that the old Prophet was more valuable in the defense of Israel than even his armies and horsemen.

Why did God do so much for these wicked kings who still refused to follow Him? We can find the answer only in the amazing mercy and patience of God. As long as there is any hope to wake people up, He strives to lead them to repentance.

Now this young king, an Idol worshipper, was weeping at the thought of Elisha dying, and instead of roughly ordering him away, Elisha told him to do something. He would give him one final blessing. He put his hand on his hand and told him to shoot an arrow westward out of the window. So he did. “This is the arrow of the Lords deliverance for Israel from Syria,” Elisha told him.

Then the prophet said to take the arrows into his hands and beat them on the ground. But the young king only struck them three times and stopped. The prophet was angry with him and rebuked him. “Why didn’t you strike more than that? If you would have beaten them five or six times, you would have defeated Syria completely, but now you will only conquer them three times.”

So Elisha died and was buried. His words came true to the king, who defeated Syria only three times and never fully overcame them.

Thought – It is strange that many would recognize the power of the prophet, but would not give their hearts to serve the True God of the Prophet.

Friday

Text: 2 Kings 13:21 “And it came to pass, as they were burying a man, that, behold, they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet.”

Years later this strange event happened, a dead man cast into the tomb of Elisha came to life again. Why God did this miracle, we do not know, but perhaps He wanted once again to draw attention to the teachings of his faithful messenger.

Elisha's work had ended after the visit of the young King Joash. He had been faithful to the end. Never had he lost his trust in the power of God. Always he had gone forward in faith and God had opened the way before him.

"And yet Elisha did not get to follow his master in a fiery chariot. Upon him the Lord permitted to come a lingering illness. During the long hours of human weakness and suffering his faith laid fast hold on the promises of God, and he beheld ever about him heavenly messengers of comfort and peace. As on the heights of Dothan he had seen the encircling hosts of heaven, the fiery chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof, so now he was conscious of the presence of sympathizing angels, and he was sustained. Throughout his life he had exercised strong faith, and as he had advanced in a knowledge of God's providences and of His merciful kindness, faith had ripened into an

abiding trust in his God, and when death called him he was ready to rest from his labors." Prophets and Kings 263.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Psalm 116:15. "The righteous hath hope in his death." Proverbs 14:32. With the psalmist, Elisha could say in all confidence, "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for He shall receive me." Psalm 49:15. And with rejoicing he could testify, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." Job 19:25. "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." Psalm 17:15. PK 264.

Thought - We must never think that just because someone is sick and the Lord does not heal him or her, that they have no faith. Even the faithful Elisha, who performed more miracles than any other recorded prophet, died of a lengthy and lingering illness. This did not mean that God was not with him. God always has a purpose in what He allows, but we do not always understand it.
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